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Old Brown's History of Himself and his Family.

Among the papers found at Brown's house was the following, apparently in the handwriting of John Brown himself:

"HISTORY OF JOHN BROWN, OTHERWISE 'OLD BROWN,' AND HIS FAMILY.

This paper purports to be the history of the family as connected with Kansas, and says:—In 1854, the four eldest sons of John Brown, viz., John, Jr., Jason, Owen and Frederick, all children by a first wife, then living in Ohio, determined to remove to Kansas.

Jason Brown had a very valuable collection of grape vines, and also of choice fruit trees, which he took up and shipped in boxes at a heavy cost. The two first named, John and Jason, had both families. Owen had none. Frederick was engaged to be married, and was to return for his wife.

The wintering of the animals was attended with great expense and with no little suffering to the two youngest brothers, one of whom, Owen, being to some extent a cripple from childhood by an injury of the right arm, and Frederick, though a very stout man, was subject to periodical sickness for many years.

Solomon Brown, a very strong minor son of the family, eighteen years of age, was sent forward early in 1855 to assist the two last named, and all three arrived in Kansas early in the spring.

With the exposure, privation, hardships and wants of pioneer life he was familiar, so a thought he could benefit his children and the new beginners from the elder parts of the country, and help them to shun and contrive in their new home.

The history was of considerable length, but does not further possess special interest.

"Capt. Brown, at his country's call, led forth a company of West Simsbury (now Canton) troops, to the deadly conflict, and fell a victim to the then prevailing epidemic in the American camp. He left a numerous group of little ones, who were reared by his widow with singular tact and judgment, to habits of industry and principles of virtue, and all became distinguished citizens in the communities in which they resided.

Owen Brown, one of the sons, and father of the present Capt. John Brown, married a daughter of Gideon Mills, esq., who was himself (Mills) an officer in the Revolutionary army, and was intrusted with the command of the guard who had in charge a large portion of the prisoners comprising Burgoyne's army, thus proving that John Brown inherits his military spirit through a patriotic ancestry.

John Brown left Hudson, Ohio, and came east with the design of acquiring a liberal education through some of our New-England colleges. His ultimate design was the Gospel ministry. In pursuance of this object he consulted and conferred with the Rev. Jeremiah Hallock, then clergyman at Canton, Conn., (where wife was a relative), and in accordance with advice there obtained, proceeded to Plainfield, Mass., where, under the instruction of the late Rev. Moses Hallock, (father of the present senior editor of The Journal of Commerce), fitted or nearly fitted for college.

The Daily Journal

TUESDAY, NOV. 1, 1859.

An Authentic History of Ossawatimie Brown.

A number of newspapers have attempted biographical sketches of John Brown, most of which have been unreliable. The following, however, from the Akron Beacon, near which place Brown resided for many years, appears to have been prepared by some one familiar with his life.

JOHN BROWN OF KANSAS.

This man, whose name has been spread far and wide the past week, as the leader of an intended inurrection of slaves at Harper's Ferry, has, for the greater part of his life, resided in this county, and has quite a number of relatives and connections still resident here.

Then he removed to Hudson, as early at least as 1810, and lived there some three years, engaged in farming and tanning, and afterwards in the sheep business, with Capt. H. Oviatt, of Richfield. Thence he removed to the western part of this (Portage) township, and for several years was engaged with Col. S. Perkins in the sheep business.

In the Fall of 1854, three of his sons went to Kansas, Owen, Frederick and Salmon, taking with them a herd of Devon cattle, intending to settle there, as cattle breeders and graziers. They located at a point about eight miles west of the village or settlement of Ossawatimie.

The brothers were all Free State men in opinion, but removing thither with the intention of settling there, went without arms. They were harassed, plundered, threatened and insulted by gangs of marauding border ruffians, with whom probably the prime object was plunder, and noisy pro-slavery partizanship was equivalent to a free charter to do so with impunity.

Some of our readers may remember that in December, 1856, John Brown addressed a meeting at Empire Hall, in which he exhibited a huge bowie-knife, some eighteen inches long, taken from Capt. H. Clay Pate, at Black Jack.

This affair shows as well perhaps, as any other, Brown's indomitable energy and adroitness in such a warfare. One incident of this fight is worth narrating. Fred Brown, one of his sons, was subject to periodical paroxysms of insanity, and at the time, was rather delirious.

Hearing the firing, Fred became excited, seized an old artillery sword, mounted a horse and rode literally into the midst of the fight, between the combatants, who were firing from covert. He flourished his sword, shouted "come out! the sword of the Lord and of Gideon! I have cut off all their communication!" &c.

Brown has remained in Kansas most of the time, we believe, until the last Spring, occasionally visiting Ohio and the East. The last adventure of his was, so far as we know, conducting a band of fugitive slaves to Canada, until his final insane movement at Harper's Ferry.

About the 23d of June last, he was in Akron with two of his sons, Owen and Oliver, and perhaps one or two others of his followers in this strange enterprise. Another son, Watson, who was killed in the Arsenal, appears to have joined after he left here. In answer to enquiries while here, Brown said in substance, that he was did not know what he should do—that he was for the instrument in the hands of Providence for effecting the overthrow of Slavery, and expected to fulfill the mission to which he was called—

In one point of view, this may be regarded as an obituary notice of John Brown. Those who knew him here, will see his face no more. His career has doubtless ended. We desire to do him that justice which we think he never, according to his own idea of right, denied to friend or foe.

No person can look at the project of the late insurrection in connection with John Brown's character, without being convinced that he is, upon Slavery, something more than fanatic—a man insane upon one subject or upon a class of subjects. The idea that he is connected, in this mad enterprise with others, besides the few who were with him, is ridiculous. Its every step marks the undertaking as not simply fool-hardy, but the scheme of one who had brooded over his own wrongs, and became wrought to madness.

In Scott's novel, "Old Mortality," the character of "John Balfour of Burley," so strongly depicted, is a very fair prototype of that of John Brown. Believing himself a chosen instrument in God's providence for a great and special work: called to that work by a special interposition; driven to frenzy by the strong hand of the oppressor; hiding in wilds and fastnesses from pursuit; buoyed up on the other hand by the insane idea which pervaded his mind; earnest but wild. Such, in the main feature of his character, is John Brown of Kansas. Possessed by a strong fanatical idea which has overthrown his mental balance, and rendered him to the class of subjects engaging his attention for years, a monomaniac.

JOHN BROWN'S EARLY HISTORY—ALMOST A D. D.

From The Hartford Press, Nov. 11. Want of space compels us to abridge somewhat a communication received from William H. Hallock of Ca. on Centre, designed to correct erroneous statements concerning Capt. John Brown. We give that portion relating to his early life. The public are already familiar with his history during the past few years.

In the burying-ground near the church in Canton Centre, Conn., stands a marble monument upon which is inscribed the following:

In memory of Capt. John Brown, who died in the Revolutionary Army, at New-York, Sept. 3, 1782. He was of the fourth generation in regular descent from Peter Brown, one of the Pilgrim Fathers, who landed from the May Flower, at Plymouth, Mass., December 22, 1620.

KANSAS HISTORICAL SOCIETY



In this opinion, neither hastily formed, nor lightly uttered, we believe the good sense of most thinking people, North and South, will ultimately concur. His epithet may not be written now; his great errors or delusions are too fresh and conspicuous; let those who choose, stone him as a murderer or traitor. We have no earthly doubt the man is, and for months past has been, a lunatic on that subject; not, in contemplation of law or reason, a criminal.

Of John Brown, let us say this in conclusion; rather, because he is now under odium as an insurgent or traitor. Whatever his delusions were, no braver or truer spirit lives on God's earth, no more sterling and genuine piece of manhood exists than he. To him, more than to any one hundred men in the country, is the fact to be attributed, that Kansas is a Free State to-day; let not that be forgotten in our estimate of the man, his motives and his life.

### OSAWATOMIE BROWN.

From the Chicago Press and Tribune.

John Brown—variously known as "Old Brown," "Fighting Brown," and "Osawatamie Brown"—made his first public appearance in Lykins County, Kansas, in the year 1855. That which will probably prove his last took place, as the reader is already advised, at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, on Monday and Tuesday last. So strange a career as his has not arrested the public attention since Joe Smith was shot in the Carthage Jail. His rank among the world's notabilities will be among such fanatics as Peter the Hermit, who believed himself commissioned of God to redeem the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Infidels—Joanna Southcote, who deemed herself big with the promised Shiloh—Ignatius Loyola, who thought that the Son of Man appeared to him, bearing his cross on his shoulders, and gave him a Latin commission of mighty import—or Don Quixote, (if we may give him a place in history), who was persuaded that he had a mission to rescue all the persecuted damsels in Spain. It was Brown's superstition that he was divinely appointed to bring American Slavery to a sudden and violent end.

Of his birthplace we are not advised, but we believe that his home, prior to his appearance in Kansas, was in Northern Ohio, and that he migrated thither from North Elba, Essex Co., New-York. In the latter State he was a tenant of the Hon. Gerrit Smith and was often befriended by that gentleman after the desolation of his farm and the breaking up of his family in Kansas, had made him a guerrilla chief in the border conflicts of that Territory. The earlier skirmishes consequent upon the Border Ruffian invasions of Kansas, developed fighting qualities in Brown, which gave him immediate prominence among the extempore military leaders of the invaded country. The section of the Territory where Brown lived, not being brought into action so early as the region about Lawrence and Leavenworth, Brown took part, we believe, in the "Wakerusa war." When the Ruffian army, under the lead of Atchison and Deputy-Marshal Fain, marched upon Lawrence in May, 1856, Brown preceded them with a small company from Osawatamie, and offered to take the command in defense of the town. Robinson Pomeroy, and other prominent citizens having decided to offer no resistance to the Missourians, Brown retired in much disgust. The invading force entered and pillaged the town, battering down the Free State Hotel with a six pounder, and throwing the contents of *The Herald of Freedom* office into the Kaw River. Five days after this event, a fight occurred at Potawatamie, in which five Ruffians were killed. It is believed that Brown was in the secret of their "taking off." On the 2d of June, Brown fell in with a party of marauders under the command of H. Clay Pate, who had raised a company specially for the purpose of capturing Old Brown. This was the battle of Black Jack. Pate was taken prisoner, together with twenty-one of his fellow-ruffians, and a large quantity of plunder, which had been levied on the country through which he had marched. Those who witnessed this affair say that the coolness and skill displayed by Brown, and the awkwardness and cowardice of his antagonist, were equally noticeable. Brown's force was considerably inferior to Pate's. The prisoners were liberated a few days afterward. We believe that Brown was not present at the first sacking of Osawatamie (June 7, 1856), at which time his own house was destroyed, and horrible atrocities were perpetrated on his neighbors. On the occasion of the second battle of Osawatamie (August 29), Brown was there with some forty men. The Missourians, under Reid, numbered 300 to 400. Brown's company had only two rounds of ammunition, but these were used to so good purpose that the ruffians carried back two wagon-loads of dead bodies, though they acknowledged the loss of only five men. One of Brown's sons (Frederick by name), was taken prisoner, and murdered in cold blood by the Rev. Martin White, who accompanied Reid in the capacity of chaplain. There is a tradition in Kansas that about this time Brown captured five predatory Missourians, and in the darkness of night tried them by martial law, convicted and executed them. At the second invasion of Lawrence, (by Reid), Brown commanded a small party of his own men and routed an advance guard of the enemy a few miles from Lawrence, killing half a dozen of them in a running fight. This is also a part of the history of the times which the newspapers on the Ruffian side did not choose to admit, and which the other party did not care to make public. Brown then left the Territory, proceeding through Nebraska and Iowa, and riding two days with a company of U. S. dragoons who were in pursuit of "Old Brown."

Passing through this city he went to his old home in New-York, and visited several eastern cities, endeavoring to raise funds for equipping 100 men for future operations. In this he was mainly unsuccessful, but he nevertheless made contracts for arms, wagons, saddles, &c., in various places, with which he reappeared in Kansas in the Summer or Fall of 1857. Settling again in Bourbon Co., he occupied a claim for some time under an assumed name, intending, as his friends supposed, to preempt it for his son. The Fort Scott troubles, including the Merais des Cygnes massacre, and the night attack on Capt. Montgomery were the next events which called Brown into action. A short time previously, however, it became noised abroad in Missouri, that "Old Brown" had returned, and reports were dispatched to the country that he had three or four hundred men under his command, all armed with Sharp's rifles, a park of artillery, and no end of ammunition. Nobody on the border believed these stories, as is shown in the fact that a Missouri Sheriff with a Missouri posse of twenty or thirty men, set out to capture him and Montgomery. Brown was duly notified of the proposed capture, and though sick with the ague, mustered seven of his friends and neighbors, and took position in a log-house, where he awaited the capturing party. The posse came up and ordered the inmates to surrender. The latter replied no, decidedly. The Sheriff then called a council of war, and after debating several plans of attack, executed a retrograde movement with an appearance of disorder and precipitation—a rumor having been started that Brown had got tired waiting, and was about doing something on his own account. There is no doubt that Brown's presence in Bourbon County at that time had a reference

to his "divine mission," though it does not appear that he took the initiative in the Fort Scott troubles.

Shortly after the *Marais des Cygnes* massacre, Brown conceived the idea of carrying the war into Africa, and teaching the fighters on the other side of the border that a continuance of the war would imperil the safety of all the slaves in Western Missouri. While reflecting on this plan, a negro came across the line in the night, imploring assistance for his family and fellows, who were about to be separated and sold to the cotton and rice planters at the South. The first persons he met were Brown and half a dozen of his neighbors, who were discussing the enterprise thus singularly thrown in their way. Summoning a dozen or more assistants, they moved immediately to the border, and dividing into two parties, they made a night of it, with the deliberate purpose of taking all the slaves they could find who had an inclination to be free, and making prisoners of all who should interfere with their design. The result of the excursion was the liberation of thirteen negroes, the capture of several white men, and the killing of one person who was making a vigorous resistance. The homicide was not committed by the division of the party to which Brown belonged, but the responsibility of it attaches to him in a degree as the moving actor of the whole proceeding. Both parties then returned to the border with the proceeds of their foraging. The captured Missourians were then set at liberty, and told to go home and raise a rescuing force—Brown & Co. would give them ample time and await their return, when they would settle the questions at issue by open battle. A very loud noise was made in half a dozen counties in Missouri, but no volunteers were found for the proposed action. After waiting three weeks Brown dismissed all but a handful of his company, and took his line of march through Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois and Michigan to Canada. While pursuing his journey through the northern part of Kansas, he was menaced with an attack from a party of Missourians, of about three times his own number. After retreating from them a day or two, he came to a halt, took four of them prisoners, and put the rest to flight. The prisoners were lectured soundly on the evil of their ways, and then dismissed, minus their arms and horses. No other interruption was met with on the way to Canada.

This was Brown's last appearance in Kansas. From that time forth (March, 1859,) his movements were so well concealed that his most intimate acquaintances in Kansas suspected him to be in England. The Harper's Ferry tragedy lifts the curtain on his mysterious footsteps for the last six months.

In person, Brown is about five feet eight inches in height. He has short, gray hair, and diversifies his appearance with iron-gray whiskers and mustache, to suit the dangerous exigencies of his situation. His appearance is that of intense peacefulness, combined with hopeless veridancy. To the casual observer, he is the most inoffensive man that could be met with in a day's ride through Arcadia. His rural exterior has enabled him to pass unscathed through scores of perils, where his life would have paid the forfeit of his discovery. It is believed by many of those who knew him in Kansas that the butchery of his son Frederick made him a monomaniac on the subject of Slavery, and that he had made a vow to wreak a great revenge on the system of society which had wrought so deep a wrong on him. But Brown himself repudiated this idea, contending that revenge was no part of his composition, and claiming to be guided strictly by the principles of Holy Writ. He seems to have been laboring under a religious hallucination to the effect that he was the appointed instrument of the Almighty for putting an end to human slavery. What time he and his handful of men in Kansas were not marching or fighting, they were praying and singing psalms—Brown himself passing many hours wrestling in secret prayer. His evident hallucination caused all the clear-headed men in Kansas to avoid him or to have as little as possible to do with him. The same feeling made him dreaded by the Missourians as a supernatural being. His name inspired the same terror on the border, as the "Nick of the Woods" among the Indians of Kentucky, or that of the Cid among the Moorish hordes of Spain. It was a name to fright children to bed with. No further evidence of his insanity could be required by a commission *de lunatico* than the late hair-brained movement at Harper's Ferry—an act

which will destroy the life of human life. These men pronounce a sinful waste of human life. Brown men may applaud the moral principle which led Brown into the fatal *emule*, but no man in his senses can say that it is not the most crazy development which the slave history of this country affords. The blind insurrection on the Cumberland River some three years ago becomes a well-matured conspiracy compared with this.

### Who is Brown, the Leader?

SKETCH OF CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN, THE LEADER OF THE INSURRECTION.

From the New York Herald, October 19.

Captain John Brown emigrated to Kansas from Central New York in the fall of 1855, and settled in the township of Ossawatamie. He was accompanied by seven sons, the youngest being old enough to earn his livelihood. The birthplace of Brown is not positively known to the writer, but report has it that he was born in Kentucky. At the time of his death he was about sixty years of age. He was about medium height, slim, muscular and possessing an iron constitution. He had blue eyes, sharp features and long gray hair, wearing a full beard.

In December, 1855, during the "Shannon war," Brown first made his appearance among the free-state men at Lawrence. His entrance into the place at once attracted the attention of the people towards him. He brought a wagon load of cavalry sabres, and was accompanied by twelve men, seven of whom were his own sons. He first exhibited his qualities at the time the free-state and pro-slavery parties, under the lead of Governor Robinson on one side, and Governor Shannon on the other, met to make a treaty of peace. After Governor Robinson had stated to the people who were gathered around the hotel the terms of the peace, Brown took the stand, uninvited, and opposed the terms of the treaty. He was in favor of ignoring all treaties and such leading men as Robinson, Lane and Lowry, and proceeding at once against the border ruffian invaders, drive them from the soil or hang them if taken. Gen. Lowry, who was chairman of the Committee of Safety, and also commander of the free-state troops, ordered Brown under arrest. The latter made no physical resistance, but it was soon discovered that he was altogether too combustible a person to retain as a prisoner, and a compromise was made with him by the free-state men, and he was released. He was informed by the leaders of that party that his remarks were intended to undo what they were trying to accomplish by means of the treaty; that he was a stranger in Lawrence and Kansas, and ought not by his rash remarks to compromise the people of Lawrence until he had known them longer and knew them better.

One of his sons, who was elected to the legislature in February, 1856, was seized and taken from Ossawatamie to Leecompton in chains, a distance of thirty miles. His feet and hands were chained together with a large heavy chain, the size of that used upon ox teams. He was compelled to walk the whole distance beneath a burning sun. The irons wore the flesh from his ankles; he was attacked with the brain fever, was neglected and died in two or three days.—He was a companion of Governor Robinson, Jenkins, (since shot by Lane,) and some eight or ten others. Another son of Captain Brown was shot at Ossawatamie by a marauding party from Missouri. After the death of his first son, occasioned by the tortures and fatigue of his forced march, Brown swore vengeance upon the pro-slavery party, and it was frequently observed by the more prudent of the free-state men that he was evidently insane on the subject. He was always considered by them as a dangerous man, was never taken into their councils, and never consulted by them with reference either to their policy or movements.

The destruction of the Free-State Hotel and presses at Lawrence, in May, 1856, incited him anew to action, and he organized a small company, composed chiefly of men who had been robbed, or whose relatives had been murdered by the pro-slavery party, and at the head of this band, armed with Sharp's rifles, bowie knives and Colt's revolvers, he scoured Southern Kansas, and the name of "Old Brown" became a terror to all who opposed his will in that region. While he was thus marauding, five pro-slavery men were taken from their cabins at Pottawatomie creek, in the night time, and shot dead. The pro-slavery party charged this deed upon old Brown, while the free-state party asserted that they could prove him in Lawrence, forty miles distant, when it happened, and that the horrid deed was perpetrated by "Buford's Georgia Ruffians," supposing that the victims were free-state men.

The news of the massacre reached Westport, Missouri, the place of rendezvous of the "border ruffians," the same evening that the Kansas Commission, sent out by the United States House of Representatives arrived at that place. The excitement was intense, and was induced almost as much by the appearance of the commission as by the news of the massacre. The "ruffians" swore vengeance upon the members and officers of the commission, declaring that their blood should recompense for the slaughter at Pottawattomie Creek, and but for the intercession of Mr. Oliver, the pro-slavery member of the commission, and others, it was believed that the commission would have been attacked. It was at this time that the notorious H. Clay Pate organized a band of men in the streets of Westport, Missouri, with the avowed purpose of "entering the territory and capturing 'Old Brown.'" He raised about thirty men, and went into the territory about twilight one evening, and was surprised at sunrise the next morning by "Old Brown," who was in command of nine men, armed as stated above. Pate sent a flag of truce to Brown, who advanced some rods in front of his company and ordered the flag-bearer to remain with him, and sent one of his own men to inform Pate to come himself. Pate obeyed, when Brown ordered him to lay down his arms. Pate refused to give the order to his men, when Brown drawing a revolver, informed him that he must give the order or be shot on the spot. Pate immediately surrendered himself and men, and they were disarmed and marched into a ravine near by, and kept until liberated and sent back to Missouri by Col. Sumner, a few days subsequently, who also ordered "Old Brown" to disband and go home. The latter agreed to do so if the Colonel would also agree to protect the settlers in that region of territory. This was the celebrated "Battle of Black Jack Point," made famous by the "H. C. P.," Kansas correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, who was the heroic commander of the surrendering party. Captain Brown was not much heard from again until the notorious Captain Hamilton made his incursion into southern Kansas, from Missouri, in 1858, when he raised another company, and, with Captain Montgomery, drove Hamilton and his companions back to Missouri, and, marching his men into that state, took possession of one of the villages, shot one or two men, and liberated several slaves. This course of Brown was repudiated by Governor Robinson and the leaders of the free-state party, in and out of Kansas, which caused Brown to publish a letter explaining his position, in which he assumed the entire responsibility of his acts, and relieved the free-state men from any share therein. This letter was called the "Two Parallels," on account of the peculiar distinction made by the writer.

Captain Brown was a strong believer in the doctrines of the Presbyterian church. He was fanatical on the subject of anti-slavery, and seemed to have the idea that he was specially deputed by the Almighty to liberate slaves and kill slaveholders. It was always conceded to him that he was a conscientious man, very modest in his demeanor, apparently inoffensive until the subject of slavery was introduced, when he would exhibit a feeling of indignation unparalleled. After matters subsided in Kansas, Brown intimated to some of his anti-slavery friends that he contemplated organizing an insurrection amongst the slaves in Kentucky and Tennessee. This fact becoming known to some of the leading anti-slavery men of the country, they refused him means with which to go on, and discouraged his proposed undertaking.—He spent a portion of the last summer, in visiting different Northern cities, and was tendered sums of money, with the understanding that he wished to secure a little farm upon which to settle in his old age. It is supposed that he employed this money thus obtained to hire the farm near Harper's Ferry, which he used as a rendezvous for the insurrectionists, and near which he so recently paid the last debt of nature.

**BROWN'S WOUNDS.**—It clearly appears from the testimony of the witness Dangerfield, that all the wounds inflicted on old Brown were inflicted after he had ordered his men to surrender. This shows those men who inflicted them to have been mercenary cowards. Admitting that he was in the wrong, as he was, up to that time, it was brutal in them to mutilate him after he had surrendered himself to them. Common Indians would have disdained to have hurt him then.

[From the N. Y. Tribune.]  
**CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN.**

John Brown is an extraordinary man, and although all right-minded men must condemn his last mad exploit, there is no reason why justice should not be done to him. He was born in New York, which he left at an early age, and has lived most of his life in Ohio and Pennsylvania. He emigrated from Pennsylvania to Kansas, and settled in the Osage country. He was a decided Anti-Slavery man—a religious enthusiast, a rigid Presbyterian—correct and conscientious in all his relations and conduct, and modest and unassuming in his manners. At the same time he was a man of iron will, of untiring energy and of unbounded nerve. All who know him are impressed with the belief that he never knew fear, and that no man ever lived who excelled him in cool and daring intrepidity. In all his affairs, in Kansas he embarked in the most dangerous and apparently desperate enterprises, and encountered the greatest odds with a cool self-possession and an unbounded confidence in his own success. He was made the object of the most cruel persecutions of the Missourians, and all the bitterness and stern determination of his nature were stirred up from their very depths in retaliation.

One of his sons was met alone on the road by a large party of invading Missourians, and cruelly, brutally murdered without a cause. Another son was for no cause but his political opinions, loaded with chains and driven on foot before the horses of his captors from Osawatimie to Tecumseh, under such circumstances of cruelty as to destroy, first his reason and next his life.—His own house and the house of his son were both fired and destroyed. The women of the family were grossly insulted, and a committee appointed at a public meeting (following the example of the Pro-Slavery men under Emory, who killed and drove out the Free-State men of Leavenworth), notified Brown and other Free-State men on Potawatimie Creek that if they did not leave the Territory in three days they would be hung. His friends and neighbors were murdered around him; he was forced into a war of self-defence, and finally a price was publicly set on his head. The effect of these things, in connection with all the other outrage, oppression and murder perpetrated around him, upon a man of Brown's temperament, may be conceived.—He became a fighting man, and developed qualities that excited the admiration and surprise of his friends, and made him the terror of his enemies. Though remorseless and relentless as death itself, he did everything under a sense of duty and high religious excitement. The more fervent his prayers, the harder fell his blows, and the more signal and bloody his victories, the more heartily did he return thanks to the Lord after the fight was over.

A committee of five called on him on one occasion, and informed him that he must leave the Territory in three days or die—that they would come to his house with a sufficient force at the end of that time, and if they found him still there they would hang him. The old man thanked them for the notice, saying, very coolly: "You will not find me here then, gentlemen." Before the next sun rose the five members of that committee were in the other world. Whether Brown killed them or not, is unknown, but it is certain, had they lived, that they would have killed him, and no man knew that better than he.

On one occasion the well-known Henry Clay Pate started out from Westport, Missouri, with a party of 33 men, full of boasts and promises to catch "Old Brown" and take him a prisoner to Missouri, his only fear being that he would not be able to find him. Brown was very easily found, however, for with sixteen men he went out to meet Pate, and after a short fight and a few men killed and wounded, at Black-Jack, near the Santa Fe road, Pate and his party surrendered to "Old Brown," with the exception of a Wyandot Indian of the name of Long, and the notorious Coleman who had murdered Dow.—These two men, being well mounted, made their escape.

Upon another occasion, a body of some 220 men were raised and equipped in Jackson County, Mo., and started into Kansas under the command of Gen. Whitfield, to attack and capture "Old Brown," as every one called him. Brown, who was always vigilant and wary, and was possessed of secret means of intelligence, had made

full preparation to meet the Missourians, and was encamped with 160 men at a chosen point near the Santa Fe road, which he knew his enemies would pass. He had fifty men with Sharp's rifles, which would kill at half a mile, and which could be loaded at the breach and fired with great rapidity, whom he had concealed in a ravine, lying on the ground, and commanding the prairie for a mile before them. The residue of the party he had concealed in the timber, ready at the proper moment for an attack on the flank of those who might reach the ravine alive. Col. Sumner, with a squad of dragoons, came down from Fort Leavenworth and prevented the fight, disbanding both parties, after which the Colonel was heard to remark that his interposition was a fortunate event for the Missourians, as the arrangements and preparation made by Brown would have insured their destruction.

It will be recollected that in 1856, when Geary came into the Territory, Atchison and Reid were there with an invading army, variously estimated at from 2,000 to 2,700 men, bent on the destruction of several towns and the extermination of the Free State men, and that Geary, with great difficulty, negotiated and persuaded them to retire, and that his success was a matter of rejoicing over all the North, as there was a Free State force assembled of not over 500 to resist them, who were but poorly prepared for the fray. Not so John Brown, who was greatly vexed at the result, and who insisted that his friends had lost a happy chance of putting an end to the war, and covering themselves and their cause with glory. The odds of five to one he counted as nothing.—I have heard him often lament the loss of this chance with the most earnest sincerity: "What are five to one?" said he, "when our men would be fighting for their wives, their children, their homes and their liberties against a party, one half of whom were mercenary vagabonds who enlisted for a mere frolic, lured on by the whisky and the bacon, and a large portion of the others had gone under the compulsion of opinion and proscription, and because they feared being denounced as abolitionists if they refused." His taste in this matter was very near being gratified. A vanguard of 300 men rode up from Franklin and made a bravado demonstration on Lawrence, in order, as they supposed, to alarm our men and ascertain how far they could go. Brown eagerly hurried out with 100 men to give them fight on the open prairie, but the enemy retired, and declined the contest to Brown's great disappointment and disgust.

His conduct at the sack of Osawatimie is well known. John Reid, a prominent lawyer of Jackson county, and a member of the Missouri Legislature, marched upon that town with 300 men and two pieces of artillery. The inhabitants were taken by surprise, and Brown had barely time to get into the timber which lines the Osage River, with 30 men and a limited supply of ammunition, when the whole force of their assailants marched upon the prairie before them. With his usual indomitable courage and unhesitating confidence in himself, he gave no thought to the odds of ten to one, or to making his escape from the danger, nor did he wait for the enemy to commence the fight, but carefully disposing his men, he opened a rapid and constant fire, which was returned, of course, but the Missourians, not knowing his numbers, and fearing an ambuscade, would not venture into the woods, and their artillery did little harm to men lying on the ground and loading at the breach. The result was that 60 or 70 of the Missourians were killed or wounded; two of Brown's men were killed, and the others he carried off in safety through the timber, up the river, and across the ford.

In 1857, when the troubles in Southern Kansas had somewhat subsided, it is well known that Hamilton, with an armed party, crossed the Missouri line, and having picked up singly some 13 prisoners, carried them into Missouri, set them up in line, unarmed, and had them all shot down in cold blood. This started the border war in cold blood. This started the field in connection, and Brown again took the protection of his own friends and retaliation on Missouri. Believing that slavery and the slaveholding interest was the cause of all their troubles, he recommended clearing the country along the border of all its slaves; and his carrying off a body of negroes, whom he landed safely in Canada in spite of all the dangers and difficulties that surrounded



him, is well known to the country. Hostile parties started after him, a large reward was offered for him by the Governor of Missouri, and twice or three times at least, on the route, he came to bay and prepared to fight, but he seems never to have been discouraged for a moment, nor to have entertained a single doubt or fear. As he was approaching the Kansas line with his party of slaves, word was brought to him that a Missouri party, of superior numbers and well armed, were on his track. Instead of hurrying his march, he halted at once, sent the negroes with two of his men into the Territory, and prepared for a fight. It proved, however, a false alarm.

These are a few of the incidents in the life of this remarkable man, and serve to throw some light, not only on his character, but also on the mad attempt in which he has recently engaged. He has elements of character which, under circumstances favorable to their proper development and right direction, would have made him one of the great men of the world. Napoleon himself had no more blind and trusting confidence in his own destiny and resources; his iron will and unbending purpose were equal to that of any man living or dead; his religious enthusiasm and sense of duty (exaggerated and false though it was), was yet earnest and sincere, and not excelled by that of Oliver Cromwell or any of his followers; while no danger could for a moment alarm or disturb him. Though, doubtless, his whole nature was subject to, and almost constantly, for the last three or four years, pervaded by the deepest excitement, his exterior was always calm and cool. His manner, though conveying the idea of a stern and self-sustaining man, was yet gentle and courteous, and marked by frequent and decided manifestations of kindness; and it can be probably said of him, with truth, that, amid all his provocations, he never perpetrated an act of wanton or unnecessary cruelty. He was scrupulously honest, moral and temperate, and never gave utterance to a boast. Upon one occasion, when one of the ex-Governors of Kansas said to him that he was a marked man, and that the Missourians were determined, sooner or later, to take his scalp, the old man straightened himself up with a glance of enthusiasm and defiance in his gray eye, "Sir," said he, "the angel of the Lord will camp round about me."

His is a fierce and relentless nature. The slave power had driven the iron of personal wrong, in the form of persecution, oppression, and murder, into his soul, and maddened him into the one idea of life, long, undying war on an institution which he believed to be accursed of God and man. Who can wonder at the result? And who can doubt that he, far more than the many criminals purged of guilt for deeds of violence at the hands of courts and juries, is eminently entitled to the plea of insanity. I write thus not to justify him. Society cannot afford to justify such deeds of blood, although many of those who are loudest in their denunciations would be very ready to justify him had he committed these wrongs in recovering slaves and attacking abolitionists, and have had no word of condemnation for the foul murders which made John Brown a desperate man. For his offence he is responsible. If there is any responsibility behind him, it rests on those who first introduced and sanctioned the instrumentalities of violence, oppression and murder, in the contest over the extension of slavery; for they have taught him the game and educated him to proficiency in playing it. Let them punish, if they will, the pupil who has outlearned his teachers, but it is worse than idle to disavow the paternity of the system they have taught him. His own responsibility he will meet, like a hero as he is. All Virginia in arms cannot unstring his nerves or blanch his cheek, and he will meet his fate, whatever it is, probably with a feeling of grim satisfaction that, almost unaided and alone, he was able to throw the boasted slave power of two great States into convulsions of terror, and summon armed thousands of the chivalry to his capture.

#### Correspondence of the Ohio Statesman.

JEFFERSON, Ashtabula Co., Oct. 26, '59.

#### COL. MANXPENNY:

Sir:—There appears to be trouble in the wigwam in this part of the State, and in this town particularly. On the first news of John Brown's failure at Harper's Ferry, (Wednesday, 19th,) Giddings started to Oberlin, a distance of seventy-five miles; returned Thursday, 20th; started as he said for Baltimore Friday, the 21st, but has turned up at Philadelphia. It is guessed here that after due counsel at Oberlin that Brown's baggage in Maryland, in the shape of firearms and pikes, which had not fallen into the hands of the Virginians, must be looked after and secured, and a rescue of Brown, if possible, by blood thirsty villains, if they could be found.

There is, I believe, a deep laid plot to divide the Union and erect a Northern confederacy.—It has been a favorite theme with Giddings and his friends for years, to get up a Northern party, which they suppose they have now the power to attain. Will not the Northern friends of this present United confederacy, of every shade of party, now take the alarm and put their foot on further estrangement, before it is too late to prevent civil war and blood shed? Are any of the States about to falter in their allegiance and their courage to maintain the integrity of this Union as it is or as it may be?

John Brown, Senior, was in this county about the date of Gerritt Smith's letter to him, directed to West Andover, in this county, the residence of his son John. The old man John, on Sabbath afternoon, in the month of June, at Jefferson, after being introduced to the congregation by Giddings, and our priest, a graduate of Oberlin and member of the Christian convention, held forth, Bible in hand, to prove the virtues of the higher law, in a Christian manner, and described his exploits in Kansas, and more particularly in stealing horses and niggers in Missouri. He was greatly applauded by all Abolitionists of the peeled stick quality. He asked contributions of the people to aid him in his Christian course, and said he would make good use of the money, whereupon Giddings arose and urged the people to make liberal contributions to the good cause. After this Giddings had a consultation with Brown at his own house; further your deponent saith not.

Parker Pillsbury dropped into this town four or five weeks ago, and begged lustily for the same good cause. I strongly suspect that Garrison, Gerritt Smith and Giddings are all known to this movement.

The codfish aristocracy of Massachusetts prize the bull dog propensities of Giddings, and highly appreciate him. Without a tith of Aaron Burr's personal courage or education, yet he has all the hypocrisy, heart burning, thirsty, envious ambition of that man in his palmy days. OBSERVER.

#### "OLD BROWN."

1859 [Written for the Troy Daily Times] N.Y.  
The following communication by one who was in Kansas, and participated in the scenes described, will be interesting, and will serve to correct some erroneous statements in circulation respecting the unfortunate Capt. Brown—more especially with reference to one episode in his Kansas history:

Soon after the destruction of the Free State hotel in Lawrence, I reached Nebraska City.—We at once procured wagons, and took up our line of march en route for Topeka. While crossing the Kickapoo Reserve, we were met by a company of Topeka boys, and at their head was "old Brown." It so happened that he was quartered in our tent, and it was my good fortune to share with him my blanket. Many pleasant hours I have passed in listening to his narration of various hair breadth escapes, and of his wild reckless border life. At Topeka, he left us to return to his home in Ossawatimie; I remained in Topeka about four weeks. The Second Regiment of Free State Volunteers was then directed to proceed immediately to Lawrence by order of the Commander-in-chief, General Lane, and take up quarters for the present, as the border ruffians were encamped across the Wakarusa river, and were expected to make a sally upon the town before our regiment could reach the city.

The second day after my arrival I met Fred. Brown,—a tall, noble-looking fellow, at the City Hotel. He had come in great haste from Ossawatimie for reinforcements. He returned the same evening, and the next day, at noon, he was brutally murdered, while on his way to the spring, a short distance from his house, for a pail of water. This cold-blooded assassination so infuriated the old man, that he swore eternal vengeance against the Border Ruffians and the pro-Slavery party. Previous to this affair, it was contemplated by some twenty Ruffians to burn the old man's house, murder him, and take his son's prisoners. They reached his house quite early in the evening for such a daring adventure; but as it had been concocted among themselves, it was supposed all safe. Not so; old John had heard of the scheme, and had procured the aid of eight Free State men, aside from the members of his own family, to assist him, and was quietly awaiting the assault. He allowed the Ruffians to surround the house, and then he gave orders to open the doors and rush out upon them. It was so unexpected to the invaders, that after the first onset, they broke ranks and fled. They did not all succeed, however, in getting away. Two were left dead, and five were taken prisoners. The rest were pursued about a half a mile, but escaped. "He did not take them from their cabins and murder them," but made them prisoners, while they were attempting to take his own life and of those who were as dear to him as his own existence. They were held in close custody until morning and then executed.

#### OSAWATTIMIE BROWN.

#### His Insanity on the Slavery Question.

[From the Chicago Press and Tribune, Oct. 19.]

Ossawatimie Brown, who seems to have been the head and front of the movement, figures not unexpectedly to us in the purposeless and senseless riot. Since the death of his son Frederick, who was shot down at his own door in Kansas, by a Missouri mob tenfold more revengeful and bloody than that which now fills Virginia with terror, and since the old man witnessed, on the same occasion, the destruction of the property that he had been a life-time in accumulating, he has been a monomaniac. He has supposed himself divinely appointed to free all American slaves by some violent and decisive movement, the nature of which we do not know that he ever revealed. Often, we are told, during the Kansas disturbances, he would retire to a secluded place at a distance from his camp, and there, to use his own words, wrestle with the Almighty for hours, to wring from Him the aid which he demanded for the accomplishment of the work to which he thought himself appointed by heavenly favor. His talk for years to his friends and intimates has been of his commission sealed with the blood of the Saviour, by which he was directed in the path that he was about to follow. He entertained no doubt that his life was to be prolonged until he could see the shackles stricken off from every slave in the land; nor has he had a doubt that by his agency, as the instrument of God, specially entrusted with the work, every bondman was to be freed. This delusion has been regarded as harmless, and since he passed out of public view, it has, we suppose, been forgotten even by his friends. That he has acted upon the murderous impulse which the violation of his own household roused within him—that his mania has overpowered his reason, and forced him into the commission of a great crime—the history of this Harper's Ferry movement is sufficient proof. We do not wonder, knowing him, from the accounts given by others, as well as we do, that he engaged in an enterprise of such criminality and folly. We are only surprised that he could have found any white man out of slavery weak enough to have yielded to his crazy suggestions and aided him in his hair-brained attempt. He will doubtless be called upon to lay down his life in atonement for his folly, and though our conviction that he is demoralized is strengthened by this recent event, we can but say that death cannot claim him too soon.

OLD-BROWN. Since the wretched affair at Harper's Ferry, almost every known crime has been ascribed to Old Brown, and his name has been associated with every dark deed that has transpired during twenty years. The Norfolk Argus caps the climax by asserting that Brown is "the last survivor of Murrill's celebrated gang of counterfeiters." "One of the Doy Rescuers" writes to the Chicago Tribune that Brown was not concerned in the rescue of Dr. Doy from the St. Joseph Jail, and had no connection with the affair. *Traverse Oct 26*

From the New York Observer, Nov. 1.]

### THE VIRGINIA INSURRECTION.

Captain John Brown, who has just incited a few slaves in Virginia, excited all the people in the United States, and amazed the whole world by the seizure of the great armory at Harper's Ferry, and the seizure of the town, of 2500 inhabitants, with a force of only 17 white men and 5 negroes, is a person now not far from 60 years of age. He is described as a strong, slim, muscular man, wearing long grey hair and full beard; and it has become evident that not man or devil could inspire "Old Brown" with fear. Some say that he is a native of Kentucky, which is probably the case—since northern men never entertain such intense hatred of Slavery. Wherever he was born, in 1855 he was in Central New-York, an honest, hard-working man, of exemplary piety, and a Presbyterian of the straightest sect, who had gathered a little fortune, and was at the head of a large family, having seven sons, men grown. In that year he went to Kansas with his seven sons and five other Free State men, following a wagon loaded with guns, sabres, and other munitions of war. At once he took a decided stand against all compromises and those conservative measures proposed for the sake of peace by Gov. Robinson and his associates. He invested his funds at Ossawatimie, and if left alone would probably lived quietly, though he was found too ultra to be admitted into the councils of the Free State men; but the bounds of Slavery were upon him, and he was ready to receive and return their blows, and did so till the name of "Old Brown" was a terror along the borders, and rung over the land.

In 1856 one of his sons, who was elected to the Legislature of that year, was seized and taken from Ossawatimie to Leecompton in chains—a distance of 30 miles. His feet and hands were chained together with a large, heavy chain, the size of that used on ox teams. He was compelled to walk the whole distance beneath a burning sun. The iron wore the flesh from his ankles, he was attacked with the brain fever, was neglected, and died in two or three days. He was a companion of Gov. Robinson. Another son of Capt. Brown was shot at Ossawatimie by a marauding party from Missouri. After the death of his son, occasioned by the tortures and fatigue of his forced march, Brown swore vengeance upon the pro-slavery party; and it was frequently observed by the more prudent of the Free State men that he was evidently insane on the subject. He collected a band of men, most of them sufferers like himself from the "border ruffians;" whose friends had been murdered, their wives and daughters outraged, and property destroyed; and with them—sometimes few and sometimes more numerous—he defied the power of the Missourians. On one occasion five "pro-slavery" men were taken from their cabins and murdered, and this was charged to his account, though it is quite probable that they were murdered by a Georgia party, and that Brown was forty miles distant, at Lawrence, at the time. However it was, the Missourians swore vengeance on Brown, and one Pate headed thirty men, and promised to deliver "Old Brown" in Missouri, dead or alive. Old "Ossawatimie" met him with his whole force of just nine men, who captured Pate and his entire crew, and held them till they were released by U. S. troops. Soon after, in conjunction with Montgomery, he opposed the border ruffian, Capt. Hamilton, and not only drove him from Kansas, but followed him into Missouri, where he took possession of a village, shot one or two of the residents, and liberated the slaves, with whom he escaped into Kansas again.

We have nothing to say in justification of Brown. We believe that it was through such Free State men, and just such crazy heads on the other side, that the nation was troubled for two or three years. But while we condemn him, we by no means would palliate the system of slavery that made him the mad man he is; that pushed its shadow over the line into free territory, where the people repudiated and hated it; that burned dwellings over the heads of occupants; tore down mills, stopped printing-presses, and put property and life every where in jeopardy; that chained young Brown to a cart, which he followed till his flesh was worn from his limbs by the iron, and the hot sun had burned his brain to a fever; and that shot another Brown by his own newly erected cabin, and the hearthstone that he would sanctify by domestic life. Let Brown be hung, if so says the law. Let the pound of flesh come, if that be the verdict, though it be nearest to the heart; but we will not forget that Brown was a father, and that the blood of his children had been spilled before his eyes; that Slavery had robbed him of the treasures of his heart, and unsettled a mind that before was hostile unto bitterness against its enormities.

Christians into demons of retaliation, that excite servile insurrection and the irresponsible conflict of races. From the time of peace in Kansas, Brown has acted as one of the conductors of the "underground railroad," and the last we heard of him, some few months ago, was on a train well filled with fugitives for Canada. It was undoubtedly to aid this work that he received money from Gerrit Smith, Frederick Douglass, and others; and there is no reason to suppose that he named to them his intended insurrection; but all the time this seems to have been in his mind, and he had prepared the colored people for it, both in the slave States of Maryland and Virginia, and in the free States and Canada. Some one, as long ago as the 20th of August, in an anonymous letter from Cincinnati, warned Secretary Floyd, and stated definitely that the seizure of the armory in Virginia was to be the signal of insurrection. That letter was unnoticed, nor does there appear to have been any effort to discover Brown's whereabouts, though he was at the head of the movement. At last the hour approached. Brown, having leased a farm in the neighborhood, had stocked his house with rifles, pistols, knives, spears, and terrible weapons of war, to arm the slaves; and then he made his descent upon the armory, capturing, before alarm was given, and by some unaccountable means holding, that whole section in his power.

This Harper's Ferry was a skillfully chosen location for his operations, since there is a large slave population—twenty thousand within twenty miles—in the adjoining counties of Virginia and Maryland; and surrounding it are mountains covered with woods, and a forced march of two days and nights would carry the fugitives into Pennsylvania—a free State—or, rallying there for a final fight, the arsenal would supply them arms and ammunition. However crazy Brown may have been (and no doubt he is a fanatical religious monomaniac) his scheme was well devised; and had his men—for he must have relied upon a ready accession to his force—been forthcoming, we should have heard of more extended fighting and bloodshed. It is settled that the slaves were looking for this outbreak, for a general stampede has followed from that section; and the New-York Herald has reports that in numerous instances it was found almost impossible to control the slaves. They were insolent to their masters, refused to work, and were looking for revolution.

At the appointed hour the armory was seized, blood was shed, and after two days the troops recovered possession, but not before fifteen out of seventeen of the white insurgents were dead or wounded. Brown asked no quarter. Wounded in the body, and cut by a sword across the head, he continued to fight till he was overpowered, and forced to yield. He never blinched during the assault, though he admitted that escape was impossible, and that he would have to die. When the door was broken down one of the men exclaimed, "I surrender." The Captain immediately cried out, "There's one surrenders; give him quarter;" and immediately fired his own rifle at the door. Col. Washington, and other prisoners in the armory, speak of Brown as being, throughout the whole affray, perfectly calm and collected. He talked to them of his troubles in Kansas, and the loss of two sons there, and spoke of two more to die with him here, whom he had not urged to join him, but whose loss he said he did not regret, since they had died in a glorious cause. He appears particularly anxious to vindicate his action, and he had probably thought of this matter so much that he had come to look death fairly in the face.

This operation will tend to alarm some people in the North, and the democrats take advantage of it for party purposes; but much more has it and will it alarm the thoughtful of the South. It will show them how their lives are at the mercy of slaves whom they have wronged, and of mad men and fanatics from abroad. Every where it carries terror to their hearts. The planter knows not who to trust. He looks upon his wife and children, and then on his slaves, in doubt which may be the victims of tomorrow. He sleeps on his pistols, or stands watching the long night, startled at every wind that rattles the trees, and trembling at every footfall. Terrible, indeed, is such a life, and worse and worse must be the state of affairs as the blacks become more intelligent. This insurrection shows the slave system in too frightful a form for any sane man to wish it extended over the country, and every patriot will be more from t is outbreak seek to restrain and reduce it in the Republic.

The last strange and thrilling event at Harper's Ferry, which have startled the public mind, reveals the hidden dangers to the country, excite a natural curiosity in respect to the prominent actor in the scene. I have no knowledge of the origin or early career of Brown. It was about ten years ago that he made his appearance as a farmer or cattle breeder in North Elba, one of the interior and most secluded towns of Essex county, and venturing upon the vast wilderness of northern New York. The humble farm of Brown is situated on a elevated and broad plateau, embosomed in the giant arms of the Adirondacks. No district of the State is more impressive by the grandeur of its physical features or its natural beauties. The town is separated from the outer world by a barrier of dark and lofty mountains. Although embracing territory equal to that of some counties, its population does not exceed four hundred souls.

North Elba was the scene of Gerrit Smith's abortive attempts at negro colonization. The scheme may have been suggested by honest and sincere philanthropy, but its issue was an utter failure, entailing upon the author disappointment, and sorrow and suffering on the recipient county. The career of Gerrit Smith in this colony, although at one time so numerous that it seemed probable the anomalous political aspect would be exhibited of a town in New York controlled by negro slaves, and represented in the county board by a colored supervisor. Only two or three of the colonists remain. They have either abandoned their farms, or their lands have been sold for taxes. Nothing remains of this wretched city of refuge.

Brown made his appearance in North Elba near the advent of the negro immigration. I do not know, however, that he had any connection with the movement, or any agency in promoting the eccentric vagaries of Mr. Smith. Recent occurrences seem to warrant the conclusion that even at this period an association of sentiment and action existed between these infatuated enthusiasts. In a political speech in Essex county last autumn, Smith referred to Brown with high eulogium, and while he denounced all parties for their course, he has asserted that "John Brown has done for Kansas more than all other men combined."

At the Agricultural Fair of Essex county, for 1856, a great sensation was created by the unlooked for appearance on the grounds of a beautiful herd of Devon cattle. They were the first that had been exhibited at a county festival, and every one was surprised and delighted by the incident. The inquiry was universal, Whose are these cattle, and from whence do they come? The surprise and excitement was not diminished, when it was understood that a certain John Brown was the owner, and that he resided in the town of North Elba. The report of the society for that year contains the following reference to this event:—"The appearance upon the grounds of a number of very choice and beautiful Devons, from the herd of Mr. John Brown, residing in one of our most remote and secluded towns, attracted great attention, and added much to the interest of the fair. The interest and admiration they excited have already attracted public attention to the subject, and has resulted in the introduction of a few choice animals into this region. We have no doubt but that this influence upon the character of the stock of our county will be permanent and decisive." (Trans. 1856, page 229.)

The writer of this article soon after opened a correspondence with Brown in relation to these cattle. His reply is now before me. The letter is written in a strong and vigorous hand, and by its careful arrangement of paragraphs, evinces far more than ordinary taste and scholarship. I consider it remarkable, not only for the force and precision of the language, for a business letter, and for the distinctness of its statements, but equally for its soundness and honesty of representation. I trust it will interest your readers, as illustrating the former habits and pursuits of a man who has impressed an ill-omened episode upon our national history:—"Your favor of the 50th of September came on seasonably; but it was during my absence in Ohio, so that I could not reply sooner. In the first place, none of my cattle are pure Devons, but are a mixture of that and a particular favorite stock from Connecticut, a cross of which I much prefer to any pure English cattle, after many years' experience of different breeds of imported stock. \* \* \* I was several months in England last season, and saw no one stock on any farm that would average better than my own, and would like to have you see them all together."

Such were the habits and tastes of the man while engaged in the pursuits of husbandry. What a contrast is presented, by the intelligence and zeal here displayed in a worthy and useful occupation, which was joined to him along the pleasant paths of peace, contentment and prosperity, to the career of war, and of blood and ignominious death. Whilst every well constituted mind must denounce his course, of a bold and heroic bearing, the evil influence of others, who shrunk from delusion. The peril on which they precipitated him, has betrayed him into deeds of blood and treason, and consigned a band of gallant sons to bloody shrouds, and hastened him to ignominious death. Whilst every well constituted mind must denounce his course, of a bold and heroic bearing, the evil influence of others, who shrunk from delusion. The peril on which they precipitated him, has betrayed him into deeds of blood and treason, and consigned a band of gallant sons to bloody shrouds, and hastened him to ignominious death. Whilst every well constituted mind must denounce his course, of a bold and heroic bearing, the evil influence of others, who shrunk from delusion. The peril on which they precipitated him, has betrayed him into deeds of blood and treason, and consigned a band of gallant sons to bloody shrouds, and hastened him to ignominious death.

Brown was at North Elba during a large part of the last summer, engaged everywhere in disseminating his fanatical opinions. The small remains of his family which have escaped his fatal schemes still remain on the farm at that place, clustering around the hearth that has become so fearfully bereaved and desolated.

The Cleveland Herald says that "John Brown initiated the system of grading wools—a system at this day universally adopted and with perfect success; but the New England manufacturers combined against him. He had at Springfield, Mass., a large deposit of graded Western wools, and he warred against the combination of New-England manufacturers, who, having had the wool-buying at their own way, did not fancy that a party should step in between them and the producers, to show the latter what was for their interest, and to prevent the practice of imposition upon them. The combination was successful, and Brown, impetuous and indignant, shipped his wools to England, to find out that the price in Massachusetts was better than in England. He reshipped his wools, took them to Bremen, and there sold them at such sacrifice as to ruin himself, pecuniarily, and seriously injure many friends."



### Ferocious Manifesto from Henry Clay Pate—His Disgrace at Old Brown.

H. Clay Pate, the Border Ruffian hero of Black Jack, has published a card in reply to the charge of having shown the white feather to his old Kansas conqueror, Ossawatimie Brown. His letter closes with the following allusion to the imprisoned insurrectionist:

As to Old Brown, he has been an outlaw all his life. Professing to be a zealous Christian, he is a fanatical hypocrite. Living at different times in almost every State in the Union, he has been everything by starts and nothing long, except as mean as a man as a horse thief can be, and as treacherous as an heir of hell and a joint heir of the devil.

I said of Brown in the St. Louis Republican, in 1856:

"He told me he would take the life of a man as quick as he would that of a dog, if he thought it necessary. He said if a man stood between him and what he considered right, and he considered Abolitionism right, he would take his life as coolly as he would eat his breakfast. His actions show what he is. Always restless, he seems never to sleep. With an eye like a snake, he looks like a demon. Apparently a miserable outlaw, he prefers war to peace, that pillage and plunder may be more safely carried on. And this is a leader of the Free State party in Kansas."

There is no reason why I should change my opinion of John Brown in 1859.

If what I have said is not enough, the public need expect from me nothing more of defence with the pen. Three years ago I thrashed one coward who said I surrendered, and when he was called on for satisfaction, would not accept a challenge. I am just as able to do the same thing in 1859 as I was in 1856, and possibly a little abler.

H. CLAY PATE.  
Petersburg, Va., Oct. 1, 1859.

### BROWN ANOTHER BALFOUR OF BURLEY.

From the Springfield Republican.

While a resident of this city Brown was respected by all who knew him for his perfect integrity of character. But he was then a monomaniac, as really as he has since proved himself to be. He is so constituted that when he gets possessed of an idea he carried it out with unflinching fidelity to all its logical consequences, as they seem to him, without any abeyance, and deterred by no unpleasant consequences to himself personally. While he was in business here he took up the notion that he ought not to put his name to certain descriptions of commercial paper, such as were indispensable in the conduct of his own affairs, and he would adhere rigidly to this idea until his business was completely blocked up and brought to a dead stand, when the President of the bank where he had his money transactions, would take him in hand and fairly talk him off his hobby long enough to get his affairs unsharred, so that his business could go on again. And this was done repeatedly. Brown was here about a year ago, and spent several days. He talked freely with his friends in respect to his running off slaves from Missouri. He seemed to feel that he had a special mission in respect to slavery, and he justified the running off of slaves, not on the grounds of personal vengeance for the bitter wrongs he had received, but as an effective mode of operation against the institution itself. His theory was then, and it is the secret of his Harper's Ferry movement, that it was his mission to make the institution insecure, to increase the general feeling of its insecurity at the South, and thus to act upon the fear and pride of the slaveholders. In all this he was deliberate, calm, and conscientious. Doubtless his personal wrongs had contributed to the establishment of this fixed purpose of his life, but his vengeance was directed not against slaveholders, but against the institution itself. It was a matter of religion with him. He is a Presbyterian in his faith, and feels that it is for this very purpose that God has raised him up. This is made evident in the answers given to his catechizers as he lay chained and bloody, with fierce eyes around him and hearts thirsting for his blood. His perfect coolness and self-possession, and the utter absence of and transparent sincerity, and the respect of all about him in his manner, command the respect of all about him. The universal feeling is that John Brown is a hero—a misguided and insane man, but nevertheless inspired with a genuine heroism. He has a large infusion of the stern old Puritan element in him. His conversations with Gov. Wise and others show the character of the man.

### BROWN'S CRAZY PLANS.

From the Baltimore Sun, Oct. 21.

The reporter of *The Sun* yesterday morning conferred with a gentleman of veracity, direct from Harper's Ferry. He stated that "old Brown" and his associates were overheard in their ravings on Tuesday night previous giving vent to their overcharged brains. Their ejaculations were overheard from the sentries where Brown and Stevens were confined. Brown was heard to say that in the event of their success, the insurgents contemplated the capture of Washington, the seizure of the Federal Government, and the imprisonment of the President and his Cabinet. The schemes of the revolution were in the confidence of five of the revolutionary spirits of the Southern and West of the Northern States. It is a fact worthy of notice that all the spears captured by the United States are one foot longer than the market and beyond of the army, and their use, it is evident, was to be mainly employed in keeping the United States soldiers at bay.

THE CHARACTER OF JOHN BROWN.—We gave, yesterday, some facts, to show that when the leading Republicans in the Eastern States were contributing to the furtherance of Brown's activities in Kansas, they were promoting a conflict for political purposes, rather than aiding him to revenge himself upon those through whom his property and family had suffered. The Providence Post furnishes the following statement, apparently put forth with a knowledge of the facts, which more than sustains our position. The truth is, and there is no use in attempting to gainsay it, that the conflict in Kansas was a political necessity, which the Republican leaders fully appreciated; and such men as Brown, Lane, and their associates, were sent there in pursuance of a deliberate and systematic plan, as carefully and as fully concocted as has been any political campaign in this country.

Unfortunately, some of the Missourians, by interfering in the first election in Kansas, afforded the color of an excuse for the conflict which was part and parcel of the political campaign for the Presidency in 1856. There are men high in the Republican councils in this city, in Albany, in Boston, indeed in every Eastern State in the Union, who know that what we write is true, and that the Kansas troubles were considered a Godsend to their party, and formed a part of their political tactics in the Fremont campaign. The following is the Providence Post's account of John Brown:

"The simple truth is, that Brown commenced his career as a villain long before his son was killed, and that most of his villainous exploits preceded this event. No man in Kansas doubts or has ever doubted that he is a murderer; and that he is a horse-thief might be proved, we think, without seeking for witnesses now outside of the city of Providence. He was a notorious highway robber in almost the very beginning of the Kansas difficulties, and never felt under any obligations to confine his rascalities to that Territory. He made frequent incursions into Missouri; and before the Kansas elections, was known throughout his neighborhood as a robber and cut-throat. It was in May, 1855, if we mistake not, that he dragged Allen Wilkinson, a very peaceable pro-slavery man, from the sick bed of his wife, and murdered him; and on the same night, he murdered William Sherman, James P. Doyle, and a son of the latter, who was a mere boy. It was long after this that he made his electioneering speeches for the Republican party in the States. Did the Republicans get an insane man to electioneer for them? But, more than this. The murders charged against old Brown and his son were committed seven months before R. P. Brown was murdered!"

—The Pittsburgh Dispatch says that when Thomas Cunningham, esq., of Beaver, Pa., went to Kansas, under an appointment as U. S. Judge, in passing through a settlement he met old Ossawatimie Brown, who had just arrived with half a dozen Pro-Slavery prisoners, captured while in arms to assail the Free-State settlers. Among them were several slaveholders, who were discharged by Brown, (as Gov. Wise promised to discharge Gerrit Smith,) with a lecture, as poor ignorant devils, who knew no better; then, turning to the Northern men with Southern principles, he remarked: "As for you fellows, who ought to know better, having been brought up in the Free North, I must ask the Lord what I shall do with you!" Whereupon the stern old man commenced praying to the Almighty, asking his aid, that he might so dispose of these prisoners as to best promote the Free State cause, &c., in the midst of which Judge Cunningham, after vain attempts at restraining it, burst into a fit of laughter. In a moment Brown ceased praying, and turning his piercing eyes upon the offender, remarked: "And if you don't stop laughing, I shall dispose of you, sir, without asking the Lord anything about it!" It is unnecessary to say that the honorable Court resumed its accustomed grave demeanor, and that the subsequent proceedings of John Brown's drum-head court martial were marked with no levity so far as Judge Cunningham was concerned.

## The Mercury.

NEW BEDFORD:  
MONDAY EVENING, NOV. 7, 1859.

The question of "old Brown's" nativity is settled by an extract from the town records of Torrington, Conn., as follows:

Owen Brown, now of Torrington, late of Simsbury was married at Simsbury on the 11th day of February, A. D. 1798.

Anna Ruth Brown, daughter of Owen and Ruth Brown was born in the town of Norfolk the 6th day of July, 1798.

JOHN BROWN, son of Owen and Ruth Brown was born in Torrington, the 9th day of May, 1800.

Salmon Brown, son of Owen and Ruth Brown was born on the 30th day of April, 1802. Oliver Owen Brown, son of Owen and Ruth Brown was born the 20th day of October, A. D. 1804.

Old Brown is therefore 59 years old. He lived about a mile northwest of Torrington meeting house, till he was five years old, when his father moved West. Owen was the son of Capt. John Brown, an officer in the revolutionary army, who died in New York just before the declaration of independence.

### SUFFERINGS OF BROWN IN KANSAS.

The history of the provoking causes of Brown's Kansas career are thus stated by the Cleveland Herald:

John Brown had a son, E. P. Brown, who near Eastern that Winter (55-6) was taken prisoner by the Missouri ruffians, and confined in a store. When it was an express visited Fort Leavenworth to the spot and that United States troops were sent to the spot and sent Brown from being murdered. That was refused, and refused to be in compliance with positive orders from Washington. What followed? Capt. E. P. Brown was helpless and alone in the power of the Pro-Slavery men; that band of ruffians struck him, and he rose to his feet and asked to be permitted to fight the best man among them—he would fight for his life—but the cowards dared not give him that chance. Brown then dared any two or three of them to fight him, but the cowards would not comply with that request. Then the fiends in human shape rushed upon the unarmed, defenceless Brown, and actually hacked him to pieces with their hatchets. A slaveholder, named Gisson, dealt the fatal blow, burying a hatchet in the side of Brown's head, splitting his skull for inches and scattering his brains. Brown fell, and his enemies jumped upon him; while dying, Brown cried out, "Don't kill me—I am dying!" and one of the Pro-Slavery wretches—since then awarded with a commission as United States soldier—stepped over the prostrate man and spat tobacco juice in his eyes. Thus died Capt. E. P. Brown—a Free-State martyr—the son of John Brown—known as Ossawatimie Brown.

From that time forward the old man devoted himself to warfare upon Slavery. He became the leading Free State partisan in the Kansas troubles, and was the terror of the Missouri frontier. An expedition was fitted out to capture him. But instead of taking Brown, the expedition was taken by him. The battle of Black Jack, where Pate and his Westport rangers were whipped and captured, is one of the forgotten events of the Kansas civil war. When order was restored in Kansas, old Brown seemed to have nursed his wrath to keep it warm, and to have longed for further opportunities to resent the wrongs done him and his by the ruffians of Missouri. For a time, he was unheard of, and then the country was startled by the rescue of Dr. Dor from the jail at St. Joseph. Old Brown was the man who planned and executed that enterprise. Next, he is reported to have led a company of fugitive slaves from Missouri through Illinois, and given them passes on the U. G. R. R. to Canada. Now his ambition began to expand, and he found that his mission was to turn upon the South the logic of the policy of that section in Kansas. He probably thought, that as the South was in the habit of filibustering a great deal on its own account, it could not logically offer an objection to a filibuster enterprise within its borders. He may have imagined that the Government did not interfere to prevent or punish the outrages of Missouri filibusters in Kansas, who were anxious to plant Slavery there, it would not trouble itself if a company of Kansas filibusters entered Virginia to free the slaves there.

### LETTER FROM BROWN'S SURVIVING SON.

The following letter we found among the private papers of Capt. Brown, at his house. It is from one of his sons, the sole remaining one out of six, who is now wandering through the West, but his whereabouts is unknown to the father, as he himself assured us.

DEAR FATHER:—Your letter dated April 5 was received several weeks since, also your letter of the 16th April, dated at Westport. We have not seen our writing case, which you say was lost either at Chicago or this side. I believe and hope that your life and health may be spared for several years. I cannot think that you have finished your work yet. You had mistaken Jason's ideas of "moving," entirely. He is heartily engaged in the measure, and as he says, "I will only acknowledge that I do not wish to be considered worse than I am in that matter. While you was in Kansas last season, I wrote you once, some time in August, directing to Mr. ADAMS. It appears that you did not receive it. We have not heard from John for several months. If it was myself it would be no wonder, as it is him, I am beginning to think of strange of it. Have received a letter from Ruth, of the 19th April. I have commenced a letter in answer to all the letters from mother, HENRY, RUTH, SALMON, ANNA, WATSON, OLIVER, and all the rest. Whether they ever receive it or not will depend wholly upon the length of their life. Shall remember you all. Your affectionate son,

The signature has been carefully cut from the page.

### JOURNAL OF ANOTHER OF BROWN'S SONS.

Among the most interesting documentary discoveries made at the house of "Ossawatimie" Brown, by the scouting party, was a regularly kept diary, in the awkward handwriting of JASON, one of his elder sons. The writer employed a peculiar phonographic method of spelling and abbreviating, which renders it at times difficult to catch his meaning; the greater portion, however, is easily to be understood.

The Journal, which opens on Tuesday, Aug. 25, 1857, is contained in an ordinary sized account-book, upon the fly-leaf of which is impressed a circular

and around the rim the name of "JASON JONES, Notary Public."

The first entry of Aug. 25, states that the writer started at a certain date in June for Tabor, from Akron to Hudson; got goods at Hysaicus, etc.; Harness; Bought red mail stage at Jerries. Next day went to Cleveland. Shipped chest by express. Staid at Bennett's Temperance House; next day went to church through the day and evening.

July 4, the entry is "Jason left for Iowa city," where he was joined by Jason, on the 5th, who records a meeting with "Dr. BOWEN, Mrs. BOWEN, and JESSIE and LIZA HORTON."

The entries until the 10th, records the purchases of wood for spears, staples, chains for mules, and canvas for wagon cover. A horse and buggy was swapped for two horses on the 13th; on the 14th tents and tent poles were carefully packed in the wagons, and additional blankets purchased.

July 15, the entry is "the party crossed Iowa river, stopped at noon on the stream beyond six mile house."

"The party here referred to, was evidently a portion of "Old" Brown's original "Freedom Shriekers," comprising, as we find by a subsequent entry, Capt. Brown, Jason his son, Moffit, J. E. Cook, Parsons William Leeman, Richard Realf, Chas. P. Todd, Whipple, Robertson, and John H. Kagi; the latter the Kansas correspondent of the New-York Tribune during the border troubles.

Of the party mentioned, five were concerned in the recent outbreak at Harper's Ferry, four of whom have already paid with their lives the just penalty of their treason.

The band appear by frequent entries in the journal, to have been well organized under a system of military discipline. They were daily drilled, and held nightly discussions and debates upon every variety of subjects, all of which are minutely recorded in the book before us.

The entry of Aug. 9, records the "arrival of Col. Forbes," who from the frequent mention made of that work, the deference which the entries betray for the military judgment of the Colonel, and from the fact of the discovery of several copies of his work among the effects of old Brown, we suppose to be Hugh Forbes, author of a Manuel of the Patriotic Volunteer, the reading of which was the daily occupation of the writer, varied with the "cleaning of rifles and revolvers" and "fired 12 shots, drilled, cleaned and loaded," recorded letters from J. and G. Smith."

September 23d, the record acknowledges the receipt of letters from REPUBLIC and G. SMITH; on the 30th the writer finishes "reading G. SMITH'S speech," and states that "efforts were made to raise a fund to send cannon and arms to LANE," but adds that they proved a failure. On the 1st of October the journalist visits Nebraska City with "Mr. JONES and CARRETER."

October 3d proves a lucky date to the writer, who records the receipt then of "\$72 from friend SANBORN." The succeeding day (Sunday) our journalist improves his leisure by perusing "speech of Judge CURTIS, delivered before the students of Union College, New-Jersey, and of Dartmouth college, and at the Normal School Convention, at Elmira, N.Y., and at Barns University, N.Y.," the entry of the same date outlines—read of the awful disaster to the Central America, formerly the *Good Hope*; read answer of the Connecticut men to BUCHANAN, and shed a few tears over it.

On Nov. 4, the journalist rose at "10 minutes before 4 o'clock," ate with the remnant of the party "33 years old," and went to camp. Dec. 2, is as follows: "Took horse, teams, went to JAMES K. GASTON, he was in the field digging potatoes, introduced four or five of our men to his wife, gave them busting big titles just in fun, got acquainted with a Southerner NORTON, TIND buys in his pork and spare-ribs which did prove to be very acceptable, carried out in Mr. SMITH'S barn. Miss WATSON came in the evening, talk about business and the impossibility of pleasing every one: Story of the Grandfather and his grandson and the Donkey, with peoples opinions respecting it—about freezing to death—Strange succession of fatal accidents—Equal rights—and Slavery."

Sec. 3d. 11 desperadoes, Massachusetts 1, England 1, Kentucky 1, Connecticut 3, Maine 2, Ohio 2, New York State 1, (a classification of some kind, perhaps, "got the ballance of the fire for 10 cents. Expended and loaded revolver. Father used harsh words several times."

The entry of Dec. 4 contains the following passages:

Father starts an outrageous jawing about something which he said he would do with Ephraim or (loaded) the mule in cleaning and harnessing him, loaded him with a keg of lead from Mr. Todd's barn; MORRICE carried it a good lift. I also carried it without difficulty. Took leave of Tabor folks perhaps for the last time. Started for Iowa City, Springdale and Ohio.

Dec. 6, (Sunday) the party camped on Walnut Creek, where they voted on "debating or reading—decided in favor of reading and debating. SANDERS, while traveling on the road, run bullets, talk of the itch and lice, the Duke of Argyle, etc., shot at mark, sang tunes at night; fire few on our blankets in tent, put it out as I supposed, folded blankets up and packed them in a heap, some fire remained in the blankets making a strong smell all day, but we could not tell where or what it was, only discovered the mishap in the night when taking up the heap to make bed, found a hole burnt through the entire pile."

Monday Dec. 7: Started for Luis, snowy night discussed warmly the present wrong theory of war. Camped in ravine in a deserted house, no food for horses except cornstalks built up in house, House caught fire. In a warm discussion, the moral right to kill those who would enslave their fellows, and really take the life of the oppressed to perpetuate the wrong upon them and their posterity. Talk about the inconsistency of the Slaveholder mistaking in breed &c with the Africans at the same time calling them brutes and citizens.

Dec. 8th.—Cold, wet and snowy; hot discussion upon the Bible and war snow blew in on our beds and guns; talked about polygamy, infidelity, etc.; in-tentional swearing, etc. Got out cologne for terrapin ointment. Father told of the Scotch saying "God bless the Duke of ANGLE," whenever they scratched; warm argument upon the effect of the abolition of Slavery upon the Southern States, Northern States, commerce and manufactures, also upon the British Colonies and the civilized world; whence came our civilization and origin? talk about prejudices against color: question proposed for debate—greatest general. WASHINGTON or WASHINGTON, late—greatest general. WASHINGTON or WASHINGTON, late—greatest general. WASHINGTON or WASHINGTON, late—greatest general. Very cold night; prairie wolves howl nobly; bought and carried half on our backs two and a-half miles;

prairie wolves howl nobly; bought and carried half on our backs 2 1/2 miles; some of the men a little down in the mouth—"distance travelled, 70 miles."

We have also a small memoranda book which belonged to Realf, one of the party, on the fly-leaf is written the address of "Elias Longley & Bro., between 4th and 6th street, Cincinnati," and "my very dear friend, Jas. Guthrie, Louisville." A slip of paper contained the address of "Richard Realf, care Rev. L. M. Pease, Five Points, House of Industry, New York city."

The Cleveland Herald relates the following of Brown—

"John Brown on one of his return visits from Kansas, was so demeaned as to suppose he could raise a regiment of men in Ohio to march into Missouri to make reprisals against the slave forces, and asked a friend if the power of the State could not be enlisted in that matter. He was then told by many that he was a mad man, and the poor old man left sorrowing that there was no sympathy here for the oppressed. Since then his whereabouts have not been known until the Harper's Ferry emeute burst upon us, and in the midst stood the enthusiast 'Old Brown.'"

THE DAILY COURANT.

HARTFORD: FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 21, 1859.

It is a curious fact to contemplate that twenty-two armed, resolute men, commanded by a skillful, cool and daring leader, could seize and keep possession of the U. S. Arsenal, and frighten two large States like Virginia and Maryland out of a year's growth! The very attempt itself—the very conception of the attempt—indicates insanity. No man in his sound senses would have ever supposed such an attempt could have been successful. Brown will undoubtedly be dealt with by law as he deserves. We do not pity him, except as we pity every deranged man. But it must be conceded that old Ossawatimie Brown has the elements of a leader and a hero in him. He will make a better show in history, or in romance, of the Uncle Tom's Cabin order, than he does at the present moment. He is said to be a native of Torrington, Conn.; and is connected by marriage with President Humphreys and other most respectable families. His biography, in the hands of a skillful narrator, will smack of the stern old Puritan. The old Covenanters of Scotland, worshipping God amid their rocky fastnesses, were not more brave and loyal to their hearts' convictions than is this modern fanatic, as he will be styled. John Brown has the nerve to sustain his convictions; most men are too languid to volunteer martyrdom for a general principle. Educated men are aware that there are many sides to all questions, and that nothing is unqualifiedly true. But such men as John Brown deem the truth as they see it all the truth there is; men of wider comprehension know better, and act accordingly. John Brown will go down to posterity, certainly, a more presentable hero than Luke Day, the West Springfield Captain of the Shay's Rebellion, or than the nameless heroes of the Pennsylvania Whisky Rebellion.

[From the Cleveland National Democrat, 22d.]

Who is Ossawatimie Brown!

A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser in speaking of Brown, the leader of the insurrection at Harper's Ferry, says that he was personally acquainted with him in the years 1836 and 1840—that he was the son of a wealthy and esteemed citizen of Hudson, in Portage County, in this State, named Owen Brown. Capt. John Brown was born in Connecticut, but resided for more than thirty years in Hudson Township, on a dairy farm, but subsequently embarked in wool-growing, in which business he was quite successful, until he accompanied a large venture of the finest qualities of that article to England. This speculation resulted in a ruinous loss, and from that time to this he has been more or less absorbed in the furtherance of Abolition views, on which subject he was a complete fanatic.

The correspondent of the Commercial may be right, but we think he is mistaken. Brown himself hailed from the East, Massachusetts we think, and in a long conversation we had with him, never claimed to have lived in Ohio. We understand that he has a brother living in Ashabula County, where he remained some time.

Reminiscences OF THE INSURRECTIONISTS.

For The Atlas and Daily Bee. Oct 21

I desire to write a few hurried reminiscences of the recent insurrectionists at Harper's Ferry. Five of them, at least, were my intimate acquaintances—the Browns, Mr. Kagi and John E. Cook. I met them frequently in Kansas, where they were repeatedly distinguished by their daring and brilliant exploits.

It is premature to write justly of their recent failure. It is easy enough to call it the insane attempt of a madman; to argue that old Brown was solely influenced by revenge; to invent ingenious theories of the limited extent of the rebellion—easy enough, in other words, to utter falsehood. The truth of the recent outbreak has not been found out yet, and it would not be expedient to state it here. The prisoners are not yet tried. Let it pass, therefore—for the present; let curses increase—for they will pass too; and old Brown and his memory be duly vindicated when the right time comes.

\* \* \* \* \*

OLD BROWN.

Old Brown—John Brown—the chief and originator of the Insurrection was a man of sixty-five years of age. He was born, I believe, in Connecticut; resided, for a considerable period of his life, in Springfield, Massachusetts; but for some time—perhaps for several years—had lived in the State of New York, somewhere in the vicinity of Utica. When the Kansas troubles broke out he had a wife, seven sons and a daughter living. What are left of his family still live on his farm near Utica. At Springfield, I believe, he was engaged in the wool trade. Wherever he lived, he soon acquired the reputation of a man of the sternest integrity of character. In Kansas he was the great living test of principle in our politicians. The more corrupt the man, the more he denounced Old Brown. It was a true compliment to be praised or to be recognized by him as a friend; for, even in his social dealings, he would have no connection with any man of unprincipled or unworthy character. In his camp he permitted no profanity; no man of loose morals was suffered to stay there—unless, indeed, as prisoners of war. "I would rather have the small pox, yellow fever and cholera all together in my camp, than a man without principle." This he said to the present writer, when speaking of some ruffianly recruits whom a well known leader had recently introduced. "It's a mistake, sir," he continued, "that our people make, when they think that bullies are the best fighters, or that they are the fit men to oppose these Southerners. Give me men of good principles—God fearing men—men who respect themselves, and, with a dozen of them, I will oppose any hundred such men as these Buford ruffians." His whole character is portrayed in these words. He was a Puritan in the Cromwellian sense of the word. He trusted in God and kept his powder dry. Prayers were offered up, in his camp, every morning and evening; no food was eaten, unless grace was first asked on it.

For thirty years he secretly cherished the idea of being the leader of a servile insurrection: the American Moses, predestined by Omnipotence, to lead the servile nation in our Southern States to freedom: if necessary, through the Red Sea of a civil war, or a fiercer war of races. It was no "mad idea," concocted at a fair in Ohio;" but a mighty purpose, born of religious convictions, which he nourished in his heart for half a life-time.

When the horizon of freedom looked gloomy in Kansas, he took leave of his wife and younger children, and, with several of his sons—four or five of them—went out to Kansas. He thought that the hour was approaching for his work to begin. The ballot-box had already been desecrated; the ruffians of Missouri had overwhelmed by violence the rights of the North. He went to put a stop to the insolence and the violence of the South; and to him, more than to any other living man, we owe it that Kansas is a free State to-day. To a man of a very different character,—Gen. Lane,



...a personal and malignant enemy of mine, I would accord the second place in this honorable rank.

Brown was not sent by any one, unless by God, (as he himself believed,) to vindicate the rights of the North and of freedom in Kansas. He was no politician. He despised the class with all the energy of his earnest and determined nature. His first appearance in the Territory was at Osawatimie, at a public meeting at which accommodating politicians were carefully pruning a set of resolutions to suit every shade of free State men. The motion that called him out was to pass a resolution in favor of excluding all negroes from Kansas. Old Brown rose, and scattered consternation among the politicians by asserting the manhood of the negro race, and expressing his earnest anti-slavery convictions with a force and vehemence little likely to please the hybrids then known as Free State Democrats. There were a number of Indiana Democrats present, whom his speech so shocked that they subsequently became, and remained, I believe, in the class of "law-en order abidin'" pro-slavery men. It was his first and last appearance in a public meeting. Like most men of action, he underrated discussion. He secretly despised even the ablest anti-slavery orators. He could "see no use in this talking," he said: "Talk is a national institution; but it does no good for the slave." He thought it an excuse very well-adapted for weak men with tender consciences. Most men, who were afraid to fight, and too honest to be silent, deceived themselves that they discharged their duties to the slave by denouncing in fiery words the oppressor. His ideas of duty were far different; the slaves, in his eyes, were prisoners of war; their tyrants, he held, had taken up the sword, and must perish by it.

The next time he appeared among men assembled in numbers was when Lawrence was surrounded by Sheriff Jones's posse comitatus, (from Missouri), during the Governorship of Shannon, in the month of December, 1855. His eldest son, John, had command of a large company of men, and he himself had charge of a dozen. He was dissatisfied with the conduct of Robinson and Lane, and predicted that their celebrated treaty, with its diplomatic phraseology, would only postpone the discussion at arms, which was inevitably and rapidly approaching. Lane sent for him to a Council of War. "Tell the General," Brown said, "that when he wants me to fight, to say so; but that is the only order I will obey." In disobedience to general orders, he even went out of camp with his dozen men to meet his invaders—to "draw a little blood," as he phrased it;—but by the special messenger of Lane he was induced to forego this intention and return. He always regretted doing so, and maintained that if the conflict had been brought on at that time a great deal of bloodshed would have been spared.

[To be continued.]

JAMES REDPATH.

The Atlas & Daily Bee.

BOSTON:

SATURDAY MORNING, OCT. 22.

We publish this morning, from the pen of James Redpath, Esq., a very interesting sketch of some of the leading insurrectionists at Harper's Ferry, with notes upon the insurrection, which are pointed and evince a knowledge of the parties engaged and motives which prompted, which few possess. Mr. Redpath was with some of them in Kansas, and knows them well. His article will be read with lively interest.

Mr. James Redpath continues, in our columns, this morning, his reminiscences of the leading insurrectionists at the Harper's Ferry riot. These letters are being widely called for and quoted. His notes are, to say the least, quite spicy.

## Reminiscences OF THE INSURRECTIONISTS.

Number II.

For The Atlas and Daily Bee.

THE BROWNS OF KANSAS.

Several persons of the name of Brown have distinguished themselves in Kansas. They have frequently been confounded; and even within a week. One of our first martyrs was a Brown; our first and most prominent traitor was a Brown; and our most celebrated family of fighting men were Browns.

