

JOHN S. JACOBS, a fugitive, then came forward and spoke nearly as follows:—He said he came here to-night to give some advice, and to extend the hand of fellowship to his colored brethren. He said: My colored brethren, if you have not swords, I say to you, sell your garments and buy one. He regretted that he was not here in time to hear the resolutions read, to know if they were strong enough. If there be any man here to-night who wants to know my name, tell him it is John S. Jacobs, of South Carolina, and that I am an American citizen, that I never denied that name, neither did I ever disgrace it. They said that they cannot take us back to the South; but I say, under the present law they can; and now I say unto you, let them only take your dead bodies. (Tremendous cheers.) This is no time, my friends, to laugh; let us go to the house of mourning, and see the dead body of the wife of Hamlet, and her surviving infants. Well, I would rather see her body dragged to the stake than see her dragged back again into Slavery. I, would, my friends, advise you to show a front to our tyrants, and arm yourselves; aye, and I would advise the women to have their knives too. But I don't advise you to trample on the laws of this State, but I advise to trample on this bill, and I further advise you to let us go on immediately, and act like men. He then advised the colored race to lay aside their religious and political feelings, or anything that may tend to separate them, and suggested that a registry should be commenced with the name of every slave, his owner, and all other particulars, that they might tend to give him every assistance; and concluded by advising the fugitives not to suffer themselves to be taken.

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