JUST BEFORE HIS SENTENCE.

MURDERER LEIGHTON'S ASTONISHING SPEECH TO THE COURT.

An Appeal, Plea, Defence, and Review of the Evidence Leading to a Hope—Felony of Women from the Sister of Mary Dean.

Augustus D. Leighton, the mulatto who killed Mary Dean, with a razor in June, 1880, and whose conviction has been affirmed by the Court of Appeals, was arraigned for sentence before the General Term of the Supreme Court yesterday morning. The court room was full. Leighton was dressed neatly, and wore a black spring overcoat. With his light complexion, broken dark eyes, dark hair and long mustache, he looked like a young lawyer interested in the proceedings.

When District Attorney McKeon moved for sentence, Mr. Spencer asked for permission for his client to speak. The presiding Justice asked Leighton if he had anything to say. "I have," said Leighton, emphatically. Then he produced a manuscript and read for an hour, rapidly in the beginning and more slowly as he warmed up. His voice was strong and clear. He began:

"Three months ago I appeared at your bar to be sentenced for the crime of which I have been convicted by the verdict of a jury. I did not then speak, for reasons which your Honors know, which, upon reflection, you will fully approve. I was then in a state of mind which made it impossible for me to address your Honors as I now do. The shock of the verdict, your Honors, the loss of my liberty for months or for life, the ruin of my fair prospects, the blasting of my good name, the disgrace and misery of my family, the sorrow of my friends, the pity of strangers, the taunts of my enemies, the triumph of those who envied me, the hopes of those who hated me, the sneers of those who despised me, the tears of those who loved me, the sentence of the law, the frown of my judge, the sympathy of my counsel, the tolerance of my prosecutors, the kindness of my keepers, the pity of my jurors, the sorrow of my children, the heartbreaking sobs of my aged mother, the fainting of my wife, the cursing of my sister, I had some of these, your Honors, to feel then. I have been a dutiful son, a generous brother, a loving husband, a kind and affectionate father, a true and upright friend.

"I have, your Honors, as much admiration as any man for a strong-hearted, noble woman. I have lived for years with a woman who I believed, and who, I believe, your Honors, the woman herself believed, was an angel. They compared her to Madonna, and said she was as pure. Endowed with the most glorious talents, of a brilliant attainment, of cold, refined, irreproachable character, she could have married in any station she chose to such positions as dignity and trust afford. Such women there are, your Honors, characteristic to the point of exasperating the weak and the base, they are so unlike them. Such women there are, your Honors, the pure, the true, the noble, the self-sacrificing, the self-respecting, the self-reliant, the self-contained, the self-poised, the self-sustaining women, your Honors, the world speaks when it speaks of women.

"The man who lays a finger on a woman, who, in the sight of Heaven, is a villain, who, in the sight of his fellows, is a coward, who, in the sight of his God, will be a sinner, who, in the sight of his country, is a traitor, who, in the sight of his children, should be a coward, who, in the sight of his mother, should be a villain, who, in the sight of his father, should be a traitor, who, in the sight of his wife, should be a coward, who, in the sight of his sister, should be a villain, who, in the sight of his friends, should be a traitor, who, in the sight of his country, should be a coward, who, in the sight of his God, will be a sinner, who, in the sight of himself, should be a villain, who, in the sight of his mother