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JUSTICE AND MERCY:

A

SERMON

PREACHED AT A UNITED SERVICE HELD IN THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL
CHURCH, OF DAVENPORT, IOWA, ON THE

NATIONAL FAST DAY,

JUNE 1st, 1865,

BY WILLIAM WINDSOR.

PASTOR OF THE EDWARDS CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

DAVENPORT, IOWA

PRINTED AT THE GAZETTE STEAM BOOK AND JOB ROOMS

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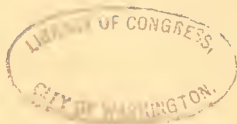


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1865.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

DAVENPORT, JUNE 5TH, 1865.

REV. WILLIAM WINDSOR :

Dear Sir:—Being satisfied that the discourse delivered by you on the National Fast Day, and repeated, by request, on Sabbath morning, would be productive of good, if widely circulated, we respectfully request the manuscript for publication.

Very truly, your friends,

H. PRICE,
JOHN L. DAVIES,
C. S. STREEPER,
D. P. McKOWN,
C. G. BLOOD,
J. S. CONNER,
JOHN HORNEY,
I. B. RICHES,

R. LOWRY,
ROYAL L. MACK,
EDWARD RUSSELL,
A. S. KISSELL,
J. G. G. CAVENTISH,
H. ALLING,
JACOB WASHBURN,
W. O. HISKEY.

TO HON. HIRAM PRICE, R. LOWRY,

J. L. DAVIES, and others:—

Gentlemen:—Your request for the discourse preached on the late National Fast Day has been received and considered.

It is with confidence in your judgment rather than my own that the manuscript is hereby placed at your disposal. If it shall in any degree subserve the interests of justice and humanity, the reward will belong more to your efforts than to those of the writer.

YOURS, RESPECTFULLY,

W. WINDSOR.

DAVENPORT, JUNE 10, 1865.

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ERRATA — Page first, 21st line for "all their" read "all this."
Page third, 25th line for "God had" read "God has."
Page seven, 31st line for "unasculation" read "emasculatation."
Page seven, 32d line, a comma instead of a period after the word sustained

S E R M O N .

The frequent calls for a national recognition of God as our Providential Ruler and Preserver, which have of late emanated from the Chair of our Chief Magistrate, are peculiarly gratifying to those who revere the name of God. While we admit no authority to command it, as Christian men and women we gladly unite in such public acknowledgments of the Almighty. Therefore, are we here to-day.

It is to be presumed that most of us are satisfied that, no such sorrow can find expression to-day in connection with this service, either here or elsewhere, as deluged the land seven short weeks since, when the startling cry rang forth from the Capitol, "Lincoln is murdered!" The grief of that day was too intolerable to be kept secret. One long, loud wail swept over the continent. It outran the sun. The throbbing wires scattered the anguish faster than the beams of the morning fly westward. Few were they who did not mourn. And the long protracted obsequies of that stateliest funeral which crept like a moving pall of death over the breadth of the loyal domain; the land everywhere sombre with the emblems of the grave; tens of thousands in mute tearfulness gazing on the face of him they loved as scarce any other ruler was ever loved, who held in his hand the affectionate trust of millions, twice given, as the honest guardian of the nation's integrity and safety:—all ~~that~~ the tense, the passionate, the wide-spread sorrow of a bereft and outraged people, cannot be repeated to-day.

We lament calmly at this hour. Not that we have so soon forgotten our loss, and the diabolical deed of hireling treason. Nay! Let it never be forgotten to the latest history of the American nation! Let its memory be perpetual: that the abominations of secession, and all the foul and hellish spirit of the slave system condensed into one act, may be forever seen, and be the herald at once, of its own unequalled shame, and its most merited and accursed doom. But the tumultuous grief that carried every man along on its sweeping tide, has settled, (has it not?) into mightier purposes of duty. It softened the heart

and purified the understanding of the people to feel more sensibly, and see more clearly the guilt of treason, and the claims of justice.

And though the peculiar appropriateness is not so apparent of a day of fasting and humiliation for a deed that not we but our enemies committed, and for seeking alleviation of a sorrow impossible again to be known, yet it is eminently fit, as the proclamation of the President proposes, that we should seek that the "*bereavement be sanctified*" to us and to the nation. This is of vastly more moment than that our sorrow should "*be assuaged by communion with our Father in heaven.*" The demand of the hour is not so much relief of heart, as a high toned and heroic purpose of duty.