R. P. Brown, a free soil pioneer, an emigrant from Kentucky, was brutally murdered by the Kickapoo Rangers, for the crime of succeeding in defending the ballot-box, at Leavenworth, against a gang of Democrats from the State of Missouri. His wife is now in an insane hospital. Her husband's body was brutally hacked by the ruffians; and tobacco juice was ejected in his face as he lay writhing on the ground. They carried the body of the still gasping man to the house of his wife. As she wept piteously over it, one of the ruffians insulted her.

G. W. Brown had his press—the *Herald of Freedom*—destroyed by a mob from Missouri, who were acting in the capacity of a posse comitatus. He himself was arrested and imprisoned in the camp before Leecompton, on the charge of high treason, or some similar misdemeanor. Terrified for his life, he became a traitor. Bought by administration gold, he continues one.

There is another Brown, a peaceable gentleman, who lives at Osawatimie, and whose property has been repeatedly destroyed by the Southern invaders of Kansas. He was a member of the Topeka Constitutional Convention. He took no part in the wars, but brought out some colonies of settlers from New York.

MY INTRODUCTION TO OLD BROWN.

I had heard of old Brown from time to time, but had never met him nor any of his family, until after the sacking of Lawrence and the destruction of the Free State Hotel and printing offices. I made my first visit to the country south of the Wakarusa.

I went down on horseback; but, being obliged to stop over night at a house near Palmyra, I found, when the morning broke, that my horse had been stolen. I walked over to Prairie City—a municipality consisting of two log huts and a well—and stayed there until the afternoon; when a company of United States troops approached, rode up in double-file to the door, and—this "brilliant Zouave movement" accomplished—made me a prisoner of war!

I asked what my offence was?

"You were seen near our camp last night; shortly after you left, we missed two of our best horses."

I angered the captain by laughing heartily at this joke, and explained the reason I had to sympathize with him. I went with him to his camp—where the horses were found! They had wandered away, and were tracked by a squatter, who at once returned with them.

To be thus arrested on suspicion of being a horse thief, was too good an opportunity to be thrown away. I wrote a description of the adventure, entitled, *Confessions of a Horse Thief*. Now, how to send it? The mails were not safe; the country was covered with guerillas; Leavenworth was in the hands of the ruffians; and to return to Lawrence was impossible. I heard of an old preacher, who lived a few miles off, and who was preparing to go to Kansas City, in Missouri. I went to find him. His house was situated on the southern side of a creek, which is two or three miles from Prairie "City." I was told to go to the cabin of Capt. Carpenter, and there (where armed men were constantly on guard) they would lead me to "Old Moore, the minister."

When men went out to plow, at this period, they always took their rifles with them; and they always worked in companies of from five to ten;

for, when they attempted to perform their work separately, the Georgia and Alabama bandits, who were constantly hovering about the region, were sure to make a sudden keescent and carry off their horses or oxen. Every man went armed "to the teeth." Whenever two men approached each other, they came up, pistol in hand, and the first salutation invariably was: "Free State or pro-slave?" or its equivalent: "Whar' ye from?" It not unfrequently happened that the next sound was a report of a pistol. People who wished to travel without such collisions, avoided the necessity of meeting any one, by making a circuit or running away on the first indication of pursuit.

The creeks of Kansas are all fringed with woods. I lost my way, or got off the path, that crossed the creek above alluded to; when, suddenly, thirty paces before me, I saw a wild-looking man, of magnificent proportions, with half a dozen pistols of various sizes stuck in his belt, and a large Arkansas bowie-knife prominent among them. His head was uncovered; his hair was uncombed; his face had not been shaved for many months past. We were similarly dressed—with red-topped boots, worn over the pantaloons; a coarse blue shirt—and a pistol belt. This was the usual fashion of the times.

"Hallo!" he cried, "you're in our camp!" He had nothing in his right hand—he carried a water-pail in his left; but, before he could speak, I had drawn and cocked my eight-inch Colt.

I only answered, in emphatic tone, "Halt! or I'll fire!"

He stopped and said that he knew me; that he had seen me in Lawrence and that I was "true;" that he was Frederick Brown, the son of old John Brown; and that I was now within the limits of their camp. After a parley of a few minutes, I was satisfied that I was among my friends, put up my pistol, and shook hands with Frederick.

He talked wildly, as he walked before me, turning round every minute, as he spoke of the then recent affair of Potawatimie. His family, he said, had been accused of it; he denied it indignantly, but with the wild air of a maniac. His excitement was so great that he repeatedly recrossed the creek; until, getting anxious to reach the camp, I refused to listen to him until he took me to his father. He then quietly filled his pail with water; and, after many strange turnings, led me into camp. As we approached it, we were twice challenged by sentries, who suddenly appeared before trees and as suddenly disappeared behind them.

BROWN'S CAMP.

I shall not soon forget the scene that here opened to my view. Near the edge of the creek a dozen horses were tied—all ready saddled for a ride for life, or a hunt after the Southern invaders. A dozen rifles and sabres were stacked against trees. In an open space amid the shady and lofty woods, there was a great fire with a pot on it; a woman was picking berries from the bushes; three or four men were lying on red blankets on the grass; and two fine-looking youths were standing, leaning on their arms, on guard. One was the youngest son of Brown, and the other was the "Charley" who was subsequently murdered at Osawatimie. Old Brown himself stood near the fire, with his shirt sleeves rolled up, and a large piece of pork in his hand. He was engaged in cooking a whole pig. He was poorly clad; his toes protruded from his boots. The old man received me with great cordiality, and the little band soon gathered about me. But it was for a moment only; for the captain ordered them to renew their work. He respectfully but firmly forbade conversation on the subject of the Potawatimie affair; and said that, if I desired any information from the company in relation to their conduct or intentions, he—as their captain—would answer for them whatever it was proper to communicate.

I remained in their camp about an hour, and went away with a far higher respect for the Great Struggle, and the men engaged in it, than ever I had felt before. I thought that I had met men of earnest spirit before; but this visit first made me acquainted with it. I had seen, for the first time, the spirit of the Ironsides armed and en-

camped. What I predicted then, has almost been history since. I said that Brown would be the leader of the second Revolution. But I was mistaken, it appears; Warren fell on Bunker Hill—and Brown at Harper's Ferry.

#### BROWN'S FIRST FIGHT.

A few days after this visit, Mr. Henry Clay Pate—a highwayman, horse thief and burglar in Kansas—a postmaster, Democratic politician and correspondent of the St. Louis Republican in Missouri—made his appearance near Palmyra, at a creek called Black Jack, for the purpose, boastfully avowed, of bringing Old Brown a prisoner to Westport. He had thirty men. Brown, after a few dozen volleys, took them captive with eleven men.

Brown afterwards delivered up these prisoners to Col. Sumner, a cousin of the illustrious Senator from Massachusetts. An incident of this event is deserving of passing record, as an illustration of the fearless character of old Brown. Learning that Col. Sumner, with his company was in the neighborhood, the Captain determined to pay him a visit, and offered to give up the prisoners, to stand trial, if the Government wished it, for the crime of sacking a free state store, and repeated robberies on the highway.

The Colonel told him that the United States Marshal was in his camp, with a writ for Brown's arrest, and that it would be his duty to detain him as a prisoner.

Brown answered that if the United States Marshal attempted to serve the writ, he would shoot him dead on the spot.

The Colonel replied that if the Marshal produced the writ, he would serve it at every hazard.

But the Marshal, although surrounded by a hundred armed soldiers, cowed before the fearless guerilla chief—fumbled, tremblingly, among his papers, and pretended that he had lost the writ!

Brown left the camp unharmed!

His life in Kansas is full of thrilling adventures. He often penetrated the camps of the Missourians, under the pretext of surveying, and thus discovered and was enabled to thwart many of the best-laid schemes of the pro-slavery party.

JAMES REDPATH.

## The Atlas & Daily Bee.

BOSTON:

MONDAY MORNING OCT. 24

NUMBER THREE.

### OLD BROWN.

For The Atlas and Daily Bee.

I never chanced to meet old Brown for many months after the capture of Clay Pate at Black Jack.

I ought, however, to mention how the letters that I sent by "Old Moore, the minister," fared. I gave him three letters—the first a little note to a Southern lady; the second, my "Confessions of a Horse Thief;" the third, a description of the condition of the country, in which was an account of the sacking of Palmyra, by H. Clay Pate and his men. I mentioned that Coleman, the murderer of Dow, was Mr. Pate's right hand man, and a prominent actor in the Palmyra burglary.

Looking back at it, here in our quiet Boston, I am tempted to believe that the tone of that third letter was inclined to radicalism; for, although now a conservative writer, disinclined to call spades by so familiar an appellation, I was, at that time, roused into anger by the daily atrocities of the bandits,—rather apt to call things by their usual Saxon names. I know, for example, that I styled Mr. H. Clay Pate a highwayman—while he regarded himself as a captain of militia; and I remember to have called Mr. Coleman an assassin, while his only crime was the trivial offence, in Southern eyes—of killing an abolitionist without warning or provocation.

I told "Old Moore, the minister, if he were pursued, to destroy the large letters, which were

designed for publication; but to preserve the other—the Note—as there was nothing in it that could implicate him with pro-slavery men.

He had not gone many miles before he was seen, and pursued by Clay Pate's scouts. In his excitement he forgot my directions—preserved the "incendiary documents" and destroyed the harmless *billet doux*! He was captured and brought to the camp of the marauders. Pate ordered the letters to be opened, as soon as he learned that they were mine—for we were rival correspondents for rival journals—and appointed Coleman, the murderer whom I had denounced, to read my productions to his men!

First—came my humorous "Confessions of a Horse Thief." Captain Wood, the United States officer who arrested me, was spared the ridicule I had endeavored to throw on him, for Pate threw the letter into the fire!

Next, came my description of the sacking of Palmyra and the Saxon names for Pate and his company. Old Moore declared afterwards that he felt uneasy for his safety when he saw the rage which my letters aroused. It was universally admitted that I ought to be hanged, and they swore that they would do it, too—when the cat was belled. As Mr. Moore was a quiet inoffensive old man, and as he knew nothing of the contents of my letters till they were read in the pro-slavery camp, they permitted him—after robbing him—to proceed on his journey to Kansas City.

Pate's revenge was characteristic. He wrote to the *Republican* of the arrest of Moore by his Company, and stated that a number of my incendiary documents had been found on him.

This Redpath, he added, as if casually, was arrested a few days ago by Capt. Wood, of the United States Army, on a charge of horse-stealing—and was not released until the horses were produced? This was strictly true, and yet, in its connection, such a splendid lie, that I should have admired the highwayman for his ingenuity, and given him credit for it, if he had not shown, by the sentence following, that the construction of the words was accidental only: "He was only released," he added, "because Capt. Wood could not find a magistrate to indict him!"

The next news of Pate was an account of his failure to capture Old Brown although he had thirty men, and of Brown's success in capturing Pate although the Old Captain had only ten men. Pate's description of the battle concluded in these pathetic terms: "In short, as I sometimes say to my friends, I went out to take Old Brown but Old Brown took me."

Shortly after this affair, the eldest son of Old Brown—John, Junior—who still lives, was made a prisoner at Pottawattomic on a trumped-up charge of treason. A heavy ball and chain was fastened to his feet and in this condition he was marched some sixty miles to Leocompton. The flesh was mangled at his ankles, but the correspondent of the *Herald* errs, if I rightly recollect, in saying that a brain fever ensued and he died. If this be true, it was another error.

The next exploit of Brown was the justly celebrated "Battle of Ossawatimic," which, for a combination of prudence, daring and pluck, is not exceeded, I think, by any other episode of American history.

#### OLD BROWN'S ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE.

"Early in the morning of the 30th of August, the enemy's scouts approached to within one mile and a half of the western boundary of the town of Ossawatimic. At this place my son Frederick K.\* (who was not attached to my force) had lodged with some four other young men from Lawrence, and a young man named Garrison from Middle Creek.

The scouts, led by a pro-slavery preacher named White, shot my son dead in the road, whilst he—as I have since ascertained—supposed them to be friendly. At the same time they butchered Mr. Garrison and badly mangled one of the young men from Lawrence, who came with my son, leaving him for dead.

This was not far from sunrise. I had stopped during the night about two and one-half miles from them, and nearly one mile from Ossawatimic. I had no organized force, but only some twelve or fifteen new recruits, who were ordered

to leave their preparations for breakfast, and follow me into the town as soon as this news was brought to me.

"As I had no means of learning correctly the force of the enemy, I placed twelve of the recruits in a log house, hoping we might be able to defend the town. I then gathered some fifteen more men together, who we armed with guns, and we started in the direction of the enemy. After going a few rods we could see them approaching the town in line of battle, about one-half a mile off upon a hill west of the village. I then gave up all idea of doing more than to annoy, from the timber near the town into which we were all retreated, and which was filled with a thick growth of underbrush, but had no time to recall the twelve men in the log house, and so lost their assistance in the fight.

"At the point above named I met with Capt. Cline, a very active young man, who had with him some twelve or fifteen mounted men, and persuaded him to go with us into the timber, on the southern shore of the Osage or Mer-des-Cevignes, a little to the northwest from the village. Here the men, numbering not more than thirty in all, were directed to scatter and secrete themselves as well as they could, and await the approach of the enemy. This was done in full view of them, (who must have seen the whole movement) and had to be done in the utmost haste. I believe Capt. Cline and some of his men were not even dismounted in the fight, but cannot assert positively. When the left wing of the enemy had approached to within common rifle's shot, we commenced firing; and very soon threw the northern branch of the enemy's line into disorder. This continued some fifteen or twenty minutes, which gave us an uncommon opportunity to annoy them. Capt. Cline and his men soon got out of ammunition, and retired across the river.

"After the enemy rallied, we kept up our fire; until, by the leaving of one and another, we had but six or seven left. We then retired across the river.

"We had one man killed, a Mr. Powers, from Capt. Cline's company in the fight. One of my men, a Mr. Partridge, was shot in crossing the river. Two or three of the party who took part in the fight are yet missing and may be lost or taken prisoners. Two were wounded, viz: Dr. Updegraff and a Mr. Collis.

"I cannot speak in too high terms of them and of many others I have not now time to mention.

"One of my best men, together with myself, was struck with a partially spent ball from the enemy in the commencement of the fight, but were only bruised. The loss I refer to is one of my missing men. The loss of the enemy, as we learn by the different statements of our own; as well as their people, was some thirty one or two killed, and from forty to fifty wounded. After burning the town to ashes and killing a Mr. Williams, they had taken, whom neither party claimed, they took a hasty leave, carrying their dead and wounded with them. They did not attempt to cross the river, nor to search for us, and have not since returned to look over our work.

"I give this in great haste in the midst of constant interruptions. My second son was with me in the fight and escaped unharmed. This I mention for the benefit of his friends.

Old preacher White, I hear, boasts of having killed my son, of course he is a lion.

JOHN BROWN.

Lawrence, Kansas, Sept. 7, 1859.

The brilliancy of the exploit can hardly be traced in the captain's modest and characteristic account of it. Five hundred men, fully equipped and armed,—with muskets, swords, pistols, and artillery, were arrested, thrown into confusion, and lost thirty-two men, and had fifty wounded by a party of sixteen heroes, all of them imperfectly armed. There was not a Sharpe's rifle in Brown's little band. Capt. Cline's company only fired two or three volleys, and fled, in consequence of being out of ammunition.

The general of the invading army, afterwards confessed, that if Brown had been provided with Sharpe's rifles nothing could have prevented his men from making an ignominious retreat.

The invaders avenged themselves by murdering a wounded prisoner, and taking out "Dutch Charley" next morning, one of Kossuth's Hungarian soldiers, and making him a target for a company of ruffians, headed by Coleman, the murderer, whom he had guarded when the ruffian was a captive in Brown's camp.

They, also, burned down the thriving little town of Ossawatimic, the mill of the Emigrant Aid Company, and carried off a son of Mr. O. C. Brown, a mere boy, whom they kept for several

\*This is the son I mentioned in my second reminiscence, whom I met in the wood near Prairie City. J. E.



to be a relative of the old hero who had so actively "annoyed" them.

#### "OLD PREACHER WHITE."

Old Preacher White who shot Frederick Brown through the heart—although his victim was quietly walking along on the road unsuspecting and unarmed—and afterwards, as the corpse lay stiff and bloody on the ground, discharged a loaded pistol into its open mouth, was a "National" Devine, of "the Church South," of course, whose fate deserves a passing notice.

In order to make capital against the *Republican* correspondents in the Territory, by throwing discredit on their statements, a pro-slavery man of Westport published an account of the murder of a person whom he called "poor Martin White, a free State preacher of the Gospel." It served its purpose; for it was published and copied by *Republican* papers; but—as had been arranged—Martin White re-appeared; denied the story of his death, and ridiculed the *Republicans* for believing it. For a long time afterwards, the pro-slavery papers, whenever an outrage was recorded, would sneeringly allude to "Poor Martin White."

For his services in furthering this stratagem and as a reward for the murder of Fred. Brown, "Poor Martin White" was elected a member of the Territorial Legislature which assembled at Leecompton. During the course of the session he gave a graphic account of the killing of Frederick; laughingly described how, when shot, he "tumbled over"—the honorable members roared—and abused my friend *Lewis*, author of "The Conquest of Kansas," for having spoken of the act as a murder, when, said the preacher, I was acting as a part of the law and order militia.

Poor Martin White's session was finished, proceeded to his home. But he never reached it. "He went to his office," indeed; for his corpse was found still cold on the prairie—with a rifle ball in it.

Poor Martin White!

The italics in Old Brown's description of the fight at Ossawatimie are in the original manuscript of it.

Wise got a more definite warning than Poor Preacher White. Poor Wise!

I do not know, never heard, never asked, never cared to learn, whose ready rifle sent Martin White to the home of the lost and damned. Neither, in case Wise should die, would I even guess, or inquire, or want to know, of what, or how, or why he died.

#### BROWN'S LATER HISTORY.

Of Brown's subsequent career in Kansas, I know personally very little. He aided Montgomery; he delivered many captives; he acted, everywhere and always, the part of an upright, Christian hero.

Old Brown never jests; he is too earnest to laugh.

#### THE BATTLE OF THE SPURS.

But there is one incident of his recent career in Kansas, which was laughable in its character, and which has never been narrated in the Eastern journals.

He took a party of slaves from the vicinity of Atchison.

The owners and pro-slavery rabble were indignant at him when they heard of it, and organized a formidable party to pursue him.

The Sheriff, a pro-slavery man, went with them, armed with the parchment terrors of the law.

They soon overtook the fugitives! Brown, with Kagi and others, instantly drew up in line of battle to receive them; and, although less than one-fourth in numerical force, it was evident that they intended to conquer or to die in defence of the negroes.

The Sheriff, seeing the old man's preparations, with prudential courage; wheeled round his horse and galloped off. Dozens of his followers imitated his example. There was one company, however, that refused to fly. Brown captured them.

He caused them to dismount, and put the negroes on their horses.

They swore.

Old Brown ordered them to be silent, as he would permit no blasphemy in his presence.

They swore again.

"Kneel!" said the old man, as he drew his pistol with stern earnestness, which left no room to doubt his intention.

They knelt down, and he ordered them to pray!

He detained them for five days, and compelled them to pray night and morning.

They never swore again in Old Brown's presence!

They returned to Atchison; one of them indiscreetly told the story; the ridicule that overwhelmed the others, compelled them, I was recently informed, to leave the town.

This was the last time that I heard of old John Brown in Kansas.

God bless him!

Living, he acted bravely; dying, he will teach us courage.

A Samson in his life; he will be a Samson in his death.

Let cowards ridicule and denounce him: let snake-like journalists hiss at his holy failure—for one, I do not hesitate to say, that I love him, admire him, and defend him. GOD BLESS HIM!

JAMES REDPATH.

#### Notes on the Insurrection.

While it would be unwise, and perhaps unsafe, to write in defence of the insurrectionists, by refuting the ridiculous theories that are daily advanced by the newspaper press, in relation to their recent plans and ultimate intentions, I will briefly make notes, with your permission, on such miscellaneous statements as I may safely comment on without endangering my friends, who are imprisoned or now pursued in the mountains of Virginia.

#### JOHN BROWN'S POLITICS.

First, as to John Brown's political opinions. It is asserted that he was a member of the Republican party. It is false. He despised the Republican party. Of course he was opposed to the extension of slavery; and in favor, also, of organized political action against it. But when the Republicans cried, Halt; John Brown said—FORWARD, march! He was an Abolitionist of the Bunker Hill school. He had as little sympathy with Garrison as Seward. He believed in human brotherhood and in the God of Battles; he admired Nat Turner as well as George Washington. He could not see that it was heroic to fight against a petty tax on tea, and endure seven years of warfare for a political right, and a crime to fight in favor of restoring an outraged race to every birthright with which their Maker had endowed them, but of which the South had for two centuries robbed them. The recent outbreak was premature. The inevitable coming triumph of the Republican party, I have the best authority for stating, was the most powerful reason for the precipitate movement. The old man distrusted the Republican leaders; he said that their success would be a backward movement to the anti-slavery enterprise. His reason was that the masses of the people had confidence in these leaders; and would believe that by their action they would ultimately and peacefully abolish slavery. That the people would be deceived, that the Republicans would become as conservative of slavery as the Democrats themselves, he sincerely—may I add, and with reason—believed? Apathy to the welfare of the slave would follow; hence it was necessary to strike a blow at once. You know the result.

#### A NOTE FOR BEN BUTLER.

I find in the reports of the Legislative proceedings in this morning's paper, a synopsis of a speech by a person named Butler (a Democratic politician, I believe) in which the following extraordinary paragraph occurs:

"The dead bodies of white and black in a neighboring State cry to us to stay our action in this matter and to avenge their death. These same Sharps' rifles that were sent to Kansas, said Mr. Butler, have shot down peaceful citizens who were engaged in their accustomed duties. Brown, said he, was mad; but, he asked, who made him mad? None other than the men who abetted him and urged him on. On whose head was his blood? On the heads of those men who made him believe they were in the earnest when they were only seeking to make a political capital by their speeches. Brown was made to believe he had been mainly instrumental in securing freedom in Kansas, and he thought he could do the same in Vir-

I say that when Mr. Butler spoke the sentence I have italicised he made a statement that was utterly unfounded. I challenge him to prove it. I further add, that I believe he knew it to be untrue. These statements are all as false as his argument is feeble. If the insurrection of Harper's Ferry teaches any lesson with reference to the militia system, is it not obviously the great danger to the security of established order that is incurred by arming white men? These "rioters," it appears, were nearly all white.

THE NEW YORK HERALD'S LIFE OF BROWN. The *New York Herald's* life of Brown is evidently the production of M. G. P. Lowry, once the private Secretary of Governor Andrew H. Reeder of Kansas. If it is not his production, I call on him to correct it, and to save himself from the ridicule with which it must cover him, when its authorship shall be known. Writing of the period where my first reminiscence of the insurrectionists stops, he speaks of Old Brown in the following language:

"In December, 1855, during the 'Shannon war,' Brown first made his appearance among the free State men at Lawrence. His entrance into the place at once attracted the attention of the people toward him. He brought a wagon load of cavalry sabres, and was accompanied by twelve men, seven of whom were his sons. He first exhibited his qualities at the time the free State and pro-slavery parties, under the lead of Governor Robinson on one side, and Governor Shannon on the other, met to make a treaty of peace. After Gov. Robinson had stated to the people who were gathered around the hotel the terms of the peace, Brown took the stand, uninvited, and opposed the terms of the treaty. He was in favor of ignoring all treaties, and such leading men as Robinson, Lane and Lowry, and proceeding at once against the Border Ruffian invaders, drive them from the soil, or hang them if taken. General Lowry, who was chairman of the Committee of Safety, and also commander of the Free State troops, ordered Brown under arrest. The latter made no physical resistance, but it was soon discovered that he was altogether too combustible a person to retain as a prisoner (!) and a compromise was made with him by the free State men, and he was released. He was informed by the leaders of that party that his remarks were intended to undo what they were trying to accomplish by means of the treaty; that he was a stranger in Lawrence and Kansas, and ought not by his rash remarks to compromise the people of Lawrence until he had known them longer and knew them better."

I have nothing to add to my note in relation to Brown's action at Lawrence, as given in my Reminiscence in another column, and which was written before the *New York Herald* arrived here. But on this passage it is proper, if not for Brown's sake, at least that the truth of history may be vindicated,—to briefly state:

First—That Lowry was not the commander of the Free State troops;

Secondly—That Lowry was not a "leading man" in the "Shannon war;"

Thirdly—That Lowry knew better than to order the arrest of old Captain Brown;

Fourthly—That Lowry, if he had anything at all to do with the return of Brown, went simply as a messenger—an aid-de-camp—of Robinson to earnestly advise him;

Fifthly—That General Lane was the leader in the Shannon war—Robinson, although holding a nominally higher position, serving only as a brake to the impetuous Jim;

Sixthly—That it looks rather ludicrous to read, after learning that "Gen. Lowry ordered Brown under arrest," to find that he was "altogether too combustible a person to retain as a prisoner," and that—"ye gods!"—"a compromise was made with him by the free State men—and he was released."

Lowry hates Lane; the writer scorns Lane; but let us be just to him. He and he only was the ruling spirit in the Shannon War. Brown's time had not yet come.

As for the Safety Committee, it was a political humbug; and soon became so odious to the people that it was universally known by the derisive title of the *Safety Valve*.

There are some other mistakes in the *Herald's* article, but I will correct them in my subsequent reminiscences.

J. R.

For The Atlas and Daily Bee.

## CONVERSATIONS WITH BROWN.

John Brown is not a communicative man. There are numerous reports of his talks in the telegraphic bulletins, which I can pronounce from my own knowledge of his character, as well as from other circumstances, to be total and malignant fabrications. That they contradict each other, is the least certain, although an absolutely conclusive proof of their political origin. If Old Brown NEVER LIES. Not to save his life, nor even to liberate the slaves, could the good old man be induced to tell a falsehood. When Mr. Mills, "Master of the Armory," therefore, reported that Brown said, that he had "arms and ammunition enough furnished by the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Society," Mr. Mills, the master of the Armory, uttered a deliberate and wilful falsehood. The Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Society has never owned a solitary rifle, nor a pistol, nor a pound of ammunition, nor even—a pike! They never, therefore, sent any arms to Virginia—nor to Kansas either; now, nor at any other time.

Even the telegraph, lying as it does, is forced to contradict the Master of the Armory, on Brown's authority, on this important point. Read:

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

BROWN—My own money. I did not receive aid from any man."

## GERRITT SMITH'S LETTER.

This reply is in apparent contradiction to the evidence sought to be established by the publication of a letter from Gerritt Smith. There is no manner of evidence in it that Mr. Smith is implicated in this insurrection. It is dated June 4. It gives money to the "Kansas work." What was that work? It is clearly enough stated in the letter of Old Brown, in which he drew his celebrated "parallels." He went into the house of bondage in Missouri, and restored to their birth-rights twelve human beings. The Southern and Democratic presses howled, long and loudly, at the righteous act. A few months before, a gang of murderers, from Missouri, crossed the Kansas line, and perpetrated the odious massacre of the Mer-des Cwignes. The Southern and Democratic presses laughed in derision, or attempted to gloss over the infernal act.

This was the parallel he drew. He was at that time supposed to have enlisted for life in the work of liberating the slaves. He stated so, himself, to every one with whom he spoke on the subject; and said that he was willing to accept money to advance the cause of freedom; but on the condition that donations thus given should be placed—absolutely and without directions, at his own disposal to be employed as he saw fit. He did not proclaim his intentions of inciting an Insurrection to every one. No man ever lived, more prudent than he: I assert this fact, boldly, in spite of the seeming insanity of his recent attempt at Harper's Ferry. We have only heard one side of that story thus far; when we shall have heard the other, and know why the rebellion broke out so suddenly and fatally, we will see, I have no manner of doubt, that Brown's common sense did not desert him in that unfortunate affair. It is an unforeseen accident that frequently decides the fate of battles and conspiracies. Brown undoubtedly was betrayed, or in danger of arrest; and was compelled to precipitate the seizure of the Armory.

GERRITT SMITH, I have no doubt—although I do not know it—gives his money to liberate the slaves by the agency of underground railroads. What decent man would not?

I know that Gerritt Smith disapproves of insurrections. When Mr. A. B. Burdick, of New York, last spring, published a book of mine, called "The Roving Editor; or Talks with Slaves in the Southern States," (which I dedicated to John Brown, and in which I clearly foretold his intentions,) Mr. Smith wrote to him, that he was

glad that I had inscribed the volume to the Captain, who was "an old and valued friend," but that my book, although "not too bold" was "too bloody" to suit him. He wrote to me that he had long feared that Slavery would end in blood, but he could not contemplate so terrible a result with complacency. My reply to him, concluded with all the respect I feel for his noble life, was somewhat to this effect: That I thought any result, no matter how sanguinary in its progress, was infinitely preferable to the death-sleep of Slavery, and the foul stain on the nation's escutcheon, which its continuance made.

If, however, Gerrit Smith repented of his views, and was converted to my creed, I have no hesitation in declaring that he will boldly avow it. He is neither a coward nor a politician, that he should seek to conceal his opinions.

## THE ANONYMOUS LETTER.

It is supposed—it would not be prudent to say why, nor by whom—that the author of the anonymous letter to Secretary Floyd, is a person of the name of Babb, a subordinate editor of the Cincinnati Gazette, sometimes (from his stature) known as Baby Babb; and (from his mental characteristics) as Booby Babb. He was in Kansas for several months, and is supposed to have heard of old Brown's designs. If he is guiltless of the authorship of this letter, it will do him no future ill to give it a prompt and emphatic denial. Brown has fearless and desperate friends, who will, as surely as he dies the death of an unsuccessful hero,—revenge his untimely end on the authors of it.

From the graves of Barber and the Browns, and from the bloody valley of the Mer-Jes-Cwignes, a terrible Spirit arose,—which the South conjured up in its "insane attempts," but which it can never again allay, *excepting by the liberation of every slave, from the Pan-handle of Virginia to the most Southern limit of the Texan frontier.*

## "OUR EFFICIENT GOVERNMENT."

But this anonymous letter, (it is said,) is not the first intimation that "our efficient Executive" has received of the designs of the insurrectionists. I was informed that they were betrayed by an eminent military author more than twelve months ago. His name I cannot now recall. He was a wealthy Englishman, and resided in Italy in 1848, when the Revolution under Gen. Garibaldi broke out. He suddenly showed a marvelous genius for raising and drilling recruits. He published a manual for their use,—adapted for guerilla warfare,—which was reprinted by DeWitt & Davenport, of New York. He was the instructor, in military science, of Brown and his men. Domestic bereavements, I believe, added to alarming pecuniary losses, suddenly rendered him insane. He went to Washington and betrayed the scheme. Brown and his men were forced to fly to Canada. The excursions in Kansas, which Brown subsequently made, were intended to increase the belief of the Government, that the exposure was the result of the wild imaginations of a madman.

Let the Democratic papers praise the exceeding efficiency of their Executive now.

## A PRECEDENT FOR VIOLENCE.

How very conservative the South has suddenly become! When it takes about twenty thousand of the Southern militia, with the terrible "old sword of Virginia" in their hands, to put down seventeen whites and five mixed bloods, it is, of course, no more than prudent to inculcate salutary lessons of peace. But how very sudden a conversion! It throws into shade the most exciting incidents of the recent revival! Little more than a year ago, war to the knife, and defiance to the North, was the only tune the Southern organs played. Let me repeat a trill from one of them: from a mild, conservative, and hiding, Union-saving article which appeared in the New Orleans Daily Delta:

"If the halls of Congress are to be turned into a battleground—if Southern men are to be subjected to insult, and the House made an arena for the constant forays of Northern men upon the South, Southern members should either make up their minds to fight out the great slavery issue on the spot, or pick up their hats and come home to their constituents. In fact, if the Lecompton Constitution is rejected, the latter course should be instantly

adopted. There is one other alternative course open upon them and their constituents, beyond the measure which patience should endure, and are carried to a point where longer toleration would be ignominious. We don't know, indeed, but that it would be preferable to every other mode of resolving the matter into some distinct shape and to some definite result. It is the pending question of Congress of all its Black Republican and Abolition elements by a short and sharp practice—by a coup d'etat, if you please. The halls of Congress are within the Southern borders, and if the issue come, it may be reasonably asked, why the Southern members should not retain possession of them. If, to do this it should be necessary to reject the Black Republicans and Abolitionists, then trace through the doors of window, as the case may be; and if their constituents should be stupid enough to send them back, then let them find—No admission at any price—written over every entrance, and written there forever!"

But, Saul, now, is among the prophets! Let him prophesy to his heart's content; but every prophecy will prove to be false; unless it be founded on the eternal truth, that peace to be permanent must be based on equal and exact justice to all men. J. R.

## A Pen and Ink Portrait of "Old" Brown.

To the Editor of the Utica Morning Herald.

As every incident connected with "Ossawatimie" Brown is at this time of public interest, I hasten to inform you that we have "seen the elephant" out here in Vernon. During the years 1852, '53 and '54 Mr. Brown was one of the firm of Perkins & Brown, doing a large wool trade, buying and selling, in Ohio, New York and Massachusetts. The sale of a large quantity of wool to parties in Troy, N. Y., brought on a lawsuit between Perkins & Brown and those parties. Mr. Brown's counsel resided in Vernon, and he was here many times during those years. He prosecuted that suit with all the vigor and pertinacity which he is said to have since displayed in other matters. He obtained a verdict in his favor just before the Anthony Burns fair in Boston—I think in 1853. The Trojans then appealed from the verdict, and Brown then spent so many weeks here in looking over the testimony with his counsel, and preparing an answer.

The morning after the news of the Burns affair reached here, Brown went at his work immediately after breakfast, but in a few minutes stepped up from his chair, walked rapidly across the room several times, then suddenly turned around, and said, "I'm going to Boston." He then said the astounded lawyer, "why do you go to Boston?" "Old" Brown continued "I will not be vigorously, and replied, "Anthony Burns must be released, or I will die in the attempt." Counsel dropped his pen in consternation. When he began to remonstrate; told him the suit had been in process a long time, and a verdict just gained. It was appealed from, and that appeal must be answered in so many days or the whole labor would be lost, and no one was sufficiently familiar with the whole case except himself. I took a long and earnest talk with "Old" Brown to persuade him to remain.

His memory and acuteness in that long and tedious lawsuit—not yet forgotten, I am told—often astonished his counsel. While here he wore an attire suit of snuff-colored cloth, the coat of a decidedly Quakerish cut in collar and skirt. He wore no beard, and was a clean-shaven, scrupulously neat, well-dressed, quiet old gentleman. He was, however, notably resolute in all that he did.

His portrait in this week's Frank Leslie's, although looking very much like the old picture of Don Quixote after his return from his second sally, is yet enough like him to be readily recognised by those who know him. It is, indeed, "Old" Brown, but badly battered out of countenance.

I have before me one of his nervy, pithy letters—concerning a lawsuit—which I would send you as a curiosity, except that your neighbor of the *Ossawatimie* might quite lose what little wit remains with him, if he knew that you had in your possession a letter of "Old" Brown's, even though it was written in 1850. VERNON.

## Old Brown in Collinsville.

The Middletown Sentinel publishes some facts in regard to "Old Brown's" peregrinations about Connecticut, which are not calculated to lull suspicion of a more extended complicity than we had supposed. It says:

Sometime in June last John Brown was in this State. He spent several days in Collinsville, in the town of Canton, the residence of Charles Blair, the man who furnished him with the murderous pikes and spears for his "Kansas work," and for the insurrection at Harper's Ferry. This Blair is one of the most active Republicans in that town, a man of standing and influence, and his sympathy for Brown in his murderous work in Kansas, and in his onslaught on the peaceable citizens of Virginia, is sufficiently evidenced from the facts that he was in the confidence of that notorious villain; that he manufactured and sent him arms to carry on his Kansas warfare; that in June last he was in secret consultation with him preparatory to sending him more arms for the insurrection at Harper's Ferry, and that in his letter to Brown acknowledging the receipt of money for the murderous weapons he had sent him, he expressed the wish that he (Brown) might succeed in his undertakings.

But we have no idea that Mr. Blair was alone in rendering this aid and sympathy; for Brown did not confine his Northern tour to the limits of Collinsville, but traveled more or less through



...from his party friends. Whilst in Collinsville, Brown held secret and frequent conferences with the prominent and leading men of the Republican party in Canton. He was with them very much, enjoying their confidence and esteem. Whether they were knowing to Brown's intention of a raid on the slave States, we do not now assert; but it is not probable that they were entirely ignorant of the purpose for which he visited Collinsville. It is not probable that they did not know of weapons of war being manufactured in that place for Brown; and if they knew thus much, did they not, would they not, know more?

The *Evening Press* says: Old Brown was in Hartford in 1857, the year succeeding the presidential campaign, but his visit had reference solely to the defense of Kansas, and that most excellent institution, the "Fremont Hut," had been discontinued. He told the story of his wrongs to some fifty or a hundred persons in Odd Fellows' Hall, and showed the chains and fetters with which one of his sons had been bound and driven bare-headed, under an August sun, over the shadeless plains of Kansas, his limbs swollen, and the flesh chafed off by his manacles. The young man became insane and died. *Hartford*

The *Ohio State Journal* says that John Brown "is the father of twenty-two children—force sufficient, itself to take Virginia and frighten the slave-holders everywhere. We suppose some of these children were girls; but we don't think that would make any difference. Women would scare the Virginians—babes in arms' would do it."

The N. Y. Commercial Advertiser says:—Brown's personal history supplies an explanation of or motive for his conduct. It will be remembered that during the "Kansas troubles," as they were indly called, Brown on one occasion sent his son with a flag of truce to the camp of the border ruffians, who was unceremoniously shot down while bearing that flag which has ever been held sacred amid the strife of civilized men and generally even among savages. That outrage added to the hatred which constant conflict had excited, provoked a demoniacal spirit of revenge, which took entire possession of Brown and his two remaining sons, and seems never to have been exercised. In fact the man became a monomaniac on that point, vindictively and calmly but no less actually, insane. His whole soul was saturated with this desire for revenge. His life and the lives of the two sons still surviving to him were but as the small dust of the balance, compared with the hope of avenging himself upon those who in a spirit of savage cowardice took his son's life and fiercely but fruitlessly sought to take his. *Salem Gazette*

There is a something connected with this mad attempt of a man demoted by a heart-sorrow, that does provoke unqualified contempt and scorn, viz.: the attempt made by some journals of the baser sort, to poison the public mind by engendering the belief that the insurrection was of a wide spread character, a negro insurrection, prompted, sanctioned and encouraged by the republican party.

JAMES' ISLAND, S. C. Oct. 28, 1859.  
It is stated by Northern papers that Old Brown was led to the perpetration of his late acts in retaliation of his treatment at the hands of the border ruffians in Kansas, particularly the killing of his son Frederick. I am well posted on Old Brown's life in Kansas, and if a truthful statement of the same is desired by you, I will devote an hour on the subject. I state, as a fact, that his son was killed in Kansas by a Free State man, a citizen of Illinois, and a minister of the Gospel—a man who was by report murdered by pro-slavery men. The Northern papers, particularly the *New York Tribune*, will recognize the man when I declare that "Poor Martin White" was the man who shot "Old Brown's son." I saw it done; and the same day I shot Old Brown, and now regret that I did not finish him. As regards Old Brown's abolitionism, it was merely a cloak to covering his thieving propensity, he having been the leader of a gang of horse thieves.

**Political Intelligence.**  
**BLACK REPUBLICAN INGRATITUDE.**—When old Brown killed five men at Pottawatomie, in Kansas; when he took H. Clay Pate and twenty-one of his party prisoners; when he defeated the Missourians at Ossawatimie, when he killed half a dozen men in a running fight near Lawrence; in short, while he was the leader and successful operator of the free State forces in Kansas, his name was heralded throughout the black republican prints as a great man and a hero. There was then no human being like Capt. John Brown, of Kansas. But now, as the tide of fortune has turned, and Capt. Brown has been overpowered and captured, his former friends and admirers have deserted him as rats desert a sinking ship. They call him old, and feeble, and crazy, and mad. He is no longer a hero. Is not this base ingratitude?  
Who was the aggressor?—Nearly all the black republican journals state that old Ossawatimie Brown was actuated in his movements in Kansas by the spirit of revenge, caused by the killing of one of his sons by the border ruffians. The *Chicago Tribune*, which is good authority, in a history which it gives of old Brown, says that the Kansas troubles did not commence in the section of Territory where Brown lived, and that the earlier skirmishes developed fighting qualities in Brown which gave him immediate prominence among the free State military leaders. It was this prominence and the notoriety which Brown acquired in the "Wakerusa war" which brought down upon him the revenge of the border ruffians. They desolated his farm and broke up his family, and in the onslaught killed one of his sons.

**COOLNESS OF BROWN.**  
Col. Washington, who was a keen observer of Capt. Brown during the events of Monday and Tuesday, expresses the highest admiration of the cool, calm courage of the insurgent leader, and of his humanity. He told us that he heard Captain Brown give explicit orders to his men, not to injure, if possible, any woman, and only to aim at those who carried guns.  
Captain Brown's coolness and courage inspired his men with a like contempt of danger, and their conduct and conversations were marked by a remarkable calmness.  
Watson Brown, the younger son of "Ossawatimie," and who was desperately wounded by the Martinsburg men (he has since died) on Monday forenoon, suffered intensely during Monday night, several times requesting his comrades to dash out his brains with their guns, and thus relieve his sufferings.  
On Tuesday morning his agony had apparently become unendurable, and seizing a pistol, he was about to shoot himself in the head, when his father, staying his hand, calmly told him the time had not yet arrived for such a deed as that—to endure a little longer, and he might die as befitted a man. We saw and spoke with this young man a few minutes after the assault, and could not divest our heart of something akin to pity for him.

He feelingly inquired whether his father was alive, and on being answered in the affirmative, looked his thankfulness. He was informed of the death of his brother in the assault, but exhibited no emotion at that announcement.  
In reply to certain questions, he stated that his father had been assured of the co-operation of several hundreds of men, who were to have rendezvoused at the Ferry on Sunday night, and frequently affirmed his conviction of the justice of the cause in which he had been so disastrously engaged. Edwin Coppie, the only one of the party except a negro, named Green, who escaped unhurt, is too ignorant to appreciate his position. He spoke glibly and good-naturedly of the occurrences through which he had passed, as if it was a matter upon which he should pleasantly congratulate himself. He informed us that, on Monday night, three of the party advised a surrender, but that Captain Brown quietly but firmly opposed the proposition. Upon the entrance of the marines into the building, Coppie shouted out "I surrender!" when Capt. Brown exclaimed in as loud a tone, "But one surrenders!"

**THE BATTLE OF BLACK JACK—GROSS MISREPRESENTATIONS CONCERNING IT—CAPT. H. CLAY PATE'S ACCOUNT.**

The following interesting narrative may be relied upon as being entirely worthy of credit; and its perusal, at this time, will be interesting to our readers, giving, as it does, some of the antecedents of the notorious Brown, late of Harper's Ferry notoriety. The following letter we take from the *Petersburg Press*:

In the latter part of May, 1856, John Brown and his sons murdered five pro-slavery men on Pottawatomie creek, in Kansas, in one night; they were old Mr. Doyle and two sons, Allen Wilkerson, a member of the first Legislature of Kansas, and a German named Wm. Sherman. These murders were done in cold blood, without any excuse, except that the victims were in favor of slavery for Kansas; and their only justification was Gerrit Smith doctrine, that "slavery must go out in blood."

I took the field with my company of 25 men, and joined the U. S. Deputy Marshal, T. W. Hays, who was in search of Brown and his sons, to arrest them for their atrocious crimes, committed on Pottawatomie creek. Search was made for him in the neighborhood of Paola; his house was found, but not himself. In his home were arms, and evidence of lawlessness, like those found on his place near Harper's Ferry.

On discovering that Brown had left his house and haunts, the Marshal dispatched troops in various directions, in search of the murderers.

I was sent to the neighborhood of Prairie City, a point on the Santa Fe road, about 45 miles from the Missouri line, and on Saturday night, the last day of May, camped at Black Jack, where there is a spring, and other conveniences for cooking, to rest over Sunday.—Squads were sent out to scour the country, and find traces of Brown. I had been assured that honest free State men all over the Territory would assist in Brown's capture, in which I was deceived. I am sorry to say, however, that some of my scouts transcended their orders, and under the influence of liquor, perhaps, committed some indiscretions, at least. Taking advantage of these, Brown, who was concealed in the neighborhood, excited all the inhabitants against my command, enlisted them in his service, and in forty-eight hours, had banded together some hundred and odd persons to overpower it.

I was attacked at sunrise Monday morning, the 2d of June, by a company equal in numbers to my own, under the command of Capt. Shore, whom we put to flight, and who afterwards left the field and incurred the censure of Brown, who charged the Captain with cowardice, in the *New York Tribune*.

Five of my men were wounded and disabled in the early part of the fight, as many more deserted, and after resisting the attack for over three hours, and almost exhausting our ammunition—seeing reinforcements of the enemy arriving every hour—and knowing we were surrounded, I determined to seek an interview with the commander—not even dreaming he was Brown, or I should never have done so. My object was two-fold. 1st. I looked for help to arrive every moment, and wished to gain time. 2d. I desired to apologize for and disclaim any unwarrantable conduct of my scouts, feeling that duty required my apology and disclaimer for the same—above all, I wished to be right. I expected to die, and possibly go down with every gallant fellow who stood by me; and it would have been a consolation to know that I had done all in my power to avoid bloodshed, and if no honorable compromise could be effected, after making proper concessions, I was ready and willing to die in defence of my country, and in the maintenance of the trust it had confided to my keeping. I never harbored the thought of surrender. In addition to this, my men had not eaten anything since the previous afternoon, and two of the wounded, whom I supposed dying, needed attention; they begged, in touching tones, for water and help. It was under these circumstances, and with the object just stated, that I sent out a flag of truce and asked an interview. It was granted. I went out under the flag, by the request of Capt. Brown, who would hear no proposition or explanation, but demanded my surrender. I told him he must wait fifteen minutes for my answer, and moved with the in-

**The Daily Republic.**  
**BUFFALO, N. Y.**  
**THURSDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 10.**  
**Who Shot Old Brown's Son?**

The *Charleston Courier* of Monday says: A gallant friend, now residing on James' Island, who served a faithful tour in Kansas on behalf of the South, informs us that the "life" and statements which are reported as found among Brown's papers, are in many respects false.—That friend, whose name we may give hereafter, will be recognized by many readers, who will gladly receive the statements and explanations promised. Meanwhile we beg attention to the following letter:

tion of returning to renew the defence. when he told me I was his prisoner; and at that moment his sons rose up from the grass where they were concealed, and forcibly took me, while the white flag was still flating over my head. Not content with this act of treachery, I and my gallant aid, Henry James, were put in front of a squad of men, so that my company could fire and protect themselves without killing us, and seeing no alternative but instant death, being utterly surrounded, they threw down their arms. I never gave the command to surrender, and never would have done it, although it was demanded of me under penalty. I was a prisoner, and did not intend to open my mouth, preferring "to die and make no sign." I did not compliment Brown's bravery, for I could not consider him truly brave who would take one treacherously, when he had four to one, and every imaginable advantage on his side; for we were in a settlement of free-soilers exclusively, with an exception of two, and as it turned out thirty or forty miles from any assistance.

This is as correct a statement as I can make in brief—there being enough matter in the affair for a book, which I am in no spirit to write now; and I would not have come before the public at this time, but that the misstatements of Northern have been copied into Southern papers. I expect slander and injustice from the Abolition press as long as I live, judging from the past; but when they come home to me, no one can justly impute blame to myself for defending my fair fame, which I ever intend to do "without favor or affection."

Horace Greeley, in his recent tour through Kansas, visited Black Jack, and wrote the biggest lie about the battle ever yet penned.—He says my company consisted of fifty-four, and that of Brown numbered twenty-six, and other false things. Some fell into a letter from Fort Leavenworth, June 12th, 1856, which was published, and is before me, states that there were "29 free-soilers and 30 pro-slavery men" in the fight, and adds: "Sumner (Col. Sumner) went down and released them, (myself and company.) When released, one Captain said to another, "Well, now let us shake hands and make up, there is no enmity between us." "Well," said the other, "I'll make up with you, but you are a damned old rascal. Brown; you deceived me with that parley." A man might be excused for swearing under such circumstances, but I protest I did not swear as reported. He concludes by saying: "that this is a true history of Black Jack, without any varnishing."

"G. M. A." in the St. Louis Democrat, from Council Grove, October 8th, 1856, says that "Brown's party, by his own version," consisted of 47, and mine of 25. This was an Abolition writer, and after detailing as many falsehoods as there are words in the communication, he says that another account makes it out that Brown only had "seven men," and scared Pate's party "into an unconditional surrender."

The New York Herald of the 19th inst. says that Brown only had nine men at the battle of Black Jack, and I had thirty. I might fill your whole paper with such contradictory extracts from abolition documents in my scrap book; but enough has been given to show that their authors are liars, and the truth is not in them.

Dr. Gibbon, in his book called "Geary and Kansas," heads one of his chapters, "The outrages of Captain Pate at Ossawatimie," when it is as true, as it is notorious in the West, that I was never at Ossawatimie, or near here, in my life."

In a letter to the Alexandria Gazette, dated Plattsburg, Mo., June 23d, 1856, W. H. Brown a young gentleman from Alexandria, of high character, says, after denying the charge of surrendering, as made against me:

"I was one under Captain Pate's command, who is as brave an officer as ever unsheathed a sword, as well as all of his officers—and are men who are not educated to surrender to equal numbers. I pronounce the statement copied from the Chicago papers of July 10th to be entirely incorrect."

As to old Brown, he has been an outlaw all his life. Professing to be a zealous Christian, he is a fanatical hypocrite. Living at different times in almost every State in the Union, he has been everything by starts and nothing long,

except as men as a horse thief can be, and as treacherous as an heir of hell and a joint heir of the devil.

I said of Brown in the St. Louis Republican in 1856:

"He told me he would take the life of a man as quick as he would that of a dog, if he thought it necessary. He said, if a man stood between him and what he considered right, and he considered Abolitionism right, he would take his life as coolly as he would eat his breakfast.—His actions show what he is. Always restless, he seems never to sleep. With an eye like a snake, he looks like a demon. Apparently a miserable outlaw, he prefers war to peace, that pillage and plunder may the more safely be carried on. And this is a leader of the Free State party in Kansas."

There is no reason why I should change my opinion of John Brown in 1859.

If what I have said is not enough, the public need expect from me nothing more of defence with the pen. Three years ago I thrashed one coward who said I surrendered; and when he was called on for satisfaction, would not accept a challenge. I am just as able to do the same thing in 1859 as I was in 1856, and possibly a little *abler*.

H. CLAY PATE.

Petersburg, Va., Oct. 21st, 1859.

*Free State Party*

The mad attempt of Ossawatimie Brown to incite a servile insurrection in the slave States is everywhere condemned by the Republican press. The following extracts from two of the most radical of these presses show how general is this feeling:

Old Brown is in many respects a remarkable man. He was a quiet settler in Kansas until the border ruffian outrages forbade anything there to be quiet. Robbed and outraged by the ruffians, who, in the course of their operations murdered one of his sons, he gave himself up to the business of vengeance. He had always been a strictly religious man; and, after forming the band which he led against the invaders of Kansas, religious services were established in the camp. He argued that it was a religious duty to exterminate the border ruffians; and he fought them with wonderful energy and activity; for his combative impulses were powerful, his will indomitable, and his temper implacable. But he is not a man of large intellect, and the result was that he gradually became a monomaniac. The fear of him came upon the border ruffians like a nightmare. Lately he has been crazed; and the madman is so evident in all he has done at Harper's Ferry as to leave no room for mistake or doubt.

—Worcester Spy.

The Etwood (Kansas) Free Press gives an instance of John Brown's humanity during the Kansas war:—

"At the sacking of Ossawatimie one of the most bitter pro-slavery men in Lykins county was killed. His name was E. Timmons. Some time afterwards Brown stopped at the log house where Timmons had lived. His widow and children were there, and in great destitution. Brown inquired into their wants, relieved their distresses, and supported them until her friends in Missouri, informed through Brown of the condition of Mrs. Timmons, had time to come to her and carry her to her former home. Mrs. Timmons fully appreciated the great kindness thus shown to her, but never learned that Capt. John Brown was her benefactor."

The Cleveland Herald relates the following of Brown:—

"John Brown on one of his return visits from Kansas, was so demented as to suppose he could raise a regiment of men in Ohio to march into Missouri to make reprisals against the slave forces, and even asked a friend if the power of the State could not be enlisted in that matter. He was then told by many that he was a mad man, and the poor old man left sorrowing that there was no sympathy here for the oppressed. Since then his whereabouts have not been known until the Harper's Ferry emeute burst upon us, and in the midst stood the enthusiastic "Old Brown."

The Ass and the Dead Lion.

Henry Clay Pate, who went into Kansas with a large force to capture old Brown, and surrendered to him and about one-third as many as his own force, has recovered since Brown was taken prisoner, and pitches into him in the newspapers. Mr. H. Clay Pate has got the war now just where it comes within his calibre. Throwing mud through the newspapers at old John Brown, in irons and with a few hundred Virginians guarding him, is much safer than trying to take him in Kansas, as H. Clay Pate knows.—Ohio State Journal.

FALSE.—We are authorized by Capt. H. Clay Pate, who is in Petersburg at this time, to pronounce the statement now going the rounds in the papers, that he complimented the bravery of old Ossawatimie Brown, when in Kansas, as utterly false. The vile old abolitionist treacherously made Capt. Pate a prisoner, when a flag of truce was flying over him, and in violation of all rules of ancient or modern warfare. Capt. Pate will publish a statement to-morrow, effectually putting to rest the many misrepresentations concerning that "Black Jack" affair, and which have been so industriously circulated by Smith, Greeley, Beecher and others.—Petersburg Enquirer.

*Note*  
*Pate's account*  
*presented, is false*  
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Ossawatimie Brown and his Insurrection.

Perhaps some of our readers would be interested in some account of Capt. John Brown, who with a force of seventeen white men and five negroes seized the great armory at Harper's Ferry and a town of 2500 inhabitants, and caused so much excitement among the Virginians. He is a person about sixty years of age and is described as a strong muscular man wearing long grey hair and full beard. Some say he is a native of Kentucky. In 1855 he was living in Central New York, and is represented to be an honest, hard working man of exemplary piety and a presbyterian of the strictest sect, who had gathered a little fortune and was at the head of a large family, having seven sons men grown. In that year he went to Kansas and invested his funds in a mill and other property at Ossawatimie. He was a radical free State man, so much so that he took a decided stand against compromises and all conservative measures proposed by Gov. Robinson for the sake of peace. Early the hounds of slavery were upon him, destroyed his property, and by their violence induced him to take retaliatory measures.

In 1856 one of his sons, who was elected to the Legislature of that year, was seized and taken from Ossawatimie to Leecompton in chains,



tion of returning to renew the defence, when he told me I was his prisoner; and at that moment his sons rose up from the grass where they were concealed, and forcibly took me, while the white flag was still flying over my head. Not content with this act of treachery, I and my gallant aid, Henry James, were put in front of a squad of men, so that my company could fire and protect themselves without killing us, and seeing no alternative but instant death, being utterly surrounded, they threw down their arms. I never gave the command to surrender, and never would have done it, although it was demanded of me under penalty. I was a prisoner, and did not intend to open my mouth, preferring "to die and make no sign." I did not compliment Brown's bravery, for I could not consider him truly brave who would take one treacherously, when he had four to one, and every imaginable advantage on his side; and every imaginable advantage of free-soilers exclusively, with an exception of two, and as it turned out thirty or forty miles from any assistance.

This is as correct a statement as I can make in brief—there being enough matter in the affair for a book, which I am in no spirit to write now; and I would not have come before the public at this time, but that the misstatements of Northern writers have been copied into Southern papers. I expect slander and injustice from the Abolition press as long as I live, judging from the past; but when they come home to me, no one can justly impute blame to myself for defending my fair fame, which I ever intend to do without favor or affection.

Horace Greeley, in his recent tour through Kansas, visited Black Jack, and wrote the biggest lie about the battle ever yet printed. He says my company consisted of fifty-four, and that of Brown numbered twenty-six, and other false things. Some of the things I have published, and is before me, states that there were 20 free-soilers and 10 pro-slavery men in the fight, and adds: "Summer and I went down and released them, myself and company." When released, one of our men said to another, "Well, now let us shake hands and make up, there is no enmity between us." "Well," said the other, "I'll make up with you, but you are a damned old rascal. Brown you deceived me with that scoundrel."

A man might be excused for swearing under such circumstances, but I protest I did not swear as reported. He concludes by saying, "that this is a true history of Black Jack, without any varnishing."

"G. M. A." in the St. Louis Democrat from Council Grove, October 31st, 1856, says that Brown's party, by his own version, consisted of 47, and mine of 25. This was an Abolition writer, and after detailing as many falsehoods as there are words in the communication, he says that another account makes it out that Brown only had "seven men," and "saw Pate's party" into an unconditional surrender.

The New York Herald of the 10th inst. says that Brown only had nine men at the battle of Black Jack, and I had thirty. I might fill your whole paper with such contradictory extracts from abolition documents in my scrap-book; but enough has been given to show that their authors are liars, and the truth is not in them.

Dr. Gibbon, in his book called "History and Kansas," heads one of his chapters, "The outrages of Captain Pate at Osawatimie," when it is as true, as it is un-rius in the West, that I was never at Osawatimie, or in the neighborhood.

In a letter to the Alexandria Gazette dated Plattsburg, Md., June 20th, 1856, W. H. Brown, a young gentleman from Alexandria, of high character, says, after denying the charge of surrendering us as we lay against me:

"I was one under Captain Pate's command who is as brave an officer as ever dashed a sword, as well as all of his officers—after we were taken, and were ordered to surrender, we just numbers. I soon saw the statement copied from the Chicago papers of July 19th, and entirely incorrect."

As to old Brown, he had been an outlaw and his life. Professing to be a real one Christian, he is a fanatical hypocrite. Living at different times in almost every State in the Union, he has been everything by starts and nothing long.

except as mean a man as a horse thief can be, and as treacherous as an heir of hell and a heir of the devil.

I said of Brown in the St. Louis Republican in 1850:

"He told me he would take the life of a man as quick as he would that of a dog. If he thought it necessary. He said, if a man stood between him and what he considered right, and he considered Abolitionism right, he would take his life as easily as he would cut his bread-crust. His actions show what he is. Always restless, he seems never to sleep. With an eye like a snake, he looks like a demon. A person of a miserable outlook, he protects himself by pillage and plunder any place where he can get it. And this is a leader of the Free State party in Kansas."

There is no reason why I should show any opinion of John Brown in 1857.

If what I have said is not enough, you may need respect from me nothing in regard to him with the pen. Three years ago I received one toward who said he understood that when he was called on for participation in a rebellion, he would challenge. I am just as able to do the same thing in 1857 as I was in 1850, and possibly a little better.

H. Clay Pate

Petersburg, Va., Oct. 21st, 1857.

From Virginia Index, Oct 28/57

The mad attempt of Osawatimie Brown to incite a servile insurrection in the slave States is everywhere condemned by the Republican press. The following extracts from two of the most rational of these presses show how general is this feeling:

"Old Brown is in many respects a remarkable man. He was a quiet settler in Kansas until the border ruffians forbade anything there to be quiet. Robbed and outraged by the ruffians, who, in the course of their operations murdered one of his sons, he gave himself up to the business of vengeance. He had always been a strictly religious man, and after forming the band which he led against the invaders of Kansas, religion that it was a religious duty to exterminate the border ruffians; and he fought them with wonderful energy and activity, for his combative impulses were powerful, his will indomitable, and his temper implacable. But he is not a man of large intellect, and the result was that he gradually became a religious fanatic. The fear of him came upon the border ruffians like a nightmare. Lately he has been crazed, and the madman is so evident in all he has done at Harper's Ferry as to leave no room for mistake or doubt."

—Harper's Ferry.

The Lowell (Mass.) Free Press gives an instance of John Brown's humanity during the Kansas war:

"After the sacking of Osawatimie one of the most bitter pro-slavery men in Linn county was killed. His name was Mr. Tompkins. Some time afterwards Brown stopped at the log house where Tompkins had lived. His widow and children were there, and in great desolation. Brown inquired into their wants, relieved their necessities, and supported them until Mr. Tompkins in Missouri, I thought Brown of the condition of Mrs. Tompkins, had time to come to her and carry her to her former home. Mrs. Tompkins truly appreciated the great kindness she shown to her, but never learned that Capt. John Brown was her benefactor."

The Cleveland Herald relates the following of Brown:

"John Brown on one of his return visits from Kansas, was so denunciated as to suppose he could raise a regiment of men in Ohio to march into Missouri to make reprisals against the slave forces, and even asked a friend if the power of the State could not be enlisted in that matter. He was then told by many that he was a mad man, and the poor old man left sorrowing that there was no sympathy here for the oppressed. Since then his whereabouts have not been known until the Harper's Ferry episode burst upon us, and in the midst stood the enthusiastic 'Old Brown.'"

The Ass and the Dead Lion.

Henry Clay Pate, who went into Kansas with a large force, equipped by Brown, and surrendered to him and about one-third as many as his own force, has recovered since Brown was taken prisoner, and pitches into him in the newspapers. Mr. H. Clay Pate has got the war now just where it comes within his calibres. Throwing mud through the newspapers at old John Brown, in irony and with a few hundred Virginians guarding him, is much safer than trying to take him in Kansas, as H. Clay Pate knows.—Ohio State Journal.

FALSE.—We are authorized by Capt. H. Clay Pate, who is in Petersburg at this time, to pronounce the statement now going the rounds in the papers, that he complimented the bravery of old Osawatimie Brown, when in Kansas, as utterly false. The old abolitionist treacherously made Capt. Pate a prisoner, when a flag of truce was flying over him, and in violation of all rules of ancient or modern warfare. Capt. Pate will publish a statement tomorrow, effectually putting to rest the many misrepresentations concerning that "Black Jack" affair, and which have been so much troublously circulated by Smith, Greeley, Beecher and others.—Petersburg Enquirer.

Note.

Pate's account, above presented, is false. He admitted that he was fairly & ignominiously defeated, in the slip from Republican, after his release & return to Westport. His Lieut., who was a brave fellow, publicly denounced him as a coward; & Pate, even after, found it impossible to raise a company of men. See Phil-ipo's Conquest of Kansas, J.R.

Ossawatimie Brown and his Insurrection.

Perhaps some of our readers would be interested in some account of Capt. John Brown, who with a force of seventeen white men and five negroes seized the great armory at Harper's Ferry and a town of 2500 inhabitants, and caused so much excitement among the Virginians. He is a person about sixty years of age and is described as a strong muscular man wearing long grey hair and full beard. Some say he is a native of Kentucky. In 1840 he was living in Central New York, and is represented to be an honest, hard working man of exemplary piety and a presbyterian of the strictest sect, who had gathered a little fortune and was at the head of a large family, having seven sons men grown. In that year he went to Kansas and invested his funds in a mill and other property at Ossawatimie. He was a radical free State man, so much so that he took a decided stand against compromises and all conservative measures proposed by Gov. Robinson, for the sake of peace. Early the bounds of slavery were upon him, destroyed his property, and by their violence induced him to take retaliatory measures.

In 1856 one of his sons, who was elected to the Legislature of that year, was seized and taken from Ossawatimie to Leocompton in chains,

distance of thirty miles. His feet and hands were chained together with a large heavy chain, the size of that used on ox teams. He was compelled to walk the whole distance beneath a burning sun. The irons wore the flesh from his ankles; he was attacked with the brain fever, was neglected and died in two or three days. He was a companion of Gov. Robinson. Another son Capt. Brown was shot at Ossawatimie by a marauding party from Missouri. After the death of his son, occasioned by the tortures and fatigue of his forced march, Brown swore vengeance upon the pro-slavery party, and it was frequently observed by the more prudent of the free state men that he was evidently insane on the subject. He collected a band of men, most of them sufferers like himself from the "border ruffians," whose friends had been murdered, their wives and daughters outraged, and their property destroyed; and with them—sometimes few and sometimes more numerous—he defied the power of the Missourians. On one occasion five "pro-slavery" men were taken from their cabins and murdered, and this was charged to his account, though it is quite as probable that they were murdered by a Georgia party, and that Brown was 40 miles distant at Lawrence, at the time.—However it was, the Missourians swore vengeance on Brown, and one Pate headed 30 men, and promised to deliver "old Brown" in Missouri, dead or alive. Old "Ossawatimie" met him with his whole force of just nine men, who captured Pate and his entire crew, and held them till they were released by U. S. troops. Soon after, in conjunction with Montgomery, he opposed the border ruffian, Capt. Hamilton, and not only drove him from Kansas, but followed him into Missouri, where he took possession of a village, shot one or two of the residents, and liberated the slaves with whom he escaped into Kansas again.

Since the peace in Kansas it would seem from some accounts that he had been engaged in the underground railroad business. Not long since we saw some account of him as being on board of a train with a number of fugitive slaves bound for Canada. It was probably to aid him in this work that he received money from Gerrit Smith, Frederick Douglas and others, but there is no reason to suppose that he mentioned to them his plan for insurrection. Some months since he leased a farm in the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry, and went to work to carry out his plans for the insurrection. He collected arms and ammunition, and at the appointed time with his little force seized the armory which he held possession of for two days. When the government troops regained the armory, Brown asked for no quarter, wounded in the body and cut by a sword across the head he continued to fight till he was overpowered and forced to yield. He is represented by all to have been calm and collected throughout the affray, and seemed to have counted the chances of the desperate game and was prepared to stand by the result. Since his capture he talks of his troubles in Kansas, the loss of his two sons there, and spoke of the two more who have died with him here as being martyrs in a glorious cause.

We look upon his attempt as the desperate scheme of a half crazed man. While it cannot be justified, it should not be forgotten that the attempt of slavery to push itself into free territory is the real author of his madness. It was slavery that chained young Brown to a cart which he followed until the iron entered his flesh, and the scorching rays of the sun burned his brain to a fever, and that shot his other son by his own cabin. It was slavery that burned his property. We cannot forget these things, and feel that while he must suffer for his recent conduct, that there is some allowance to be made for the man who had seen the blood of his children spilled before his sight. These sufferings had unsettled his mind and prepared him for the retaliatory measures he proposed to take.

Bitterly will he be denounced for his insane attempt, and bitterly will he suffer for attempting to satisfy his vengeance by inciting a servile insurrection. *Journal Oct-28.*

The New York Commercial Advertiser says: Brown's personal history supplies an explanation of or motive for his conduct. It will be remembered that during the 'Kansas troubles,' as they were mildly called, Brown on one occasion sent his son with a flag of truce to the camp of the border ruffians, who were unceremoniously shot down while bearing that flag which has ever been held sacred amid the strife of civilized men and generally even among savages. That outrage added to the hatred which constant conflict had excited, provoked a demoniacal spirit of revenge, which took entire possession of Brown and his two remaining sons, and seems never to have been exercised. In fact the man became a monomaniac on that point, vindictively and calmly but no less actually, insane. His whole soul was saturated with this desire for revenge. His life and the lives of the two sons still surviving to him were but as the small dust of the balance, compared with the hope of avenging himself upon those who in a spirit of savage cowardice took his son's life and fruitlessly sought to take his.

### Providence Daily Post.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOV. 9, 1859.

#### The Two Sides of Old Brown.

Those who read only John Brown's speeches before the Court at Charlestown, and his letter to a Newport Quaker lady, who seems to have suddenly lost all the loathing with which Friends usually look upon brutal murderers, will naturally enough imagine him to be one of the purest of all the misguided saints of modern times. He certainly talks like an honest, earnest, conscientious man—like a man who so loves justice and mercy as to be willing to sacrifice his life for those who are oppressed. In those speeches and this letter, he is even very reasonable, and aside from a justification of his mad career at Harper's Ferry, speaks like a man of more than common nobleness of soul. Many people, after reading them, have judged that he must be a man of refined feelings, and tender sensibilities; that he really believed himself to be doing God service, in his work in Kansas, Missouri and Virginia; and that he has never shed blood save when it has been necessary, to save the lives of his friends, or save a good purpose from violent overthrow.

It is not strange that people who have not made themselves familiar with Brown's history, thus fail to recognize his true character. Yet nothing is truer in the history of the whole world, than that his John Brown is one of the most reckless and heartless of monsters. This fact is testified to by his former associates, and is proved by the most indelible records.

Look at his conduct in Kansas, while he had the confidence of Charles Robinson and nearly all the leaders of the Free State party. From the very first he was a disorganizer. He despised law and all forms of law, and insisted that such action should be taken as would involve the country in civil war. When an opportunity offered for the Free State party to get possession of the Territorial government, he counselled against embracing it, and recommended instead, a forcible and bloody resistance of all laws, good or bad, which the other party might enact. Defeated in this purpose, he commenced to organize an invasion of Missouri, and with this view, upwards of two years ago, ordered the manufacture of the bowie-knife pikes which were subsequently sent to Harper's Ferry. He *did* invade Missouri; stole eleven slaves and two horses, and carried them to Canada, leaving the slaves to starve, and selling the horses for the replenishing of his own purse. In Kansas, he had robbed dwelling houses, insulted women, stolen horses, and murdered men and children.

On one occasion, with a small party, he quartered himself upon a gentleman whose friends reside in this city—demanded the best that the premises afforded for man and beast—refused to pay a farthing for what he appropriated to his use—and the next morning set out again on his journey. An hour or two afterwards, two men made their appearance, who stated that he had robbed them of their horses and money, with pistols at their heads, and had gone on his way with the booty. On another occasion—we quote now from the Kansas Herald of Freedom, the leading Free State paper in the Territory, he singled out seven men, marched to a point eight miles above Pottawatomie Creek, and called from their beds at their several residences, at the hour of midnight on the 24th of May, 1856, Allen Wilkinson, William Sherman, William P. Doyle and Drury Doyle. All were found the next morning by the roadside or in the highway, some with a gash in their heads and sides, and their throats cut; others with their skulls split open in two places, with holes in their breasts and hands cut off; and others had holes through their breasts, with their fingers cut off. William P. Doyle and Drury Doyle were boys, under the age of twelve years, and Allen Wilkinson, it has been proved, was dragged from the bedside of a sick wife, who vainly implored the hard-hearted villain to spare the life of her husband!

This is the other side of Old John Brown. O, well, the Republican reader will say; he had been rendered mad by the murder of his sons. The sufficient answer to this is, that down to this time, not a hair of his head, or of the heads of his sons, had been harmed by the pro-slavery party. It was three months after this that Frederick Brown was killed at the battle of Ossawatimie. It was seven months after that R. P. Brown was killed, after himself being engaged in the murdering of a peaceable citizen of Easton.

And is this a character to fall in love with? Should John Brown be regarded as only a misguided Christian? Nay, what shall we think of the men who applaud his motives and call upon the world to sympathize with him in his misfortunes? There are a score of men in our State prison a thousand times more deserving of sympathy.

#### OSSAWATOMIE BROWN AND HIS DEFENDERS.—

The black republican journals hereabouts abound in lengthy and elaborate panegyrics of Ossawatimie Brown and his doings in Kansas. One account which has been published in the *Tribune* lays great stress upon Brown's piety. He "did everything," we are told, "under a high pressure of religious excitement. The more fervent his prayers, the harder fell his blows; and the more signal and bloody his victories, the more heartily did he return thanks to the Lord after the battle was over." It was his opinion also that the "angel of the Lord" was continually encamped round about him. Now, we have no doubt that all this is true; but we can see no practical difference between Brown, whom we should call a pious ruffian and religious murderer, and irreligious ruffians who were on the other side in Kansas, or the profane scoundrels of the Bill Poole stamp who infest our large cities. Ossawatimie Brown may have been, for all we know to the contrary, a sort of Old Mortality, a modern edition of the Covenanters, a praying ruffian, psalm-singing ruffian, a Praise-God-Barebones ruffian, who sought to promulgate Gospel truths through the media of Sharp's rifles and Colt's revolvers; but he was still a ruffian, with whom some of the profane fire-eaters might compare favorably. People who deal in this cant might profitably remember the query of old Israel Putnam as to which is the worst to swear, thinking no evil, or to pray, thinking no good.



—The Chicago Press and Tribune says:  
 "We think we can throw a little light upon the three-times repeated words, 'Kansas work,' in Gerrit Smith's letter to Osawatimie Brown, of June 4, 1853—the letter, we mean, said to have been found at Brown's house after the affair of Harper's Ferry. About the middle of March last, Brown passed through this city, having in charge thirteen fugitive slaves from Missouri, on route for Canada. Our informant who gives us this fact, says also that Brown spoke of his obligations to Smith for aid in the enterprise in which he was then engaged, and seemed to rely upon him for any assistance which he might require in future endeavors of the same kind. Doubtless Smith's words refer to Capt. Brown's peaceful and bloodless attempts at universal emancipation. We take it that Mr. Smith would not desire to conceal the fact that he is at all times ready to assist in the escape of fugitives, nor that hundreds, perhaps, of hunted and flying men and women are indebted to him for means of deliverance. But that he was a party to Brown's foolish and criminal endeavors at Harper's Ferry, is too improbable for belief. We do not admit or defend his connection with the old man for the purpose first named; but we know him so well that we dare assert that he has never been willing to stain his hands with innocent blood. When his connection with Brown is cleared up and the published letter explained, it will, we doubt not be found that we have hit the exact truth—that when he sends \$200 to Brown 'to keep him at his Kansas work,' when his 'prayer to God is that you may have strength to continue your Kansas work,' and when the liberality of another is lauded because it will 'assist in the Kansas work,' he conveyed assurances of his willingness to pay for and aid in the escape of fugitives by that mysterious thoroughfare, the stock of which is never quoted on 'change—the underground railroad.'"

**Origin of the term Osawatimie.**—Osawatimie, which John Brown seems in a fair way to distinguish, is the name of a town in Southern Kansas, at the junction of the Pattawattimie river with the Osage. The early settlers in this locality in casting about for a name, finally concluded to manufacture one by combining the names of the two rivers: Osage and Pattawattimie. The first syllable of the word is the "O,"—of Osage, and should be pronounced and spelled as in the name of that river—the remainder of the word, "awatimie," follows the orthography and sound of the latter name.

All the newspapers spell the name of the town in Kansas where Brown formerly lived—or, rather, where he tried to live—incorrectly, and hardly any two papers use the same orthography. It should be written *Osawatimie*, according to the only town map in existence, a copy of which is now before me. The name is not that of an Indian tribe, as many suppose, but is made from the names of the two rivers on which the town is located, namely, the Osage and the Potawatimie.

—John Brown's wife passed through Worcester, Mass., on her way to the prison of her husband in Virginia. *The Worcester Transcript* says:

"She is a large and noble-looking woman, and worthy of being John Brown's wife. She says that she has always prayed to God that her husband might fall in battle rather than by the hands of slaveholders; but that now she does not regret his capture, for the sake of the noble words he has been permitted to utter. She says that she is the mother of thirteen children, of whom but four survive; but that she would willingly see the ruin of all her household, if it only would help the cause of freedom. What a speech for a wife and mother, whose sons have been so lately assassinated, and whose husband is now lying under sentence of death. Mrs. Brown was provided with letters of introduction, by Mr. Hoyt, to the sheriff, the jailor, &c. There is no reason to doubt that she will have ready access to her husband."

—*The Worcester (Mass.) Spy* of the 4th inst. says: "Rev. T. W. Higginson, of this city, has just returned from a visit to the family of Capt. John Brown. He found them at the Adirondack Mountains in New York, near Lake Champlain, opposite Burlington, Vt.—Mrs. Brown and four of her surviving children, three daughters and one son. She is a second wife, and has been the mother of twelve children. Brown had eight children by a previous wife, making twenty in all. Eight of the twenty are now living. Mrs. Brown accompanied Mr. Higginson on his return, and he went with her in the train to Boston, yesterday, passing through Fitchburg. She will leave to-day for Virginia, having telegraphed to Gov. Wise for permission to visit her husband in prison."

☞ Mrs. Mary A. Brown, wife of Capt. Brown, now under sentence of death in Charlestown, Va., arrived in Baltimore on Monday morning, from Philadelphia, intending to start for Harper's Ferry in the train Tuesday morning. In the course of the afternoon, however, she received a dispatch from the North, requesting her to return immediately to Philadelphia, and she left again for her home in the evening train. She is about thirty-five years of age, very tall and masculine, and was evidently in great distress of mind.

grove, Patrick Rees, and B. L. Reed, were gathered up from their work and their homes by an armed force under one Hamilton, and without trial or opportunity to speak in their own defence, were formed into line and all but one shot—five killed and five wounded. One fell unharmed, pretending to be dead. All were left for dead. The only crime men. Now, I inquire, what action has ever, since the occurrence in May last, being taken by either the President of the United States, the Governor of Missouri, the Governor of Kansas, or any of their tools, or by any pro-slavery or administration man, to ferret out and punish the perpetrators of this crime?

Now for the other parallel. On Sunday, the 19th of December, a negro man called Jim came over to the Osage settlement, from Missouri, and stated that he, together with his wife, two children and another negro man were to be sold within a day or two, and begged for help to get away. On Monday (the following) night, two small companies were made up to go to Missouri and forcibly liberate the five slaves, together with other slaves. One of these companies I assumed to direct. We proceeded to the place, surrounded the buildings, liberated the slaves, and also took certain property supposed to belong to the estate.

• We however learned, before leaving, that a portion of the articles we had taken belonged to a man living on the plantation as a tenant, and who was supposed to have no interest in the estate. We promptly returned to him all we had taken. We then went to another plantation, where we found five more slaves, took some property and two white men. We moved all slowly away into the territory for some distance, and then sent the white men back, telling them to follow us as soon as they chose to do so. The other company freed one female slave, took some property, and, as I am informed, killed one white man (the master) who fought against the liberation.

Now for a comparison. Eleven persons are forcibly restrained to their natural and inalienable rights, with but one man killed, and all "hell is stirred from beneath." It is currently reported that the Governor of Missouri has made a requisition upon the Governor of Kansas for the delivery of all such as were concerned in the last named "dreadful outrage." The Marshal of Kansas is said to be collecting a posse of Missouri (not Kansas) men, at West Point, in Missouri, a little town about ten miles distant, to "enforce the laws." All pro-slavery, conservative free-state and doughface men, and administration tools, are filled with holy horror.

Consider the two cases, and the action of the administration party. Respectfully yours,  
 JOHN BROWN.

But not only will the murder of the "Marais du Cygne" referred to in this plain, honest, fearless, noble letter, furnish a parallel to Brown's deeds of old. There are others quite as glorious. Let us take one instance.

When the little village of Osawatimie was sacked by the whiskey-bred ruffians of Missouri, amongst its brave defenders stood an old man and his son. The son, in the flush of vigorous manhood, fell pierced by a bullet; the old man saw it, and fought on with desperation to defend his home and his property. But a black-hearted villain, said to have been one who bore a "Rev." before his name, but who disgraced, not his cloth only, but his humanity, caught a musket from one near him, and stabbed, with the bayonet, the face of the old man's dead son, exclaiming, "You can't kill a damned abolitionist by shooting him through the heart."

Again: A young man, peacefully pursuing his own business, was taken prisoner by a superior force upon the prairies of Kansas. His captors, without asking his crime, for he had none but that he was a "free-state man," brutally murdered him, and, with a fiendish refinement of cruelty, tossed his still bleeding corpse into the cabin where his young wife sat.

When government, the sworn protector of the lives and property of the citizens, and the avenger by law of their wrongs, refuses to punish the evil doers, but rewards and smiles upon them, is it any wonder that old John Brown—the father of these murdered boys—should take the bitter revenge into his own hands? History will be just and true. It will record how the city of Lawrence was sacked; its hotel and printing press (this very  *Herald of Freedom* of which this very G. W. Brown was then the radical anti-slavery editor) were battered down by cannon; its women insulted; its men slain; its houses plundered and burned; and how the guardian mother government, with one of her strongest forts at hand, well garrisoned with troops, made use of her power only to protect the invaders. It will record how Clarke, who shot the innocent and maimed Barber in cold blood, and boasted that he had "wiped out one more damned abolitionist," was rewarded with a federal office. It will record how wives and mothers were violated, houses plundered, villages burned, peaceful men slain by scores, and how no vengeance followed from the power which should have protected. It will tell of ballot boxes stuffed by federal officers, of men slain in the act of voting, and of ten thousand other crimes, the perpetrator of no one of which has been brought to justice.

It is a fact which is known to all newspaper readers, that the leaders of the Free State party in Kansas did not approve the acts of Brown, and that he had no connection whatever with the party, repudiating it as Garrison repudiates the Republican party. It is also well known that the rash and fanatical acts of Brown in Kansas were condemned by most of the Republican papers.—*Boston Journal*.  
 Feb 23. 18.

John Brown was born in Torrington, Ct., May 9th, 1800, and is now consequently fifty-nine years and six months old. His father's name was Owen, and his grandfather, whose name he received, was Capt. John Brown, an officer in the revolutionary army, who died in New York just before the Declaration of Independence.

