NATIONAL REPUBLICAN.

Commissioner
A Slave Case—A Bad Story

About half past eight o'clock on the morning of the 24th ult., the inhabitants of Ninth street, spec X, were made the palsed spectators of one of those disgusting deeds which so much disfigure and discredit the civilization of the age, and which at the same time furnish material to the thoughtful for sore and bitter denunciation of our barbaric slave laws. Blank as we say, while standing at the door of a house in said district, in the vicinity of the Centre, in voice open-throat, crouching fugitive, who had fled from the horrors of slavery, in order to re-plunge them into servitude under legal sanction, we can never claim, politically or socially, that our country is the home of the free, nor can we ever hope to be regarded by the world as a conclave void of political and moral offence.

Amid the quiet of every day life, with God's blessed sunlight flooding the earth, and no disturbance, save to those most interested, abroad, black in every sense, and evidently an ordinary livery carriage, drove to the side of the road and suddenly stopped. Its occupants, two colored women and a child, and evidently gathers a portion of the load, was equally proper on this occasion, for those who were within, were fugitives from slavery, and, at last thus to the years of their new-born hope of liberty—a father's jail. Two men, magnificent representatives of dark selling, burly, well-fed, mountain Leguns, to the number of four, followed in the wake of the equipage of evoking sympathy, or of touching a chord likely to respond to the best-corrected emotions of the heart, and with a fiendish endeavor to infuse wisdom into the mind of the fool, by the emphatic process of buying him in a mortar, burst upon the door of a negro dwelling, in a room of which three trembling fugitives were concealed, a man and his wife, apparently of ten and eleven, and a little girl about three years old. They fled in terror, being well aware of what awaited them from their master's emissaries, and from their own fellow-servants, who had been bribed to betray them. The two younger ones were speedily caught and stowed in the coach with the child, and, despite their cries and struggles, and our envy, but was overtaken by a somewhat notorious slaveseeker named White, who stopped him by the throat. It was kind of him to allow the boy to breathe, but the act was by no means accompanied with any willingness to give vent to all the vaso-whatnots he was endowed. This was too much for the boy, and he succumbed under the pressure for certain ages, before which gave he left inwardly, he would not stand exactly as an object of admiration, a huge mountain of flesh in conflict with a diminutive specimen of humanity, who had become compounded with the primeval—and for silence—which drawing forth the instant the boy was released, and the two were speedily removed by the aids and accordingly coped with his brother and sister.

The mother was absent and supposed to be secreted in the vicinity. In the hope of laying their merciless hands upon her, the slavers, with the two boys bounds, searching their prey, as they imagined, long about the wretched house, as if spell-bound, fascinated. They seemed to love their work with its varied vicissitudes of fear, excitement, uncertainty, and the occasional endearments or true demerits, yet they could not avoid feeling for the scarce, and consciousness, the consciousness of the presence of the Almighty, that unknown and lofty, that frightful emphasis, they chose forth as an invited slave-scouts, slave pimps, and traitors upon opportunity to snatch up flesh-blooded property, and to sell it for gold, and to be for ignoble have, derived in an ingodsome and damning service. And finally, as if the force of human degradation could no further go, with leering eyes, watching in every direction, and with a fiendish delight that evil could be accomplished, they reached successfully the lowest level of cruise brother-stroug—the mother was not caught.

The mother was not caught, and orders were given to the driver to drive at once to the office of Commissioner Phillips, coupled with a somewhat loud statement that "the d—d nigger had got away, but we'll have her or her heart." The mother will not certainly desert her children.

The proceedings was now calculated to create satisfaction, if it were possible, to assist the unhappy family. The case was therefore mentioned to Mr. John C. Underwood, the Fifth Auditor of the Treasury, a gentleman who has long been a friend to the fugitive bondmen in such matters. He at once sought an interview with Mr. John A. Wills, of the legal firm of Wills & Wilson, No. 241 G street, to whom he gave a brief statement of the case, and requested the children from endless late slavery. Mr. Wills has no time in proceeding to the City Hall to see the commissioner, and to take out the writ of habeas corpus and detain upon cases of fugitive slaves, and it is certainly not beyond the scope of truthful narration, to state that he knows personally and privately a few of the many persons who have been in the endless pursuit, residing in the mud-and female dark and blood, fame and starve, soul and body of a portion of the human family, for the sake of gain and perpetual and unpaid labor. It was never denied from him that the children were, where some endeavor with parental tenderness, will shudder to learn, confined in the common jail.

