

## The Press and General Review.

## METHODISM EXTRAORDINARY.

INCIDENTS OF THE PRESIDENT AND PARTY.  
From the British Banner.

Bristol, Feb. 20

Yesterday and to-day have been fatal to the Conference cause in Bristol. Whether the President tracked the Rev. S. Dunn, or the Rev. S. Dunn tracked the President, I cannot say; but placards were posted at the close of last week, stating that the President would preach at Langton-street Chapel, on Sunday morning, and at King-street (Ebenezer) Chapel, in the evening; at the same time other bills announced the Rev. S. Dunn (the expelled) to preach at Zion Chapel (Independent), on Sunday morning, and Castle-green Chapel (Independent), in the evening. Every effort, as I am informed, was made to muster a bumper for the President, but the attendance was by no means overflowing on either occasion, whilst Mr. Dunn had an auditory as closely packed as possible, and hundreds, we may almost say thousands, could not gain admittance.

The bill announcing the sermons of the President also announced that he would meet the Members of the Society of the South Circuit at Langton-street Chapel, on Monday, and those of the North Circuit on Tuesday evening, at King-street Chapel. The meeting of to-night has settled the subject for Bristol: at the appointed hour of opening the door such a throng presented themselves, that, in a few minutes, it was crammed—literally crammed—the portion who entered the gallery obtained entrance without the exhibition of tickets—this was ultimately used as a ruse to turn the character of the meeting. The time of the meeting had passed when the President, Mr. Rattenbury and a number of other parties took their stations in the pulpit and on the platform. The President, accompanied by Mr. Button and Mr. Carr, occupied the pulpit. Mr. Button is the Superintendent of the Circuit, and was proceeding to say, "None but Members of the Society were invited to attend the meeting," when he was met by loud cries of "Mr. Dunn." "He is a Member of the Society." Mr. Button made another attempt to say that the character of the meeting would be changed, as there were others than Members of Society present, and it would be made a religious meeting, and the President would preach to them; but the Meeting would not hear. Mr. Button then tried another tack, and began to shake the law at the meeting, and to say that "the place in which they were assembled was a licensed place of worship; but every effort to make himself heard was drowned by cries of "Mr. Dunn." Mr. Carr then stood up, but with no better success. Mr. Cusworth then begged a hearing for the President, and was answered by loud cries of "Yes, if you will let Mr. Dunn hear him too." The President then rose, and stood till he was tired, in vain looking for quietness. Here Mr. Button again rose, and asked a hearing for the President; but the audience stood firm, "Let Dunn in to hear him too." Mr. Button then announced a hymn, but what it was, it was impossible to hear; the gentlemen on the platform, however, heard, at any rate they sang, and the shouts for Mr. Dunn, and other expressions rose above the tune (the Old Hundredth), and during the first verse there seemed a kind of rivalry which should be the loudest—the singing or the shouting. In the second verse the singers gained ground a little, and the third verse was sung in comparative quiet; but no sooner had the strain ceased, than the shouting began again. Mr. Wood then gained a hearing, while he spoke something to the following effect;—"Christian friends, you have known me for many years, some of you, and you have never known me to give you selfish advice. I implore you to allow the President to speak, and hear what he has to say with calmness, and if you do not like what he says it will be competent for you to retire. (Cries of "Oh, oh!" Hisses; and "No, no!" "That's enough.") I implore you to hear the President. ("Let Dunn in to hear him too.")

Mr. Button; it's no good.

A popular man then ascended the platform, a Mr. Copp; when he was met with cheers, and cries of "Hear Copp;" but, from some cause, Mr. Copp did not speak, though loudly, and for a long time, called for. We suppose he was not allowed by the President.

A cry was then raised, that Mr. Griffiths was at the door; should he be let in?—answered by cries from other voices, "Yes, bring him in." A brother of Mr. Griffiths then stood on a form near the door, and was heard, whilst he put the question to the President to allow his brother to come into the meeting, and hear what the President had to say. (Loud cries of "Bring him in.") The gentleman waited in vain for a reply, for, no sooner had the question been put, than the President left the pulpit and the meeting.

Mr. Button then stated, that the meeting was adjourned *sine die*.

Mr. Wood then asked them to hear him, whilst he made an announcement, which was, "We do not intend to make another attempt to-morrow evening." This announcement was received with cheers.

