

THE ATTACK ON THE ARMORY—OLD BROWN.

From The Baltimore Exchange, Nov. 17.

Burg was kept up during the afternoon between the insurgents and the people, but night closed in without any other persons being shot. During the evening and night several of the citizens and Col. Shriver visited the engine house under flags of truce, and conferred with Brown, for the purpose of inducing him to capitulate, but he would have no terms except that he and his men should be allowed a free and protected pass to the mountains. This the citizens refused to grant, and Brown swore them that he would die fighting. At 12 o'clock Col. Shriver visited Brown and offered him protection from the wrath of the people and safe conduct to jail, but he scornfully refused it saying he knew his fate, and he preferred meeting it with his rifle in his hands to dying for the amusement of a crowd.

Before daybreak the U. S. Marines, Major Russell in immediate command, were marched into the armory yard and positions assigned them, where they remained until daylight. The Maryland troops also crossed the bridge, and took positions on the different streets, together with the other military, Col. Lee, U. S. Marines, in command. At 7 o'clock the streets were cleared of all persons except the military, and Lieut. Stewart, U. S. Dragoons, accompanied by Cpl. Samuel Sinder of Harper's Ferry, bearing a flag of truce, went to the engine house. They were received by Brown, who partially opened the door. Lieut. Stewart set forth in plain language the folly of further resistance—the certainty of their capture, either alive or dead—and assured them of the protection of the U. S. Marines against any acts of violence which might be attempted by the people.

Brown was fired and determined; he had drilled keep holes through the wall to strengthen his defence; he would listen to nothing except a safe escort to the mountains. His men had watered and were in favor of capitulating, but he would not allow such a step. After much fruitless exertion on the part of Lieutenant Stewart, he left Brown. A squad of sixteen marines were stationed in line just below the engine house two of whom carried large sledges, and the rest Muzzle-shots. Further on were stationed another squad of the same number. Major Russell was commanding, and the flag of truce had but fairly left, when the order was given for the attack. The first squad advanced, and the two muzzles dealt repeated heavy blows against the door without effect, when they were ordered to stand aside and the other squad was ordered to take a very heavy ladder and use it as a ram to burst the door. In an instant their muzzles were laid down, and taking hold of the ladder, at a distance of twenty-five yards from the door they started at a full run, and struck the door. It partially yielded to the shock. The marines retreated and gave a second blow, when two of the boards of the door yielded. A third blow shivered the door, and the order was given to enter. Major Russell in the most cool and gallant manner entered first, without weapons, with his right arm raised, demanding a surrender. A shot was fired at this moment by one of the insurgents, and the ball struck a marine named Quinn in the abdomen and passed through his body. He died of the wound. Another shot struck a marine named Lu-lins in the mouth, not seriously wounding him. The engine-house contained two fire-engines and a horse-carriage, which accommodated the marines greatly on entering. The citizens who were prisoners separated from the insurgents and were recognized by the marines, and none were injured.

After the Marines entered they were compelled to fire at the rebels. A son of Brown's was killed—a ball passing through his body near the left nipple. J. P. Ardren was shot in the abdomen, and mortally wounded. Old Brown was cut to the floor by the sabre of Leon. Green of the Marines, who acted in a fearless manner. An insurgent, named Edward Copie, one of Brown's sons, who had been seriously wounded during Monday, and a negro, named Gama, were taken prisoners. Two dead bodies were lying in the engine-house, one of which was that of James Hixson of Ohio, and the other that of J. G. Johnson of Connecticut. When the released citizens walked out of their prison they were hailed with most cheering cheers, and some of them expressed their gratitude for their deliverance by clasping the Marines in their arms. Lewis Washington was the last to show himself, and when he did, the mountain sides reverberated with the shouts of the multitude, who had thronged the railroad platform, crowded the windows of all the houses in the vicinity, and filled the different streets.

When the Marines brought out their prisoners an immense cry of "Hang them" filled the air, and young men with rifles jumped from the walls and the bridge into the armory yard, and were pressing to where they were, fully intent on killing them, but the Marines were ordered to protect them, and drive back those who were eager for their blood. The bodies of the dead and dying men were brought out and laid on the grass, and it was impossible to keep the crowd back. Capt. Brown told the crowd not to maltreat him, that he was dying, and that he would soon be beyond all injury. Major Russell had him conveyed into a room of one of the Departments, and kindly ordered all attention to be paid him. Brown looked up, and recognizing Major Russell, said, "You entered first. I could have killed you, but I spared you." In reply to which the Major bowed and said, "I thank you."

Major Russell kindly admitted me to the room where Brown was lying, and I held the following conversation with him. I asked:

"What is your name—where were you born, and how old are you?"

"My name is John Brown. I am well known. I have been known as Old Brown of Kansas. I'm from Litchfield County, Conn., and have lived in diverse places. Two of my sons were killed here to-day, and I'm dying too. I came here to liberate slaves, and was to receive no reward. I have acted from a sense of duty, and am content to await my fate; but I think the crowd have treated me badly. I'm an old man, and yesterday I could have killed whom I chose, but I had no desire to kill any person, and would not have killed a man had they not tried to kill me and my men. I could have sacked and burned the town, but did not; I have treated the persons whom I took as hostages kindly, and I appeal to them for the truth of what I say. I am 61 years old."

Reporter—"When did you first conceive this move?"

Brown—"While in Kansas. After my property was destroyed, one of my sons killed, and my happiness destroyed by the slave party of Kansas, I determined to be revenged, I also was moved in this matter by a hope to benefit the negroes."

Reporter—"Where did you get all your rifles and the pikes which are here? Who furnished you with them?"

Brown—"My own money. I did not receive aid from any man. Cook is not a son of mine. If I had succeeded in running off slaves this time, I could have raised twenty times as many men as I have now, for a similar expedition. But I have failed. I did not intend to stay here so long, but they (the citizens) deceived me by proposing compromises which they had no intention of carrying out. I am not in any man's employ."

Brown complained that the crowd who were clamorous for his blood were treating him unkindly and unfairly, after the kindness and leniency he had shown the citizens and the town. He also said that he was fully convinced that he was dying in a righteous cause. It is not probable, however, that he will die until he has been tried by a jury, as the only wound he sustained is a cut across the head with a sabre. The sum of \$100 was found on his person, which was placed with the Paymaster for safe keeping.

Ed. Copie states that he is from Iowa. He made the acquaintance of Brown last Winter in Iowa, where Brown told him of this scheme, and asked him to join the expedition. Copie states as follows:

"We were to be well paid for our time and trouble. We never made a direct bargain as to how much we were to receive. Old man Brown was not to day us, but I don't know who was. The rifles were furnished by the Massachusetts Aid Society. They were first sent to Kansas, but the excitement having died away, they were of no use, and Brown got the rifles for this expedition. They were sent from Kansas to Chambersburg, Franklin County; they were then hauled from there to Brown's house by a man who lives in Greencastle. I don't know who made the pikes or picks. I have said all the prayers I have to say, and am ready to die."

THE MAN was in excellent spirits, perfectly unconcerned in regard to his fate, and said that he "was ready to swing, if the laws of the country ordered it."

The negro's name is Gama. He says he lived in Harrisburg, Pa., and that Brown had induced him to come over to Maryland, and work for him; that he did so, and was induced to go into the insurrection.