

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

VOL. I.

ROCHESTER, MONROE COUNTY, N. Y.—MAY 10, 1834.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

This paper will be issued semi-monthly, in the village of Rochester, under the supervision of the Managers of the Rochester Anti-Slavery Society. It will be printed on good paper, medium sheet, at ONE DOLLAR per annum, always to be paid in advance. An person remitting Five Dollars, will be entitled to six copies for one year.

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WILLIAM C. BLOSS, Travelling Agent.

Mr. EZEKIEL FOX is appointed Agent for this paper in the village and vicinity.

From the Augusta (Geo.) Sentinel.

LAST ILLNESS OF THE HON. WILLIAM WIRT.

The following interesting and deeply affecting letter, is from the pen of the third daughter of the late lamented Mr. Wirt. In consenting to give it to the public, she has reluctantly and tremblingly yielded to the irresistible argument, that it would be read with interest by all, and by the Church would be received as an invaluable treasure. We need not remind the reader in excuse for the minuteness of its details, and the virtues of her deceased parent, that it is a confidential communication between relatives suffering from a common loss, and feeling a deep and heart pervading interest in every incident connected with their common bereavement. The relation which Mr. Wirt sustained to the community in which he lived, was nearly enough allied to that which subsisted between him and the sister to whom the letter is addressed, to awaken her feelings and interests, in the heart of every reader. His name is in every family in the vast Republic, his honor is reflected upon his Country, his countrymen enjoy the fruits of his labors, and his death is a national affliction.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22, 1834.

Saturday morning.

My Dear Aunt:—This is the first time may pen has ever traced this endearing appellation in reference to yourself; but, believe me, it is not the first time, by very many, that my heart has felt drawn towards you, with the yearnings which it would naturally feel towards the only near surviving relative of my precious and sainted father; and now, there is a sacredness in this feeling, which no other tie can give, and which will be enshrined in my heart until it shall cease to beat.

Your dear son, Judge C., who has indeed been to us the kindest of friends in this season of our deep affliction, interested us all very much, some few weeks ago, in an evening visit to my father, by narrating with how much care you treasure up every thing relating to your much loved brother, particularly every thing which threw light on his religious views and sentiments—and it is in the hope of affording you gratification and comfort, under this irreparable loss, that I sit down to give you as minute and detailed an account of the last illness and death of our dear departed one, as the present confused and collapsed state of my mind will permit.

I cannot, dare not, dwell on the loss which his family has sustained in their Head, Husband, Father, and Household Priest; for when my thoughts revert to this aspect of the case, I feel as if my heart would break; I press my hand on it to still its rebellious risings, and raise my eyes and soul to the Hills whence cometh all our help; and indeed, my dear aunt, this help has been extended to us almost miraculously; for had I been told two short weeks ago, that he who was the dearest and most absorbing object of our earthly affections, was so soon, so very soon, to be taken from us, methinks the sudden shock would have made us, quit our hold of our Almighty Refuge, and driven us into wailing and despair. And yet, when the fiat came, and we knew it to be inevitable and irrevocable. God held us up, and dried our tears, and hushed our lamentations, and enabled us to stand around the dying bed to soothe and to receive, words of consolation.

He whom we loved, and whom the Lord loved, (precious thought), was a picture of renovated health on the morning of Sunday, the 9th inst.—so much so, that dear mother, at the breakfast table, said to him playfully—“You are looking so much more like yourself, my dear husband, than I have seen you for years, that I really think you ought to have your picture taken.” On the previous evening, Saturday, he had been preparing himself for an argument on the following Monday, in a very important case, and had been in the Capitol library examining authorities in addition to those of his own office; and altogether, expressed himself better satisfied with his preparations, than he had been for a long time; for in this, as in every thing else, his humility often made him undervalue himself so as to distress us.

Directly after breakfast, Sabbath morning, 9th inst. he assembled us as usual, in his chamber, at family prayers; and never did I hear a more solemn and fervent outpouring of the soul at the foot-stool of the Mercy Seat. He prayed “for the extension of the Redeemer’s kingdom with a holy earnestness; for his children present and absent; for his enemies, if he had any; and for all his friends, every where; especially for those who had not yet been brought to know, and love, and serve the Saviour: finally, he prayed that his own soul, and that of those so dear to him, might be sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood, and that the ascended Saviour would, through the influence of his Holy Spirit, keep him, and all of us, in His fear, and enable us to walk in His commandments through life; sustain and cheer us in the hour of death, and at last receive us to himself, a re-united and blessed family, to worship forever around his throne, to the glory of God the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.”

His heart being thus attuned to worship God in his public ordinances he walked with my sister Ellen, Alexr Randall of Annapolis, (the brother of my brother-in-law, Judge Randall, of Florida,) and myself, to the Capitol, to hear the Chaplain, Mr. S*****, preach. It was not actually raining, but so exceedingly damp that some persons had their umbrellas up, to turn the drizzling moisture. It is to this walk that the cold, which terminated in his death, is attributed. Yet he had sometimes walked in us bad and even worse weather before, without serious injury; and the physicians had urged upon dear mother, the absolute necessity of his taking exercise in all weather, except fast-falling; especially after breakfasting upon meats, instead of his usual diet of rice and milk, which was the case that morning. Therefore, although it was damp, yet, as the exercise seemed to be advisable, and he was anxious to go to church, (the very inclement weather having prevented his doing so the three previous Sundays that we had been here,) it was decided that he might venture. And, though bitter pangs of self-reproach for having been necessary to his fatal cold, gave my beloved mother one of the most violent and agonizing nervous paroxysms I ever witnessed, yet she and all of us have, I trust, been brought to feel, that this could not have happened, without the special design and interposition of God, who accomplishes the most mighty ends, by the instrumentality of means apparently totally inadequate to their fulfilment.

Mr. S*****’s text that morning was 1st Cor. 1st chapter, 23d, 24th verses: “We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.” And he did, indeed, prove most convincingly, that it was the wisdom of God, in falling upon the only plan which could, at the same time, satisfy and be concordant with, his equal attributes of justice and mercy.—And the power of God in accomplishing, by the instrumentality of One who was “despised and rejected of men,” and of his few obscure and illiterate followers, the salvation of a world,—a work which no earthly monarch, however universal his empire, could ever accomplish. The subject was a sublime one, and it was treated with a force of argument, and a pathos of eloquence, which I have rarely if ever heard equalled. My dear father sat immediately behind my chair, so as occasionally to rest himself upon it, and I heard him more than once sob, in a sort of convulsed *sotto voce*, as was his habit when deeply affected: he ejaculated several times, too, his approbation and admiration of parts of the discourse; and on rising, when the service was closed, said to the gentleman next him “A most capital preacher, sir—One of Nature’s orators—He is a great favorite of mine, and goes straight to my heart.” He stopped and shook hands with Mr. S***** as we came out, making some kind inquiries about his health, which were reciprocated. He and Ellen walked fast, and got home before me; and I found, when I went to his chamber, that he had taken off his coat, and put on his wrapper, not feeling well. By Mr. Randall’s desire, however, he came down to the parlor and shook hands with him, as he was to leave town the next day; and said “God bless you, sir—farewell!” This was the last time he ever left his room.

On returning from Church, he asked mother to “look if he had cut his ear in shaving, as it felt painful.”—Mother examined it and found no such mark, but a hard knot in the glands of the throat, just below the right ear—a swelling, as she presumed, from cold—and advised him to lie down and cover himself up warm, hoping that he would be relieved by perspiration. This was between two and three o’clock, and we then went down to dinner. A little before three o’clock, I came up, with my bonnet on, to go to church again, and kissed him. He said, “Tell your mother, my dear, that I feel very chilly, as if I were going to have an ague.” She immediately ordered hot bricks to his feet, and additional covering, and sent for Dr. H****.

When I came home he had a fever, but talked cheerfully; when I gave him a description of Mr. S*****’s evening discourse.—After remaining silent a few moments, he said—“Wife, it will not do for me to expose myself in church as I do; I am a mere baby in the command of my sensibilities and nerves; I can scarcely refrain sometimes from tears, and indeed, I have frequently been obliged to relieve myself by giving way to them;” and, as he spoke, the same feeling seemed to overcome him. I said, what I think true, that “no christian ought to be ashamed of intense feeling at the review of his own unworthiness, and of the vivid emotion of gratitude and love to the Saviour which caused tears.”

“But it is so unmanly, and people around don’t know what to make of it.” His fever continued to be higher and hotter, and seemed to be aggravated rather than relieved by the warm applications which were prescribed in the hope of forcing a perspiration—steaming his face, and bathing his feet in hot water, and, as a genuine vapor-bath could not be procured, laying hot bricks all along on both sides of him in his bed, from his feet upwards. His fever raged all night with an intensity which, mother say, she has never known with him; certainly for fifteen years, if ever. Next day, the whole right side of his face was much swollen.

