

**SLAVERY.**--An occurrence took place, in this city, one day this week, which created a good deal of excitement. A colored young woman, who has resided here and in this neighborhood, several years, was arrested, at the instance of some person, in behalf of the owner, as a runaway slave. She was taken to the fourth or fifth story of a hotel, for security. She escaped from the person who had her in charge, and threw herself from the window. She was stunned by the fall, and considerably bruised, but none of her bones were broken. Soon after, she was taken before a justice of the peace, and committed to jail. A subscription was immediately set on foot, to raise \$250, for purchasing her freedom. The sum, we believe, has been contributed by our citizens. The young woman was removed, the next day, from jail, and is, as we understand, recovering from the effects of her fall.

For aught we know, the proceedings were all according to law. The blood of New-Englanders boils at witnessing such scenes, and it would not be well to have them happen very often. Such occurrences are fitted to wake up anew in the mind, a feeling of the evils of slavery,—though they still leave untouched the question. ‘How shall these evils be removed?’—Not a heart in New-England but would beat the quicker at the joyful news, that slavery, the wide world over, will cease to-morrow. But what will secure this blessed consummation?—‘Aye, there’s the rub.’ New-Englanders do not differ about the thing to be done—the point to be reached. They only differ as to the manner of doing the thing—to wit, getting rid of slavery in the shortest time possible—and as to the road by which the point aimed at, can soonest be reached.—*Cl. Obs.*