—Brown, in 1854, had considerable transactions with a wool firm in Troy. He was then sane enough to look out for No. 1, and we believe did so pretty effectually.

CHARLESTOWN, Oct. 26th.  
 Brown has made no confession, but on the contrary says he has full confidence in the goodness of God, and is confident that he will rescue him from the perils that surround him; he says he has had rifles levelled at him, knives at his throat and his life in as great peril as it now is, but that God has always been at his side. He knows God is with him and fears nothing.

—*The Warren (Penn.) Ledger* says:  
 "Some who knew John Brown in early life, and there is one living in this section who knew him well, and who learned his trade of him, represent him as having been always characterized and even noted for singular probity of life, and as having been distinguished by strong and rather eccentric benevolent impulses. When a leather dealer, at his maturity, he would refuse to sell leather until the last drop of moisture had been dried from it, lest he should sell his customers water and reap the gain. He is said to have caused a man to be arrested or re-arrested for some small offense, not easily substantiated to a jury, or who had already passed a preliminary examination without effect, although he thought the crime should be punished; and his benevolence induced him to supply simply the wants of the offender out of his private means, and we believe to provide for the family until the time of trial. The rogue confessed that he had never lived so well as during the time of his imprisonment. A still more curious instance is related of his eccentric character. Having gone from his home for a physician, in a case of common family urgency, he saw some persons bagging apples in another person's orchard. He made them restore their booty, and took measures to effect their arrest, so that much time was necessarily consumed before he attended to the urgent distresses of his family. These cases, credibly related, are manifestly part and parcel with his recent extraordinary act in Virginia. The first-mentioned of these cases is from the mouth of one who knew him well, and who regarded him at that time as an exemplary and highly Christian man."

## THE SUN.

BALTIMORE, THURSDAY, NOV. 10, 1859.

JOHN BROWN'S LANDLORD AND FARM.—A correspondent labors under a mistake in reference to the Dr. Kennedy from whom John Brown rented his farm near Harper's Ferry. The property is not a part of the estate of Dr. Howard Kennedy, nor was it ever owned by him. It belongs to Dr. Booth Kennedy, an entirely different family. The matter is not of consequence, as the latter was of course imposed upon by his intriguing tenant. As to the quality of the land in that neighborhood, we believe it is very good; the best way to obtain the points of information sought is to visit the place and make interviews with landed proprietors on the spot.

### Old Brown's Parallels.

WITH A FEW ADDITIONS BY A KANSAS MAN.

The following letter from a resident of Kansas affords a satisfactory reply to the persistent attempts of some Administration prints to defame the conduct of Old Brown while defending his rights in Kansas:

In January last, Old Osawatimie Brown published the following letter in the Lawrence *Republican*, a Republican journal published in Lawrence, Kansas, and as George W. Brown, the editor of the *Herald of Freedom*, (published also in Lawrence,) and whom every man who has lived any time in Kansas knows to be turn coat and a traitor, has in several late issues of his paper slandered the helpless old man and lied about this particular transaction, it is no more than fair that John Brown's own account should be as widely read as possible.

JOHN BROWN'S PARALLELS.

TRADING POST, Kansas, January, 1859.  
 Gentlemen: You will greatly oblige a humble friend, by allowing the use of your columns while I briefly state two parallels, in my poor way.

Not one year ago eleven quiet citizens of this neighborhood, viz: Wm. Robertson, Wm. Colngtzer, Amos Hall, Austin Hall, John Campbell, Asa Snyder, Thos. Stitwell, Wm. Hargrove, Asa Hair-

WHO TELLS THE TRUTH?—The Republican papers represent that Old Brown went to Kansas for the purpose of making that territory his home, and that his fighting propensities were excited by the bloody scenes enacted about him. We shew on the authority of Redpath, that Brown went to Kansas to fight and not to acquire a peaceful home. The Journal discredits Redpath, because he is an insurrectionist, although of the Republican stripe. Well, will it believe Brown himself?

In reply to an interrogatory as to when he went to Kansas and for what? Brown says: "From the breaking out of the difficulties in Kansas. Four of my sons had gone there to settle, and they induced me to go. I did not go there to settle, but because, of the difficulties."

So then, we have the authority of Brown himself, to the effect that he "did not go to Kansas to settle, but because of the difficulties," or in other words, to fight.

Boston Journal.

The Chicago Press and Tribune has the following statement in regard to the Sharpe's rifles furnished to Brown:

"The dispatch from Harper's Ferry which makes Brown to have said that his Sharpe's rifles were furnished by the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Society for Kansas purposes, requires a word of explanation. In the fall of 1856 the Massachusetts State Kansas Committee—not the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Committee—sent to the National Kansas Committee in this city one hundred Sharpe's rifles, for the general purposes of the Free State cause. They were forwarded from this city to the Nebraska frontier, and stored for the winter. In January, 1857, the National Committee held a meeting in the Astor House, New York, at which the Massachusetts delegate claimed the arms, in view of the probable termination of hostilities. The Committee yielded to the demand and gave the Massachusetts Society an order on their agent for them. Brown had already sent a request to the Astor House meeting for the rifles, which had been discussed and laid on the table. The National Committee gave Brown no arms nor ammunition then or at any other time. At the New York meeting, however, they voted him a few boxes of clothing, which he represented that he and his friends stood very much in need of."

Some time during the previous summer, shortly after the sacking of Ossawatimie, the Committee assigned to him twenty-five navy revolvers, but they never reached him. Arriving in Lawrence they were loaned to the 'Stubbs'—a military company of that place—and Brown never applied for them, alleging as a reason, that he had had difficulty enough with the Lawrence people already.

Brown then went to Boston and made application for the rifles before the Massachusetts Committee to whom they had been returned. In this he was successful. The Committee gave him an order for the rifles with the understanding that they were to be used in Kansas as the peculiar exigencies of the Free State cause in Southern Kansas might require. Brown urged with much force at this time that the war was not ended—that the next year would bring a renewal of it in the Fort Scott region, and that it would be necessary to be prepared against it. These arguments were conclusive in the minds of the Massachusetts committee, and on the principle that if fighting is to be done it should be well done, they decided to give Brown the arms. After using them in Kansas last year, the presumption is that he shipped them to Harper's Ferry."

John Brown's Pikes, which were to Pike Freedom into Virginians—The Manufacturer's account of the Manufacture—The Why and Wherefore, and How.

COLLINSVILLE, Ct. Nov. 4, 1859.

To the Editor of the Hartford Times:

As several articles have appeared, within the last few days, in your paper and other journals of this State and elsewhere, containing statements in regard to the "Collinsville pikes," in which my name is very freely used, and which are entirely incorrect, I have concluded, in justice to myself, my friends and the public, to give you the facts in the case, so far as I am concerned.

In the latter part of February or the early part of March, 1857, "Old Brown," as he is familiarly called, came to this town to visit his relatives, (most of whom, I learn, reside here,) and, by invitation, addressed the inhabitants at a public meeting.

At the close of the meeting, or on the following day, he exhibited some weapons which he claimed to have taken from Capt. H. C. Pate, at the battle of Black Jack.

Among others was a bowie knife or dirk, having a blade about eight inches long.—Brown remarked that such an instrument, fixed to the end of a pole about six feet long, would be a capital weapon to place in the hands of the settlers in Kansas, to keep in their cabins, to defend themselves against any attack by "Border Ruffians or wild beasts," and asked me what it would be worth to make one thousand. I replied that I would make them for one dollar each, not thinking that it would lead to a contract, or that such an instrument would ever be wanted, or put to use, in any way, if made.

But, to my surprise, he drew up a contract for one thousand, to be completed within three months, he (Brown) agreeing to pay me \$500 within thirty days, and the balance within thirty days thereafter. Brown

placed \$550 in my hands within the specified time, and it was then duly times and the contract was profitable, I commenced operations by purchasing the materials for doing the whole job, and forged about five hundred. At the expiration of thirty days Brown wrote to me from Springfield, Mass., saying that he was unable to raise the \$450 to complete his contract. Soon after the receipt of his letter I stopped the work. After this I heard very little more of Brown until the following year, 1858, when I received a letter from him, dated Rochester, New York, Feb. 10, 1858, in which he expressed his regret that he had been unable to fulfill his contract with me, and hoped it would not always be so. In this letter he requested me to send as many as I felt willing to in the unfinished state of the contract, to "E. A. Forbes, Lindenville, Ashtabula Co., Ohio." (It may be inferred from this that Brown had not then fixed upon any definite plan.) I wrote to him on receipt of his letter, that I had never finished any of them, and did not wish to trouble myself further about the matter, and he need not trouble himself to raise the funds to pay the balance. Of course I sent none of them.

The next I knew of Brown, he called at my house in Collinsville, on the 3d day of June last, I think, and said to me that he had never before been able to fulfill his contract with me, and that he now did, and wished I would go on and finish up the work. I replied that I was very differently situated now, and that I could not do it—that the contract was forfeited, and I could see no use in spending more money upon them, but that he was welcome to take them as they were, and I would square off with him.

I asked of what earthly use they could be in the present condition of affairs in Kansas. He made an evasive reply that they might be of some use, and that present were good for nothing to anybody. I said no more. But as he seemed to be very urgent to have them finished, I finally consented to make an effort to find some one to do the work, on condition that he would pay me the \$450, which I would refund in case I was unsuccessful. He paid me \$150, for which I gave him a receipt, which has been published with one of my letters.

He also agreed to send me \$800 more within three days. A few days after I received a letter dated Troy, N. Y., June 7th, 1858, with a draft enclosed on New York, for \$300, on receipt of which I wrote him the letter bearing date Collinsville, Ct., June 10th, 1858, directed to John Brown, West Andover, Ohio, which seems to have been contained in "Old Brown's cargo bag," and was published some days since in the principal papers in this State and elsewhere.

Soon after Brown left Collinsville, I agreed with C. Hart & Son, of Unionville, Conn., to finish up the "pikes" (as they are called) which I had commenced in 1857, and also to make 450 more—making in all about 950, instead of 2500, as the Times of Nov. 2d and 3d, lately, I need not say, implied. In doing so, I directing me to forward "the freight," when finished, to J. Smith & Sons, Chambersburg, Pa. Subsequently I received the following letter:

"CHAMBERSBURG, Pa., Aug. 21th, 1859. CHAS. BLAIR, Esq.—Dear Sir:—Some time in July last, a Mr. Brown, who said he was dealing with you, made arrangements with me to receive and forward some freight he had ordered from you.

Will you please say to us by return mail if you have sent any part of it forward, and if not, when you think you can do so. Respectfully yours, J. SMITH & SONS.

The words "receive and forward" were understood in the original. The letter was in an entirely different handwriting, and I supposed it was from a hardware firm doing business in Chambersburg. My reply to that letter has also been published.—Within a few days the pikes were sent as ordered, and their receipt was acknowledged by J. Smith & Sons in a letter dated Sept. 15.

I have already made this communication much longer than I intended, but I cannot refrain from saying a word in reply to an article which I noticed yesterday in the Middletown Sentinel and Witness, which asserts that Brown came to Collinsville last June; that he remained several days; was in consultation with the leading Republicans, and particularly with "Blair," preparatory to sending him more arms for the Insurrection at Harper's Ferry, &c. Now there never was a more base and infamous falsehood ever uttered by mortal man.

Having come to my house, as I have before stated, but did not remain probably more than fifteen minutes; made his business known, and went to the Hotel and stayed over night, and, I am quite sure, left in the morning for New York. And so far as any conversation is concerned, not a word passed between us but what I should be willing to let the world know. The substance of it has been stated. Nor do I believe he had a word of conversation of a secret nature with a living man in Collinsville. So far as I am concerned, I am free to say that I have no sympathy with "Old Brown's" Harper's Ferry Insurrection—nor had I the most distant idea of his plans or designs, for he never gave me any clue to them farther than what I have stated in this article. Very respectfully yours, CHAS. BLAIR.

CHARLES BLAIR—WHO IS HE?—Among the letters found in "Old Brown's" possession, was one from Charles Blair, of Collinsville, in this State, in relation to a certain contract. We have learned the following facts with reference to the matter. Mr. Blair is a workman of the "Collinsville Axe Company," employing the men under him, and taking what contracts he pleases. Some time in 1856 or '57, "Old Brown" came to Collinsville, and contracted for a thousand pikes to be used in Kansas. Five hundred were finished for him at this time, and the other five hundred were left in the hands of the contractor. Last June, "Old Brown" again made his appearance in Collinsville, and requested Mr. Blair to finish up the remainder of the pikes. Blair asked him to what use he intended to put them, now that the Kansas disturbances were over? To this question Brown gave an evasive reply. The finishing of the contract was given to a Mr. Hart of Unionville. It was found, however, that it would be impossible to furnish more than four hundred and fifty of the number due on the contract—making nine hundred and fifty in all. When these were sent, Blair sent with them the letter that has been published. Whether such contracts are proper ones to make, we leave our readers to determine.—Hartford Post.

[From the New York Express.]

WHO PAID THE EXPENSES?—The Chief of the Harper's Ferry-insurrection, Brown, we believe, is not understood to be a man of much wealth.—He probably had means enough to support himself comfortably in life—but he certainly had not the wealth necessary to put an army of fifteen hundred men on a war footing. We say "fifteen hundred," because that is his own statement. Among his inventory, we see, are:

- Two Hundred Sharp's Rifles. Two Hundred Revolvers. One Thousand Spears. And Plenty of Ammunition.

A good rifle cost about \$25. (We think that was about the quotation at the New Heaven Church meeting.) Two hundred of them would make a bill of \$5000. Two hundred revolvers, at the New York average—price—say \$15 each—would make \$3000 more. The "spear" is a new instrument of death, we believe, in this country; but as a "spear," to be worth anything, ought to cost at least \$5, one thousand of them adds another \$5000 to the bill. Total (without ammunition.) \$13,000. Until it can be proven that Brown had that much money, in cash, the inference remains that there must be some outside contributors somewhere. Now, the question is, who are those contributors? Time and enquiry will tell. Gerrit Smith, a republican ex member of Congress, we see, is set down for \$100, with somebody in a New York bank for his endorser; and another person, a lady, sends \$10, through Frederick Douglas, "for the cause."

SHARP'S RIFLES AT HARPER'S FERRY.—"Ossawatimie Brown says he had received, along with some other arms, two hundred of Sharp's rifles, to put into the hands of the insurgent slaves. These Sharp's rifles, we understand him to say, came from Connecticut. We remember (say the New York Express) something of a meeting to buy up Sharp's rifles, that was held in a church in New Haven, not so long ago as to have passed just yet from public recollection. It was said their destination was Kansas. Ossawatimie's original 'destination' was Kansas, too; but how came Sharp's rifles in such hands at Harper's Ferry? That is the question. And as Rev. Mr. Beecher was present at the 'Rifle Meeting' alluded to, perhaps he will condescend to explain."

From the Petersburg Express.

THE MANUFACTURER OF PIKES.

Among the other epistles found in the possession of the insurgent leader, Brown, was a letter from Charles Blair, Collinsville, Connecticut, who seems to have been the manufacturer of the pikes intended for distribution among the negroes. These pikes were a very formidable weapon even in hands entirely unaccustomed to weapons of war. These pikes are said to have been made in a very workmanlike manner, and some of them to have been finished in quite handsome style. It is not probable that the manufacturer of these murderous instruments was ignorant of the purpose for which they were to be used. At all events, he should be brought to trial for his participation in this treasonable and murderous conspiracy against the United States and Virginia, as much as if he had been found using, in our own State, the weapons he had manufactured. In the adoption of vigorous measures against the conspirators in other States, we shall have an evidence of the good faith of non-slaveholding communities upon a subject which involves the life of every man in the South.

A FORMIDABLE WEAPON FROM HARPER'S FERRY.—A gentleman, who had just returned from Harper's Ferry, exhibited at the Burnet House last evening one of the formidable pikes which was found in possession of Captain Brown and his party. The handle was about five feet in length, mounted with a heavy blade, of some seven or eight inches, made of hardened steel, sharpened to a point. It would, no doubt, have done fearful execution but for the fortunate turn in the tide of affairs at the attempted insurrection.

From the New York Day Book.

Where Did Old Brown Get His Funds?

There is no doubt a deeply organized society exists in this city for the assistance of old Brown and his fellow-conspirators. He must have had a large sum of money to have carried out his hellish plot. Where did it come from? Who contributed it? A man this morning said to a gentleman who told us, that he would willingly contribute \$1,000 to put a revolver in the hands of every "slave" in the South! Where did the funds that old Brown had come from? Perhaps Geo. B. Cheever knows something about it. Perhaps some associated with him in a certain society can tell. Perhaps the recent prayer meeting for "negro freedom" started at Cheever's church had something to do with this affair. Perhaps—but we will not indulge in too many suspicious or give currency to every vague rumor.



HARTFORD:  
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21.

## Reading Matter on Every Page.

### The Times and John Brown.

The Times is reckless and unreliable in its facts. Old Brown never spoke in the "Fremont Hut" nor in Hartford during the Presidential campaign, although the Times has for some purpose, good or bad, repeatedly made that statement. It would undoubtedly please the editors of that paper and a class of similar unprincipled partisans, if they could make themselves or any others believe that those to whom they are politically opposed were the advisers and abettors of the late insane and deplorable movement at Harper's Ferry. There is an infamy and moral guilt in this deliberate misrepresentation of others more culpable than the crazy conduct of Brown, for it has not the poor apology of the demented old man for its depravity. Had there been no lawless invasion of Kansas, attended with murder, robbery, arson and almost every species of crime, and of which poor Brown was a special victim, this late calamity would never have taken place. He had led a peaceable, harmless and industrious life until that event; but the plunder and destruction of his property, the cruel imprisonment and murder of two noble sons, had goaded the unhappy father to madness, and in his morbid brooding upon his wrongs, he imitated those who had oppressed him by taking the law into his own hands, revenging his own grievances, and as they had invaded Kansas to inflict injuries on him and his fellow-citizens, he in turn invaded Virginia with an armed force. No man can justify this, but such is undoubtedly the fact.

Old Brown was in Hartford in 1857, the year succeeding the presidential campaign, but his visit had reference solely to the defense of Kansas, and that most excellent institution, the "Fremont Hut," had been discontinued. He told the story of his wrongs to some fifty or a hundred persons in Odd Fellows' Hall, and showed the chains and fetters with which one of his sons had been bound and driven bare headed, under an August sun, over the shadeless plains of Kansas, his limbs swollen, and the flesh chafed off by his manacles. The young man became insane and died.

Another son, Capt. E. P. Brown, was captured near Easton in Kansas. When he was disarmed and taken to a house, the ruffians gathered round him, beat him down, and refused to give him a fair fight with one, two, or three of them. They hacked him with hatchets, one of them laying open his brain. "Don't abuse me," said he; "I am dying; it is useless." Then a scoundrel of the Times' own political faith, who was afterwards appointed a deputy-United States Marshal, spit tobacco juice in the eyes of the prostrate and dying man. Some more humane rangers took him off in an open wagon, on a cold winter's day, to a grocery, and pretended to dress his wounds. Seeing that the case was hopeless, they took him to his wife. So far, struggling nature and a sound constitution sustained him, but life was ebbing. The startled and agonized wife asked him what was the matter? He replied, "I have been murdered by a gang of cowards, in cold blood, without any cause." As she stooped to embrace the body of her gallant husband, he died in her arms.

When the afflicted father told his story here, he made no attempt at oratory, there was no occasion for it; his manner was simple and earnest, and calm; but there was unequalled eloquence in the facts. No one anticipated, nor probably did he himself, any such wild foray as that in which he has recently engaged, but it was evident that the border ruffians had a life long and implacable enemy in the hero of Black Jack and Ossawatimie. He afterwards met many of them in fair fight, and we have been told that he was for months in the far southwest, on the trail of Titus.

That his mind had in one direction lost balance and control, we think there is little doubt, but there was the sublimity of reckless daring in the conduct of the indomitable old man, who thus, with twenty-one associates, seized and held a government arsenal made seventy or eighty prisoners, held a village of two or three thousand people in subjection, alarmed the President and Cabinet, called out several detachments of United States troops and near a thousand of the Virginia militia.

If there be any outside of the twenty-one, who furnished money or other material aid, knowing that it was to be devoted to such an insurrection, upon these the heaviest censure and punishment should fall. Nothing but death could come of it.

### JOHN BROWN'S COLORED REFUGEES IN CANADA.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

WINDSOR, UPPER CANADA, NOV. 6, 1859.

As everything relative to "Old John Brown" is now interesting, I would inform your readers that I have spent a few hours in Windsor, Upper Canada, with seven of the twelve colored Missourians, who are now residing in that place. The other five are living about nine miles in the country. These make the twelve persons taken by Brown last January into Canada. As various reports are afloat concerning them, I wish to inform all parties that those living here are very industrious. Two of the seven are men. They "team," saw wood, and "job round." One, a boy about twelve, helps around generally. Two of the women, who were field hands in Missouri last Spring, on arriving at Windsor, hired, for \$4, an acre of land, and with a spade each, they actually spaded it, planted it with corn and potatoes, and attended it well; this crop would challenge any crop I ever saw in Missouri, and not often beaten even in Kansas, where soil and climate are superior to most portions of this world; their potatoes are very fine—all dug and put up in secure manner in the garden back of their house, for Winter, the corn, of which I brought some away, is beautiful. One of their houses has a small garden attached; they pay \$2 a month for this. In this little garden they have grown some very fine onions, carrots, parsnips, and some extraordinary cabbage; the cabbage are taken up, put together, and covered thick with fodder or straw, rather neatly packed. They have amply sufficient corn, potatoes, &c., for Winter. As to meat, they do without, till they have some fit to kill. They have three hogs growing finely which they paid \$1 each for, and feed them on what they collect in swill from neighbors, &c. As to clothing, they are neat, with well patched articles. They say they have \$20 suited down. They informed me that, after being here a short time, they were burned out, losing all, or nearly all, of the useful articles given out by friends on their way, while escorted by that man whom they venerate. While I read about the sentence of Brown, with his speech from the paper, to them, oh! how affecting to see their tears and hear their sobs; two women declared, if it could be, they would willingly die instead of their liberator. A woman among them remarked, if the bible was true, he (Brown) practiced most of it here; so he would be rewarded by "old Master" up higher, with greater happiness. The father, mother, and three children in the country, work a farm on shares; they have about six or seven acres of corn, potatoes, &c., part of which are theirs; they all are anticipating the day when they can get a piece of land of their own.

It is a noticeable fact, that when Southern ruffians most brutally murdered "Old Brown's" sons, and his daughter, who witnessed one of those murders, became a raving maniac, the pro-Slavery journals found great amusement in talking of the "shrieks from Kansas." Now, when the crazy old man, with twenty vagabond associates, attempts to retaliate upon the whole South, these same sneerers at human suffering are all carried away with panic terrors, or are themselves "shrieking" with rage and calling for vengeance upon the man thus driven to madness.

### Torturing the Dying for Political Capital.

The Detroit Tribune justly says: "One of the most disgusting sights that has ever been witnessed in the country is the interrogation of BROWN, STEPHENS, and others of the Harper's Ferry insurrectionists, by Senator MASON and Congressman VALLANDIGHAM. While BROWN was writhing in pain, and the gathering shades of certain death were clouding the eyes and intellect of STEPHENS, these ghouls stepped in between the grave and its victims, to extort from them some expression that might be turned to political advantage. It is right the disgusting attempt should be an utter failure."

### A LETTER FROM JOHN BROWN.

The Boston Atlas and Bee publishes the following letters, placed in its possession by Mr. Hoyt, the young Boston lawyer, who went to Charlestown to take part in defending John Brown:

LETTER FROM A QUAKER LADY TO JOHN BROWN. NEWPORT, R. I., Tenth month, 27th, '59.

CAPT. JOHN BROWN: Dear Friend: Since thy arrest I have often thought of thee, and have wished that, like Elizabeth Fry toward her prison friends, so that I might console thee in thy confinement. But that can never be, and so I can only write thee a few lines, which, if they contain any comfort, may come to thee like some ray of light.

You can never know how very many dear Friends love thee with all their hearts, for thy brave efforts in behalf of the poor oppressed; and though we, who are non-resistants, and religiously believe it better to reform by moral, and not by carnal weapons, could not approve of bloodshed, yet we know thee was animated by the most generous and philanthropic motives. Very many thousands openly approve thy intentions, though most Friends would not think it right to take up arms.

Thousands pray for thee every day; and, oh, I do pray that God will be with thy soul. Posterity will do thee justice. It Moses led out the thousands of Jewish slaves from their bondage, and God destroyed the Egyptians in the sea because they went after the Israelites to bring them back to Slavery, then surely, by the same reasoning, we may judge thee a deliverer who wished to release millions from a more cruel oppression. If the American people honor Washington for resisting with bloodshed for seven years an unjust tax, how much more ought thou to be honored for seeking to free the poor slaves.

Oh, I wish I could plead for thee, as some of the other sex can plead, how I would seek to defend thee! If I had now the eloquence of Portia, how I would turn the scale in thy favor! But I can only pray, "God bless thee!" God pardon thee, and through our Redeemer, give thee safety and happiness now and always. From thy friend, E. B.

### JOHN BROWN'S REPLY.

CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON Co., Va., Nov. 1, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND E. B. OF R. I.: Your most cheering letter of 27th of Oct. is received, and may the Lord reward you a thousand fold for the kind feeling you express toward me; but more especially for your fidelity to the "poor that cry, and those that have no help." For this I am a prisoner in bonds. It is solely my own fault, in a military point of view, that we met with our disaster—I mean that I mingled with our prisoners and so far sympathized with them and their families that I neglected my duty in other respects. But God's will, not mine, be done.

You know that Christ once armed Peter. So also in my case, I think he put a sword into my hand, and then continued it, so long as he saw best, and then kindly took it from me. I mean when I first went to Kansas. I wish you could know with what cheerfulness I am now wielding the "Sword of the Spirit" on the right hand and on the left. I bless God that it proves "mighty to the pulling down of strongholds." I always loved my Quaker friends, and I commend them to I always loved my poor bereaved widowed wife, their kind regards and daughters-in-law, whose husbands and my daughters and daughters-in-law, whose husbands likely to become so soon. They, as well as my own sorrow-stricken daughter, are left very poor, and have much greater need of sympathy than I, who, through Infinite Grace and the kindness of strangers, am "joyful in all my tribulations."

Dear sister, write them at North Elba, Essex Co., N. Y., to comfort their sad hearts. Direct to Mary A. Brown, wife of John Brown. There is also another—a widow, wife of Thompson, who fell with my poor boys in the affair at Harper's Ferry, at the same place.

I do not feel conscious of guilt in taking up arms; and had it been in behalf of the rich and powerful, the intelligent, the great—as men count greatness—if those who form enactments to suit themselves and corrupt others, or some of their friends, that I interfered, suffered, sacrificed, and fell, it would have been doing very well. But enough of this.

These light afflictions which endure for a moment, shall work but for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. I would be very grateful for another letter from you. My wounds are healing. Farewell—God will surely attend to his own cause in the best possible way and time, and he will not forget the work of his own hands.

Your friend, JOHN BROWN.

THE CATECHISING OF BROWN.—The conversation between Brown and Senator Mason, and others which will be found in the supplement to this evening's paper, shows a manly bearing, unflinching courage and devotion to his theory of liberty, freedom and right, which say what we will, our people, generally, south as well as north, have been in the habit when they have heard of its manifestation in other countries, of extolling and almost deifying. It is only when it is sought to overturn our own institutions in blood, that we realize all the horrors of fraternal strife and civil or servile war. Happily there is but little danger of this evil example being followed here. The Anglo Saxon race, better than any other, understands that the victories of peaceful industry and laborious toil are greater and more certain than those of brute force.

Letter from Hon. C. L. Vallandigham—  
The Harper's Ferry Insurrection.

DAYTON, O., Saturday, October 22.  
To the Editor of the Enquirer:

The Cincinnati Gazette of yesterday contains what purports to be a conversation between John Brown, the Harper's Ferry insurgent, and myself. The editorial criticism in that paper, while unjust, is, nevertheless, moderate and decent in temper and language. Not so the vulgar, but offensive comments of the Commercial and the Ohio State Journal of to-day. Self-respect forbids to a gentleman any notice of such assaults. But the report and editorial of the Gazette convey an erroneous impression, which I desire briefly to correct.

Passing of necessity through Harper's Ferry, on Wednesday last, on my way home from Washington City, I laid over at that place between morning and evening trains for the West. Through the politeness of Colonel Lee, the commanding officer, I was allowed to enter the Armory inclosure. Inspecting the several objects of interest there, and among them the office building, I came to the room where Brown and Stephens lay, and went in, not aware that Senator Mason or any reporter was present till I entered, and without any purpose of asking a single question of the prisoners, and had there been any prisoners there I should have visited and inspected the place, just as I did, in all these particulars.

No "interview" was asked for by me or any one else of John Brown, and none granted, whether "voluntarily and out of pure good will" or otherwise. Brown had no voice in the matter, the room being open equally to all who were permitted to enter the Armory inclosure. All went and came alike, without consulting Brown; nor did he know either myself or the other gentlemen with whom he conversed. Entering the room I found Senator Mason, of Virginia, there, casually, together with eight or ten others, and Brown conversing freely with all who chose to address him. Indeed, he seemed eager to talk to every one; and new visitors were coming and going every moment. There was no arrangement to have any reporter; nor did I observe for some minutes after I entered that any were present. Some one from New York was taking sketches of Brown and Stephens during the conversation, and the reporter for the Herald made himself known to me a short time afterward; but I saw nothing of the Gazette reporter till several hours later, and then at the hotel in the village.

Finding Brown anxious to talk and ready to answer anyone who chose to ask a question, and having heard that the insurrection had been planned at the Ohio State Fair held at Zanesville in September, I very naturally made the inquiry of him, among other things, as to the truth of the statement. Learning from his answers that he had lived in Ohio for fifty years, and had visited the State in May or June last, I prosecuted my inquiries to ascertain what connection his conspiracy might have had with the "Oberlin Rescue" Trials then pending, and the insurrectionary movement at that time made in the Western Reserve to organize forcible resistance to the execution of the Fugitive-slave Law; and I have now only to regret that I did not pursue the matter further, asking more questions, and making them more specific. It is possible that some others who are so tenderly sensitive in regard to what was developed, might have been equally implicated. Indeed it is incredible that a more casual conversation, such as the one held by me with John Brown, should excite such paroxysms of rage and call forth so much vulgar but impotent vituperation, unless there be much more yet undisclosed. Certain it is that three of the negroes, and they from Oberlin, and at least six of the white men, nine in all out of the nineteen, including John Brown, the leader of the insurrection, were, or had been, from Ohio, where they had received sympathy and counsel, if not material aid in their conspiracy.

But the visit and interrogation were both casual, and did not continue over twenty minutes at the longest. Brown so far from being exhausted, volunteered several speeches to the reporter, and more than once insisted that the conversations did not disturb or annoy him in the least. The report in the New York Herald, of October 21st, is generally attributed to me, and particularly the first four, ought to have been put into the mouth of "Bystander," who, by the way, represents at least half a score of different persons.

"As to the charge preferred of breach of good taste and propriety," and all that, I propose to judge of it for myself, having been present on the occasion. There was neither "interview," "catechizing," "inquisition," "pumping," nor any effort of the kind, but a short and casual conversation with the leader of a bold and murderous insurrection, a man of singular intelligence, in full possession of all his faculties, and anxious to explain his plans and motives so far as was possible without implicating his confederates otherwise than by declining to answer. The developments are important: let the galled

Under now, allow me to add, that it is vain to underestimate either the man or his conspiracy. Captain John Brown is as brave and resolute a man as ever headed an insurrection, and, in a good cause, and with a sufficient force, would have been a consummate partisan commander. He has coolness, daring, persistency, the stoic faith and patience, and a firmness of will and purpose unconquerable. He is tall, wiry, muscular, but with little flesh—with a cold, gray eye, gray hair, beard and mustache, compressed lips and sharp, aquiline nose; of cast-iron face and frame, and with powers of endurance equal to anything needed to be done or suffered in any cause. Though engaged in a wicked, mad and fanatical enterprise, he is the farthest possible remove from the ordinary ruffian, fanatic or madman; but his powers are rather execratory than inventive, and he never had the depth or breadth of mind to originate and contrive himself the plan of insurrection which he undertook to carry out. The conspiracy was, unquestionably, far more extended than yet appears, numbering among the conspirators many more than the handful of followers who assailed Harper's Ferry, and having in the North and West, if not also the South, as its counselors and abettors, men of intelligence, position and wealth. Certainly it was one among the best-planned and executed conspiracies that ever failed.

For two years he had been plotting and preparing it with aiders and comforters a thousand miles apart, in the slave States and the free; for six months he lived without so much as suspicion in a slave State, and near the scene of the insurrection, winning even the esteem and confidence of his neighbors, yet collecting day by day large quantities of arms, and making ready for the outbreak. He had as complete an equipment, even to trenching tools, as any commander in a regular campaign, and intended, like Napoleon, to make war support war. He had Sharpe's rifles and Maynard's revolvers for marksmen, and pikes for the slaves. In the dead hour of night, crossing the Potomac, he seized the Armory with many thousand stand of arms and other munitions of war; and making prisoners of more than thirty of the workmen, officers and citizens, overpowered the town of Harper's Ferry with its thousand inhabitants. With less than half a score of men surviving, he held the Armory for many hours, refusing, though out off from all succor, and surrounded upon all sides, to surrender, and was taken with sword in hand, overpowered by superior numbers, yet fighting to the last. During this short insurrection eighteen men were killed and ten or more severely wounded—twice the number killed and wounded on the part of the American force at the Battle of New Orleans.

John Brown failed to excite a general and most wicked, bloody and desolating servile and civil war, only because the slaves and non-slaveholding white men of the vicinity, the former twenty thousand in number, would not rise. He had prepared arms and ammunition for fifteen hundred men, and captured, at the first blow, enough to arm more than fifty thousand; and yet he had less than thirty men—more, nevertheless, than have begun half the revolutions and conspiracies which history records. But he had not tampered with slaves, nor solicited the non-slaveholding whites around him, because he really believed that the moment the blow was struck they would gather to his standard, and expecting, furthermore, the promised re-inforcements instantly from the North and West. This was the basis upon which the whole conspiracy was planned; and had his belief been well founded, he would unquestionably have succeeded, in stirring up a most formidable insurrection possibly involving the peace of the whole country, and requiring, certainly, great armies and vast treasure to suppress it.

Here was his folly and madness. He believed and acted upon the faith which for twenty years has been so persistently taught in every form throughout the free States, and which is but another mode of statement of the doctrine of the "irrepressible conflict"—that slavery and the three hundred and seventy thousand slaveholders of the South are only tolerated, and that the millions of slaves and non-slaveholding white men are ready and eager to rise against the "oligarchy," needing only a leader and deliverer. The conspiracy was the natural and necessary consequence of the doctrines proclaimed every day, year in and year out, by the apostles of Abolition. But Brown was sincere, earnest,

practical; he proposed to add words to his faith, reckless of murder, treason, and every other crime. This was his madness and folly. He perishes justly and miserably—an insurgent and a felon; but guiltier than he, and with his blood upon their heads, are the false and cowardly prophets and teachers of Abolition.

C. L. VALLANDIGHAM.

SPEECH OF GOV. WISE AT RICHMOND.

The following is the material portion of the speech of Governor Wise on his return to Richmond from Harper's Ferry. It will be read with interest:

When we arrived at Harper's Ferry, I found that there had been double more than ample force. The gallant volunteers of Jefferson were the first on the ground, and soon after them the noble men of Berkeley were there. Farmers with single and double barrel shot guns, and with plantation rifles, were there. The people, with arms and without arms, rushed to the scene. For what? What had happened? What summoned them to shoulder musket and snatch weapons as they could? What had disturbed their peace? What threatened their safety and to sully their honor? Alas! to the disgrace of the nation—not of Virginia, I repeat all imputation upon her—but to the disgrace of—somebody—fourteen white ruffians and five negroes had been permitted to take the United States Arsenal, with all its arms and treasure, and to hold it for twenty-four hours, at that Thermopylae of America, Harper's Ferry, on the confines of two slave States, with the avowed object of emancipating their slaves, at every hazard, and the very perpetration of the seizure and imprisonment of the inhabitants, and of robbery and murder and treason.

You will indignantly ask: How could such outrage and disgrace be brought upon a country like this, strong as it is in everything? I will briefly inform you. Congress had, by law, displaced the regular army from the superintendence of its own arms, as if it was unworthy of the trust of its own affairs, and its officers very naturally turned away in disgust from giving attention to this Arsenal. A civil superintendent was placed in charge; and I know the gentleman, a Virginian, is as worthy of it as any civilian can be. He was absent on official duty at Springfield, Mass., and I have great confidence that had he been at the Arsenal it could not have been captured and held as it was. And I do not mean to go into the dispute or question, whether civil or military superintendence is most proper over a manufactory and arsenal of arms. But this I do say, emphatically and indignantly, that whether the superintendence was civil or military, there ought to have been an organized and sufficient military guard there; and there was nothing of the kind. There was no watch even worth naming, and no guard at all. Thus, an Arsenal, which ought to be a depot of arms and munitions of defence, for the citizens at all times to flee to for means of protection, became a depot for desperadoes to assail us, and a positive danger to our people. It would be better for Virginia and Maryland to have the Arsenal removed from their borders, than to allow it thus to become a danger by being left unguarded. The civil superintendent was not responsible for a military guard. The question, who is responsible? I leave to the proper Executive authorities of the United States. By the grossest negligence somewhere—which it is not my duty to look after or to correct, except to proclaim it and complain of it, for the sake of the protection due to our own people—nineteen lawless men have seized this Arsenal, with its arms and spoils, and have imprisoned and robbed and murdered our inhabitants! How? you eagerly inquire. Ever since the border war in Kansas ceased, and the Abolition ruffians there were disbanded, their leader has been organizing this invasion. They held a Convention, it seems, at Chatam, Canada West, within a year past, and formed what they call a provisional government, with its President, Vice President, Secretary of State, Secretary of War, Treasurer, &c.; with its Supreme Court, its Congress, and its Commander-in-chief.

The notorious chief of bandits in Kansas, John Brown, the terror of Ossawatimie and Fort Scott, was appointed Commander-in-chief; and he and his sons and other agents perambulated the whole country, and corresponded in all its parts. They traversed Ohio, Missouri, Iowa, Canada, Pennsylvania, New York, New England, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee. In these, particularly, and in other States, they had emissaries collecting funds, enlisting men, taking the census actually of slaves, preparing arms and munitions of war, looking out for depots, and spying out the weak points for attack.



About June of this year, Brown, under the name of John Smith, rented what is called the Kennedy farm, within six miles of Harper's Ferry. There, and thereabouts, at various times, he collected two hundred Sharpe's rifles, two hundred revolver-pistols, some number of other odd arms, among the rest a large rifle on a pivot, carrying a two-ounce ball in form of a slug, ranging a long distance, and one thousand spears, about eight feet long, with a blade ten inches long, about two inches wide, "jagged sharp" on both edges, sharp pointed, cut and thrust, with a hilt, and a turned shaft of hickory, with a ferule at the end where the blade is let into the wood, and a screw through the ferule and wood and shaft of the blade. These spears were obviously made for the hands of negroes, to do the butchery of servile insurrection. Besides these arms, he had a large quantity of clothing, wearing apparel and bed-clothing, a store of surgical instruments, lint, medicines, and the minutest preparation and provision of all kinds. At no time had he more than twenty-two men; and on the night of Sabbath last (the 16th inst.) he invaded the county of Jefferson and Harper's Ferry with but nineteen men—fourteen white men and five negroes—one of the latter from Canada, one born in North Carolina, and last from Ohio. These men came, few as they were, from far distant points—from Essex county, New York; from Norwich, Connecticut; from Harrisonburg, Pennsylvania; from Iowa; from Ashtabula, Ohio; and from Canada and other places. They transported their arms through Pittsburg to Chambersburg—a man named Henrie being their chief agent—and at the latter place concentrated, and thence moved to the Kennedy farm in Maryland. There they had been for some six or eight weeks.

During the time these preparations were on foot, they kept a man named John E. Cooke at Harper's Ferry, or near by, professedly teaching school in Maryland, across the Potomac, opposite the Arsenal. He had married at Harper's Ferry, and his wife's mother and brother lived there, and he spent much of his time there. He was in constant communication with the slaves of the surrounding country, took a census of them, and was thoroughly informed of everything about the Arsenal. The plan of operations, with all this opportunity and information, was easily formed and executed.

On the night of the 16th, armed with rifles and revolvers, the nineteen men, about one o'clock, entered the town, put out the lights, cut the telegraph wires, and stationed thirteen men to arrest the inhabitants as they should appear in the morning, one by one and two by two, unsuspecting of danger, and unarmed, and to imprison them in the strong-walled yards with iron gates. Six of the men, Capt. Stephens at their head, went four miles into the county of Jefferson, and took Col. Washington and Mr. Alstadt from their beds, placed them and their male slaves in a four-horse wagon, and drove the masters prisoners to Harper's Ferry.

Cooke, one of the men of this expedition, drove the wagon and slaves across the Potomac into Maryland, to bring in the spears and other arms they had left at their depot, to prevent them from falling into the hands of the troops or people who might come to attack them. They did not need the arms, for they had captured the arsenal, but their object was to prevent them from falling into the hands of the unarmed country people. Thus, when Monday morning dawned, they had fully opened the desperate campaign. They shot a poor negro on the bridge; they had stopped the cars going eastward, and detained it for hours; they had cut the telegraph wires; had captured Washington and Alstadt and their slaves, four miles off in the country; had sent Cooke and the slaves to bring in their arms, and began to imprison the operatives of the Arsenal and inhabitants of the town, and to shoot down the most respectable men, Beckham and Turner, who resisted their violence. The news of this flew to the country around.

The volunteers of Jefferson, with Cols. Baylor and Gibson, rushed to the scene, and soon came the men of Berkeley, unorganized, in working-day dress, and without arms or munition, supposing they could get arms and fixed ammunition at the Arsenal; but when they got

there, they found all the arms and munitions in the hands of the marauders. But, with what arms they had, they attacked them, and some seven of them were wounded; but they killed and wounded several of the enemy. They could have stormed and taken them in an hour, but they were anxious for the lives and safety of their neighbors and friends, who were under the muzzles and knives of the ruffians, and they were restrained by their apprehension that they might be slaughtered by the desperadoes. By this hesitation, they allowed the insurgents to hold the Arsenal all day Monday. On Monday night, that gallant and noble Virginian, Colonel Robert Lee, worthy of any service on earth, arrived with his regular corps of marines. He waited only for light, then tendered the assault, in State pride, to the Virginia volunteers who were there. Their feelings for the prisoners made them decline the risk of slaying their own friends, and Lee could not delay a moment to retake the Arsenal, punish the impudent invaders, and release the prisoners at the necessary risk of their own lives. His gallantry was mortified that the task was so easy. He saw a United States Arsenal in the possession of bandits, from the superintendence of which his profession had been ejected; and he felt the regular army and his native State were alike dishonored. With mortification and chagrin, inexpressible, he picked twelve marines, and took the engine-house, in ten minutes, with the loss of one marine killed and one wounded, without hurting a hair of one of the prisoners. And now I say to you, that I would have given my arm to its shoulder, for that feat to have been performed by the volunteers of Virginia on Monday before the marines arrived there. But there was no cowardice or panic on the part of the inhabitants who were made prisoners, or on the part of the volunteers who first reached the scene. They first were bewildered by surprise; they were caught, unsuspecting and unarmed, and knew not what to make of the extraordinary thing; they could not, at first, conceive what it meant.

They, more than 100 of them, were prisoners before they realized the purpose of the invaders, and then they could not ascertain their numbers, and could not but believe that they were in very considerable force to attempt so daring an act. And so thought the volunteers, who had but few arms, no cartridges, and no training, and who were wholly ignorant of the force they had to overcome, and who felt for their neighbors and friends, the prisoners, with great anxiety, after seeing how remorselessly Turner and Beckham had been shot down. They vigorously plied their fire-arms, and made one assault, and retired only after sustaining severe volleys of balls from rifles securely entrenched behind brick walls densely looped to receive them, while they were without any artillery, or means of battering doors or walls. The prisoners were the walls of the marauders, stronger with the volunteers than bricks and mortar. They loved Washington, and Alstadt, and Mills, and other prisoners, and would not risk their lives. This was wrong, but natural, and not cowardly. I chided them for their mistake, and told them that, had I arrived there in time, I would have stormed the stronghold in the shortest possible time; and that if Gen. George Washington had been one of the prisoners, and even his life had been imperilled by the attack, it should not have been delayed five minutes. The lives outside, in this case, were as precious as the lives inside of the prison; and to prove that it was not inhumanity to risk the lives of the prisoners, I would have gladly risked my own life to rescue them, at every hazard of their lives and my own, such was my sense of degradation at allowing these marauders to hold that Arsenal, with its prisoners, for five minutes. I would not have parleyed with them a moment, would have ordered the attack, and led it.

I would proudly have risked my life to have gotten my guard there in time, and to have taken the place with our own Virginia boys. I was ready to weep when I found the whole force overcome was only some twelve or fifteen men, and the Virginia volunteers had not captured them before Col. Lee arrived!

But, my fellow-citizens, you must not imagine that this invasion was so insignificant, or that Commander Brown was mad, because this force

was so small. His force, small as it was, was large enough to divide, to penetrate a sleeping country around, and to take a United States Arsenal, with all its arms. Taking these, his expectation was to be joined immediately by hundreds and thousands of whites and blacks; and his purpose was to turn the arms of the United States, which he had captured, on the slaveholders of Maryland and Virginia. In this consisted his disappointment and failure. No negroes rose up to seize the arms he had captured. The negroes he had captured, as soon as they crossed the river with Cooke, and got out of his wagon, ran back in trepidation to their masters. All of Mr. Alstadt's returned, and all of Mr. Washington's but one—his carriage-driver—the negro who drove the wagon into town when his master was made prisoner; he was drowned in the Potomac; his body was found on Wednesday morning. And this is the only consolation which I have to offer you in this disgrace—that the faithful slaves refused to take up arms against their masters, and those which were taken by force from their happy homes deserted their liberators as soon as they could dare to make the attempt. Not a slave around was found faithless, and not one has lost his life, except the one of excellent character who was shot by Brown's party on the bridge, and except this servant of Col. Washington, whose body was found in the river, and whom Cooke may have shot in attempting to escape from him.

Brown was not mad, but he was misinformed as to the temper and disposition of our slaves. He ought to have known that all the slaves on our Northern border are held as it were by sufferance—their own sufferance; that they can run to liberators in Pennsylvania, easier than liberators can come to their emancipation. He was ignorant, it seems, of the patriarchal relations in which our slaves everywhere are held by their masters, and what bonds of affection and common interest exist between them and their masters. And thus it was that the "Old Brown," the fanatic of Ossawatimie and Lawrence and Fort Scott memory, who denounced the Missourians as "Border Ruffians," became himself the Border Ruffian of Virginia, and is now a prisoner of Treason to her authority. The slaves he would incite to insurrection and massacre would not take up arms against their masters. His spears were untouched by them. And they are themselves mistaken who take him to be a madman. He is a bundle of the best nerves I ever saw, cut and thrust, and bleeding and in bonds. He is a man of clear head, of courage, fortitude, and simple ingenuousness. He is cool, collected, and indomitable, and it is but just to him to say, that he was humane to his prisoners, as attested to me by Col. Washington and Mr. Mills; and he inspired me with great trust in his integrity, as a man of truth. He is a fanatic, vain and garrulous, but firm, and truthful, and intelligent. His men, too, who survive, except the free negroes with him, are like him. He professes to be a Christian, in communion with the Congregationalist Church of the North, and openly preaches his purpose of universal emancipation; and the negroes themselves were to be the agents, by means of arms, led on by white commanders. When Col. Washington was taken, his watch, and plate, and jewels, and money, were demanded, to create what they call a "safety fund," to compensate the liberators for the trouble and expense of taking away his slaves. This, by a law, was to be done with all slaveholders. Washington, of course, refused to deliver up anything; and it is remarkable, that the only thing of material value which they took, besides his slaves, was the sword of Frederick the Great, which was sent to General Washington. This was taken by Stevens to Brown, and the latter commanded his men with that sword in this fight against the peace and safety of Washington's native State! He promised Col. Washington to return it to him when he was done with it. And Col. Washington says that he, Brown, was the coolest and firmest man he ever saw in defying danger and death. With one son dead by his side, and another shot through, he felt the pulse of his dying son with one hand, and held his rifle with the other; and commanded his men with the utmost composure, encouraging them to be firm, and to sell their lives as dearly as they could. Of the three white prisoners,





### A Conversation with "Old Brown."

While examining the Armory grounds, the scene of action, and prosecuting our very general inquiries, we happened to fall in with an old acquaintance, of the editorial corps of New York. From him we learned that Messrs. Senator Mason, of Virginia; ex-member of Congress Faulkner, of Charlestown, Va.; and Hon. Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, were to have an interview with "Osawatamie." Of course we at once determined upon being present, and carried our determination into full force and effect.

After some little delay, we were introduced in the room where Brown and Stevens lay. We found the former to be a six-footer, although as he lay he had the appearance of being some six inches shorter than that. He has a rather peculiar shaped head, long gray hair, which at this time was matted, the sabre cut in his head having caused blood to flow freely, to the complete disfigurement of his face, which, like his hands, was begrimed with dirt, evidently the result of continued exposure to the smoke of powder. His eyes are of a pale blue, or perhaps a sharp gray—much such an eye as I remember his brother filibuster, Walker, to have. During his conversation; hereafter reported, no signs of weakness was exhibited. In the midst of enemies, whose home he had invaded; wounded, and a prisoner; surrounded by a small army of officials, and a more desperate army of angry men; with the gallowes staring him full in the face, he lay on the floor, and, in reply to every question, gave answers that betokened the spirit that animated him. The language of Governor Wise well expressed his boldness when he said, "He is the gamest man I ever saw." I believe the worthy Executive had hardly expected to see a man so act in such a trying moment.

Stevens is a fine looking specimen of the *genus homo*. He is the only one of the lot that I have seen, excepting, of course, the negroes, who had not light hair. His hair and long beard are of a fine black; his face partakes of the handsome and noble; his eye, though restless, has a sharp brilliancy; and he, too, is a six-footer. A stout, strong man, whose condition, lying upon the floor, obedient to the last to the commands of "my captain," as he called him; wounded with three or four gun-shot wounds, two in the head and one in the breast; certain of death; I could not but pity. Several hearts grew sad at the recollection of his wife, far away; probably unaware of his sad situation, looking and longing for his return. He, too, showed a marvellous courage. Ever and anon groaning with excessive pain, he did not however forget himself for one instant, but calmly, although in such pain, listened to the conversation as it progressed, on at least one occasion, correcting a remark of Brown's.

Both men seem prepared for death—seemed to court it rather; perhaps under the idea that they will be acknowledged martyrs, but more possibly under the conviction of having performed a sacred duty. However much the writer hereof may differ from them, there must arise a feeling of respect for them in their bold rashness.

The parties present in the room during the conversation, were Senator Mason, Hons. Messrs. Faulkner and Vallandigham, Dr. Biggs, Lieut. Stuart, 1st cavalry, U. S. A., two New York reporters and the writer. There were a few other persons came in at times, to see what was going on. A preliminary conversation was had, which amounted to no more than inquiries about Brown's condition for talking, and his reply was he would rather like it. His answers at the time when I commence the full report, are all included in what I give.

Sen. Mason—How do you justify your acts?  
Brown—I think, my friend, you are guilty of a great wrong against God and humanity. I say that without wishing to be offensive. It would be perfectly right for any one to interfere with you, so far as to free those you wilfully and wickedly hold in bondage. I do not say this insultingly.

Mr. Mason—I understand that.  
Brown—I think I did right, and that others will do right who interfere with you at any time, and all times. I hold that the golden rule, do unto others as you would that others should do unto you applies to all who would help others to gain their liberty.

Lieut. Stuart—But you don't believe in the Bible?

Brown—Certainly I do.

By (to Stevens,)—Where did you come from?  
Stevens—I lived in Ashtabula county, Ohio.

Mr. Vallandigham—How recently did you leave Ashtabula county?

Stevens—Some months ago. I never resided there any length of time. I have often been through there.

Mr. V.—How far did you live from Jefferson?  
Brown, (to Stevens)—Be very cautious, Stevens—about an answer to that; it might commit some friend. I would not answer it at all.

Stevens, (who had been groaning considerably, as if the exertion necessary to conversation seriously affected him,) seemed content to abide by "my captain's" decision. He turned over and was silent.

Mr. V., (to Brown)—Who were your advisers in this movement?

Brown—I have numerous sympathisers throughout the entire North.

Mr. V.—In northern Ohio?

Brown—No more there than anywhere else—in all the free States.

Mr. V.—But you are not personally acquainted in southern Ohio?

Brown—Not very much.

Mr. V.—Were you at the Convention last June?  
Brown—I was. I want you to understand, gentlemen, that I respect the rights of the poorest and weakest of colored people oppressed by the slave system, just as much as I do those of the most wealthy and powerful. That is the idea that has moved me, and that alone. We expected no reward; we expected the satisfaction of endeavoring to do for them in distress—the greatly oppressed—as we would be done by. The cry of the distressed and of the distressed is my reason, and the only one that impelled me.

By-stander—Why did you do it secretly?  
Brown—Because I thought it necessary for success, and for no other reason.

By-stander—You think that honorable do you? Have you read Gerrit Smith's last letter?

Brown—What letter do you mean?  
By-stander—The New York Herald of yesterday in speaking of this affair, mentions a letter in which he says, "that it is a folly to attempt to strike the shackles off the slave by the force of moral suasion or legal agitation," and predicts that the next movement made in the direction of negro emancipation will be an insurrection in the South.

Brown—I have not seen a New York Herald for some days past, but I presume from your remark about the gist of the letter, that I should concur with it. I agree with Mr. Smith that moral suasion is hopeless. I don't think the people of the slave States will ever consider the subject of Slavery in its true light until some other argument is resorted to than moral suasion.

Mr. Vallandigham—Did you expect a general rising of the slaves in case of your success?

Brown—No, sir; nor did I wish it. I expected to gather strength from time to time; then I could set them free.

Mr. V.—Did you expect to hold possession here till then?

Brown—Well, probably I had quite a different idea. I do not know that I ought to reveal my plans. I am here a prisoner and wounded, because I foolishly allowed myself to be so. You overrate your strength when you suppose I could have been taken if I had not allowed it. I was too tardy after commencing the open attack in delaying my movements through Monday night and up to the time I was attacked by the Government troops. It was all occasioned by my desire to spare the feelings of my prisoners and their families, and the community at large.

Mr. V.—Did you not shoot a negro on the bridge, or did not some of your party?

Brown—I knew nothing of the shooting of the negro. (Heywood.)

Mr. V.—What time did you commence your organization in Canada?

Brown—It occurred about two years ago. If I remember right, it was, I think, in 1858.

Mr. V.—Who was the Secretary?

Brown—That I would not tell if I recollected, but I do not remember. I think the officers were elected in May 1858. I may answer incorrectly, but not intentionally. My head is a little confused by wounds and my memory of dates and such like is somewhat confused.

Dr. Biggs—Were you in the party at Dr. Kennedy's house?

Brown—I was at the head of that party. I occupied the house to mature my plans. I would state here that I have not been in Baltimore to purchase percussion caps.

Dr. Biggs—What was the number of men at Kennedy's?

Brown—I decline to answer that.

Dr. B.—Who lanced that woman's neck on the hill?

Brown—I did. I have sometimes practiced in surgery when I thought it a matter of humanity or necessity—when there was no one else to do it, but I have not studied surgery.

By-stander—Did you not promise a negro in Gettysburg twenty dollars a month?  
Brown—I did not.

By-stander—He say you did.  
Mr. Vallandigham—Were you ever in Dayton, Ohio?

Brown—Yes I must have been.  
Mr. V.—This summer?

Brown—No. A year or two since.  
Mr. Mason—Does this talking annoy you at all?

Brown—Not in the least.  
Mr. Vallandigham—Have you lived long in Ohio?

Brown—I went there in 1805. I lived in Summit county, which was then Trumble county. My native place is York State.

Mr. V.—Do you recollect a man in Ohio named Brown, a noted counterfeiter?

Brown—I do. I knew him from a boy. His father was Henry Brown, of Irish or Scotch descent. The family was very low.

Mr. V.—Have you ever been in Portage county?

Brown—I was there in June last.

Mr. V.—When in Cleveland did you attend the Fugitive Slave Law Convention there?

Brown—No! I was there about the time of the sitting of the court to try the Oberline rescuers. I spoke there publicly on that subject. I spoke on the Fugitive Slave Law and my own rescue. Of course so far as I had any preference at all, I was disposed to justify the Oberlin people for rescuing the slaves, because I have myself forcibly taken slaves from bondage. I was concerned in taking eleven slaves from Missouri to Canada, last winter. I think that I spoke in Cleveland before the Convention. I do not know that I had any conversation with any of the Oberlin rescuers. I was sick part of the time I was in Ohio. I had the ague. I was part the time in Ashtabula county.

Mr. V.—Did you see anything of Joshua R. Giddings there?

Brown—I did meet him.

Mr. V.—Did you consult with him?

Brown—I did. I would not tell you, of course, anything that would implicate Mr. Giddings, but I certainly met with him and had a conversation with him.

Mr. V.—About that rescue case?

Brown—Yes, I did. I heard him express his opinion upon it very freely and frankly.

Mr. V.—Justifying it?

Brown—Yes sir. I do not compromise him in saying that.

A by-stander—Did you go out to Kansas under the auspices of the Emigrant Aid Soc etc.

Brown—No sir! I went under the auspices of Old John Brown, and nobody else's.

Mr. V.—Will you answer this? Did you talk with Giddings about your expedition here?

Brown—No sir! I won't answer that, because a denial of it I could not make—and to make an affidavit of it I would be a great dupe.

Mr. V.—Have you had any correspondence with parties at the North on the subject of this movement?

Brown—I have had correspondence.

By-stander—Do you consider this a religious movement?

Brown—It is in my opinion the greatest service a man can render to his God.

By-stander—Do you consider yourself an instrument in the hands of Providence?

Brown—I do.

By-stander—Upon what principle do you justify your act.

Brown—By the golden rule. I pity the poor in bondage; that is why I am here; it is not to gratify any personal animosity, or feeling of revenge or vindictive spirit. It is my sympathy with the oppressed and wronged, that are as good as you and as precious in the sight of God.

By-stander—Certainly; but why take the slaves against their will?

Brown, (warnily)—I never did.

By-stander—You did in one instance, at least. Stevens, (to the inquirer, interrupting Brown.)—You are right, sir, in one case, (a groan from the wounded man,) in one case I know the negro wanted to go back. (To Brown)—Captain, the gentleman is right.

From the Baltimore American  
The Herald's & Arguer's Report  
Differ slightly; one is fuller  
than the other.

A Conversation with "Old Brown."

While examining the Armory grounds, the scene of action, and prosecuting our very general inquiries, we happened to fall in with an old acquaintance, of the editorial corps of New York. From him we learned that Messrs. Senator Mason, of Virginia; ex member of Congress Faulkner, of Charleston, Va.; and Hon. Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, were to have an interview with "Oswatimic." Of course we at once determined upon being present, and carried our determination into full force and effect.

After some little delay, we were introduced in the room where Brown and Stevens lay. We found the former to be a six footer, although as he lay he had the appearance of being some six inches shorter than that. He has a rather peculiar shaped head, long gray hair, which at this time was matted, the sabre cut in his head having caused blood to flow freely, to the complete disfigurement of his face, which, like his hands, was begrimed with dirt, evidently the result of continued exposure to the smoke of powder. His eyes are of a pale blue, or perhaps a sharp gray—much such an eye as I remember his brother filibuster, Walker, to have. During his conversation; hereafter reported, no signs of weakness was exhibited. In the midst of enemies, whose home he had invaded; wounded, and a prisoner; surrounded by a small army of officials, and a more desperate army of angry men; with the galloping stamming him full in the face, he lay on the floor, and, in reply to every question, gave answers that betokened the spirit that animated him. The language of Governor Wise well expressed his boldness when he said, "He is the gamest man I ever saw." The brave worthy Executive had hardly expected to see a man so act in such a trying moment.

Stevens is a fine looking specimen of the genus homo. He is the only one of the lot that I have seen, excepting, of course, the negroes, who had not light hair. His hair and long beard are of a fine black; his face partakes of the handsome and noble; his eye, though restless, has a sharp brilliancy; and he, too, is a six footer. A stout, strong man, whose condition, lying upon the floor, obedient to the host to the commands of "my captain," as he called him; wounded with three or four gun shot wounds, two in the head and one in the breast; certain of death; I could not but pity. Several hearts grew sad at the recollection of his wife, far away; probably unaware of his sad situation, looking and longing for his return. He, too, showed a marvellous courage. Ever and anon groaning with excessive pain, he did not however forget himself for one instant, but cheerily, although in such pain, listened to the conversation as it progressed, on at least one occasion, correcting a remark of Brown's.

Both men seem prepared for death—stemed to court it rather; perhaps under the idea that they will be acknowledged martyrs, but in no possible under the conviction of having performed a sacred duty. However much the writer hereof may differ from them, there must arise a feeling of respect for them in their bold rashness.

The parties present in the room during the conversation, were Senator Mason, Hon. Messrs. Faulkner and Vallandigham, Dr. Biggs, Lieut. Stuart, 1st cavalry, U. S. A., two New York reporters and the writer. There were a few other persons came in at times, to see what was going on. A preliminary conversation was had, which amounted to no more than inquiries about Brown's condition for talking, and his reply was he would rather like it. His answers at the time when I commence the full report, are all included in what I give.

Sen. Mason—How do you justify your acts?  
Brown—I think, my friend, you are guilty of a great wrong against God and humanity. I say that without wishing to be offensive. It would be perfectly right for any one to interfere with you, so far as to free those you wittingly and wickedly hold in bondage. I do not say this insultingly.

Mr. Mason—I understand that.  
Brown—I think I did right, and that others will do right who interfere with you at any time, and all times. I hold that the golden rule, do unto others as you would that others should do unto you applies to all who would help others to gain their liberty.

Lieut. Stuart—But you don't believe in the Bible?

Brown—Certainly I do.

organization in this paper? (showing a copy of the so called constitution and ordinance) I have not yet read it.

Brown—I did in some measure. I wish you would give that paper your close attention.

Mr. M.—You considered yourself the commander-in-chief of this provisional military force?

Brown—I was chosen agreeably to the ordinance of a certain document, commander-in-chief of that force.

Mr. M.—What wages did you offer?

Brown—None.

Lieut. Stuart—The wages of sin is death.

Brown—I would not have made such a remark to you if you had been a prisoner and wounded, in my hands.

A by stander—Did you not promise a negro in Gettysburg twenty dollars a month?

Brown—I did not.

By stander—He say you did.

Mr. Vallandigham—Were you ever in Dayton, Ohio?

Brown—Yes I must have been.

Mr. V.—This summer?

Brown—No. A year or two since.

Mr. Mason—Does this talking annoy you at all?

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—You are right, sir, in one case, (a groan from the wounded man,) in one case I know the negro wanted to go back. (To Brown)—Captain, the gentleman is right.

By stander, to Stevens.)—Where did you come from?

Stevens—I lived in Ashtabula county, Ohio. Mr. Vallandigham—How recently did you leave Ashtabula county?

Stevens—Some months ago. I never resided there any length of time. I have often been through there.

Mr. V.—How far did you live from Jefferson?

Brown, (to Stevens)—Be very cautious, Stevens—about an answer to that; it might commit some friend. I would not answer it at all.

Stevens, (who had been groaning considerably, as if the exertion necessary to conversation seriously affected him,) seemed content to abide by "my captain's" decision. He turned over and was silent.

Mr. V, (to Brown)—Who were your advisers in this movement?

Brown—Have numerous sympathizers throughout the entire North.

Mr. V.—In northern Ohio?

Brown—No more there than anywhere else—in all the free States.

Mr. V.—But you are not personally acquainted in southern Ohio?

Brown—Not very much.

Mr. V.—Were you at the Convention last June?

Brown—I was. I want you to understand, gentlemen, that I respect the rights of the poorest and weakest of colored people oppressed by the slave system, just as much as I do those of the most wealthy and powerful. That is the idea that has moved me, and that alone. We expected no reward; we expected the satisfaction of endeavoring to do for them in distress—the greatly oppressed—as we would be done by. The cry of the distress and of the distressed is my reason, and the only one that impelled me.

By stander—Why did you do it secretly?

Brown—Because I thought it necessary for success, and for no other reason.

By stander—You think that honorable do you? Have you read Gerrit Smith's last letter?

Brown—What letter do you mean?

By stander—The New York Herald of yesterday in speaking of this affair, mentions a letter in which he says, "that it is a folly to attempt to strike the shackles off the slave by the force of moral suasion or legal agitation," and predicts that the next movement made in the direction of negro emancipation will be an insurrection in the South.

Brown—I have not seen a New York Herald for some days past, but I presume from your remark about the gist of the letter, that I should concur with it. I agree with Mr. Smith that moral suasion is hopeless. I don't think the people of the slave States will ever consider the subject of slavery in its true light until some other argument is resorted to than moral suasion.

Mr. Vallandigham—Did you expect a general rising of the slaves in case of your success?

Brown—No, sir; nor did I wish it. I expected to gather strength from time to time; then I could set them free.

Mr. V.—Did you expect to hold possession here till then?

Brown—Well, probably I had quite a different idea. I do not know that I ought to reveal my plans. I am here a prisoner and wounded, because I foolishly allowed myself to be so. You overrate your strength when you suppose I could have been taken if I had not allowed it. I was too tardy after commencing the open attack in delaying my movements through Monday night and up to the time I was attacked by the Government troops. It was all occasioned by my desire to spare the feelings of my prisoners and their families, and the community at large.

Mr. V.—Did you not shoot a negro on the bridge; or did not some of your party?

Brown—I knew nothing of the shooting of the negro. Heywood?

Mr. V.—What time did you commence your organization in Canada?

Brown—It occurred about two years ago. If I remember right, it was, I think, in 1858.

Mr. V.—Who was the Secretary?

Brown—That I would not tell if I recollected, but I do not remember. I think the officers were elected in May 1858. I may answer incorrectly, but not intentionally. My head is a little confused by wounds and my memory of dates and such like is somewhat confused.

Dr. Biggs—Were you in the party at Dr. Kennedy's house?

Brown—I was at the head of that party. I occupied the house to mature my plans. I would state here that I have not been in Baltimore to purchase percussion caps.

Dr. Biggs—What was the number of men at Kennedy's?

Brown—I decline to answer that.

Dr. B.—Who lanced that woman's neck on the hill?

Brown—I did. I have sometimes practiced in surgery when I thought it a matter of humanity or necessity—when there was no one else to do it, but I have not studied surgery.



Mr. B. (to the persons around.) It was done very well and scientifically. These men have been very clever to the neighbors I have been told, and we had no reason to suspect them, except that we could not understand their movements. They were represented as eight or nine persons on Friday.

Brown—There were more than thirteen. Questions were now put in by almost every one in the room, as follows:

Q.—Where did you get arms?

Brown—I bought them.

Q.—In what State?

Brown—That I would not tell.

Q.—How many guns?

Brown—Two hundred of Sharp's rifles, and two hundred revolvers—what is called the Massachusetts Arms' Company's revolvers—a little under the navy size.

Q.—Why did you not take that swivel you left in the house?

Brown—I had no occasion for it: It was given to me a year or two ago.

Q.—In Kansas?

Brown—No! I had nothing given to me in Kansas.

Q.—By whom and in what State?

Brown—I decline to answer that. It is not properly a swivel; it is a very large rifle on a pivot. The ball is larger than a musket ball; it is intended for a slug.

Mr. Vallandigham—Where did your men come from? Did some of them come from Ohio?

Brown—Some of them.

Mr. V.—From the Western reserve? Of course none came from Southern Ohio!

Brown—Oh yes! I believe one came from Steubenville, down not far from Wheeling.

Mr. V.—Have you been in Ohio this summer?

Brown—Yes, sir.

Mr. V.—How lately?

Brown—I passed through to Pittsburgh on my way in June.

Mr. V.—Were you at any county or State fair there?

Brown—I was not there since June.

Mr. Mason—Did you consider this a military

**BROWN'S CONVERSATION WITH GOV. WISE.**

Among the evidence before the Court was the following concerning the conversation between Gov. Wise and the prisoner:

Gov. Wise said he was sorry to see a man of his age in that position; Brown replied that he "asked no sympathy, and that he had no objects to make;" he knew exactly what he was about; the Governor asked him if he didn't think he was doing wrong in running off with other people's property; Brown said, "No; he didn't;" he stated that he never had but twenty-two men in his party, but expected large reinforcements from Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and, I think, some of the New England States and New York; he said that arms were sent them from Massachusetts; think he spoke of Sharpe's rifles, revolvers and spears; said he could arm from fifteen hundred to two thousand men.

He said he had Harper's Ferry in his eye as the place for his operations; that he had rented a farm four miles off from Dr. Kennedy, and had paid the rent to wait until the arms were sent; he had taken them from Chambersburg, Pa.; said those who brought the arms there did not know what they were, as he had taken the precaution to pack them in double boxes; they were addressed to J. Smith & Sons; Brown told Governor Wise that he had books in his trunk that would explain to him his whole proceeding; and what the purpose of his business was; Gov. Wise said he had handed it to Gov. Wise; Brown asked him to read two of its first preambles, and four of the last sections, which he did, and Brown said it was a correct copy; in reply to a question of Gov. Wise, he said he was commander-in-chief of the forces under the Provisional Government, and that he then held that position.

He said the constitution was adopted in a place called Chatham, in Canada; Brown said there was a Secretary of War, Secretary of State, Judge of the Supreme Court, and all the officers for a General Government; he said that there was a House of Representatives; and that there was an intelligent colored man elected as one of the members of the House (see the article); Gov. Wise asked Brown if he had taken the oath of allegiance provided for in the forty-eighth article; he replied "No;" he had taken the oath; he said he had taken the oath; he replied that they had; he said that there were appointed and commissioned officers, that Stevens, Lehman, and one of Brown's sons were captains, and Coppel was a lieutenant; he said something about a battle in Kansas, and having one of his sons shot; think he said Cook held a captain's commission.

Gov. Wise asked Brown if he thought he had been betrayed to the Secretary of War; said he thought he had been betrayed, but had practiced the ruse to prevent suspicion; the Governor asked him what the ruse was, but he refused to answer; said he knew exactly the position he had placed himself in, and if his life were forfeited, he was prepared to suffer.

Gov. Wise asked Brown if he had not selected Harper's Ferry as a border place between Maryland and Virginia for the establishment of his provisional government, and he answered, "Certainly;" he favored it, and that his object was to free the Southern slaves, and said that his party consisted of twenty-two men, nine of whom came over with him; he said he had 200 Sharpe's rifles, 100 revolvers, and witness does not remember how many spears; Brown said that he had members to arm about 1500 men.

The Governor asked if he expected that number. He said no doubt that number, and five thousand, if he wanted them.

**ARRIVAL OF THE BOSTON SYMPATHIZERS AT CHARLESTOWN.**

—There was considerable stir in town on Saturday, it having been announced that Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, an authoress and poet of some repute, had arrived in the afternoon train.—On inquiry it was ascertained that the lady was a Mrs. Spring, from Boston. She is quite a fine looking lady, about fifty years of age, and dresses with much taste. She is accompanied by a young man, who represents himself as her son, who is also of very genteel appearance. Immediately after their arrival in town they proceeded to the jail and made application for admittance, which was refused. After a short consultation and several inquiries, they made their way to the residence of Mr. David Howell, one of our most wealthy and respected citizens, and a member of the Society of Friends, where the lady made known her mission and desired Mr. H.'s aid in getting an interview with Brown and his fellow prisoners. She was in a very polite but candid manner informed by Mr. Howell that he would do nothing toward furthering her wishes, as he was decidedly of the opinion that she was doing no honor to the respectable society with which she claimed to be connected, by running about the country and offering her services to "nurse" and "soothe" the perpetrator of the terrible crimes which Brown & Co. have been convicted. Nothing daunted, she made application to Dr. Mason, the physician of the jail, who informed her that permission to enter would be granted her the next day, (Sabbath.) When Brown was informed of her arrival, he said he did not want to see her, and immediately had a dispatch forwarded to Mrs. Child and other Northern volunteers, to stay at home, stating that if they had any money to spare, he would prefer his wife should have it. Mrs. Spring visited Brown on the Sabbath, according to appointment, accompanied by her son, and was kindly received by Brown and Stevens. She remained with them some time, and visited them again in the afternoon. It is understood that no objection will be made by the State's officers to her giving the prisoners any attention she may desire, although they were being treated with the utmost possible kindness by the officers in command of the jail. Considerable suspicion has been aroused towards the young man who professes to be her son—the impression being that he is a brother of the prisoner, Stevens, and has availed himself of this ruse to obtain an

**THE HARPER'S FERRY AFFAIR.**

The Southern papers contain some additional developments and comments, which are not without interest to our readers.

Among Brown's papers there was found a manual of guerilla warfare, with instructions to use the lance, so many of which were found on his premises.

The Richmond Enquirer's correspondent at Harper's Ferry publishes the following detailed account of the interview of Governor Wise with Captain Brown:

On Governor Wise reaching the arsenal, old Brown received him with the utmost composure, though evidently suffering much from his wounds. He said, "Well, Governor, I suppose you think me a depraved criminal. Well, sir, we have our opinions of each other." The remark was made with no disrespect whatever. The Governor replied, "You are in the hands of the State, and I have questions to ask, which you can answer or not as you choose." Brown said he was conscious that he was in the hands of the law, and was prepared to meet his fate; that as far as he himself and those already in custody were concerned, he had no concealments whatever to make; that he had been mistaken in his calculations about assistance from others, otherwise he would have given much more trouble. He said that the whole plot was well contrived and arranged as far back as 1856, and that he had reason to expect the assistance of from 3,000 to 5,000 men; that he looked for aid from every State (Virginia included). Upon being asked if any negroes or whites, in or about Harper's Ferry, were pledged to him, he declined answering. But upon reflection he framed an answer in these words: "From my visits and associations and inquiries about here, I have a right to expect the aid of from three to five thousand men."

The Governor asked Brown if he had taken the government money. He replied with indignation, that money was not his object; he had no object but to take slaves from their masters; they had money in abundance; and though they searched a passenger in the train for arms, who had in his possession \$10,000, they did not molest the money.

The letters found on Brown's farm showed that the insurgents were in receipt of money from other parties. Brown's manner to Governor Wise was most dignified and respectful. He claimed equality as to character and motive, and complained throughout of the treatment visited upon him, that while humanity had governed his own conduct towards his prisoners, he had been treated as a ruffian and brute.

**"The Irrepressible Conflict."**

Mrs. Spring who visited John Brown in prison the other day, is from Eagleswood, N. J., and is a daughter of the late Arnold Buffum. The wife of Judge Russell of Boston accompanied him to Virginia, and visited Brown in prison. The Charlestown papers, with that vulgar chivalry which distinguishes the Virginians of this generation, attacked both these ladies in a very indecent way, and both of them were insulted in the streets. One of the papers advised the organization of a Lynch committee to warn these women away. The Charlestown Independent Democrat attempted to inflame the mob with such appeals as:

"In justice to ourselves, all Ye acres, of either sex, who cannot show a clean record, should be at once driven from our midst. Will we suffer ourselves to be insulted by their insolent presence? Our conscious security from the further machinations of these pusillanimous wretches, both male and female, should not induce us to tolerate their presence for a moment. For ourselves, we would rather meet a band of C. marchants at any time, and trust ourselves to their honor and protection, than we would any of the long-faced, pharisaical abolitionists of the North. We confess to a supreme hatred for the whole of them, male and female."

A correspondent writing from Charlestown, says: "I have just been to see old Captain Brown. I inquired after his health and condition. He replied that his recent wounds had caused some inflammation in an old one, received, doubtless, in some of his 'Kansas work;' with that exception he was easy in mind and body, and thought he had done his duty to God and man. If it was decreed that he should suffer for it, very well; it was of but small consequence to him. He cared but little any way. I asked him if he had no regret for the valuable lives he had destroyed. The old sinner replied that he had not intended that. In answer to the query, 'If he thought his decision should be reversed, and that he should be reprieved, would he have been in Missouri?' just at that point the lights were extinguished. The prisoners are still guarded with the greatest vigilance. Hundreds of men, all the time under arms, are stationed at the jail."

Extract from a letter received in this city, from a friend in New York, dated Nov. 3d.

Old Brown will not be hung. The leading Democrats of New York have written Wise that the party can't survive such a spectacle as that and bets are offered that his neck won't be scarified by a rope.

The Republican papers, as silly as babies, are protesting with vehemence that they have no sympathy or complicity in the plot, and call the old hero insane. Sickenings as such waddle is, it serves to show how feeble the faith of the leaders is in the virtue of the people. I do so long for one out-spoken Republican paper to say—Gentlemen, we have told you that slavery is a dangerous quarry to work, and have predicted all sorts of trouble from your foolish courses. This is only the beginning of the end, and we assure you that old Brown has the earnest sympathy of every honest man, and we covet the glory which he has earned, and which thousands will soon try to earn for themselves.

Hang him if you dare. A little talk of this sort would remove the idea that the universal Republican party are pussilanimous nincompoops. I am surprised that Hale and such men should act such baby work. It is equal to Everett's procuring a physician's certificate to his spinal weakness. I don't think Seward will show so much white liver; if he does, farewell to all his greatness.

I begin to feel that the critical time in this country's history has dawned. I do not hear any body damn old Brown, but a great many have stopped bragging on Southern spunk.

Wendell Phillips' speech was an immense success. It was just what people wanted to hear after being surfeited with denials and excuses.

Tom Corwin makes a speech to-night, and as he had an opportunity of hearing Phillips, and seeing how his sentiments were received, may find his own back a little stiffened.

The Cleveland Leader of the 27th, contains the following letter:

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson Co., Oct. 22, 1859.

To the Hon. Judge Tilden:

DEAR SIR: I am here a prisoner, with several saber cuts in my head, and bayonet stabs in my body. My object in writing to you is to obtain a writ of habeas corpus for myself and fellow-prisoners, five in all, as we have the faith of Virginia pledged through our Governor, and numerous prominent citizens, to give us a fair trial. Without we can obtain such counsel from without the State, neither the facts in our case can come before the world, nor can we have the benefit of such facts as might be considered mitigating in the view of others upon our trial. I have money on hand here to the amount of \$250, and personal property sufficient to pay a liberal fee to yourself, or any able man who will undertake our defense, if I can be allowed the benefit of said property. Can you or some other good man come on immediately, for the sake of the young men prisoners at least? My wounds are doing well.

Do not send an Ultra Abolitionist. Very respectfully yours, JOHN BROWN.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Oct. 30, 1859.

The principal street of this town was all agog this afternoon, and the scene it presented for awhile was quite a novelty to a stranger. It would, indeed, have been quite amusing could we have looked upon it divested of the circumstances too forcibly impressed, however, for that which imparted to it its peculiar and more striking feature.

It being Sunday, and of course no court sitting, there was no marching and counter-marching of military guarding a solitary, broken-down prisoner to trial—no continuous arrival of horses, teams and buggies, with country residents—no excited crowds at corners and hotel doors, discussing the all-absorbing question—no dealers in Yankee notions and medicine venders, taking the opportunity the times afford of holding forth on their wares. There was none of this, but on the contrary, all was still and quiet. Even at this time here, the influence of Sabbath prevailed, and the silent streets only echoed to the footsteps of the people going to the different churches.

After dinner, however, the elements, that for a time were still, began to get into motion, and soon the late peaceful streets were busy with noise and life. First, the negroes had it all to themselves, and the town was as completely in their possession as if old 'Ossawatimie' himself had given it up to them. Young and old of both sexes turned out, as usual, I suppose, on Sundays, and their greetings to each other as they met were loud and hearty. The gentlemen looked their best, and evidently with a desire to please the gentle 'Dinabs,' who sweetly smiled. Such bowing and scraping and laughing I never witnessed, and the latter was broad and hearty.

By and by, however, the weakly attempts of an asthmatic drum to give up a martial rub-a-dub, announced the arrival of the Frederick Guards; then there was rush from all quarters to the street, and the numerous staff of colonels, and the few privates that were comfortably enjoying themselves within doors, all rushed out to see the sight or join in the parade of the home troops, who got under arms to receive them. The brave defenders of Harper's Ferry were cordially received by their military brethren. The Guards paid but a short visit, one of the objects of which was to visit the jail and its unfortunate, though guilty, tenants; and ere it was dark they were well back on their way to Harper's Ferry.