On Thursday night I sat up with him; he rose twice in the night, with the assistance of dear mother, and a servant, thinking it would make him feel more comfortable to change his posture a little while, and have his bed made; in doing so he expressed his surprise at his extreme weakness, which was greater, he said, after those few days illness, than after his long and exhausting attack at the springs last summer. The last time he rose, as he sat in the easy chair, he asked mother if she would “read the Bible to him!” She did so; it was the 55th Psalm. In reading this, she omitted all those passages which relate more particularly to David’s enemies, and read all the rest, which, you know, was particularly applicable to himself; he seemed to feel it deeply, and after she had finished reading, she saw his lips moving in prayer. This was the last time he was able to

listen to this precious volume, or to rise from his bed. Towards morning he became slightly delirious, and it was deemed advisable to call in another physician; and Dr. H****, a young physician here, who has great reputation for his skill and talent in his profession, was sent for. Father, himself, said at first it was not worth while to consult another physician, but at last consented. That morning (Friday morning) he called mother to his bed-side, and, in the presence of my sister Ellen, gave certain directions “in case of his sudden death.” He then seemed to speak with some difficulty, and in the course of that day, and throughout the next, talked wildly at intervals. His mind seemed chiefly to dwell on his law cases. He would call us to him by name, and then begin, as if he were addressing the Judges of the Supreme Court, carrying on a continuous argument for several sentences together.

Dr. H**** and Dr. H**** consulted together, at 9 o’clock Monday morning, and decided to blister him around his right ear, which they did; afterwards, on both wrists and both limbs, from the ankles upwards; and finally his head was shaved and blistered. Forty leeches, also, were applied, two or three different times, to the left temple, and behind the left ear; yet these, and all other remedies, were of no avail.

On Sunday and Monday he lay in a kind of lethargy, from which it was difficult to arouse him to swallow his medicine and food. Both eyes, too, were closed from the inflammation, and the right eye covered with a blister; but we continued bathing the left with warm milk and water, in hopes that it might possibly open.

When asked if he would swallow any thing, he always answered, “Yes, I’ll try”—though it was with difficulty that he swallowed towards the last, from the swelling and soreness of the mouth, tongue and mucous membrane. His sense of hearing, however, never lost its acuteness until Monday evening. Dr. H****, thinking it must have done so, spoke to him in a loud tone of voice, and was gently rebuked by saying, “Doctor, you are not speaking to a regiment of soldiers.” He distinguished our voices easily, though his eyes were closed, and when one of his attached young friends and students, James C*****, asked him, “Mr. Wirt, do you know James?” He replied, “To be sure I do.”

Ellen’s twin-sister, Rosa, now Mrs. Robinson, of Baltimore, came down with her husband on Saturday, having been informed by letters from us of his alarming illness. When she first kissed him, he said—“Why, my dear, how came you here?—High, high!” But at that time made no other remark. The next day, however, (Sunday, the 16th,) he asked, with some difficulty, for “his Rosa?” And when she came to him, said, “My darling, God bless you!”

On Monday morning, we thought him dying; and, dear mother, unable any longer to control her pent up feelings, retired to another room and gave vent to them. The thought that he was indeed to die without looking on his family any more, taking leave of them, and expressing his own resignation, was insupportably agonizing.

But, as if to show the power of God, while she was thus abandoning herself to grief, the eye that had been so long closed, opened suddenly, as I hung over him, and fixed itself on me with a kindling intelligence which I had not seen since his first wanderings. “My father, do you know your Catharine?” “Yes.” “Do you trust in God?” (raising my own eyes to Heaven, to make the question more significant.) “Yes,” with solemnity, and raising his own eye in the same direction. I flew into the next room to communicate the intelligence to dear mother, and she calmed herself and returned with me. She approached the bed-side—he looked at her, and said, “Wife, I am going before you!” I feared this would overpower her; but God upheld her, and she answered meekly, “Yes, my beloved, you are going before me, and you will see our dear angels in Heaven, sooner than I shall. There are five of our children in Heaven now, waiting to receive you, and you leave five more on earth under my care—it will only be for a little while, and we, too, shall come and join you. Do not fear for us, who are left behind—God will take care of your widowed wife and fatherless children!” There was a struggle in his frame and heart, but he sought strength where he had never failed to find it, and it was given him. His eye next lighted on me—I kissed him, and asked—“My beloved father, is your soul at peace now, stayed on Jesus?” “Yes.” “Do you now feel the truth of the promise, ‘When thou walkest through the valley of the shadow of death, fear not—God will be with Thee. His rod and his staff they shall comfort Thee?’” “Yes; oh yes!” raising his eyes to Heaven, with a mingled expression of faith, gratitude, and submission. His eye then fell on Rosa—She kissed his hand, and bade “God bless you, my beloved father.” Then on Ellen; and she did the same. He looked alternately once more on each of us as we stood around his bed, then raised his hand and eyes to Heaven, as if invoking a farewell blessing.

During this solemn and affecting scene, all had left the room, except his own immediate family.—At this crisis, however, our former Pastor, when he lived here, Mr. P****, (a meek and holy man, to whom father always bore a strong attachment, and for whom I had dispatched a hurried messenger, at the first sign of returning intelligence,) arrived; and with him there entered several of father’s friends, old and young, to the number of fifteen, including the family. Mr. P**** took his hand, and asked him, “if he was resigned to die now, it pleased God to take him?” He answered, unhesitatingly, “Yes.” “Then,” said mother, “we resign you, my beloved, into the hands of God—He will take care of us in your absence, and not suffer us to want; and, at last, will re-unite us all—all, I trust, in Heaven.” He struggled hard to speak, but the utterance was denied. Mr. P**** then asked him several other questions, as to “the composed and happy state of his soul,” “his views of the plan of redemption through the

Savior,” “his faith in the atoning merits of Jesus for the pardon of all his sins, and for his salvation?” To all of which he replied in the affirmative. Mr. P**** then asked him, “if it would be agreeable to him, that we should unite in offering a prayer for him?” He replied, with great vivacity “Yes,” and nodded his head affirmatively, three times, in quick succession, thereby signifying the great pleasure the proposition afforded.

We all instantly knelt down, as with one impulse, while the solemn appeal ascended to the Throne of Grace. It was a spectacle so sublime, that Angels might contemplate it with delight and awe. My father’s eyes were raised to Heaven with prayer. At one time Mr. P**** prayed that, “if it was consistent with the intentions of the Almighty, his sick and suffering servant might be raised from that bed of languishing, to the enjoyment of health, to be a further blessing to his family and friends, and an honor to his Country and to the cause of God on earth”—Immediately the eye was withdrawn from its imploring gaze upwards, a shudder passed over his frame, and he shook his head negatively, and Mr. G**** in-sisted, audibly said, “No.” But when Mr. P**** closed, with a prayer, that, “if God should take him now, he might be received into the mansions of glory, to dwell forever at the right hand of his God and Savior, and that his family might be sustained and comforted in his departure,”—his hand and eyes were raised once more, and for the last time, to Heaven; and thenceforth motionless and at rest. Mr. P**** pressed his hand in taking leave, saying, he “would not fatigue him farther than, as the result of that interview was perfectly satisfactory to him; but would see him again.”

It did seem as if God, at that very moment, unclosed his eyes, once more, to look for the last time on earth, upon his assembled family; to witness their resignation and to cheer them by his own; and that the pressure upon the brain was, during this brief half hour, removed for the same benevolent purpose. The expression of his eye was dim and wandering; but clear, firm, intelligent, beaming, heavenly. The voice, too, distinct and full of feeling, and the motion of the head and of the hand, as it was raised with an effort from the bed, and then dropped, not lifelessly, but reverentially, spoke in a manner not to be mistaken by those who witnessed it—“Thy will, Oh God thy holy will be done—Lord Jesus into Thy hands I commend my spirit.”

Throughout this lingering and painful sickness, uncomfortable as he must have felt from the pressure of the disease, and the severe remedies, (for all the blisters drew,) he never uttered a repining word.—Once, when his feet were immersed in hot poultices, he said, “Is not this enough to drive a man mad; to be between two fires, one at his head and the other at his feet?” Yet, when I asked him, not long afterwards, “how he felt?” he simply said, “Not well.”

Such child-like submission I never witnessed, and such unassuming patience. On Monday morning, 17th, Dr. R*****, after some efforts, succeeded in making him understand, that he wished him to take another dose of medicine. His reply was, “I am a child, you may do as you please with me.” But the last time they teased him to swallow some nourishment, he gently and almost inaudibly whispered, “Let me be.” My mother says she has often heard him express the opinion, that “dying persons ought not to be disturbed, in their last moments, by the importunities of their friends to call them back to life; for that most probably the souls of such persons were then absorbed in the contemplations of eternity, and holding communion with the inhabitants of heaven.” We know not but his half emancipated soul was at that moment thus engaged, and it seemed almost cruel to waken his wrapt soul to consciousness.