How then may we best improve this occasion for such an end? By reflecting on the virtues of our departed chief? This were a grateful task certainly; and if it should inspire us to contend to the last for the accomplishment of the work in which his life was sacrificed, it were well. But we have not time for it in one brief hour. Besides, the goodness and fidelity of the great dead are familiar to you all as household sayings. His acts and words have transpired too recently to need repetition here to save them from forgetfulness.

Ought not our thoughts to turn rather to our duty as citizens of this great Republic, just emerging as it is from the most fearful of civil wars. For never was there a rebellion with so little to justify it. Never in an enlightened and civilized country was one begun for ends so unworthy of civilization and christianity. Never one of so prodigious magnitude, and of so truculent and deadly spirit. Never were a people ostensibly warring for independence so faithless to truth, and honor, and humanity. History when asked for a parallel, with downcast eye stands mute and ashamed. And never were a people called on to decide so grave questions for themselves, and for the cause of liberty, as are we.

If our lost President were to counsel us to-day, none can doubt that he would do as he ever did when he was with us, turn our attention away from himself, to God and country, and duty.

It will be appropriate then to ask for the line of duty. Not all duty; but of duty as citizens; with special reference to the prime subjects furnished us by this rebellion. Duties we ought to understand, and must meet. Subjects about which we ought to have intelligent opinions, so as to abide by them. Yet there are too many if all are to be contemplated to-day.

The question of State rights as superior to the rights of the National Government, has found a practical and sufficient solution. The overwhelming victories of the National arms will stop the mouths at least

of those who may still be too stubborn or obtuse to admit the validity of the claim.

The question of reconstruction, let statesmen discuss. The direct facts in the case are not before us as yet with sufficient distinctness to debate. We cannot apply to it definitely the law of christian duty. *Christ* Moreover this as an immediate duty is rather with legislators than with citizens. But there are things which appeal at once, to-day, to the understanding and the conscience of every christian, and of every man that is a patriot. Questions which Divine Providence has thrust before us, and we must consider; to which we can now apply the principles of God's word. The rebellion has brought us face to face with two parties—disloyal whites, and loyal blacks,—what should be our conduct towards them?

And the passage of Scripture which suggests the thoughts proposed for our consideration and, as is believed, indicating a clear and safe course of duty in the premises, is,

MICAH 6:8. He hath showed thee, O man, what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.

Without dwelling on the case of the Jews here brought to view, let it suffice to say that they had by their idolatry and oppression incurred God's severe displeasure. It is the implication of the prophet that they contemplated some sort of atonement for their sins by offering beasts in sacrifice and pouring out free oblations of oil. He reminds them that God had already showed them what the good way was. That it was not this; but that "to obey is better than sacrifice." The needed reform consisted not in larger offerings—but in doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God. None the less is it true that God had abundantly shown us that the "good way," is *right doing*.

In the use of the text, your attention is asked first, to the emphatic relation of justice and mercy which appears in it. You notice justice stands first. It is impossible to be merciful till you have been just. With justice prostrate, mercy is to the guilty, license to sin,—to the oppressed, a taunt and a mockery.

Nor is this a fanciful idea caught at for an occasion. It is the fundamental principle of all government, and is the only safe one. It underlies God's government, and sound human and family governments, and if in these latter the order is reversed, it can be done only occasionally, and then it is attended with more or less of peril. When Christ enumerated the weightier matters of the law to the Pharisees, they were "judgment, mercy, faith." This precedence, moreover,

appears with remarkable clearness in the atonement scheme of revelation. There is no mercy till the law is honored. "Without shedding of blood is no remission." God is just, before he justifies.

This idea then is one of great significance. It cannot be ignored in any wise and safe consideration of questions of duty where the exercise of justice and mercy is involved. It bears with cogent pertinency on the case before us.

The next fact essential to be noticed in the text, is that God requires that we *do* justly and love mercy. To *love* mercy—so that prejudice and passion may not prevail under the garb of mercy—that we be ready to show mercy whenever it is safe as well as when it is required; but still not to love it so as not to *do* justly. At all hazards *do justly*.

This we note the Lord *requires*. He does not leave it optional with men. Governors, Congressmen, and President are no more at liberty to elect which they will do, than the people, nor the people than they. It is God's unmodified requisition laid upon the highest and the lowest. *Do justly; Love mercy.*

We have then, two important points established :

One is, that it is of first importance for the welfare and safety of the nation that *justice be done*.

