

your own selves, be true to your high mission as the vindicators and asserters of your worth as men, and you cannot then be false to any one, or fail in any high and honorable endeavor. You may fall as many of your race did fall with the gallant, good young Shaw, at Wagner; and the ignoble foe thought to dishonor that youthful hero's grave by heaping into it the corpses of his colored soldiers. Dishonored! Who would not die such a death to be worthy of such a grave? Who that rightly feels would exchange that lowly resting place on the barren shore of South Carolina, lulled by the eternal requiem of the solemn sea, for the proudest mausoleum in the loftiest temple built with human hands?

"No, no, my friends, you cannot be hindered now in your high calling. It is but to look back for a few years—nay, but for a few months in this city—to realize what a forward step has been taken, and to feel quite sure that in such a path there is no step backward.

"On! on! then, soldiers of the Twentieth United States Colored Troops, with serried ranks, with faith in yourselves and in your cause, with confidence and affection for your officers, and with humble but earnest trust in God, and you will, you must, in contributing to the rescue of your country and its Constitution, work out your own complete redemption.

"Already the colored troops of the United States count by tens and twenties of thousands, and nowhere have they turned back from the bloodiest conflict, or failed to follow their leader into the very jaws of death.

"Dear Col. Bartram, to you and to the officers of this fine regiment it remains for me to say a few words:

"The flag which I hold in my hands, to be placed in yours, tells its own story. The conquering eagle and the broken yoke and armed figure of Liberty speak as plainly as symbols can of the might of freedom, and the overthrow of slavery—and flying, as will this standard-sheet, beside the Stars and Stripes of the Republic, they will form a spell of such power as to bind up every generous heart with one firm, fierce resolve that these flags shall not be separated—shall not be surrendered—but shall be marching on, and marching on, and still marching on to triumph and final victory!

"In the faith, Colonel, that such is your resolve, I commit to your hands, for the Twentieth Regiment United States Colored Troops, in the name of those loyal women, the flag they have prepared. May the blessing of God go with it, and with you and your soldiers, and fighting beneath its folds, may He cover your heads in the day of battle!"

At the close of this speech, President King read the following address, which had been prepared by H. T. Tuckerman. The address was neatly engrossed on parchment, and signed by the ladies who presented the colors to the regiment.

To the Officers and the Men of the Twentieth United States Colored Troops:

SOLDIERS—We the mothers, wives and sisters of the members of the New York Union League Club, of whose liberality and intelligent patriotism, and under whose direct auspices you have been organized into a body of national troops for the defence of the Union, earnestly sympathizing in the great cause of American free nationality, and desirous of testifying, by some memorial, our profound sense of the sacred object and the holy cause in behalf of which you have enlisted, have prepared for you this banner, at once the emblem of freedom and of faith, and the symbol of woman's best wishes and prayers for our common country, and especially for your devotion thereto.

When you look at this flag and rush to battle, or stand at guard beneath its sublime motto, "GOD AND LIBERTY!" remember that it is also an emblem of love and honor from the daughters of this great Metropolis to her brave champions in the field, and that they will anxiously watch your career, glorying in your heroism, ministering to you when wounded and ill, and honoring your martyrdom with benedictions and with tears.