When, with the restlessness of pain, he would throw the cover from his hands, and make an effort to reach far back with them, perhaps to indicate by this mute gesture the seat of pain, and dear mother would say, “for wife’s sake, my beloved, try to keep your dear hands warm,” he would patiently resign them to be covered; sometimes saying, “Well, if it must be so!”—but most generally in silence.

After the farewell interview with us, and with Mr. P****, which I have so minutely described, and which took place on Monday, the 17th, he did not again unclothe his eyes or speak. Once, afterwards, that night, as I sat by him holding his hand, and moistening his mouth with wine and water, and watching him very regularly, but gradually diminishing breathing, he whispered; “The door is open.” I thought he might feel oppressed, (though there were not, at the time, more than two other persons besides myself in the room, which was large, airy, and cool,) and threw open the door to admit the air. But I think it highly probable that, at that moment, he had a glimpse of the Heaven on which he was about to enter—the thought struck me at the time, that when he stood

—Where Moses stood,
And viewed the landscape o’er;
Not Jordan’s stream, nor death’s cold flood,
Could fright him from the shore.”

All night we watched, expecting every breath to be the last; and yet, although his hands were cold and clammy, and his pulse almost and sometimes quite imperceptible; yet the hot bricks seemed to keep his feet warm to the last, and his breathing was as tranquil as that of a sleeping child.

It was not until eleven o’clock on Tuesday morning, the 18th inst., that the last breath was drawn. We all stood around him, and I held his left hand between both of my own.—So faint and so interrupted was his breathing for the last five minutes, that it was difficult to know when it did actually cease. Once I held my breath, thinking it was all over; but, after a short interval, there came one more feeble flickering respiration, and then—there was rest until the resurrection morn. At that instant, the sun, which had been, all the morn

{ Concluded on last page. }

TRUE CHARACTER OF AMERICAN SLAVERY.

Mr. Augustus Wattles, of Lane Seminary, formerly of Oneida Institute, is the gentleman whose change of views is mentioned in the letter of our correspondent. He was the President of the O. I. Colonization Society, and much devoted to that cause. Since his change, he has written a letter to the editor of the Western Recorder, on the subject, from which we copy an interesting sketch of the testimony regarding the true character of slavery. We hope it will be attentively read.—N. Y. Era.

The debate was opened by Mr. —, of Alabama. He commenced by asking this question—"What is slavery?" "Before we can prescribe a remedy," said he, "we must understand the disease. We must know what we are attempting to cure before we give the medicine." I was rejoiced to hear such a beginning from the son of a slave-holder; for I had longed to learn the true condition of the slave. And I had no doubt but that the feeling of the abolitionists on the subject of slavery, "was the poetry of philanthropy,"* and that "nine-tenths of the horrors of slavery were imaginary."†

Mr. — proceeded to give us facts illustrating slavery, and its effects on the social and political relations; facts illustrating the kind disposition of the slaves, and their gratitude for favors. He ridiculed the idea of its being dangerous to emancipate them immediately; then referred us to facts in point, and closed by giving us his hearty assent to the doctrines of immediate emancipation, as defined by the Emancipator, viz:

"By immediate emancipation, we do not mean, that the slaves shall be turned loose upon the nation, to roam as vagabonds or aliens; nor, that they shall be instantly invested with all political rights and privileges; nor, that they shall be expelled from their native clime, as the price and condition of their freedom. But we mean, that instead of being under the unlimited control of a few irresponsible masters, they shall really receive the protection of law: That the power which is now vested in every slave-holder to rob them of their just dues, to drive them into the fields like beasts, to lacerate their bodies, to sell the husband from the wife, the wife from the husband, and children from their parents, shall instantly cease: That the slaves shall be employed as free laborers, fairly compensated, and protected in their earnings: That they shall be placed under a benevolent and disinterested supervision, which shall secure to them the right to obtain secular and religious knowledge, to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences, to accumulate wealth, and to seek an intellectual and moral elevation.

He occupied nearly three evenings. When speaking of the cruelties practised upon the slave, he said—"At our house it is so common to hear their screams from a neighboring plantation, that we think nothing of it. The overseer of this plantation told me one day, he laid a young woman over a log, and beat her so severely that she was soon after delivered of a dead child. A bricklayer, a neighbor of ours, owned a very smart young negro man, who ran away; but was caught. When his master got him home, he stripped him naked, tied him up by his hands, in plain sight and hearing of the academy and the public green, so high that his feet could not touch the ground; then tied them together, and put a long board between his legs to keep him steady. After preparing him in this way, he took a paddle, bored it full of holes, and commenced beating him with it. He continued it leisurely all day. At night his flesh was literally pounded to a jelly. It was two weeks before he was able to walk. No one took any notice of it. No one thought any wrong was done."

He stated many more facts of a similar kind. It will be recollected that he was attempting to give a fair *expose* of slavery. "And (said he) lest any one should think that in general the slaves are well treated, and these are the exceptions, let me be distinctly understood:—Cruelty is the rule, and kindness the exception."

This was assented to and corroborated by all from the slave-holding states. And to show its truth, I will here introduce a few facts, as related by individuals from different parts of the country.

Mr. —, from Kentucky, who came here a colonizationist and a slave-holder, but has since turned abolitionist and empa-

ipated his slave, said—"Cruelties are so common, I hardly know what to relate. But one fact occurs to me just at this time that happened in the village where I live. The circumstances are these. A colored man, a slave, ran away. As he was crossing Kentucky river, a white man, who suspected him, attempted to stop him. The negro resisted. The white man procured help, and finally succeeded in securing him. He then wreaked his vengeance on him for resisting, flogging him till he was not able to walk. They then put him on a horse, and came on with him ten miles to Nicholasville. When they entered the village, it was noticed that he sat upon his horse like a drunken man. It was a very hot day; and whilst they were taking some refreshment, the negro sat down upon the ground under the shade. When they ordered him to go, he made several efforts before he could get up; and when he attempted to mount the horse, his strength was entirely insufficient. One of the men struck him, and with an oath ordered him to get on the horse without any more fuss. The negro staggered back a few steps, fell down and died. I do not know as any notice was ever taken of it."

Mr. —, of Virginia, amongst others, related the following:—"I frequently saw the mistress of the family beat the woman who performed the kitchen work, with a stick two feet and a half long, and nearly as thick as my wrist; striking her over the head, and across the small of the back, as she was bent over at her work, with as much spite as you would a snake, and for what I should consider no offence at all. There lived in this same family a young man, a slave, who was in the habit of running away. He returned one time after a week's absence. The master took him into the barn, stripped him entirely naked, tied him up by his hands so high that he could not reach the floor, tied his feet together, and put a small rail between his legs, so that he could not avoid the blows, and commenced whipping him. He told me that he gave him five hundred lashes. At any rate, he was covered with wounds from head to foot. Not a place as big as my hand but what was cut. Such things as these are perfectly common all over Virginia; at least so far as I am acquainted. Generally, planters avoid punishing their slaves before strangers."

Mr. —, of Missouri, amongst others, related the following:—"A young woman who was generally very badly treated, after receiving a more severe whipping than usual, ran away. In a few days she came back, and was sent into the field to work. At this time the garment next her skin was stiff like a scab, from the running of the sores made by the whipping. Towards night, she told her master that she was sick, and wished to go to the house. She went; and as soon as she reached it laid down on the floor exhausted. The mistress asked her what the matter was? She made no reply. 'I'll see,' said she, 'if I can't made you speak.' So taking the tongs, she heated them red hot, and put them upon the bottom of her feet; then upon her legs and body; and, finally, in a rage, took hold of her throat. This had the desired effect. The poor girl faintly whispered, 'Oh, miss, don't—I am most gone;' and expired."

We want no other commentary on these state of feeling in that community than this: The woman yet lives there, and owns slaves.

I am aware that it will be said, this is not a fair picture of slavery. But, sir, if I can judge from the conversation of gentlemen who have lived and been brought up amongst it, or from the testimony of respectable emancipated negroes, I know the picture has never yet been presented to the public, in all its ugliness. Such facts as there are as common to them as household affairs; and so common are they in the community where they occur, that little notice is taken of them. They produce no effect upon the public heart. They enlist no sympathy. They call up no pity. I do not mean to say, that every individual slave-holder treats his slaves cruelly. I know that there are exceptions. But it will be readily admitted by all, that the system of slavery tolerates it, and that the slave has no security, and can have no redress.

* Rev. Dr. Hawks.
† Hon. T. Frelinghuysen, at the New-York Colonization meeting.

THE DISAPPOINTED NEGRO.

Under this head the Cincinnati Journal of Feb. 14, contains a notice, of which the following is a brief abstract.

