

and to kill men with the sword, is gaining a commanding influence very fast over both parties. And who, but the advocates of the Colonization Society, receive him as a welcome guest? Who but they have built him a temple, and cried, 'Long live Prejudice against free born Americans of sable hue!' Who but they are continually crying, 'The free blacks are dangerous! the free blacks are dangerous! Away with them—away with them to Africa!' Who but they are the apologists for murder, theft, and all the horrid concomitants of Slavery? Who but they have defiled our temples of worship dedicated to God for his service, making merchandise of the souls of men by transferring them over to the keeping of prejudice?

Good God! are our statesmen, are our clergymen, are our churches given up to believe a lie that they may be damned? Is this country given over forever? God forbid! Let the lovers of truth make one more laudable effort; let them value their country's welfare above reputation; let them value the souls of their fellow countrymen above wealth; let them prize the approbation of their God above their lives; and may Daniel's God be their God, that they may be instrumental, in his hand, in liberating the oppressed, binding up the broken hearted, defending the cause of the needy, and saving our country from utter ruin!

A NATIVE OF NORTH BRIDGEWATER.

SLAVERY RECORD.

CONFESSIONS OF NAT TURNER.

These confessions occupy 23 pages 12mo., and are stated to have been fully and voluntarily made to Thomas R. Gray, in the prison where Nat was confined. An edition of 50,000 copies has been printed in Baltimore, which will only serve to rouse up other leaders and cause other insurrections, by creating among the blacks admiration for the character of Nat, and a deep, undying sympathy for his fate. We advise the Grand Juries in the several slave States to indict Mr Gray and the printers of the pamphlet forthwith; and the legislative bodies at the south to offer a large reward for their apprehension.

The history of Nat is certainly somewhat remarkable. He was born October 2d, 1800. In his childhood, from some circumstances, his mother and others said in his presence that he would surely be a prophet, as the Lord had shewn him things that had happened before his birth. This remark made a deep impression upon his mind, and affected all his subsequent conduct. He learned to read with such facility, that he had no recollection whatever of learning the alphabet—grew up a prodigy revered among his fellows—was never addicted to stealing, or known to have a dollar in his life, to swear an oath, or drink a drop of spirits—studiously wrapped himself in mystery, and devoted his hours to fasting and prayer, and communion with the Spirit. He had a vision, and saw white spirits and black spirits engaged in battle, and the sun was darkened—the thunder rolled in the Heavens, and blood flowed in streams—and he heard a voice saying, 'Such is your luck, such you are called to see, and let it come rough or smooth, you must bear it.' While laboring in the field, he discovered drops of blood on the corn, as though it were dew from heaven—and found on the leaves in the woods hieroglyphic characters, and numbers, with the forms of men in different attitudes portrayed in blood—&c. &c. &c.

From all this it appears that Nat was partially insane, and led astray by a religious fanaticism. We make an extract from his Confessions, giving an account of the origin and progress of the dreadful tragedy in Southampton.

'Since the commencement of 1830, I had been living with Mr. Joseph Travis, who was to me a kind master, and placed the greatest confidence in me; in fact, I had no cause to complain of his treatment to me. On Saturday evening, the 20th of August, it was agreed between Henry, Hark and myself, to prepare a dinner the next day for the men we expected, and then to concert a plan, as we had not yet determined on any. Hark, on the following morning, brought a pig, and Henry, brandy, and being joined by Sam, Nelson, Will and Jack, they prepared in the woods a dinner, where about three o'clock, I joined them.