A person from Midsomer Norton then, from the gallery, made some remarks, which, in a

man, could not be correctly stated; and a person who called himself a working man, also was heard to some length on the side of the reformers, making some quaint but telling statements. The Ministers still held the platform, and Mr. Button and another in the pulpit. About thirty policemen also made their appearance. Mr. Button gave out a hymn, but the audience would neither join nor hear, and the platform sang alone, amidst the greatest confusion, through six or eight verses, when, finding it utterly useless to proceed, the singing was abruptly stopped. Mr. Toole then stood up and asked Mr. Wood to explain the meeting why Messrs. Dunn, Everett, and Griffiths were expelled, but Mr. Wood declined to answer. Mr. Russom then asked the assembly if they would leave the meeting quietly if the gentlemen on the platform would retire, which was agreed to, and this having been done, the assembly separated, singing in a lively strain—

Shout, shout, the victory;  
We're on our journey home.

So ended a demonstration, we should say without a parallel in the annals of Wesleyanism or any other *ism*. It was announced, that, at the earliest opportunity, the Expelled Ministers would have another hearing in Bristol.

## ON THE SUITABLENESS OF THE CHURCH OF ROME TO CONTROL EDUCATION.

From Victor Hugo's Celebrated Speech in the French Legislative Assembly.

We know the clerical party! It is an old one which has had many conditions of service. It is that which keeps guard at the gate of orthodoxy, it is that which has discovered for truth the two marvellous conditions of ignorance and error; it is that which has forbidden science and genius to go beyond the mass-book, and which would cloister thought in dogma. Every step which the mind of Europe has taken, has been taken in spite of you! The history of Jesuitism is written in the history of human progress, but it is written on the back. It is opposed to everything. It is that which caused Prineili to be beaten with rods for having said that the stars would not fall. It is that which persecuted Harvey for having proved that the blood circulates. In the name of Jesus it shuts up Galilee, and in the name of St. Paul it imprisons Columbus. To discover the laws of nature is impiety with the Jesuits. To find a world is heresy. It is Jesuitism which anathematized Pascal in the name of religion; Montaigne in the name of mortality, and Moliere in the name of both. Oh! yes, certainly, whoever you may be, call yourselves Catholic, or what you please, we know you.—Do you not see that the human conscience revolts against you; and yet you have endeavored for a long time to put fetters upon the human spirit. You want to be master of instruction, whilst there is not a poet, or an author, or philosopher, or a thinker, whom you would accept. If the brain of universal humanity were before your eyes you would make erasures. You know it.

Finally, there is a book—a book which is, from one end to the other, of superior emanation—a book which is for the whole world what the Koran is for Islamism, what the Vedas are for India—a book which contains all human wisdom enlightened by divine wisdom—a book which the veneration of the people has called the book, the Bible. Ah, well! your censure has mounted up even to that. An unheard-of thing! The Popes have proscribed the Bible!—What astonishment for wise minds, what terror to simple hearts, to see the finger of Rome put upon the book of God!

You claim the liberty to instruct. For some centuries you have held in your hands, at your discretion, at your school, under your ferule, two great nations—Italy and Spain, illustrious among the illustrious; and what have you done with them? I am going to tell you. Thanks to you, Italy, of which no one can think nor even pronounce her name without inexpressible filial grief—Italy, that mother of genius and of nations, which has diffused over the whole world the most astonishing productions of poetry and art—Italy, which has taught our race to read, does not to-day know how to read herself!—Yes, Italy has, of the States of Europe, the smallest number of native inhabitants who are able to read! Spain, magnificently endowed; Spain, which received from the Romans her first civilization, from Providence, and in spite of you, a world, America; Spain has lost, thanks to you, thanks to your brutal yoke, which is a yoke of degradation, Spain has lost that secret of her power which she received from the Romans—that genius in the arts which she received from the Arabs—that world which God gave her. And in exchange for all you have made her lose, what has she received? She has received the *Inquisition*. The inquisition, which certain men of a certain party are endeavoring to-day to re-establish, with a modest timidity for which I honor them. The Inquisition, which has burnt upon the funeral pile five millions of men! Read history. The Inquisition, which exhumed the dead in order to burn them as heretics. Witness Urgel, and Arnault, Count of Forcalquier. The Inquisition, which declares children heretics even to the second generation! It is true, in order to console Spain for what you have taken from her, that you have surnamed what you have given her Cath-

olic! Ah! do you know? You have drawn from one of the greatest of men that dolorous cry which accuses you: "I would much rather that Spain should be great than that she should be Catholic." See what you have done with that focus of light which you call Italy! You have extinguished it. That Colossus which you call Spain, you have undermined. The one is in ruins, the other in ashes.