With the concurrence of Judge Parker, the Frederick Guards and the company of Winchester Continentals, who arrived here last night, were permitted to visit 'Ossawatimie' and the prisoners that were arraigned with him. Through the courtesy of Col. Davis and Major Hall, I was admitted with one detachment. On entering the small room occupied by Brown, he immediately rose from his cot bed, retaining a seat on it, however, and in a very unconstrained and hearty manner addressed his late opponents as they came in. He is very much improved in health, and has regained much of his old self-possessed and commanding manner. As the men of the Continentals kept together, they crowded round on him, but Old Brown shook hands with them and said: 'Gentlemen, I will shake hands with all of you,' which he did. He continued, 'I am very glad to see you, gentlemen, indeed. I once served, though not enrolled, with a company of yours. It was in the late war with England, as it is called, in 1812. But very few of the poor fellows ever returned to their homes. They were a picked body of men, and I remained near them for a time on the Northwest frontier, and it was my happiness on several occasions to render them aid and assistance in their sufferings. They were mostly all of them from Petersburg, in this State, and they were so equal sized that when any small party of them were together, I could recognize them at any distance. The Virginian companies were then the finest that I had ever seen. Gentlemen, how many of you have arrived here?'

Continental—Some thirty of us.

Brown—Gentlemen, I should very much like to see you out of doors at your evolutions, but I am not in a position to see that. However, I am glad to see you as it is.'

—Gov. Wise has lost credit with the Virginians, by publicly awarding to John Brown the credit of "bravery, humanity and fortitude."—The chivalry can't stand such generosity to an enemy.

—Mrs. L. Maria Child, in a note to *The Liberator*, says:

"My thoughts are so much with Capt John Brown, that I can scarcely take comfort in anything. I would expend all I have to save his life. Brave old man! Brave and generous, though sadly mistaken in his mode of operation. Whether they put him to death or he escapes from their hands, I think this will prove the 'Bancroft Fight' of an impending revolution, and that 'Bunker Hill Battle' will surely follow. May God make us strong for Freedom! I would say that evil days were near, were it not that no days are evil which lead to good."

—The Editor of *The Herald* in this city says that he has seen a letter from Gov. Wise of Virginia, in which he states that there is no possibility of a pardon or reprieve being extended to Brown, who therefore will certainly be executed on the appointed day. He characteristically adds, "and perhaps it is better that he should be."

The *Richmond Whig* calls Mrs. L. M. Child "a silly old woman of New England." This burst of "chivalry" is called forth by her letter to Gov. Wise, which that gentleman answered like a gentleman.

A VISIT TO CHARLESTOWN—INTERVIEWS WITH OLD BROWN.

A correspondent of the *Boston Traveller* who made a flying visit to Charlestown last week, and was present when the sentence upon Brown was pronounced, writes:—

"Capt. Brown was then led in, and the motion in arrest of judgment in this case was refused. After reading his opinion on this question, the judge asked the prisoner if he had any reason why sentence should not be pronounced; and he delivered the remarkable speech which you have read, speaking with perfect calmness of voice and mildness of manner, winning the respect of all for his courage and firmness. His self-possession was more wonderful, because his sentence, at this time, was unexpected, and his remarks were entirely unprepared."

A despatch from Charlestown, Va., to the *New York Times*, is as follows:—

"A telegraphic dispatch, dated Boston, this morning received from T. W. Higginson, by Mr. Sennott. It said—'John Brown's wife wishes to go on and see him. Can you obtain permission for her?' This was answered affirmatively; but when the matter was mentioned to Brown, he directed that this message should be immediately sent: 'Do not, for God's sake, come here now. JOHN BROWN.'"

RICHMOND, Saturday, Nov. 5.

It is ascertained that under the laws of Virginia the Governor cannot pardon a person convicted of treason to the Commonwealth, except with the consent of the General Assembly, declared by joint resolution. This rids Wise of all responsibility in the matter. What the Legislature will do is not known. There is a hope through them.

Brown's Declarations.

CHARLESTOWN, VA., Oct. 25.

Brown makes no confession. He says he has full confidence God will rescue him; he has many times been in as great peril as now, but God always befriended him. He fears nothing.

The *New York Sunday Times*, a Democratic paper, gives the following sensible advice to Gov. Wise, and the thinking men of the South:—

"Don't make a martyr of John Brown! That is the fate he invites. Remember that 'the blood of the martyr is the seed of the church.' Give the mad spirit of disunion no such opportunity to make capital out of your indiscretion. Abase John Brown. Degrade John Brown. Brand him as a traitor—a thief—a murderer—all of which he undoubtedly is. Convict him—sentence him—and then do an act of magnanimity, oh! Governor Wise. Exact his pledge of noninterference, and set him free! Do it—and you will crush abolitionism in the North beneath the heel of a patriotic conservatism. Omit it—and you may exclaim, Othello like, when too late, of yourself, as one who

"Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away Richer than all his tribe."

—the pearl of national pacification.

LETTER OF L. MARIA CHILD TO GOV. WISE.

WAYLAND, MASS., Oct. 26, 1859.

Gov. Wise—I have heard that you were a man of chivalrous sentiments, and I know you were opposed to the iniquitous attempt to force upon Kansas a constitution abhorrent to the moral sense of her people. Relying upon these indications of honor and justice in your character, I venture to ask a favor of you. Enclosed is a letter to Capt. John Brown. Will you have the kindness, after reading it yourself, to transmit it to the prisoner?

I, and all my large circle of abolition acquaintances, were taken by surprise when news came of Capt. Brown's recent attempt; nor do I know of a single person who would have approved of it, had they been apprised of his intention. But I and thousands of others feel a natural impulse of sympathy for the brave and suffering man. Perhaps God, who sees the inmost of our souls, perceives some such sentiment in your heart also. He needs a mother or sister to dress his wounds and speak soothingly to him. Will you allow me to perform that mission of humanity? If you will, may God bless you for the generous deed.

I have been for years on uncompromising abolitionist, and I should scorn to deny it or apologize for it as much as John Brown himself would do. Believing in peace principles, I deeply regret the step that the old veteran has taken, while I honor his humanity towards those who became his prisoners. But because it is my habit to be as open as the daylight, I will also say that if I believed our religion justified men in fighting for freedom, I should consider the enslaved everywhere as best entitled to that right. Such an avowal is a simple, frank expression of my sense of natural justice.

But I should despise myself utterly if any circumstances could tempt me to seek to advance these opinions in any way, directly or indirectly, after your permission to visit Virginia has been obtained on the plea of sisterly sympathy with a brave and suffering man. I give you my word of honor, which was never broken, that I would use such permission solely and singly for the purpose of nursing your prisoner, and for no other purpose whatever.

Yours, respectfully,

L. MARIA CHILD.

LETTER OF MRS. CHILD TO CAPT. BROWN.

WAYLAND, MASS., Oct. 25, 1859.

Dear Capt. Brown—Though personally unknown to you, you will recognize in my name an earnest friend of Kansas, when circumstances made that territory the battle ground between the antagonistic principles of slavery and freedom, which politicians so vainly strive to reconcile in the government of the United States.

Believing in peace principles, I cannot sympathize with the method you chose to advance the cause of freedom. But I honor your generous intentions—I admire your courage, moral and physical. I reverence you for the human and physical. I reverence you for the human and physical. I sympathize with you in your cruel bereavement, your sufferings, and your wrongs. In brief, I love you and bless you.

Thousands of hearts are throbbing with sympathy as warm as mine. I think of you night and day, bleeding in prison, surrounded by hostile faces, sustained only by trust in God and your own strong heart. I long to nurse you—to speak to you sisterly words of sympathy and consolation. I have asked permission of Governor Wise to do so. If the request is not granted, I cherish the hope that these few words may at least reach your hands, and afford you some little solace. May you be strengthened by the conviction that no honest man ever sheds blood for freedom in vain, however much he may be mistaken in his efforts. May God sustain you and carry you through whatever may be in store for you.

Yours, with heartfelt respect, sympathy and affection.

L. MARIA CHILD.

Gov. Wise addressed to Mrs. Child the following letter in reply:—

RICHMOND, VA., Oct. 29, 1859.

Madam: Yours of the 25th was received by me yesterday, and at my earliest leisure I respectfully reply to it, that I will forward the letter for John Brown, a prisoner under our laws, arraigned at the bar of the Circuit Court for the county of Jefferson, at Charlestown, Va., for the crimes of murder, robbery, and treason, which you ask me to transmit to him. I will comply with your request in the only way which seems to me proper, by enclosing it to the Commonwealth's Attorney, with the request that he will ask the permission of the



court to hand it to the prisoner. Brown, the prisoner, is now in the hands of the judiciary, not of the Executive of this Commonwealth.

You ask me, further, to allow you to perform the mission "of mother or sister; to dress his wounds and speak soothingly to him." By this, of course, you mean to be allowed to visit him in his cell and to minister to him in the offices of humanity. Why should you not be allowed, Madam? Virginia and Massachusetts are involved in no civil war, and the constitution which unites them in one confederacy guarantees to you privileges and immunities of a citizen of the United States in the State of Virginia. That constitution I am sworn to support, and am, therefore, bound to protect your privileges and immunities as a citizen of Massachusetts, coming into Virginia for any lawful and peaceful purpose. Coming as you propose, to minister to the captive in prison, you will be met, doubtless, by all our people, not only in a chivalrous, but in a Christian Spirit. You have a right to visit Charlestown, Virginia, Madam; and your mission being merciful and humane will not only be allowed, but be respected, if not welcomed. A few unenlightened and inconsiderate persons, fanatical in their modes of thought and action to maintain justice and right, might molest you, or be disposed to do so, and this might suggest the imprudence of risking any experiment upon the peace of society very much excited by the crimes with whose chief author you seem to sympathize so much; but still, I repeat, your motives and avowed purpose are lawful and peaceful, and I will, as far as I am concerned, do my duty in protecting your rights in our limits.

Virginia and her authorities would be weak indeed, weak in point of folly and weak in point of power, if her state faith and constitutional obligations cannot be redeemed in her own limits to the letter of morality as well as of law; and if her chivalry cannot courteously receive a lady's visit to a prisoner, every arm which guards Brown from rescue on the one hand and from lynch law on the other, will be ready to guard your person in Virginia. I could not permit an insult even to a woman in her walk of charity among us, thought it to be to one who whetted knives of butchery for our mothers, sisters, daughters, and babes. We have no sympathy with your sentiments of sympathy for Brown, and are surprised that you were "taken by surprise when the news came of Captain Brown's recent attempt." His attempt was a natural consequence of your sympathy, and the horrors of that sympathy ought to make you doubt his virtue from the effect on his conduct. But it is not of this I should speak. When you arrive at Charlestown, if you go there, it will be for the Court and its officers, to the Commonwealth's attorney, sheriff and jailor, to say whether you may see and wait on the prisoner. But, whether you are thus permitted or not, (and you will be, if my advice can prevail) you may rest assured that he will be humanely, lawfully and mercifully dealt by in prison and on trial.

Respectfully,  
L. MARIA CHILD.

HENRY A. WISE.

From the Detroit Advertiser.

Old Brown in Court.

The conduct of the Virginia authorities, in dragging this deluded old man, all covered with wounds and unable to stand, into Court, and the determination publicly expressed, to have his blood at the earliest possible moment, will not serve to destroy the sympathy of humane men for him—much less will it ally or crush out the anti-slavery sentiment of the North. If they persist in their present determination to try, convict and hang him before he is sufficiently recovered to be able to stand, and to make a proper defense of himself, it will be the dearest blood the slave-power ever shed.

The Advertiser is too early in its attempt to make capital out of Old Brown. Better wait until he is hanged. Then the Advertiser can ring the changes with some effect. Then it can speak of his irreproachable character, his heroism, self-sacrificing devotion, and what-not, and enlist the sympathies of a great many kind-hearted people who grieve over misfortune, by whomsoever experienced. There is a bare chance, however, that the opportunity for all this may be lost. The Virginia authorities will insist on giving the deluded victim a fair trial, with every facility for successful defense, and it is possible that in the exercise of a sagacious policy on their part, Mr. Brown may have ample opportunity to recover before he is hung. Could Governor Wise be exasperated by harsh, ungenerous, or reproachful language, and goaded into extreme measures, "the anti-slavery sentiment of the North" would no doubt acquire increased momentum. But the authorities of Virginia are too wide awake to get caught in any such trap. The blood of an Abolitionist would be "dear" at any price.

#### Men and Things.

After the battle at Harper's Ferry, and after the marines had declined the assistance of the Virginia military who then wished to begin their share of the fight by shooting the prisoners, Old Brown and Stephens were laid on some rags on the floor in one of the departments. A guard was placed to protect them from the post mortem valor of the Virginians.—Stephens had previously been surrounded by a room full of the Virginia military, fully armed, cursing and threatening to shoot him. Brown lay on the floor as calm as a summer morning, and as if the death that was facing him was a mere everyday accident. He was visited by Governor Wise, Senator Mason, Major Russell and a number of prominent Virginians to whom he communicated freely in regard to his expedition. The earnestness, sincerity and truthfulness of this old man, his rushing into the very jaws of death for the mere abstraction of liberty, and his perfect stoicism in the face of certain death, struck the Virginians with astonishment and admiration. They regarded him as a wounded lion. In him they discovered the very qualities of lion-hearted courage and indifference to danger and death that they most admire; but carried to a height they had hardly imagined. Governor Wise, after conversing with Brown, declared him "the gamest man" he ever knew, and all recognized in him qualities that commanded their respect.

But while these Virginia gentlemen were conversing with Brown, an Ohio member of Congress entered, one that seems incapable of being impressed with any such qualities of manhood. Major Russell who first entered the arsenal, and, it is said, unarmed, advised Brown, as soon as he was taken, to say nothing to compromise himself. Such advice may do for a gentleman and a brave officer, but an Ohio democratic Congressman can show a trick worth two of that. He showed the Virginians what the tricks of a Shyster attorney could do, not only to try to make Brown criminate himself (after he had told every thing with the utmost openness and candor,) but to pervert his answers and substitute his own, and to accuse public men of his own State by his questions. Virginia gentlemen have never entertained a high opinion of the Ohio democratic animal, and it is quite evident that this exhibition of willingness in a member of Congress to accuse and throw suspicion on his own State, did not raise their estimation. Imagine this puppy entering upon this scene, and abruptly breaking in:

"Brown who sent you here?"

Send a man into the center of a burning volcano! Sent him into a fiery furnace! Deputize him to go and be hanged! Ohio democratic Congressmen are sent; they fetch and carry and do dirty work, and know nothing better; but where are men raised that can be sent, a dozen or two at a time, to make war on a nation? Are the seventeen white men that could begin a war upon a slave State by taking a town of two thousand inhabitants, the kind of men that can be sent?

Senator Mason evidently did not admire the Ohio democrat's performance, and interrupted him in a pointed manner, stating to Brown that his (Mason's) questions were for Brown's own good. But the Ohio animal would not take the hint. Another Vallandigham trick was as follows:

"Do you recollect a man in Ohio named Brown, a noted counterfeiter?"

A highly honorable insinuation that Brown was the noted counterfeiter himself! The old lion was on the floor with near a dozen wounds in his body, and surrounded by men, or this

democratic animal would never have dared ask him that question; but there were gentlemen there, and it seems singular that some undersized Virginian did not take the Ohio democratic congressman out and kick him after that feat.

This he regarded as a sharp preliminary for the introduction of the name of Mr. Giddings, in which he undertook to connect Mr. Giddings with Brown's expedition by proving that he sympathized with the Wellington rescuers, thereby sustaining Mr. Giddings's public declarations to that effect. He insisted also that Brown's men came from the Reserve, and that he was not at all acquainted in southern Ohio, asking and answering questions himself, and directly contradicting Brown's statements on these momentous points.

Virginians who were unacquainted with the Ohio democratic nature, must have admired this officiousness of a Congressman in playing the public accuser and would-be informer against his own State. They declined his services, however. Senator Mason interrupted him to ask Brown if the talking annoyed him; and the officer in charge said that if he wished, the room would be cleared. The Ohio informer was altogether too willing for them to trust; and it will not be strange if by this he has made a record that will stick to him like a tin kettle to the tail of any dog, and will give him the same unenviable notoriety.

#### The Meat of Southern Ciesars.

The Newnan (Georgia) Independent Blade demands the following mild and constitutional remedy for the South, in case the two-third rule is abolished in the Charleston Convention so that the slave States cannot control the nomination:

"If this be done, we, for one, demand a withdrawal of the whole Southern-rights Democracy, and a union formed by them on purely State-rights principles, whose duty it shall be to march up to Washington City and take charge of the Capitol, and conduct the Government on Constitutional principles."

We rather think that John Brown and a baker's dozen of abolitionists would take care of that editor and his southern army.

This kind of treasurable bluster is the daily meat of the South, on which it inflates itself into bloated proportions: but now when John Brown has punctured and collapsed their bubble, they profess to be horrified that any man should really have the nerve to put their own threats in practice.

## Ohio State Journal.

PUBLISHED DAILY, TRI-WEEKLY, AND WEEKLY, BY

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### COLUMBUS:

WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCT. 26, 1859.

A man named Moore is in jail at Lynchburg, Va., who is suspected of having been concerned with the Harper's Ferry insurgents. The Virginian says:

Upon being interrogated as to his name and purpose, &c. he made many conflicting statements. Among other stories told, he said he was from Harper's Ferry; knew old Brown well; had served under him in Kansas, and was at the Ferry at the time of the recent outbreak. He further says he was employed for several months past by Hon. Wm. Linn, formerly a member of Congress from that district, and at present a practicing lawyer and extensive farmer, residing midway between Harper's Ferry and Charlestown, being four miles from either place. It is very evident that this man is well acquainted with persons and localities in that section.

SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 23, 1859.

## The Harper's Ferry Insurrection.

We have heretofore had occasion to refer to the manner in which the Abolition Republican press of this State has made comments on the recent attempt at insurrection and servile war in Virginia, and to call attention to the deep sympathy apparent in all that has been said by it, for old Brown and his coadjutors in crime, and the unmistakable evidences of regret that the attempt was not successful, and that the horrors of a country laid waste and its white inhabitants murdered and destroyed by the black population, instigated and led on by such fiends as old Brown and his colleagues there with him, under the promptings and patronage of the chief spirits of the Republican party in this and other States, were not among the things to which the public attention could be called, as the first act in the "irrepressible conflict" drama, which it has been prognosticated by the highest lights in the Republican party, was an inevitable thing, and sooner or later must come upon the country. It is true, now that the plan has failed and almost all of the wicked men who were engaged in it have lost their lives, we are told that Brown was a crazy man; that the wrongs he suffered in Kansas, at the hands of the pro-slavery men of that territory, have made him a maniac, and induced him to commit the present rash act. This excuse will not do. Brown and his confederates have been engaged in the abolition business for ten years, and his conduct in Kansas was simply to perform his part in the play which has been going on, its origin dating back far beyond the Kansas times. The Cincinnati Gazette sent a reporter to Harper's Ferry, who has detailed a conversation between Brown and several gentlemen, among whom was Mr. VALLANDIGHAM of Ohio, which is published in the Gazette of Friday. We extract two questions put by Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, and BROWN's answers, in relation to the organization to which Brown belongs, and of which he was at this time the leader. They are as follows:

Mr. V.—What time did you commence your organization over in Canada?

B.—It occurred about ten years ago. If I remember right, it was, I think, in 1849.

Mr. V.—Who was the Secretary?

B.—That I would not tell if I recollect, but I do not remember. I think the officers were elected in May, 1858. I may answer incorrectly, but not intentionally. My head is a little confused by wounds, and my memory of dates and such like is somewhat confused.

It thus appears that the organization dates back to 1849, and hence his conduct as a leader in it cannot be attributed to the cause assigned by the Republican press. That the matter was known in the free States, and especially in Ohio, there can be no doubt, and that it had "aid and comfort" from prominent Republican politicians is quite certain. We subjoin some further questions and the answers of BROWN. After Mr. VALLANDIGHAM had questioned him as to his being in Ohio, and his affirmative answers, the following occurred:

Mr. V.—Did you see anything of Joshua R. Giddings there?

B.—I did meet him.

Mr. V.—Did you consult with him?

B.—If I did, I would not tell you, of course, anything that would implicate Mr. Giddings, but I certainly saw him and had a conversation with him.

Mr. V.—About the rescue case?

B.—Yes, I did hear him express his opinion on it very freely and frankly.

Mr. V.—Justifying it?

B.—Yes sir; I do not compromise him in saying that.

A Bystander.—Did you go out to Kansas under the auspices of the Emigrant Aid Society?

B.—No sir; I went under the auspices of old John Brown, and nobody else.

Mr. B.—When you answer this? Did you talk with Giddings about your expedition here?

B.—No sir, I would not answer that, because a denial of it I won't make, and to make an affirmation of it I should be a great dunce.

Mr. B.—Have you had any correspondence with parties at the North on the subject of this movement?

B.—I have had correspondence.

After reading the above answers from BROWN who can have any doubt of the fact that JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS was known to the intentions of BROWN. Mr. GIDDINGS is at the head of the State Central Committee of the Republican party of Ohio, and if he was cognizant of the contemplated movement, how many of his colleagues on that committee were also informed about it? The Christian Anti-Slavery Convention which met in this city last summer preached exactly the same doctrines that Brown attempted to put in practice in Virginia. The political preachers and other fanatics who attended that notable assemblage, were not, we presume ignorant of what was in contemplation, as BROWN is one of their number, and felt that it was his highest christian duty to do what he attempted. On that point his answers to questions are conclusive. Here they are:

Bystander.—Do you consider it a religious movement?

B.—It is in my opinion the greatest service a man can render to God.

Bystander.—Do you consider yourself an instrument in the hands of Providence?

B.—I do.

Bystander.—Upon what principle do you justify your acts?

B.—By the golden rule. I pity the poor in bondage. That is why I am here. It is not to gratify any personal animosity, or feeling of revenge or of a vindictive spirit. It is my sympathy with the oppressed and wronged that are as good as you, and as precious in the sight of God.

That the Republican party should be held responsible for what occurred at Harper's Ferry, will be the judgment of all impartial men, and it is not therefore surprising that the leading papers of that party are so restive under the crushing disclosures that are made. The negroes in New York City admit that the conspiracy was understood there, and state that the 24th of October, was the day on which the arsenal at Harper's Ferry was to be taken possession of, that that was to be the signal for a general uprising in Maryland and Virginia, and that some one connected with the execution of the plan must have erred as to the day. BROWN says he was to have had aid from Maryland, Kentucky, North and South Carolina and Canada. It is fortunate that the blunder occurred and that thus a servile war was averted. We will no doubt have further and important developments in the immense correspondence of BROWN which has fallen into the hands of the authorities. Every one however is already enabled to judge as to where the responsibility rests.

### "Place the Responsibility where it Belongs."

The Baltimore Clipper publishes a diary of one of the sons of Old Brown, found at the premises which he occupied near Harper's Ferry under the name of Smith. It was kept partly during the Kansas troubles, and gives the events and occupations of each day. Upon one of the pages we find a regular "Roll" of the "men." They are thus classified in two columns:

Democrats.	Republicans.
John Kagi, 1111-1	Ralf, 1111-1
Moffitt,	Tidd,
Cook, 111	Whipple, 1
Parsons,	Robertson,
Leman, 1111-111	Brown,

To this should be added the fact that Old Brown is stated as being a popular sovereignty democrat, with unabated confidence in that principle for settling the slavery question.

### Insurgent Arrested.

MEMPHIS, TENN., NOV. 8.  
W. R. Palmer, an alleged insurgent, has been arrested on a requisition from Gov. Wise.

### THE HARPER'S FERRY CONSPIRATORS.

A letter from a gentleman of Charlestown, who was present at most of the exciting scenes at Harper's Ferry, states that the life of Stevens, one of the conspirators, was saved with difficulty from the fury of some of the armed men after he was wounded and lying in bed, the motive being to elicit facts of importance as to the objects and advisers of the enterprise. He says there are now five prisoners in the Charlestown jail, under a strong guard. Gov. Wise, Senator MASON, and Mr. MARTIN, Marshal of the western district of Virginia, are present. Judge Parker commenced his regular session of the Circuit Court yesterday, and it is expected that indictments will be promptly found against the prisoners by the grand jury. A detachment of the Jefferson Guards are searching the mountains on the Maryland side in quest of the fugitives. The writer says the events, though very exciting, have been highly colored by the reporters for a portion of the press. There seems to have been but few of the slaves in voluntary association with the conspirators, and therefore the outbreak is not properly styled "a negro insurrection."

The promptitude with which the companies from Charlestown, Shepherdstown, and Martinsburg repaired to the scene of strife, within a few hours after the alarm was given, and the energy displayed by them, show how little prospect there is for the success of enterprises like that of Brown's; and the event will have the effect of inducing efficient preparations for all time to come. "Forewarned, forearmed."

A writer in the Norwich Courier gives a lengthy sketch of Stevens, who seems to have been Brown's right hand man, from which we make the following extract:

"Aaron Dwight Stevens was born in the town of Lisbon, somewhere near the year 1830. His father is Mr. Aaron Stevens, now living in Norwich Town. In early life Dwight was a bold, fearless boy, rather restive under parental discipline, but always known as a kind-hearted fellow, and one who would always take sides with the weaker party. He lived always in the vicinity of a part of the time with his parents, and in his eighteenth year, and was, we believe, a company of volunteers for Boston, where he joined a company of volunteers for the war then beginning in Mexico.

Proceeding to the scene of conflict, he happened to be in early all the engagements that occurred during the struggle. He was known as the 'bravest of the brave.' No situation of unusual peril, and which involved unusual hardship, but Dwight possessed the confidence of the man for the place. He enjoyed the confidence of his superior officers, and was, we believe, sometimes entrusted with the execution of enterprises that, but for his fearlessness, would have been committed to men far above him in rank."

After the conclusion of the Mexican War, he spent some time in this vicinity, but at length found himself in Kansas about the commencement of hostilities there. His Mexican campaign gave him a soldierly air, besides imparting to his physical system a power of endurance, and a strength of muscle, almost without a parallel.

Espousing the cause of the Free State men with all the ardor of his impetuous nature, he was soon elected, under the assumed name of Whipple, the commander of the 'Topeka Boys,' perhaps as bold a commander of men as ever struck for 'Freedom and Right.' Many of men as ever struck for 'Freedom and Right.' Capt. W. and his body of braves were in active service for some time, acting as escorts to poor emigrants through pro-slavery territory; defending the Free State men when assaulted by superior numbers. They were humane to those they conquered, and never guilty of those cruelties that characterized the Border Ruffians."

A letter from Norwich, Ct., says that the real name of Stevens is Aaron Dwight Stevens, and that Allen Evans is his alias. His father is a worthy citizen of Norwich; and he is now on his way to Charlestown, to see his son and impart to him the last counsels of a Christian father.

A MEMBER OF BEECHER'S CHURCH KILLED.—Allen Evans, who is now lying dying in Baltimore, having been one of Brown's party at Harper's Ferry, is said to be, or have been, a member of Beecher's church in Brooklyn. He was one of the representatives of the Plymouth Church in the Sharpe's rifle affair.

The Baltimore papers state that Phil, the negro of Mrs. Alstead, who was compelled by Capt. Brown to assist in making the loop-holes through the walls of the engine-house, was arrested and conveyed to jail on the charge of sympathizing with the insurgents. He has since been lying very ill, and died Tuesday of pneumonia, though it is said his sickness was caused by fright.

Five persons are already under sentence of death for their participation in the Harper's Ferry "war."—Brown, Green, Coppie, Copeland, and Cook. Should they all be hanged, the number of executions will be greater than ever before was known in way similar business.



**TOUCHING LETTER FROM A SISTER OF ONE OF THE HARPER'S FERRY INSURGENTS.**—Wm. Lee-man, one of the abolitionists who was shot on Monday by the citizens at Harper's Ferry, while he was attempting to escape by swimming the river, was a native of Hallowell, Maine. On his body was found a letter from his sister, signed in "ever affectionate sister—Lizzie." After asking if he ever again expects to see the "loved ones at home," the letter continues:

"I do not like to write so discouraging to you, brother, but if you knew how much we wanted you to come home, you would not blame us for writing such letters. Would you come home if you had the money to come with? Tell me what it would cost. Oh, I would be un-speakably happy if it were in my power to send you money, but we have been very poor this winter. A. Mattie has had a very good place, where she has had seventy-five cents a week; she has not spent any of it in the family, only a very little for mother. Father has had very small pay, but I think he has more now; he is watchman on the Eastern Queen, that runs from here to Boston. I should have worked in the straw factory at Natick this winter if mother had been well. Mattie has left her place, and talks of going to work in this mill, but she will not if she can possibly do anything else.

I do not think you would know mother; she is very poor; she does not look like our mother. We try to make her as comfortable as we can; she has everything that she wants; the folks in this place have been so very kind to us—our neighbours, too; it seems as though they could not do too much. Father says he wants you to come home, if you have to go back again. Ah! my dear brother, you never can know how much your folks want you to come home.

My dear brother—I want you to be sure and write often, and as soon as you receive this, for we are so very anxious when you don't write. Oh! dear brother, I hope you are as good as you were when you went from your home, and I know you are for you would not do anything wrong."

### Connecticut Men in the Insurrection.

Among the Abolitionists killed, wounded, or taken prisoners, at Harper's Ferry, are several reported as hailing from Connecticut.

'Old John Brown' himself, says he is a native of Litchfield County. The Abolitionists of Hartford got him to speak in the 'Fermont hut,' and made a 'lion' of him!

Allen Evans, a Kansas fighter, now shot through the breast, is reported to be from this State.

John E. Cooke, the ring-leader and chief aid, under Brown, is from Hartford. He lived in this city as late as 1853, was a stone mason, and boarded on Potters street. He was then an opponent of the Democracy, and was fostering the political seeds which have finally grown into open rebellion to the Government. He is now fleeing from justice, with 30 stolen negroes, and \$1000 reward is offered for him.

Jeremiah G. Anderson, (whose 'commission' as Captain, we print in this paper,) is also a Connecticut man—[said to belong in Naugatuck.]

Aaron Stevens, (mortally wounded,) is from Norwich, where his father and sisters are living.

Do these really reflect any credit on old Connecticut?—*Hartford Times.*

—In answer to a question of Vallandigham of Ohio, Old Brown of the Harper's Ferry affair stated, recently, that one of his men came from somewhere-between Steubenville and Wheeling. "We learn," says *The Wheeling Intelligencer*, "that the man alluded to was the negro named Dangerfield Newby (one of the killed), who is well known in Bridgeport, and who traveled through Belmont County soliciting money to buy his freedom and that of his family. We learn that he has now to his credit a considerable sum of money in the Belmont Branch Bank, at Bridgeport."

### TWO OF THE COLORED INSURRECTIONISTS.

The Pittsburg *Dispatch* has the following in relation to two of the negroes engaged in the Harper's Ferry affair:

"Among the colored men killed in the late affair at Harper's Ferry, we observe mentioned one 'Dangerfield Newby, of Ohio, raised in Virginia,' and among the prisoners mentioned in the eastern papers is 'a negro named Shields Green, who came from Pittsburg to join Brown.' There are several colored persons named Green, we believe, in this vicinity, but we do not recollect the name of Shields Green. We suspect that the person called 'Newby' in the despatches is Dangerfield Newby.

"An intelligent looking colored man of this name called at our office on the 19th of January last, as we see by the local columns of the *Dispatch* of the day following, bringing testimonials from Brentsville, Prince William county, Va., signed by Louis A. Jennings, with several endorsements of the genuineness of the testimonials from parties in Warren, Ohio. He then stated that he had been held as a slave in Virginia, by his father, Henry Newby, and by him emancipated. He was soliciting funds, as he stated, to purchase his own wife and children, who were held as slaves by Mr. Louis A. Jennings, who, as Jennings says in the letter above referred to, was willing to sell Newby's wife and two youngest children, if purchased at once, for \$1,400, at which price he thought them very cheap. We have never heard further from Newby till this affair, when this Newby is mentioned among the killed, and we shall endeavor to learn from Mr. Jennings as to the correctness of our supposition."

## Rochester Democrat and American.

FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 21.

### LOCAL AFFAIRS.

#### The Harper's Ferry Insurrection—Rochester Represented of Course.

Among the names of the prisoners taken at Harper's Ferry, appears that of EMPEROR—a colored man from this State, but a native of South Carolina, who is said to have been a member of the so-called "Provisional Government." The whole name of this man is SHIELD EMPEROR, and no longer ago than last July, he was figuring in this city as a cleaner of old clothes. We have before us his card, in which it is stated that he "is prepared to do CLOTHES CLEANING in a manner to suit the most fastidious, and on CHEAPER TERMS than any one else." EMPEROR's place of business was at No. 2 Spring street, first door west of Exchange street—the establishment, in fact, which was previously owned and carried on by "Prof." TAYLOR, and has since, we believe, passed again under his control. We believe EMPEROR was not long a resident of Rochester. Something over three years ago it is said he first made his appearance here in the character—not an assumed one—of a fugitive slave, and was sent over to Canada, where he resided some time. His business at that period was that of a table waiter and house servant.—Last spring, or in the early part of summer he came back to Rochester, became associated in some way with "Prof." TAYLOR, and subsequently, acquired a nominal proprietorship of the establishment. But at length "Ossawatamie BROWN" in the course of his peregrinations about the country, visited this city, (we do not now refer to the time when he made a speech at the Court House, but to a later visit) and made EMPEROR's acquaintance. The latter was of course, ignorant, though naturally intelligent, and being of a reckless disposition was easily made to adopt the views of BROWN, who was at that time, recruiting men for his southern enterprise. The consequence was, that EMPEROR followed his insane leader to Virginia, and will now probably atone for his folly with his life. He is a full blooded negro, about twenty-five years of age, and has no family.

We have reason to believe that BROWN has been hatching up his plot for a long time, and that he made overtures to various parties in this city to join in the insurrection which has just been extinguished in blood; but it is probable that no one but the unfortunate EMPEROR was found in Rochester, who could be induced to embark personally in the enterprise. There may have been many who wished it success, but felt that an attempt to revolutionize the government with such means as were at BROWN's disposal, must result in a disastrous failure. In fact even those who were acquainted with the fact that a rising was contemplated, were taken by surprise when it happened.

They seem to have supposed that the attempt, if made at all, was to be made further south, where negroes are plentier, and white men fewer; and the general impression was that the affair would never come to a head at all.

BROWN is said to have represented himself as commissioned by the Almighty to deliver the African race from bondage in this country. He declared himself to have been impressed with that idea while a youth, and stated that his object in going to Kansas, was to distinguish himself in such a manner as to establish in the minds of the colored people, confidence in his ability as a leader in the field. His scheme was to carry on a sort of guerrilla warfare at the South, and to draw to his standard as many blacks and whites as possible, before opposing himself to a disciplined force. He was regarded as a madman, by the most intelligent colored men to whom his object was confided.

The names of all the parties on Sunday night, except three white men, whom he admits he sent away on an errand, are as follows, with their titles under the Provisional Government:

Whites—Gen. John Brown, Commander-in-Chief, wounded—but will recover.  
Capt. Oliver Brown—dead.  
Capt. Watson Brown—dead.  
Capt. Aaron C. Stevens of Conn.—wounded badly and cannot possibly recover.  
Lieut. Edwin Coppie of Iowa—unhurt.  
Lieut. Albert Hazlett of Pa.—dead.  
Lieut. Wm. Leman of Maine—dead.  
Capt. John E. Cook of Conn.—escaped.  
Privates—Stewart Taylor of Canada—dead; Chas. P. Tidd of Maine—dead; W. Thompson of New York—dead.

Capt. John Kagi, of Ohio, raised in Virginia—dead.  
Lieut. Jeremiah Anderson, of Indiana—dead.  
With the three whites previously sent off, the above made a total of seventeen whites.  
Dangerfield Newby, of Ohio, raised in Virginia—dead.

Emperor, of New York, raised in South Carolina—not wounded, but a prisoner. The latter was elected a member of the provisional government some time since.

Lewis Leary, of Ohio, raised in Virginia—dead.  
Copeland, of O., raised in Va.,—not wounded,—prisoner at Charlestown.

Gen. Brown has nine wounds, but none fatal. A despatch from Harper's Ferry, foots up the killed and wounded as follows:

Killed—Six citizens and fourteen insurgents.  
Wounded—Three insurgents.  
Prisoners—Five.

The prisoners have been committed to Charlestown Jail, to await the action of the grand Jury. They will be indicted and tried in a few days. The question of jurisdiction has been settled in this way: the local authorities are to try the prisoners for murder, and meanwhile the United States authorities are to proceed on the charge of treason.

#### From Washington.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 20.  
District Attorney Ould and Col. Lee have returned from Harper's Ferry. The former, soon after his arrival had a conference with the President, and the latter a long interview with the Secretary of State. United States Marshal Johnson of Ohio, now here, says one of the parties engaged with Brown was prominent in the Oberlin rescue.

—Ralph Plumb, and his brother, S. Plumb of Oberlin, in letters to *The Cleveland Leader*, deny the truth of the statements made by the negro Copeland in his confession, implicating them in the Harper's Ferry affair. They deny that they ever gave Copeland money, or that they ever had any conversation with him in relation to Brown's project. Copeland was induced to make his statements, doubtless, in the hope of thereby saving his life. His confession was extorted by the threats and promises of U. S. Marshal Johnson of Cleveland, who was particularly anxious to get testimony against the Messrs. Plumb, who were active in the Oberlin-Wellington Rescue.

OBERLIN, Oct. 31, 1859.  
EDITOR MORNING LEADER: I have just been shown the *National Democrat*, of this morning, containing a statement purporting to come from JOHN COPELAND, which, if true, would implicate me in the insurrection at Harper's Ferry.

I hasten to say that the charges contained therein are untrue. I never had a word of conversation with COPELAND upon the Harper's Ferry insurrection among slaves, nor did I give COPELAND money for the purpose named, or for any other purpose.

Yours, respectfully, RALPH PLUMB.

OBERLIN, Oct. 31, 1859.  
EDITOR MORNING LEADER: I wish to add to what has been said by my brother respecting the charges purporting to have been made by COPELAND, that it is not true that I ever gave money to COPELAND, nor did my brother do so in my presence or to my knowledge, nor did I ever have a word of conversation with COPELAND, excepting when I appeared as counsel against him when he was on trial for an assault upon the Marshal of this village.

Yours, S. PLUMB.

### COPELAND'S CONFESSION.

The following is the confession made by Copeland, noticed by telegraph from Cleveland on Tuesday:

Question—Are you John Copeland of Oberlin, and the same person that was indicted last year at Cleveland for rescuing the slave John?

Answer—I am.

Q. Do your parents reside in Oberlin?

A. They do.

Q. Who induced you to enter into the Harper's Ferry movement?

A. J. H. Kagi and John Brown, jr., wrote letters to Leary, at Oberlin, which I saw, and was thus induced to go into it.

Q. Who furnished you the means to come to Virginia?

A. Ralph and Samuel Plumb gave me the money, \$15, to bear my expenses.

Q. What other Oberlin persons were at Harper's Ferry?

A. None but Leary and myself.

Q. Where is Leary?

A. He was killed in the river near the Rifle-works.

Q. Did you come through Cleveland?

A. Yes.

Q. On what day did you leave there?

A. The day of the October election.

Q. Where did you stop at in Cleveland?

A. I stopped at Isaac Sturtevant's on Walnut street. Was there from Monday noon until Tuesday evening at 9 o'clock.

Q. Did Mr. and Mrs. Sturtevant know what you were going to Virginia for?

A. Mrs. Sturtevant did. She was the person who talked to me about it. I suppose Mr. S. knew it.

Q. Where did Plumb give you the money, and who was present?

A. Ralph Plumb gave it to me; Samuel Plumb and Leary were present; it was in Plumb's office at Oberlin.

Q. Did the Plumbs know where you were going?

A. Yes, and wished us good luck, and gave me the money just before leaving, Monday morning.

Q. Did Charles H. Langston see you in Cleveland?

A. He did, and knew I was coming on to join Brown's company.

Q. Who directed you to go to Sturtevant's at Cleveland?

A. Leary. He was directed by John Brown, jr., to go there.

Q. Did you hear Ralph Plumb, on the day the slave "John" was rescued, urge persons to go to Wellington, and if so, where?

A. I did; he was on the pavement in front of Watson's grocery.

Q. Have you any knowledge of an attempt to raise an insurrection in any other State or region of our country.

A. I understood that there was an intention to attempt a movement of that kind in Kentucky about the same time.

Q. Did you know from Brown or any other person that help was expected from the slaves in the neighborhood?

A. I did from Brown, that help would come from the slaves, but I did not understand at any time, until Monday morning after the fight had commenced, that anything else than running off slaves was intended, I being at the Rifle Works, half a mile from the Engine-House.

Q. Did you learn from Brown or any of the company that persons at Harper's Ferry sympathized with them, or were in any way connected with the movement?

A. From Brown I understood that there were laboring men at Harper's Ferry who wished to get rid of the slaves, and would aid in running them off.

The Muscatine Journal says: "Lieut. Coppie, one of old Ossawottamie Brown's men, is a young Quaker from the Springdale neighborhood, in Cedar county, Iowa, where old Brown himself was quartered for several weeks in the summer of 1858, with a number of runaway slaves. We doubt very much, however, whether the staid Quakers of Springdale approve the rash doings of Brown and Coppie at Harper's Ferry."

### THE YOUNG MAN COPPICK.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

SALEM, Ohio, Nov. 1, 1859.

Everybody is anxious to learn all possible particulars relative to the participants in the Harper's Ferry affair, and I am willing to contribute my mite of information.

The young man Edwin Coppie (improperly printed Coppie) is a native of this place, where he resided until some seven years ago, when he went to Iowa. He was left an orphan at an early age, and was provided with a home in the family of a benevolent Quaker, a friend of the Coppie family, who were also Quakers. He remained at this place some two or three years, exhibiting during that time such evidence of a depraved and vicious nature that his benefactor did not feel it his duty to befriend him further, and turned him loose. After a few years more spent in various places, he at last went to Iowa, where he remained until the commencement of troubles in Kansas, when he emigrated to that Territory, returning again to Iowa after peace was restored. One who knew him in Iowa after he had attained to manhood informs me that he enjoyed the reputation of a reckless, dare-devil fellow, possessing much more physical courage and fortitude than principle. After the cessation of troubles in Kansas he was engaged with Brown in running off slaves from Missouri. Some few months since he passed through this place on his way east, as he said, and spent several days here with his former acquaintances. It is probable that he was then on his way to

BOSTON:

WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCT. 26.

## Reminiscences

OF THE

## INSURRECTIONISTS.

Number IV.

For The Atlas and Daily Bee.

KAGI AND REALF.

The rights of free speech, and the right to assemble to discuss public grievances, had been triumphantly vindicated at Topeka, under Democratic auspices, on the glorious Fourth of July, 1856, by the forcible dispersion of the Free State Legislature by Col. Sumner and his Federal dragoons.

John Brown had been disappointed in his design to again "annoy" the enemies of Freedom, by the non-appearance of Gen. Lane and his men, and the non-resistance of the military companies assembled at Topeka. Old John was concealed near by, ready at any moment to appear with his Ironsides, or to hasten to Lecompton to liberate Gov. Robinson and his companions in captivity—and treason!

Lane was daily expected. I waited at Topeka for a day or two, until the troops had left the town; when, one morning, a tall, bonny man of twenty-three or twenty-four, approached me and stated that efforts were in progress in Nebraska to establish slavery there. He gave his name as Kagi. He had encamped within the limits of Topeka with a wagon, a tent and a yoke of oxen. I desired him to write a statement of the facts. He did so; I sent it to the *Tribune*, it was duly published and noticed in Congress by Whitfield at the time. Yet I found, on going to Nebraska, that his statements were true, but that his fears of the success of the efforts were rather exaggerated. Slavery, in fact, already existed there.

Gen. Strongfellow, several months before this period, had as much as confessed what Kagi stated. In the course of a friendly conversation, on the Territorial troubles, he said to me, in a rather angry tone: "By God! Sir, you Abolitionists had better look out for Nebraska; or the first thing you know you will lose it, too." I did not publish this remark at the time, as I regarded it as an effort to make me an agent to divert the attention of the North from Kansas.

Kagi settled at Topeka; became the Kansas correspondent of the *National Era*, and associate editor of the *Topeka Tribune*; and soon made himself a fair reputation as a writer of ability, a brave man, and an incorruptible politician of the Free State Party.

He first became known throughout the country by the Brooks-like assault of Judge Elmore on him. The store of a Free State man had been robbed at Tecumseh, a village four miles distant from Topeka. The owner applied to the Topeka boys for justice. They send down word that an examination must be made, or they would pay a visit to the town and put it to the flames. A Committee of Investigation was appointed as soon as this gentle warning was received. It consisted, first, of a free State man; secondly, the person suspected of the robbery; and, thirdly, ex-Judge Elmore, as Chairman, and representative of the "Conservatives."

The evidence, full and explicit, was given in; the Free State men deciding in favor of restitution, and the convicted opposing it! The decision, therefore, devolved on Elmore.

In the true conservative spirit, he declared his inability to decide!

Elmore, it will be remembered, had been discharged by Pierce, with Johnson, the present rival of Parrott, and Reeder, on the flimsy pretext of having engaged in land speculations; but really, as Elmore himself declared in his letter to Caleb Cushing, in order that the pre-determined

dismissal of Reeder, before the then approaching elections, might not have the appearance of the result of Southern dictation.

Kagi, commenting on the decision above alluded to, remarked that Pierce need not have sought a pretext to dismiss Elmore, on account of his extra-judicial investments, as it was self-evident that a person who could not decide, when clear evidence was before him, whether a convicted robber should restore stolen goods or retain them, was hardly qualified for a seat on the Supreme Bench of a Territory.

Elmore approached Kagi; asked his name; and then suddenly felled him. He repeated the blow several times; when, seeing Kagi groping for his pistol, he drew his revolver, and fired at him, but did no serious damage. Kagi, blinded and stunned, fired a shot at random; which, taking effect in a vital organ, terminated, it is said, all further hope of continuing the house of Elmore.

I do not know of any individual exploit of Kagi; he always acted in company with the Topeka boys or Brown.

He had been nearly two years with the old hero, when he fell at Harper's Ferry.

He had become a scientific military officer; and brilliant hopes were formed of his future by the friends who knew him best. He was a young man of a clear and logical intellect;—(he was engaged when in Kansas, in writing a work on Mental

Philosophy)—but, unlike old Brown, was a skeptic in moral and religious matters; and engaged in the military anti-slavery enterprise rather from a haughty sense of duty to a friendless race, than of obedience to any special command from Deity. Brown believed that God spoke to him in visions of the night; Kagi neither believed in visions nor that God was the author of the drama of human history. He would have made his mark in any society. He died fighting bravely. He fought on the soil of his native State—in obedience to the lessons of her greatest statesman. For, to earnest men of the resistant school, Harper's Ferry is on the road that leads from Independence Hall. Brown only did, what Jefferson preached—attested by his actions, what Jefferson attested by his words, that all men are worthy of freedom, and entitled to it by Divine pre-ordination.

Kagi has not lived in vain; for every slave in the South will learn from his death that there are white men who hate the oppression that crushes him and degrades his race. It is a lesson worth dying to teach.

REALF.

I find the name of "Realf" in Brown's list of his men, but not in any of the telegraphic accounts of the killed insurgents. If he fell his name was not correctly given.

I thought and still believe that Realf is in England. He is a young man of real poetic genius. Lady Byron adopted him at an early age—his parents were English peasants—and he studied for some time in London as a sculptor. He published a volume of poems in England. Some of his Kansas lyrics were worthy of our most celebrated poets. He was an assistant for some time at the House of Industry with Mr. Pease, of the Five Points; from whence, during the border troubles, he emigrated to Kansas. He became a resident correspondent of the Eastern press, but he did not distinguish himself in that responsible capacity. His letters were like Addison's fat citizen's pudding, of which he made the ever memorable record.

"N. B.—Too many plumbs and not enough suet."

He was rather a spoilt and whining child, but he had a noble heart and a fine intellect. His head was beautifully moulded and his countenance handsome.

I think that I recognize another intimate friend in the list of the killed Insurrectionists; but, until I am certain of his death, I will suspend my remarks on his character and memory. It is known that he was at Harper's Ferry on the day preceding the explosion.



By man who fell, and every man who fought at Harper's Ferry, demonstrated two truths: that the Southerners, with all their boasting, are cowardly and cruel; and that Northern Abolitionists, in spite of the south-side notion to the contrary, are more than a match for the chivalry of the South. When next a fugitive slave seeks protection in our city, and a slaveholder comes here to re-claim him, let us remember these truths, and with one accord transplant Harper's Ferry to Boston.

JAMES REDPATH.

—We see it stated in some of the journals that Kagi, one of the agents and victims of John Brown's insurrection, was "the Kansas correspondent of THE N. Y. TRIBUNE." This is not true. The only correspondent we ever employed in Kansas is Mr. William A. Phillips, who went to that Territory for us in 1854, and has been in our service there ever since. Within the last year Mr. Kagi has written two or three volunteer letters, which we have published and paid for as containing news, dealing with him just as we are ready to deal with any one who has news to sell; but he has never been engaged or asked to do any work by which he could say that he was, in any manner, connected with THE TRIBUNE.

#### Antecedents of one of Old Brown's Men.

The *Johnston Echo* publishes a sketch of the life of Albert Hazlett, one of the parties reported killed in the recent outbreak at Harper's Ferry, obtained from a person said to be familiar with the antecedents of the deceased. The writer says: Hazlett was reared in Westmoreland county, and some years since was employed in the capacity of a boatman on the Pennsylvania canal. While so engaged he was entrusted with the care of a section boat belonging to Mr. John M'Govern, during one trip, but when he reached his destination, on the other side of the mountain, he disposed of the boat and team and pocketed the proceeds. He was afterwards arrested, but the matter was doubtless adjusted by the disgorging of the money, as he never came to trial. His next appearance is in connection with a band of horse thieves, one of whose depredations were committed near Wilmore, in this county, and as such was arrested, but upon turning State's evidence and giving testimony against his confederates, during their trial at Elmira, N. Y., he was discharged and again appeared in this part of the country. While here he expressed his intention of leaving for parts unknown, as he feared the vengeance of those whom he had betrayed into the hands of justice. Shortly after this he departed, and was lost sight of until he turned up as one of the desperadoes, led on by the infamous Brown, at Harper's Ferry, where he was reported as shot and killed, after cowardly taking to the water and imploring for life.

#### Who is Capt. Cook?

John E. Cook, or Captain Cook, as he is now more familiarly known, from his alleged connection with this Harper's Ferry insurrection, was born in Had-  
dam, Conn., where his parents, who are highly respectable, and worthy people, now reside. He is a young man of about 25 or 26 years of age, well educated, and of refined manners, and is a brother-in-law of a well-known merchant in New York. He taught school some five or six years ago at Harper's Ferry, and from which place he came to Williamsburgh, and commenced the study of law with Mr. J. M. Stearns. Three years ago he went to Kansas, and remained there about one year, during which time he distinguished himself in the Free State cause. At the expiration of that time he returned to Williamsburgh, where he remained for a few weeks, when he again set out for Kansas; since which time his friends hereabout have heard nothing from him until now, when his name appears in connection with Old Brown's deplo-  
rable attempt.

#### [Correspondence of the Baltimore Sun.]

PHILADELPHIA, October 24.  
Captain Cook, the Fugitive—Advance in Coal  
Freights—Fatal Accident—Death from a Fall.  
Capt. Cook, the fugitive from Harper's Ferry, was about seven years ago a resident of this city, and employed in a newspaper office, where, for nearly a year, he held copy; as the printers call it, for the proof-reader. He was then about 18 or 19 years old. Previously he was employed at a mineral water establishment in Prune street. After this he was engaged for a short time at Con-  
gress Hall, the old hotel which was employed at the Walnut Street Theatre in some subordinate capacity. From this period his whereabouts were unknown until a year or two ago, he revisited this city, and he stated that he had been in Kansas and the West, and had located himself at Harper's Ferry, where he was engaged in teaching school, and had married. He has a brother-in-law doing business in New York.

# The Atlas & Daily Bee.

## BOSTON:

TUESDAY MORNING OCT 25.

### Reminiscences

OF THE

## INSURRECTIONISTS.

Number IV.

For The Atlas and Daily Bee.

JOHN E. COOK.

"There is a free State boy in town, who has been a spy among the Kickapoo Rangers!"

"Yes; by G—, and he's a spy among us, too."

These remarks I heard uttered as I entered the Cincinnati House, in the town of Lawrence, one day, shortly after—or, before—the destruction of the Free State Hotel, as a nuisance, by order of Judge "Jeffreys" Lecompte, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory of Kansas.

It was the topic of the day. Parties were formed on the issue of—Is Cook a friend or a pro-slavery spy?

I went to see him.

MY FIRST INTRODUCTION TO COOK.

He knew me by reputation and I entered into conversation with him.

He was dressed in the rough fashion of the period, but his arms, accoutrements and linen—and after one talked with him,—his style of conversation indicated that he was a young man of a wealthy family.

A fair, slim, youth of two and twenty, his boasting and incessant talking did not strike me favorably. He had a slight impediment in his speech, and the rapidity with which he talked did not improve it. He told me that he had come from Chicago, where, at the time, he had relatives living; had gone to Leavenworth, and joined (for the sake of betraying them) the Kickapoo Rangers—the most desperate gang of ruffians and murderers that Missouri ever spewed out over Kansas. He told their plans and—then returned!

COOK DISAPPEARS.

What he predicted was fulfilled; his veracity was undoubted. But where was he?

We had given him up as lost to us, when he suddenly re-appeared. Lawrence had been sacked, if I mistake not, since his precious visit.

COOK'S RE-APPEARANCE.

His appearance created a renewed agitation. He went before the Stubbs, the celebrated militia company of Lawrence, told further plans of the Rangers, and, above all, a story of his escape, which removed the doubts about him.

(The Stubbs were a militia company, so called in derision by the artillery company (who were tall men), in consequence of their generally diminutive stature. They accepted the designation thus insultingly given, and made it a word of honor among the friends, and of terror to the enemies of freedom.)

The story of Cook's escape, as he told it, was subsequently found to be true.

HIS STORY.

He had been suspected by the Border Ruffian company, and when he asked permission to visit Kansas City (with the secret intention of going to Lawrence) a man was sent after him to watch him.

Cook stopped at Kansas City, and went up to Lawrence. The spy, finding that he had gone, returned to Kickapoo and reported the treason.

When Cook went back to Kickapoo, a company meeting was held. A ruffian planted himself before the door of the room, and the spy proceeded to tell his story.

But Cook had already dimly feared and formidably prepared himself for this result. It was a terrible situation to be in—a hopeless prisoner, to all human appearances, among a gang of thirty of the most villainous cut-throats that God ever permitted to pollute the earth.

Cook sprang up, with his revolver cocked, and a bowie-knife in his left hand.

In an instant he was at the door; with the muzzle of his pistol within a yard of the doorkeeper's mouth.

John E. Cook, unlike his Captain, is not a religious man; and I am very much afraid that he uttered profane words as he ordered the doorkeeper to move aside.

Whether he did or not, however, the doorkeeper moved. It does not require many words to induce even a brave man to get out of the range of a pistol held in the hands of a desperate prisoner.

In a few seconds he had disappeared among the brush; and—the darkness favoring him—he soon made his way to Lawrence.

This story, told by a young man, unknown to every one, and one who, by his own admissions, had no anti-slavery antecedents—who, if a spy among the Rangers, had gone into the very dangerous service voluntarily, and before he was acquainted with any of the leading Free State men—added to the fact that he was exceedingly egotistical and full of anecdotes of his own heroic deeds, very naturally excited the suspicions of a party among the Stubbs—who mildly proposed to lynch him,

CHARLEY LENHART BEFRIENDS HIM.

But he suddenly found a friend in the most fearless boy I have ever met—the founder of the Free State guerillas—unless, indeed, (which I doubt,) Old Brown was in the field a few days before him: I refer to my lion-hearted friend, Charley Lenhart.

"By God!" said Charley, "you'll lynch me first!"

These words opened Charley's career in Kansas—a career which was fatal to the hopes of many Southern hirelings; unless, indeed, (which I believe,) man's hopes do not end in the grave!

"I believe he is our friend!" said Charley, "but if he is n't, I'll find out. If he will fight for us, I'll see that he has the chance!"

He then proposed that two or three of the Stubbs should leave Lawrence on a guerilla tour, and take Cook with them to test his courage. If young Cook had been a coward, I have no doubt he would never have had the chance to go to Harper's Ferry!

COOK AND LENHART'S FIRST FIGHT.

Among three or four boys who accompanied Cook, was a young gentleman named Stewart, the only son of a wealthy family in the State of New York. Charley was chosen captain. They had not proceeded more than four miles, when they suddenly came upon three Missourians on horseback, who, as soon as they saw the Lawrence boys, drew up their rifles and fired a volley at them. Stewart fell down a corpse—shot through the forehead. The rifles of the survivors were instantly raised; but, in consequence of the bad pellets which Sharpe's manufacturing company at that time made, they would not go off until several of them had snapped. By that time the ruffians, favored by the nature of the ground, were almost out of range. Only one of them, an officeholder, was wounded. He was lying along his horse at the time, and the ball glanced along his back, taking a ribbon out of his coat from the waist to the neck. The wound, therefore, was trifling only.

Charley looked after them sternly; and then, turning to his boys, he told them to kneel over the corpse.

"Hold up your hands!" he said, "and take this oath!"

I will not repeat that oath; suffice it to say that it was a terrible one, and kept. Stewart was revented.

This was Cook's first exploit with the free state boys.

Charley soon began to be heard from: pro-slavery men, who had hitherto been insolent bullies, began to run to Shannon for protection.





...evidence that in his early life he had studied to some purpose and effect. The fancies of a poetic imagination for years, and his mind wandered in a land of dreams. The world and life were scarcely appreciated as realities. While he could not draw a complaint or a promissory note, a score of fancy verses for a lady's album would be thrown off without effort, as by intuition. The use of guns and pistols was with him a kindred passion to his poetry; as a marksman he was a deal shot. He thrown in the midst of strife and contention, he would naturally become a soldier as by the force of this passion, without personal motive or inducement, and, indeed, as against his own welfare and happiness. And still he appeared kind to every one; and during the year he was with me, though often abstracted from his proper employment by a poetical infatuation, he was never guilty, to my recollection, of an obliging act or an unkind word towards myself or my family. I never knew him to drink a glass of intoxicating liquors or to utter a profane oath. He would do anything and everything reasonable to oblige us, except to learn law.

I went to Kansas, during the year 1855, and is said to have had some to do with the defence of Southern Kansas, from the border ruffians. How much or what I have no means of knowing. He was once at the East afterwards for a short time, but his family friends shortly afterwards lost all trace of him, and for two or three years have supposed him dead. While with me, I never discovered in him any special interest in abolitionism, nor any special sympathy for the colored race. If he was ever converted to that faith, it must have been through the teachings of Boyard and other border ruffians in Kansas. I know of none of his family friends who are specially infected with anti-slavery sentiments. Gov. WILLARD, of Indiana, is his brother-in-law, and he has certainly been no "heretical" teacher to his hardy fanaticism evinced by Cook, and others in the late Virginia riots, but to present facts to mitigate the severity of the feeling towards him; and if he should be arrested, to facilitate a fair and impartial trial, that shall separate his acts from the fears of the people, and lead to a charitable judgment of the condition of mind that has induced these intemperate actions. I do not make an appeal in his behalf. There are those who should require, who can do that more effectually. His family friends—his aged father and mother, still living in Connecticut—his sisters and brothers, and especially the amiable and accomplished lady of Gov. WILLARD, who faithfully formed towards him the office of a sister in his early childhood, will not forget him.

I can well conceive, from my knowledge of the character of Cook's mind, how that without forecast, and even without a purpose of crime, he would become the parasite of the first leader in *romantic enterprise* that might solicit his aid. If anybody is killed or injured it is a consequence not intended by Cook, but a necessity arising from the circumstances into which he has been led. Cook was in fact the Blennerhassett of Brown's enterprise, without BLANNERHASSETT'S estate, but more of courage and skill.

JOHN N. STEARNS, No. 114 Fourth-street. WILLIAMSBURG, Oct. 24, 1859.

**ONE OF THE TRAITORS.**—John E. Cook, or "Capt." Cook, as he was dubbed by old Ossawatimie Brown, who was concerned in the Harper's Ferry insurrection, was born in Haddam in this State, where his parents now reside. He lived in Hartford many years, where he was one of the hottest abolitionists, and most bitter opponents of democracy. Three years ago, he went to Kansas, where he remained one year, fostering the seeds of rebellion and discord, which have lately ripened into rank treason against the Government. He has always been a rolling stone, and thus far seems to have gathered but little moss. John Cook will have fish enough to fry, if the authorities get hold of him; as he is now fleeing from justice with thirty stolen negroes; and a reward of one thousand dollars is offered for his recovery. Of all the messes in which this fanatical Cook was ever concerned, this last will prove the worst for him. Every Connecticut man, woman and child should repudiate this degenerate son of our good old state.

**The Suspected Stranger at Carlisle.**

CARLISLE, Pa., Oct. 26. The man arrested at Carlisle on suspicion of being concerned in the insurrection, was brought before Judge Graham on a writ of habeas corpus to-day. Judge Watts presented a warrant from the Governor of Pennsylvania, upon a requisition from the Governor of Virginia, for the delivery of a fugitive named Albert Hazlett. There was no positive evidence to identify the prisoner as the person named, but it was proved that the pistols in his possession were of the same manufacture as were used by the insurgents, and his dress and appearance correspond with the description given by a person who had seen Hazlett at Harper's Ferry. The Judge appointed a further hearing on Saturday next, and issued subpoenas for witnesses from Virginia and elsewhere, and the prisoner was remanded to the custody of the Sheriff.

**Narrow Escape of Cook.**

CHAMBERSBURG, Oct. 21. Our community were considerably excited to-day by the appearance at noon of one of the fugitives from Harper's Ferry, supposed to be Cook. A gentleman from Quincy overtook the man on the road leading from Waynesboro' to this place, and carried him some distance in his buggy. When about 3 miles from town the man got out of the vehicle under pretence of taking another road. About an hour afterwards one gentleman saw him on one of our streets. He informed two others, who tracked him to a house at which Brown's men have boarded. Leaving one man as a guard, the other went for assistance, but before he returned the man escaped at the rear of the house, passing through a garden.

At the foot of the garden a blanket containing a Sharpe's rifle, unloaded, was found, and the rifle is known to have been in Cook's possession. Immediate pursuit was given by a number of men, but no track could be discovered. The blanket was marked E. H., and, together with his rifle, is now in Sheriff Brown's possession. The man has other weapons. Cook's wife and children are now and have been for the past week, at the house through which the man passed, but she denies that he is her husband.

The general impression, however, is that it was him. He had on a black slouched hat, high crowned, a somewhat faded frock coat with outside pockets, light brown pants, very large boots, and a red and white striped calico shirt. He is five feet six or seven inches in height, sallow complexion, light hair, cut straight across, and light sandy beard and moustache. His general appearance was very rough and shabby. Parties are now in pursuit of him, and others will leave in the morning. It is supposed that other fugitives are in the neighborhood. Efforts are now being made to ferret them out, and if caught, there will be no favor or protection extended to them by our citizens.

**Arrest of Capt. Cook.**

CHAMBERSBURG, Pa., Wednesday, Oct. 26, 1859. Capt. Cook was arrested yesterday afternoon by Messrs. Daniel Logan and Claggett Fitzhugh, at Montalto, Franklin County, fourteen miles from this place. His printed commission, filled up and signed by Brown, and marked No. 4, was found on his person, as was also a memorandum, written on parchment, of the pistol presented to Gen. Washington by Lafayette, and bequeathed to Lewis W. Washington.

The pistol, he says, is in a carpet-bag which he left on the mountain. He came out of the mountain into the settlement to obtain provisions, and was much fagged down and almost starved. He was brought to this place at 8 o'clock last night, and after an examination before Justice Reisher, and being fully identified by one of our citizens who formerly knew him, was committed to jail to await a requisition from Governor Wise.

He acknowledged having three others with him on the mountain, one of whom was seen and conversed with, having a blue blanket over his shoulders, and carrying a Sharp's rifle and a double-barreled gun; the former, he said, belonged to his partner, who had gone for provisions. Parties will go in search of the others to-day.

**Probable Capture of Captain Cook--Doubts as to his Identity.**

CARLISLE, Pa., Oct. 23.—A man, supposed to be Captain Cook, of the Harper's Ferry insurrection, was arrested here at noon to-day. He answers the description, and was the same seen in Chambersburg talking with Mrs. Cook yesterday. He was armed heavily.

**The Prisoner Committed for a Further Hearing.**

CARLISLE, Oct. 22.—The man arrested on the charge of murder as being a participant at Harper's Ferry, is now supposed not to be Captain Cook, but one of his party. He is the same man, however, from whom a Sharpe's rifle was yesterday taken at Chambersburg, and who was with Mrs. Cook. It is reported that he endeavored to resist, but was overpowered. He had on his person three revolvers and two bowie knives. He has been committed to prison for a further hearing. He has the appearance of a desperate man, ready for any enterprise. He refused at the hearing to answer any questions.

**Requisition for Cook.**

RICHMOND, Va., Oct. 26. Gov. Wise has sent a requisition for Cook.

**The Requisition Responded to.**

HARRISBURG, Oct. 26th. Gov. Packer to-day ordered that Captain John B. Cook, now confined in Chambersburg, and Hazlett, in Carlisle prison, be delivered up to the authorities of Virginia for trial.

Mr. Goor has issued a proclamation, offering one thousand dollars reward for Cook, and a large number of armed men are now scouring the mountain in pursuit of him.

**SPECIAL DESPATCH FROM CHARLESTOWN, VIRGINIA.**

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson Co., Oct. 23, 1859.

Captain Charles Campbell, of Chambersburg, Pa., and M. V. HANCOCK, arrived here on horseback from Carlisle to-day, and had an interview with Andrew Hunter, Esq., who is assisting the Commonwealth's Attorney. They stated that they had captured and committed to Carlisle jail, at two o'clock yesterday, one of the fugitive insurgents, who they think is Cook. They also had an interview with the prisoners in jail, who say the man's name is Hazlob. Old Brown refused to talk to them.

Mr. Hunter despatched an application by mail, under charge of Mr. Price, mail agent, to Governor Wise, for a requisition on the Governor of Pennsylvania for the arrested party. The Governor has also been telegraphed.

The prisoner Stephens is still living. Coppel now says he had an elder brother with him, but does not know what became of him. Old Brown gave the Sheriff an order on Dr. Murphy, paymaster at the Harper's Ferry armory, for the three hundred dollars taken from him to purchase comforts for himself and fellow prisoners.

**Rifles Found—Cook taken to Virginia.**

CHAMBERSBURG, Pa., Thursday, Oct. 27, 1859.

Three Sharpe's rifles and a small lot of ammunition were found in the woods this morning by some boys. One rifle has "C. P. Tidd" on the mounting. They were, no doubt, placed under the bushes by the men left on the mountain. Washington's pistol has not been recovered, and nothing has been seen of the men.

Capt. Cook was taken to Virginia to-day by officers from that State and the party who arrested him.

**Capt. Cook of Harper's Ferry.**

BALTIMORE, Thursday, Oct. 27, 1859.

A dispatch received from Frederick City states that Capt. Cook passed through Hagarstown this evening in charge of a strong guard, on his way to Charlestown, where he will arrive during the night. At Hagarstown the prisoner was exhibited from the verandah of the hotel to a numerous crowd.

A company of Frederick City military are still at Harper's Ferry to check any attempt to rescue the prisoners.

**SPECIAL DESPATCH FROM WASHINGTON.**

WASHINGTON, Oct. 23, 1859.

The Secretary of War has received, since the affair at Harper's Ferry, an insolent letter, purporting to come from the notorious Cook, dated at Chambersburg, Pa., informing him that it is his intention to march an army of several thousand men and take Harper's Ferry and Charlestown, and liberate the prisoners, and to perform sundry other ridiculous feats. They would hardly have given the Secretary warning in advance if they really intended to carry out their threats.

INSURRECTION MATTERS.—The father of Cook, the insurgent, is a farmer in good circumstances, in Haddam, Ct. The son received a good education, and the old man says he is both plucky and intelligent.

**THE TRIAL OF COOK.**

Special Dispatch to The N. Y. Herald. RICHMOND, Oct. 31, 1859.

I am informed to-day that it is the intention to try Cook, the Harper's Ferry rebel, in the United States District Court for that district. This course has been determined upon with a view to compel the attendance of Seward, Greeley, Wilson, Howe, and other outsiders, who are suspected of complicity in the late insurrection. If, in the progress of the trial, their guilt as aiders or abettors shall be established, the probability is that they will be assigned positions in the dock beside Cook, and subjected to the same ordeal that led to the majority of them being brought forward as witnesses. The list to be summoned will embrace every individual, wheresoever he may reside, whose name has been identified with this movement in any connection, however remote. As to their appearance in obedience to the summons, that must be presumed as certain, inasmuch as it is a question involving the ability of the Federal Government to enforce obedience to its summons. This is the only means to insure a full development of the origin and progress of this movement, and of the relations to it of the prominent men of other States, whose moral complicity, at least, has been already fixed. It will prove the most interesting and important trial in the criminal annals of this country.

CHARLESTOWN, Friday, Oct. 28—A. M.

Capt. Cook arrived here at 1 o'clock this morning. He says that if Brown had taken his advice in relation to mounting, a thousand men could not have taken them. There is great rejoicing at his arrest. He says that FRED. DOUGLASS acted the coward, having promised to be there in person. GEORGE H. HOTT, of Boston, counsel for BROWN, arrived this morning. He is quite a youth.

**THE CAPTURE OF CAPT. COOK.**

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

CHAMBERSBURG, Oct. 26, 1857.

Yesterday a dispatch was received at Philadelphia announcing the arrest of Capt. John E. Cook, "after a most desperate resistance." The first copy sent left Philadelphia for this town did not start till 7 o'clock this morning; and it was not until 4 o'clock this afternoon that your correspondent arrived in Chambersburg. Just in time to be too late to see Capt. Cook! Night before last he was brought into town; to-day at noon he was taken from the jail and carried to Charlestown, Virginia.

Truly, "their feet are swift to shed blood."

After inquiring in every direction—as at the prison among other places—I found that the arrest of Cook was generally attributed to treachery, and that the agents to it were Claggett Fitzhugh, a self-asserted nephew of Gerrit Smith, and one David Logan, who has the reputation of being worth \$10,000—which, I am told, "is quite a pile in these parts"—and of being one of the hardest characters in the county, which is by no means a "soft" one.

**TRACES OF COOK'S COMPANIONS.**

Before speaking of Cook, however, let me first allude to the latest excitement—the discovery, this afternoon, by three boys, of three Sharp's carbines, a quantity of ammunition, a daggerreotype, and a piece of linen, which had evidently been used around a running sore. They were found lying in the woods, about half a mile from the town.

From Emanuel Hale, one of the boys, I ascertained that the rifles were covered with snow, and must, therefore, have remained there several hours before they found them. A number of corn-cobs were also found near the spot. The corn from them had evidently been bitten off raw.

On one of the carbines is the name of "E. P. Tidd;" on another the initials, "B. C.," while the third, which is a new one, had no mark of any kind on it.

I was unable to see the daggerreotype, as the man who found it had left the city and taken it with him. The cartridges found are for Sharp's sporting rifles, not for the carbines, which have a bore of twice the size.

No pistols were found, but there were pistol-balls and bullet-molds.

As there is no reward for these fugitives, they will probably escape.

**A BOOK FOUND—MARKED PASSAGES.**  
A pamphlet of 198 passages was also found. It has no cover; it is thumb-marked and dirty, and there are penciling on almost every other page. Sometimes a sentence is thus marked and occasionally a passage.

The pamphlet is entitled: "Extracts from the Manual for the Patriotic Volunteer on Active Service in Regular and Irregular War; being the Art and Science of Obtaining and Maintaining Liberty and Independence. By Hugh Forbes. To form an army, it is not sufficient to collect men and put arms in their hands.—*Dufour*. New York: W. H. Tinson, printer and stereotyper, Nos. 43 and 45 Centre street, 1857."

Among the sentences marked in pencil are these:

"GIVE PRECEDENCE TO PRINCIPLE OVER EVERY OTHER CONSIDERATION." [Small capitals in the book.]  
"What, except conscientious conviction, will stand the ordeal of persecution?"

"Under the icons of royalty, privilege, superstition, diplomacy, SLAVERY, self, and prejudice, the noble qualities of man have been suppressed—therefore Revolution has become a necessity, and what is more, a DUTY."

"In one long sentence, page 178, in which the soldier and man of letters are contrasted, these words are underlined:  
"The man of letters is generally fond of theories, upon which, though often impracticable, he can for hours eloquently declaim and astutely argue, whereas the soldier, . . . he abhors wrangling."

"Liberty and Slavery are as opposed to each other as light and darkness." [Emphatically marked.]  
"It must keep alive the democratic spirit among the population, because the war of Insurrection must lean for support upon the popular element, or it will fail." [Emphatically marked.]

"Nothing short of a total deficiency of ammunition, food, or water, can justify a surrender—to deter which catastrophe, every species of procrastination must be practiced."

"Let it be well understood that the only way to obtain respect and esteem, is to show an example of coolness and courage in the hour of battle—of patience and firmness in moments of suffering and privation—of such exactitude and precision in the fulfillment of all duties as will stimulate others to do the same."

"Every nation which is resolved to be free must eventually become so."  
"Let it always be remembered that although the pen may prepare men's minds for a change, it is the sword which ultimately will decide between Slavery and Liberty."

"In times of civil commotion, when citizen is arrayed against citizen, and the ruled against the rulers, no man does his duty if he remain neutral."

"792. And why, among public men, does evil preponderate over good? Why is it that ambition itself does not induce men to perform laudable deeds? The fault lies with the people; because they do not honor truth and frown down intrigue; because each individual concentrates his thoughts upon his private interests to the exclusion of all public spirit. In short, because man is not faithful to Principle."

There are numerous penciling to direct attention to strictly military rules, but it is not necessary, as it would throw no light either on the character or plans of the insurgents, to transcribe them here. There is one exception, however: it is the most decidedly marked paragraph in the book, and tends to dimly foreshadow the designs of the insurgents. Here it is, transcribed from page 135:

"He says, in conclusion, [that is Gen. Dufour says]: The sum of all that precedes is, that mountain warfare ought to display remarkable audacity and activity; that all depends on rapidity of movement and the skill in taking the initiative, even while on the defensive; that it is not by attacking the enemy in his position that he is to be dislodged, but by maneuvering so as to turn him; that in menacing his flank or rear, the enemy should be forced to quit his vantage ground and to attack under disadvantages; in a word, that one ought as much as possible to maneuver on the offensive and fight on the defensive."

I carefully looked over every page of the book, in presence of the Counsel for Virginia here, to see if there was any written comment or name. On the edges of the book, is the name of—  
"L. F. Parsons."

And on page 162 is one word in pencil—"lies"; and it is so characteristic of the spirit of the insurrectionists that the sentence which called forth the brief comment should be quoted. Here it is:

"A good general, a well-organized system, good instruction, and severe discipline, aided by effective establishments, will always make good troops, independently of the cause for which they fight.—*Napoleon*." LIES is the pencilled addition.

"Yes, there is no two ways about it," said the Counsel for Virginia, "these fellows all fought from a principle."

**JUSTICE REISHER'S STATEMENT.**

In order to ascertain the truth of the various rumors with reference to the capture of Capt. Cook, I called on Squire Reisher, the Justice before whom the fugitive was brought, and asked for permission to copy the evidence produced in the case. He is a respectable, middle-looking gentleman, who has already passed middle age. He stated that the testimony had not been committed to paper, but that he would repeat the substance of the evidence of Logan and Fitzhugh if I desired it. I took down his statement in stenographic notes. Here it is:

"I was in my office, about 8 o'clock, when two men came in and asked me to go down with them to the Franklin Hotel. They said they had a man whom they supposed to be Capt. Cook. I told them they should bring him up here before me to my office. They said there were a great many persons there, and likely to be considerable excitement, and I had better go up with them to see him.

"I went there and found this man, supposed to be Cook, with a room full of persons and several outside. I then sat alongside this man they called Cook, and told him that there were accusations to be preferred against him of a very serious nature, and informed him of his rights, put him on his legal guard, told him that he was not obliged to say anything which would incriminate himself. I then found that he looked haggard, and told them to give him something to eat. They did so. There were at the time about forty persons in the room.

"They brought food, and he ate very heartily. I thought the poor fellow had not eaten anything for some time before.

"After he had eaten some time, I asked his accusers what grounds they had to suspect this man to be Capt. Cook.

"They then went on and stated that he had come out of the mountains, and asked for some salt meat; and (this was Fitzhugh) stated that he had been hunting in the mountains and had got out of provisions. He saw a man called Logan, who is a middling rough kind of man, and made signs to him to keep with him. Logan let on he had a store up the road, and that he would give him some salt meat. Fitzhugh winked at Logan, and whispered that he believed this was Cook, when Logan put his hand on his shoulder and said, 'You are my prisoner.'

"The expression of Logan was, that Cook sprang up like a wire trap. He ran his hand into his pocket. Logan, being a stout man, caught him by the arm and held to. They had a great deal of difficulty, both of them, to get him down. Logan is a strong, active man, and yet both of them could hardly restrain him down. Finally they succeeded in getting him down. They then took away his arms. He had a pistol and a campaign knife—which is a knife with a fork and a spoon. The pistol was a five-inch revolver, with six barrels, and finely finished. It was fully loaded and capped.

"Finding the excitement increasing, I appointed a special police of six, and had Cook conducted to my office.

"The excitement was a commingled master of pity for the man in the condition he was in, and curiosity to see him.

"As soon as Cook was brought to my office I repeated the advice I had given him at the tavern, to put him on his legal guard—when he said that if such was the law he choose to remain quiet, and not answer any question.

"I then swore the accusers.  
"Fitzhugh was the first witness, and repeated his statements made at the tavern."

I inquired where these men captured Cook.  
"At Mount Alto," the Justice said, "near Hugh's foundries."

"The hardest place in this country," said a bystander.  
"In what respect?" I asked. "Do you mean morally?"

"Yes," he said; "they are the hardest people in this section there—just such folk as would delight to do such actions. Cook could not have chosen a worse locality in all this State than that neighborhood. If he had gone by the North Mountain, he would easily have escaped."

I asked the character of Fitzhugh. He occupies, it appears, a respectable position in the county; he is a nephew of Hughes, the best business man in the county, and is employed as a clerk in his foundries. He told the telegraph operator to send his name in full, as he wanted his uncle Gerrit to see it. He is a nephew of Gerrit Smith, he maintains, by marriage. The last time he was at the North, he said, he called on uncle Gerrit, and complained that he set him down at table "between two free niggers," as he phrased it. He is a native of Maryland, and his family are people of some importance in that State.

Logan, on October 14, 1857, was charged before Justice Reisher with attempting to abduct a free black from Pennsylvania, for the purpose of selling him in Maryland or Virginia. He was remanded for trial, but at the instance of one of his prosecutors, a *nolle prosequi* was entered. He is supposed to have bought him. He bears the reputation of a negro-catcher. Fitzhugh did not wish Logan to be sworn, on the pretext that his evidence was unnecessary, but for the real purpose of concealing the iniquitous part they both had played in the capture of Cook. The Justice overruled the wish.

Logan, after making a rehearsal of the same matter, and saying that Cook would have shot him if he had not held on to his arm, remarked repeatedly that Cook was a good man, a brave man, a man of great nerve; that if there was a brave man in the country, he was one, and if he had been in proper condition he would not have been taken. Both of the accusers praised Cook's bravery. Both testified that, although Cook was nearly finished, and a small man, neither of them separately could have managed him.

"After having secured him, they took him down to the house to get something to eat; told him that they pitied his case very much; that he might get clear; that his best course was to go before a magistrate, enter bail, and then, to use Logan's word, *sheet*, or escape.

"They rather got Cook persuaded—Logan did—that he was friendly to him.

"I then asked the witness," said the magistrate, "if he had made any offer or promise of reward to the prisoner in order to produce this change in his feelings?"

"He denied having made any other than that to go before a magistrate would be the easiest way to get off."

"After being sworn, Logan was asked if Cook had made any declaration with regard to whom he was."

"Logan hesitated.  
"The question was repeated.  
"He hesitated again.  
"The question was put again.

"We waited for some time for an answer. I told him he was bound to tell the truth and the whole truth with reference to any conversation he had had with Cook.

"Well, he said, if he must, he must, but that he did not like it. To my mind," said the magistrate, "when he was making this statement he wanted to tell all; he wanted to say what he spoke, but not in the presence of Cook. I can compare it to nothing but a girl saying No, no, to what she's wanting all the time.

"He then stated that the prisoner had told him that he was Capt. Cook.

"Cook had stood behind my chair all the time thus far, but now he rather pressed himself forward and looked at Logan just like a dead man looks at one. Logan cringed beneath his look.

"Logan stated that Cook confessed having been at Harper's Ferry.

"Here the counsel for Cook made some objections, and spoke disrespectfully of Logan. The witness seemed rather to get cross with the counsel, and in proof of one statement pulled out of his pocket a commission made out to Cook by John Brown.

"Logan fairly cringed under the look Cook gave him as he pulled out this paper.

"Yes, he betrayed Cook—the scoundrel," said a bystander.

"Logan said that this was the commission he got from Cook. He then went on and read the commission. It was signed by Brown as Commander-in-Chief, and I think it was countersigned by Kagi. It was a printed commission; one lire of letters, in the form of an arrow, was very peculiar; I could not read it; I never saw such letters before. It was made out to Cook as captain. It was marked No. 4.

