

The PRESIDENT, in addressing the assemblage, said: Fellow Citizens—In all things that have beauty, there is nothing to man more comely than liberty. Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely, above all liberties. (Cheers.) A more important subject than this, never in the history of this country, came before the American people, and it is nothing more nor less than this—Shall the iniquitous Fugitive Slave bill, which subjects every free coloured man, woman and child, to be seized upon, handcuffed, and plunged into perpetual Slavery? Shall the blood-thirsty slaveholder be permitted by this unrighteous law to come into our domicils, or workshops, or the places where we labor, and carry off our wives and children, our fathers and mothers, and ourselves, without a struggle—(loud cries of ‘No, no,’)—without resisting, even if need be, unto death. (Cheers.) Or, shall we sit down and tamely submit our necks to the halter, and our limbs to the shackles, and clank our chains to the sweet music of passive obedience. (No, no.) And every step which we may take, whether it be backwards or forwards, will be followed by consequences too vast, too momentous, to be considered by any one present; upon your decision this night hangs suspended the fate of millions. This ‘covenant with death, and agreement with hell,’ must be trampled under foot, resisted, disobeyed, and violated at all hazards. (Cheers.) When the mother country imposed upon the infant colonies the three-and-a-half per cent tax, and the stamp act, the very first blood that was shed was shed in resistance of the odious act by Attuck, a coloured man; and the first martyr to American Independence, nobly led on the mob of white men, and was the first to receive the fire of British soldiery, and throughout the revolu-

The PRESIDENT, in addressing the assemblage, said : Fellow Citizens—In all things that have beauty, there is nothing to man more comely than liberty. Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely, above all liberties. (Cheers.) A more important subject than this, never in the history of this country, came before the American people, and it is nothing more nor less than this—Shall the iniquitous Fugitive Slave bill, which subjects every free colored man, woman and child, to be seized upon, handcuffed, and plunged into perpetual Slavery? Shall the blood-thirsty slaveholder be permitted by this unrighteous law to come into our domicils, or workshops, or the places where we labor, and carry off our wives and children, our fathers and mothers, and ourselves, without a struggle—(loud cries of “No, no,”)—without resisting, even if need be, unto death. (Cheers.) Or, shall we sit down and tamely submit our necks to the halter, and our limbs to the shackles, and clank our chains to the sweet music of passive obedience. (No, no.) And every step which we may take, whether it be backwards or forwards, will be followed by consequences too vast, too momentous, to be considered by any one present; upon your decision this night hangs suspended the fate of millions. This “covenant with death, and agreement with hell,” must be trampled under foot, resisted, disobeyed, and violated at all hazards. (Cheers.) When the mother country imposed upon the infant colonies the three-and-a-half per cent tax, and the stamp act, the very first blood that was shed was shed in resistance of the odious act by Attuck, a colored man; and the first martyr to American Independence, nobly led on the mob of white men, and was the first to receive the fire of the British soldiery, and throughout the revolu-

tionary and late war, colored men stood side by side with white men, and achieved a most glorious victory in the name of liberty. We have met this night to decide, not whether we will pay the government a three-and-a-half per cent tax or an impost duty, but whether we will suffer ourselves and families to be made slaves. And oh, Powerful Goodness, Bountiful Father, Merciful Guide, increase us in that wisdom which discovers our truest interest. (Cheers.) Strengthen our resolution to perform what wisdom dictates. Let us be united as one man, regarding our rights as inherent and inalienable. There are a thousand and one ways by which the unsuspecting colored man, woman and child may be entrapped into the hands of the blackhearted villainous kidnapper, and spirited away into Slavery almost instantly. The case of James Hamlet, the fugitive, is in point, and if the information which I have received be not incorrect, I am told that his wife died this morning of a broken heart. (Murmurs and oh! oh! from the females.) There is one victim. Will you submit that there may be more. (Loud notes.)

Hear ye no rumblings in the air;
Hear ye no earthquakes underneath,
Up, up, why will ye slumber where
The sleeper only wakes in death?

You are told to submit peaceably to the laws; will you do so? (No, no.) You are told to kiss the manacles that bind you; will you do so? (No, no, no.) The law is made by the people. The people have told you that you must do so; will you obey them? (No.)

In company with Mr. Lewis H. Putnam, I called upon Mayor Woodhull to know whether the civil authorities would protect free colored persons from being carried into Slavery. Unable to find His Honor, we addressed

tionary and late war, colored men stood side by side with white men, and achieved a most glorious victory

in the name of liberty. We have met this night to decide, not whether we will pay the government a three-and-a-half per cent tax or an impost duty, but whether we will suffer ourselves and families to be made slaves. And oh, Powerful Goodness, Bountiful Father, Merciful Guide, increase us in that wisdom which discovers our truest interest. (Cheers.) Strengthen our resolution to perform what wisdom dictates. Let us be united as one man, regarding our rights as inherent and inalienable. There are a thousand and one ways by which the unsuspecting colored man, woman and child may be entrapped into the hands of the blackhearted villainous kidnapper, and spirited away into Slavery almost instantly. The case of James Hamlet, the fugitive, is in point, and if the information which I have received be not incorrect, I am told that his wife died this morning of a broken heart. (Murmurs, and oh! oh! from the females.) There is one victim. Will you submit that there may be more. (Loud notes.)

Hear ye no rumblings in the air;
Hear ye no earthquakes underneath,
Up, up, why will ye slumber where
The sleeper only wakes in death?

You are told to submit peaceably to the laws; will you do so? (No, no.) You are told to kiss the manacles that bind you; will you do so? (No, no, no.) The law is made by the people. The people have told you that you must do so; will you obey them? (No.)

In company with Mr. Lewis H. Putnam, I called upon Mayor Woodhull to know whether the civil authorities would protect free colored persons from being carried into Slavery. Unable to find His Honor, we addressed

the following communication:

'SEPTEMBER 30, 1850—3 o'clock, P. M.

To His Honor, C. S. Woodhull:

SIR:—The undersigned take this method to address this communication to you as the Chief Magistrate of the city of New York, to ascertain what protection we, the free colored people, may expect under the operation of the Fugitive Slave Law. The peculiar position we occupy in this State—depending upon the magistracy of the People of New York to defend her citizens against the operation of an unjust law, we solicit in the name of our families that information from you which the nature of the case demands

Respectfully, &c.

WILLIAM P. POWELL.

LEWIS H. PUTNAM.

N. B.—Please answer* and address

William P. Powell,
330 Pearl street.

Up to this hour, (7½ o'clock, Oct. 1, 1850) that functionary had not thought it worth while to give an answer.*

the following communication :
" SEPTEMBER 30, 1850—3 o'clock, P. M.
To His Honor, C. S. Woodhull:
SIR :—The undersigned take this method to address this communication to you as the Chief Magistrate of the city of New York, to ascertain what protection we, the free colored people, may expect under the operation of the Fugitive Slave Law. The peculiar position we occupy in this State—depending upon the magistracy of the People of New York to defend her citizens against the operation of an unjust law, we solicit in the name of our families that information from you which the nature of the case demands
Respectfully, &c.
WILLIAM P. POWELL.
LEWIS H. PUTNAM.
N. B.—Please answer* and address
William P. Powell,
330 Pearl street.
Up to this hour, (7½ o'clock, Oct. 1., 1850) that functionary had not thought it worth while to give an answer.*