

He thanked the meeting for the honor conferred upon him, and proceeded to pay his respects to the "patron" of the evening. Said he, Mr. O'Connor is a lawyer of distinction and wealth, walking in the upper circles of society—a man in whom we should have expected to find a friend. He is an Irishman, though none the worse for that; in fact, he (Mr. G.) regretted his identity with that people, because in his travels through Ireland he had never found a people more noble hearted and hospitable than they. He believed that if Mr. O'Connor had uttered such sentiments in Dublin, Belfast, or the wild districts of Tipperary, the men would have stoned him, and the daughters of the Emerald Isle would have whipped him within an inch of his life with their garters. He regretted that O'Connor belonged to any race at all, and thought that he should form a race of his own, so that when he died it would be run out. He wondered that the bones of Daniel O'Connell had not turned over in their coffin at the utterance of such sentiments. Mr. Garnet sympathized with Ireland in the calamity—the giving birth to O'Connor—because he had reason to love her. The pleasant recollection of his receptions as he traveled over her beautiful soil filled his heart with grateful emotions, and he would say,

He thanked the meeting for the honor conferred upon him, and proceeded to pay his respects to the "patron" of the evening. Said he, Mr. O'Connor is a lawyer of distinction and wealth, walking in the upper circles of society—a man in whom we should have expected to find a friend. He is an Irishman, though none the worse for that; in fact, he (Mr. G.) regretted his identity with that people, because in his travels through Ireland he had never found a people more noble hearted and hospitable than they. He believed that if Mr. O'Connor had uttered such sentiments in Dublin, Belfast, or the wild districts of Tipperary, the men would have stoned him, and the daughters of the Emerald Isle would have whipped him within an inch of his life with their garters. He regretted that O'Connor belonged to any race at all, and thought that he should form a race of his own, so that when he died it would be run out. He wondered that the bones of Daniel O'Connell had not turned over in their coffin at the utterance of such sentiments. Mr. Garnet sympathized with

Ireland in the calamity—the giving birth to O'Connor—because he had reason to love her. The pleasant recollection of his receptions as he traveled over her beautiful soil filled his heart with grateful emotions, and he would say,

Buried in cold when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean;
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with emo-
tion,
Erin mavourneen, Erin go bragh.

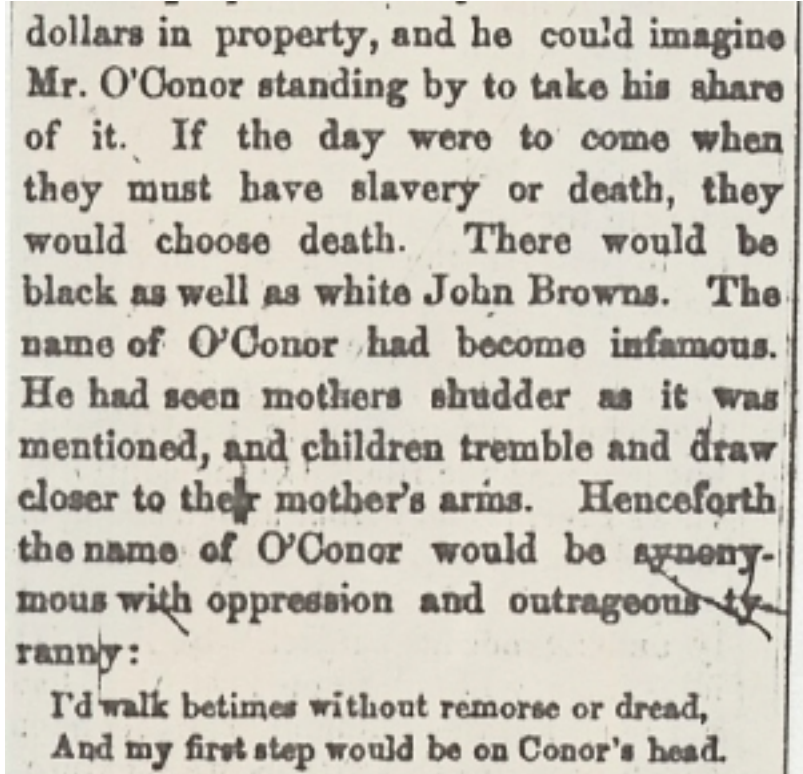
He then commented upon the impudence of Mr. O'Connor, an imported Irishman, interfering to dispose of what he terms "our negro bondmen"—an Irish gentleman with scarcely the rich brogue off his tongue, who had left his country for his country's good, talking about "our negroes." He read further—"Release them, and they will relapse into a state of barbarism." Mr. G. apprized the audience of the unfortunate condition which Mr. O'Connor, as a lawyer, had opened up to their perception after thirty years of freedom. A little further on, Mr. O'Connor says, "Liberate them and they will form a set of negro States (what a leap!) possessing political equality, and form a powerful body in Congress." He thought that this may have been a slip of the tongue; at all events, he was inclined to think Mr. O'Connor had a hard case to work out for his pay. Now, as to what Mr. O'Connor intended to do: It was to drive back into slavery the free colored people of the whole North. He would take our learned men, our clergymen, our physicians, our accomplished mechanics, our daughters, and reduce us all to slavery. What would become of our money? The colored people of this city had five million

Buried in cold when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean;
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with emo-
tion,
Erin mavourneen, Erin go bragh.

He then commented upon the impudence of Mr. O'Connor, an imported Irishman, interfering to dispose of what he terms "our negro bondmen"—an Irish gentleman with scarcely the rich brogue off his tongue, who had left his country for his country's good, talking about "our negroes." He read further—"Release them, and they will relapse into a state of barbarism." Mr. G. apprized the audience of the unfortunate condition which Mr. O'Connor, as a lawyer, had opened up to their perception after thirty years of freedom. A little further on, Mr. O'Connor says, "Liberate them and they will form a set of negro States (what a leap!) possessing political equality, and form a powerful body in Congress." He thought that this may have been a slip of the tongue; at all events, he was inclined to think Mr. O'Connor had a hard case to work out for his pay. Now, as to what Mr. O'Connor intended to do: It was to drive back into slavery the free colored people of the whole North. He would take our learned men, our clergymen, our physicians, our accomplished mechanics, our daughters, and reduce us all to slavery. What would become of our money? The colored people of this city had five million

dollars in property, and he could imagine Mr. O'Connor standing by to take his share of it. If the day were to come when they must have slavery or death, they would choose death. There would be blacks as well as white John Browns. The name of O'Connor had become infamous. He had seen mothers shudder as it was mentioned, and children tremble and draw closer to their mother's arms. Henceforth the name of O'Connor would be synonymous with oppression and outrageous tyranny:

I'd walk betimes without remorse or dread,
And my first step would be on Conor's head.



dollars in property, and he could imagine Mr. O'Connor standing by to take his share of it. If the day were to come when they must have slavery or death, they would choose death. There would be black as well as white John Browns. The name of O'Connor had become infamous. He had seen mothers shudder as it was mentioned, and children tremble and draw closer to their mother's arms. Henceforth the name of O'Connor would be synonymous with oppression and outrageous tyranny:

I'd walk betimes without remorse or dread,
And my first step would be on Conor's head.