It will be observed that the professional slave-catcher, and the slaveholding owner of the fugitives, were determined to rob a family human nature by casting into slavery babes whom the Almighty had made free as their nature, ruled upon their knowledge of law in relation to habeas corpus cases, before whom they presented her mother's love would rise superior to her dread of slavery, was taken by the two men, who accompanied them with her affectionate anxiety to ascertain their fate. But they were doomed to disappointment.—She is not in their power. But this loss of woman, fearful of every footfall, and torn from her children, had fled to a place of safety, place to place in order to preserve her cherish ed, God-given, but pain-denied liberty, has told upon her system, and she is now lying ill, very ill. She said, amid many a sigh, as she recalled her fearful experience: "My first case to Jacob Hall, lived and died in Washington. He was very kind to his slaves, and I was happy in his service. I never knew what to sell, I should be lost after his death, for he had declared his servants should never be disposed of, and I was taken to the settlement of his affairs, and I was taken to Maryland county, where his brother, Alexander Hall, got me and all the other slaves, by lot. I was sick and had a baby at the time; both the baby and myself caught cold and the poor little thing died. I became sick in the family, but his wife was of such a quarrelsome temper that we never could agree—she was always scolding me, and then she would tell her husband lies of me. We have been to sales and so badly that my back, all of which he made me strip my self, to show the scars given by his whips. I have been the mother of eight children. My oldest boy was sold into Georgia, and I have never heard of him since. Two boys were taken from me and are somewhere in Washington, but I do not know where they live. My husband is now in jail, the girl, three years old, had been sick of some fever for a week before she was caught, and the skin was pealing from her face. I would rather she would die than go back one step towards slavery. Oh, it would nearly break my heart, but I cannot be beaten or pass. Try to shake the child away my self and run off, but I will not go back. I am sure I should feel better, and do anything to be free. The thought and dread of being caught almost kills me, and for the children's sake I cannot go. Sir going back. I cannot read myself. My husband can read a little, but not the newspaper can read. If I could read I am quite sure it would be beaten out of my head, for my master would not allow me to learn, and beat me if permitted. I do not know how much I should sell for, on account of weakness, resulting from a severe attack of pneumonia which required me to be rugged several times, and I am not worth much to any one, and I wish I would have died. I still suffer from that sickness."

On the past three o'clock in the afternoon of the 24th, Mr. Wills, the lawyer, attended at the City Hall to conduct the case on behalf of the slave children, who had been brought from jail and placed on claim in the office of Mr. Phillips. The commissioner and counsel of the boys would have reached the height of the table, while the little girl, safely ensconced in her mother's arms, was seated.

Commissioner Phillips presided. The proceedings commenced by a witness testifying that he had seen the children in the month of September on Hall's premises in Maryland, and that they were taken from there to the district, where they were caught. Their mother was Hall's slave. Hall was a loyal man, and had taken no part in the rebellion. He abetted the rebellion. The case continued, it be said, he and Hall had tracked them to Shadrachsy, saw their tracks and knew them; considered tracks of fugitive slaves the road was very much—even up to Hall's farm. But could not swear the tracks he saw were those of fugitive slaves. He did not know the children but knew that girl, three years old.

The case for the claimant having closed, Mr. Wills case for the defence. He denied that the case so submitted, whatever its House's yet, was sufficient to show that the children were to be maintained under the act of Congress. His House was a lawyer, and knew the nature of the law, and he denied that the children then before the bar were entitled to be fugitives. There was not a little proof to be given to show the fact. As to the assertion that certain tracks known to and were their tracks, amounted to hearsay, on the behalf of the witness was not.

But what he must confidently insist upon was, that the children were not fugitive slaves at all, within the meaning of the Fugitive Slave Law. They were not fugitive slaves, for they had never owed service or labor, or anything else. And prior to the children, the learned counsel recited if the court, attaining the law to the extent, could doubt that the children had ever been fugitive slaves, they were no longer fugitive slaves there. He therefore asked the commissioner at once to liberate the children, and to declare that they never had fled in the first place, and accordingly that the act of Congress never contemplated stamping children of such tender years as to grave slaves.

The commissioner would not agree with the argument of the counsel. His view of the law led him to consider these children as fugitive slaves, and he should therefore hand them over to the service of their owner.

Here, then, on the thirtieth day of October, in the year of grace, 1861, with the great Father of us all, the God of Eternal Justice to witness the deed, a commissioner, in duly registering the decision of the court in Hall's 15th chancery, were three slave children, who had never owed service to Hall, and who with the bar of judgment in the future, by which judge, slave, slaveowner, and slavecatcher, shall stand innocent and render up account!

It is long shall have, so obviously wrong, disgrace the statute book, and bring curses to the hearts of millions of patriots who are praying and toiling for the freedom of all!

General Fremont at St. Louis.

ST LOUIS, Nov. 7.—Gen. Fremont was last night presented by the Germans of this city with a magnificent sword, which was long since purchased for the purpose. About a year ago, a subscription was started up amongst the Germans, to raise a suitable sword for a testimonial, and $1,000 was soon raised. The sword was made by Tiffany, of New York. The weapon is a superb one, with a gold scabbard.

The presentation was announced with a torchlight procession. The multitude gathered in force was very large, and the enthusiasm unbounded. The sword, in a splendid rosewood case, with a set of solid gold, bearing upon a base of Fremont in gold, was also presented by the ladies.

Earthquake in Africa.

BOSTON, Nov. 5.—A letter from ACRA, W. C. A., dated July 14th, states that an earthquake occurred there on the 10th. Nearly every house in the town was destroyed, and the three forts are in ruins.

THE RIOT PROCLAMATION.—We can never tell how much we owe to the prompt and decisive action of yesterday and yesterday's proclamation of Mayor Wood. Had it not been for these, we could only beg the enemy. It is sufficient to know, what we are assured of on all sides, that the most effective measures are taken, and such cause put in operation, at once, by the Navy Department, as will put a stop to the riots, and bring the rioters to their senses. That the public knows nothing of what has been done, shows that the necessary measures were well selected.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

GEN. SCOTT.—It is stated that Gen. SCOTT, who has been confined to his room for some days, is still an officer of the United States Army, and not under the military administration of the National Government.

The New York City Hospital consisted on the 1st inst. of the past seven days, of 1,000 patients, 1,000 were discharged, and 242 deaths are reported. At these 60 inmates, 201 were males and 74 females. During the week, 41 were discharged as cured and 9 died.