From the New York Herald.

## THE LAST SCENE IN THE TRIAL OF PROFESSOR WEBSTER.

## THE SENTENCE OF DEATH PRONOUNCED BY CHIEF JUSTICE SHAW.

Boston, Monday, April 1, 1850.

Dr. Webster was brought into court this morning, at eight minutes to nine o'clock, to receive the solemn sentence of the law. He looked gloomy in the extreme, but collected and calm. The court room was densely crowded as were all the avenues leading to it.

At ten minutes past nine the court came in, including the Hon. Richard Fletcher, who had not attended the trial.

After some minutes of silence Mr. Attorney General Clifford narrated the facts of the indictment, trial and verdict, and moved the court that the final sentence be now pronounced.

The prisoner rose, and was asked by the clerk what he had to show, why sentence of death should not be pronounced against him.

The prisoner bowed and took his seat in silence.

Chief Justice Shaw then addressed him in the following words:—

John W. Webster—In meeting you here for the last time, to pronounce that sentence which the law has affixed to the high and aggravating offense of which you stand convicted, it is impossible, by language, to give utterance to the deep consciousness of responsibility, to the keen sense of sadness and sympathy with which we approach this solemn duty. Circumstances which all who hear may duly appreciate, but which may seem hardly fit to allude to in more detail, render the performance of this duty, on the present occasion, most unspeakably painful. At all times and under all circumstances, the feeling of indelible solemnity is attached to the utterance of that stern voice of retributive justice, which consigns a fellow being to an untimely and ignominious death; but when we consider all the circumstances of your past life, your various relations in society, the claims upon you by others, the hopes and expectations you have cherished with your present condition, and the ignominious death which awaits you, we are oppressed with grief and anguish; and nothing but a sense of imperative duty, imposed on us by the law, whose officers and ministers we are, could sustain us in pronouncing such a judgment. To this verdict upon a careful revision of the whole proceeding, I am constrained to say, in behalf of the court, that they can perceive no just or legal grounds of exception—guilty. How much under all these thrilling circumstances which cluster around the case, and through our memories with the retrospect, does this single word import; but the wilful, violent, and malicious destruction of the life of a fellow man in the peace of God, and under the protection of the law. Yes! of one in the midst of life, with bright hopes, warm affections, mutual attachments—strong, extensive and numerous—making life a blessing to him and others. We allude thus to the injury you have inflicted, not for the purpose of awakening one unnecessary pang in a heart already incumbered; but to remind you of the irreparable wrong done to the victim of your cruelty—in sheer justice to him whose voice is now hushed in death, and whose wrongs can be only vindicated by the living action of the law. If, therefore, you may at any moment think your case a hard one, and your punishment too severe—if one repining thought arises in your mind, or murmuring word seeks utterance from your lips, think! oh! think of him, instantly deprived of life by your guilty hand. Then, if not lost to all sense of retributive justice—if you have any compunctious rising of conscience, you may be ready to exclaim, in the bitter anguish of truth—"I have sinned against Heaven and my own soul; my punishment is just; God be merciful to me a sinner." God grant your example may afford a solemn warning to all, especially to the young. May it impress deeply upon every mind the salutary lesson it is intended to teach, to guard against the indulgence of unhallowed and vindictive passion—to resist temptation to every selfish, sordid and wicked purpose; to listen to the warnings of conscience, and yield to the claims of duty; and whilst they instinctively shrink with abhorrence from the first thought of assailing the life of another, may they learn to reverence the laws of God and society, designed to secure protection to their own. We forbear, for obvious considerations, from adding such words of advice as may be sometimes thought appropriate on occasions like this; it has only been our province, on occasions like the present, to address the illiterate, the degraded, the outcast, whose early life has been cast amongst the vicious, the neglected, the abandoned—who have been blessed

with no means of moral and religious culture—who have never received the benefits of cultivated society, nor enjoyed the sweet and ennobling influences of home—to such an one, a word of advice, upon an occasion so impressive, may be a word fitly spoken, and tend to good; but in a case like this, where these circumstances are ill reversed, no word of ours could be more efficacious than the suggestions of your own better thoughts, to which we commend you.

