

**A SLAVE GIRL PURCHASED IN REV. H. W. BEECHER'S CHURCH**—A remarkable and exciting scene was enacted in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, on Sunday last, a full account of which we copy from the New York Tribune of Monday.

"At the conclusion of the sermon yesterday morning, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher announced to his congregation that he was about to perform an action of a most extraordinary nature, which he would preface by reading a portion of the 12th chapter of Matthew. He accordingly read the 10th, 11th, and 12th verses of that chapter, after which he proceeded to give a sketch of the later history of a slave girl, Sarah by name, an appeal in whose behalf he had lately received. She was, he said, the daughter of a Southern planter, acknowledged by himself as his own off-spring, and reared in his own family until his other daughters growing up had treated her so cruelly that she attempted to escape. She was captured and taken back to her paternal master, who made immediate preparations to sell her to the extreme South, refusing to dispose of her to any one who would permit her to remain in the neighborhood."

Many persons in the assembly, knowing her to be a most faithful, industrious, and, therefore, valuable piece of property, were anxious to purchase her, but her owner utterly refused to sell to them, his object being to have her removed to so great a distance that her real relation to the others of his children could occasion them no further mortification. She was, accordingly, sold to a Southern man, who held her at \$1500—but who finally consented to part with her for \$1000. A slaveholder in Washington, paying the girl, bought her for the latter sum, immediately, however, setting on foot a subscription to enable her to purchase her freedom, he himself contributing \$100, another man, also a slaveholder, gave \$100, and \$700 were finally obtained. "At this juncture," said Mr. Beecher, "I received a letter, asking if we could do anything towards making up the rest of the money, to which I replied that I would promise nothing unless we could see her here."

The reverend gentleman here stepped from his desk, and with an encouraging "Come up, Sarah," he led upon the platform a young, intelligent looking mulatto girl whom he presented to the crowded audience as the slave girl in question.

She is apparently about twenty three years old, probably about three quarters white, of very pleasing and modest appearance. Mr. Beecher seated her in a chair by his side, while he continued his remarks. She was here, he said, on her parole of honor. She had promised to go back, and she must return, either with or without the five hundred dollars which were yet necessary to make her a free woman. A collection would be taken up, and the result would show their verdict.

By this time there was hardly a dry eye in the whole immense congregation of nearly 3000 people. Men wept, and women sobbed—not shamefacedly, but openly and without any attempt at concealment. All seemed to be touched to the very heart. The like scene has never been witnessed in the world.

One gentleman here rose and announced that the money should be forthcoming to make her free, and that if necessary he would be personally responsible for the entire amount. This announcement was received with hearty and long continued applause, the audience being no longer able to restrain their feelings, and Mr. Beecher expressing his approval of the jubilant demonstration.

Sarah, the slave girl, had, up to this time, preserved a tolerable composure, but when the certainty was declared that she should not go back to a life of slavery, she buried her face in her handkerchief and wept aloud. As the collectors passed among the audience, the plates were actually heaped up with the tokens of substantial sympathy; one lady even took the jewelry from her person and cast into the fund. The amount collected on the spot was \$781, which, besides completing the sum necessary for the purchase of Sarah, will also rescue her child, a boy of four years, who is now in bondage.