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THE TRIBUNE.

Rev. Dr. Anthon's Statement.

The following statement of Dr. ANTHON of his various interviews with John C. Colt, during the few days of his existence, is copied from the Commercial Advertiser of yesterday. It has a grave and painful interest. It is prefaced by the simple remark that the writer called upon Colt at his request, made through J. L. Graham, Esq.

MONDAY, Nov. 14, 1842.

I called at 10 A. M., by agreement, on Colonel Graham, at the Post Office, and he accompanied me to the prison in Centre-street; was introduced to the keeper, Colonel Jones, who was apprised of the object of my visit. He mentioned that the prisoner had passed the night "in tears," and probably would be willing to admit me. On proceeding to the cell, we were informed that Mr. Colt's brother was with him. He was called out at our request, and told that I was ready to see the prisoner, but that if the hour was inconvenient, any other might be named. Mr. Colt cordially acquiesced, and expressed his willingness that the interview should be had. He re entered the cell, and in a few minutes apprised us that his brother was prepared to see us. I passed in with Col. Graham, was introduced, and after a few words of explanation from the Colonel, was left alone with the condemned. He courteously requested me to be seated, and after a short pause I said that I had come to visit him, in consequence of the intimation he had given to me the evening before, by Col. Graham; that I felt sure before that it was not an act of intrusion on his privacy as a stranger. I was there in compliance with his own expressed wish, and that as the servant of my Master, and his fellow servant," I added, "for Christ's sake," I sought to render him all the good in my power, and would willingly minister to his great need. He thanked me, and said in reply that my visit was in compliance with his desire, adding to the effect, that he had "in his youth been educated religiously—brought up in the strictest sect of Presbyterians—that he knew the Rev. Mr. Hawes, whom," said he, "you must know by reputation if not personally;" but that there were certain tenets to which, as held by them, he could not subscribe, viz: their views of "original sin and infinite punishment." It was at this point of the conversation, I think, that he mentioned also that "*he thought he once had experienced religion under Mr. Muffit.*" After alluding thus briefly and hurriedly to his early bringing up, he went on to complain of certain individuals "*seeking interviews with him for religious purposes,*" and "*dealing with him severely,*" and then observed that he had sent for me as one "*who, he supposed from what he had heard, held more liberal views.*" He complained also of the course pursued toward him by the press—the conduct of his trial, and the concluding act of the Executive. Without interrupting him, I seized the first opportunity to say that he ought to harbor no unkind thoughts toward the individuals of whom he first had spoken—(who they were I knew not)—that they probably did well, even if they had wounded his feelings. To this he readily assented. That with reference to the recent course of the press, I knew nothing. As to his trial, I came not to discuss the verdict, or the subsequent action of the Governor; as a citizen, I bowed to both. As a fellow creature and an embassador of Christ, I came to remind him that time to him was measured out, not by days, nor by hours, but by moments; and to beg him to prepare to meet God. Was he prepared to meet Him? He spoke somewhat hurriedly in reply. "*Yes,*" said he, "*my time is measured by moments!*" and he paused.

He went on to remark some what to this effect, that he had endeavored "*to live justly and fulfil his obligations to men,*" and at this stage of the interview expressed, I think, his belief in the Bible. I endeavored to meet him on this ground. My remarks were made to bear upon the character and requirements of God's holy law, and the consequent nature and evil of sin as a transgression of that law—as rebellion against God. And I implored him to search his heart and examine his life by God's standard and not by his own; to look at his condition by nature, and by actual manifested transgressions during his entire career; to say nothing at present of the one fact which had brought him there.—Never was, it I mistake not, that I asked—"*If these things are so—what is your hope, your refuge, your stay?*" He covered his face with his handkerchief and wept. During our interview of three quarters of an hour, he acquiesced in several of my observations, and in a general way acknowledged his sinfulness, and a reliance on the Saviour. What reliance must be if he would entertain any valid hope of Christ, I pointed out and referred him to several texts which I thought were applicable.

Supposing his brother to be waiting at the door of his cell, as I had interrupted their interview when I came to the prison, I prepared to leave. I asked if he would let me visit him again, and when. He said, "*certainly, it was his wish that I should do so every day,*" and 9 o'clock to morrow morning was the hour agreed on. When I rose to leave him I took his hand and reminded him that his hours were carrying to their end—that here in his cell the eye of God—who is offended God—was fixed upon him, I begged him to call upon God earnestly for mercy through his Son. "*Have you prayed? do you pray?*" I asked. "*I do, I do,*" said he, much affected. Commending him to God, as I held his hand, the painful interview ended, and I hurried away.

Note.—I left him a tract on repentance, a copy of Bishop Wilcoxe's Prayers, referring him particularly to the latter part, viz: "A Guide to the Penitent," and the following Scripture references—Isaiah 1, 18; Isaiah 57, 15; Proverbs 28, 13; 1 John 1, 9; Luke, 15th chapter.