The second is, that God demands that where wrongs have been inflicted it *shall be done*. To the guilty, justice retributive; to the wronged, justice compensative.

We see, therefore, that the only question left us to ascertain as we consider our duties to the two classes concerning whom the rebellion has insisted on our decision, is, what is justice to the traitorous whites, and what to the loyal blacks of the South? What treatment do they deserve at the hands of the government, at the bar of the people's heart and conscience? For justice to traitors is more specially in the hands of the National government:—justice to the blacks is very largely in the hands of the people. But in either case we need *right public sentiment*. And let no man say, "it is of no concern to me." It is of concern. If you are a citizen of this great Republic, the duty is as much yours as mine, and mine as yours, to decide,—what is justice? And the issues of fidelity or neglect will be shared equally.

Let us ask then, first, what is the justice we owe to traitors? We,—the government in its judicial and executive capacity,—the people in its moral judgment.

There is little need in order to a decision, of arraying before you the treason of secession, of armed rebellion. No man who is not himself infected with the spirit of treason, but will pronounce the act of

those men, who, while under the oath of fidelity to support the Constitution, were secretly and deliberately plotting the robbery of the National government, disunion, and civil war, to be *point blank treason*. It is known to history now, that the plan was long in forming; the conspiracy was deliberate and widespread. And when a suitable pretext by the election of Abraham Lincoln was furnished, the plot was simply exposed; treason was manifested; perjury was declared; war was inaugurated; disunion attempted. We need no argument in the case. This most monstrous and base of perfidies was enacted in the sight of the nation, and the world; and the success of perjury soon became its proudest boast.

Shall we rehearse the events of the four years succeeding the assault on Sumter, consummated in that cold and heartless murder of one of the best of men? No, it is not required. Many a heart would bleed afresh at the story of the battle scenes of the past. The graves of our slaughtered heroes wrinkle many a gory field. Our brave soldiers have peopled with thousands many a hospital cemetery.

And who shall speak of those charnel houses, in the forests of Texas, at Florence, at Selma, at Columbus, at Andersonville? What tongue can steady itself to tell of Libby prison and Castle Thunder, and Belle Isle? Oh, the horrors impossible to be written, of those pens and dungeons of want, and misery, and disease;—our captive soldiers fed with corruption itself;—their woes steadily protracted to the last endurance of stalwart natures;—robbed of life fibre by fibre, of hope atom by atom, till a gibbering idiot falls amid his skeleton comrades in ghastly sympathy of death. And we see their guard of well fed traitors taunt them with their woes, or silently gloat over the ruin so effectively made of noble men.

It has been stated that 64,000 brave men have died in rebel prisons. What were they there for? Why did the hundreds of thousands of our patriot armies endure the privations and dangers of the camp and the field? That this government might not perish at the hands of traitors. That this nation might not be shivered into a score of petty warring kingdoms. They were there that you and I might still speak of an undivided union; that we need not weep the wreck of liberty; that this nation, glorious even in its shame, might not become the scorn of the world, the by-word of kings and despots, by the triumph of treason and slavery; that the hope of the oppressed on other shores might not be blotted out; that our shame might be purged; that Columbia, the fairest daughter born of freedom, might look up still to the star decked sky, and behold the beautiful emblem of her purity and perpetuity. For this they fought and endured. For this they

died. But of all our battle hosts none have fallen more heroically, and to none will the meed of honor and gratitude be more fondly inscribed by a saved and thankful people, than to those who fill a captive's grave.

But who created the necessity for such armies, and carnage, and carnival of death? Of whom can the world ask the account? Of whom does outraged humanity and stern justice demand the blood of our myriad slain? Of Jeff. Davis, and Floyd, and Cobb, and Breckenridge, and Benjamin, and the host of secession counsellors and State Governors, without whom there could have been *no organization of treason into a rebellious government.*

Of Lee and Johnston, and the host of other officers of the military power of the traitors without whom *war could not have been conducted.*

