

Mississippi commits crime, New England commits crime, and in so much lowers the standard of your civilization. There is no escape—man drags man down, or man lifts man up.

In working out our destiny, while the main burden and centre of activity must be with us, we shall need in a large measure, in the years that are to come, as we have in the past, the help, the encouragement, the guidance that the strong can give the weak. Thus helped, we of both races in the South soon shall throw off the shackles of racial and sectional prejudice and rise as Harvard University has risen, and as we all should rise, above the clouds of ignorance, narrowness, and selfishness, into that atmosphere, that pure sunshine, where it will be our highest ambition to serve Man, our brother, regardless of race or previous condition.

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ADDRESS AT THE UNVEILING OF THE ROBERT GOULD  
SHAW MONUMENT

DELIVERED IN BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, MAY 31, 1897

**M**R. CHAIRMAN AND FELLOW CITIZENS,—In this presence and on this sacred and memorable day, in the deeds and death of our hero we recall the old, old story, ever old, yet ever new, that when it was the will of the Father to lift humanity out of wretchedness and bondage the precious task was delegated to him who among ten thousand was altogether lovely and was willing to make himself of no reputation that he might save and lift up others.

If that heart could throb, and if those lips could speak, what would be the sentiment and words that Robert Gould

Shaw would have us feel and speak at this hour? He would not have us dwell long on the mistakes, the injustice, the criticisms of the days—

“Of storm and cloud, of doubt and fears,  
Across the eternal sky must lower,  
Before the glorious noon appears.”

He would have us bind up with his own undying fame and memory, and retain by the side of his monument, the name of John A. Andrew, who with prophetic vision and strong arm helped make the existence of the Fifty-fourth Regiment possible, and that of George L. Stearns, who, with hidden generosity and a great, sweet heart, helped to turn the darkest hour into day and in so doing so freely gave service, fortune, and life itself to the cause which this day commemorates.

Nor would he have us forget those brother officers, living and dead, who, by their baptism in blood and fire, in defence of union and freedom, gave us an example of the highest and purest patriotism.

To you who fought so valiantly in the ranks, the scarred and shattered remnant of the Fifty-fourth Regiment, who with empty sleeve and wanting leg have honored this occasion with your presence, to you, your commander is not dead. Though Boston erected no monument and history recorded no story, in you and the loyal race which you represent Robert Gould Shaw would have a monument which time could not wear away.

But an occasion like this is too great, too sacred for mere individual eulogy. The individual is the instrument, national virtue the end. That which was three hundred years being woven into the warp and woof of our democratic institutions could not be effaced by a single battle as magnificent as was



that battle; that which for three centuries had bound master and slave, yea, North and South, to a body of death, could not be blotted out by four years of war, could not be atoned for by shot and sword nor by blood and tears.

No many days ago, in the heart of the South, in a large gathering of the people of my race, there were heard from many lips praises and thanksgiving to God for his goodness in setting them free from physical slavery. In the midst of that assembly a Southern white man arose, with gray hair and trembling hands, the former owner of many slaves, and from his quivering lips there came the words: "My friends, you forgot in your rejoicing that in setting you free God was also good to me and my race in setting us free."

But there is a higher and deeper sense in which both races must be free than that represented by the bill of sale. The black man who cannot let love and sympathy go out to the white man is but half free. The white man who could close the shop or factory against a black man seeking an opportunity to earn an honest living is but half free. The white man who retards his own development by oppressing a black man is but half free.

The full measure of the fruit of Fort Wagner and all that this monument stands for will not be realized until every man covered by a black skin shall, by patience and natural effort, grow to that height in industry, property, intelligence, and moral responsibility where no man in all our land will be tempted to degrade himself by withholding from this black brother any opportunity which he himself would possess. Until that time comes this monument will stand for effort, not victory complete. What these heroic souls of the 54th Regiment began we must complete. It must be completed not in malice, not narrowness, nor artificial progress, nor in efforts

at mere temporary political gain, nor in abuse of another section or race.

Standing as I do to-day in the home of Garrison and Phillips and Sumner, my heart goes out to those who wore the grey as well as to those clothed in blue, to those who returned defeated to destitute homes, to face blasted hopes and a shattered political and industrial system.

To them there can be no prouder reward for defeat than by a supreme effort to place the negro on that footing where he will add material, intellectual, and civil strength to every department of state. This work must be completed in public school, industrial school, and college. The most of all it must be completed in the effort of the negro himself, in his effort to withstand temptation, to economize, to exercise thrift, to disregard the superficial for the real—the shadow for the substance, to be great and yet small, in his effort to be patient in the laying of a firm foundation, to so grow in skill and knowledge that he shall place his services in demand by reason of his intrinsic and superior worth. This, this is the key that unlocks every door of opportunity, and all others fail. In this battle of peace the rich and poor, the black and white, may have a part.