"After hearing this testimony, I thought the evidence was sufficient to authorize me to hold the prisoner over to answer. I committed him to prison that night."

In further conversation with the magistrate, he described Cook's manners and personal appearance so accurately as to leave no doubt on my own mind that the unfortunate captured fugitive is he.

"In the short time I was with him," he said, "I thought him a gentleman. There was no sign of bad breeding about the man. There was a great deal of candor about him. He is evidently a very brave man. There was not a man here but thought him a person of determination and courage."

Fitzhugh, having the best social position, finds more defenders here than Logan. But he is evidently the more guilty of the two, merely, after disarming and overpowering him, they loaded him with irons to bring him to town. Cook's offered word of honor and entreaties were impotent to prevent this indignity.

Logan never acts on impulse. The price of blood is already troubling him, and the cold chills—so I was told—came over him as he thought for the first time of the probable vengeance of the Abolition Carbons of America.



### COOK IN JAIL.

The conduct in prison was in keeping with his bearing in Court. He refused to answer all questions, and when addressed as Cook, or when inquiries were cunningly proposed to him about Harper's Ferry, merely answered that he had not admitted that he was Cook. He asked for books, and spent the day in reading.

### PUBLIC FEELING.

The public pulse here throbs with pity for Cook. His coolness, his unassuming but undaunted demeanor, has elicited universal admiration. Unlike John Brown in the motives which guide him, he will, I have no doubt, be as firm as the old man before the cowardly Court to which, as I now write, he is rapidly hurrying.

Both here and in Philadelphia, the conduct of Cook and of Brown is arousing a deeper and broader Anti-Slavery sentiment (outside, as well as inside, of Abolition circles), which even Kansas, with all its horrors and outrages, failed signally to create. Why? IT HAS APPEALED TO THE RELIGIOUS NATURE OF THE PEOPLE, and water is beginning to flow from the Rock Horeb.

### THE ARREST OF CAPT. COOK.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

CHAMBERSBURG, Saturday, Oct. 29, 1859.

There were murmurings in this town the other day about the unfairness with which Capt. Cook had been treated—first by his captors, Logan and Fitzhugh, and subsequently by the counsel for Virginia here, a pettifogger of the name of Douglas. I had not time to investigate the justice of the murmurs, but, being obliged by business to return here yesterday, I have since tried to discover the justice of the popular charges. They are not unfounded.

First: Cook was seized by two strong men, suddenly and without warning, when they were pretending to lead him—haggard and famished and weak from sickness—to their house, or a neighbor's, to buy food for himself and companions. They chained him, after disarming him, put him into a wagon, which was driven by Logan, and which Fitzhugh accompanied on horseback. Logan offered to release Cook if he or his friends would pay him the reward offered for his arrest by Governor Wise. Capt. Cook promised to do so, and gave him his commission to keep. It was evidently his only chance, to trust to this man's honor. For, when brought before the Magistrate, the commission would have been found on him, and his identity established beyond the possibility of error. The reason why he kept his commission was to facilitate his escape to the North; to prove his identity and the identity of his four companions as soon as they should reach the first station of the Underground Railroad.

The idea of arrest never entered into their calculations. There were five of them—all men of desperate courage, all armed to the teeth, each having a Sharp's rifle, four revolvers and a bowie-knife, with an abundance of ammunition. Cook, not knowing how minutely he had been described, nor that a reward was on his head, and being the leading spirit of the party, not willing to risk the life of any of his companions—who had less knowledge of men and the world than he—descended from the mountains to buy food; and, as an untoward fate would have it, into the neighborhood of the very worst men of the very worst township of this State.

Logan, probably, would have kept his word, had he been able to do so; and, at the same time—though not otherwise—to pocket his reward. But Fitzhugh, partly from political motives—he is a malignant politician—and partly from prudential considerations, refused to share the spoils; for the reason, it is openly said here by men who know him best, that, being cautious, and not caring to trust his companion, to whom, to save him, the reward would have been paid, he preferred to get \$500 without fail from Gov. Wise than to run the risk of Logan getting a cool thousand, and keeping it. Whether Cook could have paid \$1,000, as I did not see him, of course I not know; but that the offer was made and accepted by Logan there is no manner of doubt—unless all men are liars and Fitzhugh a man of inflexible integrity, which his reputation will not permit us to believe.

The treachery of Logan, therefore, consisted in producing Cook's commission AFTER HAVING SOLEMNLY TAKEN AN OATH to conceal it, and help to permit him to escape. No wonder that, as the Justice said, Logan "fairly crouched beneath Cook's stare;" no wonder, now, that, knowing that all honest men scorn him, and having the fear of the Abolition League around him, he "felt all over off a cold shudder when he came to think of it," as he himself declared.

Second: The Justice remanded Cook to prison to wait a requisition from the Governor. It is the indecent haste with which it was brought, served, and the prisoner carried off, that makes Douglas, the hiring attorney of this town—the counsel for Virginia—the object of contempt to all men of humane feeling, irrespective altogether of their political proclivities, and their opinion of the character of the affair of Harper's Ferry.

Capt. Cook has a wealthy brother-in-law in New-York, who telegraphed that he was coming down to see him. He was expected to arrive by the noon train on Thursday. The requisition came at that train, but the brother-in-law did not arrive till 4 o'clock. It was known to Douglas that he would arrive without fail that day. But he would give the poor prisoner no chance to speak with the expected relative; he insisted that he should be hurried off to certain death in Virginia, without the slightest opportunity of sending messages to his distracted mother, sister and father.

The requisition was directed to Mr. Kimball, (a brother-in-law of Attorney-General Black), the presiding Judge of this Judicial District. Forgetting the decencies of his high station, as well as all considerations of humanity, he encouraged Douglas in his eager haste for Cook's blood, went to the prison with him, signed the necessary document there, and ordered the Deputy Sheriff to surrender the prisoner to the Virginia authorities.

Capt. Cook was astonished, as he had been told that his relative was coming, and that he would be permitted to see him. He asked that his counsel might be sent for, in order that at least, if he could not see his brother-in-law, he might be permitted to intrust a message to a man on whom he could rely.

"No," even this moderate request was sternly refused, and within twenty minutes from the time of the arrival of the train that brought it, the requisition was signed. The Justice called on to make the necessary acknowledgements to enable his captors to receive the price of blood, and the unfortunate brave boy, Capt. John E. Cook was surrounded by armed men, and on his way to Charlestown jail and a Virginia scaffold. The brother-in-law arrived, as I did, by the 5 o'clock train, to find that he had come too late.

Great praise is justly awarded here to Mr. A. K. McClure, the counsel for Capt. Cook, for his generous exertions in his behalf. Legal extremes met in this case; all the rights that the law permitted, in mercy and in meanness, were exerted in Cook's behalf or Virginia's "interests."

Douglas had the hard-heartedness, even, to deny to Cook's counsel that a requisition had arrived, or would arrive that day, at the very time when the Virginia authorities were hurrying the prisoner off to Charlestown.

Cook's companions were in town the night after his arrest. They are now out of danger. Cook named three of them to his counsel; but refused to say who the fourth was; as, he said, his name was not known to any one; and he had not been implicated in the affair. In this respect, not knowing what the papers found at Harper's Ferry had developed, he was mistaken; but his generous spirit is no less commendable on that account. His gentlemanly conduct, his youth, and his brave carriage here, have aroused a general feeling of sympathy in his behalf; and if he suffers death on a Virginia scaffold it will have a deep-reaching effect on the growth and development of the Anti-Slavery sentiment of this part of Pennsylvania. His exhibition, as if he were a wild beast, to the mob at Hagerstown has excited a universal feeling of disgust here.

Douglas gives as his reason for hurrying the Captain off to Virginia that he "did not know but there might be 200 Abolition desperadoes in town;" and that if it had been known that Cook was to be taken off at a given hour, there would have been a great excitement about it.

Considerate Douglas! As for Cook's right to see his counsel, he said, the Captain had no more right to it than a prisoner after condemnation would have in going to the scaffold!



Details of Arrest of Capt. John E. Cook in Chambersburg.

Correspondence of the Baltimore American.

CHAMBERSBURG, Oct. 26, 1859.

Our town was thrown into quite a fever last evening by a rumor that the veritable Capt. Cook, of Harper's Ferry notoriety, had been arrested yesterday in the South Mountain by Messrs. Fitzhugh and Logan. Upon inquiry I found that the two gentlemen named had arrived in town about dark with a prisoner whom they were satisfied was Capt. Cook. He was taken to the Franklin Hotel, where he ate his supper with great composure, and conversed freely with all who were about him. After supper he was taken before Esquire Reisher, and had a hearing. Counsel were employed on both sides, and a crowd of some three hundred congregated on the street in front of the Justice's office.

Mr. Fitzhugh testified that the prisoner had come down from the mountain about noon that day, to Mount Alto Iron Works, and wanted to buy some bacon; he represented that he was with a hunting party from Chambersburg, and that they were after deer; he had no gun, but had a powder flask swung over his shoulder, and a couple of loaves of bread tied up in a handkerchief; Mr. Fitzhugh knew that he could not be hurting with a Chambersburg party, and as he answered the description given of Cook perfectly, he at once communicated his suspicions to Logan, who had been with Fitzhugh all the time. Logan and Fitzhugh seized him the first favorable opportunity that presented, and as soon as they took hold of him he thrust his hand into his coat pocket, but they caught his arm; he struggled fearfully, and only submitted when two stronger men than himself had hold of his arms, and violence was threatened him in case of further resistance; he was then searched, and a revolver found in his pocket, and a quantity of ammunition adapted to Sharpe's rifle; also, when they were searching him, they felt something inside of his clothing on his breast; when asked what it was, he answered that it was his wife's daguerreotype; they did not at that time look what it was. When on his way to Chambersburg in a buggy with Logan, he proposed making a call on Logan, with a view to his escape. Logan encouraged him, and he told Logan that he was Captain Cook, and that what he had represented as his wife's daguerreotype, was his pocket book, in which were papers showing his identity beyond doubt. Logan took the pocket-book out, and found in it the following papers:

### HEAD-QUARTERS—WAR DEPARTMENT, NEAR HARPER'S FERRY, Md.

Whereas John E. Cook has been nominated a Captain in the army established under the PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT. Now, THEREFORE, in pursuance of the authority invested in us by said CONSTITUTION, we do hereby APPOINT AND COMMISSION said John E. Cook, captain.

Given at the office of the Secretary of War, this day, Oct. 15th, 1859.

JOHN BROWN, Commander-in-Chief.

H. KAGI, Secretary of War.

Another paper was a receipt, as follows: Received of Mr. John E. Cook, two dollars on account of notes. Wm. J. STEPHENS.

Oct. 15th, 1859.

Another paper is as follows: J. E. COOK.

Bot of Charles Johnson, July 7, 1859.

Goods amounting to ..... \$11.00  
Gave a note for the above amount, endorsed by Alfreton Burton, payable in six months from date, which will be January 6, 1860. J. E. COOK.

The above paper, all but the signature, is in a very fine hand—doubtless written by a female. The signature is in a bold and legible hand—evidently the signature of Cook himself.

Another important paper was found in his pocket-book. A small piece of parchment, about six inches long and one and a half broad, with a string tied in one end of it, and on it was written in a legible hand, the following:

"One of a pair of pistols presented by Gen. Lafayette to General Washington, and worn by Gen. W. during the Revolution—descended to Judge Washington, and by him bequeathed to George C. Washington, and by him to Lewis W. Washington, 1854."

This last paper was attached to the pistol the paper refers to, which was taken with other articles by Cook and his party during the insurrection. The pistol is in Cook's carpet-bag, which is in possession of several of his companions, who were yesterday in the South Mountain, within half a mile of the place where Cook was arrested.

The pocket-book also has the following written inside of it in bold letters: "John E. Cook, Harper's Ferry."

There were several other papers in the pocket-book, containing drawings of roads, &c., about Harper's Ferry. All the papers are in the possession of Logan and Fitzhugh.

After the testimony of Logan and Fitzhugh had been taken, and the papers read before the Justice, Mr. Aughtinbaugh, formerly of Hagerstown, was examined. He stated that he recognized the prisoner as a man who had been introduced to him in Hagerstown, about nine months ago, as Mr. Cook. The testimony here closed, and the prisoner was committed by the Justice without any attempt at opposition by his counsel. He was taken to prison by the Sheriff, and the vast crowd followed most of the way. There was no disposition either to rescue him or to do him violence, but there was great curiosity on the part of the crowd to get a sight of him. This could only be done very imperfectly at the street corners where the lamps were burning.

That the prisoner is Capt. John E. Cook, of Harper's Ferry, seems to be settled beyond doubt. He is about five feet seven inches in height, has long light hair, inclined to curl a little, quite fair complexion, and light mustache and whiskers. The sides of his face are almost free from beard, but there is more on his chin. He does not shave at all. He is quite thin, would not weigh over 140 lbs., though he has been nearly starved and sick most of the time since he left Harper's Ferry. Excepting to his counsel, he does not answer any questions respecting himself, and the public of course do not know what he has communicated to them.

Search is now being made by quite a number of people for Cook's companions he left in the mountains yesterday, and also for the carpet-bag. Cook directed that if the carpet-bag should be found, the pistol should be returned to Washington, adding that Washington was a perfect gentleman, that they had been shooting together frequently at Harper's Ferry. That the prisoner desires the pistol to be returned I have no doubt; but the fate of the pistol is most uncertain, for Cook's companions may have hid the carpet-bag and its contents, or they may have fled and taken the pistol along with them.

One of the gentlemen who arrested Capt. Cook—Mr. Fitzhugh—is a near relative of How Garret Smith.

Cook, Brown's lieutenant in his negro rising scheme, who escaped to Pennsylvania, but was tracked out and carried back to Virginia, is likely to turn traitor to his associates, in order to commend himself to democratic favor, and get clear. He is brother-in-law to Gov. Willard of Indiana, who, with a corps of lawyers, has gone to Virginia, and put Cook in training to save his own neck, and possibly contribute to the materials for making political capital against the republicans, which the democracy are so eagerly clutching at, out of this affair. He has prepared a confession, and an effort is to be made to transfer his case from the Virginia to the United States courts. These circumstances cause him to be looked upon with suspicion by the other prisoners. His is the only case in which political influences have been brought to bear otherwise than adversely, and it will not be surprising if he shall ultimately receive a full and free pardon, whatever may become of his associates who are no more guilty than himself.

COOK IN JAIL.

His conduct in prison was in keeping with his bearing in Court. He refused to answer all questions, and when addressed as Cook, or when inquiries were cunningly proposed to him about Harper's Ferry, merely answered that he had not admitted that he was Cook. He asked for books, and spent the day in reading.

PUBLIC FEELING.

The public pulse here throbs with pity for Cook. His coyness, his uneasiness but undaunted demeanor, has elicited universal admiration. Unlike John Brown in the motives which guide him, he will, I have no doubt, be as firm as the old man before the cowardly Court to which, as I now write, he is rapidly hurrying.

Both here and in Philadelphia, the conduct of Cook and of Brown is arousing a deeper and broader Anti-Slavery sentiment (outside, as well as inside, of Abolition circles), which even Kansas, with all its horrors and outrages, failed signally to create. Why? It has appealed to the religious nature of the people, and water is beginning to flow from the Rock of Hope.

THE ARREST OF CAPT. COOK.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

CHAMBERSBURG, Saturday, Oct. 29, 1859.

There were murmurings in this town the other day about the unfairness with which Capt. Cook had been treated—first by his captors, Logan and Fitzhugh, and subsequently by the counsel for Virginia here, a pettifogger of the name of Douglas. I had not time to investigate the justice of the murmurs, but, being obliged by business to return here yesterday, I have since tried to discover the justice of the popular charges. They are not unfounded.

First: Cook was seized by two strong men, suddenly and without warning, when they were pretending to lead him—haggard and famished and weak from sickness—to their house, or a neighbor's, to buy food for himself and companions. They chained him, after disarming him, put him into a wagon, which was driven by Logan, and which Fitzhugh accompanied on horseback. Logan offered to release Cook if he or his friends, would pay him the reward offered for his arrest by Governor Wise. Capt. Cook promised to do so, and gave him his commission to keep. It was evidently his only chance, to trust to this man's honor. For, when brought before the Magistrate, the commission would have been found on him, and his identity established beyond the possibility of error. The reason why he kept his commission was to facilitate his escape to the North; to prove his identity and the identity of his four companions as soon as they should reach the first station of the Underground Railroad.

The idea of arrest never entered into their calculations. There were five of them—all men of desperate courage, all armed to the teeth, each having a Sharp's rifle, four revolvers and a bowie-knife, with an abundance of ammunition. Cook, not knowing how minutely he had been described, nor that a reward was on his head, and being the leading spirit of the party, not willing to risk the life of any of his companions—who had less knowledge of men and the world than he—descended from the mountains to buy food; and, as an untoward fate would have it, into the neighborhood of the very worst men of the very worst township of this State.

Logan, probably, would have kept his word, had he been able to do so; and, at the same time—though not otherwise—to pocket his reward. But Fitzhugh, partly from political motives—he is a malignant politician—and partly from prudential considerations, refused to share the spoils; for the reason, it is openly said here by men who know him best, that, being cautious, and not caring to trust his companion, to whom, to save him, the reward would have been paid, he preferred to get \$500 without fail from Gov. Wise than to run the risk of Logan getting a cool thousand, and keeping it. Whether Cook could have paid \$1,000, as I did not see him, of course I not know; but that the offer was made and accepted by Logan there is no manner of doubt—unless all men are liars and Fitzhugh a man of inflexible integrity, which his reputation will not permit us to believe.

The treachery of Logan, therefore, consisted in producing Cook's commission AFTER HAVING SOLEMNLY TAKEN AN OATH to conceal it, and help to permit him to escape. No wonder that, as the Justice said, Logan "fairly crouched beneath Cook's stare;" no wonder, now, that, knowing that all honest men scorn him, and having the fear of the Abolition League around him, he "felt all over off a cold shudder when he came to think of it," as he himself declared. The Justice remanded Cook to prison to wait a requisition from the Governor. It is the indecent haste with which it was brought, served, and the prisoner carried off, that makes Douglas, the hiring attorney of this town—the counsel for Virginia—the object of contempt to all men of humane feeling, irrespective altogether of their political proclivities, and their opinion of the character of the affair of Harper's Ferry.

Capt. Cook has a wealthy brother-in-law in New-York, who telegraphed that he was coming down to see him. He was expected to arrive by that train, but on Thursday. The requisition came by that train, but the brother-in-law did not arrive till 4 o'clock. It was known to Douglas that he would arrive without fail that day. But he would give the poor prisoner no chance to speak with the expected relative; he insisted that he should be hurried off to certain death in Virginia, without the slightest opportunity of sending messages to his distracted mother, sister and family.

The requisition was directed to Mr. Kimball, (a brother-in-law of Attorney-General Black), the presiding Judge of this Judicial District. Forgetting the decencies of his high station, as well as all considerations of humanity, he encouraged Douglas in his eager haste for Cook's blood, went to the prison with him, signed the necessary document there, and ordered the Deputy Sheriff to surrender the prisoner to the Virginia authorities.

Capt. Cook was astonished, as he had been told that his relative was coming, and that he would be permitted to see him. He asked that his counsel might be sent for, in order that, at least, if he could not see his brother-in-law, he might be permitted to intrust a message to a man on whom he could rely.

"No," even this moderate request was sternly refused, and within twenty minutes from the time of the arrival of the train that brought it, the requisition was signed. The Justice called on to make the necessary acknowledgements to enable his captors to receive the price of blood, and the unfortunate brave boy, Capt. John E. Cook was surrounded by armed men, and on his way to Charlestown jail and a Virginia scaffold.

The brother-in-law arrived, as I did, by the 5 o'clock train, to find that he had come too late.

Great praise is justly awarded here to Mr. A. K. McClure, the counsel for Capt. Cook, for his generous exertions in his behalf. Legal extremes met in this case; all the rights that the law permitted, in mercy and in meanness, were exerted in Cook's behalf or Virginia's "interests."

Douglas had the hard-heartedness, even, to deny to Cook's counsel that a requisition had arrived, or would arrive that day, at the very time when the Virginia authorities were hurrying the prisoner off to Charlestown.

Cook's companions were in town the night after his arrest. They are none out of danger. Cook named three of them to his counsel; but refused to say who the fourth was; as, he said, his name was not known to any one; and he had not been implicated in the affair. In this respect, not knowing what the papers found at Harper's Ferry had developed, he was mistaken; but his generous spirit is no less commendable on that account. His gentlemanly conduct, his youth, and his brave carriage here, have aroused a general feeling of sympathy in his behalf; and if he suffers death on a Virginia scaffold it will have a deep-reaching effect on the growth and development of the Anti-Slavery sentiment of this part of Pennsylvania. His exhibition, as if he were a wild beast, to the mob at Hagerstown has excited a universal feeling of disgust here.

Douglas gives as his reason for hurrying the Captain off to Virginia that he "did not know but there might be 200 Abolition desperadoes in town;" and that if it had been known that Cook was to be taken off at a given hour, there would have been a great excitement about it.

Considerate Douglas! As for Cook's right to see his counsel, he said, the Captain had no more right to it than a prisoner after condemnation would have in going to the scaffold!

By James Redpath

Details of Arrest of Capt. John E. Cook at Chambersburg.

On the morning of the 29th of October, 1859, at 10 o'clock, a train of the Pennsylvania Railroad, containing a party of five men, arrived at Chambersburg. The party consisted of Capt. Cook, of Harper's Ferry, and Messrs. Fitzhugh and Logan. Upon inquiry I found that the two gentlemen named had carried off with them a prisoner whom they were to send to Capt. Cook. He was taken to the house of the Justice, where he and his captors will great pomp and circumstance, with all who were about the place, were taken before Magistrate Robinson, and had a hearing. Counsel were employed on both sides, and a crowd of some three hundred citizens gathered in front of the Justice's office.

Mr. Fitzhugh testified that the prisoner had come down from the mountains about noon that day, to Mount Alto Iron Works, and wanted to buy some bacon; he represented that he was with a hunting party from Chambersburg, and that they were after deer; he had no gun, but had a bowie-knife, which he had over his shoulder, and a couple of loaves of bread tied up in a handkerchief. Mr. Fitzhugh knew that he could not get hunting with a Chambersburg party, and as he answered the description given of Cook, he, at once, communicated his suspicions to Logan, who had been with Fitzhugh all the time. Logan said it might be his first favorable opportunity that presented, and as soon as they took hold of him he thrust his hand into his coat pocket, and they caught his arms as he struggled feebly, and only subdued when two stronger men than himself had hold of his arms, and violence was threatened him in case of further resistance he was then searched, and a revolver found in his pocket, and a quantity of ammunition adapted to Sharp's rifle, also, when they were searching him, they felt something in one of his clothing on his breast; when asked what it was, he answered that it was his wife's daguerreotype; they did not at that time look what it was. When on his way to Chambersburg in a wagon with Logan, he proposed making a confidant of Logan with a view to his escape. Logan encouraged him, and he told Logan that he was Captain Cook, and that what he had represented as his wife's daguerreotype, was his pocket-book, in which were papers showing his identity beyond doubt. Logan took the pocket-book out, and found in it the following papers:

No. 4. HEAD-QUARTERS—WAR DEPARTMENT, NEAR HARPER'S FERRY, Md.

Whereas John E. Cook has been nominated a Captain in the army established under the PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT, Now, THEREFORE, In pursuance of the authority invested in us by said Constitution, We do hereby APPOINT AND COMMISSION said John E. Cook, Captain.

Given at the office of the Secretary of War, this 10th day of Oct. 15th, 1859.

JOHN BROWN, Commander-in-Chief

H. KAVAN, Secretary of War.

Another paper was a receipt, as follows: Received of Mr. John E. Cook, two dollars on account of note. Wm. J. SCOTT, Secy.

Oct. 14th, 1859.

Another paper is as follows: J. E. Cook.

Box of Charles Johnson, July 7, 1859.

Goods amounting to \$11.09. Gave a note for the above amount, endorsed by Alfred Burton, payable in six months from date, which will be January 6, 1860. J. E. Cook.

The above paper, all but the signature, is in a very fine hand—doubtless written by a female. The signature is in a bold and legible hand—evidently the signature of Cook himself.

Another important paper was found in his pocket-book. A small piece of parchment, about six inches long and one and a half broad, with a string tied in one end of it, and on it was written in a legible hand, the following: "One of a pair of pistols presented by Gen. Lafayette to General Washington, and worn by Gen. W. during the Revolution—descended to Judge Washington, and by him bequeathed to George C. Washington, and by him to Lewis W. Washington, 1854."

This last paper was attached to the pistol the paper refers to, which was taken with other articles by Cook and his party during the insurrection. The pistol is in Cook's carpet-bag, which is in possession of several of his companions, who were yesterday in the South Mountain, within half a mile of the place where Cook was arrested.

The pocket-book also has the following, written inside of it in bold letters: "John E. Cook, Harper's Ferry."

There were several other papers in the pocket-book, containing drawings of roads, &c., about Harper's Ferry. All the papers are in the possession of Logan and Fitzhugh.

After the testimony of Logan and Fitzhugh had been taken, and the papers read before the Justice, Mr. Aughlin, formerly of Hagerstown, was examined. He stated that he recognized the prisoner as a man who had been introduced to him at Hagerstown, about nine months ago, as Mr. Cook. The testimony here closed, and the prisoner was committed by the Justice without any attempt at opposition by his counsel. He was taken to prison by the Sheriff, and the vast crowd followed most of the way. There was no disposition either to rescue him or to do him violence, but there was great curiosity on the part of the crowd to get a sight of him. This could only be done very imperfectly at the street corners where the lungs were burning.

That the prisoner is Capt. John E. Cook, of Harper's Ferry, seems to be settled beyond doubt. He is about five feet seven inches in height, has long light hair, inclined to curl a little, quite fair complexion, and light mustache and whiskers. The sides of his face are almost free from beard, but there is more on his chin. He does not shave at all. He is quite thin, would not weigh over 130 lbs., though he has been nearly starved and sick most of the time since he left Harper's Ferry. Excepting to his counsel, he does not answer any questions respecting himself, and the public of course do not know what he has communicated to them.

Search is now being made by quite a number of people for Cook's companions he left in the mountains yesterday, and also for the carpet-bag. Cook directed that if the carpet-bag should be found, the pistol should be returned to Washington, adding that Washington was a perfect gentleman, that they had been shooting together frequently at Harper's Ferry. That the prisoner desires the pistol to be returned I have no doubt; but the fate of the pistol is most uncertain, for Cook's companions may have hid the carpet-bag and its contents, or they may have hid and taken the pistol along with them.

One of the gentlemen who arrested Capt. Cook—Mr. Fitzhugh—is a near relative of How Garret Smith.

Cook, Brown's lieutenant in his negro rising scheme, who escaped to Pennsylvania, but was tracked out and carried back to Virginia, is likely to turn traitor to his associates, in order to commend himself to democratic favor, and get clear. He is brother-in-law to Gov Willard of Indiana, who, with a corps of lawyers, has gone to Virginia, and put Cook in training to save his own neck, and possibly contribute to the materials for making political capital against the republicans, which the democracy are so eagerly clutching at, out of this affair. He has prepared a confession, and an effort is to be made to transfer his case from the Virginia to the United States courts. These circumstances cause him to be looked upon with suspicion by the other prisoners. His is the only case in which political influences have been brought to bear otherwise than adversely, and it will not be surprising if he shall ultimately receive a full and free pardon, whatever may become of his associates who are no more guilty than himself.



Gov. Willard and Capt. Cook. We learn from the Indianapolis Sentinel of yesterday, that Gov. Willard, who is a brother-in-law of Brown's confederate, Cook, has left Indianapolis for the scene of the trial, with the view of rendering his unfortunate relation whatever legitimate assistance he can. The Governor was accompanied, at his earnest request, by Hon. J. E. McDonald and D. W. Vorhees. Says the Sentinel:

Every right-minded person will appreciate the considerations which prompt Governor Willard—the warm-hearted affection which influences him to do all in his power to save the brother of a devoted wife from a felon's doom. Less than this he cannot do. He would be devoid of manliness and the instincts of a generous nature if he did not do all in his power to save his relative from an ignominious death.

### The Case of Cook.

Governor WILLARD, according to telegraphic rumors, has succeeded in his mission.—Cook, his brother-in-law, and the lieutenant of Old Brown, it is reported, will be tried not by the state of Virginia, but in the United States District Court. This will give him a better chance of escaping the sentence of death, or at least of receiving the Executive pardon, than is enjoyed by Brown. The federal court is not likely to be hurried on by the same blind impulse of revenge which characterized the proceedings in Charleston; and even if the offender should be sentenced, Governor WILLARD could easily convince the President that the interests of "the party" required his release. Altogether, says the Evening Post, Cook's prospects, especially if he makes "the right kind of confession," are much brighter than those of any of his confederates.

THE LETTER FROM FREDERICK DOUGLASS, published in this morning's paper, is characteristically violent, and unjust to the very men whom he by such influence as he possesses been urging on to their own ruin. What right has he to sneer at any men for running away, even if the fact of flight were proved? More than all, what right has he to make a false accusation against Cook, declaring that he "deserted the brave old captain and fled to the mountains"? If he knows anything about it, he knows that Cook went upon a dangerous mission to the mountains in the direction of Brown himself; and if he knows nothing about it, he should hold his peace. It is not probable that any one will blame Douglass for running away. But cowardice cannot be expiated by calumny.

COOK, the recently arrested conspirator, is a brother of the wife of Gov. WILLARD, as has before been stated. The Indianapolis Sentinel, of yesterday, says: "It is natural that the immediate relatives of Captain COOK should be deeply affected in view of the probability of his meeting an ignominious punishment for his complicity in the Harper's Ferry affair, and that they should make every effort to avert such a result. Gov. WILLARD, with Hon. J. E. McDonald and D. W. Vorhees, who accompanied him at his earnest request, left last evening for Charlestown, to render young Cook whatever legitimate assistance they can. Every right-minded person will appreciate the considerations which prompt Gov. WILLARD, the warm-hearted affection which influences him to do all in his power to save the brother of a devoted wife from a felon's doom. Less than this he can not do. He would be devoid of manliness and the instincts of a generous nature if he did not do all in his power to save his relative from an ignominious death."

—Gov. Willard, of Indiana, Cook's brother-in-law, is a Democrat. Suppose, on the other hand, Cook had been a brother-in-law of Gov. Seward or Gov. Morgan, and these gentlemen had gone down to Virginia to defend their relative. What a howl the Democratic press of the country would have raised over the fact! How zealously they would have harped over it as the evidence of their complicity in the insurrection! The circumstances being altered they sing a different tune.

There is something very suspicious about the conduct of Cook, the last of Brown's men who was arrested, and about the treatment he receives. He is to be handed over to the U. S. authorities, while his case is in no respect different from that of Brown, which Virginia, with her usual contempt for "national" things, assumed to dispose of, though one of the greatest lawyers of the age, Gen. Cushing, has clearly showed that she had no jurisdiction. The reason of this is, that he has a friend at court, in the person of Governor Willard, of Indiana, who married his sister, and who is one of the most influential leaders of the Northwestern democracy. Every thing indicates that the business is to be "cooked" for the benefit of the accused, and that he, in return, is to make such confessions, not of facts as they are, but as shall please the democracy, who wish to get evidence against the chiefs of the Republicans, but who care little whether it shall be true or not, provided it be plausible. If they have a preference either way, it is for lies, as being things they are most familiar with, and best adapted to do them service. It is an old trick with governments, when seeking to get rid of their foes, to treat with men who have forfeited their lives, for evidence against them. Men who turn State's evidence, and who give their testimony under the gallows, are not to be believed, as they are interested parties, and rascals besides. Of such fellows, the most degraded of all creatures, it used to be said, in the Stuart times, "that they fished for prey, like tame cormorants, with ropes round their necks." Cook, if it would seem, is to be the Howard of Esrick of the Armory Plot, and whatever he may say should be received with great caution by the public.

### Confession of Cook.

Special Dispatch to The N. Y. Tribune.

CHARLESTOWN, Wednesday, Nov. 9, 1859.

The confession of Cook, which was yesterday read in Court, is jealously guarded, for purposes to be hereafter developed. Its importance is hardly sufficient to warrant such care. The document, which filled twenty-one pages of foolscap, threw comparatively little new light on the Harper's Ferry affair. It was mostly a record of Cook's personal experiences. It related how he first became acquainted with Brown in 1856, just after the battle of Black Jack; how he was induced to join Brown to cooperate with him in his labors for securing the freedom of Kansas; how certain expeditions for rescuing slaves from Missouri, and setting them free in Canada, were accomplished, and similar details equally irrelevant. The more important portions were those which told of the Convention held in Canada, at which the well-known constitution was framed; of the military training under Stevens, which Brown's party went through, altering their original intention, which was to be instructed by Col. Forbes, and of his own exploration of Jefferson County, Va., under Brown's directions, to prepare the way for the insurrection.

Gerrit Smith, Fred. Douglass, Dr. S. G. Howe, and others, were mentioned in the confession, but not in a way to deeply implicate them. Their connection with Brown involved, however, the presentation of pistols, money, &c. Cook said that the time of the invasion would have been different but for the information given by Col. Forbes. But, altogether, the confession does not bear very strongly upon the case, and it is the opinion of the Court that Cook has withheld the greater part of his knowledge. For certain reasons the paper is kept secret, and will not be permitted to be published at present.

THREATENING VENGEANCE.—It appears that a band of abolitionists of Boston, incensed at the conduct of Messrs. Logan and Fitzhugh, the gentlemen who arrested "Captain" Cook, near Chambersburg, have determined to come on this way and administer upon them proper punishment for their "inhuman and inhuman treachery." They have addressed letters to the authorities of Chambersburg to that effect, and in one of them make the bold assertion, that "this band of desperadoes will leave here (Boston) in a few days, with the determination never again to turn their faces northward, and retrace their steps, until the base treachery and dastardly crime of Logan and his more infamous associates are wiped out with their blood." We would advise them, before coming this way, to make their wills, as we have no abolitionists in this community to give them "aid and comfort."—Harrisburg Patriot.

It is reported by telegraph that Cook, who was arrested in Pennsylvania and delivered to Virginia on requisition from the Governor, for participation in the Harper's Ferry affair, is busily engaged in getting up a "confession," in the hope of a pardon. Doubtless, if he can make out a sufficiently probable story against prominent men in the North, to last till after the elections of next week, he may save his own miserable life. Those who engage him in that business should consider that a temporary success, gained by such disreputable means, is sure to be followed by a reaction. We hope that every man concerned in the atrocious affair at Harper's Ferry, whether as principal or accessory, will be exposed and punished; and we hope that every one who, for political effect, brings a false charge of complicity against an innocent man will likewise be exposed and punished.

It seems that Cook, the lieutenant of "Old Brown," is a brother-in-law of Gov. Willard of Indiana, who has gone to Virginia to confer with his relative. None of Gov. Willard's political opponents, we trust, would be so base as to insinuate that he had any complicity in the crime for which his misguided kinsman is under arrest. But suppose that, instead of being a good Democrat, he was a Black Republican; suppose that any Republican could be proved to be a brother-in-law of one of the conspirators; and should visit him, what a howl would rise from the Democratic press.

CHARLESTOWN, VA., Nov. 9.

The trial of Cook commenced yesterday, and the Court room was crowded. Gov. Willard and Mr. Crowley, brothers in law of the prisoner, were seated beside him. He pleaded not guilty to all the counts in the indictment except that of treason.

The prisoner was well dressed, firm and dignified. The demurrer to the treason count was argued and overruled by the Court. The jury were then sworn, and the same questions put to them as in Brown's case. Mr. Green, for the prisoner, admitted the fact of a conspiracy with slaves to rebel, which was punishable with death or imprisonment for life. Mr. Hunter then rose and read the confession of Cook, as written by himself. There were twenty-five foolscap pages. Nothing new was elicited by it except that he implicated Fred. Douglass and Dr. Howe of Boston. The confession will be published in a pamphlet form for the benefit of Samuel C. Young, who was wounded at Harper's Ferry.

To-day was spent in taking testimony and opening the argument for the State. The public feeling against Cook is stronger than against any other of the prisoners. He is regarded as having been a spy for the insurrectionists. Strong efforts will be made by Gov. Willard to save his life.

### Governor Willard's Visit to Cook.

[Correspondence of The Baltimore Sun.]

CHARLESTOWN, (VA.) Oct. 29.

Governor Willard, of Indiana, visited his brother-in-law, Cook, yesterday in jail, in company with Senator Mason. Mr. Mason proposed to the Governor to retire when the latter entered, suggesting that he would probably prefer that his interview should be private, and also for the reason that anything Cook might say he should feel bound to testify to if called upon as a witness. Governor Willard very promptly replied that he himself would be a witness in court to any facts Cook might communicate, and insisted that Mr. Mason should be present. Gov. Willard urged Cook to make a full confession of all he knew connected with the affair at Harper's Ferry, in order to exonerate those who were innocent, and to punish those who were implicated, as the only atonement he could now make. Cook signified his willingness to do so, and he will probably make a written confession. He told Cook that he had nothing to hope for but death. Gov. Willard states that his family had lost sight of Cook for several years, and supposed he was dead, until reading his name in the papers he determined to visit Charlestown to ascertain if he was his relative. Mrs. Willard, he states, is in great distress at the conduct of her brother.

Special Dispatch to the Baltimore Sun.  
Latest from Harper's Ferry and Charlestown, Va.

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson Co., Oct. 23d.—Captain Charles Campbell, of Chambersburg, Pa., and Mr. W. Hauser, arrived here on horseback from Carlisle to-day, and had an interview with Andrew Hunter, Esq., assisting the commonwealth's attorney. They informed him they had captured and committed to Carlisle jail, at 2 o'clock yesterday, one of the fugitive insurgents, who they think is Cook. They had an interview with the prisoners in jail, who say the man's name is Hazlett. Old Brown refused to talk to them.

Mr. Hunter dispatched an application by mail, under charge of Mr. Price, mail agent for Gov. Wise, for a requisition on the governor of Pennsylvania for the arrested party. The governor has also been telegraphed.

The prisoner, Stevens, is still living. Coppee now says he had an elder brother with him, but does not know what became of him. Old Brown gave the sheriff the order on Dr. Murphy, paymaster of the Harper's Ferry army, for the \$305 taken from him, to purchase comforts for himself and the prisoners.

## From Charlestown, Va.

### SENTENCE OF COOK AND OTHER INSURRECTIONISTS.

CHARLESTOWN, Nov. 11.

When the prisoners were brought out for sentence, the negroes, Copeland and Green, declined to say anything. Cook and Coppie both addressed the Court, denying that they had any knowledge of Brown's intention to seize the Ferry until the Sunday previous, when they were called upon to take the oath of obedience to their commander. They expected to be punished, but did not think they should be hung.

Hazlett will not be tried until the May term of the Court.

The negroes are to be hung on the morning of the 16th, and the whites during the afternoon of the same day.

BY MAIL.

### What Cook's Confession Shows—Another Talk with Old Brown.

The Virginia Free Press, after stating that Judge Parker had overruled a motion to strike out the charge of treason against Cook, one of the Harper's Ferry insurgents, says:

"The point will be carried to the Appellate Court. If this court affirms the ruling of Judge Parker, there will be the end of the case, and Cook will have to expiate his outrageous crimes upon the scaffold; but if this ruling should be reversed, and Cook thereby placed within the ability of the Governor to pardon, we have no doubt that the most earnest efforts will be made in his behalf."

The Press argues at considerable length against extending executive clemency to Cook, as it regards him as more criminal than his confederates.

Cook's confession fills twenty-one pages of footsore, but throws comparatively little new light on the Harper's Ferry affair. It was mostly a record of Cook's personal experiences. It related how he first became acquainted with Brown in 1856, just after the battle of Black Jack; how he was induced to join Brown to co-operate with him in his labors for securing the freedom of Kansas; how certain expeditions for rescuing slaves from Missouri, and setting them free in Canada, were accomplished, and similar details equally irrelevant. The more important portions were those which told of the Convention held in Canada, at which the well-known constitution was framed; of the military training under Stevens, which Brown's party went through, altering their original intention, which was to be instructed by Col. Forbes, and of his own exploration of Jefferson county, Va., under Brown's directions, to prepare the way for the insurrection.

Gerrit Smith, Fred. Douglass, Dr. S. G. Howe, and others, were mentioned in the confession, but it is said, not in a way to deeply implicate them. Their connection with Brown involved, however, the presentation of pistols, money, &c. Cook said that the time of the invasion would have been different, but for the information given by Col. Forbes. But, altogether, the confession does not bear very strongly upon the case, and it is the opinion of the court that Cook has withheld the greater part of his knowledge. The confession is to be published in pamphlet form, and copyrighted.

A correspondent writing from Charlestown, says: "I have just been to see 'old Captain Brown.' I inquired after his health and condition. He replied that his recent wounds had caused some inflammation in an old one, received, doubtless, in some of his 'Kansas work,' with that exception he was easy in mind and body, and thought he had done his duty to God and man. If it was decreed that he should suffer for it, very well; it was of but small consequence to him. He cared but little any way. I asked him if he had no regret for the valuable lives he had destroyed. The old sinner replied that he had not intended that. In answer to the query, 'If he thought his deeds could be carried out, would he bleed?' he replied, 'It had been done in Missouri.' Just at that point the interview terminated. The prisoners are still guarded with the greatest vigilance. Hundreds of men, all the time under arms, are stationed at the jail."

### Death and Burial of F. J. Merriam.

Special Dispatch to The N. Y. Tribune.

PHILADELPHIA, Wednesday, Oct. 26, 1859.

F. J. Merriam of Boston, who had some connection with the affair at Harper's Ferry, but who escaped before the taking of the Arsenal, has since died of his wounds. He was hurriedly buried in this State by

### Cook Convicted.

Cook, the Lieutenant of Brown, in his foray at Harper's Ferry, a brother-in-law of Gov. Willard, of Indiana, whose arrest by a nephew of Gerrit Smith was one of the exciting causes superinducing insanity in Mr. S., and whose confession was made in the hope of saving his miserable neck, has been convicted of insurrection and murder by the Jury at Charlestown, Va. His counsel moved for a new trial, but the Court denied it. Whatever sympathy may be felt here for the victims of their own folly and weakness, and however much the constancy and fortitude of Old Brown will be applauded and his sad fate commiserated, it is quite certain the people of the North will feel no very great regret at the fate of Cook.—While his confession is not worth the paper it is written on, and does not implicate any person as actively engaged in the plot beside the prisoners, it displays a weakness and want of courage which must sink the man in the eyes of everybody, and exhibits him as a craven and a coward. The treatment which he and his companions received at the hands of the bold Virginians was sufficient to nerve the most miserable wretch in the world to some show of resentment and courage; but Cook sinks beneath it, and his valiant brother-in-law so completely obtains the ascendancy over him as to advise and succeed in obtaining a weak confession from him, in the hope of saving his life. We shall now see what Gov. Wise will do with him: whether he will pardon the coward, whose weakness can only excite disgust, and punish the hero, whose bold conduct under the most disheartening circumstances, renders him an object of admiration even with his enemies, and whose faults and follies are more than recompensed by his virtues and sufferings. Let the chivalry act!

**THE DEMOCRATS RESPONSIBLE.—Capt. Cook, the second in command of the insurrectionists, was formerly an employee in the office of the Philadelphia Ledger.—This, according to the logic of that paper, proves the complicity of that concern in the rebellion. It being a strong Democratic paper, it follows, by the same rule of logic, that the Democratic party is responsible for all the trouble. We must hang the party.**

### Providence Daily Post.

NOVEMBER 3, 1859.

The Hartford Times says that Cook bore a rather scaly character at home in Haddam, where he was known as a person always making trouble and always running like a coward from those whom he provoked." We have heard it said he left Haddam on account of a certain 'love' scrape. His father is a rank Abolitionist, who often declared in Bleeding Kansas times, that President Buchanan 'ought to be hung.' The younger Cook has always been of the same politics as his father, and spoke at a Fremont Abolition meeting in Hartford. Gov. Willard, of Indiana, married one of his sisters; a wealthy merchant in Brooklyn, N. Y., married another, and a wealthy Indiana physician married another. Haddam people, who know Cook well, inform us that he will probably make a whole confession of the facts about the Abolition plot."

That Cook was in good standing with the Republicans, is apparent from the following brief article which we copy from the Hartford Courant, a Republican paper, of Sept. 1st, 1856:

"KANSAS MEETING.—John E. Cook, Esq., a lawyer from Lawrence, Kansas, is expected in town to-day, and will speak at Touro Hall this (Monday) evening, to the citizens of Hartford, (who are invited to come without regard to party.)

upon the wrongs and the wants of Kansas. Mr. Cook went from Haddam to Kansas, and while there has made himself perfectly familiar with the movements of both parties; those movements, and the sources of his information will be made known this evening. He starts for Kansas on Thursday, at the head of a brave company of men, who go prepared to defend themselves from attack, and to give the Rufians an opportunity, if they can or dare, to earn the reward of eleven hundred dollars, which has been offered for his scalp. We are assured that he is a brave, fearless man, and desires them. Let there be a grand rally to hear the truth."

In a conversation which some of the reporters had with Cook, after his arrest and arrival at Charlestown, Cook told them that if Brown had taken his advice and retreated to the mountains at once, with his prisoners and what arms he could gather, they would have been able to succeed, and as it was the enterprise only failed through the cowardice of the negro abolitionist, Fred. Douglass. That individual was to have arrived at the school-house with a large band early on Monday, but Cook says, "I conveyed the arms there for him and waited till nearly night, but the coward didn't come."

## The Atlas & Daily Bee.

BOSTON:

SATURDAY MORNING OCT. 29.

### Reminiscences

OF THE

## INSURRECTIONISTS.

No. VIII.

For The Atlas and Daily Bee.

FRANCIS J. MERRIAM.

"A box of percussion caps was discovered. It was brought here, and directed to the care of MARION—one of the killed insurgents."

This paragraph, (I quote from memory,) was published several days ago, in the Baltimore Sun and the New York Herald. I knew very well who this MARION was, but, suspecting that the telegraph had made a double error—first, in his name, and, secondly, in its statement of his death, I religiously kept the secret and hoped against hope.

The next public information relating to my late companion was contained in the special correspondence of the New York Herald, dated Harper's Ferry, Oct. 22.

"Who and where is Merriam?" is the heading to the paragraph subjoined:

"The following memoranda was found yesterday, written upon ivory tablets, in the pockets of Kagi, who was shot in the Shenandoah River on the retreat from the Rifle Factory."

"MONDAY—Mr. Merriam came; went down with me to M.—J.— (Last word illegible.)"

"TUESDAY—Dimas returned to Mrs. Ritzer's."

"Wrote J. B., Jr."

"Saw Watson and appointed meeting for Thursday eve."

"Saw Carlisle about purchases."

"WEDNESDAY—Wrote Wm. Still."

"Wrote to S. Jones sending men off.—Guerilla operations of Brownville, Texas."

"Leary and Coplin arrived."

"THURSDAY—Received letter from Merriam dated Baltimore."

"FRIDAY—Sent telegram to Merriam at Baltimore."

"SATURDAY—[Blank.]"

"The Merriam referred to in the memoranda is supposed to be a man who stopped at the Wager House on Saturday last, bringing a heavy trunk, which was taken off in a wagon by one of Brown's sons and a negro man. Before leaving the hotel, he registered his name 'F. G. Merriam, Massachusetts,' and took dinner. He then procured paper and wrote a large number of letters, taking peculiar pains to prevent any one from seeing what he had written. It is supposed that he took some part in the doings of Sunday night and escaped in company with Cook and his party. His face was very peculiarly marked with blotches, and a man answering his description, exactly, is known to have registered the name of J. Henry at Chambersburg. It is conjectured that this man had charge of the procuring of the supplies of arms, ammunition, &c. &c. of the provincial army."

"Where is Merriam?"

Not at Chambersburg, in Pennsylvania, nor with Cook, or Cook's party—but where Wise is as powerless to reach him, as he is to save the destined victims of Wise's vengeance.

He has gone to the land where slavery is unknown, and where the desperate attempt at Harper's Ferry, in which he acted a manly part, will be judged by a higher law than the bloody code of Virginia.



He was my friend, and, for many months, my constant companion. It is fitting, therefore, that I should vindicate him now.

I thank God that Merriam's body has not yet been identified; for the savages who *kicked* the bloody corpse of Leary and the chivalrous students who *jammed* a son of Brown into a box to send him off for dissection—openly, in the public street, in the light of day, in the middle of the nineteenth century,—would not hesitate, if they knew him, after reading who he was, to hang, or mutilate, or riddle him with balls.

Francis J. Merriam was a Boston boy. He was the grandson of Francis Jackson, the honored President of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. With the blood, he inherited the spirit of the Jacksons—a stern, inflexibility of will in doing what is right, and in seeing justice done, which neither fear nor flattery nor even friendship can move.

A great many years ago—within the memory, however, of thousands of our citizens—there was a terrible tumult in the city of Boston. A conspiracy, which rendered Cataline's a virtuous act—had been discovered by men of patriotism and integrity. The chief of it, a young man, was paraded through the streets—if I am rightly informed—with a halter around his treacherous neck. The rights of private property even—so great was the fury of the people—were sacrificed on the altar of country. A sign-board was torn down and offered up as a sacrifice! Somehow the culprit got refuge in the house of a merchant, of whom the people demanded the victim of their wrath. All that is ever necessary to put down a mob is a man of determined will. This Boston mob found its master in FRANCIS JACKSON; and WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON was saved.

Men's antecedents begin before their father's birth. The character of my friend, "the killed insurrectionist," was formed before his eyes saw the light. The man who protected Lloyd Garrison was confined in the man who fought with John Brown. Honored be both.

My first acquaintance with Merriam commenced in the summer or autumn of last year. He called to inquire if there was any probability of further trouble in Kansas. He was not yet of age; had spent a year or two in Paris; and was imbued with the ideas of the modern French reformers. The career of Orsini had evidently impressed him. The first article of his creed was the glorious Roman maxim: "That the corpse of a tyrant is the most acceptable sacrifice that can be offered up to Deity."

I gave him no encouragement, and shortly afterwards left for Kansas.

I next saw him in December last. I was sitting in my study, revising the proofs of a book of travels in the Southern States—"The Roving Editor," when a stranger was announced, and Merriam ushered in. I gave him a few sheets to read; in one of them was a vindication of the right of insurrection.

He had thought, he said, that it would be a glorious thing, for a party of Abolitionists, to go as passengers in a coast-wise slave ship, capture it, and take the negroes to Canada or to Hayti. Would I do it? He would go with me, and pay the expenses.

This mild proposition to become a philanthropic pirate hugely pleased me. I love pluck above all things, and this was certainly plucky. But, like the man in the parable, I had a wife and could not go. Besides, there were several other tridding objections. I knew nothing of navigation; I hated the "stormy sea," and I was satisfied with my neck as it was. I would not add a cubit to its stature if I could, at least, not by Federal hemp. Like the lady of the Ingoldsby Legends, I did not fear death, but I could not stand squeezing. It is said to prevent respiration, and I can't live without air.

All that he cared to live for, he said, was to advance the anti-slavery enterprise. He had thought of giving his fortune to the Anti-Slavery Society, but if he could do anything himself with his money, he would prefer to do so.

I urged him to go to Jamaica and collect the facts favorably to emancipation there.

He declined to do so, from lack of confidence in his ability, but advised me to carry out the suggestion myself.

Shortly afterwards he urged me to go down with him to Hayti; he offering to act as my interpreter, and aid me to collect the necessary facts there.

When he came of age, the first check he drew was for a thousand dollars to the funds of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. It was a promising beginning for a young life, I thought, in our selfish and mercenary age.

We went to Hayti and arrived there immediately after the abdication of Souloque. I stayed in the Island two months, and then sailed for Massachusetts. After two months' absence, I returned to Port-au-Prince, where he speedily rejoined me. He had travelled in the interior of the country during my residence at home and had made himself acquainted with the minute particulars of Haytian history.

What did he see there?

The descendants of a race of self-emancipated slaves, who, by a glorious insurrection, had succeeded in creating a negro nationality—a people free, self-governed, progressive, inheriting, it is true, with the blood, too many of the vices of the bondman, but favorably contrasting, by the testimony of every traveller, with the natives of Mexico, or of the Central American or the South American States. He did not find New England civilization there; but he found a state of government and society incomparably superior to the white domination of the South, and to the conditions it entails on the servile class. Let this, then, be an answer to the *New York Times*, when in a recent article it asked: What better condition of society would a successful insurrection create? Merriam would have replied that it would have been utterly impossible to produce a worse state—for the negroes of the South.

For, this question should be answered by the cabin: not by Master's House. The whites of the Southern States have finer houses; richer furniture and coaches; a higher civilization; a better system of government, than the blacks have in Hayti; but the negroes of the South—what is their condition there? Let the Slave Code, the auction room, the lash, the Sugar House, the prison yards reply!

The *Times*, too, when it asked what precedent there was, had forgotten or overlooked the precedent of Hayti.

Merriam returned from Hayti nearly two months ago.

I did not know that an insurrection was so soon impending; but, when he suddenly left Boston, and mysteriously wrote letters from Baltimore, I suspected that a crisis was at hand, and that he would be stationed at his post to meet it. I was not mistaken.

The *Herald's* suppositions must be incorrect, although I do not personally know what part Merriam played.

But it is impossible that he could have done more than purchased the box he took to Harper's Ferry, and participated in the insurrection.

Let me record, since it was called into requisition to defend me, one excellent trait of Merriam's character. He was too conscientious to serve a noble cause with the hiring lawyer's skill. He was an ultra abolitionist, but he disdained either to glorify, or conceal the vices of the Negro character. Conceding the manhood of the negro; his capacity for infinite development; his inherent right to the social and political equality that his virtues and culture would give to whites of similar character and education, he refused to grant more by asserting the present intellectual equality of the two races, or maintaining, as some do, that all the faults of the black are attributable, on the one hand, to Southern Slavery, or, on the other, to Northern Intolerance.

He called a virtue a virtue, and a vice a vice; whether it was set in a white frame or a black one.

When I went to Hayti, I determined to conceal no solitary feature of its society; to record, with impartial pen, every vice and every virtue that I saw there. I did so, and am doing so still. When my letters shall have been completed, my readers will know Hayti as it is—not as pro-slavery men say it is, nor as anti-slavery men would wish it to be. For doing this service, I was reproved by Abolitionists; and I was quoted—which was harder still—by Southern journals, too approvingly. My answer was that I was equal to either fate; that the Abolitionists could never serve God by concealing the whole truth; and that the press of the South, if it could make profit of my statements, would be welcome to them—when my work was finished.

In this position, I was manfully sustained by Merriam; and I now, with pleasure, record my gratitude for it.

In his recent action he had no advisers, and acted in contradiction to the creed of his family. They are non-resistants; Abolitionists of the Garrisonian school.

From whom he learned of the intended Insurrection, I do not know and would not care to inquire; as to know it would implicate acquaintances whom I respect for their earnestness while I deplore their judgment. More than two years ago I heard from Mr. Kagi of Old Brown's terrible design, but I thought that it had been abandoned, or that South Carolina would be selected for the outbreak. The selection of Harper's Ferry is a blunder which I cannot comprehend and could never have approved. But it is the blunder only that I deprecate: not the failure, not the thing. For I believe in Bunker Hill South.

When Merriam's monument is erected, it could contain, I think, no more eulogistic inscription than the brief sentence which announced his fate in the telegraphic dispatch:

"MERRIAM:

ONE OF THE KILLED INSURRECTIONISTS."  
I have finished my Reminiscences of "The Insurrectionists" of Harper's Ferry. God bless all!  
JAMES REDPATH.

A CARD FROM MR. REDPATH.

To the Editor of *The Tribune*.

SIR: I notice that Mr. Hugh Forbes, in a note to *The Times*, and *Herald*, accuses you of having published a false and malignant attack on him. To vindicate his character he promises, "after the trial of old Brown," to publish his correspondence with the hero of Harper's Ferry and his friends.

I presume he refers to the article of mine which you republished from *The Atlas and Daily Bee* of this city. If the charge I preferred against him this city, I shall be very glad to know it. That it be false, I shall be very glad to know it. That it be malignant, is not true. I have no acquaintance with Col. Forbes; I know him only from his Manuals, which I have carefully studied.

I advise him to be discreet in his publications, for it is possible that I, also, may have something more to say about the recent insurrection.

Boston, Oct. 28, 1853.

JAMES REDPATH.

MR. The Mr. F. J. Merriam of Boston, who has died of wounds received at Harper's Ferry, was, says the *Transcript*, a young man well known in this vicinity. His father was of the house of Curtis & Merriam, dry goods jobbers in Kilby street, and his mother is the daughter of Francis Jackson, Esq., the famous abolitionist and non-resistant. Young Merriam has been an extensive traveller, having had ample means to indulge his tastes for foreign scenes. He was very impulsive, and has fallen a victim to the most foolish and mad enterprise of our times. He had a superior education, and was of more than ordinary intelligence. His father died when he was quite young, and his mother is now the wife of Mr. James Eddy, the artist.

In regard to F. J. Merriam of Boston, who is reported to have died of wounds received at Harper's Ferry, the *Courier* says:

"A young man, bearing this name, left this city some three weeks ago, saying that he was called to Washington. He was about twenty-two years old, and had represented himself as the grandson of Mr. Francis Jackson. He was a person of good education; but was intensely interested in abolition matters. James Redpath and myself were his guides, philosophers and men of his stamp were his guides. His father is dead, but his mother, Mrs. Eddy, resides in this city."

Springfield has its victim to Old Brown's caper at Harper's Ferry. The very day of the denouement, the superintendent of the Harper's Ferry armory was here to get a new master armorer for that establishment, and engaged Mr. Salmon Adams, the clerk and assistant of the master armorer at the government shops in Springfield. But since he has got home, he writes back cancelling the engagement for the reason that the people there are so exasperated with the Yankees that they would not stand one of them in the place of master armorer. They would butcher him, he says, should Mr. Adams come on and take the place. That gentleman having no relish for such treatment, will stay comfortably at Springfield; but considering that he believes in walloping niggers and abolitionists, as a Christian duty, and illustrated his faith on George Thompson, we think Mr. Adams has a right to be chagrined at the nature of this threatened Southern hospitality.

It is probable that Francis Jackson Merriam of Boston, one of the victims of the Harper's Ferry affair, contributed largely to the funds with which John Brown operated. He had just come into a considerable estate, and one of his first acts after getting control of it was to give \$1000 to the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, of which his grandfather had long been president. He accompanied James Redpath on his recent trip to Hayti, paying the expenses of both, for the sake of investigating the condition of the negroes who had freed themselves there by insurrection. He had a scheme, in which he invited Redpath to join, to go as passengers in a coastwise slave ship, capture it and take the negroes to Canada or Hayti. He said that all he cared to live for was to advance the anti-slavery enterprise; he had thought of giving his fortune to the anti-slavery society, but if he could do anything himself with his money he would prefer to do so. He was in just the state of mind to adopt John Brown's project and to sacrifice himself and his property in it. It appears that on the Friday before the Sunday night when Brown took possession of the armory, Merriam received \$600 from Boston, and bought a large quantity of ammunition at Baltimore. On the 15th, the day before the insurrection, he was at Harper's Ferry, and sent the following dispatch to Lewis Hayden, a colored man and a fugitive slave employed about the State House in Boston:

"Orders disobeyed—conditions broken. Pay \$3 immediately balance of my money. Allow no further expense. Recall money advanced, if not spent. Signed, FRANCIS J. MERRIAM."

This indicates that Merriam was dissatisfied with the way in which Brown's party were managing things, and did not wish to have any more of his money used up in the operation. But he risked his life in the mad scheme and lost it. His friends knew nothing of his plans and would have earnestly opposed them, as they are non-resistant abolitionists.

The refusal of Mr. Faulkner of Virginia to act as counsel for Brown, unless he could be assured a fair trial, is highly honorable to him. Mr. Faulkner in former years said some hard things against slavery, which are now reproduced.

No Southern press, so far as we know, has commented on the Harper's Ferry affair with such ferocity as the administration paper in New York, the *Daily News*. It says of the crime of Brown and his associates: "It should doom the miscreants to a punishment so swift, awful and stupendous, that it should hide and cover up and obliterate the crime itself forever from the memories of mankind. They should have been seized by the citizens of Harper's Ferry, cut and hacked to pieces, and the vile remains gathered up and burnt, and their ashes scattered to the winds of heaven, so that the very earth should be saved from pollution by the carcases of wretches so utterly lost and God forsaken. That this, or something like this, would have been the case, we have no doubt whatever, if Gov. Wise had not interfered, and, though he is not to be blamed—for, as the Governor, he was compelled to take this course and protect the miscreants from the wrath of the people—it is unfortunate that he got to Harper's Ferry so soon."

A Virginian appeals to the *New York Herald*, to drop the subject of John Brown's invasion. He says the people of Virginia are heartily ashamed of the whole affair, and if they had the power they would let old Brown go, if he would promise not to say anything about it.—*Springfield Republican*.

**MERRIAM ALIVE.**—Francis Jackson Merriam of Boston, who was reported to have joined the Harper's Ferry insurrectionists, and fallen a victim to the mad enterprise, is alive and at present in Canada.

The following is given as an extract from a letter received by a gentleman of Charlottesville, Va.:

MAIL CAR, BALTIMORE AND OHIO R. R., }  
October 25, 1859.

Messrs. Kells and Morris, detective police, sent on by Governor Wise, went to Baltimore yesterday with me to await a requisition from Governor Wise for the arrest of Hazlett, and his return to Virginia. Mr. Barbour gave both of them (police) one pair of those Maynard's revolvers. I had them put in good serviceable order and drilled them how to use them; I gave them twenty-four rounds of ammunition apiece; so both of them will start this morning at 3 o'clock for Harrisburg, Pa.

The requisition came this morning. I have been at Murdill's, and Schafer's, and Maloney's, hardware dealers in Baltimore, and have ascertained beyond any cavil or doubt, that Francis J. Merriam is the man who purchased the ammunition on last Friday, one week ago, and received via Adams & Co.'s Express, \$200 from a party in Boston, all in gold coin. And this man, Merriam, is the man who sent the following dispatch to a party in Boston:

HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 15, 1859.  
LEWIS HAYDEN, 77 Southac street, Secretary of State Office, State House, Boston:—

Orders disobeyed—conditions broken. Pay \$3 immediately balance of my money. Allow no further expense. Recall money advanced, if not spent. Signed, FRANCIS J. MERRIAM."

I think you, if authorized, find out the names of the parties who sent this Merriam the six hundred dollars, via Adams & Co.'s Express.

**ARREST OF A SUPPOSED INSURGENT.**

CARLISLE, Peim., Saturday, Oct. 22.  
A man, who gave his name as WILLIAM HARRISON, was arrested here to-day on a charge of being implicated in the recent disturbance at Harper's Ferry. He was at first supposed to be Capt. Cook, as he answered to the description given of the man seen at Chambersburgh, yesterday, talking with Mrs. Cook. When arrested he made a violent resistance, but was overpowered. Three revolvers and two bowie knives were found on him. He was partially examined to-day, and was then recommitted for a further hearing on Monday, when he will probably be brought before the Court on a *habeas corpus* to determine whether he shall be discharged or retained in custody.

**THE ARRESTED INSURRECTIONIST.**

CARLISLE, Pa., October 23.—The man arrested yesterday gives his name as William Harrison, and is still imprisoned. It is supposed he will be brought before the court on a writ of *habeas corpus* to-morrow for a discharge.

**The Harper's Ferry Fugitive.**

CARLISLE, Pa., Oct. 24.—A lady, calling herself Capt. Cook's sister, accompanied by two men, arrived here this morning. She says that the man under arrest is not Cook. The prisoner denies having been at Harper's Ferry. He will have a hearing to-morrow. Parties are expected here from Harper's Ferry, who will be able to identify him if he was among the insurgents.

**The Captured Insurgent at Carlisle.**

CARLISLE, Pa., Oct. 29.  
The prisoner in jail here, for whom a requisition was made by the Governor of Virginia as Albert Hazlett, was before the Judge to-day upon a writ of *habeas corpus*.

Counsel for the prisoner claimed his discharge on the ground that his name was Wm. Harrison. Several residents of Harper's Ferry were examined, and testified positively that the prisoner was one of the invaders. They had conversed with him and recognized him. Mr. Copeland said he saw the flash of his rifle when in the act of shooting a citizen. No one of the witnesses knew his name.

The Court took the ground that the requisition is legally and formally right, but there is no evidence that we have any man in our custody named Hazlett whom we can deliver on this requisition. We are satisfied that a monstrous crime has been committed, and that the prisoner was there and participated, and therefore recommit him to await a requisition from the Governor of Virginia.

**SURRENDER OF HARRISON.**

[By Telegram.]  
CARLISLE, Pa., Saturday, Nov. 5, 1859.

William Harrison, alias Hazlett, was to-day surrendered to the authorities of Virginia, upon the requisition of Gov. Wise, as implicated in the Harper's Ferry troubles. He left for Virginia at three o'clock this afternoon, via Chambersburgh.

A man named Moffet is in jail at Lynchburg, Va., who is suspected of having been concerned with the Harper's Ferry insurgents. The Virginian says:

Upon being interrogated as to his name, parents, &c., he made many conflicting statements. Among other stories told, he said he was from Harper's Ferry; knew old Brown well; had served under him in Kansas, and was at the Ferry at the time of the recent outbreak. He further says he was employed for several months past by Hiram Wm. Lucas, formerly a member of Congress from that district, and at present a practicing lawyer and extensive farmer, residing midway between Harper's Ferry and Charlottesville, being four miles from either place. It is very evident that this man is well acquainted with persons and localities in that section.

CARLISLE, Pa., Nov. 1, 1859.

Though the people of this town don't approve John Brown's course at Harper's Ferry, they nevertheless like fair play.

In the hearing of Hazlitt, arrested here as one of the insurgents, the respectable part of the community did not share in the desire manifested by some for the poor man's blood.

Frederick Watts was counsel in the case for Virginia. Mr. Watts gave the six or eight men who came on from that State a note to Sheriff McCartney, desiring him to show them the men in question. Mr. McCartney, either understanding better, or more willing to comply with the demands of propriety in the case, took the men through the wards of the prison, and showed them all that were there, without indicating who was the suspected person. Not one of them identified the man; on the contrary, they all came away saying that they could not recognize in any of the prisoners any one whom they had seen at Harper's Ferry; and yet, when these Virginians came into Court and saw the man suspected, in custody of the sheriff, they had no difficulty in swearing straight through that he had been among the insurgents, and that they had seen him! When in the prison, they could not recognize in any of the twelve inmates shown them any one whom they had seen at Harper's Ferry, and yet, when the man in question is produced from among these twelve, they swear point blank that they saw him in the conflict, with arms in his hands! That they lied was as palpable as that they spoke.

Sheriff McCartney, though he used to be a slave-catcher, is now disposed to do the right thing. He gives satisfaction.

Though we do not approve of poor Brown's course, as I said in the beginning, we like fair play. I am a Carlisle man, though not at present living in the town; but I will say this for the credit of the community: we are disgusted at the indecent haste with which poor Brown's case is hurried through the forms of trial. It may suit Virginia to call that a fair trial, but in no Free State would it be so considered.

How different was the treatment of our Carlisle Court of those Maryland kidnappers last Summer! They were allowed two months in which to prepare for their trial, and yet when they came on and stated that they were not ready, and had not all their witnesses, the Judge—this same Judge Graham—put off the case for three months; that is, till the November term. Now, at Harper's Ferry, when the lives of three or four men are to be forfeit, they will not grant the delay of a day.

Does any one say that this haste is made necessary by the existence of Slavery? Why, then, is a system tolerated that thus treats with contempt the decencies of law, the demands of justice, and the requirements of common humanity? If Slavery can only be maintained at the expense of justice, and by the overthrow of our home-bred rights, then the sooner it is abolished the better. A. S. M.

**THE CAPTIVE INSURRECTIONISTS.**

Gov. Wise describes old John Brown thus:—"He is the gamest man I ever saw." The reporter of the Baltimore American concludes a personal description of Brown and Stevens as follows:—

"Both men seem prepared for death—seemed to court it, rather; perhaps under the idea that they will be acknowledged martyrs; but more possibly under the conviction of having performed a sacred duty. However much the writer hereof may differ from them, there must arise a feeling of respect for them in their bold rashness."

These men are very different from the creatures who invaded Kansas as border ruffians,—very different from "Buford's men." While Gov. Wise appears to be capable of appreciating the brave, unquailing spirit of Old Brown, he is by no means complimentary to the Virginians, whom he taunts with cowardice and likens to sheep. And it must be confessed that Virginia has not seemed to be over-brave on this occasion. The people in that quarter were scared beyond measure; and the fright has not passed away, for one of the latest items of news is that the shaking of a tree "on the mountain opposite" had caused a terrific alarm, and it was added that "the excitement was increasing throughout the state." At the jail an extra guard had been stationed, with "a piece of cannon placed in the court-house yard, near the jail."



## Persons and Incidents of the Virginia Drama.

Springfield has its victim to Old Brown's caper at Harper's Ferry. The very day of the denouement, the superintendent of the Harper's Ferry armory was here to get a new master armorer for that establishment, and engaged Mr. Salmon Adams, the clerk and assistant of the master armorer at the government shops in Springfield. But since he has got home, he writes back canceling the engagement for the reason that the people there are so exasperated with the Yankees that they would not stand one of them in the place of master armorer. They would butcher him, he says, should Mr. Adams come on and take the place. That gentleman having no relish for such treatment, will stay comfortably at Springfield; but considering that he believes in walloping niggers and abolitionists, as a Christian duty, and illustrated his faith on George Thompson, we think Mr. Adams has a right to be chagrined at the nature of this threatened Southern hospitality.

It is probable that Francis Jackson Merriam of Boston, one of the victims of the Harper's Ferry affair, contributed largely to the funds with which John Brown operated. He had just come into a considerable estate, and one of his first acts after getting control of it was to give \$1000 to the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, of which his grandfather had long been president. He accompanied James Redpath on his recent trip to Hayti, paying the expense of both, for the sake of investigating the condition of the negroes who had freed themselves there by insurrection. He had a scheme, in which he invited Redpath to join, to go as passengers in a coastwise slave ship, capture it and take the negroes to Canada or Hayti. He said that all he cared to live for was to advance the anti-slavery enterprise; he had thought of giving his fortune to the anti-slavery society, but if he could do anything himself with his money he would prefer to do so. He was in just the state of mind to adopt John Brown's project and to sacrifice himself and his property in it. It appears that on the Friday before the Sunday night when Brown took possession of the armory, Merriam received \$600 from Boston, and bought a large quantity of ammunition at Baltimore. On the 15th, the day before the insurrection, he was at Harper's Ferry, and sent the following dispatch to Lewis Hayden, a colored man and a fugitive slave employed about the State House in Boston:

"Orders disobeyed—conditions broken. Pay \$ immediately balance of my money. Allow no further expense. Recall money advanced, if not spent. Signed, FRANCIS J. MERRIAM."

This indicates that Merriam was dissatisfied with the way in which Brown's party were managing things, and did not wish to have any more of his money used up in the operation. But he risked his life in the mad scheme and lost it. His friends knew nothing of his plans and would have earnestly opposed them, as they are non-resistant abolitionists.

The refusal of Mr. Faulkner of Virginia to act as counsel for Brown, unless he could be assured a fair trial, is highly honorable to him. Mr. Faulkner in former years said some hard things against slavery, which are now reproduced.

No Southern press, so far as we know, has commented on the Harper's Ferry affair with such ferocity as the administration paper in New York, the *Daily News*. It says of the crime of Brown and his associates: "It should doom the miscreants to a punishment so swift, awful and stupendous, that it should hide and cover up and obliterate the crime itself forever from the memories of mankind. They should have been seized by the citizens of Harper's Ferry, cut and hacked to pieces, and the vile remains gathered up and burnt, and their ashes scattered to the winds of heaven, so that the very earth should be saved from pollution by the carcases of wretches so utterly lost and God forsaken. That this, or something like this, would have been the case, we have no doubt whatever, if Gov. Wise had not interfered, and, though he is not to be blamed—for, as the Governor, he was compelled to take this course and protect the miscreants from the wrath of the people—it is unfortunate that he got to Harper's Ferry so soon."

A Virginian appeals to the *New York Herald*, to drop the subject of John Brown's invasion: He says the people of Virginia are heartily ashamed of the whole affair, and if they had the power they would let old Brown go, if he would promise not to say anything about it.—*Springfield Republican*.

**MERRIAM ALIVE.**—Francis Jackson Merriam of Boston, who was reported to have joined the Harper's Ferry insurrectionists, and fallen a victim to the mad enterprise, is alive and at present in Canada.

The following is given as an extract from a letter received by a gentleman of Charlestown, Va.:  
MAIL CAR, BALTIMORE AND OHIO R. R., }  
October 25, 1859. }

Messrs. Kelly and Morris, detective police, sent on by Governor Wise, went to Baltimore yesterday with me to await a requisition from Governor Wise for the arrest of Hazlett, and his return to Virginia. Mr. Barbour gave both of them (police) one pair of those Maynard's jolvlers. I had them put in good, serviceable order, and drilled them how to use them; and I gave them twenty-four rounds of ammunition apiece; so both of them will start this morning at 3 o'clock for Harrisburg.

The requisition came this morning. I have been at Merrill's, and Schafer's, and Maloney's, hardware dealers in Baltimore, and have ascertained beyond any cavil or doubt, that Francis J. Merriam is the man who purchased the ammunition on last Friday, one week ago, and received, via Adams & Co.'s Express, \$600 from a party in Boston, all in gold coin. And this man, Merriam, is the man who sent the following dispatch to a party in Boston:

**HARRISBURG, Pa., Oct. 15, 1859.**  
LEWIS HAYDEN, 77 Southac street, Secretary of State Office, State House, Boston.  
Orders disobeyed—conditions broken. Pay \$ immediately balance of my money. Allow further expense. Recall money advanced, if not spent.  
(Signed) FRANCIS J. MERRIAM.

I think I can, if authorized, find out the names of the parties who sent this Merriam the six hundred dollars, via Adams & Co.'s Express.

**ARREST OF A SUPPOSED INSURGENT.**  
CARLISLE, Penn., Saturday, Oct. 22.

A man, who gave his name as WILLIAM HARRISON, was arrested here to-day on a charge of being implicated in the recent disturbance at Harper's Ferry. He was at first supposed to be Capt. Cook, as he answered to the description given of the man seen at Chambersburgh, yesterday, talking with Mrs. Cook. When arrested he made a violent resistance, but was overpowered. Three revolvers and two bowie knives were found on him. He was partially examined to-day, and was then committed for a further hearing on Monday, when he will probably be brought before the Court on a *habeas corpus* to determine whether he shall be discharged or retained in custody.

**THE ARRESTED INSURRECTIONIST.**

CARLISLE, Pa., October 23.—The man arrested yesterday gives his name as William Harrison, and is still imprisoned. It is supposed he will be brought before the court on a writ of *habeas corpus* to-morrow for a discharge.

**The Harper's Ferry Fugitive.**

CARLISLE, Pa., Oct. 24.—A lady, calling herself Capt. Cook's sister, accompanied by two men, arrived here this morning. She says that the man under arrest is not Cook. The prisoner denies having been at Harper's Ferry. He will have a hearing to-morrow. Parties are expected here from Harper's Ferry, who will be able to identify him, if he was among the insurrectionists.

**The Captured Insurgent at Carlisle.**

CARLISLE, PA., Oct. 29.  
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Counsel for the prisoner claimed his discharge on the ground that his name was Wm. Harrison. Several residents of Harper's Ferry were examined, and testified positively that the prisoner was one of the invaders. They had conversed with him and recognized him. Mr. Copeland said he saw the flash of his rifle when in the act of shooting a citizen. No one of the witnesses knew his name.

The Court took the ground that the requisition is legally and formally right, but there is no evidence that we have any man in our custody named Hazlett satisfied that a monstrous crime has been committed, and that the prisoner was there and participated, and therefore recommit him to await a requisition from the Governor of Virginia.

**SURRENDER OF HARRISON.**

[By Telegraph.]  
CARLISLE, Pa., Saturday, Nov. 5, 1859.

William Harrison, alias Hazlett, was to-day surrendered to the authorities of Virginia, upon the requisition of Gov. Wise, as implicated in the Harper's Ferry troubles. He left for Virginia at three o'clock this afternoon, via Chambersburg.

A man named Moller is in jail at Lynchburg, Va., who is suspected of having been concerned with the Harper's Ferry insurrection. The Virginian says:

Upon being interrogated as to his name, purpose, &c., he made many conflicting statements. Among other things he said he was from Harper's Ferry; knew old Brown well; and served under him in Kansas, and was at the Ferry at the time of the recent outbreak. He further says he was employed for several months past by Hon. Wm. Lucas, formerly a member of Congress from that district, and at present a practicing lawyer and extensive farmer, residing midway between Harper's Ferry and Charlestown, being four miles from either place. It is very evident that this man is well acquainted with persons and localities in that section.

## CASE OF HAZLETT—FALSE SWEARING.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

CARLISLE, Pa., Nov. 1, 1859.  
Though the people of this town don't approve John Brown's course at Harper's Ferry, they nevertheless like fair play.

In the hearing of Hazlett, arrested here as one of the insurgents, the respectable part of the community did not share in the desire manifested by some for the poor man's blood.

Frederick Watts was counsel in the case for Virginia. Mr. Watts gave the six or eight men who came on from that State a note to Sheriff McCartney, desiring him to show them the men in question. Mr. McCartney, either understanding better, or more willing to comply with the demands of propriety in the case, took the men through the wards of the prison, and showed them all that were there, without indicating who was the suspected person. Not one of them identified the man; on the contrary, they all came away saying that they could not recognize in any of the prisoners any one whom they had seen at Harper's Ferry; and yet, when these Virginians came into Court and saw the man suspected, in custody of the sheriff, they had no difficulty in swearing straight through that he had been among the insurgents, and that they had seen him! When in the prison, they could not recognize in any of the twelve inmates shown them any one whom they had seen at Harper's Ferry, and yet, when the man in question is produced from among these twelve, they swear point blank that they saw him in the conflict, with arms in his hands! That they lied was as palpable as that they spoke.

Sheriff McCartney, though he used to be a slave-catcher, is now disposed to do the right thing. He gives satisfaction.

Though we do not approve of poor Brown's course, as I said in the beginning, we like fair play. I am a Carlisle man, though not at present living in the town; but I will say this for the credit of the community: we are disgusted at the indecent haste with which poor Brown's case is hurried through the forms of trial. It may suit Virginia to call that a fair trial, but in no Free State would it be so considered.

How different was the treatment of our Carlisle Court of those Maryland kidnapers last Summer! They were allowed two months in which to prepare for their trial, and yet when they came on and stated that they were not ready, and had not all their witnesses, the Judge—the same Judge Graham—put off the case for three months; that is, till the November term. Now, at Harper's Ferry, when the lives of three or four men are to be forfeit, they will not grant the delay of a day.

Does any one say that this haste is made necessary by the existence of Slavery? Why, then, is a system tolerated that thus treats with contempt the decencies of law, the demands of justice, and the requirements of common humanity? If Slavery can only be maintained at the expense of justice, and by the overthrow of our home-bred rights, then the sooner it is abolished the better.

**THE CAPTIVE INSURRECTIONISTS.**—Governor Wise describes old John Brown thus:—"He is the gamest man I ever saw." The reporter of the Baltimore American concludes a personal description of Brown and Stevens as follows:—

"Both men seem prepared for death—seemed to court it, rather; perhaps under the idea that they will be acknowledged martyrs; but more possibly under the conviction of having performed a sacred duty. However much the writer hereof may differ from them, there must arise a feeling of respect for them in their bold rashness."

These men are very different from the creatures who invaded Kansas as border ruffians,—very different from "Buford's men." While Gov. Wise appears to be capable of appreciating the brave, unquailing spirit of Old Brown, he is by no means complimentary to the Virginians, whom he taunts with cowardice and likens to sheep. And it must be confessed that Virginia has not seemed to be over-brave on this occasion. The people in that quarter were accred beyond measure; and the fright has not passed away, for one of the latest items of news is that the shaking of a tree "on the mountain opposite" had caused a terrific alarm, and it was added that "the excitement was increasing throughout the state." At the jail an extra guard had been stationed, with "a piece of cannon placed in the court-house yard, near the jail."





I will begin with the last charge first; and when I admit that I was a member of the "secret oath-bound order," whose "passport was Lane," but whose object Mr. Brown mistakes (of course)—I presume I will be received as a competent witness when I say that Old John Brown had no connection whatsoever with it; that he invariably refused to cooperate in any way, directly or indirectly, with Gen. Lane, because he had no confidence in his integrity, and would never work in union with unprincipled men; and that the invasion of Missouri for the purpose of liberating the slaves, freely admitted by Old Brown in his speech to the Judge, was—to use his own language on another occasion—conducted "under the auspices of John Brown only."