Whoever else are not, Davis and Lee certainly must be charged as primaries in these deeds of darkness and shame and cruelty. The one was the head and front of treason in the government; the other the head and front of treason in the military department of the rebellion. History will, and must lay it at their door. If it was the basest perjury that led Davis to his chair, it was the same perjury that girded Lee's sword upon him. His fine plea of devotion to Virginia, if sincere, shows only that the most solemn oath of fidelity to the government that had educated him, fed him and given him his honors, to which he owed everything, was not sufficient to hold him. In other words, that it was easier for him to be a traitor than to frown on treason; to plunge the steel into the bosom of his own mother, rather than defend her. And an unbiased view of the facts in the case must convince us that the awfully aggravated and unparalleled guilt of the slow murder of our prisoners, is to be charged ultimately to him. Winder and Turner were but his executioners. Every officer on guard was in the end responsible to Lee. A word from him would have staid the horrors. But who ever heard that word. We listened in vain for it, from the "refined and magnanimous" Lee. It adds to the certainty of his guilt, moreover, that much of it transpired within his own special jurisdiction, in Richmond, where he both could have known, and ought to have known the treatment of his captives. No fine, gentlemanly speeches about a sense of honor, and the like, should be allowed to blind us to his tremendous guilt. If he who could have prevented it, and did not, is not guilty, pray tell us who is guilty? But without more in this strain, what is meant to be affirmed is that the prime conspirators and abettors of this rebellion, are guilty of the highest crime known to our own or any human law—treason against the government; deliberate, most persistent, unrelenting treason.

Who doubts it? Which of them has expressed penitence for it? To-day, those who are arrested, express no regrets at their crime, but simply convictions that they have failed in their endeavor. And is it indeed come to this, that we shall be willing to count that alone treason that succeeds, while that which fails is only an error in judgment on the part of misguided men. If it is, God pity the nation.

In his farewell address to his army on surrender, Lee glorifies the obstinacy and daring with which his men have sustained the work of treason, as "unsurpassed courage and fortitude," and closes with these remarkable words: "You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed." * *

* * * "With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you on affectionate farewell." Here this fellest crime of treason is elegantly termed "duty faithfully performed," while he confesses to a growing admiration of their "constancy and devotion" in this same fearful and abominable work. But enough.

Now, what does *justice* demand in the premises? Is there such a thing as justice? If there is, let it be heard. Now is the time for it. Can any one deny that it claims the full penalty inflicted by human law against such unequalled crime? What is the value of law, if the most accomplished and successful violators of it are to be released from its grasp? Do we send the thief, the incendiary, the murderer to a foreign clime for the rest of his days, cursed with the harmless curse of the law? Shall we then send to other shores these arch conspirators of treason; simply dismiss them with a malediction? Will banishment satisfy a law, which by the common consent of all nations demands the life of the transgressor as the least moiety of retribution.

It is to be esteemed a sign of deplorable weakness in public moral sentiment, an emasculat^on of those stabler elements on which alone in a world of wickedness, government can be sustained, ~~u~~When men plead for mercy to be shown to such criminals and are afraid of justice; when such men as Horace Greeley plead almost piteously that the lives of the chief traitors be spared, that no blood be shed. Such a man's judgment of the quality of crime is not to be trusted. However safe he may be on other things, in this he cannot be counted less than the foe of his country, though undesignedly. What constitutes the defence in law but its execution? What measures crime to men but penalty? Behold for an instant the American government, with three billions of treasure sunk in the ravenous paunch of war; see that vast multitude of widows and the fatherless that gather weeping

at its side; see it stand in solemn silence of grief by the graves of its two hundred and eighty thousand slain—then behold it turning from this sickening, this awful scene of desolation, and saying to Davis, and Lee, and his compeers in treason, as they stand at the national bar, “You vile traitors; see what you have done; you are not fit to live with us;—begone! to other lands.” Yet Horace Greeley asks this—others are weak enough to ask it. Shame upon us, if the sense of crime, and the worth of justice is sunk so low as to be satisfied with this! It is not revenge demands their life. That would insist on their unmitigated torture. That we too would deprecate. But we plead for calm, stern justice. The traitor must die—that all men may see what treason is and be afraid; that the true and infinite value of the interests it seeks with red hand to destroy may be rightly estimated.

But it is said “the South is full of traitors, they are numbered by thousands; they cannot all be put to death.” No they cannot. That the leaders should be we all affirm, and all who have gone heart and hand into this work with them are *worthy of death*, but *mercy* may meet out for them a milder doom. When justice has expressed itself against the chief offenders, then we are ready to consider the claims of mercy.

The amnesty proclamation of President Johnson, just out, indicates no indiscriminate and silly terms of reconciliation. Treason is to be treason. May God help all the people as they prize peace, stable law, good government, and sweet liberty, to pronounce in the name of justice unanimously, deliberately, and in fear of God, the stern malediction of the law upon Treason. God holds us responsible for this high duty.

So much for the traitor. We need not dwell so long on the duty of justice and mercy to the loyal black.