Mrs. J. J. Astor, Mrs. G. W. Blunt, Mrs. J. W. Beckman, Mrs. S. Wetmore, Mrs. S. B. Chittenden, Mrs. G. Bliss, Jr., Mrs. S. J. Bacon, Mrs. R. B. Minturn, Mrs. Charles King, Mrs. S. W. Bridgman, Mrs. W. E. Dodge, Mrs. R. Stebbins, Mrs. S. B. Schieffelin, Miss King, Mrs. J. E. Johnston, Mrs. N. D. Smith, Mrs. T. M. Cheeseman, Mrs. H. A. Colt, Mrs. A. T. Mann, Mrs. J. J. Phelps, Mrs. G. B. DeForest, Mrs. L. G. B. Cannon, Mrs. W. A. Butler, Mrs. N. A. Burlock, Mrs. A. Dunlap, Mrs. T. E. Howe, Mrs. W. H. Lee, Mrs. W. E. Dodge, Jr., Mrs. David Hoadley, Mrs. C. Ludington, Mrs. G. Lemist, Mrs. E. C. Cowdin, Mrs. J. A. Roosevelt, Mrs. J. Sampson, Mrs. R. B. Minturn, Jr., Mrs. Alfred Pelt, Jr., Mrs. W. Hutchings, Mrs. George Opydyke, Mrs. G. C. Ward, Mrs. C. G. Judson, Mrs. S. W. Roosevelt, Mrs. E. D. Smith, Mrs. S. Gandy, Mrs. R. L. Stuart, Mrs. E. W. Stoughton, Mrs. J. W. Bigelow, Mrs. M. O. Roberts, Mrs. H. K. Bogart, Mrs. E. C. Hall, Mrs. J. Le Roy, Mrs. J. Brown, Mrs. H. Baldwin, Mrs. M. Clarkson, Mrs. J. O. Stone, Mrs. J. G. King, Jr., Mrs. H. Van Rensselaer, Mrs. J. A. King, Jr., Mrs. J. C. Cassegee, Mrs. E. G. Shaw, Mrs. R. G. Shaw, Mrs. G. B. Curtis, Mrs. C. G. Kirkland, Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Mrs. Bradish, Mrs. Bruce, and others.

Colonel Bartram, who received the flags, made the following response:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I feel how utterly unable I am to respond in a becoming manner to the eloquent addresses just pronounced. While free to confess my deficiency in this respect, I yet claim for myself and my command an equal share of the patriotic ardor and love of country. In that we yield to none. (Applause.) This beautiful banner symbolizes our country. It is this that makes death glorious beneath its starry folds—it is this that rouses the feelings of outraged honor when we see it trailed in the dust. How base, and how dead to all sense of honor, must that wretch be, whose brow burns not with shame and rage at the dishonor of the flag of his country! (Applause.) Nearly three years since, the country was shocked by the spectacle of a band of traitors tearing away the emblem of our country from a fortress over which it had floated proudly for years, and substituting in its place a miserable device of their own. Has this act been fully avenged? No! The punishment for it has undoubtedly been great already, but I trust that the utter humiliation and discomfiture which it deserves are about to follow. To this end this regiment is about to take the field—a regiment composed of a race hitherto despised—of a race almost hopelessly sunk in degradation, by a system of slavery as barbarous as it is unjust. It has been the habit of those among us, who sympathize with the traitors now in arms against us, to sneer at what they are pleased to term the cowardice of the negro I hope that Fort Hudson, Fort Wagner and Olustee have forever settled this question. In this regard, I must be permitted to refer briefly to the conduct of the Eighth United States Colored Troops, in the last mentioned action. My reason for doing this is, that for some three or four months I was on duty with this regiment, as its Lieutenant-Colonel, and during this period I had ample opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted with its officers, and the material composing its rank and file. No regiment ever went to the field better officered than the Eighth, and no regiment ever contained a braver or more resolute set of men. How well they fought is shown by their list of casualties; and although a subordinate officer in a battery thought it a misfortune to be supported by a colored regiment, yet when we bear in mind that two veteran regiments had already found the position too hot, and had retired, I think we can afford to forgive the slander, and say that the misfortune, if misfortune there was, was not in having a colored regiment for a support, but in having an officer in the service of the United States so biased, so ungenerous, so cowardly, as to slander the brave men who fell around his guns. (Applause.) I should feel recreant to my duty to an old companion in arms, who has laid down his life upon the altar of his country, did I permit this occasion to pass without paying this slight tribute to his memory.

I trust that when the time comes for the Twentieth to go into action, we shall behave ourselves in a manner that will reflect credit upon ourselves, and honor upon our friends and our country. We feel that we have the sympathies and prayers of good men and women. We know the interest you feel in us—the high hopes you entertain—and believe me when I say that it is the determination of every officer and man of my command that, so far as the power to fulfill in them lies, you shall not be disappointed. I would that I could command appropriate words to address the noble women to whom we are indebted for this beautiful stand of colors. Will you accept a soldier's thanks, and his pledges that they shall never know dishonor while strength remains to wield a weapon in their defence?

At the conclusion of his remarks, he was greeted with enthusiastic cheers; then followed cheers for his officers and cheers for his men, and before he mounted his beautiful steed, some one presented him with a handsome bouquet. The following letter was received from Gen. Dix:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE EAST, }
NEW YORK CITY, March 6, 1864. }

To the Committee for the Reception of the Twentieth United States Colored Regiment.

