[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

1868 will appear, not only admirable and grand, but, entirely sublime. No interest for the general good of mankind, remarks a student of history, has been ever built up in the world that was not cemented with blood. That, by way of expressing value and importance, is a well guarded but strong expression, and has a forcible relation to the act of emancipafion. History informs us of no revolution that awakened so much thought, elicited so vast and varied interests; required the outlay of treasure so immense, Sacrifice so wonderful; and comprehended in its scope, a good, so vast, and so important to the general welfare of mankind, as to be essential to it. The compass of that act may not be regarded as of so narrow a scope as to embrace our own domestic affairs merely; but, as comprehending rather, the destinies of mankind. Taking foundations in human nature itself, it embraces, in the truest and fullest sense, the chief good of the entire race, and involves the highest and most sacred interests of every class of people under the sun. From Washington to Sierra Leone, from Sierra Leone to Pekin, and from Pekin back to Washington again, there is not a clan, tribe or nation, either in the old world or the new, but whose policies, politics and destinies have been affected by it, for the greatest possible good.

At home, not only was a race lifted into manhood and citizenship but, a great Nation was regenerated and inspired with new life. The light of noonday is not a more striking contrast with midnight darkness than the present condition of our Country, as compared with what itwas under the dominion of the slave system. And in the light of this contrast we may look back upon slavery and learn to hate it—hate it intensely, bitterly and with an eternal hatred; hate it because it prostitutes society to the basest of ends; hate it because it degrades, debauches, abuses, outrages and brutalises alike the oppressed and the nation by which it is tolerated and supported; hate it because it creates caste-aristocracy and ostracises the weak; hate it because it deeply injures you, and more deeply injures your children; hate it with a most inveterate hatred as the God daring "sum of all villainies."

The emancipation act, great in itself alone, becomes much greater in its legitimate results. Bringing the broadest equality to all citizens alike, each is identified with all the interests of a common country, having before it a future of unequaled greatness. "Liberty regulated by law," says Wendell Phillips, "is the secret of Saxon success." It is a cheering fact that the elements of the negroe's character are adapted to blend with, and be conformed to the laws which germinate the civilization of the nineteenth century. Judged by the same rules and tried by the same tests by which other races love to determine their character, the negro race will lose nothing necessary to give it an equal place by the side of the saxon. "There are two ways in which races love to be judged,and there tests by which to be tired,—the great men they produce, the average merit of the mass; courage, purpose and endurance." If the saxon character is distinguished for courage, purpose and endurance, so is the negroe's. Do they boast of producing great men?—so may we. Have they made history?—So have we,—history of which none need be ashamed. Have we been slaves?—So have they—slaves, says Macauley, for there hundred years, sold with the land, and Cæsar said, they were not even fit for that. Did they obtain freedom?—So did we. But they lifted not a finger to end their slaving—waited for civilization, chritianity and commerce to melt away their chains; we fought for ours—gave the world the first and only fact of a race rising in its own might, casting off its chains, moulding them into swords, winning its liberty on the battle field, and making the land of Tousaint L'overture glorious in independence forever. There is much in the history of the negro race, upon the North American continent, certainly, to entitle it to the first place of respectibility for courage, purpose and endurance. It was ordained by Providence,that, that race, regarded with contempt as an object of ridicule—despicable and degraded, should furnish the proudest chapter of history. A race, lifting itself from the degradation of abject chattelism into freedom and nationality; maintaining its Independence against the greed of England, the cunning of France and the bullying of Spain for half a century, while South American Republics rise and pass away like the dew drops of early morn-such a race is certainly entitted to a place by the side of the Saxon in the role of honor.

Possessing, therefore, all the elements of perpetuity, development and progress in their plenitude, that race is destined to continue so long as the sun and moon endure. Availed of all the means and appliances of dignified life it will become everywhere. a highly important element of civilized society. Events succeeding events, like waves chasing waves upon the bosom of the great deep, press rapidly forward the period, not far distant, when America, boasting of her white, will be equally proud of her black sons.

What I now have to say, Mr. President, in approaching the close of my remarks must be uttered, and should be received with no ordinary sense of gravity and sincerity. Behind us is a past telling only of oppression, misery, degradation, shame and sorrow—of shame to a great nation, and of invidious ostracism to us; before us, a future luminous with prospects of the most flattering character. Are not we the sole arbiters of our own destiny? When we consider our station, our duties, obligations and responsibilities, should we not feel equally bound to labor incessantly, ardently, unselfishly, and in love for the achievement of the grandest possible results with respect to our own individual development and elevation? And is not this preminently our own work? We cannot look to others and neglect or slight our own interests with impunity. No nature is profusely generous to so small an extent as human nature. Intelligence only regulates and directs its intense selfishness to the certain ends of its own aggrandizement. Nothing is more natural than that others will let us severely alone when we forget and neglect those personal interests so highly important to our own general welfare. To keep pace with the progress of the present age requires the utmost diligence in individual effort. Everywhere the public mind is wide awake and keenly alive, pressing forward to the goal of the highest individual and general good with mighty strides. Equality in the scale of life, is the result of achievement. The diligent use of the same means and appliances gives similar results—the schoolhouse, the church, and a quarter section of land produce equals of people differing in all other respects. Pointed as we are to equality, why be tardy in the diligent application of the individual to all the means of promotion? A people's character and elevation are measured and determined by the amount of individual effort. And, although we shall make mistakes and failures; meet with rebuffs, disappointments and discouragements, we should press onward and upward nevertheless, remembering that the mistakes of mankind, as much as their successes, teach lessons of equal value. If the

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,"

it is equally true that,

The mistakes of others constant tell us
How to shun the rocks of time.

Nor must we forbear to press eagerly forward, ever learning, ever becoming wiser and ever improving; keeping continually before us the fact, that, individual improvment contributes proportionately to the advancement of the whole race. As a race or whole people is composed of units; so its elevation in the scale of well-regulated and dignified life is achieved by the development and improvement of its individual members.

OF what trade are the bees? Comb-makers.

WHEN are soldiers like good flannel? When they don't shrink.

A SAILOR'S life is made unnecessarily perilous at Noank, where they send vessels to sea with Noankers on board.

"MY children," said an old lady, "I am the root and ye are the branches."

"Grandma?" said one.

"What, my child?"

"I was thinking how much better the branches would flourish if the root was under the ground."

IF a woman were to change her sex she would be a he-then.

THE best thing to take before breakfast.—Another nap.

CHRISTMAS OVER THE BORDER.—Southerner (forgetting that Christmas Day falls on Sunday this year): "Good-morning, Mr. Scarebairn. A merry Christmas."

The Rev. Mr. S.: "E—h mon! that's nae a fittin' ae'jective to pit afore the Sabbath!"