TUESDAY, Nov. 15, 1842.

I repaired this morning at 9 o'clock to the prison, and on reaching the cell found Mr. Colt was taking his breakfast, and that the Sheriff was with him. I waited in the hall a short time by his request, and when the Sheriff came out was admitted. The prisoner seemed glad to see me, and apologized for detention. He was proceeding, after we had seated, to make some remarks in reference to the Sheriff's being timid, &c. [In reference this remark I have a word of explanation, which I made to the Coroner's inquest. While I was waiting near the cell some remark was made by some one, whom I took for an officer, to another person near me, as to the desperate character of some of the prisoners then in confinement—that if they were permitted to walk about they would be ready to take any one's life in order to escape. I did not hear the whole of the conversation, but it left the impression that perhaps some of the prisoners had been turbulent, and trying to escape. When Mr. Colt therefore made the above remark about the Sheriff's timidity, my first thought was that he had heard that that officer had been making arrangements to prevent an outbreak. In the evening, however, in conversation with my son, he mentioned that he had heard that the Sheriff had deprived the prisoner of his knife and razor, and that Mr. Colt had told him he was timid, and that such precautions were useless, inasmuch as if he wished to kill himself he could open his veins with his teeth.] I interrupted him as soon as it could be done to bring before him the object of my visit. I told him that I had come again at his own request, and was there with the intention of speaking the truth to him in love—that I had a duty to discharge as a minister of God, and that he (the prisoner) must bear with me while I endeavored to do so, even if I wounded his feelings. The truth must be told to him. He acquiesced in these remarks, and expressed his belief that I meant him well, and that from what he had learned of my character he had thought that I could feel for one in his situation. He was seated on the foot of the bed, near the table, on which was lying the volume I gave him yesterday. Perceiving me to cast my eyes in that direction, he took up the book and observed that "he had read portions of it, together with the tracts, and had derived great comfort from the perusal of both and the prayers. That he had not noticed at first the part that I had marked, viz: 'The guide for the penitent'—but that he had afterward read it, "and found it applicable to himself," or something to this effect. He then took up a Bible and observed that he had found, among the portions of scripture which I had handed him yesterday on a slip of paper, I had noted one which he had himself chosen as applicable to his situation. I asked which it was. He said "the 15th of St. Luke—the parable of the prodigal." Availing myself of a pause in his remarks, I observed that my aim in leaving the book and tract, and in noting certain texts, was to minister to his great necessity, but I begged him "not to deceive himself." "Comfortable as such declarations of Holy writ are, sir,—rich and abundant as are the promises of God in his own book, you must bear in mind that they are for the penitent alone. You have no right to lean upon them, or to appropriate them to your case, unless yours is a broken and contrite heart." He admitted the justice of what I said; and this led the conversation to the nature of repentance, its consistent and essential parts—the grievous character of sin making so wide a separation between God and man that nothing but the blood of his beloved Son could suffice as an atonement—the ingratitude of sin and its consequences.

I pressed upon him "the indispensable necessity, as one mark of true penitence, of the confession and bewailing of his sinfulness to Almighty God, with a full purpose of reparation and satisfaction, to the uttermost of his power, for all injuries and wrongs done by him to any other, and the necessity, likewise, of his being ready to forgive others who had offended him as he would have forgiveness at God's hand." The unhappy man was not offended at the course of remark. I may be mistaken, but I would fain believe that the emotion he manifested was the work of God's powerful grace, and that He who in his infinite goodness did accept the conversion of a sinner on the cross was opening upon him an eye of mercy. And now I know not how to pen what followed. I proposed to him that we should unite in religious exercises He eagerly assented. [And here he apologized that he had not asked me on Monday to pray with him.] I said in reply that "I had also to blame myself; that, being an entire stranger to him, I did not know how far I might venture upon a first interview; that I had deeply reproached myself for the omission as soon as I left his cell on Monday." This explanation I gave the inquest on my examination.

I then said to him, before we prayed, I feel it my duty, as a minister of God, and a servant of His church, to address to you words of monition, some of which perhaps you may think severe; but I conceive them suited to your situation, and hope that God will accompany them with his blessing.