GENTLEMEN: I much regret that official engagements at my headquarters will not permit me to attend the flag presentation to the regiment. It will carry with it to the field my cordial wishes for its success, and the assurance that the atarcity with which the colored classes in this State are coming forward to co-operate in putting down the Rebellion will secure, as it deserves, the lasting gratitude of the country.

I am truly yours,
JOHN A. DIX, Major General.

THE COLLATION IN THE SQUARE.

After the presentation ceremony was over, the men stacked arms, and partook of a collation provided for them. Corpulent cans of coffee and fat baskets of sandwiches were carried into the square, and their contents generously distributed among the sable soldiers. They ate heartily, and were not backward in expressing their sentiments in relation to the reception they had met. "This is what we get for being soldiers." "If Uncle Sam treats us in this way, we should like to board with him." "Hurrah for the Committee." "This doesn't look like July." "How are you, rioters?" "Three cheers for the ladies." "That flag is a big thing, boys." "We'll show the Copperheads what we can do for freedom when we get a chance." "That was a jolly speech made by our Colonel." "Didn't Professor King talk like a book," &c. We might fill a column with the remarks made by these men during the few minutes allowed for lunch, showing their appreciation of the ovation which had been tendered to them, and the great advancement made in public opinion in regard to their race.

After luncheon, march was resumed in the following order:

THE PROCESSION.
Police Superintendent Kennedy.
One Hundred Policemen.
Members of the Union League Club.
Colored Friends of the Recruits, marching with hands joined.

Governor's Island Band.
The 20th Regiment United States Colored Troops.

The line of march was down Broadway to Canal street, through Canal street to the North River, where they embarked on board the Ericsson for New Orleans. The men made a fine appearance in their blue uniform, white gloves and white leggings. They are hearty and athletic fellows, many of them six feet tall, straight, and symmetrical. A majority of them are black; indeed, there are but few mulattoes among them. The Twentieth is emphatically an African regiment, and to its credit be it spoken, not one of its members disobeyed orders, no one broke ranks to greet enthusiastic friends, no one used intoxicating drinks to excess, no one manifested the least inclination to leave the service, and their marching was very creditable.

The march was truly a magnificent demonstration, and a triumphant sign of progress. One thousand men with black skins, whose color has been a crime in the eyes of multitudes of whites, marched without molestation from the wharf where they landed, through Twenty-sixth street, the Fifth avenue, Lexington avenue, Madison, and Broadway. The doors, windows and balconies of our city palaces were thronged with aristocratic spectators, the ladies waving handkerchiefs, and the men cheering.

Seven months ago, the homes of these soldiers were attacked by rioters, who burned their dwellings, stole their property, and made the streets smoke with the blood of their unoffending relatives and friends.

On the 9th of July, Mr. George W. Blunt met with other gentlemen at the New England Rooms, and advised Gov. Andrew not to send the 55th Massachusetts colored regiment through this city, on their way to the seat of war, because the lives of colored women and children here would be endangered. On Saturday, Mr. Blunt marched with other members of the club in the van of the grand procession, and saw no signs of that hatred of the black race which has been such a stigma of shame to our city and nation. The following is the roster of the regiment:

Colonel, Nelson B. Bartram; Lieut.-Colonel, Andrew E. Mather; Major, Amos P. Wells; Surgeon, Thomas Cushing; First Assistant, O. S. Belden; Second Assistant, David Stephens; Quartermaster, Casper Goldman.

LINE CAPTAINS—George A. Foster, H. H. Rouse, John E. Barnaby, Edwin L. Wage, S. P. Putnam, William Moore, Albert B. Hall, Delos H. Stiles, Elijah Carry, James S. Goppel.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS—Norman R. Martin, D. J. Pillsworth, Martin Cooper, Wallace M. Greeley, Nelson A. Sumner, Wm. Gerrish, Francis Bridges, Edwin G. Davis, Acting Adjt., John P. Blakeman.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS—John J. Thomas, Byron F. Strong, Wm. F. Van Ornum, Chas. A. Briggs, Martin T. Smith, Isaac G. Gardiner, Benj. Ambruster, John Habberton, Perley Eaton, Bruno Trombly.

