

**AN AGED WOMAN SENT INTO SLAVERY.—**

The old woman, Cassandra Warner, called "Cassy" by the slaveholder, who was in the hands of the slave hunters at the time we went to press last week, was doomed and delivered to the slaveholder and sent into slavery, by the notorious Ingraham, on Thursday evening. She was the mother of the wives of Parker and Pickney, who were concerned in the Christiana affray, and was claimed,—as were her daughters and a son, neither of whom have been arrested—by one Albert Davis of Harford Co. Maryland. Noticing upon the examination, that she appeared very sad, and having seen the slave catchers' story of her anxiety to go back, we took the opportunity to question her upon the subject. She acknowledged that she had told the officers that she wished to go back, but said she was terrified by their violence, and threats, and feared a worse fate, if she refused to go. Her house had been searched by armed men, for her daughters. She had been questioned, threatened and insulted, to extort from her information of them; she feared they had been carried off into slavery; she was alarmed at the military, and police force she saw; and was told that the "light horse would be brought up from Philadelphia, and cut the niggers all to peices," and, said the poor old woman, with a sadness in her tones and countenance which touched our heart—"I thought I might as well go back as to live so." "But now" said she with a wo-begone look, "I dont want to go back; O, I dont want to go back."

She had been taken by negro-hunting

officers from her home, kept all night locked in a garret of the Christiana tavern, and brought here the next day; and if there is any truth in the story of her meeting Ingraham in the street, and asking him to send her back, the reader will remember that she was then in the custody of her captors, and was doubtless acting under their direction. So much for the tale, at which verdant or crafty dough-faces have exulted, that the old woman chose to return into slavery. Such assinine stupidity or transparent pretense, in the face of this slave-hunting war, is amazing.

We regret to say, that another lawyer, in this city, has been found to serve as slave-catcher's attorney. We had hoped that Lee would monopolize that business, but he has a new partner for its honors—Charles J. Biddle—a young man who proved his valor as a Captain in the Mexican war. Proudly must he wear his laurels, for that victory over one poor, old, captive colored woman. The time may come when he will learn that a respectable name and position only deepen the infamy of a disgraceful act.