He rose from the foot of his bed, and taking a folded blanket from under his pillow, laid it on the floor by my cloak, knelt upon it, and buried his face in the coverlid. I commenced reading the exhortation to a 'Criminal under sentence of Death,' and when I reached the second sentence—"You are shortly to suffer death in such a manner that others, warned by your example, may be the more afraid to offend; and we pray God that you may make such use of your punishment in this world that your soul may be saved in the world to come"—[I would ask it as a favor of the reader to refer, when he comes to this, to the 'Exhortation' in the 'Office for the Visitation of Prisoners,' in the Prayer-Book]—his sobbings were audible and continued.—From the exhortation I proceeded at once to pray with him as "a malefactor after condemnation." He wept bitterly; repeated after me the petitions and expressions, and at the conclusion said more than once," Amen." When I rose from my knees, he remained in the same position, with his face hidden, for at least two minutes, murmuring, it seemed to me, broken supplications. I offered to leave him my Prayer-Book, and opened it at the 'Office for the Visitation of Prisoners.' He gladly accepted it, saying "that he was not acquainted with such prayers." I offered him also a prayer which I had written out for him before I left home, and several scripture references. He thanked me for them, and when I reminded him of Psalms, 50, 15, and implored him to profit by its advice there in his solitary cell—"Call upon God in the day of trouble"—he wrung my hand, and begged me not to think him so great a wretch as some did, or something to this effect. I told him I came not to judge him; I was but "a sinner endeavoring to minister to a wretched fellow sinner, and I prayed to God to bless the work to his soul's salvation." We parted.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 16.

At half past 10 o'clock this morning I went to the prison, and on entering was informed by one of the door-keepers that two ministers of another denomination were desirous of an interview with Mr. Colt. He asked if I had seen either of them, and seemed to wish my opinion as to the propriety of their admission to the cell. I said in reply that I had not seen either of the gentlemen—that I came at Mr. Colt's request, and that it was for him to decide, I thought, whether others should be admitted. While an officer went to apprize him that I was there, another individual asked me if I had any apprehensions as to his committing suicide. I observed that such an apprehension had not crossed my mind since I had seen him, and that such a result, in my judgement, in the prisoner's present frame, was not to be expected. I then passed into the cell. Mr. Colt extended to me his hand, and saying to him, "God be with you, Sir," I apologized for being somewhat behind the hour appointed. He replied that such apology was unnecessary, and as soon as I seated myself, took a letter from his table, and asked me if I knew a clergyman named James.

I replied, not personally, but by reputation; that I believed he belonged to the Presbyterian denomination and was of highly respectable character and standing. He said that he only wished to know inasmuch as Mr. James had written to him a very kind letter. I took occasion to mention to him, what I understood was the desire of other clerical gentlemen to visit him, and that it was of course a matter which he must decide. He said that he would rather decline the offer, for the reasons which he had before assigned, and objected to individuals coming there to ascertain his views and afterward distorting them through the press or the pulpit, and examining him on "doctrinal points."

"Now doctrinal points," I understood him to say, "have nothing to do with my case." Such a declaration startled me, and I immediately said, "the first principles and doctrines of Christ certainly bear on your case! There are cardinal, vital doctrines, the glory and life of the Gospel, which, from what has passed between us, I have been led to entertain the hope, would prove in this hour your stay. You must have found them summed up in the visitation office," taking up as I spoke the Prayer Book, which I had left with him, and repeating as I did so the Apostles creed—"here," said I, pointing to the creed in the morning service; "here is a surumary of the essential doctrines of Christianity, held to by other Christian denominations as well as by the church of which I am a minister. A humble and living faith in these we hold to be essential to salvation."

He said very promptly, "Oh, I believe all these—I believe in Christ, and I do n't see how any man can do otherwise." He then proceeded to say to this effect: that the 'doctrinal points' to which he had referred were certain views in reference to the sin of our first parents and predestination. He professed his belief that our first parents having fallen from God and corrupted themselves, all who descended from them must be corrupt—but his disbelief that our first parents' sin was our personal sin. Nor could he subscribe to the views entertained on the subject of predestination and reprobation, as held in the denomination in which he had been educated. Man was accountable for yielding to his corrupt propensities—for giving way to temptation—but that the Son of God had died for original and actual transgression, and that His atonement would avail the sinner who had faith and applied it to his heart and conscience.

The general tenor of his remarks at this point interested me much. I can only attempt an outline. He held that man was born with 'religious instincts.' He dwelt upon the case of the savage believing in the Great Spirit, and compared with him an individual living under the Gospel. The errors and mistakes of man in religion proved him a religious being. I could coincide with much that he said on this latter topic, and when I referred in corroboration of his remarks to the heathen system of religion, their sacrifices, &c., I recollect his observation. "Yes, seeking for something not revealed to them but to us—an atonement for sin." Mr. Colt asked me several direct questions as to human responsibility, and expressed it to be his full conviction that God would deal hereafter with every one according to his privileges, means and opportunities; that he was a just God, and would do right. Among other questions he said to me in words to this effect. "Why, now, take the case of a poor laborer, with a family of children growing up in want and without the means of instruction, and compare it with your situation, sir, and your children, and do n't you suppose that God will make allowances for one which he will not for the other?"