Q. Why were you so backward in joining them?

A. The same reason that had caused me not to mix with them for years before.

I saluted them on coming up, and asked Will how came he there: he answered, his life was worth no more than others, and his liberty as dear to him. I asked him if he thought to obtain it? He said he would, or lose his life. This was enough to put him in full confidence. Jack, I knew, was only a tool in the hands of Hark. It was quickly agreed we should commence at home (Mr. J. Travis') on that night, and until we had armed and equipped ourselves, and gathered sufficient force, neither age nor sex was to be spared, (which was invariably adhered to.) We remained at the feast, until about two hours in the night, when we went to the house and found Austin; they all went to the cider press and drank, except myself. On returning to the house, Hark went to the door with an axe, for the purpose of breaking it open, as we knew we were strong enough to murder the family, if they were awaked by the noise; but reflecting that it might create an alarm in the neighborhood, we determined to enter the house secretly, and murder

them whilst sleeping. Hark got a ladder and set it against the chimney, on which I ascended, and hoisting a window, entered and came down stairs, unbarred the door, and removed the guns from their places. It was then observed that I must spill the first blood. On which, armed with a hatchet, and accompanied by Will, I entered my master's chamber; it being dark, I could not give a death blow; the hatchet glanced from his head, he sprang from the bed and called his wife; it was his last word. Will laid him dead, with a blow of his axe, and Mrs. Travis shared the same fate, as she lay in bed. The murder of this family, five in number, was the work of a moment, not one of them awoke; there was a little infant sleeping in a cradle, that was forgotten, until we had left the house and gone some distance, when Henry and Will returned and killed it; we got here, four guns that would shoot, and several old muskets, with a pound or two of powder. We remained some time at the barn, where we paraded; I formed them in a line as soldiers, and after carrying them through all the manoeuvres I was master of, marched them off to Mr. Nathaniel Francis', about six hundred yards distant. Sam and Will went to the door and knocked. Mr. Francis asked who was there? Sam replied it was him, and he had a letter for him, on which he got up and came to the door; they immediately seized him, and dragging him out a little from the door; he was despatched by repeated blows on the head; there was no other white person in the family. We started from there for Mrs. Reese's, maintaining the most perfect silence on our march, where finding the door unlocked, we entered, and murdered Mrs. Reese in her bed, while sleeping; her son awoke, but it was only to sleep the sleep of death; he had only time to say who is that, and he was no more. From Mrs. Reese's we went to Mrs. Turner's, a mile distant, which we reached about sunrise, on Monday morning. Henry, Austin and Sam, went to the still, where, finding Mr. Peebles, Austin shot him, and the rest of us went to the house; as we approached, the family discovered us, and shut the door. Vain hope! Will, with one stroke of his axe, opened it, and we entered and found Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Newsome in the middle of a room, almost frightened to death. Will immediately killed Mrs. Turner, with one blow of his axe. I took Mrs. Newsome by the hand, and with the sword I had when I was apprehended, I struck her several blows over the head, but not being able to kill her, as the sword was dull. Will turning around and discovering it, despatched her also. A general destruction of property and search for money and ammunition, always succeeded the murders. By this time my company amounted to fifteen, and nine men mounted, who started for Mrs. Whitehead's (the other six were to go through a by way to Mr. Bryant's and rejoin us at Mrs. Whitehead's.)—as we approached the house, we discovered Mr. Richard Whitehead standing in the cotton patch, near the lane fence; we called him over into the lane, and Will, the executioner, was near at hand, with his fatal axe, to send him to an untimely grave. As we pushed on to the house, I discovered some one run round the garden, and thinking it was some of the white family, I pursued them, but finding it was a servant girl belonging to the house, I returned to commence the work of death, but they whom I left, had not been idle; all the family were already murdered, but Mrs. Whitehead and her daughter Margaret. As I came round to the door, I saw Will pulling Mrs. Whitehead out of the house, and at the step he nearly severed her head from her body, with his broad axe. Miss Margaret, when I discovered her, had concealed herself in the corner, formed by the projection of the cellar cap from the house; on my approach she fled, but was soon overtaken, and after repeated blows with a sword, I killed her by a blow on the head, with a fence rail. By this time, the six who had gone by Mr. Bryant's, rejoined us, and informed me they had done the work of death assigned them. We again divided, part going to Mr. Richard Porter's, and from thence to Nathaniel Francis', the others to Mr. Howell Harris', and Mr. T. Doyles. On my reaching Mr. Porter's, he had escaped with his family. I understood there, that the alarm had already spread, and I immediately returned to bring up those sent to Mr. Doyles, and Mr. Howell Harris'; the party I left going on to Mr. Francis', having told them I would join them in that neighborhood. I met these sent to Mr. Doyles' and Mr. Harris' returning, having met Mr. Doyle on the road and killed him; and learning from some who joined them, that Mr. Harris was from home, I immediately pursued the course taken by the party gone on before; but knowing they would complete the work of death and pillage at Mr. Francis' before I could get there, I went to Mr. Peter Edwards', expecting to find them there, but they had been here also. I then went to Mr. John T. Barrow's, they had been here and murdered him. I pursued on their track to Capt. Newit Harris', where I found the greater part mounted, and ready to start; the men now amounting to about forty, shouted and hurraed as I rode up, some were in the yard, loading their guns, others drinking. They said Captain Harris and his family had escaped, the property in the house they destroyed, robbing him of money and other valuables. I ordered them to mount and march instantly; this was about nine or ten o'clock, Monday morning. I proceeded to Mr. Levi Waller's, two or three miles distant. I took my station in the rear, and as it 'twas my object to carry terror and devastation wherever we went, I placed fifteen or twenty of the best armed and most to be relied on, in front, who generally approached the houses as fast as their horses could run; this was for two purposes, to prevent their escape and strike terror to the inhabitants—on this account I never got to the houses, after leaving Mrs. Whitehead's, until the murders were committed, except in one case. I sometimes got in sight in time to see the work of death completed, viewed the mangled bodies as they lay, in silent satisfaction, and immediately started in quest of other victims.—Having murdered Mrs. Waller and ten children, we started for Mr. William Williams'—having killed him and two little boys that were there; while es-