It must be considered another indication of the same feebleness of moral sentiment which clamors for gentleness towards traitors, that there is in some a jealousy of according to the negro the privileges he has so nobly earned by his loyalty. In the one case it is a mawkish sentimentalism; in the other an unreasonable prejudice.

It is indeed a great step in advance that to-day the claims of the colored man may be urged from the pulpit, and will be listened to by the people. But many still hold back in a sort of dread of some strange and terrible revulsion in society, if the same rights are accorded the black as the white man. They stand trembling as on the verge of a social earthquake. But let it be remembered that the voluntary doing of justice never works disastrous revulsions. They come when God takes the work out of the hands of unwilling men.

and does it himself. Press any of these timid souls for a reason and they can give you nothing which cannot be simmered down to a dislike, a prejudice. But what candid man will quote a *dislike*, as a *reason*, in such a case. To-day let us be willing to consider reasons, and consign prejudices, whose very age and strength is their greater shame, to forgetfulness.

The logic, in which the reasons we seek are contained, is very short, and very straight. It requires but little sagacity to penetrate it. That it may be old is nothing against it. It has been true a long time that two and two make four, and that men love liberty.

The text may be applied to the case in hand by asking and answering the following questions:

What are the essential privileges of a man in these United States?

Is the negro a man?

Has he these privileges?

If he has not, is he justly dealt with?

It will hurt no sensible man to consider these questions candidly. And let us not forget that, as in the preceding case the administering of justice was in the hands of the National government specially, so in this latter case it lies for its practical settlement at the door of every citizen. There Providence has placed it, and we find it to-day. We must decide upon it.

What then are the essential privileges of a man in these United States? Some of them?

That he own himself. That he be permitted to be and do, all he can be and do honestly. That he be entitled to the protection of law. That if he be taxed he have the right to representation. That if to this latter end he desire citizenship and will comply with the conditions and obligations of the same, he may have the privilege of franchise. That these are essential privileges is seen in the fact that in the case of any white man not a criminal the deprivation of any of these is counted an unlawful disability.

These are enough to refer to. And these privileges are accorded to an Englishman, not because he is an Englishman, but because he is a man; to a Scotchman, a German, a Frenchman, a Spaniard, an Irishman, a Mexican, a Brazilian, a Russian, simply because in each case he is a man who seeks them, and for no other reason. Should a Hindoo ask them, we could give no good reason why they should be withheld. So with a Chinese.

Our National Constitution makes no limitation as to the color of the cheek or the hue and texture of the hair. The responsibility in

these matters is left at the door of every State, which means at your and my door. The broad principle of American liberty is that, manhood, honest manhood, may prefer claims to these privileges. There can be no successful plea against this statement. The States have never made but one exception, viz: that against the African. And all the reasons given for this are reducible to one, viz: that slavery has put him under our feet, and it is human nature to *despise those we trample on*. His color and his kinky hair would not have stood in his way, it may be affirmed most confidently, had he never lain under our feet a slave. We have made him abject, robbed him of his manhood, then denied that he had any, and then turned and despised him on account of his degradation, while it is his sorrow and our shame that he is where he is and what he is. That is, to the sharpest cruelty, we have added the very keenest insolence.

But is he not a man? There is not one here who believes he is not, or if he did, would dare affirm it. He would be ashamed so to stultify his common sense. The nation has uttered its voice in this matter. It is needless to echo it. Where have we looked for the elements of true manhood in the South during this rebellion; for loyalty; for truth; for humanity? To the lordly traitorous whites? Nay! But to the negro. There we found them. If perjury, treason, and cruelty, done up in a white skin, make manhood, then let the traitor be the man. If honesty, fidelity to the government, and humanity, are more manly, then let the negro be a man, though he be as black as midnight. It is a sorry judgment indeed that weighs manhood by the color of the skin, rather than by the qualities of the heart. Our armies have been glad to count the negro a man. Our President and all the departments of the government have pronounced him such. To-day we are glad that two hundred thousand such men stood up with us against rebellion; men who by their docility, subordination, and aptness to learn, as well as by their daring, discovered that they too have some of the elements of first value in the citizen. The negro is a man. I should do your sense wrong longer to argue it.