After some farther conversation on these topics, I turned it to a point on which I was aware the community felt, as I did myself, a deep interest, and where they had a right for information if it could be obtained.

The Episcopal Church, in the office for the "Visitation of Prisoners," requires her ministers after an examination of the individual concerning his faith and repentance, to exhort him to a particular confession of the sin for which he is condemned. I called Mr. Colt's attention to the rubric on this subject, and found that he was aware of its requirements. Reminding him then of the circumstances under which we had first met, and the character and results of our interview, I appealed to him in the strongest and kind est terms I was master of, for the manifestation on his part, of farther confidence. He met the appeal as it was meant. He solemnly declared that he committed the act in self-defence.

"I have said so," said he, "again and again, but where is the use? They will not believe it, they will not believe it." His face was covered with his handkerchief, and he wept bitterly. His manner and words affected me deeply. I asked him after a pause several questions. Among others this—"Will you carry this as your confession to the bar of God?" He assured me solemnly that he was prepared so to do, and not to die with a lie upon his lips. I inquired of him, "Taking your own account then to be the truth, do you think God has dealt harshly with you, under present circumstances?" "No;" said he, "God has not done it. Man has done it." I inquired of him farther; "You declare that you acted in self-defence. Still must you not feel deep sorrow and distress for having hurried a fellow creature without a moment's preparation into the presence of his God and brought such wo upon his family?" He assented with much emotion. I told him that I was constrained to believe he spoke the truth.

I then prayed with him—offered him again, after concluding, a prayer which I had written out that morning, and several Scripture references, such as the six penitential Psalms, &c. He thankfully accepted them. Rising to depart I quoted Matthew xi, 28, &c., and closed an interesting though painful visit of one hour and a half. I have omitted to mention that Mr. Colt complained of the course taken by the press, especially the false and unwarrantable statements of some of the "penny papers." I gave him every assurance that I was not the author, or responsible for one jot or tittle, and begged of him not to look at any newspaper. I took his Bible as I left the cell and put it into his hands—"There," said I, "my dear sir, is Heaven's best gift to one in your situation; read that, and let lying oracles alone."

Six o'clock, P. M.—At the prisoner's request I was to renew my visit to-morrow morning. But upon reflection, and for the purpose of ascertaining his determination in relation to one point in particular, I repaired at this hour to his cell. He seemed glad to see me, and his attention was asked at once to the matter on my mind. He was much affected as soon as I touched upon it—the situation of his child and his mother. Upon my expressing a hope that he was ready to repair to the utmost of his power the wrong done, he said, "Oh, certainly, it was his wish," and when I added, "perhaps you do not fully take my meaning. Are you ready to admit her to the rights of a wife?" He gave his ready assent, but added—"Perhaps his relatives ought to be asked. He did not know what their feelings were," or words to this effect. He then went on of his own accord to detail the circumstances under which the acquaintance was formed, spoke of —— with kindness, and whenever he referred to the child manifested great emotion. He promised to mention the matter to his friends as soon as he had an opportunity. I prayed with him and bade him farewell.

THURSDAY, November 17.

When I reached the prison at about a quarter past 11 today, I was informed of a rumor being in circulation that the Executive had respited the prisoner until January. Thinking it very important to have certain information on this point before an interview with Colt, I called on Mr. Graham, who coincided with me in opinion, and kindly accompanied me to the Sheriff's office. The result of an application for delay was made to us, and I was requested to communicate it to Mr. Colt, together with the request that he would fix the hour on the morrow. Before I reached his cell he had been informed by some friends of the Governor's renewed refusal to interfere. He grasped my hand as I entered, and we were both too much overcome to say a word. I prayed at his side for some time, both audibly and silently, and he remained on his knees for some minutes after I had concluded. His acknowledgements of his sinfulness and of his hope that he would find mercy at his Heavenly Father's hand for his Saviour's sake, came unprompted and were humble and fervent.

To comfort him, I found myself unequal to any thing more for a while than simply to repeat God's own assurances to the penitent and believing, from the holy volume, and put up brief ejaculations that he would strengthen and support my brother sinner in this hour of his sore calamity. Inexpressibly painful as this interview was, before it closed I implored him and adjured him as well as I was able, to tell me once more whether he would stand by his acknowledgements of yesterday touching the sad act for which he was to suffer, as the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. "O, yes—yes," was his reply. "Can you, my dear Sir," I asked, "throw any more light upon what passed?—If so, confide in me. I will do what I can to have justice done to your memory." "No," said he, "I have nothing more to add to what these letters contain," handing me at the same time a printed copy, in an envelope, of a paper, called "Extra Tattler, Oct. 25, 1842." When the sheriff and another gentleman (I believe Mr. Hart's brother) entered the cell to announce, as it was their painful duty, his approaching end, "O Mr. Hart, may God forgive you," I think was the exclamation of the unfortunate man, as he threw himself upon his face on his bed and wept.