Against the crime of wilful murder, of which you stand convicted—a crime at which humanity shudders—a crime everywhere, and under all forms of society, regarded with the deepest abhorrence—the law has denounced its severest penalties, in these few simple, but solemn and impressive words: "Every person who shall commit the crime of murder shall suffer the punishment of death for the same." The manifest object of the law is the protection and security of human life—the most important object of a just and paternal government. It is made the duty of this court to declare the penalty against any one who shall have been found guilty, in due course of the administration of justice, of having violated this law. It is one of the most solemn acts of judicial power which an earthly tribunal can be called upon to exercise; it is a high and exemplary manifestation of the sovereign authority of the law, as well in its stern and inflexible severity as in its protecting and paternal benignity. It punishes the guilty with severity, in order that the right to the enjoyment of life the most precious of all rights, may be more effectually secured. By the record before us, it appears that you have been indicted by the Grand Jury of this county for the crime of murder, alleging that on the twenty-third of November last, you made an assault on the person, of Dr. George Parkman, and, by acts of violence, you deprived him of life with malice aforethought. This is alleged to have been done within the apartment of a public institution, in this city—the medical College, of which you were a professor and an instructor, upon the person of a man of mature age, well known, and of extensive connections in this community, and a benefactor to that institution. The charge of an offense so aggravated, in the midst of a peaceful community creates an instantaneous outburst of surprise, alarm, and terror, and was followed by universal and intense anxiety to learn, by the results of a judicial proceeding, whether this charge was true. The day of trial came. A court was organized to consider it. A jury, almost of your own choosing, was selected, in the manner best calculated to ensure intelligence and impartiality. Counsel were appointed to assist you in conducting your defence, who have done all that learning, eloquence, and skill could accomplish in presenting your defence in its best aspects. A very large number of witnesses were carefully examined, and after a laborious trial, of unprecedented length, conducted as we hope, with patience and fidelity, that jury have pronounced you guilty. But, as we are opposed to this last sad duty of pronouncing sentence, which is indeed the voice of the law, and not our own; yet in giving utterance, we cannot do it with feelings of indifference, as a formal and official act. God forbid that we should be prevented from indulging and expressing those irrepressible feelings of interest, sympathy, and compassion which arise spontaneously in our hearts, and we do most sincerely and cordially deplore the distressing condition into which crime has brought you, and though we have no word of present consolation, or of earthly hope to offer you in this hour of your affliction; yet we devoutly commend you to the mercy of our Heavenly Father, with whom is abundance of mercy, and from whom we may all hope for pardon and peace. And now, nothing remains but the solemn duty of pronouncing the sentence which the law fixes for the crime of murder, of which you stand convicted which sentence is that

## THE SENTENCE.

You, John W. Webster, be removed from this place, and detained in close custody, in the prison of this country, and thence taken, at such time as the Executive government of this Commonwealth may by their warrant appoint, to the place of execution, and there be hung by the neck until you are dead. And may God, of his infinite goodness, have mercy on your soul.

## DELIBERATION OF THE JURY.

It is understood that the jury, after going out on Saturday night, at first deliberated in silence for ten minutes. They then voted on the question whether the remains were those of Dr. George Parkman? There was an unanimous "yea." On the second question, whether Dr. Webster murdered him? there were eleven yeas and one nay—the nay came from Mr. Benjamin H. Greene. He stated his point of doubt, and after some discussion, he declared it removed. The family of Dr. Webster was not informed of the verdict the night it was rendered. Friends, however, undertook the task of preparing their minds for it. The awful disclosures were made to them on Sunday morning by Mrs. Wm. H. Prescott. The scene was most heart-rending and the walls and shrieks could not be concealed from the passers by. Every effort has been made by their friends to assuage the grief of the afflicted wife and daughters, who, up to a late hour, confidently expected an acquittal. A letter of condolence