A master told his servant that if he would give him a hundred dollars a year, he might employ himself as he thought proper, and have for his own use what he could save over that sum. The servant accepted the proposal, and for seven years paid him a hundred dollars a year. His master then told him, that if he would pay him five hundred dollars more, he should then have his freedom. The black man agreed to do it, and among other things prosecuted the trade of a barber, in order to raise money for that purpose.—As fast as he could get the money he put it into the hands of his master, until he paid between three and four hundred dollars. At this time a slave trader came along, and the white man, thinking it was a fine time to drive a bargain, sold the black man to the slave trader and took the money. He told him, however, that he would not deliver the man, but he was at such a place, pointing out the barber's shop, and he must go and seize him himself. He therefore took two or three white men, to go with him and seize the black man. The plan was to go into the shop as customers, and while the black man should fasten the towel round the neck of the man who was to be shaved, the others were to seize and bind him. But he was so attentive and expert, that he clapped round the towel and seized up his razor and began to strap on his hand before they were ready to seize him. The white man the frankly told him that he had bought him, and that he had now come to take him as his lawful property. The negro started to the corner of the room, and with the razor raised to his throat, declared that if any one attempted to take, or to approach him, he would cut his own throat. The white man fearing that the negro would kill himself, reasoned with him for hours, until finally they contrived by stealth to seize him, and wrest from him the razor, without his killing himself. They then bound him, took him off and sold him into perpetual bondage.

This is by no means a solitary instance. We fear the day of judgment will reveal thousands of instances of equal injustice and oppression, even in this land of gospel light. We have a particular object in presenting this subject to our readers just now. We understand there is an unusual demand for slaves in the southern market at the present time. The slave traders are busy, and in East Tennessee even, are carrying on a brisk trade. In our own town and county, they are making tempting offers to some of our citizens. We hope every friend of humnity and religion will discountenance them. And especially that every professor of religion will hold up his hands against the unholy traffic. Slaves have souls. They have feeling—intense feeling. And many of those, who are sold to slave traders, would prefer death to their present lot, were it left to their own choice. It is not long since a slave in this county, on hearing that he had been sold for the southern market, attempted his life and actually cut his own throat with a razor. Providentially, however, the wound was not mortal; and, by timely aid, he was restored. And to prevent being dragged from his country, he was purchased by the humane physician, who had been instrumental in saving his life. Another pious slave, no longer than last week, called upon us to borrow a horse, that he might visit the session of the church to which he belonged, in order to get from them a certificate of his good standing, stating that his master had sold him to Mr. — (the negro driver).—He said but little—the fullness of heart prevented his lips. If God regards his children as the apple of his eye, will not his wrath wax hot, when one of the lambs of his flock is thus torn away from the green pastures of his grace, and consigned to perpetual and hopeless bondage.—Tenn. Intcl.

It will be seen from the report of Congressional proceedings, that Mr. Poindexter, from the Committee of Public Lands in the Senate, has reported a bill granting an entire township of land, to be located in the State of Illinois, or territory of Michigan, to be divided among the 235 Polish exiles, sent to the United States by the Emperor of Austria. This measure, if adopted, will be worthy of the character of the American people, and of the sympathy due to a brave but fallen people. If we are not mistaken, a township of land is 36 miles square; equal to 23,040 acres;—or 97½ acres to each of the 235 exiles.—Jour. of Com.

AWFUL EARTHQUAKE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

The City of Pasto Destroyed.—One of those fearful convulsions of Nature, which sometimes occur to make man feel his impotence, as compared with the omnipotent power of his Creator, occurred in the mountainous districts of New Grenada, near the western frontier, and also near the Equator, on the 20th and 22d of January, which has been attended with results of the most terrible fatality.—The city of Pasto, with a population of from 12,000 to 15,000 inhabitants, has been almost completely destroyed, and upwards of fifty lives lost. The city of Popayan, containing near 30,000 inhabitants, has also been destroyed. The entire country, for leagues around Pasto, has been converted into a scene of complete desolation and mourning. A volcanic mountain overhangs the city of Pasto, which is situated in latitude 1, 13, N. long. 77, 11 —and as the ridge of the Andes, which stretches a little to the westward, was severely affected, there is every reason to apprehend that the city of Quito and the republic of Ecuador have experienced the effects of the same calamity.—Two letters, addressed to the Secretary of State, give full and melancholy details of this appalling visitation.—From them it appears that the shock was experienced at seven o'clock in the morning of the 20th January, when an awful motion of the earth commenced, which continued for nearly four hours without interruption, and which on the 22d were again succeeded by several others still more violent —which completed in one chaos of destruction what parts of the city the former had spared.

Of all the religious churches in the city only that of Jesus del Rio and that of San Andre escaped with the loss only of their steeples. But the Cathedral church and the churches consecrated to San Francisco, San Sebastian, Santiago, with their respective convents, as also those of Santo Domingo, Marced and Monjas, were all dashed to pieces.—With the exception of only three or four houses which have but half escaped destruction, all the rest, both great and small, met with the same fate the churches and convents experienced, and the smaller houses which remained standing were either removed from their former foundations, or so unsettled, as not to be inhabited with safety, whence the affrighted population were doomed to suffer the rigors of a burning sun by day, never before known, and the heavy dews by night in a spot where they assembled to implore the Divine mercy for the souls of those whose dead bodies they had collected together.

The country all around was desolate by the night frost and scorching sun by day.

The appearance of the city, after the violence of the convulsion had in some measure subsided, is described as most melancholy—presenting nothing but an undistinguishable mass of fallen buildings, from which the survivors were endeavoring to extricate the numbers who had been overwhelmed.

The villages in the neighborhood of the City of Pasto, namely Laguna, Mecudino, Boesquillo, Pejundino, Puerres, Canchalla, Tamondino, Tungovito, Gualmatan, Pandinaco, and Tesenal, have all lost their churches, and the two first named towns lost some of their thatched houses and five of their inhabitants.

The parishes of Malatny, Yacuanquer, Tambo, Buinco, Funes, and their neighboring Parishes, likewise had their churches destroyed with their plantations and tiled houses, but that lamentable loss of life was not incurred there, which befel Pasto and the Parish of Sibundoy.

The Commissioners appointed by the Governor, report, that at the right of a large Lake in the District of Sibundoy, a small rising ground is observed, which has vomited from its bosom large pieces of rock, and that huge and profound caverns are in the neighborhood surrounding the Desert called Bordoncille; that almost the half of this Desert has been precipitated into the bowels of the Earth, and the other part raised as if it were above the surface, till it had formed a mountain of stupendous elevation, like another lofty mountain of similar origin, situate between Sibundoy and Aguatico, which in its formation overspread a great deal of the original soil. The Commissioners further state, that this mountain has, from the successive convulsions of the Earth, mouldered away, covering the high roads, and causing the formation of immense marshes in the neighborhood: that portions of the earth, precipitated occasionally from its tops, fell into the bed of the river Balsayaco, and obstructed its course, the sudden and impetuous overthrow of which destroyed the lands and houses of the people of Santiago, forcing its waters even as far as Putumayo, being increased by nearly ninety tributary streams; and they state that the church and ten houses have been reduced to ruins, and the remainder of the inhabitants have fled into a high mountain, with all the images which they were able to save from the wreck. Almost the whole of this canton is overspread with large abysses, principally in the parish of Yacuanquer, where its numerous eruptions have fortunately not disturbed the course of the river Guaitara.

The constituted authorities have done all in their power to mitigate this heart-rending calamity there. Three thousand dollars were immediately forwarded by the Governor to the city of Pasto, and subscriptions to a considerable amount were entered into to relieve the pressing distresses occasioned by the calamity.

From the New Haven Herald, of last evening.

A WHALE TAKEN IN OUR HARBOR.—Our watermen along shore yesterday described an unusual visitor in our waters, and after some observation pronounced him to be a Whale. Immediately arrangements were made to receive him with the hospitalities usual on such occasions. Three boats started in pursuit from the Port, followed by three others from the Pier. The boat commanded by Capt. Thomas, the keeper of the fort, had approached in position to harpoon him, when a gun from one of the other boats caused the animal to sheer, and he started off in a direction for Morris Cove. Passing by the wharf, he struck aground near the shore, where he was attacked and killed. At low tide assistance was obtained, and he was drawn upon the shore high and dry. One of the boats, commanded by Mr. Ward, adventured too near, and was struck by the whale in his dying struggles, which smashed the boat in pieces, and broke an arm of one of the boatmen. The whale is apparently a young one, about 60 feet in length.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

ROCHESTER, MAY 10, 1834.

NOTICE.

The Rochester Anti-Slavery Society will meet at the late Institute Room, in the Court House, on the last Monday of every month, at 7 o'clock P. M. By order of the Board.

BRUTALIZING EFFECTS OF SLAVERY.