When asked at what hour? "Let it be," said he, "at the setting of the sun." I did not remain very long after they withdrew, as he had, as he said, letters to write, and many friends who would wish to see him, and must for a time be left alone. I recollect well before we separated how he took his handkerchief from his face, and looking up with streaming eyes to Heaven, said, "Oh, I believe God—I believe God will, for the Savior, forgive me." After again praying with him I bade him farewell with a promise to return on Friday morning at 9 o'clock, to be with him from 9 to 10 at his own request.

Memorandum.—Before I visited Mr. Colt this day, I rode over at 9, to my friend the Rev. Dr. Smith, Rector of St. Peter's, and laid all my notes before him, and asked his advice. He thought I ought to mention to the prisoner the apprehensions on the minds of some that he would commit suicide, which I did at this point of the conversation; and told him solemnly if such an idea crossed his mind at any time, to dismiss it at once as the delusion of the adversary, as he valued his hopes of eternal salvation. He was much affected at the time, and disavowed expressly all such intention. Dr. Smith, so far as he could form an opinion from my "notes" and conversation, encouraged me in the course I was adopting.

We discussed for some time whether in what I supposed to be the prisoner's state of mind, it was expedient that I should mention to him the apprehension which others entertained of his destroying himself. After much conversation with my reverend and dear friend we came to the conclusion that it was my duty so to do. Again, I do not remember to have stated in my examination why I threw all mention of this matter into the form of a memorandum and not into the "notes of interviews." On Thursday night, after consulting with one in whose judgement I could confide, we came to the conclusion that in case the prisoner met his death according to the sentence of the law, and I should deem it my duty to lay before the public these "notes" as they were first written, it would be better, in order to spare the feelings of survivors, to avoid all mention of my having made to him this appeal.

The statement which follows, the public will bear in mind, is founded upon a few notes in pencil taken hastily on Friday, which I read at my examination before the inquest, and upon my subsequent recollections of the events in the prison, where I remained from 9 until 5 o'clock.

FRIDAY, Nov. 18, 9 A. M.

When I reached the cell door, I stated to the officer on duty that as I was to be with the prisoner by his own appointment from 9 to 10, I begged that we might not be interrupted, to which he kindly consented. As I entered Mr. Colt advanced and received me in a manner so calm and kind as affected me deeply. I cannot describe it. The remains of his breakfast he hastened to remove, and as I stood opposite to him, before seating myself, he informed me that Miss Henshaw would soon be present—of his wish to have the marriage ceremony performed—that he had no doubt she would consent—that his brother had gone to bring her to the prison, and would be there shortly.

He sat down on the foot of his bed, and I drew a chair near to it. He immediately handed to me a small package containing as he said $500, and asked me to count it. I opened the package so as to see that it was a sum in gold and notes, and without counting it, took it in charge, saying that I supposed it was correct. (The sum was subsequently counted in the presence of witnesses, and found to be $250 in American gold, and the remainder in notes of the city banks.) He then showed me a receipt drawn up by himself to the above effect, and finding upon examination of it that it referred to Miss Henshaw as his wedded wife, I advised him to defer the completing of this instrument until she had become so, and then have my signature attested by a competent witness. He acquiesced. (It was afterward signed by me and attested by Mr. Payne.)

He then went on to explain more fully his wishes, and the arrangements which he had made in the matter—read a letter which he intended to give, as he said, "to Caroline"—spoke of both mother and child with deep emotion, and said how anxious he was that the mother should lead a virtuous life, and the child be duly educated. Here it was, I recollect, he gave his views with so much correctness, in my opinion, of the influence of the "associations of home," in training up children, that my feelings gave way. I expressed, as soon as I could, my thoughts at seeing him so disposed—my readiness to comply with his wish in reference to the marriage, and my hope that this anxiety on his part to repair in this matter wrong done was evidence of sincere repentance. He at once, and so cordially, responded to my sentiments, that I was overpowered. I suggested the propriety of having the marriage over immediately, and at his request knocked at the cell door to ascertain if his brother had completed the arrangements. I understood him to say he had gone for Miss Henshaw and witnesses. But we could not make ourselves heard in consequence of the unlocking of several cell doors.

He observed that they were "feeding the prisoners," i. e. "giving them breakfast, and we must wait." A little circumstance at this time struck me as a proof of his collectedness. He had touched his face with his hand as he seated himself, and happening to look at his hand and said—"I have somehow blackened my face." He examined himself with a looking-glass, and either with his handkerchief, or a towel, removed the stain. Finding that we could not make ourselves heard by knocking at the inner iron door, I took up his Bible, as we resumed our seats, and remarked that he would spend, I hoped, the time until they came, profitably, and inquired if there was any passage in particular he wished to have read. My object was to turn conversation at once into the only proper channel. He left the selection to myself. The Bible, I found on opening it, was folded down at several places.

