

## THE SENTINEL.

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### SENATOR SUMNER'S SPEECH.

[From the Baltimore Catholic Mirror.] Senator Sumner, in a violent and fanatical philippic against slavery, has thought proper, in the mists of grave scuffles and a brilliant auditory of the Capitol of the country, to illustrate his malignant out-langs on the domestic institutions of the South, by drawing materials for it from the filthy purloins of anti-Catholic bigotry and misrepresentation. Stoking the statesman, he seems to revel in disgusting details that could find place nowhere but in an imagination so ignorant of life as to be incapable of healthy tone, or pure conception. Under his touch, all the active malice of the demagogue and fanatic, transmuted into language, is held up, dan upon dan, in order to gather supplies from every source of malignant error and passion, until its volume, hissing and scorching, is suddenly poured out at a blow, and left to scatter its molten defamation over the land.

With the abstract question of slavery we have now nothing to do; neither do we propose to discuss it in any of its political aspects. The morals of the Church are complete with her record of sympathy for the slave. The voice of her counsels and the exhortations of her prelates and divines indicate the measure of her efforts to ameliorate his condition. Never, however, has she forgotten to render to Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and to God the things which are God's. Her assumed obligation to conserve the interests of the social order, by inculcating obedience to laws, is a natural correlative of her divine mission to teach all nations. How faithfully she has discharged this solemn obligation, is recorded in the past documents of society; and can be traced in the civilizing institutions which, at every period, have sprung out of her inspired charities. Her relation to society, a thousand years ago, is precisely like her relation to society now. She triumphs on no law, and hence invades no right. She means only to do justice to the Constitution and the laws, and deprecates the violence of opinions and principles whose triumph would rend asunder the bonds of fraternal relationship which unite so many independent States in one glorious Republic. This Union she would maintain because in it are bound up so much of the destiny of our common humanity. The North and the South, the East and the West, are linked together in the bonds of her universal charity.

It was therefore a gratification, though passing a melancholy insult, to the Catholic body of this country, to examine its institutions and retrace to the Senate chamber of the United States the oft-referred-to disgusting charges with which these institutions have been assailed.

The part of historical scavenger is the easiest of literary occupations. The merit of performance is generally in the ratio of the individual love and peculiar fitness for the task. The eagle will not be drawn by flight to partake of the fishy banquet on which the vulture would feast to glutinous repetition. The instincts of a pure intellect will harmonize with the virtues and vices of humanity; and it is only the phrenous mind that will revel perpetually among its weaknesses, in order to gather from them the arguments which are necessary to maintain an unusual and egotistical philosophy. A bluntness of moral sense, a glibness of disgusting details, whether of truth or falsehood; a patience of industrious malice in delving amid the recesses of human nature, in order to gather there the dark colors wherewith the unscrupulous painter may obtrude its vices and its charities—these constitute the qualifications of the historical liberal and fanatic rhetorician.

How nearly our posture will define the moral and intellectual lineaments of Mr. Sumner, we leave to those who will seek his true lineaments, sketched by his own hand, in his recent speech in the Senate Chamber. One extract will give the well-defined outline—points of unmistakable recognition:

"The visitation of the abbey in England disclosed vice and disorder in startling forms, cloaked by the irreproachable privacy of monastic life. A similar visitation of plantations would disclose more fearful results, cloaked by the irreproachable privacy of slavery. Every slave-owner on his plantation is a Bashaw with all the prerogatives of a Turk. According to Hobbes he is a 'petty king.' This is true; and every plantation is of itself a petty kingdom with more than the dignities of an abbey. Six thousand souls of infants are said to have been taken from a single fish pond near a monastery to the diocese of Pope Gregory. Under the law of slavery, infants, the offspring of masters, 'who dream of freedom in a slave's embrace,' are not thrown into a fish pond; but something worse is done. They are sold. But this is only a single glimpse."

The Know-nothing Representatives in this State.—The old sludge says, "We know which way the wind blows," we know nothing representative in Congress from this State—Davis, Horace, and Webster—have in every case of the contested elections before the House voted with the black-republicans. They are found side by side with the adherents of the Copperhead, giving their influence and votes to the same national disablers and bring into the House more sectional abolitionist fanatics. Is it no wonder the South looks with strong suspicion upon the city of Baltimore, when her representatives are thus found leashed with her most deadly enemies.—Baltimore Telegraph.

Mr. Charles Blake, a free colored man, at Chestertown, Md., has voluntarily enslaved himself to Mr. Wm. Parker.

The owner of the Eagle & Horn Inn, it is said, refused \$25,000 for his slave.

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