What lesson has this occasion for the future? What of hope, what of encouragement, what of caution? "Watchman tell us of the night, what the signs of promise are."

If, through me, an humble representative of nearly ten millions of my people might be permitted to send a message of gratitude to Massachusetts, to the committee whose untiring energy has made this memorial possible, to the family who gave their only boy that we might have life more abundantly, that message would be:

"Tell them that the sacrifice was not in vain, that up from



the depths of ignorance and poverty we are coming, and if we come through oppression out of the struggle we are gaining strength.

“By way of the school, the well-cultivated field, the skilled hand, the Christian home, we are coming up: that we propose to take our place upon the high and undisputed ground of usefulness, generosity, and honesty, and that we propose to invite all who will to step up and occupy this position with us.

“Tell them that we are learning that standing-ground for a race, as for an individual, must be laid in intelligence, industry, thrift, and property, not as an end, but as a means to the highest privileges: That we are learning that neither the conqueror’s bullet nor fiat of law could make an ignorant voter an intelligent voter, could make a dependent man an independent man, could give one citizen respect for another, a bank account, a foot of land, or an enlightened fireside. Tell them that, as grateful as we are to artist and patriotism for placing the figures of Shaw and his comrades in physical form of beauty and magnificence, after all, the real monument, the greater monument, is being slowly but safely builded among the lowly in the South, in the struggles and sacrifices of a race to justify all that has been done and suffered for it.”

One of the wishes that lay nearest to Colonel Shaw’s heart was that his black troops might be permitted to fight by the side of white soldiers. Have we not lived to see that wish realized, and will it not be more so in the future? Not at Wagner, not with rifle and bayonet, but on the field of peace, in the battle of industry, in the struggle for good government, in the lifting up of the lowest to the fullest opportunities. In this we shall fight by the side of white men North and South.

And if this be true, as under God’s guidance it will, that old flag, that emblem of progress and security which brave Sergeant Carny never permitted to fall upon the ground, will still be borne aloft by Southern soldier and Northern soldier, and in a more potent and higher sense we shall all realize that—

“The slave’s chain and the master’s alike are broken,  
The one curse of the races held both in tether.  
They are rising, all are rising.  
The black and the white together.”

#### THE NEGRO’S LOYALTY TO THE STARS AND STRIPES

DELIVERED AT THE THANKSGIVING PEACE JUBILEE EXERCISES,  
CHICAGO, OCTOBER 16, 1898

**M**R. CHAIRMAN, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN,—  
On an important occasion in the life of the Master, when it fell to him to pronounce judgment on two courses of action, these memorable words fell from his lips: “And Mary hath chosen the better part.” This was the supreme test in the case of an individual. It is the highest test in the case of a race or nation. Let us apply this test to the American negro.

In the life of our republic, when he has had the opportunity to choose, has it been the better or worse part? When, in the childhood of this nation, the negro was asked to submit to slavery or choose death and extinction, as did the aborigines, he chose the better part, that which perpetuated the race.

When, in 1776, the negro was asked to decide between British oppression and American independence, we find him choosing the better part, and Crispus Attucks, a negro, was the first to shed his blood on State Street, Boston, that the



white American might enjoy liberty forever, though his race remained in slavery.

When, in 1814, at New Orleans, the test of patriotism came again, we find the negro choosing the better part, and General Andrew Jackson himself testifying that no heart was more loyal and no arm more strong and useful in defence of righteousness.

When the long and memorable struggle came between union and separation, when he knew that victory on the one hand meant freedom, and defeat on the other his continued enslavement, with a full knowledge of the portentous meaning of it all, when the suggestion and the temptation came to burn the home and massacre wife and children during the absence of the master in battle, and thus ensure his liberty, we find him choosing the better part, and for four long years protecting and supporting the helpless, defenceless ones entrusted to his care.

When, in 1863, the cause of the Union seemed to quiver in the balance, and there was doubt and distrust, the negro was asked to come to the rescue in arms, and the valor displayed at Fort Wagner and Port Hudson and Fort Pillow testify most eloquently again that the negro chose the better part.

