

*not bear it:* if they take away my rights, I will fight for them manfully and righteously until I am used up. We have done nothing against the rights of others.

You speak of lawyers; I am a lawyer too, but the Almighty God has taught *me* the principle of law; and the true meaning and intent of the writ of Habeas Corpus is to defend the innocent, and investigate the subject. Go behind the writ, and if the form of one that is issued against an innocent man is right, he should not be dragged to another State, and there be put to death, or be in jeopardy of life and limb, because of prejudice, when he is innocent. The benefits of the Constitution and Laws are alike for all; and the great Eloheim has given me the privilege of having the benefits of the Constitution, and the writ of Habeas Corpus, and I am bold to ask for this privilege this day; and I ask, in the name of Jesus Christ, and all that is sacred, that I may have your lives and all your energies to carry out the freedom which is chartered to us. Will you all help me? If so, make it manifest by raising the right hand. [There was a unanimous response, a perfect sea of hands being elevated.] Here is truly a committee of the whole.

When at Dixon, a lawyer came to me as counsel; Reynolds and Wilson said I should not speak to any man, and they would shoot any man who should dare to speak to me. An old greyheaded man came up, and said I should have counsel, and he was not afraid of their pistols. The people of Dixon were ready to take me from my persecutors, and I could have killed them notwithstanding their pistols; but I had no disposition to kill any man, though my worst enemy—not even Boggs: in fact *he* would have more hell to live in the reflection of his past crimes, than to die. After this, I had lawyers enough, and I obtained

a writ for Joseph H. Reynolds, and Harmon Wilson, for damage, assault, and battery, as well as the writ of Habeas Corpus.

We started for Ottoway, and arrived at Pawpaw Grove, thirty-two miles, where we stopped for the night. Squire Walker sent Mr. Campbell, Sheriff of Lee County, to my assistance, and he came, and slept by me. In the morning, certain men wished to see me, but I was not allowed to see them. The news of my arrival had hastily circulated about the neighborhood; and very early in the morning the largest room in the hotel was filled with citizens, who were anxious to hear me preach, and requested me to address them. Sheriff Reynolds entered the room, and said, pointing to me, “I wish you to understand this man is my prisoner, and I want you should disperse; you must not gather round here in this way.” Upon which an aged gentleman who was lame, and carried a large hickory walking-stick, advanced towards Reynolds, bringing his hickory upon the floor, said, “You damned infernal puke; we’ll learn you to come here and interrupt gentlemen: sit down there, [pointing to a very low chair,] and sit still, don’t open your head till General Smith gets through talking; if you never learned manners in Missouri, we’ll teach you that gentlemen are not to be imposed upon by a nigger driver: you cannot kidnap men here, if you do in Missouri; and if you attempt it here, there’s a committee in this Grove that will sit on your case; and, sir, it is the highest tribunal in the United States, *as from its decision there is no appeal.*” Reynolds, no doubt aware that the person addressing him was at the head of a committee, who had prevented the settlers on the public domain from being imposed upon by land speculators, sat down in silence, while I addressed the assembly for an hour and a half