One of the first I struck upon was the 15th of St. Luke. I dwelt for a time upon the first seven verses—the joy in Heaven over a repenting sinner. I read him again here; and I distinctly recollect, in the course of my remarks, touching upon the situation of one in his terrible circumstances, having a conscience clear from wilful blood-guiltiness, and asking him again (as I was sitting directly in front of him,) if it was so with himself; his protestations were the same as they had been. Several passages of Scripture caught my eye in consequence of the pages being turned down, and led to brief comments, just as my feelings prompted. I can now recollect 2d Corinthians, 5th chapter, 1st and 2d verses—"For we know if the earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved," &c.—which led to his asking me some questions as to the resurrection of the body, its identity, &c. all of which points (the difficulties as to a resurrection) he appeared fully to accord with me in sentiment, could be solved and dissipated by simply recognizing the power of God. At the third verse, "If so be that being clothed upon we shall not be found naked," I now have it on my mind how I struggled to find words simple yet strong to show him how *naked* indeed is the sinner if he be not covered with the Son of God's righteousness, and all was as pointed to him by question as I was able.

The case of the blind man begging of Jesus by the way side (Luke xviii, 35,) was also brought before this unfortunate man, and the only available plea for acceptance in such an hour—Mercy through the Saviour—urged I cannot tell how often, nor can I tell the effect produced upon me by his manner and his expressions at this interview. There seemed to be a load lifted from off me. It I mistake not, about 10, or a little before, I knocked again at the door, at his request, or his brother entered to make some inquiry. My recollection here is not so clear. My pencil note, which I made some time afterward, is as follows: "His brother entering, arrangements were made to bring C. H. and we left the cell together, Mr. Colt wishing to be alone. I am to wait until his brother returns" The time intervening until 12 o'clock was passed by me in the galleries adjacent to the prisoner's cell, and in a vacant cell which one of the keepers allowed me to occupy.

There was a great anxiety manifested by many individuals as soon as the first interview ended, to learn from me the unhappy man's behavior and state of mind, so far as I could judge; and I could not avoid expressing my humble hope and belief, to such as accosted me, that he was prepared to submit to his sentence. About 12 o'clock, Mr. Colt's brother informed me that all the arrangements were made for the marriage. I entered the cell again, and at once proceeded with the ceremony, several persons being present as witnesses. I dwell not upon the scene. When left with the parties, I counseled, comforted and prayed with them. When I had concluded, he spoke to her with an intensity of feeling respecting her future course of life and the welfare of the child. His request to be left alone with his wife was indeed to me a great relief.

I think it was about 1 P. M., when I was requested to ask Mr. Samuel Colt if he had made arrangements to provide for the interment. He came at my request to the vacant cell, the third from his brother's, where I was sitting, and upon my putting to him the question he was completely overcome, and exclaimed, "Oh, I did not think it would come to this"—showing me that until that moment he entertained a hope of his brother's reprieve. Finding that he had made no arrangements, and that he wished a place for temporary interment, to relieve him from his *agony* I felt no hesitation in offering the temporary use of a vault at St. Mark's and the services of the sexton. He referred me to Mr. Selden, and after conferring with that gentleman, the necessary order was sent by me to Mr. Disbrow.

It was, if I recollect, about half past 1, when the prisoner again asked to see me. As soon as I entered his cell and the door was closed, he advanced and taking me by the arm said. "Now let us pray." We knelt and first he poured out (as it seemed to me) his soul in prayer. I recollect that his last words were "Oh, my God, I come to thee." He supplicated for his wife, child, friends and enemies. His expressions were without effort, fervent and touching. I cannot say how long he prayed. In conclusion he implored God's blessing upon me, and all was asked through our Lord and Saviour. When he ended I prayed with him, and when he rose from his knees, 'I have asked," he said, "for ajwatch."

I gave the signal at the door of the cell, and when it was opened, and the watch handed to him, he asked to compare the time with the sheriff's, and found that it wanted 20 minutes of 2. "Now," said he, "if any wish to bid me farewell let them come, as I wish to be left alone—I wish to pray." As they were entering, I took him by the hand and hoped that he would meet the end with Christian fortitude, and saying so paused. "Yes," said he, and before I relinquished his hand, I begged of him to lean upon the Savior for acceptance, and look to Him, the Lord Jehovah, for everlasting strength.

It was his request as we parted that I should come at four o'clock. The intervening moments were spent by me in the adjacent cell. About 20 minutes after 3 the Sheriff came to me and observed to this effect, that there would be but little light after 4, and as some preparations were to be made when the religious services were ended in the prisoner's cell, he asked my opinion about shortening the time stated. It was agreed between us that the Sheriff should give the signal a few minutes after I had been in the cell. At 4 the Sheriff called me. The public are informed already of what followed.