This is the second colored regiment raised by the Loyal League Club, and the members have been indelutagable from the first in protecting the recruits from outrage, and providing them with all needful comforts while in camp at Riker's Island. Equally solicitous were they to secure competent and worthy officers; and to cap the climax, they have given the regiment a reception worthy of the city of New York, and the great cause for which these despised people have so bravely gone forth to battle.—New York Tribune.

TWENTIETH U. S. COLORED REGIMENT.

RECEPTION BY THE UNION LEAGUE.

The Twentieth Regiment, United States colored troops, left Riker's Island at nine o'clock on Saturday morning, on board the steamer John Romer, and were conveyed to the foot of Twenty-sixth street, East River, where they were disembarked and formed in regimental line, and marched to Union Square, arriving in front of the Union League Club-House at one o'clock.

A vast crowd of citizens of every shade of color, and every phase of social and political life, filled the square and streets; and every door, window, veranda, tree and house-top that commanded a view of the scene were peopled with spectators. Over the entrance of the Club-Room was a large platform ornamented with flags and filled with ladies. In the street was another platform, tastefully decorated, and occupied by prominent citizens. From this stand the colors were presented by President King of Columbia College, who spoke as follows:

SPEECH OF CHARLES KING.

"I rejoice to see this day—I rejoice in the opportunity, beneath this glorious sun and in the presence of this goodly assembly, and under the folds of our ever dear, honored flag of the Union, to salute you, soldiers of the Twentieth Regiment United States Colored Troops, as fellow-countrymen, fellow-soldiers, for I, too, have in other days worn the uniform of the nation, and from my heart I honor it, and all who worthily wear it.

"I am proud of the opportunity to stand before you as the representative of the Loyal Women who have united in the patriotic purpose of presenting to you a regimental flag, to be borne with the colors of the nation of which you are now the accepted and sworn defenders and guardians.

"These loyal women know and feel what such a ceremonial imports; they know and feel that the sacred banner which they commit to your faithfulness and courage is a trust as full of difficulty and of danger as of duty; that it calls, on your part, for the hourly exercise of self-restraint, self-discipline, self-denial; for the implicit obedience without which an army is but a mob, and for that high and patriotic devotion which counts even life itself a willing sacrifice to the cause of country and of liberty. The religion of the flag is second only to the religion of the altar; and our Father in heaven may be implored to bless, according to its purity, the one and the other. Hence he who is false to his flag is false to his altar and his God.

"And these loyal women who thus confide to you a trust at once so dangerous and so honorable, they too—be assured of it—they will do all that may be done by careful ministrations for the sick and the wounded, by systematic and considerate labors for the families of the soldier exposed to privation, to lighten the cares and gladden the hearts and strengthen the arms of those they encourage to go forth to battle.

"Go, then, soldiers of the Twentieth regiment, go forth in the assured conviction that you leave behind you ever-watchful, ever-kind, ever-active friends, who, taking so prominent a part in equipping you for war, will in nowise falter in their efforts for the welfare of the families you leave behind.

"To these considerations, which may be fitly addressed to all soldiers, I desire to add some that belong to you alone. For, my friends—and I use the expression all the more emphatically that the same expression was, in the fatal month of July, employed by a very high functionary on a very different occasion, and to a very different body of men—to each the choice of and responsibility for his own friends—in addressing you by this name, I address soldiers of order, liberty and law—men who come forth at the call of country and in vindication of her outraged Constitution—nay, of the very right of national existence.

"To you, then, in addition, the appeal suitable to every soldier lies in a higher and holier sense, an appeal as emancipators of your own race, while acting as the defenders and champions of another. You are in arms, not for the freedom and law of the white race alone, but for universal law and freedom; for the God-imparted right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to every being whom He has fashioned in His own image. When you put on the uniform and swear allegiance to the standard of the Union, you stand emancipated, regenerated and disenthralled; the peer of the proudest soldier in the land; and withered be the hand and palsied be the tongue that shall ever give consent to your being subject to other treatment at the hands of the enemy than such as is measured out to other soldiers of the Republic! Prejudice, indeed, and the rancorous hate of brutalized minds, and the ingrained meanness of factious partizanship may still throw obstacles in your way, but that way is upward and onward, and your march in it cannot be stopped, cannot be much delayed, unless by your own want of faith and want of work. To