Time for a moment to the Kingdom of Great Britain, and witness the ill effects of the want of security. Though her hands may hymn forth her freedom and prosperity, and her statesmen laud with admiration the wholesome provisions of her Government, yet what are the facts? Even she populates thousands of the ablest menials that she inhales the breath of vitality. Doomed to the performance of the most servile offices that our exercised human hands that too for the palty equivalent of a scanty subsistence, and can this liable to be withheld at the whim or caprice of some despotic Lord. And unfortunately the evil consequences have not been spared our own country. Every brute that fleets across the Land of New England performs the office of respirations for a race of beings a grade lower than our Africans Who Cringe for their daily support to the command of some opulent proprietor. As is great in their dependence, that great the sanctity of the ballot has not escaped pollution. As not infrequently the demands of nature have awed them to exercise this right in order to meet the approbations of an employer, however discordant with their own aims. Since their remains to us but two alternatives to meet from the South a similar state of things—either to revive the Alien Law of Ninety-eight forbid them access to our borders, or extend the Territory let the latter and more expedient be adopted.