The only "men in the East who declare on the stump, and in all their published correspondence, that their only hope of abolishing Slavery in the United States lies through Revolution," are the Garrisonian Abolitionists of New-England; and they are chiefly non-residents, and unanimously disapprove of the abolition of Slavery by fire and sword. They seek what I regard as a utopian hope—a peaceful revolution, and a quiet disruption of the Union. From these good men, I know, John Brown received neither aid nor encouragement in his recent attempt.

"No man in Kansas," says *The Herald of Freedom*, "has pretended to deny that old John Brown led that 'murderous foray which massacred those men.' I brand him as a willful liar for the statement. He knows it has been denied repeatedly. It is true that it has not been denied so solemnly and earnestly as such an accusation would be replied to, East; for the reason that it was a thing well understood by both parties, that whenever the Missourians ran off, panic-stricken, before some flying and lying rumor, it was because Jim Lane was coming at the head of five thousand men; and whenever some signal retaliatory act or incredibly brave exploit was performed, it was Old John Brown who did it. Lane and Brown were omnipotent bugbears. Thus it was John Brown, who rescued Dr. Dox, a few months ago, although the old man, at the time, was on the Kennedy Farm.

I assert, solemnly and with knowledge of the fact, that old John Brown was more than sixty miles distant when Doyle and fellow-ruffians were unjustly killed. A man, who participated in the slaying of these murderers, confessed the particulars of the transaction to me.

The account of their mutilation is false; they were slain in a second, and without suffering or indignities. I propose to write a life of Old John Brown, and will explain this transaction in it; clear up also the confusions and contradictions of the various "Historical and Documentary Illustrations" and correspondence.

I ask you finally, to permit me to publish one additional letter to defend some Kansas friends from the falsehoods of G. W. Brown. For myself, I have too much self-respect to reply to his accusations against me; for to men who do not know us, his statement would be equally with my denial entitled to belief, and I would not put myself under such a suspicion; while to men who do know us, the only answer I would make, or that would be necessary, is, that his name is G. W. Brown, and mine is

JAMES REDPATH.

### G. W. BROWN VS. KANSAS REPUBLICANS.

To the Editor of *The N. Y. Tribune*.

Sir: The charges preferred against several prominent Kansas Republicans by G. W. Brown, of *The Lawrence Herald of Freedom*, are as false and malignant as his slanders on the glorious old man now in Charlestown jail. I notice them only because *The New-York Times* transfers them to its columns, and editorially assumes that they are true. The quiet and undoubting faith with which Messrs. Phillips, Hutchinson, Conway, Hinton, Thatcher, and others—"leaders of the Revolutionary faction"—are designated by *The Times*, on such unworthy authority, "a party of adventurers," "ruth and desperate men," "who had nothing to lose"—"Kansas ultra Free-State fighting men"—"who had rendered good service in resisting the forages of the Border Ruffians"—"but who had learned to fight for the love of it, and not merely to conquer a peace, and when the mass of the people were content with the victories they had achieved, were just ready to enter upon a project of 'traced war'—is rather amusing to one who knows the true history of these men, and can contrast it with the life of their Territorial accuser.

For myself, as I figure prominently in Traitor Brown's indictment, and consequently in *The Times* endorsement of it, I frankly confess that, if to have gone to Kansas, as I did go, not to settle, or speculate, but solely to see the South humiliated, and help to do it, is sufficient reason why I should be called an adventurer, I am willing enough to have my name enrolled in the list of that class of persons. But I protest against having the names of my friends in it.

WM. HUTCHINSON—*The Times* regular correspondent—"Randolph"—was a prominent merchant in Lawrence, and one of the most solid men in Kansas, when G. W. Brown was so poor that he was constantly begging and borrowing, and living on a vegetable diet. He went to Kansas to settle there; he and his family live there yet, and, as all probability, will die there.

WM. A. PHILLIPS—*THE TRIBUNE's* resident correspondent—author of "The Conquest of Kansas," was a man of means when he went there; and, instead of now amusing himself with treason and insurrection, is building up a town up the Smoky Fork, with the buffaloes and antelopes for his nearest neighbors. For every dollar that G. W. Brown has honestly earned, Mr. Phillips, I presume, can put down ten or twenty.

Mr. Thatcher is the editor and proprietor of *The Lawrence Republican*, from which, by a libelous slip of the pen, *The Times*, editorially, misquotes these charges. Mr. Thatcher did not go to Kansas until the Border forays had ceased; or, at least, until the Territorial question was practically settled. He was never in a single fight; never helped either to "conquer peace," or tried to "prolong the war." If Mr. G. W. Brown or Lieut.-Gov. Raymond are adventurers, so is Mr. Thatcher: for they belong to the same profession, and the same class of proprietors.

Gen. LANE is just as much of an adventurer as Gov. Banks, or Jefferson Davis, or General Shields, and no more: he is a lawyer, has a farm, and speculates in land and politics. He certainly has given no intimation of his anxiety to "prolong the war;" but, on the contrary, announces his intention to live and die in Kansas.

Mr. CONWAY is an able lawyer and holds a responsible position in Lawrence. He is the agent of the Emigrant Aid Company: just as much of an adventurer, therefore (and no more), as Charles Robinson, whom Brown has had metallic reasons not to slander recently.

All of these men hold a higher social position than Brown.

HINTON is not rich; he is only a small landowner; but he is a large brain-owner, which is more than G. W. Brown can boast. As brains, however, count for nothing in the tax-list, he may be classed, if Mr. Brown insists on it, in "the party of adventurers who 'have nothing to lose.'"

It is false that any secret order, of which these gentlemen were members, was organized to "massacre, in cold-blood, the members of the Leecompton Government." I should think that Mr. Raymond would have seen through the too-transparent malignity of the whole article to have given it so much apparent credit and indorsement. It is a tissue of lies from beginning to end.

The revolutionary plot of which *The Herald of Freedom* so often speaks, was simply the time-honored policy of the Free-State party ("just so much and nothing more"), which the Pittsburgh and Philadelphia National Conventions, and the Repub-

lican Press of the whole country—including in the list *The N. Y. Times*—indorsed and defended; and of which, in dozens of egotistical editorials, Mr. Brown claimed the credit of originating, and of which also, for two years, he was the noisiest and most factious supporter. It was, simply, non-recognition of the Territorial "laws" and resistance to them at every hazard. If this policy was revolutionary, why did *The N. Y. Times* approve it?

This policy was abandoned by Greenbacker Falls—Conway, Phillips, and myself, for publicly sustaining it. Of course we were voted down by our opposition majority; but it is false that we carried our opposition to the polls. We did not vote ourselves, yes, but we urged no one to refrain.

The next great issue on which the Free-State party split was with reference to the Leecompton Constitution. The Democrats in the Free-State organization were in favor of accepting that infamous Constitution, and putting it into operation, if it should have a chance to have passed through Congress. The Old Guard were determined to resist it. With them it was not a matter of men, but principle. Conceived in sin and born in iniquity, as this Constitution had been, we publicly declared our determination to resist it to a bloody issue, if necessary. In other words, we were consistent with our past history and the often-declared principles of the Free-State party. This Constitution continued Slavery for a number of years; we therefore, as Free-State men, would have and could have nothing to do with it. Hence our opposition to it. But Brown had been offered the public printing if he would advocate the Democratic policy. He did so. We did not. Ergo, he was a patriot; traitors, we!

JAMES REDPATH.

## The Harper's Ferry Conspiracy.

Strong Kansas Testimony Against Brown.

An Abolition Paper shows him up as a Cold-Blooded assassin—Curious Fact: a league of blood and about the Harper's Ferry Conspiracy.

(From the Lawrence (Kansas) Herald of Freedom, Oct. 29.)

The first thing the people of Kansas heard of old John Brown was in the summer of 1855. A meeting of ultra abolitionists was held at Cazenovia, N. Y., if we recollect rightly. While in session Brown, who is a native of Essex county N. Y., appeared in that convention, and made a very fiery speech, during which he said he had four sons in Kansas and he had three others who were desirous of going there, to aid in fighting the battles of freedom. He could not consent to go unless he could go armed, and he would like to arm all his sons, but was not able to do so. Funds were contributed on the spot principally by Gerrit Smith.

The four sons had located on Pottawatomie creek, in Lykins county, and in the fall of 1855 were joined by the father and other brothers. When the Waksarsa war was pending the old man and four sons arrived in Lawrence, the balance he reported sick. As they drove up in front of the Free State Hotel, they were all standing in a small lumber wagon. To each of their persons was strapped a short heavy broadsword. Each was supplied with a goodly number of firearms and navy revolvers, and poles were standing endwise around the wagon box with fixed bayonets pointing upwards. They looked really formidable, and were received with great alacrity. A small military company was organized at once, and the command was given to Old Brown. From that moment he commenced fomenting difficulties in camp, disregarding

the commands of superior officers and trying to induce the men to go down to Franklin and make an attack upon the pro-Slavery forces encamped there. The Committee of Public Safety were called upon several times to head off his wild adventure, as the people of Lawrence had planted themselves on the line, claiming that they had not been guilty of its infraction, and that no armed body of men should enter the town for any purpose whatever, and that they would not go out of town to attack any such body. Peace was established and Old Brown retired in disgust.

When the news of the threatened siege of Lawrence reached John Brown, Jr., who was a member of the Topeka Legislature, he organized a company of about sixty men and marched towards Lawrence. Arriving at Palmyra, he learned of the sacking of the town and the position of the people. He reconnoitered for a time in the vicinity, but finally marched back towards Osawatimie. The night before reaching that place, when only a few miles away, they camped for the night. Old John Brown, who, we believe, was with the party, singled out, with himself, seven men. These he marched to a point eight miles above the mouth of Pottawatomie creek, and called from their beds at their several residences, at the hour of midnight on the 24th of May, 1856, Allen Wilkinson, William Sherman, William P. Doyle, William Doyle and Drury Doyle. All were found the next morning by the roadside or in the highway, some with a slash in their heads and sides and their throats cut; others with their skulls split open in two places, with holes in their breasts, and hands cut off and others had holes through their breasts with their fingers cut off. No man in Kansas has pretended to deny that old John Brown led that murderous foray, which massacred these men. Up to that period not a hair of old John Brown's head, or that of any of his sons, had been injured by the pro-slavery party.

It was not until the 30th of August, three months after the Pottawatomie massacre, that the attack was made on Osawatimie by the pro-slavery forces, and Frederick Brown, a son of old John Brown, was killed.

The truth of history requires this statement. If Brown was a monomaniac, it dates back anterior to his first visit to Kansas.

(From the Lawrence (Kansas) Herald of Freedom, Oct. 29.)

More than once during the summer of 1857 we asserted that the reason the "Do Nothing's," as we called them, were opposed to engaging in the Territorial elections of that year, and competing with the pro-slavery party for the offices of the Government, was found in the fact that they wished to prolong our Kansas difficulties—to keep the Territory in a constant ferment, that their design was revolution, and anything which looked like a peaceful solution of our troubles had been and would be violently opposed by them. We stated that those who led off in the do nothing policy had no material interest in Kansas in common with the settlers—that they were "birds of passage," come here like buzzards to feed on dead carcasses, and as soon as the period should come when there was nothing left for them to feast upon they would leave the Territory. We charged upon them with subsidizing almost wholly on funds sent here from the charitable to the East to supply the wants of the destitute and suffering. These men had charge of the correspondence to public opinion. They were the correspondents of Eastern newspapers and of journals at home. The country was continually filled with their articles, and often were certainly made to convey the idea that those in favor of settling our troubles quietly and without a resort to bloodshed, were cowards or they set us out to the pro-slavery party. And who were these men in the Territory at the time? We remember meeting a delegation of them at Charlestown in August of that year. They were Watson on Thatcher, Ralph and John E. Cook, Holmes and Kari, we believe; Phillips and Redpath, Hinton and Conway.

The Leecompton constitution itself was next made the pretext for bringing on war. Whoever failed to call upon the residents of the 22d and 23d of December Convention, held in Lawrence, will be able to comprehend that to which we allude. "Brown's Felted Kitchen Convention" as Thatcher and his associates named the affair, filled them in their plans; but then came the difficulties at Fort Scott inaugurated by the leaders in all these revolutionary movements, and backed up by Jim Lane, old John Brown, Redpath, Phillips, and all that class of persons. They were organized the secret, oath-bound league, the object of which was to murder, in cold blood, every official elected under the Leecompton constitution, to be a free State man or otherwise. The passport to that secret organization was Lane. The whole plan of assassination, of relay of horse for the revolutionaries, &c., are in the possession of good men in Lawrence, and have been for a long period. But there was a peaceful adjustment of all these matters, because Congress did not give legal sanction to the Leecompton swindle.

Old John Brown, with his minions, who opened the bloody issue in Kansas by murdering the five heirs of families on Pottawatomie Creek at midnight, on the 25th of May, 1856, appeared and took charge of the marauding forces. They attempted to make the whole population of Missouri responsible for the horrid murder near Charlestown Training Post. Brown was in constant intercourse with men in the East, who declared on the stump, and in all their published correspondence, that their only hope of abolishing Slavery in the United States lay through revolution; and from them he received funds from time to time in prosecution of his war schemes. When Montgomery discovered Brown & Co's plans of revolution, to his credit be it said, he protested, and in consequence of their quarrel, probably more than anything else, the latter made a brilliant coup d'etat in Missouri, killed Crew, took his slaves and made a forced march to Canada, receiving any amount of "aid and comfort" from his cohorts along the route.





He assumed to be the chief of the insurgents, and was heard to say, in addressing the conductor, that you knew me and understood my motives as well as I and others understand them, you would not blame me so much.

This person also announced, in a bold, determined manner, that if he was interfered with or resisted, his party would instantly set fire to the town and destroy it with everything therein. He likewise threatened to burn down the railroad bridge and cut off all communication.

The citizens were in a terrible state of consternation—most of them being shut up in their houses, and not a light to be seen in the streets or anywhere around.

The bell-ringers seemed to evince no actual antipathy against the railroad. What government employes they could find were captured by the rioters and pressed into their service, being forced under threats to take up arms. In another speech the marauder chief was heard to exclaim:—"If you knew my heart and history, you would not blame me."

The government watchmen and the railroad watchmen were the first persons arrested by the rioters.

They were instantly placed in the arsenal. The insurgents exhibited indomitable boldness, and declare they cannot be taken captive.

The informant states that the consternation was intense. It was difficult to divine the cause of this outbreak or attack. Some are of opinion it was a bold, concerted scheme to rob the government pay house of funds believed to have been deposited there on Friday or Saturday previous. Others imagined it might have been a demonstration of abolitionists connected with some negro affair.

About five, or half past five o'clock this morning, the deputation of armed insurgents approached the conductor, and gave him five minutes to start his train and cross the bridge. He accepted the offer, and started crossing the bridge in safety, though with great fears, through a dense throng of armed marauders, who had taken possession of it.

The train reached Baltimore about noon to-day. The terms were, that if the train did not pass in the time above stated it would be wholly delayed, and all persons therein arrested.

When our informant left, the whole town, government works and everything else, were in the hands of the insurgents, who seemed to be gradually receiving reinforcements, composed of negroes and white men from the surrounding country.

One man was killed instantly; another was found, having been shot through the body and believed to be dying. A good deal of firing was heard at different surrounding points.

The negroes were armed or given arms instantly upon being pressed into the service of the outlaw band. The ringleaders were desperate and determined.

No passenger belonging to the railroad train was injured, nor did there appear to be any disposition on the part of the outlaws to molest them beyond detaining the cars.

There were very few ladies in the train. The "Wholesale Express" train, in charge of conductor Phelps, reaching the Camden station at twelve M. The train was detained by the rioters at Harper's Ferry until seven o'clock this morning. From Mr. Jacob Cromwell, the baggage master of the train, we gather the following particulars:—

The train reached Harper's Ferry about twelve o'clock midnight. Knew nothing of the disturbance or the plot going on in the town until the train was stopped on the bridge by a band of armed men. At the request of conductor Phelps, I went ashore with a lantern, and was immediately confronted by two men, who, with rifles at his head, told me to stand. At this moment one of the watchmen on the bridge, a colored man named Hayward Sheppard, was confronted in the same way, and being told to stand, became frightened and ran, and was shot through the back.

Thinking that moment gives my best chance, I then started and dodged behind the bridge, but was fired at before I could gain shelter. The other watchman at the bridge was subsequently taken in the hands of the insurgents, and confined under a guard in the office at the bridge. When this condition of things was made plain to conductor Phelps, he ordered William Wolery, the engineer, to back the train, and went forward himself and had a conference with the rioters. He was introduced to the reputed captain of the insurgents, an old man, who was called Anderson.

Conductor Phelps told them he was in charge of the train, and carried the United States mail, and desired to go through. This was granted, and he was given five minutes to pass. Phelps was then conducted to his train with a man behind him, with a rifle pointed at his head. He was told not on pain of death, to look either way. The train immediately left, and that is all I know.

The reputed leader of the insurgents (Anderson) it is stated, made his appearance in Harper's Ferry about the first of last week, and brought with him a trunk well filled and heavy. He had been observed going about the town, and in frequent consultation with other unknown persons, but no suspicion was attached to his movements.

The participants in the treason are both white and black. Every body entering the town was being arrested and confined under guard, and the workmen in the government shops were seized on going to their work this morning. All persons supposed to be in authority were under surveillance or closely confined under guard.

[From the Baltimore Patriot, Oct. 17.]

We learn by telegraph from Frederick that a negro insurrection of a very serious nature had broken out at Harper's Ferry, at 10 o'clock last night—the negroes, headed by some 250 whites, supposed to be great abolitionists, and that the insurgents have taken possession of the United States arsenal, carried off a wagon load of rifles, and had sent them over into Maryland. They have also cut the telegraph wires east and west of the Ferry, so as to prevent communication. The information was forwarded from Frederick.

We learn that President Buchanan has ordered a company of United States marines to proceed to Harper's Ferry this afternoon to protect the government works and arrest the insurgents if they can be found.

It is the opinion of Mr. Garrett, the President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, that the difficulty is not so serious as the despatches would lead to apprehend in regard to the train. The train due at five o'clock passed the Monocacy at eight, and arrived here a little before twelve o'clock. We are indebted to C. W. Armstrong, Esq., of New York, and W. C. Warren, Esq., of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, passengers on the train just in, who have kindly furnished us with the following information.

The leader of the party called himself S. C. Anderson, and who had about two hundred men, all armed with Minnie rifles, spears and pistols; he said he expected a reinforcement of 1,000 men by seven o'clock this morning. Every avenue to the Ferry was strongly guarded by this banditti, and the conductor of the Eastern Express, Captain Phelps, was informed by Anderson that no more trains should pass. Captain Phelps' train left at six, having been detained five hours at the ferry. It is true that the negro Haywood, a porter, was shot, but was not killed, as stated by telegraph. Captain Phelps pursued the insurgents, and fired upon them twice when first assailed; they returned and threatened that if he did not yield they would shoot every passenger in the train, and then fire the town. One of the passengers, Mr. Logan, of this city, was arrested on the bridge and was searched for arms. Mr. Logan attributes his escape to saying that he was from Ohio. After telling him that they were fighting for freedom, and he giving them to understand he was in favor of their movements, they then manifested more leniency towards him and let him off. Mr. Logan was very thankful he got off so easy, as he had \$10,000 on his person, which was untouched.

The passengers, especially the ladies, were greatly alarmed, and feared the party was a gang of robbers who intended to rob the government Treasury, which contained \$15,000, and might also rob them. The information is that the rifles were brought down from the works on the Shenandoah, and the party at the Ferry were armed with them, and it was supposed, when the train left, that they had taken off the treasure in the wagon. The band appeared to be well drilled, and Captain Anderson had entire control, as his men were very obedient to his orders.

It is thought some 100 negroes were engaged in the insurrection. We learn also that before the train arrived at the Ferry, about midnight, the insurgents had arrested all the watchmen except an Irishman, who escaped them and gave the alarm to Captain Phelps when his train came in.

Just before this train left Captain Anderson mounted one of the cars and told them to go off quietly and quickly, and none of them should be hurt, but there was no telling what would be the consequence if they delayed their stay. They were glad to hear this, and started at once.

It appears very strange, but our informant tells us that these bandied ruffians act with great coolness in all their movements, having countersigns, and otherwise are well disciplined. None of them were known about the Ferry, all being strangers, and where they came from none could tell. Captain Anderson was about sixty years of age, with a heavy white beard—cool, collected, but with a determined and desperate demeanor. The whole thing is shrouded in mystery, which we trust soon will be cleared up, the desperadoes captured and dealt with as their outwary and murderous conduct justly deserves.

Our citizens were startled by a despatch from Frederick announcing that a negro insurrection had broken out at Harper's Ferry; that the arsenal had been seized, the trains stopped, and the town was in full possession of the insurrectionists. The report was at first discredited, and was supposed to be based on a strike among the workmen at the arsenal; but later despatches persisted in confirming the truth of the first reports. At noon, when the insurgents all train, which had not yet arrived, we received full details of the night at Harper's Ferry, though the origin, cause and character of the outbreak remained an impenetrable enigma, and still continues so up to the time of writing.

If a slave insurrection, it seems singular that so large a number of white men should be connected with it, and if an attack by a band of robbers, it is still more singular that slaves should be in the town.

We learn a stranger arrived at Baltimore a few days since and purchased all the percussion caps that he could find in the city to a very heavy amount. After purchasing a large lot from one of our wholesale houses he inquired if they could procure him any more from New York in forty-eight hours. The great number of caps purchased was regarded as very singular at the time.

and is now supposed to have had some connection with this outbreak.

### THE ORGANIZATION OF THE INSURGENTS—THEIR LEADER'S APPEARANCE, ETC.

[From the Baltimore Evening American, Oct. 17.]  
We learn by telegraph from Frederick that a negro insurrection of a very serious nature had broken out at Harper's Ferry, at ten o'clock last night—the negroes, headed by some two hundred and fifty whites, supposed to be abolitionists, and that the insurgents have taken possession of the United States Arsenal, carried off a wagon load of rifles, and had them sent over into Maryland. They have also cut the telegraph wires east and west of the Ferry, so as to prevent communication. The information was forwarded from Frederick.

The train due at five o'clock passed the Monocacy at eight, and arrived here a little before twelve o'clock. We are indebted to C. W. Armstrong, of New York, and W. C. Warren, of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, passengers on the train just in, who have furnished the following information:—

The leader of the party called himself S. C. Anderson. He had about two hundred men, all armed with Minnie rifles, spears and pistols; he said he expected a reinforcement of one thousand five hundred men by seven o'clock this morning. Every avenue to the Ferry was strongly guarded by this banditti, and the conductor of the Eastern Express, Captain Phelps, was informed by Anderson that no more trains should pass. Capt. Phelps' train left at six, having been detained five hours at the ferry. It is true that the negro Haywood, a porter, was shot, but was not killed, as stated by telegraph. Captain Phelps pursued the insurgents, and fired upon them twice when first assailed; they returning the fire, and threatening that if he did not yield they would shoot every passenger in the train, and then fire the town. One of the passengers, Mr. Logan, of this city, was arrested on the bridge, and was searched for arms. Mr. Logan attributes his escape to saying that he was from Ohio. After telling him that they were fighting for freedom, and he giving them to understand he was in favor of their movements, they then manifested some more leniency towards him and let him off. Mr. Logan was very thankful he got off so easy, as he had \$10,000 on his person, which was untouched.

The passengers, especially the ladies, were greatly alarmed, and feared the party was a gang of robbers who intended to rob the government Treasury, which contained \$15,000, and might also rob them. The information is that the rifles were brought down from the works on the Shenandoah, and the parties at the Ferry were armed with them, and the wagon which brought them down afterwards drove off with outsiders, and it was supposed, when the train left, that they had taken off the treasure in the wagon. The band appeared to be well drilled, and Captain Anderson had entire control, as his men were very obedient to his orders.

It is thought some one hundred negroes were engaged in the insurrection. We learn also that before the train arrived at the Ferry, about midnight, the insurgents had arrested all the watchmen except an Irishman, who escaped them and gave the alarm to Captain Phelps when his train came in.

Just before this train left Captain Anderson mounted one of the cars and told them to go off quietly and quickly, and none of them should be hurt, but there was no telling what would be the consequence if they delayed their stay. They were very glad to hear this and started at once.

It appears very strange, but our informant tells us that these bandied ruffians act with great coolness in all their movements, having countersigns, and otherwise are well disciplined. No one of them is known about the Ferry, all being strangers, and where they came from none could tell. Captain Anderson was about sixty years of age, with a heavy white beard, cool, collected, but with a determined and desperate demeanor.

### CAPTURE OF THE BRIDGE

SIXTEEN PERSONS KILLED—THE TOWN IN POSSESSION OF VIRGINIA TROOPS.

HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 18—2 A. M.  
There has been serious work at the bridge, and a number of lives have been lost on both sides. The Virginia volunteers, armed with their cannon on the insurgents of the bridge, and the first gun was just fired when a musket ball pierced the heart of the marine who fired it. No more lives were lost in taking the bridge, but after that the taking of the town was quick work.

The insurgents, at least all of them who are alive, are barricaded in the engine house, within the Armory enclosure. They have a number of citizens with them whom they refuse to give up.

Several companies of Virginia troops are on the ground, and now guard the village. The marines are posted at the Armory. Several of the citizens have been killed, and they have killed several of the insurgents.

### MILITARY DESPACHES.

RICHMOND, Oct. 17, 1859—2 20 P. M.  
Col. JOHN THOMAS GIBSON, Fifty-fifth regiment, Charlottesville, Jefferson county, Va., care of John W. Garrett, Esq.

SIR—The Commander-in-Chief calls your attention to the provisions of the first section of chapter 29 of the code, and directs you to call out immediately a sufficient force from your regiment to put down the riots at Harper's Ferry.

The Commander-in-Chief is informed that the arsenal and Governor of that place are in possession of a band of rioters.

You will act promptly and fully in this emergency, and command the troops called out in person. By command,  
WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON, Adjutant General.

### DESPATCH FROM THE PRESIDENT.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 17, 1859.

John W. GARRETT, Esq.—  
Your despatch has been received, and shall be promptly attended to. The order issued is for three companies of artillery from Old Point Comfort, and I have already accepted the services of Captain Ritchie's company, at Frederick. You will soon hear further from the Secretary of War or from myself. JAMES BUCHANAN.

### STATEMENT OF C. W. ARMSTRONG.

ONE OF THE PASSENGERS ON THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO EXPRESS TRAIN.

Reaching Harper's Ferry, on the Baltimore and Ohio express train, about two o'clock on Monday morning, the passengers were thrown into great excitement from a report given by a man, a clerk in Wager Hotel, near by, that the bridge keeper had been shot, and in all probability an effort had been made to destroy the train by precipitating it into the river. In company with others, I got out of the train, and soon found the conductor, Captain Phelps, talking with the clerk of the hotel. He informed us that just previous to the arrival of the train—was the usual custom for the bridgeman—he left the house to see if all was in proper condition at the bridge. He had been gone but a few moments when a report of a gun was heard, and the bridgeman not returning, the clerk concluded that he had been murdered. He for some time feared leaving the house himself, but finally hearing the train approach, concluded, for fear something serious might happen, he would try and give the engineer the signal to stop, which he did successfully, and to him the passengers are, without a doubt, indebted for their lives, for there is no knowing what were the plans of the rioters. The conductor, accompanied by the engineer, baggage master and two of the passengers, at once concluded to go up to the bridge and see if anything had occurred; they had hardly reached its entrance, when they were stopped by three men, one a colored man, all armed with rifles, who ordered them to stop and not approach a step further or they would be instantly killed. The conductor, Mr. Phelps, demanded the cause of their actions, but they made no reply. Finally they told them that they would soon learn. While they were thus conversing with the men on the bridge, a colored porter at the Wager Hotel came up, intending to cross over to see to the baggage by the train; as he neared the bridge the conductor with his companions turned to leave, when some one inside the bridge

fired a shot, the ball entering the colored man's right side he fell, exclaiming—"O, my God, I am shot." They immediately ran up to him and found him with his hand upon the wound. They conveyed him to the ticket office near by, and everything was done to relieve his suffering, but with little success, as no physician could be had. His recovery is thought to be impossible. About half past two o'clock, Mr. Logan, one of the passengers, concluded that he would try and cross the bridge; he was urged upon not to do so, but he determined he would try it, and started for the bridge. When about midway he was seized by four men, one a negro, who demanded of him what he was doing on the bridge. He said he was a passenger in the train, and wanted to cross. One of the white men replied, "D—n you, if you attempt to move an inch further I will blow your brains out," at the same time placing a pistol to his head. Mr. Logan replied that he would comply with their request, and asked them why they stopped him. They replied that it was none of his business, and he must ask no questions. They then took him to the other side of the bridge and put him in charge of one of the armed men. While standing in custody of his guard, he observed three men approaching the north side of the bridge. As soon as they got inside they gave the countersign, which was, "Number one." They appeared to be at once recognized by one of the party, and a conversation ensued among them. Mr. Logan, after a short time, asked his guard why he was detained, and what was the reason of their shooting persons without a cause; he also stated that if it was his money they wanted, they were welcome to it. (Mr. Logan was a stoop on his person, but very prudently did not tell them the amount he had.) The guard, who was a negro, replied that they wanted nothing, but their freedom; that he had been in bondage long enough, and was now bound to be free. Mr. Logan at once saw what was out, and concluded, for his own safety, to coincide with them in all they said. He soon told them that they might count on him as one of them; that he sincerely felt for them, and hoped they would be successful. He was, however, for some time kept in close custody, but finally the leader of the gang, whom they called Captain Anderson, came up, and ordered him to return to the train and tell the conductor that his train could pass over, but that it was the last one, and they would give him but twenty minutes to get off. Mr. Logan accordingly left, but every moment expected a bullet from one of the crowd. During the absence of Mr. Logan the passengers were in the greatest fear, feeling assured that Mr. Logan had been killed, and that an attack would be made upon the train. They had all come to the conclusion that it was a regular banded crowd got up with a view of robbing the train. The conductor finally determined that he would see the whole thing out or die, and he went about looking for a pistol among the passengers, but without success. He then went down to the Wager House, where he obtained a rifle, and soon returned to the train. The passengers had—at least all the males—about fifty—got outside, and the conductor had but just returned when three men were observed to leave the bridge and run down toward the arsenal, which stood about half a mile off. The conductor fired at them, at the same time exclaiming, "There go the robbers;" and as soon as he had fired the three men turned and fired several rounds, but fortunately without doing any damage. Several shots also came from the bridge, and this so alarmed the passengers that they all ran back into the cars. A light was then observed in the arsenal, and also in the treasury office, near by, and the passengers all came to the conclusion that the party were robbing the treasury, in which was about \$15,000, and that they had seized on the arsenal so that no arms could be got to follow them. While watching the arsenal, a man came up from the bridge and asked to see the conductor; he was soon shown him, when he stated that he had been sent by the captain (giving no name) to tell him that if he or any of the passengers fired another shot they would kill every one on the train. He was questioned about the difficulty, but would give them no answer, and immediately left. About half-past three o'clock, about a dozen men were observed to leave the arsenal in a wagon. Soon after a carriage and a light wagon came up at a rapid rate and entered the arsenal yard. About five o'clock the passengers all left the train and went to Wager's Hotel, where they remained until daylight. During the time they were at the hotel they feared to burn a light, as they were desirous that the rioters should not know that they had left the train. Just about daylight Mr. Logan returned and told the conductor what he had seen, and that he was requested to tell him that he could cross the bridge with the train. The conductor told the passengers to get aboard, and started ahead. As he entered the bridge he was seized by two men, and was told not to look either side of him under penalty of death, and in this manner was conducted over the bridge. The train was then ordered to pass over, and when safely over, one called Captain Anderson came up and said that he would give them just five minutes to get off. The train was in progress in a second, and left in double time, arriving in Baltimore about twelve o'clock noon. All along the route to Baltimore the pas-

sengers dropped out notes in order to alarm the people of what was going on. Those whom we were enabled to see among the party were mostly whites, and not the slightest noise was heard among them.

## SECOND DAY'S OPERATIONS.

### The Assault on the Engine House, and Complete Route of the Insurrectionists.

**HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 18—3 A. M.**  
There was a battle on the bridge last night. It was fought mainly by the railroad tonnage men from Martinsburg, led by Captain Alberts. Evan Dorsey, conductor, was killed, and conductors Bowman and Hollett wounded. No damage was done to the railroad or bridge. It is thought that the rioters will be hung as soon as they are captured in the morning.

**HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 18—6 A. M.**  
Preparations are making for an attack on the Armory. The soldiers are all around the grounds, and for the last hour everything has been quiet. The rioters have still the following persons in their possession:—Armistead Ball, chief draughtsman of the Armory; Benj. Mills, Master of the Armory; John P. Dangerfield, Paymaster; Clark Lewis Washington, a farmer and prominent citizen; John Alstadt, farmer, and his son, sixteen years old. The three last named were seized on their farms, several miles from the Ferry.

George Turner, a graduate of West Point, and one of the most distinguished citizens in the vicinity, was shot yesterday whilst coming into the town. He has died during the night.

Three of the rioters are lying dead in the streets, three are lying dead in the river, and several are said to be lying within the Armory enclosure.

The following is a list of killed among the citizens and soldiers, as far as ascertained:—Fountain Brekham; Haywood, a negro porter at the railroad station; Joseph Bromley, of Harper's Ferry; Evan Dorsey and George Richardson, of Martinsburg.

Another rioter, a negro named Lewis Leary, has just died, he confessed to the particulars of the plot, which he says was concocted by Brown at a fair held in Ohio two months ago.

The rioters have just sent out a flag of truce, and say that if not protected by the soldiers at present here they will hang all they capture.

**HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 18—8 A. M.**  
The Armory has been stormed and taken, after a determined resistance. Colonel Stuart approached with a flag of truce and demanded a surrender. After expostulating some time, the rioters refused to surrender. The marines advanced to the charge and endeavored to break the door down with sledge hammers, but it resisted all their efforts.

A large ladder was then used as a battering-ram, and the door gave way. The rioters fired briskly, and shot three marines, the marines firing in turn through the partly broken door.

The marines then forced their way through the break, and in a few minutes resistance was at an end.

The rioters were bought out amidst the most intense excitement, many of the militia present trying to get an opportunity to shoot them.

Captain Brown and his son were both shot. The latter is dead and the former in a dying state. He lies in the Armory enclosure, talking freely. He says he is old Ossawatimie Brown, whose feats in Kansas have had such wide notice; that his whole object was to free the slaves, and justifies his action. He says that he had possession of the town, and could have murdered all the people, and that he has been murdered in return.

J. G. Anderson was also shot down in the assault. He was from Connecticut.

The dead body of a man killed yesterday was found within the Armory.

Brown declares that there were none engaged in the plot but those accompanying him.

The prisoners are retained in custody within the Armory enclosure.

**BALTIMORE, Oct. 18, 1859.**

There is intense excitement in this city, and nothing is talked of but the insurrection.

General Stuart, through Governor Wise, has communicated an order to General J. W. Watkins, of this city, to prepare, equip and mount immediately a body of men for service in the mountains near Harper's Ferry, where many of the insurgents have taken refuge. The troops will leave this afternoon.

The purpose of the insurrectionists appears to have been to hold the town until several thousand slaves could be collected, and then make a stampede through Maryland and across the Pennsylvania line. Those of them who have started will be pursued immediately.

**HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 18—Noon.**

Soon after the storming of the Armory, four dead bodies of insurgents, shot yesterday, were found within the enclosure.

Captain Brown and his son were dangerously wounded. Only two of the insurrectionists are un wounded. Their names are Edwin Coppick, a white man, from Iowa, and Shields Green, colored, from Iowa.

The party originally consisted of twenty-two persons, of whom fifteen are killed, two mortally wounded; two are here unhurt, and three went off with slaves on Monday morning.

Soon after the assault on the armory some firing took place from the hills on the Maryland shore, supposed to be from Cook and his party, who left on Monday morning. It was returned with a general volley, but both parties were too distant to do damage.

A company of armed men has gone in pursuit of the fugitives.

There are probably one thousand armed men here. They have been pouring in all night from all parts of the surrounding country.

**WASHINGTON, Oct. 18, 1859.**

The Secretary of War this morning received a telegraphic despatch from Colonel Lee, dated seven o'clock, saying that he called upon the rioters, who were barricaded in the engine house on the arsenal grounds, to surrender, promising to protect them until the wishes of the President could be ascertained. This proposition was made in order to save the lives of the prisoners who were in the possession of the insurgents.

This message was sent through Lieut. Stuart of the First cavalry. The insurgents declined to surrender, whereupon, at a preconcerted signal from Lieut. Green, the detachment of marines who were near by forcibly broke into the engine house, killing two of the rioters, and capturing the remainder. Two of the marines were wounded, one of them mortally. Ossawatimie Brown, the leader of the rioters, was also mortally wounded. Several officers of the arsenal, together with other prisoners, all escaped unhurt.

The War Department has despatched an order for the troops at Norfolk, who are at Fort McHenry, to remain there until they receive further orders.

The President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad telegraphs to New York that the insurrection is entirely suppressed. All the outlaws are killed or arrested. All the freight and passenger trains are running with entire regularity and safety. No damage has been done to any portion of the railway track, trains or property.

## SKETCH OF THE WHOLE AFFAIR.

### Connected Account of Its Origin and Progress, and of the Principal Actors Therein.

#### THE DESPATCHES FROM BALTIMORE AND HARPER'S FERRY.

THE BROWNS, FATHER AND SON.  
The principal originator of this short but bloody insurrection was undoubtedly Captain John Brown, whose connection with scenes of violence in the border warfare in Kansas then made his name familiarly notorious throughout the whole country. Brown made his first appearance in Harper's Ferry more than a year ago, accompanied by his two sons, all three of them assuming the name of Smith. He inquired about land in the vicinity, and made investigations as to the probability of finding ores there, and for some time boarded at Sandy Point, a mile east of the Ferry. After an absence of some months, the elder Brown reappeared in the vicinity and rented or leased a farm on the Maryland side, about four miles from the Ferry. They bought a large number of picks and spades, and this confirmed the belief that they intended to mine the fortresses. They were frequently seen in and about Harper's Ferry, but no suspicion seems to have existed that "Bill Smith" was Captain John Brown, or that he intended embarking in any movement so desperate or extraordinary. Yet the developments of the plot leaves no doubt that his visits to Perry and his lease of the farm were all parts of his preparation for an insurrection, which he supposed would be successful in exterminating slavery in Maryland and western Virginia.

**JOHN E. COOK.**  
Brown's chief aid was John E. Cook, a comparatively young man, who has resided in and near Perry some years. He was first employed in leading a lock on the canal, and afterwards taught school on the Maryland side of the river, and after a brief residence in Kansas, where it is supposed he became acquainted with Brown, returned to Perry, and married there. He was regarded as a man of some intelligence, and known to be anti-slavery, but not so violent in the expression of his opinions as to excite any suspicions.

**THE OTHER WHITE MEN.**  
These two men, with Brown's two sons, were the only white men connected with the insurrection that had been seen about Perry. All were brought by Brown from a distance, and nearly all had been with him in Kansas.

#### A CONNECTED HISTORY OF THE AFFAIR.

The first active movement in the insurrection was made at about half-past ten o'clock on Sunday night. William Williamson, the watchman at Harper's Ferry bridge, whilst walking across toward the Maryland side, was





Of course this was refused, and Lieut. Stuart pressed upon Brown his desperate position, and urged a surrender. The expostulation, though beyond earshot, was evidently very earnest, and the coolness of the Lieutenant, and the courage of his aged flag bearer won warm praise. At this moment the interest of the scene was most intense. The volunteers were arranged all around the building, cutting off an escape in every direction. The marines, divided in two squads, were ready for a dash at the door. Finally, Lieutenant Stuart, having exhausted all argument with the determined Captain Brown, walked slowly from the door.

Immediately the signal for attack was given, and the marines, headed by Col. Harris and Lieut. Green, advanced in two lines on each side of the door. Two powerful fellows sprung between the lines, and with heavy sledge hammers attempted to batter down the doors. The doors swung and swayed, but appeared to be secured with a rope, the spring of which deadened the effect of the blows. Failing thus they took hold of a ladder, some forty feet long, and advancing at a run brought it with tremendous effect against the door. At the second blow it gave way, one leaf falling inward in a slanting position.

The marines immediately advanced to the breach. Major Russell and Lieutenant Green leading. A marine in front fell. The firing from the interior was rapid and sharp. They fired with deliberate aim, and for a moment the resistance was serious and desperate enough to excite the spectators to something like a pitch of frenzy. The next moment the marines poured in, the firing ceased, and the work was done, whilst cheers rang from every side, the general feeling being that the marines had done their part admirably.

When the insurgents were brought out, some dead and others wounded, they were greeted with execrations, and only the precautions that had been taken saved them from immediate execution. The crowd, nearly every man of which carried a gun, swayed with tumultuous excitement, and cries of "Shoot them," "Shoot them," rang from every side.

The appearance of the liberated prisoners, all of whom through the steadiness of the marines escaped injury, changed the current of feeling, and prolonged cheers took the place of howls and execrations. In the assault private Ruffert of the marines received a ball in the stomach, and was believed to be fatally wounded. Another received a slight flesh wound.

The lawn in front of the engine house after the assault presented a dreadful sight. Laying on it were two bodies of men killed on the previous day, and found inside the house; three wounded men, one of them just at the last gasp of life, and two others groaning in pain. One of the dead was Brown's son. Otey, the wounded man, and his son Wasson, were laying on the grass, the father presenting a gory spectacle. He had a severe bayonet wound in his side, and his face and hair were clotted with blood.

A short time after Captain Brown was brought out he revived, and talked earnestly to those about him, defending his course, and avowing that he had done only what was right. He replied to questions substantially as follows:—

Are you Captain Brown, of Kansas?  
I am sometimes called so.  
Are you Ossawatimie Brown?  
I tried to do my duty there.  
What was your present object?  
To free the slaves from bondage.  
Were any other persons but those with you now connected with the movement?  
No.  
Did you expect aid from the North?  
No. There was no one connected with the movement but those who came with me.  
Did you expect to kill people in order to carry your point?  
I did not wish to do so, but you forced us to it.  
Various questions of this kind were put to Captain Brown, which he answered clearly and freely, with seeming anxiety to vindicate himself.  
He urged that he had the town at his mercy; that he could have burnt it and murdered the inhabitants, but did not; he had treated the prisoners with courtesy, and complained that he was hunted down like a beast. He spoke of the killing of his son, which, he alleged, was done whilst bearing a flag of truce, and seemed very anxious for the safety of his wounded son. His conversation bore the impression of the conviction, that whatever he had done to free slaves, was right, and that in the warfare in which he was engaged, he was entitled to be treated with all the respect of a prisoner of war. He seemed fully convinced that he was badly treated and had a right to complain. Although at first considered as dying, an examination of his wounds proved that they are not necessarily fatal. He expressed the desire to live and to be tried by his country. In his pockets nearly three hundred dollars were found in gold. Several important papers found in his possession were taken charge of by Col. Lee, on behalf of the government.

The following fragment of a letter was found in Brown's pocket:—

CAPT. BROWN—  
DEAR SIR—I have been disappointed in not seeing you here ere this to take charge of your freight. They have been here now two weeks, and as I have had to superintend the providing for them, it has imposed upon me no small task besides; and if not soon taken on some of them will go back to Missouri. I wish to know definitely what you propose doing. They cannot be kept here much longer without doing themselves, and if any of them conclude to go back to the State it will be a bad termination to worse enterprise.

The foregoing occupies a page of fine note paper, straw tinted, is written in pencil and not dated, and was evidently written by a person of education, and the freight he had was, no doubt, that usually carried on the underground railroad.

Besides Captain Brown the prisoners taken are his son, who is seriously injured in the abdomen, and is not likely to live, Edward Coppich, who belonged to Iowa, and a negro named Shields Green, who came from Pittsburg to join Brown. The stories of all these men are precisely the same. They agree as to the objects proposed to be accomplished, and the number of persons in the movement.

Young Brown, in answer to a question, said there were parties in the North connected with the movement, thus differing with his father on this point.

Coppich, the other white prisoner, is quite young, and seems less shrewd than the others. He said he did not wish to join the expedition, and when asked, gave a reply which showed the influence which Brown had over him, he said:—“Ah, you gentlemen don't know Capt. Brown; when he calls for us we never think of refusing him.”

Several slaves were found in the room with the insurgents, but it is believed that they were there unwillingly. Indeed, Brown's expectation as to slaves rushing to him was entirely disappointed. None seem to have come to him willingly, and in most cases were forced to desert their masters. But one instance in which slaves made a public appearance with arms in their hands is related. A negro, who had been sharply used by one of the town people, when he found that he had a pike in his hand, used his brief authority to arrest the citizen and have him taken to the armory.

The citizens imprisoned by the insurgents all testify to their lenient treatment. They were neither tied nor tied nor insulted, and beyond the outrage of restricting their liberty were not illused. Captain Brown was always courteous to them, and at all times assured them that they would not be injured. He explained his purposes to them, and whilst he had them (the workmen) in confinement, made no abolition speech to them. Col. Washington speaks of him as a man of extraordinary nerve. He never blanched during the assault, though he admitted in the night that escape was impossible, and that he would have to die. When the door was broken down, one of his men exclaimed, “I surrender.” The captain immediately cried out, “There's one surrenders—give him quarter,” and at the same moment fired his own rifle at the door.

During the previous night he spoke freely with Colonel Washington, and referred to his sons. He said he had lost one in Kansas and two here. He had not pressed them to join him in the expedition, but did not regret their loss; they had died in a glorious cause.

The position of the prisoners in the engine house during the firing on Monday, and at the moment of the final attack was a very trying one. Without any of the incentives of combat, they had to risk the balls of their friends, but happily they all escaped. At the moment when the doors were broken in and the prisoners, at the suggestion of Col. Washington, threw up their hands, so that it might be seen that they were not combatants.

During Tuesday morning one of Washington's negroes came in and reported that Captain Cook was on the mountain, only three miles off. About the same time some shots were said to have been fired from the Maryland hills, and a rapid fusillade was returned from Harper's Ferry. The Independent Grays, of Baltimore, immediately started on a scouring expedition, and in two hours returned with two wagons, loaded with arms and ammunition, found at Captain Brown's house. The arms consisted of boxes filled with Sharpe's rifles, pistols, &c., all bearing the stamp of the Massachusetts Manufacturing Company, Chicopee, Mass. There were also found a quantity of United States ammunition, a large number of spears, sharp iron bowie knives fixed upon poles, a terrible looking weapon, intended for the use of the negroes, with spades, pickaxes, shovels and everything that might be needed, thus proving that the expedition was well provided for, that a large party of men were expected to be armed, and that abundant means had been provided to pay all expenses. How all

these supplies were got up to this farm without attracting observation is very strange. They are supposed to have been brought through Pennsylvania. The Grays pursued Cook so fast that they secured a part of his arms, but with his more perfect knowledge of localities he was enabled to evade them. On their arrival at the Ferry with the evening's spoil, they were greeted

with hearty cheers. The wagons were driven into the Armory yard, and given into the custody of the government. As everybody else helped themselves, why should not the Grays have a share of the spoils?

The insurgents did not attempt to rob the Paymasters Department at the armory. A large amount of money was there, but it was not disturbed.

Perfect order having been restored, the military with the exception of the United States marines, who remained in charge of the prisoners, left in various trains for home. An immense train brought the Baltimore troops (accompanied by the Frederick troops to the junction) home.

FREDERICK, Oct. 18, 1859.

There is still excitement in regard to the insurrection. Nothing has been seen of the negroes in this section yet, but they are supposed to be either in the mountains, or on their way to Pennsylvania, through the range of mountains near Hagerstown.

CHAMBERSBURG, Pa., Oct. 19—2 A. M.

There are no signs of the fugitives. A gentleman who left Greencastle at nine o'clock says that nothing has been heard of them there.

BEDFORD, Pa., Oct. 19—2 A. M.

There are no signs of the fugitives in this vicinity.

### ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE FIGHT.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 17—P. M.

An eye witness who has returned from Harper's Ferry, describes the scenes there as follows:—

#### THE FIRST ATTACK.

The first attack was made by a detachment of the Charleston Guards, which crossed the Potomac river above Harper's Ferry, and reached a building where the insurgents were posted by the canal on the Maryland side. Smart firing occurred, and the rioters were driven from the bridge. One man was killed here and another was arrested.

#### A PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT CONTEMPLATED.

A man ran out and tried to escape by swimming the river; a dozen shots were fired after him; he partially fell, but rose again, threw his gun away and drew his pistols, but both snapped; he drew his bowie knife and cut his heavy accoutrements off and plunged into the river; one of the soldiers was about ten feet behind; the man turned round, threw up his hands, and said, “Don't shoot;” the soldier fired, and the man fell into the water, with his face blown away; his coat skirts were cut from his person, and in his pockets was found a captain's commission to Captain E. H. Leeman from the provisional government. The commission was dated Oct. 15, 1859, and signed by A. W. Brown, Commander-in-Chief of the army of the provisional government of the United States.

#### MORE CONFLICTS.

A party of five of the insurgents, armed with Minié rifles and posted in the rifle armory, were expelled by the Charleston Guard. They all ran for the river, and one, who was unable to swim, was drowned. The other four swam out to the rocks in the middle of the Shenandoah, and fired upon the citizens, and troops upon both banks. This drew upon them the muskets of between 200 and 300 men, and not less than 400 shots were fired at them from Harper's Ferry, about two hundred yards distant. One was finally shot dead; the second, a negro, attempted to jump over the dam, but fell and was not seen afterwards; the third was badly wounded, and the remaining one was taken unharmed. The white insurgent wounded and captured died a few moments after in the arms of our informant. He was shot through the breast and stomach. He declared that there were only nineteen whites engaged in the insurrection.

For nearly two hours a running and random firing was kept up by the troops against the rioters. Several were shot down, and many managed to limp away wounded. During the firing the women and children ran shrieking in every direction; but when they learned that the soldiers were their protectors, they took courage, and did good service in the way of preparing refreshments and attending the wounded.

Our informant, who was on the hill when the firing was going on, says all the terrible scenes of a battle passed in reality before his eyes. Soldiers could be seen pursuing singly and in couples, and the crack of a musket or rifle was generally followed by one or more of the insurgents biting the dust. The dead lay in the streets where they fell. The wounded were cared for.

A body of mounted men left Baltimore this afternoon for Harper's Ferry, to pursue the rioters. It is reported that many have escaped, and are secreted in the mountains.

### ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 18, 1859—P. M.

#### RESUMPTION OF TRAVEL.

The Pennsylvania Directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad left Martinsburg this morning for this city. Travel is now resumed on the road and the trains are running regularly.



### KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Ossawatimie Brown's wounds are not considered mortal. One of the rioters killed was named Stuart Taylor. J. C. Anderson, one of the ringleaders, who stopped Conductor Phelps yesterday, was killed during the first attack by the Virginians. He was a fine looking man, with a flowing white beard. Some of the Maryland Volunteers are in pursuit of Captain Cook's party. A negro, named Green, from Harrisburg, and who was conspicuous in the fugitive slave riot in that city some years ago, was among the insurgents.

### RETURN OF TROOPS TO BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 18—7 P. M. The Baltimore Infantry troops have just arrived, and are now marching to the armories. Their services were no longer required at Harper's Ferry, the Government and Virginia troops being amply sufficient for all emergencies.

### STATE RIGHTS DIFFICULTY APPREHENDED.

It is apprehended, in view of the fact that the President has authorized the military to pursue the insurgents in other States if necessary, that there may be difficulty across the Pennsylvania or Ohio lines.

### PROSECUTION FOR TREASON.

HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 18—2 P. M.

The Secretary of War has telegraphed to Col. Lee that Mr. Ould, District Attorney for the District of Columbia, will proceed forthwith to Harper's Ferry to take charge of the legal proceedings against the prisoners and bring them to trial.

A train is now getting ready to convey horses and men from here to pursue the rioters into any State or locality where they may have fled. This is by order of the President at the request of Governor Wise.

### THE DESPACHES FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 18, 1859.

Yesterday the President was in consultation some hours with the Secretary of War and Brevet Colonel Robert E. Lee, Lieutenant Colonel of the Second Cavalry, United States Army, who it was determined should command the United States troops to be concentrated at Harper's Ferry. The President, while with these gentlemen, received despatches from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, preferring every possible facility to the government their road would afford. The consultation was not ended until 4 P. M. Colonel Lee, accompanied by his Aid Lieutenant Stuart, U. S. A., immediately afterwards on a special train set out to overtake the detachment of United States Marines, sending over the wires a despatch directing the Marines and Baltimore Volunteers with them to halt at a point near Harper's Ferry convenient to be joined by him.

In the meanwhile the country surrounding Harper's Ferry had rapidly rallied to the rescue of the town. A company from Shepherdstown, composed principally of employees of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, a battalion of military from Frederick county, Va., and another from Jefferson county, Va., and also a battalion Frederick, Md., had closed in on Harper's Ferry before nightfall. The Virginia troops were under the command of Colonel Gibson. The Shepherdstown company approached the town over the mountain. By the Bolivar road, the Frederick, Va., company by the Shenandoah river way, and the Jefferson county company came down the Potomac river route, while the Maryland company approached the town from across the railroad bridge.

We do not know the precise hour at which these troops commenced a simultaneous attack on the insurrectionists, but according to a statement of the special despatch that left Harper's Ferry at daybreak this morning, by nightfall, after fighting in the street, in which some nine of the citizens were killed and wounded in all, from the commencement of the outbreak on the night before, and fifteen insurrectionists were killed and wounded; the latter had been gradually driven to take refuge with the prisoners they held still in their custody in one government building. An early despatch from Colonel Lee to the War Department, characterizes it as the engine of the insurrection. If the latter, the building, a small one story brick building, would not hold more than fifty men.

At two this morning Colonel Lee, with the Baltimore volunteers, was certainly in the fray. At 7 A. M. he sent his aide-de-camp to parley with the insurrectionists, who were barricaded in the building, as explained above, bringing if they would surrender at discretion, to protect their lives against the infuriated inhabitants, whom the building was surrounded, until the President's decision in their case could be learned. This they peremptorily refused.

At 11 A. M. the War Department received a despatch from Colonel Lee, announcing that shortly after 7 A. M. the marines, under Lieut. Green, United States Marine Corps, carried the barricaded building by assault, in which one marine was mortally and another slightly wounded, killing two insurrectionists and mortally wounding another. As soon as the marines entered through the battered doorway all resistance ceased. But five negroes were found among the prisoners, who had some eight or ten prisoners also, those they had threatened to shoot.

attempts that the insurrectionists, on the night before, went around after midnight to the dwellings of the town in armed bands, ordering the inhabitants to leave the country instantly, on pain of their lives. In that way they drove nearly all of them forth in their nightclothes, which accounts for their complete and easy military success.

It is stated that every white person engaged in the insurrection was a comparative stranger there, and other information received to-day sustains this statement.

It seems that Brown and his gang have been hovering about Harper's Ferry for some two months preparing their plans. Our information leads us to the belief that not a single negro other than such as they forced to act with them at the moment, by placing loaded muskets at their heads, was involved in the affair; nor were any white men engaged in the insurrection, as actual parties to it, except the Kansas gang of Brown, and a band of kindred desperadoes he has been able to recruit in various non-slaveholding States. That plunder was one of their main objects is evident in the fact that ere the neighboring militia came down on them yesterday they robbed the government arsenal chest there of all it contained, possibly somewhere between sixteen thousand and twenty thousand dollars in specie, which they immediately sent off in two wagons they pressed into their service. At the same time these wagons were accompanied by a guard of their party, and have doubtless been overtaken and their contents retaken ere this.

It is certain that Ossawatimie Brown expected instant aid and reinforcements. The aid he counted on was doubtless from a negro insurrection, which he hoped to improve; promising, as he did, unconditional freedom to every negro he caught on forcing arms into his hands.

The promptness with which President Buchanan concentrated the Militia of Virginia and Maryland, and the Marines at the Ferry—for the telegraph at this point was busy all day yesterday in that work—illustrates capitally the force and method of his executive energy.

Despatches were received by the President this morning from Gov. Wise, asking authority to pursue the insurrectionists, who have managed to get into the mountains of Maryland, near by. Some of them thus escape temporarily. Orders providing for their speedy capture have doubtless been sent to Col. Lee. Governor Wise was evidently very much excited ere arriving at Harper's Ferry, declaring his determination to have every insurrectionist hung by nightfall.

We have no reliable account of the number of the insurrectionists engaged. Some accounts say there were as many as seven hundred; others five hundred, others again three hundred, while our own impression is that at no time did the willing force of Brown reach one hundred men, all told.

The President, Secretary of State, and the Secretary of War were nearly all this morning at the State Department, engaged in receiving despatches, consultation, &c., connected with the affair.

It appears from intelligence received here to-day from various portions of Virginia and Maryland, that a general stampede among the slaves has taken place. There must have been an understanding of some nature among them in reference to this affair, for in numerous instances, so I am informed by the slaveholders, they have found it almost impossible to control them. The slaves were in many instances insolent to their masters, and even refused to work. It is believed by the slaveholders, since this insurrection, that the slaves were aware of it, but were afraid to co-operate. This view of the case is corroborated by Brown and other leaders.

The following despatch was received by the President from Col. Lee, commanding the United States forces:—

HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 18, 1859.

TO THE HON. SECRETARY OF WAR.—I have the honor to report that at seven A. M. I summoned the rioters that had taken refuge in the Armory building to surrender, promising to hold them in security till the pleasure of the President of the United States was known. The summons was presented by Lieut. Stewart, First Cavalry, and declined. A strong party, under command of Lieut. Geen, of the marines, had been previously posted near the building, and at a concerted signal broke down the door and captured the party.

Two of the marines were wounded, one mortally I fear, and the other slightly. Two of the rioters were killed and two wounded, Ossawatimie Brown, the leader of the party, mortally. One prisoner, and five negroes, said to be slaves, and freed from their home; Mr. Lewis Washington, Mr. Dangerfield, Paymaster's Clerk; Mr. Ball, Master Machinist; Mr. Mills, Master Armorer; Dr. Murphy, Paymaster; Mr. Kiltymeiler, Superintendent's Clerk; Dr. Murphy, a railroad clerk, captured by the rioters and held as prisoners, were wounded and mortally injured. It was the safety of those gentlemen that made me endeavor to get the rioters to surrender. I await your instructions. Very respectfully,  
R. LEE, Colonel Commandant.

The Attorney General being absent from the city the President despatched District Attorney Ould to Harper's Ferry. He left this evening, and took a letter from the President to Colonel Lee, instructing him to hand the prisoners over to the civil authorities.

Mr. Ould is instructed at the same time to institute prosecutions against the prisoners, and try them at once. The government does not hold, I am informed, that the insurrection committed high treason. The government nor one else have been able to ascertain what their object was. If it was to overthrow the government, then it is treason.

The following is the anonymous letter received by Governor Floyd, of which mention has been made:—

CINCINNATI, August 20, 1859.

Sir—Have lately received information of a movement of so great importance that I feel it to be my duty to inform you of it without delay. I have discovered the existence of a select association, having for its object the liberation of the slaves at the South by a general insurrection. The leader of the movement is Old John Brown, late of Kansas. He has been in Canada during the winter, drilling the negroes there, and they are only waiting this word to start for the South to assist the slaves. They have one of their leading men, a white man, in an armory in Maryland; where it is situated I have not been able to learn. As soon as everything is ready, those of their number who are in the Northern States and Canada are to come in small companies to their rendezvous, which is in the mountains in Virginia. They will pass down the Pennsylvania and Maryland, and enter Virginia at Harper's Ferry. Brown will start the North about three or four weeks ago, and will arm the negroes and strike the blow in a few weeks, so that whatever is done must be done at once. They have a large quantity of arms at their rendezvous, and probably distributing them already. As I cannot fully in their confidence, this is all the information I can give you. I dare not sign my name to this, but I trust that you will not disregard the warning on this account.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 18, 1859.

Dr. Kidwell has just arrived here, having left Harper's Ferry at three o'clock this morning. He states that the fighting was over when he left. The insurgents, having been driven from their position, had taken refuge in the Armory, and the buildings connected with it. They were completely surrounded, and there was no possible chance for them to escape. They offered to surrender, and give up the prisoners which they held, provided no harm came to them. This offer the troops would not accept. This was the latest up to the time Dr. Kidwell left.

Despatches have just been received here, saying that the fighting was all over, and no further difficulty was apprehended.

Gov. Wise passed through here this morning with two companies of troops for the scene of action. He will reach there at twelve to-day. The Governor appeared much excited, and it is believed that he will take summary vengeance upon the leaders and abettors of this servile insurrection.

A report reached here this morning that Charles J. Faulkner had been killed. It cannot be traced to any reliable source, and it is not believed. He left here yesterday in company with the marines.

It is an insurrection of blacks, headed by notorious black republican leaders from the North: Their object was to set negroes or slave States free.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 18, 1859.

From a gentleman of reliable character who has just returned from Harper's Ferry, and who went from Washington for the purpose of examining into the state of things there, I learn that the insurrection has been completely suppressed, and that the statements sent from there and other points were greatly exaggerated. The facts are these:—Kansas Ossawatimie Brown, the rampant abolitionist, who some time ago was imprisoned in Washington for threatening the life of the late Mr. Calhoun, President of the Kansas Constitutional Convention, had with a few other abolitionists, organized with the insane idea of making a servile insurrection among the negroes of the South, and chosen Harper's Ferry as the point to start from. There was not more than twenty white men of this party in the arsenal when it was taken. There were some other white men, and a few negroes, who were pressed and held in the arsenal more as prisoners than auxiliaries. Six of the abolitionists were killed, and several wounded, Brown among the latter, in taking the arsenal. It does not appear that any robbery had been committed, or any other act done to show that this rising had any other motive than to make a slave insurrection, and to run off a large body of slaves to Canada.

It is rumored that the plan was on an extensive scale; but these abolition wretches miscalculated their strength and the disposition of the negroes. So rampant have the anti-slavery fanatics become, that even in Washington I hear expressions of sympathy for the wretched criminals.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 18, 1859.

The President, Secretary of State, and Secretary of War were together several hours to-day, on matters connected with the proceedings at Harper's Ferry, and the result of the conference was the sending of District Attorney Ould thither, to superintend legal proceedings in the premises.

The excitement which last night existed in Washington and its neighborhood has subsided, and the extraordinary excitement has been relieved.

**Conspirators.**  
**BROWN'S SPEECH.**

CHARLESTON, Va., Tuesday, Oct. 26, 1859.  
The preliminary examination of Brown and other conspirators commenced here to-day, in the Magistrate's Court. Col. Darns report was the presiding Justice, and the following magistrates were associated with him on the bench: Dr. Alexander, John J. Lock, John P. Smith, Thos. H. Willis, George W. Ebbettsberger, Charles H. Lewis, and Moses W. Burr.

At 10 o'clock the Sheriff was directed to bring in the prisoners, who were conducted from the jail under a guard of 80 armed men.  
A guard was also stationed around the Court. The Court-House was bristling with bayonets on all sides. Charles B. Haring, esq. acted as Attorney for the County, assisted by Andrew Hunter, Counsel for the Commonwealth. The prisoners were brought in, Brown and Edwin Coppie manacled together.

Brown seemed weak and haggard, with eyes swollen from wounds on the head. Coppie is uninjured. Stephens seemed less injured than Brown, but looked haggard and depressed. Both have a number of wounds on the head.  
John Copeland a bright mulatto, about 25 years of age, and Green a dark negro, aged about 30. Sheriff Campbell read the commitment of the prisoners, who were charged with treason and murder.

Mr. Haring, the Attorney for the State, asked that the Court might assign counsel for the prisoners, if they had none.

The Court then inquired if the prisoners had counsel, when Brown addressed the Court as follows:

"I did not ask for any quarter at the time I was taken. I did not ask to have my life spared. The Governor of the State of Virginia tendered me his assurance that I should have a fair trial; and, under no circumstances whatever, will be able to have a fair trial. If you seek my blood, you can have it at any moment, without this mockery of a trial. I have had no counsel. I have not been able to advise with any one. I know nothing about the feelings of my fellow-prisoners, and an utterly unable to assist in any way to my own defence. My memory don't serve me. My health is inefficient, although improving. There are mitigating circumstances that I would urge in your favor, if a fair trial is to be allowed me. But if we are to be forced with a mere form—a trial for execution—you might spare yourself that trouble. I am ready for my fate. I do not ask a trial. The mockery of a trial—no insult—nothing but that which conscience gives, or cowardice would drive you to practice. I ask again to be executed from the mockery of a trial. I do not even know what the special design of this examination is. I do not know what is to be the benefit of it to the Commonwealth. I have now little further to say, other than that I may not be foolishly insulted, only as cowardly barbarians insult those who fall into their power."

At the conclusion of Brown's remarks, the Court assigned Charles J. Faulkner and Lawson Bots as counsel for the prisoners.

Mr. Faulkner—I was about to remark to the Court that, although I feel at any time willing to discharge my duty which I owe to my country, and by the authority of law devolve upon me, I am not aware of any authority which this Court has, sitting as an Examining Court, to assign counsel for the defense. Besides, it is manifest from the remarks just made by one of the prisoners that he regards the appearance of counsel under such circumstances not as a *bona fide* act, but rather as a mockery. Under these circumstances I do not feel disposed to assume the responsibility of that position. I have other reasons for declining the position, connected with my having been at the place of action and bearing all the admissions of the prisoners, which render it improper and inexpedient for me to act as counsel. If the Court had authority to order it presumptively, I should acquiesce, and obey that authority. I am not aware that there is any such power vested in this Court, but, as it is the prisoners' desire, I will see that full justice is done them.

Mr. Bots said he did not feel it to be his duty to decline the appointment of the Court. He was prepared to do his best to defend the prisoners, and he hoped the Court would assign some experienced assistant in case Mr. Faulkner persisted in his declination.

Mr. Haring addressed Brown, and asked him if he was willing to accept Messrs. Faulkner and Bots as his counsel.

Mr. Brown replied: I wish to say that I have sent for counsel. I did apply through the advice of some persons here, to some persons whose names I do not now recollect, to act as counsel for me, and I have sent for other counsel, who have had no possible opportunity to see me. I wish for counsel if I am to have a trial; but if I am to have nothing but the mockery of a trial, as I have said, I do not care anything about counsel. It is unnecessary to trouble any gentleman with that duty.

Mr. Haring—You are to have a fair trial.  
Mr. Brown—There were certain men—I think Mr. Bots was one of them—who declined acting as counsel, but I am not positive about it. I cannot remember whether he was one, because I have heard so many names. I am a stranger here. I do not know the disposition or character of the gentlemen named. Have applied for counsel of my own, and doubtless could have them, if I am not, as I said before, to be hurried to execution before they can reach me. But if that is the disposition that is to be made of me, all this is of no use.

Mr. Brown—You give me time, do you give me time? Please to answer yes or no?  
Mr. Brown—I cannot regard this as an examination under any circumstances. I would prefer that they should exercise their own pleasure. I feel as if it was a matter of very little account to me. If they had desired to assist me as counsel, I should have wanted an opportunity to consult the State as my leisure.

Mr. Haring—Stevens, are you willing those gentlemen should act as your counsel?  
Mr. Stevens—I am willing that gentlemen shall try Mr. Brown—(Do you object to Mr. Faulkner?)  
Mr. Stevens—No. I am willing to take both Mr. Faulkner and Mr. Stevens as counsel, and I am willing to be separately, and each, stated his willingness to be defended by the counsel asked.

The Court issued a preliminary order that the press should be excluded from the Court-House, as it would render the getting of a Jury before the Circuit Court impossible.

Lewis Washington stated—At about 1 o'clock on Sunday night last he was asleep, and was awoke by noise; heard his name called; went down, and was surrounded by six men; Stevens appeared to be in command; Cook, Coppie, and two negro prisoners were along, and another white man, whom he afterwards recognized as King. Mr. Washington then proceeded to detail all the particulars of his taking as a prisoner, with his negroes, to the army, and the subsequent events up to the attack by the marines, and his delivery.

A. M. Kitzmiller gave the particulars of his being taken prisoner, and locked up; he subsequently had several interviews with Brown, who always treated him with respect and courtesy; he endeavored to ascertain from Brown what object he had in view, and he repeatedly told him his only object was to free the slaves; and he was willing to fight the British men to accomplish that object; on one occasion during the attack I said to Brown "this is getting hot work, and if you will allow me to interfere, I can possibly accommodate matters;" he went out with Stevens with a flag of truce on Monday afternoon; he requested Stevens to remain while he went forward, and then returned; he was repeatedly asked by Brown and Stevens; I counted only twenty-two men early in the morning, armed with Sharpe's rifles; when Stevens was lying wounded he repeatedly said "I have been cruelly deceived;" so which I replied "I wish I had remained at home."

Mr. Washington recalled. In a conversation with Gov. Wise, Brown was told he need not answer questions he chose; Brown replied he had had nothing to conceal—he had no favors to ask; that he had arms enough to get the better of any man, and could get enough for five thousand if they were wanted.

Armistead Ball detailed the particulars of his arrest by the insurgents. I had an interview, after his arrest, with Brown, who stated that he had come for no child's play, and was prepared to carry out his designs; that his object was not to make war against the people, and that they would not be injured if they remained quiet; his object was to place the United States arms in the hands of the black men, and he proposed to free all the slaves in the vicinity. Brown repeatedly said "I wish my object was to release the slaves; I asked him if some plan could not be arranged for the liberation of myself and the other prisoners; he replied we could only be released by furnishing the bodies slaves in the place of capt; I recognized Stevens, Green, and Brown; Capt. Brown told the prisoners that the arms of the marines was about being made, that though he did not intend to injure them himself, they should equally occupy the post of danger with himself; that if they were not clear enough to their feet, they would be injured if they remained quiet; to secure their safety, they must be barbarians. Coppie, on the other hand, told himself and friends to get behind the engine, that he did not wish to see any of them injured; one of the insurgents (Hecham) I heard say: "I have dropped him;" I did not see Captain Brown fire once from the engine-house; I do not think he fired once; Green fired several times; the prisoners never were unreasonably exposed.

John Alstead, one of the slave-owners who was brought into the army with his slaves detailed the particulars of the battering down of his door, and his seizure by six armed men.

At this point, Stevens appeared to be fainting, and a mattress was procured for him, on which he laid during the remainder of the examination.

Mr. Alstead resumed—Thinks Brown fired several times; knew he saw him with a gun leveled; saw all the prisoners, except the yellow man Copeland.

Alexander Kelly detailed the particulars of the collision with the insurgents, and the exchanging of several shots; could not identify any of the prisoners.

Wm. Johnson testified to the arrest of Copeland, the yellow man, who was attempting to escape across the river; he was armed with a spear and rifle; in the middle of the Shenandoah; he said he had been in charge of Hall's rifle factory by Capt. Brown.

Andrew Kennedy was at the jail when Copeland was brought in; questioned him; he said he had come from the Western Reserve of Ohio; that Brown came there in August and employed him at twenty dollars per month.

Mr. Faulkner objected to the testimony, as implicating the white prisoners.

Mr. Kennedy resumed—Copeland said that our object was to release the slaves of this country; that he knew of it; nineteen in the party, but there were several others he did not know.

Joseph A. Bria—Was one of the prisoners in the engine house and was permitted to go out several times with a flag of truce; during the firing Coppie fired twice, and, at the second fire, Brown remarked "that man's down;" witness then asked permission to go out, and found that Mr. Beckham had just been

Mr. Alstead resumed—Thinks that Capt. Brown shot the marines who were killed; saw him fire.  
The preliminary examination being concluded, the Court remanded the prisoners for trial before the Circuit Court.

The examination to-day was merely to see whether the charges are of sufficient importance to go before the Grand Jury. To-morrow the Jury will report the bill, and the case will then be immediately called for trial. There is an evident intention to hurry the trial through and execute the prisoners as soon as possible, fearing attempts to rescue them. In the case of severe insurrection, thirty days are not required between conviction and execution, as in other capital convictions.

**Capt. Brown's Trial at the Circuit Court.**

CHARLESTON, Va., Oct. 25. The Circuit Court of Jefferson county, Judge Richard Parker on the Bench, assembled at 10 o'clock. The Grand Jury were called, and the Magistrate's Court reported the result of the examination in the case of Capt. Brown, and the other prisoners. The Grand Jury retired with the witnesses for the State. At 5 o'clock they returned into Court, and stated that they had no objection to the examination of witnesses, and they were therefore discharged until 10 o'clock to-morrow morning.

**The Trial of Capt. Brown and others.**

CHARLESTON, Wednesday, Oct. 26, 1859.  
The Circuit Court, Judge Parker presiding, met at 10 o'clock. The Grand Jury were called, and retired to resume the examination of witnesses. The Court took a recess, awaiting the return of the Grand Jury.

At 12 o'clock the Court reassembled.  
THE GRAND JURY returned a true bill against the prisoners, and were discharged.

CHARLES L. BOTS, assisted by ANDREW HUNTER, for the Commonwealth; and LAWSON BOTS and his assistant MR. GREEN, are counsel for the prisoners.

A true bill was read against each prisoner: *First*, for conspiracy with others to produce insurrection; *Second*, for treason; and *Third*, for murder.

The prisoners were brought into Court accompanied by a body of armed men. They passed through the streets and entered the Court House—without the slightest demonstration on the part of the people.

Brown looked somewhat better, and his eye was not so much swollen. Stevens had to be supported, and reclined on a mattress on the floor of the Court room, evidently unable to sit. He had the appearance of a dying man, breathing with great difficulty.

Before the reading of the indictment, Mr. HUNTER called the attention of the Court to the

**CHARGE OF JUDGE PARKER TO THE GRAND JURY.**

The following is the charge of Judge Parker to the grand jury of Jefferson county, Virginia, just made:

*Goodness of the Jury:* In the state of excitement into which our whole community has been thrown by the recent occurrences in this country, I feel that the charge which I usually deliver to a grand jury would be entirely out of place.

These occurrences cannot but force themselves upon your attention. They must necessarily excite a considerable portion of that indignation which you will devote to your public duty as a grand jury. However guilty the unfortunate men who are now in the hands of justice may prove to be, still they cannot be called upon to answer to the offended laws of our Commonwealth, for any of the multitudinous crimes with which they are charged, upon a grand jury, and a grand jury, composed of such a body of men, should be able to find the means they be put upon their trial.

I will not permit myself to give expression to any of those feelings which at once spring up in every breast when reflecting upon the enormity of the crime in which those now involved who include your own peaceful, unassuming portion of our Commonwealth, raise the standard of rebellion, and, in defiance of the law, and without mercy Virginia citizens, declaring Virginia null against their invasion. I must remember, gentlemen, that, as a minister of justice, bound to execute our laws faithfully, and in the very spirit of Justice herself, I must, as to every one accused of crime, hold, as the law holds, that he is innocent until he shall be proved guilty by the law, and as a citizen, and an impartial jury of his countrymen. And what I say upon me is equally binding upon every one who may be connected with the prosecution and trial of these offenders. In these cases, as in all others, you will be controlled by that each which each of you are taken, and in which you have solemnly sworn that you will diligently inquire into all offences which may be brought to your knowledge, and that "you will present no one through ill will," as well as "that you will leave no one unpunished through fear or favor, but in all your presentations you shall present the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Do not let this occasion, as a precedent, and have fulfilled your whole duty. Go beyond this, and in place of that diligent inquiry and calm investigation which you have sworn to make, set upon prejudice or from excitement of passion, and you will have done a wrong to that law in whose service you are engaged.

As I have said, these men are now in the hands of justice. They are to have a fair and an impartial trial. We owe it to the cause of justice, as well as to our own characters, that such a trial should be afforded them. If guilty, they will be sure to pay the extreme penalty of their guilt, and the example of punishment, when thus inflicted by virtue of law, will be beyond all comparison more efficacious for our future protection than any torture to which mere punishment could subject them.

Whether, then, we be in public or private position, let each one of us remember that as the law has the charge of these alleged offenders, the law alone, through its recognized agents, must deal with them to the last. It can tolerate no interference by others with the trial, if it has assumed to itself. If true to herself, and true she will be, to our Commonwealth, through her courts of justice, will be as ready to punish the offence of such interference as she is to punish those grave and serious offences with which she is now about to deal—in case these offences be proved by legal testimony to have been perpetrated. Let us all, gentlemen, bear this in mind, and in patience await the result. Be confident that the result will be whatever strict and impartial justice shall determine to be necessary and proper.

It would seem, gentlemen, and yet I speak from no evidence, but upon vague rumors which have reached me, that these men, who have thrown themselves upon us, confidently expected to be joined by our slaves and freed negroes, and fortified the bastions of rebellion, and invited this class of our citizens to rally under it. And yet, I am told, they are unable to obtain a single recruit.



## The Trial of Capt. Brown.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Thursday, Oct. 27, 1859.

The storm and interruption of telegraphic operations prevented the getting of the latter portion of the report through yesterday.

The Court refused to postpone the trial, and the whole afternoon was occupied in obtaining a Jury for the trial of Brown, who was brought into Court on a cot.

### WEDNESDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

AFTERNOON SESSION, 2 o'clock.

The Jailor was ordered to bring Brown into Court. He found him in bed, from which he declared himself unable to rise. He was accordingly brought into Court on a cot, which was set down within the bar. The prisoner laid most of the time with his eyes closed, and the countenance drawn up close to his chin. He is evidently not much injured, but is determined to resist the pushing of his trial, by all the means in his power. The Jury were then called and sworn. The jurors were questioned as to having formed or expressed any opinion that would prevent their deciding the case impartially on the merits of the testimony. The Court excluded those who were present at Harper's Ferry during the insurrection and saw the prisoners perpetrating the act for which they are about to be tried. They were all from distant parts of the country, mostly farmers—some of them owning a few slaves, and others none. The examination was continued until 24 were decided by the Court and counsel to be competent jurors. Out of these 24, the counsel for the prisoner has a right to strike off eight, and then twelve are drawn by ballot out of the remaining sixteen. The following were the questions put to the jurors:

Were you at Harper's Ferry on Monday or Tuesday?

How long did you remain there?

Did you witness any of the proceedings for which this party is to be tried?

Did you form or express any opinion from what you saw there with regard to the guilt or innocence of these people?

Would that opinion disqualify you from giving those men a fair trial?

Did you hear any of the evidence in this case before the Examining Court?

What was your opinion based on?

Was it a decided one, or was it one which would yield to evidence, if the evidence was different from what you supposed?

Are you sure that you can try this case impartially from the evidence alone, without reference to anything you have heard or seen of this transaction?

Have you any conscientious scruples against convicting a party of an offense to which the law assigns the punishment of death, merely because that is the penalty assigned?

The following were finally fixed upon as the twelve jurors:

RICHARD TIMBERLAKE,	JACOB J. MILLER,
JOSEPH MYERS,	THOMAS OSBORNE,
THOMAS WATSON, JR.,	GEORGE W. BOYER,
ISAAC DUST,	JOHN G. WILTSHIRE,
JOHN C. McCLORE,	GEORGE W. TAPP,
WILLIAM RIGHTSADALE,	WILLIAM A. MARTIN,

The Jury were not sworn on the case, but the Judge charged them not to converse upon the case or to permit others to converse with them. They were dismissed at five o'clock, and the prisoner was then carried over to the jail on his cot, and the Court adjourned till morning.

### SECOND DAY.

CHARLESTOWN, Thursday, Oct. 27, 1859.

Brown was brought in walking, and laid down on his cot at full length within the bar. He looked considerably better, the swelling having left his eyes.

Senator Mason was present.

Messrs. HARDING and HUNTER again appeared for the Commonwealth, and Messrs. BOTTS and GREEN for the prisoner.

Mr. BOTTS read the following dispatch, which was received this morning:

"AKRON, Ohio, Thursday, Oct. 26, 1859.

"To C. J. FAULKNER, and LAWSON BOTTS:

"John Brown, leader of the insurrection at Harper's Ferry, and several of his family have resided in this county many years. Insanity is hereditary in that family. His mother's sister died with it, and a daughter of that sister has been two years in the Lunatic Asylum. A son and daughter of his mother's brother have also been confined in the Lunatic Asylum, and another son of that brother is now insane and under close restraint. These facts can be conclusively proven by witnesses residing here, who will doubtless attend the trial if desired.

A. H. Lewis."

William C. Allen, telegraphic operator at the Akron office, adds to the above dispatch that A. H. Lewis is a resident of that place, and his statements are entitled to implicit credit.

Mr. BOTTS said that on receiving the above dispatch he went to the jail with his associate, Mr. Green, and read it to Brown, and is desired by the latter to say that in his father's family there has never been any insanity at all. On his mother's side there have been repeated instances of it. He adds that his first wife showed symptoms of it, which were also evident in his first and second sons by that wife.

Some portions of the statements in the dispatch he knows to be correct, and of other portions he is ignorant. He does not know whether his mother's sister died in the Lunatic Asylum, but he does believe that a daughter of that sister has been two years in the Asylum. He also believes that a son and daughter of his mother's brother have been confined in an asylum; but he is not apprized of the fact that another son of that brother is now insane and in close confinement.

Brown also desires his counsel to say that he does not put in the plea of insanity, and if he has been at all insane he is totally unconscious of it, yet he adds

that those who are most insane generally suppose that they have more reason and sanity than those around them. For himself he declines to put in that plea, and seeks no immunity of the kind.

