

An Exciting Scene at Plymouth Church.

There was quite an excitement yesterday morning at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. The pastor, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, near the close of the usual morning services, paused after reading the first line of the last hymn, and in justification of what he was about to propose, read to the congregation the passage in the XIIth chapter of St. Matthew, from the 10th to the 14th verse, which the story of Christ healing the withered hand on the Sabbath day is so beautifully told. He then announced to the congregation that two weeks ago he had received an important communication from Washington, setting forth that a certain young woman was there who had been put up for sale at the auction mart by her own father, *that a slave driver who was acquainted with the circumstances of the case, took pity upon her, and bought her for the sum of \$1,200, intending to give her an opportunity to obtain her freedom, and thus save her from the sad fate sure to follow, were she sent to the plantations down South; that this same slave driver himself appropriated \$100 towards her freedom, and he obtained a like amount from another slave driver of his acquaintance, leaving \$1,000 which the girl had yet to raise before she could be free.*

By calling on generous and good men in Washington city and in Baltimore, the girl obtained subscriptions to the amount of \$500. The writer of the communication requested the aid of Mr. Beecher, and the church over which he presides, in raising the balance. To this affecting story, Mr. B. replied by mail that he would not move in the matter, (probably fearing that an imposition was about to be practised upon him,) unless the girl was sent here herself. This was consented to on behalf of her master, by the girl giving him her parole of honor that in case of a failure to raise the sum necessary she would return to him.—

Mr. Beecher then in an affecting manner alluded to the respect due to the WOMAN, whether she was bond or free, educated or uneducated, and concluded by inviting the young woman, who was present in the church, to come upon the platform, with which invitation she complied. She was scarcely as dark as an Indian, and had a pleasing and intelligent countenance. Her appearance upon the speaker's stand, evidently much disconcerted before such an immense assemblage of strangers, and fearing, no doubt, that the much needed money would not be raised, so excited the congregation, stirred as their feelings were by the preceding remarks of the speaker, that the hot tears streamed down the weather-beaten countenances of strong men as well as the softer cheeks of beautiful women. The officers of the church then passed around the plates, and although the congregation had no previous knowledge or expectation that there would be such a demand made upon their benevolence, they were rapidly filled.

Several gentlemen near the pulpit intimated to Mr. B. that they would be responsible for any short comings in the collection, and that he might relieve the girl of suspense. This he did, but it also reached the ears of the congregation, who, in as great suspense almost as the girl herself, forgot the sacred character of the day, and gave vent to their joy in a loud clapping of hands. Mr. Beecher remarked that he did not approve of the clapping of hands in the church on the Sabbath, but as the deliverance of a slave from bondage was a proper occasion for joy and gladness, he would be content to call it "*a holy clapping of hands.*" The sum contributed was *seven hundred and seventy five dollars*, besides several articles of jewelry which ladies unprepared with money had cast into the plates.

We understand that the girl has a child, and that the surplus funds collected are to be applied to the purchase of its freedom, and to aid the young woman in settling herself at some useful occupation here at the North.—*N. Y. Jour. of Com.*