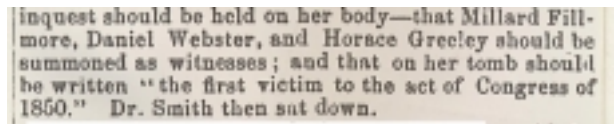


Dr. SMITH rose and said, in the year of grace 1850, and 74th of our Independence, which we had reason to be thankful to Divine Providence, it had pleased the American Congress to suspend the habeas corpus act. The papers to-day, if Queen Victoria had a blister on her toe, or some freeman were shot down in a petty German principality, would be out in full cry about the melancholy event and the horrible butchery. We would have *Extra Heralds* and *Extra Tribunes* shouting it through the city; but when the great charter of human liberty is suspended, there is not a single whisper about it. But, thank God, we stand here, to-night, not as slaves cowering under the lash of our tyrants—no; we stand here as free American citizens, and, with the blessing of God, we will not desist until this odious bill is repealed. I wish to know if, in a few months, when Daniel Webster is sitting at his fireside, in Marshfield, and an officer comes in with his papers, describes him as a large dark man, with a large head and big mouth, although I don't know that his mouth is as big as that of Henry Clay, what would Mr. Webster say if he were carried away before a magistrate, and after that hurried away as fast as steam can carry him, to Alabama, or somewhere else? where he never would afterwards be heard of? He advised that one of their first duties was to have a committee of two appointed, who would be always on hand to give evidence and aid in favor of the poor fugitive. He further advised that subscriptions should be immediately entered into by all the colored people, to assist their colored brethren who would seek their liberty in the Eastern States; and described the death of Hamlet's wife, and said that a coroner's

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