But, has he the privileges of a man? It shames me to say he has not. Why has he not? Simply because the black man has been a slave, and he is black. Our statutes deny him the privileges of a man. Blush, fellow citizens, that Iowa has such statutes. We tax him, but allow him no possibility of representation. We hold him amenable to our laws, but allow him no voice in making or amending them. And it is not because he is ignorant. There are multitudes of white men who go to the polls every election in this city who cannot read a let-

ter of their ticket; many, too, that are reckless and riotous, who can be bought by the highest bidder; unsafe possessors of the franchise; just the material with which unprincipled demagogues can accomplish their designs. But we say, "they are men—let them go to the ballot box." But there are other men here, in this State, many, who can read, are intelligent, are peaceable, have too much principle to be bribed, but they are barred from the ballot box—barred by a relentless and disgraceful statute—repelled by the undeserved contempt and scorn of those who glory in the name of American freemen—and spurned by none more maliciously than by the same reckless class just alluded to. Why is this? Because they are BLACK, and *the black man has been the slave*. Does it reflect honor upon our wisdom that we make so unreasonable and shallow distinctions? Is it noble thus to treat men? Men who are guilty of no crime but having a dark skin. Who prides himself on such nobility of character? Let him show himself that the world may see him.

And now, to-day, I plead because the text pleads, because God requires it, because it is eminently right that I should plead, that so far as we can we do justice to the black man. I might say how he has laid us under perpetual obligations by his faithfulness through all this long rebellion; ever our friend; bravely fighting for us. I might say let gratitude impel us to make speedy amends for wrongs so long inflicted and so patiently borne. But I will not. I plead for the sake of *justice*. Do not think our debt to him is paid when we send school books and teachers, and old clothes, and rations to the suffering and needy thousands of the emancipated. To do all this and still refuse him the full rights of manhood, is but to give a stone for bread. It is the semblance of mercy only—justice is not done. If they are still to be cast out by the cruel ban of prejudice, and denied privileges they count within their grasp; if the sun of liberty is to fall back again into the East before it has even risen upon them; then better that they be left to their stolid ignorance, to weep still in lonely bondage in the swamps; better than to tantalize them with the hope of good they shall never reach. Let us not enlighten them to appreciate the more their misery, nor teach them to stretch out their hands after a blessing we intend not to give. Oh! my friends, we must not disappoint the yearning hopes, nor spurn the claims of this long oppressed race. Nor can we do it and prosper. The South has drank its cup of retribution for its cruel bondage of them; we have shared it with the South; but let us beware lest God press yet another to our lips, if we will not assist them to the level of humanity and lift up the down trodden. I plead for them, not because they are African, or black,

but because they are *men defrauded of their rights*. Let us do justice. There is no mercy without it. Give the black man the rights of manhood. Give it to him in the South, where his vote may balance that of the secret secessionist, and the seditionist, who will plague us many a long year with their mischief.

It may be there are moral conflicts yet to transpire on these shores, when we shall see that the African heart, that swells with a religious emotion we know but little of, tropical in its fervor like the clime that gave it birth, may be the balance of power in our salvation, as African muscle and bravery have been now.

As this has been the heroic age of the republic in the valor of the field, let it be also in the triumph of right principle in overcoming passion and prejudice which have held so long rule in our hearts.

We shall honor our free institutions, our government, ourselves, more by the doing of justice than by any assumed pre-eminence of race. Let us leave aristocracies to those who think they need them. Freemen are nobler without them. Let us say,

We'll shine in more substantial honors,
And to be noble, we'll be good."

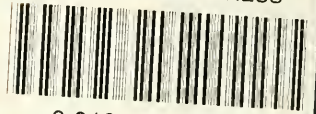
There is nothing so exalting to human character as *to do right*. It is our boast that liberty is in the air of America. Let *every man* then breathe it to the full. Let us add to the glory of our brave struggle all noble acts of justice and generous mercy for the utter undoing and oblivion of the foul wrongs done to the slave.

It is no mean thing to have the blessing of them that are ready to perish. The gratitude of the delivered will be a mine of wealth. The most sacred bonds will bind to us in lasting affection and fealty the growing millions. In an emancipated people, lifted out of the degradation of slavery and raised to the height of an intelligent and happy people, coming generations will see one of the fairest jewels in our national diadem. In ages yet to be, as right moves on in triumph, the trophies of justice and philanthropy will shine the most brilliant among those with which the right royal patriotism of the American armies has adorned the brow of Columbia.

As God has made us *mighty*, so may he help us to be *just*. May our laws ever be the bulwark of our honor and unity; and with justice and mercy, on either side of the judgment seat, secure under the folds of our rescued and regenerated national banner, may traitors ever tremble, and the poor ever find shelter.

And let all the people say, Amen.

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