The prisoner, instead of dying as the sentence of the law demanded, passed to his final account by laying violent hands on himself.

I have nothing more to add, except to put up for my readers and myself a prayer which is taught by the Church to which I belong to her people at the advent season just opening:

"Almighty God: Give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness and put upon us the armor of light, now in the time of this mortal life in which thy Son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility, that in the last day, when He shall come again in his glorious majesty to judge both the quick and dead, we may rise to the life immortal, through him who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost—now and ever—Amen."

HENRY ANTHON,
Rector of St. Mark's Church, New-York.

November 21, 1842.

☞ **Particular Notice.**—Those persons having furniture of any description to dispose of, or who are breaking up house-keeping, will find a ready sale for any portion or all of their goods, by sending their address, or calling upon the subscriber. Goods to any amount purchased.
je29 tf F. COLTON & CO., 197 Chatham-st.

☞ **Liebig's Agricultural Chemistry** for sale at this office. Price 25 cents. Five copies for $1 00.

NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE.

BY GREELEY & McELRATH. OFFICE NO. 160 NASSAU-STREET. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

VOL. II. NO. 193. NEW-YORK, TUESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 22, 1842. WHOLE NO. 505.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.
FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:
SCROFULA, OR KING'S EVIL, RHEUMATISM, OBSTINATE CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, OR PUSTULES ON THE FACE, BLOTCHES, BILES, CHRONIC SORE EYES, RING WORM OR TETTER, SCALD HEAD, ENLARGEMENT OF THE BONES AND JOINTS, STUBBORN ULCERS, SYPHILITIC SYMPTOMS, SCIATICA OR LUMBAGO, and diseases arising from an injudicious use of Mercury, Ascitics, or Dropsy, exposure or imprudence in life. Also, Chronic Constitional Disorders will be removed by this preparation.

WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA IN NORWICH.

Read the following from Mrs. Wm. Phillips, who has long resided at the Falls. The facts are well known to all the old residents in that part of the city.

MESSRS. A. B. SANDS & Co., SIRS: Most gratefully do I embrace this opportunity for stating to you the great relief I obtained from the use of your Sarsaparilla. I shall also be happy, through you, to publish to all who are afflicted, as I lately was, the account of my unexpected, and even for a long while despaired of cure. Mine is a painful story, and trying and sickening as is the narrative of it, for the sake of many who may be so surely relieved, I will briefly yet accurately state it.

Nineteen years ago last April a fit of sickness left me with an Erysipelas eruption. Dropsical collections immediately took place over the entire surface of my body, causing such an enlargement that it was necessary to add a half yard to the size of my dresses around the waist. Next followed, upon my limbs, ulcers, painful beyond description. For years, both in summer and winter, the only mitigation of my suffering was found in pouring upon those parts cold water. From my limbs the pain extended over my whole body. There was literally for me no rest, by day or by night. Upon lying down these pains would shoot through my system, and compel me arise, and, for hours together, walk the house, so that I was almost entirely deprived of sleep. During this time the Erysipelas continued active, and the ulcers enlarged, and so deeply have these eaten, that for two and a half years they have been subject to bleeding. During these almost twenty years I have consulted many physicians These have called my disease—as it was attended with an obstinate cough, and a steady and active pain in my side—a dropsical consumption; and though they have been skilful practitioners, they were only able to afford my case a partial and temporary relief. I had many other difficulties too complicated to describe. I have also used many of the medicines that have been recommended as infallible cures for this disease, yet these all failed, and I was most emphatically growing worse. In this critical condition, given up by friends, and expecting, for myself, relief only in death, I was by the timely interposition of a kind Providence, furnished with your, to me, invaluable Sarsaparilla. A single bottle gave me an assurance of health, which for twenty years I had not once felt. Upon taking the second, my enlargement diminished, and in *twelve days* from the 8th October, when I commenced taking your Sarsaparilla, I was able to enjoy sleep andrest, by night, as refreshing as any I ever enjoyed when in perfect health. Besides, I was, in this short time, relieved from all those excrutiating and unalleviated pains that had afflicted my days, as well as robbed me of my night's repose. The ulcers upon my limbs are healed, the Erysipelas cured, and my size reduced nearly to my former measure.

Thus much do I feel it a privilege to testify to the efficacy of your health-restoring Sarsaparilla. A thousand thanks, sirs, from one whose comfort and whose hope of future health are due, under God, to your instrumentality. And may the same Providence that directed me to your aid, make you the happy and honored instruments of blessing others, as diseased and despairing as your much relieved and very grateful friend.

ASENATH M. PHILLIPS.