This movement is made totally without his approbation or concurrence, and was unknown to him, till the receipt of the dispatch above.

Brown then raised himself up in bed, and said: "I will add, if the Court will allow me, that I look upon it as a miserable artifice and pretext of those who ought to take a different course in regard to me, if they took any at all, and I view it with contempt more than otherwise. As I remarked to Mr. Green, insane persons, so far as my experience goes, have but little ability to judge of their own sanity; and, if I am insane, of course I should think I know more than all the rest of the world. But I do not think so. I am perfectly unconscious of insanity, and I reject, so far as I am capable, any attempt to interfere in my behalf on that score."

Mr. BOTTS stated that he was further instructed by Mr. Brown to say that, rejecting this plea entirely, and seeking no delay for that reason, he does repeat to the Court his request made yesterday, that time be given for the foreign counsel to arrive that he has now reason to expect.

Yesterday afternoon a dispatch was received from Cleveland, Ohio, signed "Dan. Tilden," dated Oct. 26, asking Brown whether it would be of use for counsel to leave last night. To this dispatch answer was returned that the Jury would be sworn this morning, and that Brown desired the counsel to come at once.

The telegraphic operator here stated that this dispatch would be sent off at once, in advance of the dispatches sent by reporters, and he had learned this morning that it was sent before the storm of last night interrupted communication, and that counsel might reach here by 12 or 1 o'clock to-night.

The course taken by Brown this morning makes it evident that he sought no postponement for the mere purpose of delay, as he rejects the plea of insanity. Still, in his opinion, he could have a fairer trial if the defense were conducted by his own counsel than if he were defended by the counsel at present here.

Mr. HUNTER observed that the prisoner's counsel having renewed the motion of yesterday for delay for a specific period, indicated and based upon information received in the form of the telegraph, the question now was whether there was sufficient grounds in this additional information to change the decision announced by the Court yesterday on the same motion. If the Court did not at once deem this circumstance wholly insufficient, before the decision was made the counsel for the Commonwealth deemed it his duty to call attention to two or three matters connected with the affair. Though desirous to avoid forestalling the trial of this case, in regard to the present prisoner at the bar, they were prepared to prove that he had made open, repeated and constant acknowledgment of everything charged against him. He had glared in it, and we have but an exhibition of the same spirit and the same purpose in his announcement that he would permit no defense of insanity to be put in. What does he mean by wishing delay for the purpose of having a fair trial? In a proper sense, and in the only sense in which it can be regarded by the Court, it is a fair trial according to the laws of Virginia, and the safeguards against wronging the prisoner which these laws throw around him. If the prisoner's idea of a fair trial is to have it so shaped as to produce a fairness in his conception, outside of what the laws recognize, it becomes the duty of the counsel for the Commonwealth, and, as he apprehended, of the Court, to resist any attempt of that kind. Considering the surrounding circumstances, to which it was unnecessary to particularly advert, there could be no right to claim delay, except so far as the prisoner could show in a reliable form that such delay was necessary to do justice

in his particular case, according to the laws and policy of the State of Virginia. In regard to the telegram read, we know not who Mr. Lewis is. We know not whether he is to come here as counsel for the prisoner, or whether he wants to head a band of desperadoes. We have a right to believe the latter as well as the former. There had been time enough since the letter for Northern counsel was mailed last Saturday, for it to reach him, and for him to arrive here ere this, if he had designed coming. It was fairly inferable that he did not intend to come, and the telegraph did not say he would come. But might it not be an attempt to gain time and learn the latest day when a rescue could be attempted? While commending the earnestness and zeal of the prisoner's counsel, he must ask the Court to reject the motion, and proceed with the trial at once.

Mr. HARDING would be reluctant to withhold from a prisoner charged with a crime of the greatest enormity, him the simplest opportunity of justice; but he had able and intelligent counsel assigned him, who would see that he was fairly and impartially tried, and he therefore fully concurred with the remarks of his colleague in opposing the motion. He referred also to the fact that Brown pretended yesterday afternoon that he was unable to walk, and was brought into Court on a bed, yet he walked back to jail after the close of the trial without difficulty. He thought those were mere pretenses for delay, which the Court should overrule.

Mr. GREEN remarked that one day's delay would be sufficient to ascertain whether the expected counsel would come or not, and no prejudice could result to the Commonwealth from a small delay of that character. In reference to the new matter brought to the consideration of the Court, he did not believe the prisoner had made any acknowledgment upon which he could be convicted. All the acknowledgments, so far as he knew his character, referred to the treason, and those confessions, according to our law, are insufficient to convict a party who may have acknowledged the fact in the plainest manner to one hundred witnesses—for if that is all the evidence upon which the Commonwealth relies, the prisoner cannot be convicted, because our code provides that such confession shall be made in open court, and the prisoner has denied in open court, by putting in a plea of not guilty. As to sufficient time having elapsed for counsel to reach here, it was a reasonable supposition that the persons to whom Brown wrote were absent, and did not immediately receive the letter. The Commonwealth attorney does not know who Lewis is, but he is an ex-member of Congress, and said to be a man of respectability. As to what is called Brown's sham sickness of yesterday, it should be remembered that it was not then, nor is it now, made the ground of application for delay. He did not think this trial should be hurried through, for the reason that a rescue might be apprehended, for such fears were idle.

The Court stated that he must see, in this case as in any other, that a proper cause for a delay was made out before granting such an application. In the present case he could not see that the telegram gave any assurance that the additional counsel intended to come. The prisoner is now defended by counsel, who will take care that no improper evidence is adduced against him, and that all proper evidence in his behalf shall be presented. He could not see that a proper cause for delay was made out. The expected counsel might arrive before the case was closed, and could then see all the testimony which had been taken, and thus the prisoner might have the benefit of their advice although the case now proceeds. As to the matter of insanity, it was not presented in a reliable form; instead of mere statements, we should have affidavits, or something of that character. He thought, therefore, that the Jury should be sworn and the trial proceed.

The Jury having been sworn to fairly and impartially try the prisoner, the Court directed that the prisoner might forego the form of standing while arraigned, if he desired it.

Mr. BOTTS put the inquiry to the prisoner, and he continued to lie prostrate on his cot while the long indictment, filling seven pages, was read.

First: Insurrection.

Second: Treason.

Third: Murder.

Mr. HARDING addressed the Jury. He presented the facts of the case, detailing the scenes of the Armory, the killing of the bridge-keeper, and the subsequent killing of the citizens named in the indictment; the seizure of Lewis Washington and Mr. Alstead, with their slaves; the forming of a government within the limits of the Commonwealth; the holding of the citizens as prisoners of war, and the subsequent capture. He read the law on treason, levying war against the State, giving comfort to its enemies, or establishing any other government within its limits; punishable with death; the law against advising with a slave, punishable with death; and the law on the punishable murder of citizens, punishable with death. All these charges would be conclusively proven, beyond the possibility of a doubt, on the minds of the Jury. He would show that the prisoner's whole object was to rob our citizens of their slaves, and carry them off by violence, and he was happy to say against the wills of the slaves, all of them having escaped, and rushed back to their masters at the first opportunity. He concluded by urging the Jury to cast aside all prejudices, and give the prisoners a fair and impartial trial; and not to allow their hatred of Abolitionists to influence them against those who have raised the black flag on the soil of this Commonwealth.

Mr. GREEN, on the part of the prisoner, after giving the law applicable to the case, said that the Jury must bear in mind that they are judges of the law and the facts, and that if they have any doubt as to law, or the fact of the guilt of this prisoner, they are to give the prisoner the benefit of that doubt. On the first charge

... as a specific act of treason must be proven, it must be proven that he attempted to establish a separate and distinct government, and it must also be proven what was purposed of treasonable acts before you can convict him on those charges. If it is intended to rely on his confessions to prove treason, the law distinctly says, "no conviction can be made on confessions, unless made in open Court." There must be sufficient evidence to prove the charge, independent of any confessions out of the Court, and it requires two distinct witnesses to prove each and every act of treason.

**Second:** Conspiring with slaves to rebel and make insurrection. The Jury must be satisfied that such conspiracy was done within the State of Virginia, and within the jurisdiction of this Court. If it was done in Maryland, this Court could not punish the act. If it was done within the limits of the Army at Harper's Ferry, it was not done within the limits of this State, the Government of the United States holding exclusive jurisdiction within the said grounds. Attorney-General Cushing had decided this point with regard to the Army grounds at Harper's Ferry, which opinion was read to the Jury, showing that persons residing within the limits of the Army cannot even be taxed by Virginia, and that crimes committed within said limits are punishable by the Federal Courts. Although the Jury may doubt about the law on this subject, they must give the prisoners the benefit of that doubt upon the trial. Over murder, if committed within the limits of the Army, this Court has no jurisdiction, and in the case of Mr. Beckham, if he was killed on the railroad bridge, it was committed within the State of Maryland, which State claims jurisdiction up to the Army grounds. Although he may be guilty of murder, it must be proven that it was deliberate and premeditated murder to make it a capital offense; if otherwise, the killing was murder in the second degree, punishable with imprisonment. If you have any doubt on these points you must give that doubt to the prisoners. He was satisfied the Jury will not allow any outside excitement to affect them, and that they will do their duty faithfully and impartially.

Mr. BORTS impressively addressed the Jury. The case was an unusual one, and the crime charged in many respects unknown. The Jury trial called for a calm, unimpassioned deliberation, and not the seizure upon loose statements for a conviction. The Jury must be above all prejudices and influences, and deliberate calmly and free of all resentment, bearing in mind that the mission of the law is not to wreak vengeance, and that the majesty of the law is best maintained when Judges, Counsel and Jury rise above these influences. The burden of proof is on the Commonwealth, and if she fails to substantiate her charges, you are bound to do your duty impartially, and find your verdict on the law and testimony that the Commonwealth may be able to present to you. He then proceeded to go over the same grounds taken by Mr. Green on each of the three points of the indictment—treason, insurrection, and murder. It is no difference how much a Jury may be convinced in their own minds of the guilt of the prisoner, it is essential that they must have proof of positive guilt in a case like this, involving both life and liberty.

Mr. BORTS, in reviewing the law bearing on the case, evinced a determination to avail himself of every advantage that the law allows, and to do his duty to the prisoner earnestly and faithfully. It was due to the prisoner to state that he believed himself to be actuated by the highest and noblest feelings that ever coursed through a human breast, and that his instructions were to destroy neither property nor life. They would prove by those gentlemen who were prisoners that they were treated with respect, and that they were kept in positions of safety, and that no violence was offered to them. These facts must be taken into consideration, and have their due weight with the Jury.

Mr. HUNTER followed, stating his purpose to avoid anything by way of argument or explanation not immediately connected with the particular issue to be tried, and to march straight forward to the attainment, so far as may be in our power, of the ends of justice, by either convicting or acquitting the prisoner at the bar. With a single preliminary remark explanatory of his position here as assistant, a position which had been assigned to him by the Governor of the Commonwealth; as well as his honor the Judge, he passed at once to a review of what was the law in reference to the case, and what he expected to be able to prove to the satisfaction of the Jury. First, as to high treason, this was probably the first case of high treason, or treason against the State, that ever had been tried here by our State Courts, and he fervently hoped that it would be the last that would ever occur; and probably in some degree not only upon our decision, but upon our prompt decision of this case, will that result depend. He thought his friends on the other side were totally mistaken in their view that the law as it now stands on our statute books in reference to overt acts was, either in language, or substantially, that contained in the Constitution of the United States. On the contrary, the phraseology had been varied from that of the Constitution, and, as he conceived, for a plain and palpable purpose. All the powers vested in the Federal Government were given with great jealousy. This was a historical fact, perfectly familiar, and consequently, while treason against the United States consisted only in levying war against them or adhering to their enemies and giving them aid and comfort, there is no provision that no person shall be convicted of treason overt act or confession in open Court. Yet the State law is more full, and includes within its definition of treason the establishing, without the authority of the Legislature, any Government, within its limits, separate or executing, under such Government, or the holding or professing allegiance or fidelity to it, or resisting the execution of law, under the color of its authority; and it goes on to declare that such treason, if proved, by the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act or by confession in

Court, shall be punished with death. Any one of these acts constitutes treason against this Commonwealth, and he believed that the prisoner had been guilty of each and all these acts, which would be proved in the clearest manner, not by two, but by a dozen witnesses, unless limited by the lack of time. The prisoner had attempted to break down the existing Government of the Commonwealth, and establish in its ruins a new Government; he had usurped the office of commander-in-chief of this new government, and, together with his whole band, professed allegiance and fidelity to it; he represented not only the civil authorities of state, but our own military; he is doubly, trebly and quadruply guilty of treason. Mr. Hunter proceeded again to the question of jurisdiction over the Army grounds, and examined the authority cited on the other side, of Attorney-General Cushing; the latter was an able man, but he came from a region of country where opinions are very different from ours in relation to the power of the Federal Government as affecting State rights. Our Courts are decidedly adverse to Mr. Cushing's views. In all past time, the jurisdiction of this County of Jefferson in criminal offenses committed at Harper's Ferry, has been uninterrupted and unchallenged, whether they were committed on the Government property or not. He cited an instance, twenty-nine years ago, where an atrocious murder was committed between the very shops in front of which these men fought their battles, and the criminal was tried here, convicted, and executed under our laws. There was a broad difference between the cession of jurisdiction by Virginia to the Federal Government and mere assent of the State that the Federal Government should become a land-holder within its limits. The law of Virginia, by virtue of which the grounds at Harper's Ferry were purchased by the Federal Government, ceded no jurisdiction. Brown was also guilty, on his own notorious confession, in advising conspiracy. In regard to the charge of murder, the proof will be that this man was not only actually engaged in murdering our citizens, but that he was the chief director of the whole movement. No matter whether he was present on the spot or a mile off, he is equally guilty. In conclusion, Mr. Hunter said that he hoped the case would be considered with fairness and impartiality, and without fear, favor, or affection; and he only asked that the penalty might be visited on the prisoner which the law denounces, which reason denounces, which our safety requires, and which the laws of God and man approve.

The afternoon session assembled at 3 1/2 o'clock.

WITNESSES CALLED.

Dr. STARRY, on Sunday night, heard a shot fired at the Ferry; heard a cry, looked out and saw two men passing from toward the Army gate; a tall man came from the Army gate, and two men from the cars hallooed, "There he goes now!" the man stopped, raising his rifle; they followed him to the Army gate, and exchanged shots with him; Conductor Phelps was one of those men; afterward found the black man Heywood dying in the railroad office; he said he was commanded to stop by the men on the bridge, and refusing, they fired upon him; saw several men patrolling during the night, and go into the bridge; did not know what to make of it, and went to inquire of the Army watchman what it meant; met a man who leveled his rifle at him; asked him where the watchman was, and was answered that he was not there, but that there were "a few of us here;" afterward, in the morning, saw a wagon with three armed men following it; then went to Mr. Kilzweiler and Mr. Ball, and told them that an armed body of men had possession of the Army, and not to go near it; also gave information to the other persons employed in the Army; saw also three of them at Hall's works; did not see more than thirty; recognized them by a peculiar hat they wore; rode to Charlestown to give the alarm and get assistance; returned about 11 o'clock, and assisted in bearing orders and in guiding the armed forces to the best place of attack; did not see or recognize Brown there at all.

Cross-examined by Mr. Green—As I rode past the Army, armed men were at the gate; they did not attempt to stop me; I was determined not to be stopped.

Conductor PHELPS, sworn—On Sunday night, the 15th, my train arrived at 1:25, bound east; saw no watchman at the bridge; thought it strange, as his business was to be there; was talking to the engineer, and was in the act of starting ahead, when the watchman came up to me, much excited, to state that he had been attacked in the bridge by men carrying rifles; Mr. Horney was there with my light before starting the train; the baggage-master and a passenger accompanied him, and when they entered the bridge some one said, "stand and deliver;" had previously told the engineer to follow him slowly, but immediately saw the muzzles of four rifles resting on a railing, and pointed at us; told the engineer to "back;"—something was wrong on the bridge—which he did; as I got on the trestling I heard the report of a gun, and Heywood, the colored man, came running to me, and said, "Captain, I am shot;" the ball had entered the back, and came out under the left nipple; carried him to the railroad office, and started for the doctor, and saw one man come out of the bridge, and go toward the armory gate; remarked, "there he goes now," and Throgmorton, clerk of the Wager House, fired at him; the shot was returned by two men at the Army gate; I was close behind Throgmorton, who exchanged several shots with them; this was ten minutes after Heywood was shot; heard the men loading their rifles again; the reports were very loud, and I wondered why the people were not aroused; walked back to the railroad office, and one of the party on the bridge came out; he said, "you can come over the bridge with your train;" replied, "I would rather not, after these proceedings;" and asked, "What do you want?" he re-

plied, "I then saw, what do you mean?" he replied, "you will find out in a day or two;" I then felt alarmed for the safety of myself and passengers, and concluded to wait till daylight; men were passing back and forward from the bridge to the gate of the Army; each appeared to be in blankets; the passengers were much excited, and wanted to know what it meant; went to the back of the train and saw from twenty to thirty men about the engine-house; at about 4 o'clock saw a wagon driven in the yard, and nearly a dozen men jumped out of it, as a carriage, but did not see any one get out of it; saw men go back and forward, who seemed to be putting something in the wagon; they were also going up and down the street leading from the Army, and all seemed busy at something; this continued until nearly daylight, when the wagon left the yard and passed over the bridge to the Maryland side; about 3 o'clock, before the wagon left, an old gentleman came to me and said, "The parties who have arrested me allowed me to come out on condition that I would tell you that you might cross the bridge with your train;" afterward learned that this was Mr. Koese, a citizen of the town; replied that "I would not cross the bridge until daylight, that I might see whether it was safe;" afterward saw a man coming down Shenandoah street with a lantern, and an armed man arrested him; afterward, saw a stout, stout negro walking with a staff with one of these men; could not see what was in the wagon; afterward a black boy brought a note to the clerk of the Wager House, ordering breakfast for forty-seven men; determined to go out and ascertain what it meant; met a man whom he now recognized as Coppee, and asked what they meant; he replied, "We don't want to injure you or detain your train; you could have gone at 3 o'clock; all we want is to free the negroes;" then asked if his train could now start, and went to the guard at the gate, who said, "There is Capt. Smith—he can tell you what you want to know;" went to the engine-house, and the guard called Capt. Smith, that somebody wanted to see him; the prisoner at the bar came out, and I asked him if he was captain of the case— he replied he was; asked him if I could cross the bridge, and he peremptorily responded, "No, Sir;" then asked him what he meant by stopping my train; he replied, "Are you the conductor on that train?" told him I was, and he said, "Why, I sent you word at 3 o'clock that you could pass;" told him that, after being stopped by armed men on the bridge, I would not pass with my train; he replied, "My head for it, you will not be hurt;" said he was very sorry; it was not his intention that any blood should be spilled; that it was bad management on the part of the men in charge of the bridge; I then asked him what security I would have that my train would pass safely, and asked him if he would walk over the bridge ahead of my train with me; he called a large, stout man to accompany him, and one of my passengers, Mr. McByrne, asked to accompany me, but Brown ordered him to get into the train, or he would take them all prisoners in five minutes; Brown accompanied me; both had rifles; as we crossed the bridge, the three armed men were still in their places; when we got across, Brown said to me, "You doubtless wonder that a man of my age should be here with a band of armed men, but if you knew my past history you would not wonder at it so much; my train was then through the bridge, and I bid him good morning, jumped on my train, and left him; witness returned to Harper's Ferry on Tuesday, and went in with Governor Wise and others to see Brown, who was a prisoner; heard his conversation with Wise and Hunter; Mr. Wise said he "was sorry to see a man of his age in that position;" Brown replied that he "asked no sympathy, and had no apologies to make;" he knew exactly what he was about; the Governor asked him if he did not think he was doing wrong in running off with other people's property; Brown said, "No, he didn't;" he stated that he never had but twenty-two men in his party, but expected large reinforcements from Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and, I think, some of the New England States and New-York. He said that arms were sent to them from Massachusetts; think he spoke of Sharp's rifles, revolvers, and spears; said he could arm from 1,500 to 2,000 men; said he had Harper's Ferry in his eye as the place for his operations; that he had rented a farm, four miles off, from Dr. Kennedy, and had paid the rent up to march, and that all his arms were sent to him there from Chambersburg, Pa.; said those who brought the arms there did not know what they were, as he had taken the precaution to place them in double boxes; they were addressed to J. Smith & Sons, Brown told Gov. Wise that he had books in his trunk that would explain to him his whole proceedings, and what the purpose of his business was; Col. Lee said he had one, and handed it to Gov. Wise; Brown asked him to read two of its first presables and four of the last sections, which he did, and Brown said that was a correct copy; in reply to a question of Gov. Wise, he said he was commander-in-chief of the forces under the Provisional Government, and that he then held that position; he said the constitution was adopted in a piece called Chatham, in Canada; Brown said there was a Secretary of War, Secretary of State, Judge of the Supreme Court, and all the officers for a General Government; he said there was a House of Representatives, and that there was an intelligent colored man elected as one of the members of the House [selection]; Gov. Wise asked Brown if he had taken the oath of allegiance provided for in the 48th article; he replied he had; asked if all the white men of his band had taken the oath; he replied that they had; he said that there were appointed and commissioned officers; that Stevens, Letman, and one of Brown's sons were captains, and Coppee was a lieutenant; he said something about a battle in Kansas, and having



tain's commission; Gov. Wise asked Brown if he thought he had been betrayed to the Secretary of War; said he thought he had been betrayed, but had practiced the ruse to prevent suspicion; the Governor asked him what that ruse was, but he refused to answer; said he knew exactly the position he had placed himself in, and if his life were forfeited he was prepared to suffer.

Mr. GREEN, counsel for the prisoner, interrupted the witness, and said to the Court that he had just received a dispatch from Cleveland, announcing that counsel was coming, and would almost certainly be here to-night. As this was a very important witness, and as it was late in the evening, he would ask the Court to adjourn until morning, in order that counsel might have an opportunity to cross-question the witness. He did not intend to conduct the case longer than the arrival of counsel selected by the prisoner. As only scraps of a conversation of two hours with Gov. Wise had been picked out and given to the Jury, he desired that the witness should be questioned as to the other parts of the conversation.

Mr. HUNTER replied that there were several other witnesses to be called of the same character, to whom such questions could be put by new counsel to-morrow. If the cases were not pushed on the whole balance of the term would not be sufficient to try these men. He thought there was no reason for delay, especially as it was uncertain whether the counsel could get here before to-morrow.

The Court decided that the witness should proceed. Cross-Examination, by Mr. GREEN.—In conversation, Brown said it was not his intention to harm anybody or anything; was sorry men had been killed; it was not by his orders or with his approbation, and would not occur again, provided the people were peaceable and quiet; when Brown spoke of taking them all prisoners if they did not get into the cars, he appeared to want the train to go on as soon as possible; it was advice more than in the form of a threat; did not recognize Brown till I talked with him in the Armory yard; don't think Brown was with the party on the bridge in the wagon, for if he had been I think I would have recognized him from his peculiar beard.

By Mr. HUNTER: When Brown was parleying with us at the bridge, the three armed men remained on the bridge; saw what seemed to be a man dressed in woman's clothing pass, followed by a boy with a box or bundle.

Col. LEWIS W. WASHINGTON, sworn.—[He detailed the circumstances as already published in THE TRIBUNE.]

Cross-examined by Mr. GREEN.—Cannot say whether the Marines fired after they broke into the engine-house; the noise was great, and several shouted from the inside that some one had surrendered the prisoners;

we were kept in the rear engine-house and allowed to keep a safe position, so that there was no effort to endanger us; Brown's conduct was not rude or insulting toward us.

By Mr. HUNTER.—Was present at the conversation with Gov. Wise on Tuesday; Gov. Wise asked Brown if he had not selected Harper's Ferry as a border place between Maryland and Virginia for the establishment of his Provisional Government, and he answered, "Certainly." He avowed that his object was to free the Southern slaves, and said that his party consisted of twenty-two men, nineteen of whom came over with him; he said he had 200 Sharp's rifles, 200 revolvers, and witness does not remember how many spears; Brown said he had enough to arm about 1,500 men; the Governor asked if he expected that number; he said no doubt that number and five thousand if he wanted them; he detailed the conversation respecting the Provisional Government substantially as the last witness.

By Mr. BOTTS.—At the time of the attack on the engine-house, the prisoners remained in the rear at the suggestion of Brown and his party; heard Brown direct his party not to fire on any unarmed man; he gave that order more than once.

By Mr. HUNTER.—Cook said Brown had been studying this subject twenty or thirty years. Had reconnoitered Harper's Ferry repeatedly.

By Mr. BOTTS.—The prisoners were allowed to go out, and assure their families of their safety; some went out several times; told his men not to return from his dwelling-house; there were numerous shots toward the tank where Beckham was killed; Brown assured witness that he should be treated well, and his property should not be destroyed.

By Mr. HUNTER.—While a prisoner in the engine-house, overheard a conversation between Stevens and another party, not known to witness, about slave-holding. Stevens asked the man if he was in favor of Slavery? He said "Yes," although not a slaveholder. Stevens said, "You are the first man I would hang."

By Mr. HARDING.—One of the three negroes taken with the witnesses was kept in the Armory yard; another escaped, and went home; saw no conversation in particular between the party and the negroes who were taken there; all the negroes were armed with spears while in the Armory yard; they walked about the Armory grounds, and one came and warned himself; no negro from this neighborhood appeared to take up arms voluntarily; saw no wounded men dragged into the engine house.

At 7 o'clock the Court adjourned till morning. Orders have been given to the jailors to shoot all the prisoners if an attempt is made for their rescue.

George H. Hoyt of Boston, counsel for Brown, arrived this morning. He is quite a youth.

The Court met at 11 o'clock. Brown was led from the jail, walking very feebly. He lay down upon his cot.

Senator Mason entered the Court with Mr. Hoyt, the Boston counsel of Brown; he remarked that the testimony of Col. Washington and Mr. Phelps yesterday was strictly truthful.

The Jury were called, and answered to their names. Mr. BOTTS announced the arrival of Mr. Hoyt, who had come here to assist the counsel for the prisoner. At present, however, he did not feel disposed to take part in the case. Whenever he should feel disposed, he would do so.

Mr. HUNTER suggested that he had better be qualified as a member of the bar on producing proof from the Boston bar.

Mr. HOYT had not brought his credentials of admission.

The COURT said that that was not required in order to be strictly legal; to that fact any citizen's evidence would answer.

Mr. GREEN said his partner had read letters from fellow students of Mr. Hoyt, alluding to him as a member of the bar.

Mr. HOYT then took the customary oath.

#### TESTIMONY RENEWED.

By Mr. BOTTS.—Conductor PHELPS, recalled.—The question put to him was prepared by Brown. The firing was commenced by those men on the bridge who shot Heywood; the next firing was by Thickmorton; does not know whether the firing at Heywood was intentional; there was no attack on Brown's men until after Heywood was shot; he was shot by armed men in the Winchester span of the bridge.

By Mr. BOTTS.—Col. LEWIS W. WASHINGTON recalled.—Negotiations were opening with Brown for the release of prisoners before the general firing commenced on Monday; does not know whether all the prisoners signed the proposition for a suspension of firing; in the opening negotiations, Brown frequently suggested that the prisoners should cross the bridge with him to the second canal, and the lock was not to be fired upon until they reached that point; none of the prisoners made any objection to the proposition; Brown said he was too old a soldier to yield the advantage he possessed in holding hostages; during the day Brown's son was wounded in the breast, the ball passing around to the side, but he took his weapon again, and fired frequently before his sufferings compelled him to retire; heard Capt. Brown frequently complain of bad faith of people on a flag of truce; heard him make no threat, nor utter any vindictive words against the people; Mr. Brewer went out and brought in a promise that the people would not fire while negotiations were pending; cannot say that all the firing of Capt. Brown or his men was in self-defense; heard Brown give frequent orders not to fire on unarmed citizens; the first firing was against the engine house; Brown said the people appeared to pay but little regard to the lives of the citizens, and we must take the chances with them; after the first attack on the engine-house by the marines there was not a general cry of "surrender"; one cried surrender, but the others fought on; Brown had a rifle in his hand when he was struck down by the marines, and received a cut over the head with a sword of Lieutenant Green.

Mr. HUNTER laid before the Jury the printed Constitution and ordinance of the Provisional Government, reading the two first clauses of the preamble, the 7th, 45th, and 48th articles, and briefly summing up other portions of the Constitution. Sheriff Campbell knows the handwriting of the prisoner; has copied a letter for him.

Brown said he would himself identify any of his handwriting, and save all that trouble. He was ready to face the music.

Mr. HUNTER would prefer proving them by Mr. Campbell.

BROWN—"Either way, as you please." A large bundle of letters was produced. Each was identified by Campbell and handed to Brown, who, at the first glance, replied to each in a loud voice: "Yes, that is mine. The papers and letters were about fifty 'in number.'"

On receiving a list of members of the Convention, Mr. HUNTER read it. It is headed, William Charles Morris, President of the Convention; and H. Ksgt, Secretary of the Convention. On handing the list to Brown, he exclaimed with a groan, "That's my signature."

In reference to another paper, he said: "I have nothing to say about that."

Mr. HUNTER read a letter from J. R. Giddings, acknowledging the receipt of a letter from Brown, and that he would be pleased to see him at his house during the Summer.

Mr. HUNTER then read the letter from Gerrit Smith about the "Kansas work" which has already been published. It is dated June, B, 1859, indorsed on the back, in Brown's writing.

Mr. BOTTS here insisted on the right of examining the letters before their being read.

ALFRED BALL, Master Machinist at the Armory, testified that early in the morning he was aroused by Benjamin Hobbs announcing that persons were at the Armory, carrying off Government property; reached

the gate, was accosted by two armed men, and seized as a prisoner; refused to make any explanation until within the Armory yard; Stephens was exulting at the gate; was conducted to Capt. Brown, who told me his object was to free the slaves, and not the making of war on the people; that my person and private property would be safe; that his war was against the accursed system of Slavery; that he had power to do it, and would carry it out; it was no child's play he had undertaken; he then gave me permission to return to my family, to assure them of my safety and get my breakfast; started back home, and was accompanied by two armed men, who stopped at the door; breakfast not being ready, went back, and was allowed to return home again, under escort, at a later hour; on returning again, Capt. Brown said it was his determination to seize the arms and munitions of the Government, to arm the blacks to defend themselves against their masters; Brown also made a proposition to deliver into his possession the munitions of war belonging to the Government; he replied that they were already in his possession, as we were; Brown frequently told us our safety depended on the good conduct of our citizens; when the firing commenced all fell; we were in danger, and almost any proposition that was made was accepted to secure our safety; Brown said if the citizens were willing to risk their lives and those of the prisoners, to capture him, they must abide by it; Brown made but one proposition to go to the canal lock, give up their prisoners, and fight it out with the military; at daylight on Tuesday morning witness appealed to Brown on the ground of humanity to the prisoners, as well as to the men who appeared so kind to him, not to persist in spilling more blood; Brown replied that he was well aware of what he was about, and knew the consequences; that he was already proclaimed an outlaw, and \$3,500 was on his head; with regard to the killing of Beckham, one of Brown's party had fired in that direction several times; remonstrated with him when leveling his rifle at an old man named Guess, that he was not a combatant, and he desisted; afterward heard him fire, and heard him say, "Dropped him;" when we heard that Beckham was dead, the man who fired asked who it was; we told him he was an old and respectable citizen, and Mayor of the town, and the man who fired expressed himself very sorry; this man was afterward killed at the charge of the marines; Capt. Brown made preparations for resisting the marines; he was always in arms, but I do not think I saw him aim his fire. [The other portions of Mr. Ball's testimony were merely in corroboration of Mr. Washington's.]

By Mr. GREEN.—We, as prisoners, agreed to such terms of capitulation as our citizens were willing to accept. The proposal was written by Mr. Dagenfield, and dictated by Brown. Do not know whether Brown's son and Stephens were wounded while they accompanied the citizens with a flag of truce. Did not know that any of them were Brown's sons, until I heard Brown say to Capt. Simms, "there lies one of my sons dead, and here is another dying." Brown frequently remarked that the citizens were acting indiscreetly in persisting in firing on their own citizens; he maintained a different position all the time. Brown repeatedly said he would injure no one but in self-defense; Coppie frequently urged us to seek places of safety, but Brown did not; he appeared to desire us to take care of ourselves, and at the time of the charge of the marines, told us we must equally occupy the post of danger with themselves. There were three or four slaves in the engine house; they had spears, but all seemed badly scared; Washington Phil was ordered by Brown to cut a port hole through the brick wall; he continued until a brick fire commenced outside, when he said, "this is getting too hot for Phil," and he equated. Brown then took up the tools and finished the hole.

JOHN ALLSTADT, sworn.—On Monday morning about 3, was awakened from sleep; asked who was at the door; the reply was, "Get up, quick, or we will

burn you up;" asked what they intended to do; they said, "Free the country of Slavery; told me they were going to take me to Harper's Ferry; dressed myself, and when I got to the door they let all my blacks, seven in number; we were all put into a wagon; the negroes were then all armed with pikes; all the men who took us up there were armed; we went to the armory yard, where I was put in charge of one of Brown's party; afterward we were ordered into the watch-house; saw Col. Washington there; Brown came and spoke to us about our getting two negroes to take our place, and then he would release us; nothing further was said about that; Brown's rifle was cocked all the time; the negroes were placed in the watch-house with spears in their hands; the slaves showed no disposition to use them; witness was afterward transferred to the engine-house; several negroes were there; saw Phil making port holes by Brown's order; the other negroes were doing nothing, and had dropped their spears; some of them were asleep nearly all the time; [laughter] when the marines made the assault, Brown's party took position behind the engine and aimed at the door; Brown was in front, squatting; he fired at the marines, and my opinion is that he killed that marine.

By Mr. GREEN.—Did not see any others shoot; cannot state certainly by what shot the marine was killed; he might have been killed by shots fired before the door was broken open; was much confused and excited at the time; heard regrets expressed at Beckham's being killed.

## Trial of John Brown.

### THIRD DAY.

CHARLESTOWN, Friday, Oct. 23, 1859.



**ALEXANDER KELLY, sworn**—Described the manner of Thomas Burley's being killed on Monday. Brown party fired at witness, and witness returned the fire. Burley was with witness, and was armed with a gun. Saw him soon after he was shot. The shot came from the direction of Shenandoah street.

**Not cross-examined.**  
**ALBERT GARST SWORN**—Sunday night had been to meeting with my son; coming home across the Shenandoah bridge, was seized by two men with rifles; when we got to the end of the bridge, were stopped by a man with a spear; asked what was the matter; was the town under martial law; he told me I should not be hurt, and asked me whether there were many slaveholders about Harper's Ferry; I told him no; Brown came up, and observed, "You have got some prisoners;" they took us to the armory; found some citizens there; being tired, we laid down; Brown said his object was to free the slaves; told him there were not many there; he replied, "The good book says we are all free and equal," and if we were peaceable we should not be hurt; there was some firing about that time; afterward, about 3 o'clock, witness was sent to tell the conductor that the train might pass unobscured; saw Mr. Beckham, and delivered the message; Brown then dismissed me; did not go home, being afraid some of Brown's men, not knowing this, might shoot me; saw Heywood brought in, wounded.

**Mr. KELLY, recalled**—Saw Geo. W. Turner killed on High street; he was shot while in the act of leveling his gun; the shots came from the corner of Shenandoah and High streets; the men who fired had rifles; one had a shovel on.

#### AFTERNOON SESSION.—3 O'CLOCK.

**HENRY HUNTER, sworn**—Went to the Ferry with the Charlestown Guard; staid in the bridge, leaving the company; went off fighting on my own hook; saw Beckham fall when shot; heard the whistling of the ball; undertook to go to his assistance, but was withheld by a friend; soon after, another person went to remove the body, saying he "would help me Squire;" heard the whistling of another ball; think that Beckham had a pistol in his coat pocket, judging from the weight and shape of the pocket; did not see it, and don't think the people from the Army yard saw it; the shot that killed Beckham came from the engine house; numerous shots were fired from the engine house at the tank. The cross-examination of this witness elicited nothing new.

**Col. GIBSON, sworn**—Helped a portion of the militia of Jefferson County to suppress the insurrection; the Jefferson Guards and other detachments were in the action; they were called out by authority of law; three insurgents were killed at the rifle factory, and Copeland captured.

**Cross-examined**—There was firing by outside citizens, and the three killed were not under my command; don't think the insurgents fired a gun at the rifle factory, but endeavored to make their escape across the river.

**BENJAMIN T. BELL, sworn**—Went to Harper's Ferry armed; did not join the military; was stationed in the Gait House, in Capt. Bott's company; in the evening walked out on the platform; saw Beckham shot; went as near to him as was safe, but perceived no breathing; there was firing from the engine-house toward the railroad; Mr. Young, a member of the Jefferson Guards, was wounded while making a charge against the insurgents; saw others shot; there were probably thirty shots fired from the engine-house toward the tank, and in other directions.

**Cross-examined**—There was general firing in almost every direction; McCabe was about firing when he was shot; there were twenty or thirty men firing at the engine-house when Young and McCabe were wounded.

**Lewis Starry examined.** He testified respecting the killing of Turner.

The prosecution rested here.

#### THE DEFENSE.

The COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE called JOSEPH A. BREWER, who testified that he was one of the prisoners in the engine-house with Washington and others; Brown remarked that the prisoners should share their danger; they were allowed to shelter themselves as they could; Cross went out with a flag of truce; another went out and came back wounded; Stephens and Kitzmiller went out, and Stephens was shot; after that it commenced raining very hard; supposed Stephens was dead; he lay near the corner of the depot; heard groaning, and saw Stephens moving; asked Brown to send a man of relief to Stephens; Brown refused to send any one, because he would be shot; witness was allowed to go and assist Stephens into the hotel; he returned to the engine-house according to his pledge; was sent several times by Brown to request the citizens not to shoot as the lives of the prisoners were endangered; negotiations were going on between Brown and the prisoner before the general firing commenced; Brown proposed that he should retain possession of what he held, including the armory and negroes, and Col. Washington and the others seemed to acquiesce in this arrangement; Cross was sent out to confer with Beckham and others on the subject; a guard went with him who were fired upon; after that Stevens wanted to shoot, but Kitzmiller appealed to him and they went out together to stop the firing; when they did not return Brown seemed to show temper, and there was a change in the arrangements; after that Brown said he had it in his power to destroy that place in half an hour, but would not do it, unless rescued; think he shot from the water-tank struck Coppee; he then returned the fire, and some one said "that man's down;" the special object of witness in going out was to see the firing from the tank, which was answering to those in the guard-house.

**A. M. KITZMILLER, sworn**—Made repeated efforts to communicate matters with Brown; he said his object there was to free the slaves from bondage, and if necessary fight the Pro Slavery men for that purpose; I was first surprised, then indignant, and finally disgusted with Brown; he said to me there is a company of riflemen on the bridge; get them to go in company with Stevens; Mr. Hunter told them he was sorry they did not leave their guns; Stevens remarked that would not do; I had no flag, and did not consider myself the bearer of a flag of truce; as to the rifle company on the bridge, I saw they were our own men, waved my handkerchief, and told the other man to remain; soon heard firing very close; Stevens fired on reply to a shot which struck him from the house, by the Winchester Railroad depot; Stevens swore and the other man returned; I think it was Brown's son; Stevens was shot before he fired back; Thompson, of Brown's men, was a prisoner on the bridge.

[Brown here cried over the circumstances connected with the death of Thompson.]

**WITNESS**—I was not there, and did not see the last; the last I saw of Thompson he was a prisoner with the Ferry people on the bridge; Moore, Burkhardt, Anderson, and twenty or thirty others were there; Mr. Beckham was killed at or about the time Thompson was taken; did not return to the engine-house; witness's object was to prevent unnecessary shedding of blood; went out at the request of Brown to use his influence for that purpose.

**JAMES BELLER, sworn**—Was at the Gait House with Chambers on Monday morning; Chambers fired, and I saw the manlying whom he shot; did not know the man; suppose it was Stevens; did not see any one with him when shot; Stevens was shot before Capt. Bott's company reached the Gait House.

**Mr. GREEN** stated to the Court that he desired to bring out testimony relative to the shooting of Thompson, one of the insurgents, on the bridge; but the State objected to it unless Brown had a knowledge of that shooting.

**Mr. HUNTER** said there was a deal of testimony about Brown's forbearance and not shooting citizens, that had no more to do with this case than the dead languages. If he understood the offer, it was to show that one of those men, named Thompson, a prisoner, was dispatched after Beckham's death. The circumstances of the deed might be such as he himself might not at all approve. He did not know how that might be, but he desired to avoid any investigation that might be used. Not that it was so designed by the respectable counsel employed in the case, but because he thought the object of the prisoner in getting at it was for out-door effect and influence. He therefore said if the defense could show that this prisoner was aware of these circumstances, and the manner in

which that party was killed, and still exerted forbearance, he would not object. But unless the knowledge of it could be brought home to the prisoner and his after conduct, he could not see its relevancy.

**Mr. BOTTS** observed that they were held between for hours after that communication.

The COURT thought those facts admissible as evidence.

**Mr. HUNTER (the witness) was recalled**—After Mr. Beckham, who was my grand uncle, was shot, I was much exasperated, and started with Mr. Chambers to the room where the second Thompson was confined, with the purpose of shooting him. We found several persons in the room, and had leveled our guns at him, when Mr. Foulke's sister threw herself before him and begged us to leave him to the laws. We then caught hold of him, and dragged him out by the throat, he saying, "Though you may take my life, 80,000,000 will rise up to avenge me, and carry out my purpose of giving liberty to the slaves;" we carried him out to the bridge, and two of us, leveling our guns in this moment of wild exasperation, fired, and before he fell, a dozen or more balls were buried in him; we then threw his body off the trestle work, and returned to the bridge to bring out the prisoner Stevens and serve him in the same way; we found him suffering from his wounds, and probably dying; we concluded to spare him, and start after others, and shoot all we could find; I had just seen my loved uncle and best friend I ever had, shot down by those villainous Abolitionists, and felt justified in shooting any that I could find; I felt it my duty, and I have no regrets.

**Wm. M. WILLIAMS, the watchman on the bridge,** stated the particulars of his arrest and confinement in the watchhouse; Brown told the prisoners to hide themselves, or they would be shot by the people outside; he said he would not hurt any of them; Brown told Mr. Grist to tell the people to cease firing, or he would burn the town; but if they didn't molest him, he wouldn't molest them; heard two shots on the bridge about the time the Express train arrived; did not see Heywood killed.

**BROWN**—State what was said by myself, and not about his being shot.

**WILLIAMS**—I think you said that if he had taken care of himself, he would not have suffered.

**REASON CROSS, sworn**—I prepared a proposition that Brown should retain possession of the Armory, that he should release us, and that the firing should stop.

**BROWN**—Were there two written propositions drawn up while you were prisoner?

**CROSS**—Yes, there was another paper prepared by Kitzmiller, and some others; I went out to stop the firing; a man went with me, and they took him prisoner and tied him; that was Thompson, who was afterward taken out and shot; Brown's treatment of me was kind and respectful; heard him talk roughly to some men who were going in to where the blacks were confined.

Several witnesses for the prisoner were here called, and did not answer the subpoenas. They had not been returned.

**BROWN** arose from his mattress, evidently excited, and standing on his feet, addressed the Court as follows:

**MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT:** I discover that, notwithstanding all the assurances I have received of a fair trial, nothing like a fair trial is to be given me, as it would seem. I gave the names, as soon as I could get at them, of the persons I wished to have called as witnesses, and was assured that they would be subpoenaed. I wrote down a memorandum to that effect, saying where those parties were; but it appears that they have not been subpoenaed, as far as I can learn; and now I ask if I am to have anything at all deserving the name and shadow of a fair trial—that this proceeding be deferred until to-morrow morning. For I have no counsel, as I before stated, in whom I feel that I can rely, but I am in hopes counsel may arrive who will attend to seeing that I get the witnesses who are necessary for my defense. I am myself unable to attend to it. I have given all the attention I possibly could to it, but am unable to see or know about them, and can't even find out their names; and I have nobody to do any errand for my money was all taken when I was sacked and stabbed, and I have not a dime. I had two hundred and fifty or sixty dollars in gold and silver taken from my pocket, and now I have no possible means of getting anybody to go my errands for me, and I have not had all the witnesses subpoenaed. They are not within reach, and are not here. I ask arrest until to-morrow morning to have something done, if anything is designed; if not, I am ready for anything that may come up. Brown then lay down again, drew his blanket over him and closed his eyes, and appeared to sink in tranquil slumber.

**Mr. HOLT** of Boston, who had been sitting quietly all day at the side of Mr. Botts, arose amid great sensation, and addressed the Court as follows:

**MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT,** I would add my voice to the appeal of Mr. Brown, although I have had no consultation with him, that the further hearing of the case may be postponed until morning. It was that I would state the reason of this request, that Judge Tilden of Ohio was on his way to Charlestown, and would undoubtedly arrive at Harper's Ferry at 7 o'clock to night. I have taken measures to insure that gentleman's arrival in this place to-night, if he reaches the Ferry. For myself, I have come from Boston, traveling night and day, to volunteer my services in defense of Brown. I could not undertake the responsibility of the defense, as I am now situated. The gentleman who defended Brown acted in an honorable and dignified manner in all respects so far as I know, but I cannot assume the responsibility of defending myself for many reasons. First, it would be ridiculous in me to do it, because I have not read the indictment through do it, except so far as I have listened to the case and heard counsel this morning, got any idea of the line of the defense proposed, and have no knowledge of the criminal code of Virginia, and no time to read it. I had no time to examine the questions arising in this defense, some of which are of considerable importance, especially that relative to the jurisdiction over the Armory grounds. For all these reasons, I ask the continuation of the case till to-morrow morning.

**Mr. BOTTS**—In justice to myself I must state that, on being first assigned as counsel to Mr. Brown, I conferred with him, and at his instance took down a list of the witnesses he desired subpoenaed in his behalf. Though it was late at night, I called up the Sheriff, and informed him that I wished subpoenas issued early in the morning. This was done, and there are here Messrs. Phelps, Williams, and Grist, and they have been examined.

**Sheriff CAMPBELL** stated that the subpoenas were placed in the hands of an officer, with the request to serve them at once. He must have served them, as some of the witnesses are here. The process has not been returned, and may have been sent by private hands, and failed to arrive.

**Mr. BOTTS** thought they had shown, and he was confident he spoke the public sentiment of the whole community, when he said that they wished Mr. Brown to have a fair trial.

**Mr. HUNTER**—I do not rise for the purpose of contradicting the argument, or interposing the slightest impediment in any way to a fair trial. This is fair. Whether it was promised to Brown, or not, it is guaranteed by our laws to every prisoner; and so far as I am concerned, I have studiously avoided suggesting anything to the Court which would in the slightest degree interfere with it. I beg leave to say, in answer to this application, that I suppose the Court, even under these circumstances, will have to be satisfied in some way, through counsel or otherwise, that this testimony is material testimony. So far as any witness has been examined the evidence relates to the conduct of Capt. Brown in treating his prisoners with lenity, respect and courtesy, and this additional matter, that his flags of truce—if you choose to regard them—were not respected by the citizens, and that some of his men were shot. If the defense choose to take, that course, we are perfectly willing to admit these facts in any form they desire. Unless the Court shall be satisfied that this testimony, (which I have no doubt is, every particle of it, here) which could be got, is really material to the defense. I submit that the application for delay on that score should not be granted. Some of these witnesses have been here, and might have been asked to remain. A host of witnesses have been here, and gone away without being called on to testify. I simply suggest that it is one, in justice to the Commonwealth which has so near right, as well as to the prisoner, that information be given to the Court, showing that additional testimony is relevant to the issue. The simple statement of counsel I do not think would be sufficient.



Mr. GRAY... Mr. Botts and myself will now withdraw from the case, as we can no longer act in behalf of the prisoner, he having got up now and declared here that he has no confidence in the counsel who have been assigned him. Feeling confident that I have done my whole duty, so far as I have been able, after this statement of his, I should feel myself an intruder upon this case were I to act for him from this time forward. I had not a disposition to undertake the defense, but accepted the duty imposed on me, and I do not think, under these circumstances, when I feel compelled to withdraw from the case, that the Court could find it that I should remain in such an unwelcome position.

Mr. HARRIS—We have been delayed from time to time by similar applications in the expectation of the arrival of counsel, until we have now reached the point of time when we are ready to submit the case to the Jury upon the evidence and the law, when another application arises for a continuance. The very witness that they now consider material, Mr. Dangerfield, came here, summoned by ourselves, but deeming that we had testimony enough, we did not examine him. The Court—the idea of waiting for counsel to study our code through could not be admitted, as to the

other ground I do not know whether the process has been executed or not, as no return has been made.

Mr. BORTS—I have endeavored to do my duty in this matter, but I cannot see how, consistently with my own feelings, I can remain any longer in this case, when the accused whom I have been laboring to defend, declares in open Court that he has no confidence in his counsel. I make this suggestion, that as I now retire from this case, the more especially since there is now here a gentleman from Boston who has come on to volunteer his services for the prisoner, that the Court allow him this night for preparation. My notes, my office, and my services shall be at his command. I will sit up with him all night to put him in possession of all the law and facts in relation to this case. I cannot do more, and in the mean time the Sheriff can be directed to have the other witnesses here to-morrow.

The Court would not compel the gentleman to remain on the case, and accordingly granted the desired postponement, and adjourned at 6 o'clock.

The town is greatly excited. The guard has been increased.

The conduct of Brown is generally regarded as a trick.

#### THE FOURTH DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Saturday, Oct. 29, 1859.

The Court met at 10 o'clock.

The JUDGE announced that he had received a note from the new counsel of the prisoner, requesting a delay for a few minutes, to enable them to have an interview with the prisoner. He would accordingly wait a short time.

Soon afterward Brown was brought in, and took his usual recumbent position in bed.

SAMUEL CHILTON of Washington City, appeared as additional counsel for the prisoner, and was qualified.

HENRY GRISWOLD of Cleveland, Ohio, was introduced to the Court as counsel for the prisoner, and qualified.

Mr. CHILTON thought it due to himself to make an explanatory statement before the trial proceeded. Yesterday he was very unexpectedly called upon to come here, and aid in the defense of the prisoner. Knowing from the newspapers that the trial was in progress, he took time to consider and consult his friends as to the propriety of accepting the proposition. He would have had no hesitation if he had been spoken to in time, but his friends advised him to come, and he did so with the expectation of merely assisting the gentlemen already conducting the defense. Upon reaching here he found that they had withdrawn from the case, and he then hesitated about undertaking it; but upon consultation with the prisoner and his friends here, they insisted he should do so, and he would do the best he could, not feeling at liberty under the circumstances to refuse. These circumstances, however, would render it impossible for him to discharge the full duty of counsel, not having had time to read the indictment or examination already given. He made no motion for delay; (this was a matter entirely within the discretion of the Court, and if the Judge thought proper to refuse to grant any postponement, he knew it would be done under a sense of duty. Those extraordinary circumstances would also render it impossible for his associate, Mr. Griswold, to discharge his full duty as counsel. A short delay of a few hours, if the Court thought proper to grant it, would enable them to make some preparation.

The COURT stated that the trial must go on. Counsel had been assigned to the prisoner here, of his own selection, who had labored zealously in his behalf, and had withdrawn because the prisoner had yesterday evening declared in open Court that he had no confidence in them. No obstacle had at any time been thrown in the way of the prisoner's having an ample defense. If this was the only case of the kind before the Court, he would at once grant the request, but several similar cases remain to be disposed of. This term will very soon end, and it was his duty to endeavor to get through with all the cases if possible, in justice to the prisoners, and in justice to the State. The trial must therefore proceed.

Mr. HOYT remarked that yesterday various papers in Court, which were identified, for what purpose he knew not, but presumed he should be informed, some as being in Capt. Brown's hand-writing, and some as

bearing his indorsement. He had hastily examined those papers, and wished to object to some of them. The learned gentlemen associated with him in the trial had not examined them, but he supposed the Court would not regard that as material under the present ruling.

Mr. HUNTER, interrupting—There is no need of argument about the matter. Designate those you wish to object to.

Mr. HOYT—I desire to know the object of the counsel in introducing those papers.

Mr. HUNTER—The papers will speak for themselves. If you will designate which of them you object to, we will go on at once.

Mr. HOYT—I object to the autobiography of Capt. Brown, as having no bearing on this case.

Mr. HUNTER—I withdraw it.

Mr. HOYT—I object to the letter of Gerrit Smith.

Mr. HUNTER—I withdraw that, too.

Mr. HOYT—I handed to the Clerk last night a list of names we wished summoned as witnesses—Samuel Strider, Henry Ault, Benjamin Mills, John E. P. Dangerfield, and Capt. Simms. I got a dispatch just now, informing me that Capt. Simms had gone to Frederick, and would return in the first train this morning, and come on to Charlestown this afternoon. I should like to inquire whether the process had reached Capt. Simms at Harper's Ferry?

Sheriff CAMPBELL replied that the officer stated that Capt. Simms had gone to Frederick.

Mr. HUNTER—He was here yesterday. I hope we will proceed with some other witnesses.

JOHN P. DANGERFIELD was called, and testified that he was a prisoner in the hands of Captain Brown at the engine-house.

Negotiations were going on for the release of all the prisoners before the firing commenced. About a dozen black men were there, armed with pieces which they carried most awkwardly and unwillingly. During the firing they were lying about asleep, some of them having crawled under the engines. Witness was free to say that from the treatment of Captain Brown he had no personal fear of him or his men during his confinement. Saw one of the men shot in the engine-house. He fell back exclaiming, "It's all up with me," and died in a few moments. This man, he learned, was one of Capt. Brown's sons. Saw another young man, who came in wounded, and commenced to vomit blood. He was also a son of Captain Brown, and was wounded while out with Mr. Kiltzmueller. Prisoner frequently complained that his men were shot down while carrying a flag of truce.

Mr. HUNTER complained that they were going over again the same facts that were elicited; and all this was freely admitted by the defense.

Mr. HOYT said that he regarded it as the only feasible line of defense to prove these facts. It was the duty of counsel to show, if possible, that Capt. Brown was not guilty of treason, murder, or insurrection, according to the terms of this indictment. We hope to prove the absence of malicious intention.

Mr. HUNTER was frank to admit that he could not but regard this course as merely calculated to waste time.

Mr. HOYT would remind the Court that the course being pursued was not only in accordance with their conviction of duty, but in accordance with the express commands of their client.

The COURT remarked that the counsel was responsible to the Court to conduct the case according to the rules of practice.

Mr. HOYT thought the language of the prosecution was calculated to impugn the honor of the counsel for the prisoner.

Mr. HUNTER—Nothing of the kind was intended. It is presumed the gentlemen will conduct the case in accordance with their duty as counsel, and their responsibility to the Court.

Mr. DANGERFIELD, resumed—Heard some conversation by Capt. Brown as to having it in his power to lay the town in ashes and carrying off the women and children, but that he had refrained from so doing; heard him make no threats that he would do so; the only threat I heard from him was at the commencement of the storming of the engine-house; he then said that we must all take equal shares with him, that we could no longer monopolize the places of safety; he, however, made no attempt to deprive us of the places we had taken; Brown promised safety to all descriptions of property, except slave property; at the time of the assault by the marines, one of the men cried out for quarter; he had heard the same man in a conversation with Brown during the night, ask him if he was committing no treason against his country in resisting the Marines, to which Brown replied that he was; the man then said, "I'll fight no longer"—that he thought he was merely fighting to liberate the slaves; after the attack was made on the engine-house, two of Brown's men cried for quarter and laid down their arms, but after the Marines burst open the door they picked them up again and renewed the fight; after the first attack, Capt. Brown cried out to surrender, but he was not heard; did not see him fire afterwards; saw Coppee attempt to fire twice, but the caps exploded; witness saw Brown wounded on the hip by a thrust from a saber, and several saber cuts on his head; when the latter wounds were given, Capt. Brown appeared to be shielding himself, with his head down, but making no resistance; the parties outside appeared to be firing as they pleased.

Mayor MILLS, Master Armorer, sworn—Witness was one of the hostages of Capt. Brown, confined in the engine-house; before the general firing commenced negotiations were pending for the release of the prisoners; a paper was drawn up, embracing certain terms, and borne by Mr. Brua to the citizens outside; the terms were not agreed to; the last time Mr. Brua was out there was severe firing, which, I suppose, prevented his return; Brown's son went out with a flag of truce, and was shot; he came back wounded; the

prisoner attended him, and gave him water; Brown frequently complain that the citizens had acted in a barbarous manner; he did not appear to have any malicious feeling; he undoubtedly seemed to expect reinforcements; said it would soon be night, and he would have more assistance; his intentions were to shoot nobody unless they were carrying or using arms; if you do let them have it; this was while the firing was going on.

Capt. Brown here asked the witness whether he saw any firing on his part which was not purely defensive.

Witness—It might be considered in that light, perhaps; the balls came into the engine-house pretty thick.

Question by Counsel—Did you not frequently go to the door of the engine-house?

Witness—No, indeed. [Laughter.]

A general colloquy ensued between the prisoner, lying on his cot, and the witness, as to the part taken by the prisoner in not unnecessarily exposing his hostages to danger. No objection was made to Brown's asking these questions in his own way, and interposing verbal explanations relative to his conduct. The witness generally corroborated his own version of the circumstances attending the attack on the engine-house, but could not testify to all the incidents that he enumerated. He did not hear him say that he surrendered. Witness's wife and daughter were permitted to visit him unmolested, and free verbal communication was allowed with those outside. We were treated kindly, but were compelled to stay where we didn't want to be. Brown appeared anxious to effect a compromise.

SAMUEL SNIDER sworn. This witness proceeded to detail the whole circumstances of the two days, with what he saw, what he thought, and what he heard. Nothing new was elicited. He confirmed the statement of the other witnesses, that Brown endeavored to protect his hostages, and constantly said that he wished to make terms more for their safety than his own.

Mr. HOYT, at half-past one o'clock, complained of indisposition from the heat of the room, and asked that the usual recess for dinner be taken.

The Court then adjourned for one hour.

#### AFTERNOON SESSION.

At 2 o'clock the Court reassembled, and Mr. Griswold, taking his seat by the side of the prisoner, prepared to question the witnesses, and to receive from him such suggestions in the course of the examination as he had to make.

Capt. SINN, commander of a volunteer company of Frederick, Md., was sworn—The report came to Frederick that 750 blacks and Abolitionists combined had seized Harper's Ferry; witness started for the Ferry with the volunteers under command of Col. Shriver, and was glad to find their numbers were exaggerated after he reached there on Monday afternoon; the door of the engine-house was partially open, and witness was hailed from there; two shots had been fired from there; witness was hailed and went in; he met Mr. Dangerfield and others there; Capt. Brown said to witness that he had a proposition to make, to which he listened; he wanted to be allowed to go over the bridge unmolested, and we then might take him if we could; he had fought Uncle Sam before, and was willing to do it again; Brown complained that his men had been shot down like dogs, while bearing a flag of truce. Told him they must expect to be shot down like dogs if they took up arms in that way.

Brown said he knew what he had to undergo before he came there—he had weighed the responsibility and should not shrink from it; he said he had full possession of the town and could have massacred all the inhabitants had he thought proper to do so, but as he had not, he considered himself entitled to some terms; Brown said he had shot no one who had not carried arms; I told him that Mayor Beckham had been killed, and that I knew he was altogether unarmed; he seemed sorry to hear of his death, and said "I fight only those who fight me;" witness then told the prisoner that he did not think any compromise could be effected; Brown said he kept the hostages for his own safety; they did not appear to fear any injury from him or his men, but only from attacks from the outside; every man had a gun, and four-fifths of them were under no command; the military had ceased firing, but men who were intoxicated were firing their guns in the air, and others at the engine-house; Brown or any of his men could not have ventured outside the doors of the engine-house that night without being shot; saw Stevens in the hotel after he had been wounded, and shameless some young men who were endeavoring to shoot him as he lay in his bed, apparently dying; told them that if the man could stand on his feet with a pistol in his hand, they would all jump out of the window. Capt. Sinn's testimony was at great length, but little new was elicited.

On the conclusion of his testimony, Capt. Sinn stated that he had returned here at the summons of the prisoner to testify in his behalf, with as great alacrity as he had come to testify against him. He had no sympathy for the acts of the prisoner; for his movement, on the contrary, he would be one of the first to bring him to punishment. But he regarded Capt. Brown as a brave man, and being informed that he wanted him here as a witness, he returned with pleasure. As a Southern man, he came to state the facts about the case, so that Northern men would have no opportunity of saying that Southern men were unwilling to appear as witnesses in behalf of one whose principles they abhorred.

ISRAEL RUSSELL, sworn—Was the bearer of a flag of truce from Brown's party to the citizens of the Ferry. His testimony was merely in corroboration of the facts stated by the previous witness.







Sharp's rifles aforesaid, and with the other deadly weapons by which said mortal wounds, as aforesaid, each one mortal wound, of Geo. W. Turner, Fontaine Beckham, Luke Quinn, and Hayward Sheppard each died, and so the jurors aforesaid, upon their oaths aforesaid, do say that the said John Brown, Aaron C. Stephens, alias Aaron D. Stephens, Edwin Coppee, Shields Green, and John Coppin, and the said John Brown, Aaron C. Stephens, alias Aaron D. Stephens, Edwin Coppee, Shields Green, George W. Turner, then and there, then the said Thomas and Hayward Sheppard, in the manner aforesaid, and by the their malice aforesaid, feloniously, willfully, and of their own free will and choice aforesaid, did kill and murder, against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth.

**Fourth Count.**—And the jurors aforesaid, upon their oaths aforesaid, do present that the said John Brown, Aaron C. Stephens, alias Aaron D. Stephens, Edwin Coppee, and Shields Green, each severally, on the seventeenth day of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty nine, in and within the jurisdiction of the Commonwealth of Virginia aforesaid, and within the jurisdiction of the County of Loudoun aforesaid, did unlawfully assemble the bodies of certain Thomas Boerly, George W. Turner, and Fontaine Beckham, in the peace of the Commonwealth, then and there being, feloniously, willfully, and of their malice aforesaid, did make an assault, and with guns called Sharp's rifles, then and there charged, and loaded with leaden bullets, did then and there feloniously, willfully, and of their own free will and choice aforesaid, shoot and discharge the same against the bodies of the said Thomas Boerly, George W. Turner, and Fontaine Beckham, in and upon the left shoulder and breast, and the said Thomas Boerly, in and upon the right breast, giving to the said Thomas Boerly, George W. Turner, and Fontaine Beckham, then and there, with the leaden bullets aforesaid shot by them severally out of the said Sharp's rifles aforesaid, each one mortal wound, of which said mortal wounds they, the said Thomas Boerly, George W. Turner, and Fontaine Beckham, then and there died; and that the said John Brown, then and there, feloniously, willfully, and of his malice aforesaid, was present, aiding, helping, abetting, comforting and assisting the said John Brown, Aaron C. Stephens, alias Aaron D. Stephens, Edwin Coppee, and Shields Green, in the manner aforesaid, to do the same feloniously, willfully, and of their malice aforesaid, did kill and murder, against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth of Virginia.

Lewis W. Washington, John H. Alstadt, John E. P. Daingerfield, Alexander Kelly, Emanuel Spangler, Arnstead M. Ball, Joseph A. Brum, William Johnson, Lewis P. Starry, Archibald H. Fitzmiller, were sworn in open Court this 26th day of October, 1859, to give evidence to the Grand Jury upon this bill of indictment.

Teste: ROBERT T. BROWN, Clerk.

Teste: ROBERT T. BROWN, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Jefferson County, in the State of Virginia.

Which bill of indictment the Grand Jury returned this 26th day of October, as follows: THOMAS RUTHERFORD, Foreman. October 26, 1859.

### THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE COURT.

FIFTH DAY.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Oct. 31, 1859.

The Court met at nine o'clock. The prisoner was brought in, and the trial proceeded without delay.

Brown looks better than heretofore, and his health is evidently improving. He was laid on a bed as usual.

The court house and its approaches were densely crowded.

Mr. Griswold made the opening speech for the defence, taking up the several charges in the indictment, and replying to the points made in the opening argument for the prosecution. He alluded to the peculiar circumstances surrounding the present case, and hoped the jury would give it calm and dispassionate attention, divesting their minds as far as possible from all prejudice, and disregarding all outside influence. The prisoner was entitled to an impartial trial under the laws of Virginia, and let him be acquitted or convicted according to the laws and the evidence given in the case. With regard to the charge of treason brought against the prisoner, Mr. Griswold argued that Brown could not be guilty of treason, as he was not a citizen of this Commonwealth, and none but a citizen could commit treason. Never having sworn allegiance to Virginia, he could not be a rebel against her authority. He was also charged with levying war against the State, but the evidence given did not support the charge. There was a great difference between levying war and resisting authority. Men congregated together to perpetrate crime have their rules and regulations. When assailed, they defend their lives to the utmost, sacrificing and intending to sacrifice the lives of others; but that was resistance, and not levying war. He would not shrink from the admission, and the prisoner openly admitted it, that those men came for the purpose of running away slaves. That was a crime under the laws of Virginia, for which the prisoner was amenable to punishment to the extent of those laws. In carrying out that purpose he temporarily took possession of the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, and while there attempts were made to arrest him. Mr. Griswold had no complaint to make about that. But it was in resisting those attempts that this blood was shed and lives taken, and not in levying war against the Commonwealth. It was resisting that which was claimed to be the legal authority of Virginia seeking to arrest those men assembled in violation of law. Such things have often happened. Jails have been broken open and men taken thence and executed in defiance of law, after being acquitted by a jury of their countrymen, and the power of the Sheriff trampled under foot. Neither does it necessarily constitute levying war if murder ensues, because the commission of the offence of shedding blood may not have been contemplated. It is said there was an organized movement. A pamphlet

Captain Brown knew he was committing an offence on slave property. He has repeatedly confessed it, and is willing to abide the consequences, but indict him for that offence, and do not convict him of an offence he never dreamed of committing. Nothing in the circumstances of this case demands such a course of procedure. Public

let is referred to as evidence of that fact; but it does not necessarily follow that the overthrow of the Commonwealth of Virginia was contemplated by anything that appeared in that book. The most harmless organizations in the country have been created with all the outside forms and machinery of government. In debating societies governments have been established, a congress created, resolutions and laws discussed, and many reading the bulletins of those associations, and knowing nothing about them, would suppose them miniature governments, organized within the limits of the existing governments. No matter what names or what officers they may have, that is not sufficient. Bands of robbers and desperadoes have their rules and regulations, their officers, and prescribe death as the punishment for the violation of their laws, but that does not imply that they contemplate the overthrow of the legitimate government. It is only association and government to control themselves in their intercourse with each other. He further argued that the jury could not find Brown guilty of treason unless they find him guilty of associating with others to organize a government to subvert and overthrow the government of Virginia. But if the pamphlet proves anything it shows that an attempt was made to organize a government in opposition to the government of the United States, and not of Virginia, for all the tools used, all the officers appointed, have reference to a government like that of the United States; but it was in vague, unmeaning language, which really proves nothing at all. However, there was a chance in it which must be taken, for it was all in evidence, notwithstanding a distinct and positive statement that it contemplated no overthrow of the general or State government, but simply the repeal of obnoxious laws in the constitution. The learned attorney who opened the case seemed to occupy his ground entirely, not even going over the evidence to show wherein the treason was proved, and said the prisoner was guilty of giving "aid and comfort" to the enemies of the Commonwealth; and that was the only specification he made charging the defendant with treason. He was not surprised to hear that gentleman burst forth in such a sublime apostrophe to freedom, in terms, and language, and with action, of such surpassing eloquence that no one could be told he had been reared in the land that urns the ashes of Patrick Henry. He alluded also to the distinguished associate for the prosecution, who had brought out his remarks the dishevelled tresses of frightened beauty. He then proceeded to discuss the charge of consorting with slaves, and said there was a manifest distinction between the effort to run off slaves, or steal slaves, and conspiring to induce them to rebel. Rebellion and insurrection was rising up, not to run away, although freedom might be the ultimate object, but rising up against masters, against whites or against the State. It contemplates riot, rapine, murder, arson, and all the crimes which follow insurrection. The question was as to the object and intention. Has any man testified aught going to show that Brown, or any one with him, said or did one thing to induce any slaves to rise in rebellion or perpetrate any offence out of which rebellion grew? Slaves were taken possession of for a temporary purpose and placed in the arsenal; but Colonel Washington, who knew more about it than any other witness, testified that not a slave took part in the matter except Phil, who at the suggestion of the prisoner attempted to drill a port-hole; and that was not done for the purpose of insurrection and rebellion, but to protect themselves. True, they were engaged in an unlawful act, but not the act charged. They were amenable to punishment, but not as they are indicted. Death ensues; they are punishable in some way, but not as is charged. He here proceeded to consider the count charging murder in the first degree. This was a crime involving premeditated murder, but he argued that no such malice has been shown. First, Hayward was killed; how it happened nobody knows; it was done in the dark, and whether accidental or intentional does not appear in the evidence, or by whom. Perhaps these men are guilty of that killing in some form, but it is not proved to be murder in the first degree, from deliberate, premeditated malice. He could only say, as Capt. Brown said to him, "Why should we shoot a negro—that was not our object." He did not justify those men in staying there and resisting the authority of the country; but he said they were there protecting themselves from arrest; guns were fired in all directions, and they fired, or intended to fire, only on armed men. Without excusing that conduct for one moment, he would remark that it refuted the idea of premeditated malice. They had not the time for thought and reflection, which the law contemplates. Not that he would say those men should be allowed to sin within the Commonwealth of Virginia, perpetrate these crimes, and go unwhipped of justice; but charge and convict them according to their own law. Virginia has laws and institutions sufficient for

her protection. She has thrown over the lives of her citizens every safeguard she deems necessary and essential, and has made laws necessary for the protection of property and the punishment of those who deprive its owners of it. It is the boast of our citizens that no man can be punished beyond what the law requires, and if the law is not severe enough, with in the Legislature rests the proper remedy.

safely does not require him to be punished contrary to law if he is a man of indomitable energy and perseverance. If Brown could be engaged five months in prosecuting such an enterprise, and only gather throughout the United States twenty one men, black and white, when there was nothing in the world to oppose him, how in Heaven's name can it be supposed, with him and all his companions struck down, the South awake, everybody on the alert to enterprises of this kind, that there is the remotest danger of another scheme similar to his? It is hardly necessary to make these remarks; it is the duty of the jury to be blind to all outside of the case. The physical courage of those who suppressed the insurrection has been highly commended, but it is moral courage, superior to that which can resist prejudice and passion. Let simple justice be meted out to the prisoner. He asked no more, and called on the jury to preserve their oaths intact, their honor untarnished, and the reputation of the Commonwealth for justice, magnanimity and chivalry unstained. Mr. Griswold closed by saying, on behalf of his client, that he had no exception to take to a particle of the evidence given on the trial, but deemed it a wonder, under the circumstances, that the truth should have been as fully developed as it has been. He especially bore honorable testimony to Captain Sion, who voluntarily came from another State with the simple purpose of doing justice.

Mr. CHILTON spoke of the embarrassment with which he undertook the case. He intended to do his duty faithfully, and had come to deal with the prisoner, not as Captain Brown, leader of this foray, but simply as a prisoner under the charge of violating the law. If that law did not warrant a conviction, he should endeavor to make that appear to the jury. Still he would say he had no sympathy with the prisoner. His birth and residence, until within a few years, has been in Virginia, in connection with the institution of slavery. Although now a resident of the District of Columbia, he had returned to his native State to spend the remainder of his days, and mingle his dust with her soil. No other motive operated on him than a disinterested one to do his duty faithfully. He regretted the excitement respecting the case, but was glad to hear the Judge say on Saturday that he desired to try this case precisely like others. He desired, and the whole State, and the whole South desired, that the trial should be fair, and it had been fair. Circumstances had interrupted its progress; counsel were here without proper preparation, but indulgence had been granted, and they made no complaint. They should do the best they could under the circumstances, and could not complain of the excitement—it was natural. He hoped it would not interfere with the course of justice or cast a stain on the honor of the State. The jury had sworn they were unbiased, and he presumed they would firmly discharge their oaths in bringing in a verdict. He could not understand from the opening of the prosecution on what ground these charges against the prisoner were attempted to be sustained. The Commonwealth Attorney indulged in a strain of abuse of the prisoner, and pronounced sentence on him without waiting the verdict of the jury, thus usurping the place of the judge. There were three distinct charges; the first was of treason. This was an offence at common law; the word is derived from a French word, signifying betrayal. Treason means betrayal of trust or confidence, the violation of fidelity or allegiance to the Commonwealth. He maintained that treason could not be committed against a Commonwealth except by a citizen thereof. In the present case the whole proof shows that this prisoner is not a citizen of Virginia, and he therefore cannot be found guilty of treason. The indictment charges the prisoners with committing every act composing treason. They are charged with levying war against the State and exciting slaves to insurrection, but there was no proof that they committed these acts charged; no proof that they resisted any process issued against them as violators of the authority of the Commonwealth. They were rather guilty of resisting Colonel Lee, which was resistance to the federal government, and not to the Commonwealth. He had read carefully the prepared provisional constitution, and regarded it as ridiculous nonsense—a wild, chimerical production. It could only be produced by men of unsound minds. It defines no territory over which it is intended to operate, and says that we—that is, the signers of the document, not all citizens of the United States—do establish the following provisional government. What is it? It is an association or copartnership; they are to own property in common, and regulate its tenure; it did not contemplate a government, but merely a voluntary association to abolish slavery; did not even

Government. It does not appear that this association was to be established in Virginia, or where it was to go into effect. This was not treason. Is it the adoption of a constitution or the establishment of a government? By no means. Those parties had a mere imaginary government to govern themselves, and nobody else, just like governing a military company or debating society. Even if they intended to set up a government over the other, they did not do it. There was a principle that every piece of evidence was to be construed most favorably to the accused, who should have the benefit of every doubt. In considering the evidence they must consider the whole of it; they must take the declarations of the prisoner in his own favor as well as against himself. Now look at the 46th article of this provisional constitution, which expressly declares that the foregoing articles shall not be construed to encourage the overthrow of any State government or general government, and look to the dissolution of the Union, but simply as amendment and repeal. This was in evidence before the jury, being submitted by the prosecution. Again, the prisoner is charged with conspiring with slaves to make an insurrection. No proof is shown that the slaves entered into a conspiracy, and unless that was the case, there was no conspiracy. One party cannot conspire alone. Each charge is to be considered alone by the jury. If they believe the evidence, it does not warrant the conviction of treason, and they must consider the charge of conspiracy just as if no charge of treason had been made. One count in the indictment was not to be brought in to aid another. He considered the prisoner had a right to be tried on one charge at a time, and entirely disconnected with any other. The Court had, however, overruled the motion on Saturday, and hence the importance of making this point clear to the jury, so that they might not confuse the various offences and the evidence relating to each. Next, as to murder. It was a very singular way of doing an indictment. Five prisoners are charged with the murder of four men. That they might have jointly done it he could understand, but not that they could severally have done it. He declared it was almost impossible for the prisoner to make a defence against such a charge. It was too loose and vague. By the laws of Virginia there was but one specific murder punishable as capital, and that was deliberate, premeditated murder. The prosecution charged the prisoner with murder in the first degree, but he argued that the evidence in this case did not sustain the charge. The prisoner's conduct in the engine house showed no malice, according to the testimony of Col. Washington and Mr. Alestadt. However, ridiculous his project, which it would seem could never have entered the mind of a sane man, he might still have believed he could carry out that project without bloodshed. At any rate, no sane man could suppose he expected with a more handful of men to accomplish his object by force; and it is but fair to take his declarations, especially when coupled with his acts, that he intended to shed no blood except in self-defence, unless you should believe, beyond the slightest doubt, that those declarations were untrue, and that the prisoner was actuated by malice in taking the lives of those who never did him harm, and against whom no cause for malice existed. As to Heywood, there was no proof as to how he met his death, or who killed him, or for what cause, and, as his colleague had no marks, the prisoner had no motive to kill negroes. The subsequent conflict resulted in loss of life, but the prisoner endeavored to avoid that conflict for the purpose of saving life, and therefore could not have been actuated by malice, which is necessary to constitute murder in the first degree. Even if the prisoners were guilty of murder in the second degree, or manslaughter, yet neither was a capital crime, and not the crime charged in the indictment. He did not know but that Brown was justified in returning the fire when fired upon under such circumstances. It was a sort of self-defence, and very probably had a little more time been allowed, those men could have been taken into custody without loss of life. He charged the jury to look on this case, as far as the law would allow, with an eye favorable to the prisoner, and when their verdict should be returned—no matter what it might be—he trusted that every man in the country would acquiesce in it. Unless the majesty of the law were supported, dissolution of the Union must soon ensue, with all the evils that must necessarily follow in its train.

Mr. HENRY closed the argument for the prosecution. He said he proposed to argue this case precisely like any other. He had hoped the counsel who preceded him would have omitted to interpolate any outside matter, and to a great extent he had been gratified. One remark he would allude to in the opening speech of the defence this morning, where he had been reproached as having drawn the picture of the dishevelled locks of an alarmed beauty. His friend had done him some injustice in attributing to him a design of exciting alarm or disturbing the minds of the people unnecessarily. He had endeavored to march straight forward, with the sole purpose of discharging his duty in procuring the attainment of justice in respect to the prisoners. He would commend to Mr. Griswold the testimony he had borne in the opening of the Court, that he had done his best to give a fair trial been extended to

the prisoner, but the substance also; that in the midst of all temptations to the contrary—in the midst of all the solid reasons that have been urged why a different course—I do not mean an irregular course—a different legal and constitutional course by the Governor of Virginia might have been pursued of declaring martial law and administering drum-head justice; that the Chief Magistrate has taken high conservative ground, we, as Virginians, are justly proud of, and that we did not force this thing beyond what prudence requires of us, and that in regard to the power and patriotism of the commonwealth of Virginia, we are sufficient for it, come when it may and in whatever form. He proceeded to remove the objections founded on the plea that might have been made as to the power of this Court to try a case where the offence was committed. It was hardly necessary to show that it was within the county of Jefferson and within the jurisdiction of this Court. There was a law in Virginia making the Potomac river the boundary between Maryland and Virginia, and giving other State power, by a solemn compact, to execute a criminal process to the farther bank. These matters, which are contained in the code of Virginia, it was unnecessary to prove by witnesses. The jury could read the code for themselves. Another law defined the limits of Jefferson county, showing that it embraced the locality where these events occurred, and giving jurisdiction to this Court. It was bruited in a preliminary stage of the proceedings, and an attempt was made to argue, that the United States held an exclusive jurisdiction over the Army grounds, but no stress was now laid on that point because not one murder out of the four lives taken was committed on the Army grounds. Mr. Hunter then took up the argument of treason, which he understood to be that none but an *attaché* of the commonwealth can commit treason against it. It is limited to no parties; it does not require that the offender should be a citizen according to our system of government, and the complicated machinery of federal and State governments under which we live. In some respects we are unfortunately bound to recognize as citizens of Virginia those who have proven themselves within our borders, as in this case, and without them, as in others, our deadliest enemies. The constitution of the United States provides that citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the immunities of citizens of the several States. Brown came here with the immunities given by the constitution. He did not come divested of the responsibilities belonging to those immunities. Let the word treason mean breach of trust, and did he not betray that trust with which, as a citizen, he is invested when within our borders? By the federal constitution he was a citizen when he was here; and did that bond of union—which may ultimately prove a bad bond to us in the South—allow him to come into the bosom of the commonwealth with the deadly purpose of applying the torch to our buildings and shedding the blood of our citizens? Again, our code defines who are citizens of Virginia, as all those white persons born in any other State of this Union, who may become residents here. The evidence in this case shows, without a shadow of a question, that when this man came to Virginia and planted his feet on Harper's Ferry, he came there to reside and hold the place permanently. It is true that he occupied a farm four or five miles off in Maryland, a short time since, but not for the legitimate purpose of establishing his domicile there. It was for the nefarious and hellish purpose of rallying forces into this commonwealth and establishing himself at Harper's Ferry as a starting point for a new government. Whatever it was, whether tragical, or farcical and ridiculous, as his counsel has presented, his conduct showed, if his declarations were insufficient, that it was not alone for the purpose of carrying off slaves that he came there. His provisional government was a real thing, and no debating society, as counsel would have us believe; and, in holding office under it and exercising its functions, he was clearly guilty of treason. The forty sixth section has been referred to as showing it was not unreasonable; but he supposed that that meant that the new government was to be a union of separate States, like the present, with the difference that all were to be free States. The whole document must be taken together. The property of slave holders was to be confined all over the South, and any man found in arms was to be shot down. Their conduct at Harper's Ferry looked like insanity, but there was too much method in Brown's madness. His purposes were too well matured, and he and his party declared there were thousands in the North ready to join them. While the jury are to take the whole declaration, the law books expressly declare they may reject, if they see good cause to do so, that which would exonerate the guilt of the prisoner. They are bound to consider it, that's all. As to conspiring with slaves and rebels, the law says the prisoners are equally guilty, whether insurrection is made or not. Advice may be given by actions as well as words. When you put pikes in the hands of the slaves, and have their masters captive, that is advice to slaves to rebel, and punishable with death. The law does not require positive evidence, but only enough to remove every reasonable doubt as to the guilt of the party. Sometimes circumstantial evidence is the strongest kind, for witnesses may deceive themselves or be mistaken. The

defence say we don't know who killed the negro Heywood, that Brown did not do it because there was no object, but that it was dark, and the supposition is that Heywood was killed by mistake. They say Brown shot no unarmed men, but Beckham was killed when unarmed, and therefore he thought the whole case had been proved by the mass of argument. With regard to malice, the law was that if the party perpetrating a felony undesignedly takes life it is a conclusive proof of malice. If Brown was only intending to steal negroes, and in doing so took life, it was murder with malice prepense. So the law expressly lays down that killing committed in resisting officers attempting to quell a riot or arrest the perpetrator of a criminal offence is murder in the first degree. Then what need all this delay? The proof that Brown treated all his prisoners with lenity, and did not want to shed blood, is clear. Brown was not a madman to shed blood when he knew the penalty for so doing was his own life. In the opening he had sense enough to know better than that, but wanted the citizens of Virginia calmly to fold their arms and let him usurp the government, manumit our slaves, confiscate the property of slaveholders, and without drawing a trigger or shedding blood, permit him to take possession of this Commonwealth and make it another Hayti. Such an idea is too abhorrent to pursue. So too the idea that Brown shed blood only in self-defence, was too absurd to require argument. He glories in coming here to violate our laws, and says he had counted the cost, knew what he was about, and was ready to abide the consequences. That proves malice. Thus, admitting everything charged, he knew his life was forfeited if he failed. Then, is not the case made out beyond all reasonable doubt—even beyond any unreasonable doubt indulged in by the wildest fanatic. We, therefore, ask his conviction, to vindicate the majesty of the law. While we have patiently borne delays, as well here as outside the community, in preservation of the character of Virginia, that plumes itself on its moral character, as well as physical, and on its loyalty and its devotion to truth and right. We ask you to discard everything else, and render your verdict as you are sworn to do. As the administrators of civil jurisdiction we ask no more than it is your duty to do—no less. Justice is the centre upon which the Deity sits. There is another column which represents its mercy. You have nothing to do with that. It stands firmly on the column of Justice. Administer it according to your law—acquit the prisoner if you can; but if justice requires you by your verdict to take his life, stand by that column uprightly, but strongly, and let retributive justice, if he is guilty, send him before that Maker who will settle the question for ever and ever.