The vices and degradation of the slave of enlightened America are often remarked. For these we pity or despise him. "He is a human brute." And what has made him such? Slavery; and no one denies it. But who either cares, or dares to remark the vices and degradation of the slaves? The slave is a "brute," and the master made him so. Can he that is made more brutish than he that made or transposed him? Read the laws of slave states; examine the cruelties practised upon the poor slave; only look at the facts which we alone are able to publish, and then say who is the most vicious, degraded, nay, the most brutalized by slavery, the slave or the master.

In addition to these cases which we have already published, we give the following on the authority of two gentlemen whom we know, and were witnesses of the facts.

A clergyman,—yes, a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ—residing in South Carolina, had some 20 slaves. Among them was a woman, the mother of two or three children grown up. Of late, she had been in the habit of destroying her children as soon as born, declaring that no more of her offspring should live to endure what she had. To prevent this diabolical practice, this minister of the Gospel, at the time our informant left, was seeking an opportunity to sell this wife and mother to some slaver of Louisiana. Regardless of the feelings of husband and wife, parents and children,—regardless, too, of the express command of his Lord and Master,—"what God hath joined together, let no man put asunder,"—this humane minister would violate all. To free the woman or mitigate her servitude, in order to prevent infanticide, had no place in his mind.

Another gentleman who has lived several years in Louisiana, informs us, that, during the cotton picking season, he has stood at evening and heard the shrieks of negroes under the lash from six plantations. Every evening about sunset, all who had filled in their task, were stripped and flogged, a process that required about two hours every night. On one plantation of 1000 slaves, about 40 were whipped daily.

The barbarities and cruelty practised upon the helpless, unoffending colored man of this enlightened nation, will scarcely find a parallel in the bygone days of martyrdom, of fire and faggot, when premiums were paid for inventions of cruelty.—Nor can any doubt which is the most un-humanised.

FIRST SLAVE SCHOOL IN THE SLAVE STATES.

The following are extracts of a letter from a student in the Lane Seminary to his brother in this city:

"CINCINNATI, April 18th, 1834.

"Last winter, Miss L.—consulted me on the expediency of commencing a Sunday School for slaves, in Newport, Ky., opposite the city. I told her respecting the severe laws existing against such measures—(three years imprisonment for the crime of teaching) but she cared not for "so small an obstacle." She regarded, she said, their souls and God's glory more than the laws of Satan.—"She commenced (alone) with three scholars. After a few Sabbaths the number increased considerably, and she solicited my assistance. I accordingly entered into the work, nerding my arm for opposition. We now have forty slaves. They are all eager to obtain education, and willing—yes, anxious, to hear about Jesus the Savior. I think that some give evidence of conversion. About half of the scholars are adults. I wish you could once witness the deep gratitude they unceasingly express to their teachers. They can now, many of them, read with much fluency and ease. Yes, these "dull, thick skulls" have far outstripped the generality of whites in receiving education.—I venture to say that a white person,—child or adult, can scarcely be found, who, in the same length of time, has made such amazing progress in learning as have some of these poor, despised, trodden down descendants of the sons of a torrid clime! I hope to see glorious results. I know that they can be elevated; and that too, in their own native land, America. Some have laughed, others have scoffed at us, but glory to God, it is a cause which will triumph. O that I could thunder in the ears of every christian and philanthropist a true delineation of the danger in which our country lies! and could induce them each to wash their hands from the heaven-daring sin of SLAVERY! O, my country!—soon will thy funeral knell be tolled, if this impious and haggard sin is not repented of and blotted from the face of the land!"

"Six months ago I felt as if something should be done for the colored people in Cincinnati. Two young ladies passed through on their way (one from Massachusetts and the other from Connecticut,) to Indiana, as Missionaries, or teachers.—They tarried in town about a week, and having formed a little acquaintance with them,—I proposed to one of them that she should remain here and take a school of colored females. She replied that as she came into the Valley to do good, she would. But after a long and laborious trial, I found the condition of things not then ripe for the enterprise. These self-denied females went on to Louisiana. In the month of February I prevailed

upon Miss L.—to leave Newport during the week to teach such a school in Cincinnati, in case sufficient encouragement offered. I then began to look around to see if the plan was yet practicable. Went first to the members of the common council—but found too much Colonization there to expect aid from them. Went to several wealthy and influential gentlemen; but they seemed in this instance too pocket-bound. In looking still farther, I was happily surprised to find that Mrs. Weld, Stanton and others had the same project under deep consideration. We blessed the Lord that he had turned so many hearts to the subject, and resolved on carrying the plan into execution. Br. Weld takes the expenses of teaching on his individual responsibility. We have found fifty-two adult females who have agreed to attend."

Yours, &c.

INSTRUCTION OF SLAVES.

Our Christian brethren in Virginia seem fully convinced that they ought to teach the nation of slaves in their borders, and fully determined they will do it. Our main regret (says the New-York Evangelist) is, that they waste time and pious feeling in trying to compromise between the command of Christ and human laws and customs derogatory to Christ's authority. They will never succeed in this, for God never makes compromises. The only plan which he will sanction is preaching the gospel and distributing the word of God. They must recognize and restore to the people of color at least the religious immunities of MEN. During the recent anniversaries at Richmond, a long and earnest conference was held on the subject. The following are extracts from the account of it given in the Telegraph:

This subject appears to be neither appreciated nor understood by many citizens. It seems to be almost forgotten that negroes are religious beings—that it is impossible to make them subject to strong religious impressions; and that they will have a religion of some kind.—It is impossible to prevent it. If left without instruction to form their religious notions, under the combined influences of passion and excited imagination, their religion will be of the proper kind to fit them for every nefarious work to which they may be prompted. The late Dr. Rice uttered a prophecy on this subject, which was literally fulfilled two or three years since, in a horrid calamity. But there is another kind of religion, the religion of the Bible, which, if diffused among them, will effectually guard them and the community against the evil in question. It is proper to remark that this discussion had nothing to do with the civil relations of slaves, as regulated by the laws of our Commonwealth.

The views presented by Drs. Hill and Baxter, afforded much light on the subject. They are, we doubt not, the results of the observation and experience of many years, and of much and patient thought, and they are such as we would be glad to see spread out before the whole community. Its welfare and safety were clearly shown, in their remarks, to depend, not on the ignorance of this population, but on its instruction in the principles of Christian duty, and on its information.

MORE OF THE HORRIBLE.

Speaking of the atrocities of the Orleans slavery. Lalaurie, mentioned in to-day's paper, the Emancipator remarks—

And why should she not be protected and encouraged? Why should she be singled out as an object of public vengeance, when she has done no worse than a thousand others who have incurred thereby neither danger nor disgrace?

At the seat of our republican government, within the "ten miles square," there is a clergyman, who feels as a man and a Christian concerning the atrocities of slaveholding.

He states that he has lived in the District twenty years. During all that time, not a single year has passed without the murder of one or more slaves. During the whole period there has been but one execution in the District, and that was of a colored man for attempting a crime against a white woman!!

A planter in Virginia who was in the habit of over-working his slaves, and treating them in other respects with cruelty, chained many of them every night in a large building, and made them pick cotton until midnight. A driver standing near gave a cut to every one who drowsed. By some means the building took fire at a late hour one night, and all the slaves so chained were consumed. The alarm of fire brought slaves from the neighboring plantations, but when they learned the horrid tragedy, they formed a ring round the master's buildings, suffered the fire to spread, and kept off all assistance until every thing was destroyed.

A planter in Georgia, called a humane man and a gentleman, accosted a man from the North, and asked him if he would join in a negro hunt. The Northern man expressed some disgust at the proposal. "I had rather," said the planter, lifting up a shot pouch from his side, "I had rather put these into Joe's sides than into the best buck in Georgia." The party went. Joe received a charge of buck shot in his side, and was led horse at the tail of a horse. Then he was thrown into a hut, where in two days he died. "He is the ninth that I have shot," said the master exultingly, to his squeamish guest from Massachusetts!

Professor Wright states that a planter near Woodville, in Mississippi, has whipped free slaves to death within five years, and shows the mounds of earth, where they are buried by the side of the road.

According to Stuart, the English traveler in 1832, a North Carolina planter whom he saw, was in the habit of punishing his slaves, by putting them alive into coffins, in which situation a number had died of starvation and terror.

A nephew of Mr. Jefferson, *Lilburn Lewis*, as Rankin states, took a young slave who had run away, ordered a large fire to be built, laid and bound the boy on a meat form, (in which he compelled the boy's brother to help him,) and then proceeded with a broad axe to cut him up, beginning at the heels, lecturing his assembled bondmen at intervals upon the sinfulness of running away from their masters, and then throwing the pieces in the fire! The victim entreated, with loud shrieks, that he would begin at the other end! But no; he proceeded deliberately, cutting and lecturing, until he arrived at the trunk, when the wretch expired. This man was put in jail, and a mob of planters and planter's sons was got up, and let him out.

