

The "John Brown" Gospel of Insurrection and Blood.

Three Protestant divines—Mr. CROOKS, Mr. BREWSTER and Mr. WHITE—all had something to say, in the part appointed for them, by the political managers, at the solemn "Wake" on Friday night—just one week since. Of this "adorable trinity" of reverend gentlemen, it must be understood, all are *professed* orthodox preachers and ministers, in this city, of the Gospel of Christ. It may be well, therefore, to enquire what they, individually and collectively, said and did there. We quote, then, for that purpose, the reports of the meeting published the day after.

Mr. CROOKS, we are told, said he "honored the memory of the brave old man—JOHN BROWN." Mr. BREWSTER, with all ministerial gravity and seriousness, compared BROWN's letters from his prison to St. PAUL's *epistles*, and, as if prophesying, said "slavery must die—peacefully if it will—but die it must." Mr. WHITE, speaking as if gifted with second sight, or a true Puritanical omniscience, uttered the following words:—"BROWN was a man of God, and has gone home." "I feel and know that slavery will not be done away by moral suasion—Bible arguments will not do away with it." "A conflict cometh, and who of us are ready for the sacrifice."

These three preachers—one and all—voted "aye" to the resolutions passed at this meeting; resolutions, we are credibly informed, written by Judge SPAULDING. Let us quote also from these resolutions. This is their language—that JOHN BROWN suffered the death penalty "for a conscientious observance of the law of brotherhood, as inculcated by Jesus Christ"—that slavery must "be subdued by giving it war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt"—that the "conflict is upon us, and it will not terminate, until freedom or slavery go to the wall," what "though the Union be dissolved"—"that however much we may lament the death of BROWN, we are satisfied that it will bring confusion upon our enemies"—and that "we honor his memory." And, among the mottoes around the stage, were these: "He, being dead, yet speaketh"—"the end crowns the work."

Now, who was this JOHN BROWN, whose memory is thus honored, by these men, who make a show of being ministers of the true Gospel? We do not propose to go back of Harper's Ferry to answer. First, what did BROWN say there, immediately his ferocious scheme proved a failure, and when he found himself a manacled prisoner? It was this, and savagely said—in the bitterness of disappointment, that Fortune nor Fate had favored him, except to his own inevitable destruction—"that the great mistake he made was in "sparing the lives" of his prisoners when he had them in his power." Second, what were the deeds done at Harper's Ferry, by this JOHN BROWN, and his outlaw band, who were under his absolute control, and done only what he commanded? What was "the work" there done—so honored by this now Moloch spirit of Abolitionism—which "the end"—the hanging has "crowned?" We will answer by a plain and brief recital of the "Acts of BROWN" there. Then all can judge what, in the judgment of these Black Republican parsons and politicians, makes, in these latter days, a hero, saint, martyr and "man of God."

BROWN commenced his work on Sunday night, October 16, by quietly taking possession of the United States Armory. At half-past 10 o'clock the watchman at the Potomac Bridge was surprised and carried prisoner to the Armory. At 1 o'clock Col. WASHINGTON, the commandant, was taken out of his bed by COOKE and five men, who were all armed with Sharp's rifles, bowie knives, and revolvers. The party of "liberators" then arrested all the negro men on the premises, and putting the Colonel's horses to his carriage and his two wagons drove to the Armory. On the way they captured in the same manner JOHN ALSTADT, his son, and negro servants, and carried them along also. No citizen of Harper's Ferry—not taken prisoner—suspected anything wrong till after 4 o'clock Monday morning, when it was rumored that armed strangers stood guard at the Bridge. HERWOOD—the negro porter at the depot—went down towards the Bridge to see about it. When he got there several armed men suddenly approached him, one handed him a rifle, and ordered him to stand guard in the cause of freedom! They threatened him with death if he refused. He did refuse, and attempting to escape was shot dead. This was the first life sacrificed at Harper's Ferry—the life of a faithful negro. A Mr. KELLEY, one of the workmen at the Armory, about to enter early in the morning, saw the stranger guard at the gate. He asked by what authority the guard was there. The guard replied "by the authority of God Almighty." KELLEY was then ordered to enter as a prisoner. He turned and escaped, receiving a bullet through his hat, as he ran. Mr. BOERLY, a grocer, seeing this scene, this attempt to shoot down his townsman, ran out with his gun, and fired at the strange guard. The next moment BOERLY was shot dead. In the meantime many of the leading citizens of the Ferry had been stealthily taken from their beds, and were prisoners in the Armory. At first, and for long hours, it was supposed by the alarmed citizens that there was a body of laborers on a strike, who had possessed themselves of the government arms, intending to rob the U. S. Paymaster's strong box, known to contain a large sum of money. About noon—Monday—Capt. TURNER with a military company from Jefferson came to town. The Captain was a West Point graduate, and for many years was an officer in the U. S. army. He was one of the most esteemed and wealthiest citizens of the County. He went at once to reconnoitre the position of the hostile force in the Armory enclosure, and was shot down dead. Soon after Mr. BECKHAM, Mayor of Harper's Ferry, exposed himself on the railroad track, within the range of the fire from the engine house, where BROWN was, and was shot dead. There, his body lay for several hours. A week after, the spot was marked by stains of blood, mingled with the victim's gray hairs. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon a partially armed party of about 100 men arrived from Martinsburg. Some twenty of them, led by GEO. WILLET—a railroad man—assaulted the engine house, the stronghold of BROWN and party, but were repulsed—the leader and seven others of the storming party having been severely or dangerously wounded by the fire fired from within.