When, a few months ago, the safety and honor of the republic were threatened by a foreign foe, when the wail and anguish of the oppressed from a distant isle reached his ears, we find the negro forgetting his own wrongs, forgetting the laws and customs that discriminate against him in his own country, and again we find our black citizen choosing the better part. And if you would know how he deported himself in the field at Santiago, apply for answer to Shafter and Roosevelt and Wheeler. Let them tell how the negro faced death and laid down his life in defence of honor and human-

ity, and when you have gotten the full story of the heroic conduct of the negro in the Spanish-American war—heard it from the lips of Northern soldiers and Southern soldiers, from ex-abolitionists and ex-masters, then decide within yourselves whether a race that is thus willing to die for its country should not be given the highest opportunity to live for its country.

In the midst of all the complaints of suffering in the camp and field, suffering from fever and hunger, where is the official or citizen that has heard a word of complaint from the lips of a black soldier? The only request that has come from the negro soldier has been that he might be permitted to replace the white soldier when heat and malaria began to decimate the ranks of the white regiment, and to occupy at the same time the post of greatest danger.

This country has been most fortunate in her victories. She has twice measured arms with England and has won. She has met the spirit of rebellion within her borders and was victorious. She has met the proud Spaniard, and he lies prostrate at her feet. All this is well; it is magnificent. But there remains one other victory for Americans to win—a victory as far-reaching and important as any that has occupied our army and navy. We have succeeded in every conflict except the effort to conquer ourselves in the blotting out of racial prejudices.

We can celebrate the era of peace in no more effectual way than by a firm resolve on the part of Northern men and Southern men, black men and white men, that the trenches which we together dug around Santiago shall be the eternal burial-place of all that which separates us in our business and civil relations. Let us be as generous in peace as we have been brave in battle. Until we thus conquer ourselves, I make no empty statement when I say that we shall have,



especially in the Southern part of our country, a cancer gnawing at the heart of the republic that shall one day prove as dangerous as an attack from an army without or within.

In this presence and on this auspicious occasion I want to present the deep gratitude of nearly ten millions of my people to our wise, patient, and brave Chief Executive for the generous manner in which my race has been recognized during this conflict,—a recognition that has done more to blot out sectional and racial lines than any event since the dawn of our freedom.

I know how vain and impotent is all abstract talk on this subject. In your efforts to “rise on stepping-stones of your dead selves,” we of the black race shall not leave you unaided. We shall make the task easier for you by acquiring property, habits of thrift, economy, intelligence, and character, by each making himself of individual worth in his own community. We shall aid you in this as we did a few days ago at El Caney and Santiago, when we helped you to hasten the peace we here celebrate. You know us; you are not afraid of us. When the crucial test comes, you are not ashamed of us. We have never betrayed or deceived you. You know that as it has been, so it will be. Whether in war or in peace, whether in slavery or in freedom, we have always been loyal to the Stars and Stripes.

## WM. BOURKE COCKRAN



WILLIAM BOURKE COCKRAN, Irish-American lawyer and orator, was born in County Sligo, Ireland, Feb. 28, 1854, and educated in his native island and in France. He came to the United States in 1871, and, after engaging in teaching for a few years, studied law and was admitted to the Bar in 1876. He established himself in New York city, and in 1881, while delegate to the State Democratic Convention at Syracuse, made his reputation as a political orator. In 1884, he was the spokesman of Tammany Hall at the National Democratic Convention. After filling one term in Congress as a Democratic Representative, 1887-1888, he declined reelection in the latter year, but was, however, reelected by a large majority in 1890, and in the fifty-second Congress introduced and secured the passage of a bill to encourage American shipping. In 1892, he spoke again in behalf of Tammany Hall, in the Democratic National Convention of that year, and was again returned to Congress in the autumn. While in Congress during its next session he advocated the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Silver Law and opposed the Carlisle Currency Bill. In 1896, he espoused the cause of sound money and the single gold standard, delivering a number of forcible and stirring speeches during the campaign of that season, and by his position, regarding the currency, directly opposed Tammany Hall and the mass of the Democratic party. He has recently been identified with the anti-imperialist movement, and in March, 1900, delivered an able and eloquent address at a meeting of the anti-imperialist league in Faneuil Hall, Boston.

### REPLY TO WILLIAM J. BRYAN

FROM SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN  
NEW YORK, AUGUST 18, 1896

I WILL venture to say here now that if the face of Providence should be averted from this land and such a calamity as Mr. Bryan's election were permitted to overtake it, the man who would suffer most by that event would be the false prophet, who, having torn down the temple of credit and of industry, would himself be torn to pieces by a people whose prosperity he had ruined.

But let us follow Mr. Bryan's argument a little. Let us see what he means to do, according to the light which he himself has kindled for us.