At the late deeply interesting and ominous debate at the Lane Seminary, some dreadful testimony was given by the sons of slaveholders, fresh from the plantations. They are theological students under *r. Beecher*.

Our space will not admit of more examples at this time. Who, after reading what we have given, will say that we ought not to be rebuked, reviled, persecuted, mobbed, made a *caput lupinum*, and hunted through the land for calling upon our countrymen, in the name of Jesus, the merciful redeemer of man, that they do now repent? Who also will say, in view of these things, that poor Mrs. Lalaurie and her mate, ought not to be protected, yea, comforted?

Amalgamation.—The advocacy of an amalgamation of the white and black races has been repeatedly disavowed by the leading abolitionist—but we trust it will be denied no longer. Arthur Tappan, Esq. President of the Anti-Slavery Society, on taking the chair yesterday, as we are informed, invited gentlemen to take places on the platform without reference to color.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

"AMALGAMATION!" We should think that the learned editor of the New-York Commercial Advertiser ought to go straightway to custom's dictionary, and learn the meaning of this word.—Why does he not give us accounts of the illicit "amalgamation" of his southern (Colonization) "brethren," with their own house maids? We have never yet heard the Colonel utter a word respecting this sort of "amalgamation" and "raising slaves for the market;" yet he is all the time telling us how fearful he is lest his daughters or somebody else, will yet be "compelled to marry niggers!"

Garrison's Trial.—A brief sketch of the trial of William Lloyd Garrison, for an alleged libel on Francis Tody, of Newburyport, Mass. Boston: Garrison & Knapp. 1834. This was the trial which resulted in the imprisonment of Mr. Garrison in Baltimore in the spring of 1830. In consequence of his imprisonment, Messrs. Danforth, Fuly, Cresson, and other agents of the colonization society, have attempted both in this country and in England, to stigmatize Mr. Garrison as a "convicted felon," or as the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer has it, an "outlaw" whom any man may hunt that chooses, as he would a weasel or a reptile. There is no doubt that most of the vague and indefinite odium that, almost every where, has been made to attach to the name of Mr. Garrison, has arisen directly or indirectly from the disgrace that has been attempted to be thrown upon him, on account of

his imprisonment. It becomes proper therefore, that a true account of this trial should be extensively circulated, that it may be seen whether that imprisonment should redound to his disgrace or his honor. And if, on a careful examination, it shall appear that he suffered unjustly, and solely in consequence of his successful attempts to drag to light and brand with deserved infamy the AMERICAN COASTING SLAVE-TRADE; then the character of a Society whose most intelligent and experienced advocates believed its support to require the disgrace and prostration of such a sufferer for such a deed, will need further elucidation before an intelligent Christian community. We hope, therefore, the trial will be read by every philanthropist and lover of justice and mercy.—*Emancipator*.

FROM JAMAICA.—Kingston papers to the 14th of April have been received by the John W. Cater, but they contain no matter of general interest. The Marquis of Sligo, the successor of the Earl of Mulgrave, had arrived at Kingston, with his wife and eight children, to assume the reins of government. He landed on the 4th and was received in due form with military honors. His proclamation was cordially received.

The U. S. ship *Vandalia*, Capt. Webb, arrived at Kingston in 3 days from Port au Prince, on the 7th ult. and sailed on the 10th for Havana. The U. S. ship *St. Louis*, Newell, sailed for do, same day. The Island was perfectly tranquil, and the inhabitants appear to view the abolition of the slaves with less dread than was anticipated.

THE NIGER EXPEDITION.

Accounts of this expedition, up to the 5th January, have been received. At that date, Lander was on board the *Curlew* ship of war, on his way to Cape Coast Castle, for the purpose of procuring a particular species of goods for the markets in the interior, of which he had not previously taken a sufficient supply. If successful in this object, it was his intention to return to the mouth of the Niger; thence to re-ascend the Niger for the third time, and endeavor to penetrate as far up the river as Roussa. Previous to his last return to the coast, Lander and Lieut. Allen had fortunately reached Rabba, or Rabba (a large Falatah town,) in the iron steamer and, for the space of thirteen or fourteen days, had maintained a friendly intercourse, and carried on an advantageous trade, with its inhabitants. The depth of the water at that place was between two or three fathoms, and far as could be seen beyond it, the Niger was free from rocks and other obstructions, and assumed a majestic and very encouraging appearance. This important town is inhabited by Falatahs and negroes, and realizes the expectations that had been formed of it, as regards its extent, its wealth, and its population. A few Tauricks, from the borders of the desert, and other Arabs, were observed by our countrymen in the streets of Rabba.

Another important feature is, our travellers ascended the River Tshadda as high as 150 miles from its junction with the Niger. At that point, and at some distance below and above it, the river was found to be intersected with islands, and comparatively shallow, in proportion as its channel was free from, or obstructed by, these islands. No traces of inhabitants appeared on the banks of this river; and Lander and his valuable coadjutor were compelled to return to the Niger for want of provisions. All the natives in this part of the country agree in the assertion that the Tshadda communicates with Lake Tshad, the inland sea of Africa. They do not hazard this as a mere conjecture, but state it with confidence as a well known and undisputed fact. On a small island near Atta, Lander has erected a kind of mud fort, which will answer the purpose of a depot for British goods.—This place has been named English Island, and it possesses peculiar facilities for trading purposes in that part of the country.

Death of Mrs. Burns.—It is with regret that we announce that intelligence arrived here last night by the *Defiance* coach, of the demise of the venerable relict of our national bard. The melancholy event took place at her own house in Dumfries, at 11 o'clock on Wednesday night, and the information was communicated in a letter to her sister at Mauchline, where we believe the eldest son of the poet is at present residing.—*Kilmarnock Jour.*

Recent accounts from Napoli di Romania announce the death of the Greek Captain Colocotroni, in the prison in which he had been confined several months, for having taken part with several other chiefs in a conspiracy against the Government.—*French paper.*

CURIOUS PHENOMENON.—The Montreal Herald of the 28th, states that—

"On Saturday morning, a very singular phenomenon was observable from the river bank in front of our city. Those who are blessed with a very strong sight perceived, as they supposed, an immense number of small birds in the air, but at such a height as to render even birds, in that situation, a curiosity. We happened to be passing, and in vain strained our eyes to discover the objects which others were contemplating with so much eagerness—by the help of a glass, however, we at last perceived what was to all appearance an immense flock of small birds. These objects passed away in millions before the current of the light wind then blowing, but many descended lower than the rest, until easily discernable by the naked eye. At length they approached the earth, and proved to be maple leaves of an unusually large size. Many of them were picked up by the citizens, and we have kept one. Whence they came, or how they got there, are questions which furnish a wide field for conjecture. One shrewd fellow observed, "that this must be the fall of the year in the moon, and that they certainly came from thence."

Mrs. Sigourney.—A volume of Tales, written by this accomplished authoress, is about issuing from the press of the Harper, New-York.

[Continued from 1st page.]

ing veiled in clouds, burst in o' the room with full meridian splendor; and the same little bird, which had been, since the thrilling music of the preceding day, hanging silent and unobserved in its cage, struck up a requiem note, so subdued and so sweet, that it might well aigh be mistaken for the rustling of an Angel's wing.

My poor dear mother threw herself into our arms, and exclaimed, "The seal of happiness to him, but of misery to us!"

SUNDAY MORNING, 23d Feb.

In my father's little memorandum book are copied these two verses—the first in his own handwriting, and the last in that of dear Ellen's, who wrote it, at his request, last summer, at the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia, where he was lying sick on his bed:

FIRST VERSE.

"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth."
"Keep the door of my lips."—Ps. cxli. v. 3.

SECOND VERSE.

"Follow peace with all men and holiness without which no man shall see the Lord."

His pocket-book also contains, instead of bank notes, many little pieces of paper on which he had, at different periods, written extracts from the sacred volume of precept and of promise, which he always wore near his bosom as his treasure.—And it was to him, and ever shall be, "a treasure laid up for him in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal," and this treasure may no man take from him.

It was often one of his Sabbath delights to put down on paper, the pious emotions of his soul; and these effusions do not fall very far short of those of his prototype, the sweet psalmist of Israel—These, and all his other writings, as well as those which have been published, as his letters of advice to his family and friends, his descriptive letters, (written at Niagara, Boston, the mountains of Virginia, &c. which are beautifully graphic and pictorial) his essays, &c. &c. it is the purpose of my dear mother to collect together in some enduring form, which may perhaps, by an extensive circulation, contribute to the benefit of present and future generations, and thus, even after death, redound to the glory of the God, whom while on earth, it was his chief delight to honor and serve.

