

The Sumner

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

qualified suffrage ought to be granted to this negro, as the best solution of the question at that time...

"Vindicator" concludes his article with the motto of William, of Orange: "Je maintiendrai."

The Dictionary of the French Academy gives to the verb "maintenir" the following meaning—"Tenir au meme etat, en etat de consistance," which in English is—"To hold to the same condition, in a state of consistency."

With your permission, we will now examine "Vindicator's" reply to our articles.

He tells us that the question of negro equality, politically, has no connexion with negro social equality and miscegenation.

Can you sit in Conventions with the negroes, can you sit in Legislatures with them, can you vote for them for high and honorable positions...

There are men who think miscegenation is not only our destiny but our duty. Among thinkers of this kind we mention Michelet, one of the most powerful writers of the age...

The action of the Reform Party tends directly to force the Radicals to introduce social equality into their platform.

The Scaffold. A WIFE-MURDERER'S END. Execution of James Jeter Phillips at Richmond, Va.—A Tragic Story of Love and Murder.

No criminal case, within the memory of the oldest citizens of Virginia, has awakened throughout that State so intense interest or excitement...

One spring day, in the year 1863, a weary confederate soldier, travel-worn and footsore, stopped at the door of a farm-house in the county of Essex.

Meanwhile a zealous magistrate and an expert detective were at work, and after months after the finding of the body the community was startled by the announcement that a young man hitherto of unblemished reputation...

She fell in love with her patient, and he, apparently, with his nurse. She was nearly ten years his senior, and there was but little trace of youthful beauty in her face...

For a short time all went well; but only two months after marriage Phillips became restless, and talked of doing something for a living...

"What comes out of the mouth defileth the man." Then some men are terribly defiled within. Some love to hear themselves talk, and are yet so barren of ideas that they try to render emphatic their commonplace utterances...

The prisoner was very soon visited by Miss Roxanna Pitts, the sister, and Mr. B. P. Pitts, the brother of the deceased.

Philips turned away with tears in his eyes, and the party then left the cell.

At an early hour yesterday morning the father of the doomed man proceeded to the Executive mansion and made a fervent appeal to the Governor...

The scene was truly distressing; both were in tears, and the wretched man told his son that he had hoped that he would at least have the consolation of going to his grave with the belief that his son was innocent of a crime so foul and unnatural.

At 5 o'clock he awoke, rubbed his eyes and stared vacantly about the room. He arose in a few moments thereafter, stripped himself to the waist, washed himself and combed his hair.

Mounting the scaffold he took a seat in a chair immediately under the beam. Sheriff Smith then from the scaffold, and with great feeling, stated that he had been called upon to perform a solemn duty, one which was the most painful he had ever had to perform.

"I acknowledge that I am guilty of the crime for which I am condemned, and deserve the punishment which the lawpronounces against me."

The prisoner's spiritual adviser, Rev. Dr. Jeter, (after whom he was named) was selected to inform him of his fate and went immediately from the Executive mansion to the county jail...

He had no motive for the commission of my crime, but to escape from a connection which seemed to destroy my prospects for happiness in life.

He bowed his head, and tried to imitate the voice of the breeze as it rustled through the leaves, and he fell asleep in the flower-bells, that tormented him without mercy, tickling his nose with a butterfly's feather, or piping

Having refused, Deputy Sheriff Walsh placed the black cap over the prisoner's head, pinioned his hands, and he stepped firmly forward to the centre of the drop.

The body fell with a dull, heavy thud, and for a moment there was no motion save the vibration caused by the fall, then followed a series of violent struggles and convulsions, which grew, and at heart they were very strange, and always ready to give place to a series of golden showers of light.

For, as he all birds, he was born of beauty, and with a natural fitness to dress down. All tones and shades of beauty to his soul. Even as the rainbow dived into the sea, hued all colors of blue and green, and gems and plumes.

At 5 o'clock he awoke, rubbed his eyes and stared vacantly about the room. He arose in a few moments thereafter, stripped himself to the waist, washed himself and combed his hair.

Mounting the scaffold he took a seat in a chair immediately under the beam. Sheriff Smith then from the scaffold, and with great feeling, stated that he had been called upon to perform a solemn duty, one which was the most painful he had ever had to perform.

"I acknowledge that I am guilty of the crime for which I am condemned, and deserve the punishment which the lawpronounces against me."

The prisoner's spiritual adviser, Rev. Dr. Jeter, (after whom he was named) was selected to inform him of his fate and went immediately from the Executive mansion to the county jail...

He had no motive for the commission of my crime, but to escape from a connection which seemed to destroy my prospects for happiness in life.

He bowed his head, and tried to imitate the voice of the breeze as it rustled through the leaves, and he fell asleep in the flower-bells, that tormented him without mercy, tickling his nose with a butterfly's feather, or piping