gaged in this, Mrs. Williams fled and got some distance from the house, but she was pursued, overtaken, and compelled to get up behind one of the company, who brought her back, and after showing her the mangled body of her lifeless husband, she was told to get down and lay by his side, where she was shot dead. I then started for Mr. Jacob Williams, where the family were murdered—Here we found a young man named Drury, who had come on business with Mr. Williams—he was pursued, overtaken and shot. Mrs. Vaughan was the next place we visited—and after murdering the family here, I determined on starting for Jerusalem.’

The remainder of the pamphlet is occupied principally in detailing Nat’s various shifts to escape and final capture. It does not appear that he ever saw a copy of the ‘infernall Liberator’ or of ‘Walker’s Pamphlet.’ He denied any knowledge of the plot in North Carolina.

The Slave Trade in Cuba.—A gentleman who has lately arrived here from Trinidad de Cuba, states that the slave trade is carried on openly, and that while he was there, a ship entered the port, and reported her cargo; finding there was no danger from our cruisers, she proceeded a short distance from the town, and landed 542 slaves, receiving assistance from the importer’s friends on shore. Two brigs had also, a few weeks previously, landed about an equal number at the same place, and it is insinuated, that these vessels have been fitted out for the horrid trade by the British capitalists, who are deeply interested in the cultivation of foreign sugar, to the injury and ruin of the unfortunate colonists of Great Britain.—*Boston Transcript.*

Slave Trade.—One hundred and eighty slaves came into town yesterday, on board of the steam boat *Hibernia*, from Louisville. Added to those already in town, we find **ONE THOUSAND AND ELEVEN** to the aggregate number of slaves introduced since the 17th Oct. last.—*N. Orleans Bee.*

The new law of Louisiana, regulating the introduction of slaves, provides that citizens and actual settlers may bring in slaves, their own property and for their own use, except those purchased in *Mississippi, Alabama, Arkansas, or Florida.* This law, with such a latitude, will possess no efficiency. It is a fair specimen of southern legislation on the subject of slavery.

At the County Court, Queen Ann’s, Md. on Wednesday last, Thomas J. Bond, indicted for killing a negro, was convicted of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to twelve years imprisonment.

Negro Betsey has been sentenced to death at Hagerstown, Md. for infanticide.