And now, my dear aunt, shall we mourn for this loved one, as those who have no hope?—Shall we not rather rejoice that a spirit so lofty, and so pure and holy, that the breath of dishonor would have wounded mortally;—to whom the toils and cares of struggling for a subsistence for those who were dependent on his daily exertions, were onerous, because they distracted his thoughts from Heaven;—the measure of whose earthly fame was full;—and whose tender affections had been wrong by the death of his beloved children, and uprooted from this earth—shall we not rejoice that all sorrow and suffering for him is at an end, all tears forever wiped from his eyes, and his delighted spirit, unfettered from this earthly soil, is reveling in the beatitude of Heaven; bathing in the pure stream which flows around the throne of the Lamb; and that the mighty intellect whose grasp imperfect human science could never satisfy, is now ranging among worlds and adamantine spheres, communing with the sages of classic days, and with the Patriarchs, Apostles, and the Fathers of the Church!

It is a striking coincidence, that the day of his death, the 15th of February, was also that of the great Luther.

There is a moral sublimity in his life, in his death, and in the assurance of where his spirit now is, that I pray God may sink deeply into the hearts of all he has left behind, and may we also be ready to join him when the summons shall come to us.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

We are in the midst of the confusion of preparing to leave this city; the scene, once, of so much happiness, lately of so much anguish. It will now ever be a consecrated spot to us, for here rest the mortal remains of him who was our earthly idol; and those of my sister Agnes are to be brought from the vault in Baltimore, and placed by his side.

No doubt but Judge C***** has sent you all the papers containing accounts of the last honors paid him who was worthy of all honor.

This event has exhibited perhaps more strikingly than any thing else could, the deep and universal attachment which he had excited. Young and old, rich and poor, learned and illiterate, noble and humble, all, all crowded the house with kind and anxious inquiries until the last answer was given, which seemed to clothe the whole city and country in mourning. Unobtrusive as was his piety, it was yet so consistent and so mingled with all the affairs of life, that it would not but be manifest to all associated with him. A little anecdote illustrating this, occurs to me at this moment, which I will repeat. When we first arrived here, 11th January, and took up our lodgings, we were prevented by an accident from having our private table, as had been stipulated; and we took our meals with the family with whom we boarded—a very genteel one, by-the-by;—they are not in the habit of saying grace, which father bore several days without comment; but after the second day, he consulted us what was to be done about it, and, though there was a considerable struggle in his mind lest he should appear officious or overscrupulous, he at length came to the conclusion, that it was his duty to bear this cross. On entering the breakfast room next morning, he greeted the family with his usual winning smile—and they stood respectfully for him to be first seated—he then spoke, and said: "Before we sit down, I wish to ask you, master and mistress of the house, if you have any objection to my saying grace at our meals? It has always been my habit in my own family, and I feel as if I could not enjoy my meals without it." Of course they gratefully acceded to it: such an example, from one entitled to so much respect, I hope they will imitate. I see him now vividly before me, as his manly and majestic form bent lowly over the table, his eloquent hand spread in supplication, while his waving curls were thrown back, by the movement, from his intellectually beautifully forehead—Such a man, in such an attitude, might well impress every beholder with veneration and love!

When the undertaker came to perform his duty, I am told my father's weeping servants were giving him an account of his peaceful and glorious exit: "When the angels came down from Heaven to receive him," said one, "the sun shone out, and the bird began to sing." "Yes," said another, "I have been in his service this many, many years, and seen how he lived—the Bible and prayer were his daily food, and never was there a kinder master than I have had—it was right he should die the death of the righteous, and I only hope my last end may be like his."

My mother sends you a sister's love, with the enclosed profile likeness of my father, which, in our opinions, is infinitely better than any which has been taken. The features are exact, even to the last of his life, and it only wants the scintillation of genius and feeling to make the resemblance complete—he, himself, thought it so good, that he left each of his children one from the same plate. When his works are completed, you, of course, my dear aunt, shall have the first copy.

We leave here, in a day or two, for Baltimore, to wind up our affairs there as speedy as possible, and then proceed with our uncle, Judge C***** (who writes us word he will meet us in Baltimore) to our future home in Richmond.

If it will interest you, my dear aunt, I will continue to write you an account of our family and proceedings.

This is indeed a long letter, but the interest of the subject will justify it with you, I am sure.

Dear Mother, Rosa, and Ellen unite in warm affection for you, together with,

Respectfully and affectionately,

Your young Niece,

CATHARINE G. WIRT.

Mrs. Eliza Clarton, Augusta, Ga.

HORRIBLE!

The New Orleans papers of the 11th inst., make us acquainted with a scene of cruelty which has few parallels in the annals of guilt. If the wretch who perpetrated the outrage, deserves any thing short of death, there are crimes now punishable with death, which ought to bear a milder penalty.—Journal of Commerce.

From the New Orleans Mercantile Advertiser.

Shocking Barbarity.—Yesterday at about 10 o'clock, the dwelling house of a Mr. Lalaurie, corner of Royal and Hospital streets, was discovered to be on fire, and whilst the engines were occupied in extinguishing it, it was rumored that several slaves were kept chained in some of the apartments. The crowd rushed in to their deliverance, and amongst others, Mr. Canonge, Judge of the criminal court, who demanded of Mr. and Mrs. Lalaurie, where these poor creatures were kept, which they obstinately refused to disclose, when Mr. Canonge with a manly and praiseworthy zeal rushed into the kitchen which was on fire, followed by two or three young men, and brought forth a negro woman, found there chained. She was covered with bruises and wounds from severe flogging. All the apartments were then forced open. In a room on the ground floor, two more were found chained and in a deplorable condition. Up stairs, and in the garret, four more were found chained, some so weak as to be unable to walk, and all covered with wounds and sores. One, mulatto boy, declares himself to have been chained for five months, being fed daily with only a handful of meal, and receiving every morning the most cruel treatment.

From the Bee.

The conflagration at the house occupied by the woman Lalaurie in Hospital, has been the means of discovering one of those atrocities, the details of which seem to be too incredible for human belief. We would shrink from the task of detailing the painful circumstances connected therewith, were it not that a sense of duty, and the necessity of exposing and holding up to the public indignation, such a wretch as the perpetrator, renders it indispensable for us to do so.

The flames having spread with alarming rapidity and the horrible suspicion being entertained among the spectators, that some of the inmates of the premises were incarcerated therein, the doors were forced open for the purpose of liberating them. Previous, however, to taking this liberty, (if liberty it can be called,) several gentlemen, impelled by their feelings of humanity, demanded the keys, which were refused them, in a gross and insulting manner. Upon entering one of the apartments, the most appalling spectacle met their eyes.—Seven slaves, more or less horribly mutilated, were seen suspended by the neck, with their limbs apparently stretched and torn from one extremity to the other. Language is powerless and inadequate to give a proper conception of the horror which a scene like this must have inspired. We shall not attempt it, but leave it rather to the reader's imagination to picture what it was!

These slaves were the property of the demon in the shape of a woman, whom we mentioned in the beginning of this article. They had been confined by her for several months in the situation from which they had thus providentially been rescued, and had been merely kept in existence to prolong their sufferings and to make them taste all that a most refined cruelty could inflict. But why dwell upon such aggravating and painful particulars? We feel confident that the community share with us our indignation, and that vengeance will fall, heavily upon the guilty culprit. Without being superstitious, we cannot but regard the manner in which these atrocities have been brought to light as an especial interposition of Heaven.

[Since the above was in type, the populace have retired to the house of this woman, and have demolished and destroyed every thing upon which they could lay their hands. At the time of inditing this the fury of the mob remained still unabated, and threatens the total demolition of the entire edifice.]

From the New Orleans Bee, April 12.

The popular fury which we briefly adverted to in our paper of yesterday, as consequent upon the discovery of the barbarous and fiendish atrocities committed by the woman Lalaurie upon the persons of her slaves, continued unabated the whole of the evening before last and part of yesterday morning. It was found necessary, for the purpose of restoring order, for the sheriff and his officers to repair to the place of riot, and to interpose the authority of the State, which we are pleased to notice proved effectual, without the occurrence of any of those

acts of violence which are common upon similar occasions. We regret, however, to state, that previously some indignities had been shown to Judge Canonge, who ventured to expostulate with the assailants upon the propriety of ceasing their operations, and that during the same, deadly weapons were in the hands of many persons, a resort to which at one time was seriously apprehended. Nothing of the kind happily, however, transpired.

Nearly the whole of the edifice is demolished and scarcely any thing remains but the walls, which the popular vengeance have ornamented with various writings expressive of their indignation and the justness of their punishment.

The loss of property sustained is estimated by some at \$40,000, but others think this calculation exaggerated. It must, however, have been very great indeed, as the furniture alone was of the most costly kind, consisting of pianos, armoires, buffets, &c., which were removed to the garret and thrown from thence into the street, for the purpose of rendering them of no possible value whatever.

This is the first act of the kind that our populace have ever engaged in, and although the provocation pleads much in favor of the excesses committed, yet we dread the precedent. To say the least of it, it may be excused, but can't be justified. Summary punishments the result of popular excitement in a government of laws, can never admit of justification, let the circumstances be ever so aggravating.