On Tuesday BROWN was formally summoned to surrender. He refused, unless he and his band should be escorted to the Maryland shore by the marines, and pursuit by the citizens should be restrained, until he could escape. On any other terms he absolutely refused to surrender. Did he want more blood shed, more lives lost—an utterly useless sacrifice, except it was important to the "cause" to get greater eclat? The marines were now ordered to storm the engine house. They were soon successful and captured the outlaws—only one marine receiving his death wound in the assault.

During the night before their capture some of BROWN's men, seeing escape hopeless, as is related by the citizen prisoners, began to fail in courage, and urged him to surrender. One said to him "Capt. BROWN, would this enterprise of ours be called High Treason?" "Very likely it would be so considered," replied BROWN. "Then," said the man, "I will not fire another shot." "It will make no difference to you," said BROWN, "except that you will die like a dog, instead of falling like a man."

And such deeds of blood as these, and such a

bloodthirsty spirit as this, is held up to the world and the Church—by ministers, who have taken a solemn vow to preach the Gospel of peace and reconciliation—as "a conscientious observance of the law of brotherhood, as inculcated by Jesus Christ!" How the vulgar blasphemers can possibly utter anything more derogatory of the Divine attributes of holiness and righteousness, of mercy and love, even the astute RIDDLE, or the spiritual TOONEY would be troubled to explain. For ourself, we can readily pardon TILDEN, who, for the sake of the memory of an old personal, though at last fallen friend, pleads honesty of motive, and a monomaniac temperament, to justify or excuse cold-blooded violations of the Virginia Code and of the Decalogue. But, for these three false priests of Methodism and Congregationalism—possessed of the same dark spirit as were the Druid priesthood of old England, whose "religious rites" were "human sacrifices,"—who thus give exalted honor to *murderous* suasion, sneer at *moral*—Bible suasion, pray to be ready for the *sacrifice*, and glory in "war to the knife and the knife to the hilt,"—for them we fear there can be no pardon here or hereafter.

Again, how did BROWN go to the gallows? Was it with a forgiving, kindly spirit—forgiving others even as he would be forgiven? Not at all. He went in scornful anger, not alone towards the slaveholder, but anger against his first officer—COOKE. And what had COOKE done? Had he spilt unnecessary blood? No—but the reverse, there was not enough of bloodshedding to satiate BROWN's thirsty spirit yet. But COOKE had represented to BROWN it seems, that he was confident the slaves about there would willingly and eagerly take, *and use*, the fearful pikes, which BROWN had transported there for them to use. COOKE had deceived himself about this expected good will of the negroes towards their insurrectionary purposes, and had therefore deceived BROWN; this last was an unpardonable sin against his General, and Capt. BROWN "stretched hemp" forgiving him not. And why would he not forgive? Why should he have been thus angry? Would BROWN have gone with a holier conscience to the judgment, had each one of those thousands of pikes found a negro arm to thrust it into the heart of a master, or had each one of the hundreds of thousands of weapons of war captured with the armory found a negro soldier to murderously wield it?

And is this JOHN BROWN "a man of God"—is it "He, being dead, that yet speaketh"—is it "His memory honored?" If so, the poet SHELLEY was not far wrong, when he described the Christian God—blasphemously as we have ever felt his words to be—as

A vengeful, pitiless, and almighty fiend,
Whose mercy is a nick-name for the rage
Of tameless lgers hungering for blood!"

Verily, it would seem that the *Christian* men, the chief actors in this hypocritical assembly of mourners, whose whole grief was all the while strangely, though evidently, soothed by most inconsistent emotions of joy—joy for the new born hope within them, that *confusion* was now—if they beheld a true vision of futurity, and they thought they did really see it—about to be visited upon their enemies—(how they love them?) in the merciless destruction of the slaveholder, and in the never to be reconquered from defeat of that "thorn in the side"—the National Democracy—truly, it would seem, that these men, who then assembled, in that dismally craped Melodeon, there set up another Juggernaut Idol, in the Pantheon of Abolitionism, for the world, the flesh, and the Churches to honor and adore, will yet, and soon, call upon the "rocks and the hills to hide them" from the deserved scorn of their fellow men. It seems to us that the chastising of the righteous contempt of their fellow Christians can alone awaken pastors and teachers, like CROOKE, BREWSTER and WHITE, to the conviction that they have been in this thing speaking "great blasphemies," and that instead of "preaching Christ" they are preaching only "blasphemies against Christ," and that well and truly are they to be ranked among the self-dishonored cleft, that "dwell upon the earth, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb."

"He that killeth must be killed" saith holy scripture. JOHN BROWN in his death has fulfilled yet again this fateful word of prophecy. He has died the death of the condemned traitor and murderer. His death—the wise and good sorrowfully know—was deserved, as well as demanded, even in its worldly aspect. His punishment was religiously and righteously just—if the word of God is true. Gainsay it who may, for political considerations, the facts of JOHN BROWN's life cannot be blotted out. And the blood of too many victims cries from the ground—too many ghostly spirits, his work, walk the upper air, and stand between these loud hosannas to his praise, and the throne of Infinite Justice, for the Recording Angel to be *confused* into a false record of this man and his deeds. Aye—the record is made up already; and it is no record of heroism, no record of martyrdom, no record of Saintship, and no record of the life of a man of God; but it is the record of one, who, in his last years, showed no mercy to others, and whose religion was a religion of blood.