

The Fugitive Gardiner.

WE have not yet heard that any great progress has been made in collecting funds for the purchase of Gardiner. We fear he will not be released. We know men who would have risked all the penalties of the law to have rescued him, had they known of the transaction at the time, and who would not give one dollar to purchase his freedom, believing it would be a premium on slave-catching. He never could have been taken from this place, had it not been done in a corner and in a hurry; and we are assured by a friend in New Brighton there would have been few of the "hard fisted left" in that place had the arrest been known in time for interference. Captain Haslep, of Beaver, is greatly blamed by those acquainted with the circumstances. He is said to have been a professed friend of Gardiner, and to have deliberately betrayed him. He will have his reward, and we do hope his neighbors will attend to it, and if he did as Mrs. Gardiner says, see that he gets scorn enough to answer for "morning bitters" and a dose after dinner.

The *Enterprise* thinks our remarks of last week are severe. We thought we were as mild as new milk. Our being a woman debars every thing that wants to be called "a gentleman" from the usual redgess of wounded honor, and we always keep this in mind, and try not to presume upon our immunities. We do not say one half that we feel we should say if we were a man. If we were, and any fellow, who had acted hound and aided in capturing a fugitive, should offer us any of the courtesies of life proper between man and man, we would spit upon him. As it is, if one such should enter the room we were in, it would require a strong muscular effort on our part to prevent "Get out, dog! Get out!" from escaping our lips. To us they appear like dogs, and nothing else. Their faces and forms assume the outline and expression of a dog. Their whiskers look like "smellers" or "feelers." "We would not rank amongst our list of friends the man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm!" and one who, for a ten or twenty dollar fee, would aid to tear a man from the bosom of his family, and consign him to the condition of a brute, ought to be held without the range of all human sympathy. We would not let any such biped sleep in our barn, or take a drink at our pump.— We would not take his name as a subscriber, and could not write editorials for a slave catcher to read, and if there were a hundred people of our mind in Pittsburg, it would be hard for a Commissioner to live in it. We would hire little boys to halloo at him on the streets, and chambermaids to throw dirty water on him out of upstairs windows; and like the Yankee boy's companions, we would "keep a pinchin' and a poundin'" of him all the while, until he would be obliged to leave or repent. "Get out, dog! Get out!" should meet him at every door which shelters family ties. Every husband and father who values his right to live with his wife and children, should spit upon or thrust such an animal from his path—every wife and mother who feels the value of a husband's love, should spurn him from her door, and every child who loves its father, should taunt and mock him when he shows his face.

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Talk about the compromises of the Constitution! Does it compromise away any man's right to refuse to hold any office which would compel him to be a dog! If our forefathers promised on our behalf, that we should permit Southerners to come and take their slaves, do not make that an excuse for your decorating your neck with a brass collar, and yelping and how-wowing on the track of their game! Call it severe to liken a volunteer slave-catcher to a dog? Pigs do no such work! Wolves catch no prey but what they want to eat! No animal except a dog can be hissed on to catch game for another! This is our classification, but if any naturalist can give us a better one, we will accept it, and stand reproved.

The *Preacher*, another of our religious papers, says never a word! We do hope our friend Mr. Kerr has not taken the dumbague like brothers Annan of the *Presbyterian Advocate*, and Hunter of the *Christian Advocate*. If he has, we would recommend him and his brethren in affliction to take a plunge in ice-water. It is the best possible cure, no matter what the doctor says.