The whole of yesterday and the preceding day, the police jail was crowded by person pressing forward to witness the unfortunate wretches who had escaped cruelties that would compare with those of a Domitian, a Nero or a Calligula. Four thousand persons at least, it is computed, have already visited these victims to convince themselves of their sufferings.

New Orleans Riots.—Subsequently to the destruction of Madame Lalaurie's house, a mob assembled for the purpose of wreaking their vengeance upon other persons accused of similar atrocities. By the joint interposition of the civil and military authorities, the crowd was dispersed and order restored.

The law, we hope, will exert its full force in punishing the offenders against humanity, who have excited these outrages. Two of the negroes saved from the fire of M. Lalaurie's house are said to have since died, and that in digging up the yard, bodies have been discovered, and a condemned male having been uncovered, others, particularly that of a child, were found in it.—N. Y. Com. Adv.

COLUMBIA, (Tenn.) April 12.—Robbery and attempt at Murder.—A daring and horrid outrage was perpetrated here last night. A few minutes after 10 o'clock, the groans and vomiting of some person, who seemed to be in deep distress, and agony, arrested the attention of one of our citizens. It was raining and excessively dark.—To the inquiry, "what's the matter," he answered, "I am sick." The voice of Parry W. Porter, the Cashier of the Union Bank was recognized. He was wet and covered with blood, having received a violent blow on the head, and a stab on the left side. These wounds had been inflicted about twenty or thirty feet from the Bank, where his hat and pocket-knife, &c. were found. How long he had remained insensible is unknown. He had scrambled about half the way back, marking his path with blood.

The keys of the Bank had been taken from his pocket, the vault entered, and \$19,600 taken.—Energetic measures were instantly adopted to detect the perpetrators of this bold and cruel piece of villainy, but no circumstance has yet transpired to direct suspicion to any body. We only know that murder has been attempted and robbery effected. Mr. Porter only remembers that he stepped out on business, and knows nothing of having been knocked down. He thought that he was only sick and never knew he was hurt till he was brought to the light and saw blood. He is badly injured, but it is hoped not dangerously. No sort of blame is imputable to him.—The Bank has no where a more careful, a more faithful, or a more competent officer. He is not only a man of business habits, but every inch a gentleman.

Awful Calamity.—We copy from the Kittanning (Armstrong Co.) Pa. Gazette and Columbian, the following account of a most distressing occurrence.

On the night of Friday the 18th inst. the house and barn of Capt. John C. Kissinger, of Toby township, in this county, were consumed by fire, and what is most shocking to relate, nine of his children perished in the flames! The parents were absent on a visit to Mrs. Kissinger's father's a distance of about eight miles.—Out of eleven children, two only are left—one an infant, which the parents had with them, the other a daughter of 8 years of age, who was away from home. The way the fire originated is not known; and it was not discovered till about 9 o'clock the following morning. One horse and a large quantity of grain was consumed; in short nothing was left in or about the house or barn unconsumed.

A gentleman who had been present at the scene of the calamity, subsequently called upon us, from whom we learned a few additional particulars. The sufferers were from nineteen years of age downwards. So far as could be observed, the bones were in the same relative position in which they slept, which leads to the belief that they were smothered in their beds by the smoke before the flames reached them. One only had gone to a different part of the house. Awful as was the agent of their death it was probably attended with but little suffering. The unhappy parents, we are told, were at first (and very prudently too) only informed of the destruction of their property. The father returned on Saturday, but the mother remained at her father's until the next morning, still ignorant of the extent of her loss. When she arrived, she surveyed the smoking ruins and then asked for her children. Let the reader imagine if he can, the effect of the shocking discourse.

It is a remarkable circumstance, and one calculated to heighten if possible the distress of these parents, that their oldest child was burnt to death some years since.

A horse and a yoke of oxen were burnt. A dog that lay in the barn was burnt, and his bones were found in the place he was accustomed to lie. Two large hogs were consumed in the pen, although the door was open.

On Sunday the bones of the children were collected, deposited in a coffin and buried in presence of a large concourse of sympathising friends and neighbors. An impressive discourse was delivered at the grave by the Rev. Mr. M'Garraugh.

It would be but mockery in us to attempt to excite, or to heighten, by any reflections of ours, the feelings of sympathy and commiseration which must burst forth in every feeling heart upon the perusal of the above narration. We do not remember having heard of a visitation of Providence upon a single family so overwhelming, so desolating, so fraught with every circumstance of woe, as this. We are persuaded that every thing which lies in the power of kind neighbors will be done to restore peace, and impart consolation to the few afflicted members of this family that have survived the shocking tragedy—but that merciful Being who does not willingly afflict the children of men, has seen good to present to their lips a cup of sorrow which he alone can sweeten.

Steam Boat Explosion.—A letter to the Postmaster from Columbus, Geo. announces that the Mail Boat Star of the West, plying between New Orleans and Mobile, burst her boiler on the 18th ult. killed two persons, and injured others. "All is confusion, and no mail from New Orleans, says a bill from the Mobile Post Office."

Another.—By the St. Louis Republican of the 17th ult. we learn that the Steam-boat St. Louis, bound to Galena, collapsed one of her boilers on the 12th, by which twelve persons were either killed or seriously wounded.

The accident happened (says the Republican) while endeavoring to pass the Des Moines Rapids. We understand that the stern of the boat struck upon a rock and careened her over—the water in the boilers of course running to the lower side. In this situation the boat remained for twenty minutes or half an hour; when she righted, and the sudden return of the water into the boiler produced an instantaneous explosion. The names of the sufferers, as far as we have been enabled to gather them, are—Perkins, the Engineer, killed; Miss Moore, blown overboard and lost; Mrs. Moore and Son, dangerously scalded, and three other children killed; Mrs. Lockett, from Mill creek, Ill. badly scalded; Isaac Mars, dying when the accounts left; three Germans dangerously scalded, and other persons slightly injured. The St. Louis was chartered for the trip from New Orleans to Galena.

An individual named Williams was recently tried in Luzerne county, Pennsylvania, for sending a written challenge to Capt. John Charles, of the same county, to fight a duel with pistols. It appears that Williams, who is a man of not very good character, was at the time somewhat excited with liquor, and had hung about a Justice's office nearly all day, for the purpose of intercepting and fighting Capt. Charles, who was expected there to enter a complaint against him for another offence. Towards night he sent the challenge, and was arrested and bound over to Court. The evidence against him was so clear, that the jury could not avoid returning a verdict of guilty; and the Court sentenced him to one year's confinement in the penitentiary, to pay a fine of 500 dollars to the Commonwealth, and the costs of prosecution. By the law, the Court could not sentence him to a less severe punishment.—Nat. Intelligencer.

PETTY THEFTS.—Saturday morning a girl was seen gathering up the daily papers after they had been dropped at an early hour at the doors of subscribers on Exchange street. We are informed that the fruit dealers are greatly annoyed by similar depredations on the articles they expose for sale at their doors. Not long since, a boy offered for sale at the Jewelry store of J. Packard, two SILVER TEA SPOONS, both broken off near the middle, (evidently by design,) and on being accused of the theft, decamped with all speed, session. They are marked "A. J." "E. Cook" maker, and have "seen some service." It is hoped that the owner will call at this office for them, as it may lead to the detection of the thief and prevent further mischief.

In view of these facts, we suggest whether public morals and the security of property, do not imperiously call for a House of Correction for juvenile offenders, in some central place in this section of the state; and whether more cannot be done than has yet been effected, to get the children of profligate or too indulgent parents away from bad examples and precepts, and to bring them under the influence of wholesome instruction.—Roch. Daily Dem.

Several store-keepers in South Market street, says the Boston Post, have been fined \$2 and costs, during the present week, for keeping the bulk of their stock in trade on the side walks, and keeping but a sample in their stores.

Elisha Drew has been found guilty on three indictments for forgery—this is the individual who in conjunction with others, it will be recollected, committed the late extensive forgeries on the Philadelphia Banks.

From the Rochester Daily Democrat.

MY MOTHER.

"My Mother! when I saw thee laid
Within thy cold, thy silent bed—
Thy narrow bed, so dark, so low—
I sunk beneath th' afflicting blow;
Yet, ever to my lips there came
Thy hallowed—venerated name;
The dearest name these lips have spoken!
Oh, Death! how strong the tie thou'st broken.
How soon thy sky was overcast!
How sorrows clouded o'er thy life!
And then, when overcome at last,
Sinking beneath the unequal strife,
With all of heaven in that last look,
Thou gavest to me this Holy Book—
This Bible, once to the so dear—
To guide me through life's journey drear.
Though on thy lips death's seal is set,
Thy counsels I can ne'er forget;
And though that face no more I see,
Still this my constant prayer shall be,
Dear Mother, that I might inherit
Some portion of thy sainted merit.

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