NEW LONDON, Co. ss, Norwich, Nov. 4, 1842.
Personally appeared, the above-named Asenath M. Phillips, and made oath to the facts contained in the foregoing statement before me. RUFUS W. MATHEWSON,
Justice of the Peace.

Being personally acquainted with Mrs. Phillips, I certify that the above asserted facts are substantially true.
WM. H. RICHARDS,
Minister of the Gospel at Norwich, Conn.

☞ Another proof of the superior value and efficiency of this preparation.

NEW-YORK, Oct. 19, 1842.
MESSRS. SANDS—GENTLEMEN: If you alone were concerned in the present statement, the great inducement for making it would be removed; for of course no testimony can strengthen your own convictions in relation to the value and efficiency of your Sarsaparilla, which has already proved such a blessing to the many hundreds who have used it. But I have looked upon the world encircling in its arms thousands bowed down with sufferings similar to my own, who would gladly hasten to the same source that restored my health, if they were persuaded they would meet with the same happy results. Therefore, gentlemen, it is that those thousands may be convinced, and profit by their conviction as I have done, that induces me to state before the world a period of suffering such as few have known, and the permanent relief I received from your Sarsaparilla. But how shall I begin, or how describe those excruciating agonies that seized upon my frame? Early in the month of June, 1840, I was first attacked with rheumatism, caused, I have reason to believe, by a severe cold contracted while nursing one of my children, who was then very ill.

My suffering soon became intense, everywhere I seemed diseased. For five months I was unable to walk, and for six weeks did not lie upon a bed, but was obliged to remain in a sitting posture, that being less agonizing than any other. My whole body was so sore and racked with pain that the slightest touch caused inexpressible distress. For a period of many months I did not sleep but two nights, and the only rest I obtained was during the day, when nature became exhausted and I fell into a slumber, from which I was soon awakened by the beating and throbbing pain. My limbs were swollen and my shoulders drawn out of place, and altogether I was rendered entirely helpless. I obtained the best medical advice, but without receiving any permanent relief. The rheumatism being combined with a swelling and painful affection of the joints, rendered it still worse. Tumors formed under the skin, round my head, which caused burning and lancinting pains similar to scrofula of the glands.

My groans at night caused the watchman to stop in the street as he passed by; and when many of my friends residing in Poughkeepsie last visited me, they bid me farewell, as they then thought for ever; and once the family assembled in the room to watch the last spark of life go out. But the flame of life again glared up within me; and soon after this I heard of your Sarsaparilla, and determined to try it; and behold the result. After taking one bottle the pain left me, and I was able to walk and sleep. I could scarcely realize the transition—so sudden, so complete. After using four or five bottles, I was entirely cured. And are you alone, gentlemen, concerned to know it? I think not; and this language is too mild for the occasion. For I know that the medicine that possesses the power to cure me is capable of conferring the same blessing upon thousands of others suffering—perhaps dying; therefore, these are all concerned to know that they can be cured. In fact, all are concerned in the discovery of any thing that tends to promote the happiness of the human race; for we are social beings, and cannot suffer alone. Persons may doubt this statement if they will, and go on and suffer and die, I have discharged a duty which I felt incumbent upon me in making it known for the benefit of those who choose to believe it. And when I look into the past—upon those solitary days and sleepless nights—I thank God that I am as I am. And I thank you, gentlemen, that you have made science minister unto our infirmities, and I, for one, will proclaim the fact.

Respectfully,
ANN BROWN, 479 Houston-street.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. SANDS & CO., Druggists and Chemists, Granite Buildings, No. 273 Broadway, corner of Chambers street, New-York. Sold also by A. B. & D. Sands, Druggists, Nos. 79 and 100 Fulton-street; David Sands & Co., No. 77 East Broadway, corner of Market-street. Price $1—6 bottles for $5. n11 tf

NOTICE.—Just opened a fine assortment of Plated Brass and Japanned Bitts
A fine assortment of Plated and Brass Stirrups
Do do do do Hames
Do do do do Knobs
Do do do do Lamps
Do do English Bridles and Martingales
Do do Whalebone Rosettes
Do do Ivory Rings
Do do Silk and Worsted Lace
Do do Springs, Axles, Hubs and Top And Patent Leather
Do do Whips, Tacks, Web, &c. by
s14 tf JNO. S. SUMNERS, 272 Pearl st.

PEW in Ascension Church for sale.—Pew No. 18 on the ground floor, in the body of the Church. Apply at No. 72 South-street. je14

ENGLISH IRON.—100 tons, well assorted, for sale by
n14 GRINNELL, MINTURN & CO., 78 South-st.

LARGE NUT OR STOVE COAL.—First quality Peach Orchard, this day discharging from boat Counsel, foot of Hubert street, clean and in good order, for sale at the lowest market price by
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