

SETTING A PRISONER FREE.

AN escape from bondage in these days thrills upon the public heart and gives the pulse a quicker flow, particularly when the world learns that no man had any just right to deprive that prisoner of his liberty.

We witnessed an escape—no it was not an escape, it was a noble act of setting free—one held under restraint—on Saturday, upon one of our city ferry boats, that gave the heart of more than one who witnessed it, a warmer glow of gratitude to God that the liberator had a heart to feel for others' woes; a heart in the right place where God intended Man's heart should be, and not in his right hand breeches pocket.

A man on the boat had a cage full of little birds, (such as go warbling about the fields in spring, enjoying life and liberty, but unlike the Canary, die in captivity,) which he was trying to sell for a shilling a piece.

It is a cruel way to make money; but why not seize upon birds and put them behind the iron gates and sell them, since man does the same thing to his fellow man, and then calls him his slave—his property—his chattel—which nobody else must steal, because he stole him himself, and the law don't allow but one theft upon one chattel. And if the stolen man runs away, his "master" pursues him through the swamps with bloodhounds, or through the towns with "the bulldogs of war," threatening death to any one who should set the captive free. Not so with the birds; if they do escape the cage and go back to the fields, they are not followed by dogs or guns, but suffered to go as best they may back to their own happy homes among the green boughs and

flowers and hills and rocks and woods.

"Going for a shilling!" said the man with the cage.

"Yes!" said a little blue-eyed boy at our side, "one shall go for a shilling." And he searched his pockets for the coin, an only one, and walked up to the man and said:

"Sir, I will take one of your little birds. Give me one that can fly well."

"Yes, here is a fine one, full fledged; you see his wings are perfect, and he is a strong, healthy bird; he will suit you exactly."

"Yes," that will do."

The bird fancier twisted a bit of paper up so his purchaser could carry him safely, without injuring a feather.

The boy marched away with his prize and sat down to contemplate his purchase as he undid one corner of the paper and peeped in upon his little slave.

"Ah," said he mentally, "what a lonely life of imprisonment you are destined to."

"Why did you not buy two my boy?"

"I had no more money, or I would have bought the whole."

What a young Turk we thought. How we wronged this noble boy. As the boat neared the shore, he got up and went out upon the guard, opened his paper, tossed the bird in the air and simply said: "Go free poor bird; I can't keep you."

What a happy bird—what a happier boy. How his eyes glistened. How a dozen men who witnessed the act did think what a noble boy.
—*N. Y. Trib.*

"WHAT'S whisky bringing?" inquired a dealer in that article.

"Bringing men to the gallows," was the reply.