Mr. HENRY closed at half past one. During most of the arguments to-day, Brown lay on his back with his eyes closed. Mr. CANNON asked the Court to instruct the jury that if they believed the prisoner was not a citizen of Virginia, but of another State, they cannot convict on a count of treason.

The COURT declined, saying, the constitution did not give rights and immunities alone, but also imposed responsibilities.

Mr. CANNON asked another instruction to the effect that the jury must be satisfied that the place where the offence was committed was within the boundaries of Jefferson county, which the Court granted.

A recess was taken for half an hour, when the jury came in with a verdict.

There was intense excitement. Brown sat up in bed while the verdict was rendered.

The jury find him guilty of treason, advising and conspiring with slaves and others to rebel, and for murder in the first degree.

Brown lay down quickly, and said nothing. There was no demonstration of any kind.

Mr. CANNON moved an arrest of judgment, both on account of errors in the indictment and errors in the verdict.

The objection in regard to the indictment has already been stated. The prisoner has been tried for an offence not appearing on the record of the Grand Jury—the verdict was not on each count separately, but was a general verdict on the whole indictment.

[Our report here breaks off.]

Our report of the trial of Brown's trial in Tuesday's paper broke off abruptly on Monday.

By agreement, the motion for arrest of judgment was postponed till Tuesday. Brown was remanded to jail.

Mr. HARDING announced that he was ready to proceed with the trial of Coppie, who was brought in. The ceremony of passing him between files of armed men was dispensed with.

Coppie took his seat between Messrs. Griswold and Hoyt, who appear as his counsel. He appeared calm and composed.

The remainder of the day was spent in endeavoring to obtain a jury, but the panel was not complete when, at 5 o'clock, the Court adjourned.



### SIXTH DAY.

CHARLESTOWN, Tuesday, Nov. 1, 1859.

The Court met at 10 o'clock this morning. Coppee was brought in.

Previous to the proceeding to his trial, Mr. GRISWOLD stated the points on which an arrest of judgment was asked for in Brown's case. In addition to the reasons mentioned yesterday, he said it had not been proved beyond a doubt that he (Brown) was even a citizen of the United States, and argued, that treason could not be committed against a State, but only against the General Government, citing the authority of Judge Story, also stating, the Jury had not found the prisoner guilty of the crimes as charged in the indictment, they had not responded to the offenses, but found him guilty of offenses not charged. They find him guilty of murder in the first degree, when the indictment don't charge him with offenses constituting that crime.

Mr. HUNTER replied, quoting the Virginia code to the effect, that technicalities should not arrest the administration of justice. As to the jurisdiction over treason it was sufficient to say, that Virginia had passed a law assuming that jurisdiction, and defining what constitutes that crime.

The Court reserved its decision.

Mr. Brown was present during the argument.

The Jury was sworn in Coppee's case. The testimony is the same as already published, but is more brief. The examination of witnesses for the prosecution was not concluded at the adjournment.

Cook waived an examination before the Magistrate's Court.

### SEVENTH DAY.

CHARLESTOWN, Wednesday, Nov. 2, 1859.

Messrs. Russell and Sennott, from Boston, reached here to-day.

Cook was brought before the Magistrate's Court, and waived an examination.

Coppie's trial was resumed. No witnesses were called for the defense.

Mr. HARDING opened for the Commonwealth, Messrs. HOYT and GRISWOLD followed for the defendant, and Mr. HUNTER closed for the prosecution. The speeches were of marked ability.

Mr. GRISWOLD asked for several instructions to the jury, which were all granted by the Court, and the jury retired.

Brown was then brought in, and the Court-House was immediately thronged.

The Court gave his decision on the motion for an arrest of judgment, overruling the objections made. In the objection that treason cannot be committed against a State, he ruled that wherever allegiance is due treason may be committed. Most of the States have passed laws against treason. The objections as to the form of the verdict rendered, the Court also regarded as insufficient.

The CLERK then asked Mr. Brown whether he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him.

Mr. BROWN immediately rose, and in a clear, distinct voice, said:

"I have, may it please the Court, a few words to say. In the first place, I deny everything but what I have all along admitted of a design on my part to free slaves. I intended certainly to have made a clean thing of that matter, as I did last Winter when I went into Missouri, and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moving them through the country, and finally leaving them in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing again on a larger scale. That was all I intended to do. I never did intend murder or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or to make insurrection. I have another objection, and that is that it is unjust that I should suffer such a penalty. Had I interfered in the manner which I admit, and which I admit has been fairly proved—for I admire the truthfulness and candor of the greater portion of the witnesses who have testified in this case—had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, either father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or children, or any of that class, and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right, and every man in this Court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment. This Court acknowledges too, as I suppose, the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed, which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament, which teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I should do even so to them. It teaches me further to remember them that are in bonds as bound with them. I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done, as I have always freely admitted, I have done in behalf of His despised poor no wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments, I say let it be done. Let me say one word further. I feel entirely satisfied with the treatment I have received on my trial.

Considering all the circumstances, it has been more generous than I expected. But I feel no consciousness of guilt. I have stated from the first what was my intention, and what was not. I never had any design against the liberty of any person, nor any disposition to commit treason or excite slaves to rebel or make any general insurrection. I never encouraged any man to do so, but always discouraged any idea of that kind. Let me say also in regard to the statements made by some of those who were connected with me. I fear it has been stated by some of them that I have induced them to join me, but the contrary is true. I do not say this to injure them, but as regretting their weakness. Not one but joined me of his own accord, and the greater part at their own expense. A number of them I never saw, and never had a word of conversation with till the day they came to me, and that was for the purpose I have stated. Now, I have done.

While Mr. Brown was speaking perfect quiet prevailed, and when he had finished the Judge proceeded to pronounce sentence upon him. After a few primary remarks, he said, that no reasonable doubt could exist of the guilt of the prisoner, and sentenced him to be hung in public, on Friday, the 2d of December next.

Mr. Brown received his sentence with composure.

The only demonstration made was by the clapping of the hands of one man in the crowd, who is not resident of Jefferson County. This was promptly suppressed, and much regret is expressed by the citizens at its occurrence.

After being out an hour the Jury came in with a verdict that Coppie was guilty on all the counts in the indictment. His counsel gave notice of a motion for arrest of judgment, as in Mr. Brown's case.

The Court then adjourned.

**JOHN BROWN—A SUGGESTION.**

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

Sir: Among the many articles in connection with the great event of the day that so interests and absorbs the minds of all who love Freedom, "The Harper's Ferry Insurrection," I have vainly looked for a suggestion of a practical plan as a fitting testimonial to the hero that so nobly fought and bled for the cause of oppressed humanity.

Boston, Worcester, and other places, have called meetings publicly to express their sympathies, and provide means in aid of the wife and family of the heroic victim of Slavery, and its inseparable corruption. But how comes it that no public effort has been made here for the same good purpose? Is our city incapable of appreciating Freedom's cause, and sympathizing with its martyrs? Had John Brown been successful in his sublime effort to free Virginia from the curse of Slavery, I have no doubt but this city would have been among the first, if not the first, to celebrate the great event, and make the welkin ring with outbursts of joy and exultation over Freedom's victory, and shouts of glory, and songs of praise in honor to the conquering hero.

What, then, is it that has kept us mere passive spectators? Is it because John Brown did not rightly balance his physical powers with his moral aspirations? Is the magnificence of the aim lost in the simplicity and inadequacy of the means? In a word, is it because he did not succeed, and we wish to exemplify the ignoble motto, "Success is the test of merit," that we can afford no greater sympathy and consolation than what a few private persons can express through the medium of the daily press?

I hope that such is not the case. I believe that in spite of Cotton Markets and Pro-Slavery Pulpits, the heart of the people is with the right, and its vibrating chord need but be touched to elicit a warm and efficient response. I would, therefore, suggest the call of a public meeting at the Academy of Music, to be addressed by the most devoted friends of the cause, who would do justice to the occasion. We do not want the temporizing, prevaricating, sanctimonious sermonizers, whose very praise is censure, whose enthusiasm is indifference, and whose only resource to remove the colossal evil of Slavery, is the "Pauline" remedy of teaching the slave to be "obedient to his master." But we want the whole-souled, truthful, manly utterance of a warm heart, a clear head, a strong conviction, and a fearless spirit. Let Wendell Phillips, the Rev. Mr. Wheelock, and George W. Curtis be invited. I have no doubt these gentlemen would gladly respond to the call. With such speakers, the Academy of Music could be filled from floor to ceiling, at one dollar each. Should the Academy not be obtainable, the next largest hall the City Assembly Rooms, would do.

The effect of such a demonstration in the Empire City of the Empire State, no one can estimate; for, beside removing the (otherwise just) stigma of indifference or cowardice from us, and procuring substantial aid and comfort for the afflicted family, the public expression of sympathy and admiration for the martyr of humanity's cause would hasten the ultimate success of that cause, for in my opinion, no blow can be struck nor earnest pleading voice be raised for the right in vain.

In giving the above a place in your paper, you will greatly oblige  
Yours, very truly,  
New-York, Nov. 23, 1859. ERNESTINE L. ROSE.

**THE CRAZED OLD MAN.**

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

Sir: There are a great many true things, powerfully and nobly said, in Henry Ward Beecher's sermon on the Harper's Ferry Tragedy, but I think what I have quoted above was not truly said. If I am mistaken, and it was truly said, then I think Henry Ward Beecher should renounce Christianity at once. If there is any test of insanity which makes John Brown's attack on the slave oligarchy of Virginia more insane than that of Jesus Christ on the Jewish hierarchy, in its own temple at Jerusalem, for which he is commonly supposed to have suffered death, I confess I cannot discover it.

If Jesus Christ were now to appear on earth, in-cognito, of course, and do to any hierarchy, say, at the Vatican, what he did at Jerusalem, and be hung for it, doubtless he would be very generally called mad and crazy, and perhaps by most of the very men who now worship him. It might be madness for me, or for you, to attempt such a thing, or to risk life for a principle, and yet not for him, or for Brown. What I wish to call every man's attention to is this, that Christianity was founded and has

flourished on a piece of madness—or error of judgment, if you please—precisely of the same nature as that of Brown's at Harper's Ferry. Saying that one was inspired and the other not, does not help the matter. To the whole cotemporary world the first, as well as the last, had to present itself as a human act, and men had to be persuaded that it was sane, before they could believe it divine. But, so far as the evidence in Brown's case has yet gone—of course it cannot be concluded till he has suffered—Christ's act, as a human act, to be judged by a human mind, was no more sane than his. The event may possibly alter the case, by showing that Brown was not the man for martyrdom, and therefore mad to court it. But thus far he has stood as sublimely as could be wished, and it seems to me too early for any one to pronounce him "crazy" who has not made up his mind that Christ was a madman and a fanatic. Mr. Beecher must not wriggle out of this tight place by consenting to admit

that Christ's act would have, if it had been human, unless he is prepared to prove absolutely that Brown was *not* inspired, and his sermon goes a good way to prove the very reverse. Let not the public misunderstand me. I do not think Brown was specially inspired by the Divine mind, much less that he was inspired by revenge—but that he was impelled by those gifts which God bestows so unequally on all of us, bravery, common sense, and a manly contempt of long life in a land cursed by the meanest and sneakiest statute ever enacted by a conjunction of villainy and cowardice—the United States Fugitive Slave Law. On the evidence as it now stands before the country, if it allows Brown and his brave associates to be murdered, let it not flatter itself that it would have done otherwise than the Jews did about 1860 years ago.  
Boston, Nov. 3, 1859. ELIZUR WRIGHT.

**AN ANECDOTE OF JOHN BROWN.**

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

PIKE GROVE, Warren Co., Pa., Nov. 25, 1859. Old John Brown emigrated from here to Kansas. A prominent citizen of Warren County was an acquaintance of his in Crawford County, and tells many facts illustrating his integrity and nobleness of heart, one of which runs thus: "Having heard that a poor man, with a large family were suffering for the necessities of life, he sent me to his house to inform him that John Brown would sell him provisions on credit. He came at once and got about thirty dollars worth, agreeing to pay in work the next Summer; but with Summer came other calls for his labor than the payment of old debts; so he came to Brown and frankly told him his situation, and that it would be impossible to pay as agreed upon. The noble old man said to him, 'go home and take care of your family and let me hear no more about this debt. It is a part of my religion to assist those in distress, and to comfort those that mourn.'"

**BROWN vs. BROWN.**

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

Sir: While in Kansas in June last, I was accidentally favored with information touching the "shabby" side of Geo. W. Brown and his charity-bought press. Such information came from one of the chief officials of the Territory—a man standing high in the favor of the Administration—and the import thereof was by no means flattering to the character of said Brown.

Possibly Mr. B. is flattered with the belief that his voluntary bargain and transfer to the Black Democracy are known only to himself and the agents and attorneys of said Democracy; if so, his confidence has been most wickedly abused. In one instance, at least, the story of his treachery, and the history of his Pro-Slavery services, have been confided to Republican ears. And this he may take as evidence that his labors in behalf of Sham Democracy are nearly finished. There is such a thing as baseness too disgustingly base for even the Negro Democracy of Kansas. This may be regarded as a mootable question. Yet I am honestly of the opinion that Brown is a meaner man than is required to advance the cause of Slavery, and uphold the present Administration. I believe this because the testimony thereof is ample and convincing, and because I have been thus informed by a credible representative of Democracy, the territorial official mentioned above.

The information thus given to me was, substantially, that Brown and his press had for years been used to suit the behests of the "Kansas Democracy;" that the "Free-State" disguise in which *The Herald of Freedom* appeared was preserved in obedience to the advice of Democratic "leaders;" that Brown received in satisfaction of his treachery all the patronage at the disposal of the Territorial Administration, and that he was ready, whenever requested, to remove his mask, openly espouse the cause of Slavery, and become the defender of the present National Administration!

This would have been done long since, and *The Herald of Freedom* authorized to speak in behalf of Buchanan and Black Democracy, had Brown succeeded in winning the confidence of his employers and proving his fitness for the post to which he aspired. But instead, he has been constantly suspected by those who purchased him with their money. It was argued that a traitor to the cause of Freedom—a spy in the camp of the Republicans—might be induced to betray the cause of Slavery and flee from the ranks of Sham Democracy. Hence it is, and for months has been, the purpose of Democratic managers in Kansas to get rid of Brown, purchase his press, and make *The Herald of Freedom* the undisguised organ of Kansas Democracy.

Such is George W. Brown. Such is the man that had the good fortune to suffer imprisonment and loss of property at the hands of Border Ruffians, thus winning the sympathies of the friends of Free Kansas, and through such sympathies securing funds to pay for the press with which he has for more than three years been rendering a traitor's service to the very power that cast him into prison and destroyed his property. Aye, and such is the man at present employed in publishing wicked slanders against the unfortunate John Brown, hoping thus to add gall to the bitter cup now pressed to the white lips of that feeble, wounded, and dying old man. Such is the author of the charge that John Brown is guilty of unprovoked murders in Kansas!

What a picture of cowardly malice! What a voluntary display of ruthless hatred and revenge! What a disgusting exhibition of cowardice, corruption, and villainy! And is this infamous story to pass current—fit even for Democratic circulation and credit? Is it to be believed even by the haters and revilers of Old Brown? Does the traitor Brown himself believe it?

Then why has he so long concealed it from the public ear? Why has he thus for years kept silent, and permitted so terrible an assassin to escape punishment? Why did he wait till the object of his malice was stricken down and gashed, scarred, weak and pale, thrust into prison, charged with crime, and doomed to an ignominious death? Had not the wife and daughter of the wretched old man suffered enough without hearing this last black and damning charge? Was it not enough that four of the household had been assassinated by the agents of Slavery, and that the fifth, a white-haired old man, was about to pay the penalty of his hatred of oppression with his life? Was not all this enough for the bleeding hearts of the little remnant of a once happy family?

No! no! this new charge of crime against the old man Brown, carries with it the indubitable evidence of its falsity. The man who is base enough to publish, under the circumstances, such a statement—even supposing it to be true—is base enough to invent a foul and poisonous lie, and with it attempt to add pain to the pangs of death. We are therefore prepared to believe that the bloody story recently born of *The Herald of Freedom*, is an infamous fabrication, and should serve only to blacken the name of the cowardly defamer by whom the foul thing was conceived.  
Medina, N. Y., Nov. 8, 1859.

**THE FUGITIVES—COOKE AND VIRGINIA IN KANSAS.**

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

Boston, Dec. 3, 1859.

I am happy to inform the friends of J. C. Anderson that he was *not* killed at Harper's Ferry, but is now in Canada. I have received this news from F. T. Meriam, who succeeded in escaping, and is now at the town of Chatham, with Barclay Coppie, the brother of the condemned prisoner at Charlestown. If it be true that a man named Coppie has been arrested at Charlestown and that he is a relative of the prisoner, it is equally true that he was not at Harper's Ferry. Meriam, who was supposed to be dead, and was known to have been separated from his companions, succeeded, he states, in disguising himself near Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and traveling North-star-ward, without suspicion or interruption, immediately after the arrest of Cooke; that unfortunate boy whose undoubted bravery in Kansas is now forgotten in his recent quailing in view of a Virginia gallows. Let me say a few words in defense of this poor boy. He was tested in Kansas, and his courage admitted by our most daring guerrilla bands. There is no manner of doubt that he was a fearless fighter against the Southern invaders of Kansas, and an efficient aid in riding the Territory of Butrod and his bandaged assassine. He was also a kind, generous, noble-hearted youth; but as his heroism was founded on the warm impulses of his heart only, not on principles the results of earnest thought, he is now in danger of dying with the reputation of a coward. They are mistaken who call him a coward; he is the victim of Voorhies and his brother-in-law. He would not have flinched if it had not been for them. God pardon them for corrupting that too plastic but generous-hearted youth!

Let us not believe that he recognized any one whom the other prisoners refused to know. Remember that the cowardly Virginians can now lie with impunity about him. I cannot believe that he is a corrupt man; for no one has been implicated by his confession, and he has said nothing that John Brown cared to conceal. He may have written some falsehoods; and if John Brown said so, he lied; but who were his prompters and the more culpable men?

When at Chambersburgh, he refused to give the name of his fourth companion—Meriam—even to his own lawyer in confidence; because, he stated, he had not yet been implicated. John E. Cooke is not a moral hero, but it is going too far to brand him as a coward. Let no one do it, at least, who did *not* go to Kansas to defend the cause of Freedom there.

When Fort Titus was carried by the Free State men, one of them found a carpet-bag containing \$10,000 in gold and notes. He ran off with it, and succeeded in escaping from the Territory. *Titus said that this money came exclusively from Virginia.* Does Virginia imagine that she lost that money? or that the Kansas men did not intend to pay the interest? Having failed to pay it at Harper's Ferry, Kansas asks a further extension.  
JAMES REDPATH.

—At a John Brown meeting in Cleveland, a few nights ago, Judge Tilden said: "I was talking with Frank Wade last night about this Virginia spy Gov. Wise, that was to take the capitol, and see the public documents, as that worthy has threatened to do. He (Wade) said he thought the best way for the army would be to drive a drove of cows up them."

All the newspapers spell the name of the town in Kansas where Brown formerly lived—or, rather, where he tried to live—incorrectly, and hardly any two papers use the same orthography. It should be written *Oswatimie*, according to the only town map in existence, a copy of which is now before me. The name is not that of an Indian tribe, as many suppose, but is made from the names of the two rivers on which the town is located, namely, the Osage and the Potawatimie.



## FURTHER TESTIMONY.

LETTER FROM C. P. TIDD.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

Sir: Will you permit me, as one of Capt. Brown's men, to correct some misrepresentations in regard to his conduct, while in Kansas, that are going the rounds in some of the papers at present. I noticed in *The New-York Observer*, an article copied from *The N. Y. Times*, which article was taken from *The Herald of Freedom*, in which the latter tries to make out that Capt. Brown is a "bloody murderer," as *The Observer* calls him. It is not strange that *The Observer* being as it is, one of the most pro-slavery, negro-hating sheets in the country, and sold, body and soul, to the South, should jump at all such chances of killing an Abolitionist, for that is their trade, and they are paid for it. But, that Capt. Brown's friends should turn in and help them, does seem strange to any one that does not know what kind of a friend this man of *The Herald* is. Whether he has sold himself to the Administration, to add another link to the chain with which they intend to bind the Anti-Slavery sentiment at the North, I do not know, but one thing is certain, they selected the wrong man (if he is worthy of the name of man) to saddle on to any Free-State man as a friend.

The cause of the cowardly attempt to injure Capt. Brown, now in the murderous hands of the Virginians, was from personal animosity that the editor of *The Herald* has toward Capt. Brown, for some just rebukes he dealt out to him while in Kansas. It was the editor of *The Herald* that betrayed Lawrence into the hands of the Border Ruffians, at the time it was burnt, and he kept up a secret correspondence with the Pro-Slavery party, informing them when to come, and who to take, but that did not satisfy the Ruffians, for they concluded he was only trying to save his press, and at the time Lawrence was burnt, this fellow was in Mobile, and was captured there. Here begins the history of John Brown, junior, and there was where he got his information about Brown and his son, which were fabrications from beginning to end. It was very fortunate for him that he was taken prisoner, for it probably saved his life. More than once have I heard Free-State men say, they would introduce him to the muzzle of a revolver, should an opportunity occur; for they all looked upon him as a traitor. His conduct was on a par with the drunken Hughs of Osawatimie, who betrayed the Free-State men of that place when it was burned. Now this Kansas tory presents himself before the public, to censure Capt. Brown. He says, "one of Capt. Brown's broad swords was found leaning against a tent, on the 25th of May, covered with dog's hair." Here *The Observer*, like itself, remarks: "Gradually we are getting at the truth," and so much "dog's hair" must mean something in connection with Brown. But the most important evidence that Old Brown executed those Pro-Slavery spies, is the ravings of John Brown, jr., when he was so insane that he did not know his own wife. I will give you another specimen of what he said at the time. When asked what he thought of the editor of *The Herald*, he replied, "He is a perfect old granny." If the Editor of that lying sheet wants any more compliments, I can inform him where he can find a community of Republicans, in Iowa, who heard of his turning traitor. This excited their curiosity to know what his paper was. Not being willing individually to lose the price of the paper, some twenty of them threw in ten cents apiece, and then gave in a verdict of sold.

Why did not *The Herald* publish these so-called facts before? Why, if John Brown is the "bloody murderer" he would have us believe, has he kept silent so long? Why, if he is such a hard-hearted man, did he not murder his prisoners, instead of setting before them the best he had, and that, too, to men who a few hours before, were seeking his life? John Brown never abused a prisoner, much less was he implicated in the killing of those men at Pottawatomie. I speak what I know. Old Capt. Brown was not within thirty miles of Pottawatomie Creek at the time of that transaction.

The editor of *The Herald* says "Old John Brown, the father, stepped out in front of the company, and said, 'If there are any brave men here, let them follow me.'" Such a transaction never happened. Old Capt. Brown and son never had a quarrel while in Kansas, and whoever says they did says that which is false.

Again, John Brown, jr., did not give himself up to the authorities, but was betrayed, and taken prisoner for being a member of the Free-State Legislature, and for nothing else. *The Herald* states that he was insane before he was a prisoner. This I deny. The brutal treatment he received from the hands of the Border-Ruffians was the sole cause.

Capt. Brown is a man who always acts as he thinks duty requires. The Virginians may hang Old Brown, but some of his followers are yet alive.

C. P. TIDD.

## CALEB CUSHING SLANDERING JOHN BROWN.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

Sir: Caleb Cushing, in his recent Union-saving speech in Boston, makes two statements respecting John Brown and the Kansas war so at variance with the truth as to call for special notice. In the first place, he says John Brown butchered the Doyles in the midst of the wailings and supplications of the females connected with their household, and that those "butcheries" were the commencement of bloodshed in Kansas. The truth is, and I state it not for the benefit of Cushing, for he knew the truth well enough—the Doyles were thieves and were the terror of the whole neighborhood in which they lived. Their vocation was to steal; they had already taken some valuable Durham cattle from young Brown and compelled him to sell for a song the few heads they did not steal, and it became a simple question whether all honest men should quit the vicinity or whether the Doyles should go, and they were duly notified that if they did not leave they would be executed. They defied the neighbors, and were taken out and shot. There were no swords used—no cutting nor butchering of any sort—and if Mr. Cushing chooses to sympathize with these thieves and scoundrels like the Doyles, I submit that it is hardly fair to place the Democratic party in the position of doing the same thing. But Old Brown was not present at the killing. He was miles away. And then we all know that the Kansas imbroglio had culminated before the Doyles were shot.

What a demagogue this Cushing is, to make statements so easily proved to be false!

Can you tell me how long the Union would last if it were full of men so ready and anxious to save it? Yours, on the authority of "one who was there."

DEMOCRITUS.

# JOHN BROWN AND G. W. BROWN.

To the Editor of *The N. Y. Tribune*.

SIR: It is not a very pleasant pastime to drive vultures from their prey—nor one that an earnest man would voluntarily undertake. But there are times when it is a holy and important duty; and therefore, I will notice the letter published in *THE TRIBUNE* of Wednesday, from G. W. Brown, the infamous editor of the very infamous organ of the Federal Administration in Kansas.

I. He charges me with desiring to divert attention from myself, as *particeps criminis* with worthy John Brown, in his late heroic attempt to help God's helpless people in Virginia. To sustain this charge, he quotes from a book of mine called "The Koving Editor; or, 'Talks with Slaves in the Southern States,'" and advises you and your readers to procure it. I hope that you and they will follow that advice! If only to know that I still indorse every sentiment of that book; that I am in favor of servile insurrection in the South; that I should rejoice to see the traffickers in human flesh, the hangmen of our heroes, the murderers of our citizens in Kansas, driven into the Gulf of Mexico, if thus only the crime of Slavery can be speedily abolished. I dedicated this volume to Capt. John Brown, and now, I assure you, I do not regret it. Will you say that Mr. A. B. Burdick of New-York, will send the book by mail to any one, anywhere, who forwards him a dollar? Thus, I "divert attention from myself."

I did not know that John Brown intended so suddenly to conquer Virginia, or it is probable enough that I should have been at Harper's Ferry. But I did

not know of it, and I was not there. I am only glad of my absence now, because it enables me to defend my heroic friends who were there.

2. Putting, therefore, personalities aside, let me return to the facts that G. W. Brown evades. I charged him with being a coward and a lieler. He answers:

"Those who will take the trouble to turn back to the files of *THE TRIBUNE* and *The N. Y. Times* of June, 1856, will find nearly every important statement in regard to myself made by him in that communication controverted, and that by letters copied into *THE TRIBUNE*, &c., written by this same Redpath."

How very characteristic! As not one in every ten thousand of *THE TRIBUNE*'s readers has copies of the files thus referred to, it was very safe in Mr. Brown to thus write a lie in direct. The communication thus referred to is an account of the arrest of G. W. Brown, as related by his wife, and reported from her lips by me. This statement of facts was afterward denied by other equally trustworthy authorities—who spoke of Brown's conduct as cowardly in the extreme, instead of having been, as he, through his wife, claimed—as brave as the circumstances of his position admitted. His conduct in camp was corroborative of this version. "He would crawl on his belly to Jerusalem to save his miserable neck," was the sarcastic phrase of Gov. Robinson, in speaking of his sycophancy to the Federal officeholders and his general conduct while in camp.

But, putting this story of his cowardice aside, and accepting his own version of the arrest, is that the only incident I brought forward to sustain my charge of cowardice?

John Brown was lying wounded and near to death, surrounded by enemies and pre-condemned to perish in a Virginia prison, for having heroically fallen in a heroic attempt to benefit his fellow-men. Every brave enemy is disarmed when his foe has fallen. Note but a coward of the most ignoble nature would at such a time assail the unfortunate, whatever the crime of which he stood accused. But G. W. Brown, at this moment, rushed forward and threw his columns of filth at the wounded hero. There was not a manly heart in the North, whatever his political belief, however much the filth aided his party, who did not feel contempt for the thrower of it.

I denied the truth of the coward's accusation; and, exasperated at the failure of his attempt to defile the old man, he strove again to repeat the act. He published a number of affidavits which were concocted at Westport, Missouri, by Gen. Whitfield and Major Mearns O'Leary; in only one of which is the statement that Old John Brown was at Potawatamie at the time when the five ruffians there were killed. This is the statement of one of the vilest of the Border-Ruffian party—a man who no one in his own township would believe under oath or on honor.

And this is the fit evidence that G. W. Brown produces to support his own cowardly and villainous lie! can godly John Brown.

As you have not published the letter, permit me to quote from *The Erie True American*, a passage from a conversation with John Brown in prison, as narrated by a Mr. Lowry, an old friend and neighbor of the valiant old man:

"I remarked to Mr. Brown that there had been a different version given to his Kansas exploits by *The Herald of Freedom* from that which his friends gave, and ventured the opinion that his reputation demanded an explanation. He replied that he understood my allusion, but that I was mistaken in supposing that it needed any refutation from him. 'Time and the honest verdict of posterity,' said he, 'will approve of every act of mine, to prevent Slavery from being extended in Kansas. I never shed the blood of any fellow man except in self-defense or in promotion of a righteous cause.' He spoke in indignant terms of the editor of *The Herald of Freedom*, characterizing him as 'selfish—unjust—vengeful—MERCENARY—untruthful and corrupt.' I remarked that I regretted to hear him speak of G. W. Brown in such terms, as he was an old acquaintance of mine, and had been trusted and respected. His answer was:

"Mr. Lowry, you are mistaken if you suppose that anything that George Washington Brown could say can tarnish the name of John Brown."

"During our conversation, the martial music where Gov. Wise was reviewing his army near the prison made a great noise, and thinking it might annoy him, I asked him if it didn't. 'No,' said the man; 'it is inspiring.'"

—John Brown's character of G. W. Brown needs three words only to render it a perfect portrait. These words are: hypocritical, lascivious, and cowardly.

G. W. Brown tries to corroborate the perjured statements of the Border Ruffians by saying that when John Brown, jr., was brought into the camp before Leecompton—a MANIAC—he disclosed the fact that his father killed the Potawatamie Ruffians.

Why, then, did not G. W. Brown, long before John Brown, senior, was a prisoner in the power of the Virginia semi-savages, make affidavit of the fact, and procure his arrest as a murderer? Was the coward afraid, or did he know that the old man would have compelled him to prove it? If any confession was made in camp by John Brown, junior, why did not Charles Robinson, whom, lately, he said he would not support "if he supposed he was tainted with John Brownism"—long after his release give the old man a eulogistic letter? The fact, of itself, discredits his statements.

But to prove that G. W. Brown was influenced in making the accusation by mercenary motives only—to help the Administration, whose servant he is—let me quote the last sentence of the last paragraph of the last of twelve different articles in *The Herald of Freedom*, in reply to my first letter to *THE TRIBUNE* in defense of John Brown:

"If the Republican press wish more facts bearing on this subject, let them continue their VILLAINOUS charges of falsehood against us, and we will continue the history, and 'Dammed be he who first cries—hold, enough!'"

Not satisfied with unearthing the political affidavits of the Border Ruffians, not ashamed of forging confessions from the pretended ravings of a maniac son, rendered insane by Pro-Slavery outrages, this cowardly slanderer of glorious John Brown, conscious of having failed in establishing his unmanly charge, calls for aid, and "will esteem it a personal favor if any one who is thoroughly posted on the subject" will render it.

To break my own testimony in behalf of the old hero, he states that I am "strongly suspected" of having been a party to the death of the ruffians at Potawatamie. I hope, Mr. Editor, that you will so far permit me to allude to this slanderer's accusation against me as to state that he says that I was in the camp of John Brown, junior, at Osawatamie, on the 23d of May, and that I left in company of John Brown, senior, two days before the killing of the ruffians at Potawatamie. Everybody—he, too—who was in Kansas at that time knows that I was then at Leavenworth—a hundred miles distant—in attendance at the sessions of the Congressional Committee. He knows this fact; he knows that no one in Kansas believes him; but he hopes by making it to screen himself from the recoil of his cowardly accusations against the brave old man in Charleston prison.

I need not solemnly deny this statement, as I shall probably disprove it in Court, in a suit for libel against *The Boston Post*, which has republished Brown's article, and appears averse to a speedy retraction of it.

Let me here correct a typographical error in my first letter to *THE TRIBUNE*. I said that John Brown was sixteen miles distant from the scene of the Potawatamie homicides when the deaths there occurred. It was printed sixty. I, also, incorrectly used the word *personal* (so a grammarian tells me), in saying that I had personal knowledge of the fact that John Brown was not at Potawatamie, when Doyle and the other ruffians were killed. I knew it from the evidence of one who knew the history of the affair.

John Brown, since his condemnation, was asked by a distinguished citizen of Massachusetts if he was present when Doyle and his comrades were killed—and, if so, how he justified that stern transaction? The old man replied that he was not there. John Brown never hes, with motive or without; and this, his last and solemn statement, is conclusive.

You entitle G. W. Brown's letter a reply to me. Yet, if you will read it again, you will find that the contents of it is devoted to an attempt to prove that you uttered falsehoods against him. He tries to prove that he has been a Republican. He first nominated John C. Fremont, it appears; but did not Bennett, his prototype, advocate the election of Fremont? Is Bennett a Republican? If he is a sound Republican so is George Washington Brown. It is a notorious fact—too well known by all Republican journalists to demand any proof—that both Bennett, the hiring with brains, and Brown, the hiring without those useful editorial utensils, are mercenaries who fight for whoever pays most and most frequently. Brown says he supports M. F. Conway. That will do. He has slandered Judge Conway in every issue of his paper from the day of his nomination down to the date of his last letter in *THE TRIBUNE*.

I ought to say that I do not now regard a bloody insurrection as the most efficient method of abolishing Slavery. Since I learned that the chivalry of Virginia were panic-stricken by a cove of belligerent propensities—toward turnips—I have thought that the best method of saving the Union or abolishing Slavery by force would be to drive a head of cattle through the Southern States.

Yours truly,

JAMES REDPATH.

P. S.—You err in saying that Mrs. Child intends to write a life of John Brown. She had been advised to write it, but does not now at least propose to do so, and has kindly yielded to me her claim to the use of "the facts and incidents of John Brown's earlier history."



6 &c., &c., &c.

SPECIAL REPORT TO THE NEW YORK HERALD.

HARPER'S FERRY, Va., Oct. 20, 1869.

No more lovely and romantic spot than this village could have been found in all the slaveholding States for the opening of the bloody "irrepressible conflict," sought to be inaugurated by Brown and his followers and the other fanatical desperadoes who have sent them hither. The village is situated in a deep, narrow gorge of the mountains, at the point where the waters of the Potomac and Shenandoali, uniting their forces, broke through the mountain chain. All around are lofty peaks whose rocky sides are covered by foliage, and at this season of the year adorned in all the gorgeous rainbow hues of the autumnal forest. About five or six miles distant on the Maryland side is the Kennedy farm, the place of rendezvous selected by the filibusters to mature their plans. Brown came to this neighborhood in July, under the assumed name of Smith, accompanied by three or four men, and began to look for a location to be occupied temporarily, he alleged, until he could find and purchase property to suit him. He finally hired the Kennedy farm of Dr. Kennedy, of Hagerstown, Maryland, for the sum of \$35 a year. A short time afterwards the party was increased by the arrival of two women, said to be his wife and daughter. And about three weeks ago three men arrived. The house is located in the midst of a thickly settled neighborhood, five or six families living within hail, and the movements of the strangers were regarded with much curiosity. They seemed to have no settled business, but a large number of boxes and packages were sent to them by railroad, which they carted home, and nearly every day one or more of them paid a visit to the village upon some pretence or other. They paid for everything they wanted in hard cash, and were sociable and friendly towards their neighbors. A great deal of their time appeared to be passed in hunting in the mountains, although it is not known that they ever brought home any game. On one occasion a neighbor remarked to Mr. Smith (as Old Brown was called) that he had observed twigs and branches bent down in a peculiar manner, which Smith explained by stating that it was the habit of the Indians in travelling through a strange country, to mark their path in that way so as to find their way back. He had no doubt, he said, that Indians frequently passed over these mountains unknown to the inhabitants.

On Sunday night last Brown and his party, numbering twenty-two men, marched into town very quietly, and proceeding straight to the gate of the armory, seized and imprisoned the watchman on duty, and placed themselves in possession without creating any alarm. A detachment under command of a man named Cook, who had lived a long time in the neighborhood, was then despatched into the country and made seizure of two wealthy slave owners—Col. Washington and Mr. Allstadt—as has already been reported in the HERALD. Cook and his men returned with the prisoners, and five of the slaves belonging to each. Cook then took some of the negroes and two white men of the party—Owen Smith and a man named Thompson— and went up to the Kennedy farm, where the party labored nearly all day in carting boxes of arms down to a school house only a mile or two from Harper's Ferry. They drove out the school children and tied the schoolmaster hand and foot and kept him in the building. Towards night Cook went down towards Harper's Ferry, where Brown and his party were by this time hemmed in by the military, and was seen in a little time by a man who had lived on the road returning in a state of great excitement. Since that time neither he nor any of his party have been seen.

Old Brown and his men, nineteen in number, remained in charge of the armory and village, taking possession of the bridges and all the avenues, and arresting the citizens as fast as they made their appearance in the streets. The result of the affair is fully and minutely described in the following statements of citizens and eye-witnesses, which were taken by our reporter on Wednesday and Thursday last:—

STATEMENT OF W. W. THROCKMORTON.

The clerk of the Wager Hotel, which is situated by the side of the railroad track, a young man named W. W. Throckmorton, makes the following statement:—About ten o'clock Sunday evening, as I was about closing up the doors below, I noticed a one horse covered wagon going by, and from its appearance concluded it was a ripsy wagon. There were some four or five men following the wagon. I went below to shut up, and told one of our colored servants, whom I found up, that some gipsies were going by. He wanted to go out and see them, and seemed quite anxious to go, but I said I was going to shut up, and bade him go to bed. All was quiet after this, except some men walking along the streets till about twelve o'clock, when I went to call some men who were to go in the express train. Then I heard the report of a gun out of the bridge and a man running. I went down to the door when the watchman of the bridge, an Irishman, rushed in and said, "lock your doors, there are robbers on the bridge—several men." I did not think of the gipsy wagon at the time, but supposed some rowdies from the canal locks had fired at him and frightened him. I then went up and awakened the passengers, and tried to borrow a revolver from some of the guests, but could not find one. I then walked out and went up to the railroad office to see Sheppard, the colored man, and borrow his revolver, which he always kept one, but his revolver was not

As I came out of the office I saw two men on the bridge with guns in their hands. I went back to the hotel and kept quiet till the train came along. I then informed Captain Phelps, the conductor, of what I had seen and heard, and he took four or five men and went to the bridge. Heyward Sheppard, the colored man, was with them, and as he got in, he called out "Surrender!" The man turned and ran, and the men on the bridge shot him as he ran; all the men then ran back to the hotel; we carried the wounded man into the ticket office, and I started for a doctor; I had a revolver then which I had borrowed from a passenger on the train; just as I crossed the street, I met two men coming down the road; the passengers were at this time running around in excitement and women and children screaming in the cars. I supposed these men were the passengers, but one of them presented his gun, and said to me: "you son of —, I will give you some too," and fired, but missed me. I had no chance to run, but they both ran towards the armory, and as they were running I fired all the shots in my revolver at them. The men stopped about half way to the armory gates. Then I got another revolver, and Captain Phelps and the men came towards me. As we came out the men had got inside the gate, and fired at us two or three shots, but the distance or the darkness prevented their taking good aim, and nobody was hurt. I then returned and got the passengers into the hotel. Soon after I walked out upon the platform with another gentleman, and then we saw two men with guns coming from the armory. They walked past us towards the office, where the negro Sheppard lay. As they passed we understood what they said. Then we put the lights out in the hotel, and watched from the windows. Soon after an old man named Grice, whom they had taken on the Shenandoali bridge, came up from the armory, and wanted to come in, but I sent him to the office where Capt. Phelps was. Afterwards I learned that he had been let out on condition of going straight home, because of his age. He said he was directed by the men who had released him to tell the hotel keeper and railroad agent that nobody here should be harmed if they kept the peace and made no resistance.

About three o'clock we saw a large four horse wagon and a two horse buggy (Colonel Washington's) driven past and taken into the armory yard. We concluded then that a gang of robbers were plundering the armory, and were in the act of taking away some more arms. We could hear them at work loading or unloading in the armory, and an hour later the wagon was driven out with four men in it, and two or three following with guns. I recognized one of the men as a man named Cook, who had lived around here and married his wife in this town. He was here on Friday last, and I saw him talking a long time with our boy, the one who was so anxious to see the express train that day. Dr. Many started for Charlestown to get help, and after that from time to time we could see citizens coming up to the armory gates, one at a time, and taken in as prisoners. I saw a negro boy leave the yard and come to the hotel, bringing a note. He came to the door and gave me a note, which was directed to the hotel keeper, or clerk of the wagon house, and read thus:—

Oct. 17.  
You will furnish forty-five men with a good breakfast.

I determined then to go to the yard. I went to the gate, and two men who conducted me to "Captain Smith," who spoke very politely. He said, "I am Captain Smith. I want prepared a breakfast for forty-five men."

He took me into one of the shops and showed me a number of citizens whom he had captured, and asked me if I knew them. I said I did. Then he said he wanted breakfast for forty-five men, including these, my friends, as soon as possible. I told him I would do the best I could, but it would have to be rather rough. He said he had expected anything like this, and were not prepared. Captain Phelps then came into the yard and was brought to Captain Smith. He appealed to him in the strongest terms to allow him to pass with the train, saying he had women and children who were frightened nearly to death, and if he would let them pass they would do nothing to trouble him. Brown then said he could pass if he would hold his peace and say nothing along the route that anything was going on here, with the understanding that he would go to the bridge himself and see that he went through safely. Brown then came up to the bridge and the passengers got on as fast as possible, and the train left. I went to some of the passengers and begged them to make an alarm, and have a military company sent here as soon as possible.

Before leaving the armory, Brown told me they came here to free the slaves, and said although he had so small a force he could have thousands as soon as he said the word. Said he, I am a military man, and I came here to free the slaves of your surrounding country, and I take possession of this government property and arms to assist me in doing so. I can have five thousand men here in less than twenty-four hours at my call. He gave me leave to take care of the hotel, and for wards if I would keep quiet, and if not he would take possession of the hotel. Every one supposed of course he had a large force at hand.

After the train left the bridge was still guarded, and Brown's men were marching backward and forward. I told Brown I could get him breakfast, but only with a drink. He said he must have coffee because he felt fatigued, and I must bring it immediately to the armory. I accordingly prepared breakfast and took it over in a basket. They all ate but Brown himself, who took good care not to touch it. I had intended to prepare a special breakfast for him as he treated me so gentlemanly, but I forgot it. I laughed and joked with him, deeming it best not to seem to fear him. After breakfast Colonel Washington asked me to take care of his horses, and he said I might put them in the stable at the hotel. He then said: "There is another horse, pointing to his own which was standing in the yard—I will put that horse in your charge; keep him till I call for him." I don't think he will call very soon. I asked him about pay for the breakfast, and he said he should want dinner at three o'clock for perhaps 200 men, and he would pay for the whole train. One of our servants, the one I spoke of as wanting to take the express train, told me he was very well, and had conversation with the engine house. He had gone with me to carry the breakfast, and when I ordered him to take the breakfast things and go back to the hotel, he said he would wait when he got ready, and I must understand that he was not to be shot. This amused Old Brown, who laughed at me, and I told him there was no nigger blood in me, at all events. This boy was a slave,

belonging to some heirs, but has been doing for himself and counted free for some time. The fellow left on Wednesday and has not been seen since. He went away because he supposed, that there were plenty around who would take a crack at him if they got a chance. His name is Charles Williams. About twelve o'clock I learned that the Charlestown company had arrived, and then I felt we were safe. I went and looked out of the window, and saw just then a shot fired at one of Brown's men, whose name is Stephens, and saw him fall. The shot was fired from the Gall House, by George W. Chambers. They called to me that they had spare guns, and asked me to come over. I went over, and as I passed seized Stephens' rifle, which lay by his side. I tried also to get his revolver, but they fired at me, and the bullets came too thick. The Charlestown company had the bridge, and called me to them, but I thought they were Brown's men, and ran into the hotel with the gun. After this one of Brown's men got into the hotel by some means and demanded the gun, but just then the Charlestown men drove through the hotel, and the man man got out at the back way without the gun. Stephens, the wounded man, was then brought in, and another fellow named Thompson was brought in a prisoner, and placed in the parlor tied hand and foot. All this time a sharp firing was kept up.

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The crowd also tried to get hold of Stephens, who was wounded and was lying in bed up stairs, but Miss Fouke prevented it, and finally a guard was placed over him. Stephens said before he was shot that if he was loosed he would shoot any of us.

There was a great deal of excitement and firing about the armory. Companies of militia began to come in, and at length the marines arrived, and the next morning took all the insurgents that were left.

COL. JOHN A. WASHINGTON'S STATEMENT.

Col. John A. Washington (who is distantly related to George Washington) gives the following account of his connection with the affair:—

Between one and two o'clock on Sunday night I was in bed at my house, five or six miles from Harper's Ferry; I was awakened by hearing my name called in the hall; I supposed it was some friends arrived, who, being acquainted with the house, had come in through the kitchen without making any noise; I got up and opened the door into the hall, and before me stood four men, three armed with shot guns, and one with a rifle. I saw the man in his left hand a lighted flambeau, made of pine whittlings; as I opened the door one of the men said, "Is your name Washington?" Said I, "that is my name." Perhaps also Cook, who was of the crowd, also identified me, as he told me afterwards he was taken there for that purpose. I was then told that I was a prisoner, and one of them said, "Don't be frightened." I replied, "Do you see anything that would frighten me?" He said, "No, but I only want to say that if you surrender and come with us freely you are safe." I told them I understood that sufficiently, and there was no necessity for further explanation; but I was struck with the number of men sent against me, and asked what need there was of so many, as there was no danger of an unarmed man in his night shirt resisting an armed force. I was told to put on my clothes, and a couple of my friends said, "I have you after I was dressed Stephens said to me, 'Have you got any money?' I replied 'I wish I had a great deal.'" "Be careful, sir," said he. I told him if I had any money I knew how to take care of it, and he could not get it. Said he, "Have you a watch?" My reply was, "I have, but you cannot have it. You have set yourselves up as great moralists and liberators of slaves; now it appears the men are robbers as well." "Be careful, sir," said he again. I told them I was dressed and ready to go. They bade me wait a short time, and my carriage would be at the door. They had ordered my carriage for me, and pried open the stable door to get it out. They had harnessed the horses on the wrong side of each other, and I tried to induce them to correct the mistake, which they did after driving a short distance; but still, being harnessed wrong and rather spirited animals, they would not work well.

My servant, whom they had forced along, was driving. I suspected they were only robbers, and was expecting all along that they would turn out at some point, but they drove directly to the Armory. Brown came out and invited me in, saying there was a comfortable fire, and I shortly afterwards met with Mr. Allstadt, whom they had arrested on the way, and was going along in the express wagon. While coming along, the horses being restless, I got out and walked up a hill with one of the men, who took occasion to talk to me on the subject of slavery in the abstract. I declined an argument on the subject, but he still pressed it upon me, and I was obliged to refuse the second time.

Brown told us to make ourselves comfortable, and added, "By and by I shall receive each one of you gentlemen, to write to some of your friends to send a stout negro man in your places." This was by way of ransom. He told us he must see the letter before it was sent, and he thought after this was effected they could make an arrangement by which we could return home. I determined in my own mind not to make the requisition, but he never made application for it, having other matters before the day expired attracting his attention.

My sword, which had been presented by Frederick the Great to General Washington, was taken from my house, with other arms. This man Cook had been at my house some time before and seen the arms, and at that time beat him at shooting, and he told me I was the best shot he had ever met. On the way to Harper's Ferry he asked me if I had any sword, and I said I had, and he owed me an apology for being with this party after being so well treated by me. I told him it was, in consequence about the apology, but I would ask one favor of him, which was to use his influence to have returned to me the old sword and an old pistol, which, in the present improved state of arms, were only valuable in consideration of their history. He promised to attend to it, and shortly after reaching the Armory I found this sword in Old Brown's hands. Said Brown, "I will take special care of it, and I shall endeavor to return it to you after you are released." He carried the sword in his hands all day on Monday, until after the arrival of the militia.

Upon the first announcement of the arrival of the militia, Brown came into the room and picked out ten of us, whom he supposed to be the most prominent men.

He told us we might be assured of good treatment because, in case he got the worst of it in the fight, the possession of us would be of service in procuring good terms; we could exercise great influence with our fellow-citizens, and as for me, he knew if I was out I should do my duty, and if my position as aid to the Governor I should be a most dangerous foe. Then we were taken into the engine house and closely confined. Two of our number went backwards and forwards repeatedly to confer with citizens during the various negotiations, and finally remained out altogether, leaving the eight who were inside when the building was finally assaulted and captured by the marines. During Monday various terms of capitulation were proposed and refused, and at night we requested our friends to cease firing during the night, as if the place should be stormed in the dark, friends and foes would have to share alike. In the morning Captain Simms, of Frederick, announced the arrival of the United States marines. During the night he had brought in Dr. Taylor, of Frederick, to look at the wounds of old Brown's son. The surgeon looked at the man, and promised to attend him again in the morning if practicable, but about the time he was expected hostilities had recommenced.

Capt. Lee, who commanded the United States forces, sent up Lieut. Stuart to announce to Brown that the only terms he would offer for surrender were that he and his men should be taken to a place of safety and kept unmolested until the will of the President could be ascertained. Brown replied that he would not expect no leniency, and he would sell his life as dearly as possible. A few minutes later the place was assaulted and taken. In justice to Brown, I will say that he advised the prisoners to keep well under shelter during the firing, and at the same time did he threaten to massacre us or place us in front in case of assault. It was evident he did not expect the attack so soon. There was no cry of "surrender" in his party except from one young man, and then Brown said, "Only surrender." This fellow, after he saw the marines, said he would prefer to take his chance of a trial at Washington. He had taken his position, and fired one or two shots when he cried "surrender." There were four of Brown's party able to fight when the marines attacked, besides a negro, making five in all. This negro was very bold at first; but when the assault was made he took off his accoutrements and tried to mingle with the prisoners, and was finally shot off as one of them. I handed him over to the marines at once, saying he was a prisoner then at all events.

STATEMENT OF W. S. DOWNER.

The Master Armorer's clerk at the armory, W. S. Downer, says:—On Sunday night about twelve o'clock I was awakened by reports of firearms, and shortly afterwards the clerk of the house came up to my room door, and asked if I had a revolver, saying some men had stopped a train on the bridge, and shot the colored man (Hayward) for trying to go over the bridge. I had no arms, and laid down again. Towards morning I got up and found they had taken possession of the town, and were doing everything as if they had a perfectly overwhelming force. The citizens could not conceive that any sane men would undertake such a thing without some show of force. About six or seven o'clock in the morning a negro man of the company went up the stairs leading to the house of a man named Baldwin, who kept a store, and undertook to take him prisoner, but he resisted and shot him. About the same time they broke open the arsenal and took out two boxes of muskets. They shot at a man named Kelly going up the street, but missed him, and the ball passed through two partitions in a house beyond and lodged in a third. The sentinels marched up and down the streets, and whenever they saw a man outside the armory, they would go up to him and say, "Here, if you want you give him the choice to go or be shot." In the morning, as the employes of the armory came down to work, they were taken prisoners one by one, and put in the watchman's quarters. About eleven o'clock forty or fifty volunteers from Charlestown came down. In the mean time some of our men had got arms—armory men—and a party of them came up to the room above him, and came across a party of the insurgents, fired into them, took two prisoners, killed three, and two were drowned in trying to swim the river. Then they came down here and took the bridge from the insurgents, shooting one of their sentinels on the bridge. The man Lieberman Stephens, who is now lying wounded in the armory, was shot in the street as he was crossing the flag of truce, borne by Mr. Ketzmueller, who was one of their prisoners. Stephens was brought up to him a prisoner. This was before Beckman was shot. Then Ketzmueller came into the hotel; he was under parole to go back, but did not consider that binding under the circumstances. Another man who came out with the flag of truce, escaped and ran back. The message was a proposition to be allowed to march out and liberate answer was returned. Soon after the river was crossed by the other side of the river. That another of the filibusters (J. C. Anderson) was shot in the street, west of the armory, the ball passing through

his neck. He was the man that killed Burley. Then Mr. Beckham, the railroad agent, walked out upon the platform, with his hands in his pockets, and just as he passed the water station he was shot right through the heart. Mr. Beckham was excited about the stopping of the trains, which had thrown everything into confusion. When he was shot he bent forward, doubled down and dropped dead. Then the crowd became terribly exasperated, and citizens rushed into the Wager House and took the prisoner Leeman (captain) just previously shot upon the platform and shot him. I was up here taking care of the wounded man Stephens. The crowd then immediately came up here, and wanted to take him out and shoot him too, and even threatened to shoot him in bed. They seemed perfectly wild with frenzy. After that we had riflemen stationed in the entry here, and whenever they could get sight of one of Brown's party down in the armory yard they would shoot him. One of them saw a man shooting with a long pistol and shot him dead. His body was thrown over the fence, where it lay for a long time. There was firing backwards and forwards until Brown's men were driven into the engine house, which they made full of holes to fire through. More companies, and finally the marines arrived. Guards were stationed all about the armory, and on all the bridges over night, and in the morning the engine house was taken. Among Brown's prisoners was Mr. Fortenay, a shoemaker, who escaped by jumping over the wall. He was shot at just as he jumped, but escaped unhurt.

The companies from Martinsburg, under Capt. Albertis, and from Charlestown were first here, and a company was organized here about that time and commanded by the jailor at Charlestown, who, as well as Capt. Albertis, served in the Mexican war. There were three companies from Frederick who were the first uniformed troops on the ground. They arrived about dark. During the night some other companies arrived from Baltimore and Richmond, besides the marines from Washington. On Tuesday troops were sent over into the mountains in Maryland to search for arms, and found in a school house a few miles from here a large quantity of rifles, revolvers, pikes or spears, (some with short handles, like dirks,) cartridges, powder, trenching tools, a camp chest and other military stores.

Old Brown says Cook is the meanest man God ever made, but he will not say anything to criminate him. On Monday night they had one of Col. Washington's servants on guard, but he swam the river and went home. Another was found in the river, drowned.

CAPT. ALBERTIS' STATEMENT.

Capt. Ephraim G. Albertis, who commanded the volunteers from Martinsburg that drove Brown's men into the engine house, and released the greater part of the prisoners, gives the following account of the affair:—We received intelligence of this affair about one o'clock on Monday. Immediately a meeting was called at the guard house, and volunteers called out to come to this place. A great many immediately stepped out and I was elected to take command. We arrived here at three o'clock P. M., and went up a ravine from the railroad leading into Bolivia, (about a mile above Harper's Ferry,) and were joined on the road by a company from Shepherdstown, who preceded us into the street. We then came down to the upper end of the shops, when we received orders from Col. Baylor, commanding the militia of this county, whose directions were that the company from Shepherdstown should take the street coming into Harper's Ferry, entering the armory at the east gate, and my command should enter at the upper end, meeting them midway at the musket factory. We entered the armory at the upper end of the shops, and after some consultation I directed that twenty-five men should proceed down the main avenue or centre, that a like number should take the rear of the shops, and the remainder should proceed down through the shops the best way they could. I took command of those who came down the main avenue. Upon arriving nearly opposite the first and second buildings on the east or right hand, counting from here, we were fired upon by the men in the engine house, and on the corner between the engine house and the pay office. The fire was returned and they retreated into the engine house, from which they kept up a continual fire through the door, which was kept four or five inches ajar. This fire was very hotly returned by our men, eight of whom were wounded, and two it is feared mortally.

During the fight we found in the room adjoining the engine house some thirty or forty prisoners who had been captured and confined by the outlaws. The windows were broken open by our party, and these men escaped. The whole of the outlaws were now driven into the engine house, and owing to the great number of wounded requiring our care, and no being supported by the other companies as we expected, we were obliged to return. Had the other companies come up we could have taken the engine house then. Immediately after we drew off. There was a flag of truce sent out to propose terms, which were that they should be permitted to retire across the river with their arms, and that they should proceed as far as some lock on the canal, there to release their prisoners. These terms were not accepted, and having understood that the United States marines and a number of troops from Baltimore were on their way, nothing further was done except to establish guards all around to prevent the desperadoes from escaping. We had a small piece of cannon, which we proposed to bring to bear on the engine house, but were directed not to do so on account of endangering the prisoners.

It was remarkable that in the morning, while the marines were getting into position in the yard, these men did not fire a gun. There was a parley and terms offered, which they declined. Then Major Russell ordered the marines to break down the doors and go in. At the first attempt with large hammers they failed, the doors being barricaded from within. But there was a ladder near by, which they seized, and used as a side-asses as a ladder ran. The third time they struck the doors gave way, when the men inside fired a volley, which was returned by the marines, who then rushed in. They fired first when the doors were struck with sledge hammers, and then again when they were broken in. During the charge one marine was killed—this man, Luke Quinn, whose funeral takes place to-day (Thursday), and another, Mathew Rupert, wounded. There was no surrender on Brown's part. Brown himself was wounded by sabre cuts by Lieut. Stuart, and perhaps by the bayonets of the marines. Rupert's wound

is not dangerous—it is a wound in the face, the ball taking a piece of the outer lip. The following are the names of those under my command who were wounded in the attack on Monday:—Evan's Posey, of Baltimore, conductor of the tonnage train; dangerously.

George W. Richardson, of Baltimore, brakeman; dangerously. G. N. Hammond, late Deputy Sheriff of Berkeley county; shot through the hip, very severely. George Wood, a Superintendent in the railroad machine shops at Martinsburg, shot through the left arm. Geo. H. Morby, prosecuting attorney for Berkeley county, shot in the leg. Nelson Hooper, shot in the ankle, arm and face, apparently with.

*Eye shot  
through the shoulder  
and arm had  
ed - a ball wound  
Clinton Bowman  
conductor on the  
tonnage train to  
wounds, one on  
shoulder, and  
other across the  
eye brown*

FEARFUL AND EXCITING INTELLIGENCE.

NEGRO INSURRECTION AT HARPER'S FERRY.

Extensive Negro Conspiracy in Virginia and Maryland.

Seizure of the United States Arsenal by the Insurrectionists.

Arms Taken and Sent into the Interior.

The Bridge Fortified and Defended by Cannon.

Trains Fired into and Stopped---Several Persons Killed---Telegraph Wires Cut---Contributions Levied on the Citizens.

Troops Despatched Against the Insurgents from Washington and Baltimore,

&c., &c., &c.  
SPECIAL DESPATCHES TO THE HERALD.  
WASHINGTON, Oct. 17, 1859.

A telegraph despatch has just been received by the Secretary of War from Mr. Garrett, President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, stating that a serious affair has occurred at Harper's Ferry, where the United States Armory and the bridge are in possession of a large band of armed men, said to be abolitionists, but thought to be Army men. The guns from the Armory have been taken for offensive use, and the leaders notified





our men that no trains shall pass the Armory and Bridge. Our officers were fired upon, and a laborer nearly killed. The wires being cut, we got our advices from the next station. He asks the Secretary of War to get the government to allow the military of Washington and Baltimore to go on in the three o'clock train this afternoon, and render them such assistance as may be necessary. The Cabinet are now in session upon the matter.

The government immediately ordered that a company of marines from Washington barracks should leave this afternoon, under the command of Colonel Harris, for Harper's Ferry, and if necessary any further assistance that may be required.

Colonel Robert Lee, of the army, will command the United States forces. He leaves in the afternoon train with a company of marines, and will be joined on the Ohio Railroad by a company of volunteers from Maryland. Troops have been ordered from Old Point.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 17, 1859.

A passenger who has just arrived here, who left Harper's Ferry this morning, having been detained there for upwards of five hours, corroborates the statements received to-day by the Secretary of War.

This gentleman, who is an intelligent man, states that a negro insurrection of a formidable character, headed by white men, is in active operation. They are fully armed with muskets and other arms, which they had seized at the Armory. They had, when the train left, taken all of the white citizens, so my informant says, and held them as prisoners. They number one hundred and fifty, and recruits were coming in constantly from the surrounding country.

My informant says that they told him that they would have, by one o'clock to-day, over seven hundred negroes and white men. The object of this movement was to obtain their freedom.

They had cut off all the avenues of communication with the town, and refused to let any leave the place. They allowed the train that my informant was in to pass, after a detention of five hours, giving the conductor only five minutes to decide if not, they would seize them and lock them up in the Armory. He says they barely escaped with their lives.

The Secretary of War received some time since an anonymous letter, stating that a foray would be made by negroes, headed by white men, upon Harper's Ferry, Wheeling, and other points in Virginia, about the middle of October. At the time he thought nothing of it, and gave it no attention whatever; but it looks from this movement as though they have been organizing for some time, and intended to carry it out.

#### THE GENERAL NEWSPAPER DESPACHES.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 17, 1859.

A despatch just received here from Frederick, and dated this morning, states that an insurrection had broken out at Harper's Ferry, where an armed band of abolitionists have full possession of the government arsenal. The express train going east was twice fired into, and one of the railroad hands and a negro killed, while they were endeavoring to get the train through the town. The insurrectionists stopped and arrested two men who had come to town with a load of wheat, and seizing their wagon, loaded it with rifles, and sent them into Maryland. The insurrectionists number about two hundred and fifty whites, and are aided by a gang of negroes. At last accounts fighting was going on.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 17—1 P. M.

It is apprehended that the affair at Harper's Ferry is more serious than our citizens seem willing to believe. The wires from Harper's Ferry are cut, and consequently we have no telegraphic communication beyond Monocacy Station. The Southern train which was here at an early hour this morning has not yet arrived. It is rumored there is a stampede of negroes from this State. There are many other wild rumors, but nothing authentic as yet.

The above is given just as it was received here. It seems very improbable, and should be received with great caution, until confirmed by further advices.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 17—2 P. M.

Another account, received by train, says the bridge across the Potomac was filled with insurgents, all armed. Every light in the town was extinguished, and the hotels closed. All the streets were in possession of the mob, and every road and lane leading thereto barricaded and guarded. Men were seen in every quarter, with muskets and bayonets, who arrested the citizens, and pressed them into the service, including many

negroes. This done, the United States Arsenal and Government Pay House, in which was said to be a large amount of money, and all the other public works, were seized by the mob.

Some were of the opinion that the object was entirely to plunder and to rob the government of the funds deposited on Saturday at the Pay House. During the night the mob made a demand on the Wager Hotel for provisions, and enforced the claim by a body of armed men.

The citizens were in a terrible state of alarm, the insurgents having threatened to burn the town.

The following has just been received from Monocacy, this side of Harper's Ferry:—"The mail agent on the Western bound train has returned to Monocacy, and reports that the train was unable to get through. The town is in possession of the negroes, who arrest every one they can catch and imprison. The train due here at 3 P. M. could not get through, and the agent came down on an empty engine."

BALTIMORE, Oct. 17—2:30 P. M.

The western train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has just arrived here. Its officers confirm the statements first received touching the disturbance at Harper's Ferry. Their statement is to the effect that the bridge-keeper at Harper's Ferry, perceiving that his lights had been extinguished, went to ascertain the cause, when he was pursued and fired upon by a gang of black and whites. Subsequently the train came along, when a colored man, who acted as assistant to the baggage master, was shot, receiving a mortal wound, and the conductor, Mr. Phelps, was threatened with violence if he attempted to proceed with the train. Feeling uncertain as to the condition of affairs, the conductor waited until after daylight before he ventured to proceed, having delayed the train six hours.

Mr. Phelps says the insurrectionists number two hundred blacks and whites, and that they have full possession of the United States armory. The party is commanded or led by a man named Anderson, who had lately arrived at Harper's Ferry. Mr. Phelps also confirms the statement in a previous despatch, that the insurrectionists had seized a wagon, and loading it with muskets, had despatched it into Maryland. The military of Frederick had been ordered out.

Despatches have been received from President Buchanan, ordering out the United States troops at this point, and a special train is now being got ready to convey them to the scene of disturbance. He has also accepted the volunteered services of Captain Senick's Company, of Frederick, and has likewise ordered the government troops from Old Point Comfort to proceed immediately to Harper's Ferry. This intelligence is authentic.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 17—3:30 P. M.

The mail train going West, got as far as Sandy, when Mr. Hood, the baggage master and another party started on foot to the bridge. They went through the bridge, and were taken and imprisoned, but subsequently went before the captain of the insurrectionists, who refused to let anything pass.

All of the eastward bound trains lying west of Harper's Ferry, have been taken, persons from this side the river tying them together and taking off the slaves. The mail train bound west has returned to Monocacy. There are from five hundred to seven hundred whites and blacks concerned in the insurrection.

The United States marines at Washington are under orders for Harper's Ferry. There is great excitement in Baltimore, and the military are moving; several companies are in readiness to take the train, which will leave soon.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 17—4 P. M.

An account from Frederick says a letter has been received there from a merchant at Harper's Ferry, sent by a boy, who had to cross the mountain and swim the river, which says that all the principal citizens are imprisoned, and many have been killed; also that the Railroad agent had been shot twice, and that the watchman at the depot had been shot dead.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 17—5 P. M.

A train filled with military, including the Law Greys, City Guards, Shield's Guards, and other companies, left here at four o'clock for Harper's Ferry. Representatives of the press accompanied the military.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 17—7 P. M.

Despatches from Martinsburg, west of Harper's Ferry, received via Wheeling and Pittsburg, confirm the report of the insurrectionists having possession of the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, and says they have planted cannon at the bridge. All the trains have been stopped. A body of armed men was getting ready to proceed thither to clear the road. There was great excitement at Martinsburg, Va.

There is great excitement here. Company F, with full ranks has just left the armory, expecting to take a special train to-night. This is a new company with a similar uniform to the Greys.

The Greys leave for Harper's Ferry early in the morning.

The Governor left to-night for Washington.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 17—9 P. M.

The American's special reporter telegraphs from Plane No. 4, 45 miles from Baltimore and 31 from Harper's Ferry, at 8 o'clock, that the train consists of 17 cars with 400 troops, under Major Reynolds, with a roadmaster and laborers to repair the track and telegraphers to mend the line. Three companies from Frederick were in an advance train. Col. Harris, of the United States marines, commanding the expedition, follows in a special train. They will not reach Harper's Ferry before 10 o'clock.



WASHINGTON, Oct. 17—4 P. M.

On the receipt of the intelligence from Harper's Ferry, orders were issued for three companies of artillery at Old Point, and the corps of marines at the Washington Barracks, to proceed thither without delay. The marines, ninety-three in number, left in the 3:15 afternoon train, with two twelve pound howitzers and a full supply of ammunition.

It is reported that they are under orders to force the bridge to-night at all hazards. Colonel Faulkner accompanies them.

It is reported on good authority that some weeks ago Secretary Floyd received an anonymous epistle stating that about the 15th of October the abolitionists and negroes, and other disaffected persons, would make an attempt to seize the arsenal and hold the place, but the statement was so indefinite and improbable as to cause no fears of such an outbreak.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 17—9 P. M.

In view of the possibility of the disturbances at Harper's Ferry extending to this vicinity, the Mayors of Washington and Alexandria have taken precautionary steps for its suppression. The President, through the Mayor of Washington, ordered a strong detachment of volunteer militia to be posted at the national and company armories, which was promptly done. Two hundred stand of muskets and a supply of ammunition were also placed in the City Hall for emergency.

It is suggested by well informed persons that the cause of the insurrection is the reported fact that not long since the contractor for the construction of a government dam at the ferry absconded, largely indebted to several hundred employers, who have taken this step to indemnify themselves by the seizure of the government funds, which it was supposed were transported thither on Saturday. A gentleman just in from Harper's Ferry thinks the blacks participated in the outbreak only on compulsion.

RICHMOND, Oct. 17, 1859.

It is reported and believed that the Governor of Virginia has ordered volunteer troops to Harper's Ferry.

MONOCACY BRIDGE, Oct. 17—10 P. M.

The train arrived here at nine o'clock. Luther Simpson, baggage master, of the mail train, gives the following particulars:—I walked up the bridge, was stopped, but was afterwards permitted to go up and see the captain of the insurrectionists. I was taken to the armory, and saw the captain, whose name is Bill Smith. I was kept prisoner more than an hour, and saw from five hundred to six hundred negroes all having arms; there were two or three hundred white men with them; all the houses were closed. I went into a tavern kept by Mr. Chambers, thirty of the inhabitants were collected there with arms, they said most of the inhabitants had left, but they declined, preferring to protect themselves. It was reported that five or six persons had been shot.

Mr. Simpson was escorted back over the bridge by six negroes.

The train with the Frederick military is lying at Point of Rocks. A train with the directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad on board is on the other side of Harper's Ferry. It was believed that the insurrectionists would leave as soon as it became dark.

Orders have been received here that the train shall stop at Sandy Hook until Col. Lee, who is following in a special train, arrives.

There are any amount of rumors, but nothing certain.

MONOCACY, Oct. 18—1 A. M.

The special train, with Colonel Lee's command, passed this station at 11:30 P. M. It is supposed that there is difficulty in adjusting the breaks in the road this side of Harper's Ferry, as nothing has since been heard of the expedition.

## POSTSCRIPT.

TUESDAY—5 1/2 A. M.

### Battle Between the Troops and the Insurgents—Sixteen Persons Killed—The Kansas Free State Leaders at the Head of the Insurrection, &c., &c.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 18—4 A. M.

The Government are taking precedence to the press despatches.

We understand that Col. Lee telegraphed that it would not be necessary to bring on troops from Fort Monroe and asks that they be detained at Fort McHenry.

All the rioters now living are barricaded in the engine house in the armory enclosure. A number of citizens are imprisoned with them, whom they refuse to release.

Several companies of Virginia troops are on the ground. They have placed a guard in the village. The Marines have charge of the Armory.

Several citizens have been killed and several rioters have been killed also.

The town has been taken possession of by companies from Charleston, Shephardstown, Va., and Frederick.

The rioters are entrenched in the armory. They held Mr. Washington and Mr. Langenfeld as prisoners.

The insurrectionists are commanded by Captain Brown, of Kansas notoriety. They numbered originally seventeen white men and five negroes. Several of them were shot. Two men of the Martinsburg company were shot dead, whilst charging on the armory.

A portion of the insurgents have left under the command of Cook, with a large party of slaves, and are supposed to be moving toward Pennsylvania.

Allen Evans, one of the insurrectionists, is lying dying here, shot through the breast. He is from Connecticut, but has been in Kansas. He says the whole scheme was got up by Brown, who represented that the negroes would rise by thousands, and Maryland and Virginia be made free States.

Colonel Shriver, of Frederick, has just had an interview with Brown in the armory. He asked to be allowed to march out with his men, and avowed the intention of defending himself to the last. They were very strongly posted in the engine house, and cannon cannot be used against them for fear of injuring the prisoners which they still hold.

Some sixteen persons are known to have been killed.

Fountain Breckham, Railroad agent, was shot dead from the Armory.

Three rioters are lying dead under the bridge, shot by the Shephardstown troops in their charge on the bridge.

Captain Cook, who is second in the command of the insurgents, is said to be posted in the School house, four miles distant, with a large body of runaway slaves.

The armory was taken possession of about nine o'clock Sunday night. It had been so quietly done that the citizens knew nothing of it until the train was stopped.

Col. Lee has arrived, and thinks there are abundant troops here to capture the rioters.

It seems certain that the original party consisted of not more than twenty white men and five free negroes.

Capt. Brown had been about here, and rented a farm, four miles off, which was the rendezvous of the rioters.

Capt. Cook has also lived about here, and one time taught school.

All other white men are unknown. They are supposed, however, to be men who have been connected with Brown in Kansas.

It is reported, but not certain, that the rioters have carried off a considerable amount of government funds.

No attempt was made to pillage the town or insult the females.

Capt. Brown claims easy terms on account of his moderation.

LATER.

### The Armory Carried by Assault—"Osawatamie Brown" Shot—His Son Killed—The Abolitionists Surrender—Troops in Pursuit of the Fugitives.

HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 18, 3 A. M.

The battle was fought mainly by the railroad tonnage men from Martinsburg, led by Capt. Alberts. Evan Dorsey, conductor was killed, and conductors Bowman and Hallett, wounded.

No damage was done to the railroad or bridge. It is thought that the rioters will be hung, as soon as they are captured in the morning.

HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 18, 6 A. M.

Preparations are making for an attack on the armory. The soldiers are all around the grounds, and for the last hour everything has been quiet.

The rioters have still the following persons in their possession.—Armistead Ball, chief draughtsman at the armory; Benj. Mills, master of the armory; John P. Dangerfield, paymaster; Clark Lewis Washington, a farmer and prominent citizen; John Allstreet, farmer and his son, 16 years old; the three last named were seized on their farms, several miles from the Ferry.

George Turner, a graduate of West Point, and one of the most distinguished citizens in this vicinity, was shot yesterday whilst coming into the town. He has died during the night.

Three of the rioters are lying dead in the streets, three are lying dead in the river, and several are said to be lying within the armory enclosure.

The following is a list of killed among citizens and soldiers, as far as ascertained.—Fountain Breckham, Haywood, a negro porter at the railroad station, Joseph Bunley, of Harper's Ferry, Evan Dorsey and George Richardson, of Martinsburg.

Another rioter, a negro named Lewis Learp, has just died. He confessed to the particulars of the plot which he says was concocted by Brown at a fair held in Ohio two months ago.

The rioters have just sent out a flag of truce, and say that if not protected by the soldiers at present here, they will hang all they capture.

HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 18, 8 A. M.

The armory has been stormed and taken, after a determined resistance. Col. Shutt approached with a flag of truce, and demanded a surrender. After expostulating some time, the rioters refused to surrender.

The marines advanced to the charge, and endeavored to break the door down with sledge hammers, but it resisted all their efforts.

A large ladder was then used as a battering ram, and the door gave way. The rioters fired briskly, and shot three marines, the marines firing in turn through the partly broken door.

The marines then forced their way through the break and in a few minutes resistance was at an end.

The rioters were brought out amidst the most intense excitement, many of the militia present trying to get an opportunity to shoot them.

Capt. Brown and his son were both shot. The latter is dead and the former in a dying state. He lies in the armory enclosure, talking freely. He says he is old "Osawatamie Brown," whose feats in Kansas have had such wide notice; that his whole object was to free the slaves, and justifies his action; he says that he had possession of the town, and could have murdered all the people, and that he has been murdered in return.

J. G. Anderson was also shot down in the assault. He was from Connecticut.

The dead body of a man killed yesterday was found within the Armory.

Brown declares that there were none engaged in the plot but those accompanying him.

The prisoners are retained in custody within the Armory enclosure.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 18.

There is intense excitement in this city, and nothing is talked of but the insurrection.

Gen. Stuart, through Governor Wise, has communicated an order to General J. W. Watkins, of this city, to prepare, equip, and mount immediately a body of men for service in the mountains near Harper's Ferry, where many of the insurgents have taken refuge. The troops will leave this afternoon.

Gov. Wise passed the Relay House this morning, en route for the seat of war.

The artillery companies from Fort Monroe arrived this morning, and are quartered at Fort McHenry, waiting orders.

**Harper's Ferry, Oct. 18.—**Noon. After the storming of the armory, four dead bodies of insurgents shot yesterday were found within the inclosure.

Capt. Brown and his son were dangerously wounded. Only two of the insurrectionists are not wounded. Their names are Edward Coppich, a white man, from Iowa, and Shields Green, colored, from Iowa.

The party originally consisted of twenty-two persons, of whom fifteen are killed, two mortally wounded, two unhurt, and three went off with slaves on Monday morning.

Soon after the assault on the armory, some firing took place from the hills on the Maryland shore, supposed to be from Cook and his party, who left on Monday morning. It was returned with a general volley, but both parties were too distant to do damage.

A company of armed men has gone in pursuit of the fugitives.

There are probably one thousand armed men here. They have been pouring in all night from all parts of the surrounding country.

The Secretary of War this morning received a telegraphic dispatch from Col. Lee, dated seven o'clock, saying that he called upon the rioters, who were barricaded in the engine house on the arsenal grounds, to surrender, promising to protect them until the wishes of the President could be ascertained. This proposition was made in order to save the lives of the prisoners who were in the possession of the insurgents. This message was sent through Lieut. Stuart, of the first cavalry. The insurgents declined to surrender, whereupon at a preconcerted signal from Lieut. Green, the detachment of marines who were near by, forcibly broke into the engine house, killed two of the rioters and captured the remainder. Two of the marines were wounded, one of them mortally. Ossawatimie Brown, the leader of the rioters, was also mortally wounded. Several officers of the arsenal, together with other prisoners, all escaped unhurt.

The War Department has despatched an order for the troops at Norfolk who are at Fort McHenry, to remain there until they receive further orders.

The President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to get his New York that the insurrection is entirely suppressed. All the outlaws are killed or arrested, all the freight and passenger trains are running with entire regularity and safety. No damage has been done to any portion of the railway track, trains or property.

#### ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS OF THE INSURRECTION.

**BALTIMORE, Oct. 18th, P.M.**—The Pennsylvania Directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad left Martinsburg this morning for this city. Travel is now resumed on the road and the trains are running regularly. Ossawatimie Brown's wounds are not considered mortal. One of the rioters killed was named Stuart Taylor; J. C. Anderson, one of the ringleaders, who stopped Conductor Phelps yesterday, was killed during the first attack by the Virginians. He was a fine looking man, with a flowing white beard. Some of the Maryland volunteers are in pursuit of Captain Cook's party. A negro, named Green, from Harrisburg, and who was conspicuous in the fugitive slave riot in that city some years ago, was among the insurgents.

**BALTIMORE, Oct. 18.**—It is apprehended, in view of the fact that the President has authorized the military to pursue the insurgents in other States if necessary, that there may be difficulty across the Pennsylvania or Ohio line.

**HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 18, 2 P. M.**—The Secretary of War has telegraphed to Col. Lee, that Mr. Ould, District Attorney for the District of Columbia, will proceed forthwith to Harper's Ferry, to take charge of the legal proceedings against the prisoners, and bring them to trial.

A train is now getting ready to convey horses and men from here to pursue the rioters into any State or locality, where they may have fled. This is by order of the President, at the request of Governor Wise.

**BALTIMORE, Oct. 18, P.M.**—An eye-witness who has returned from Harper's Ferry, describes the scenes there as follows:

"The first attack was made by a detachment of the Charleston (Va.) Guard, which crossed the Potomac River above Harper's Ferry, and reached a building where the insurgents were posted by the canal, on the Maryland side. Smart firing occurred, and the rioters were driven from the bridge. One man was killed here, and another was arrested. A man ran out and tried to escape by swimming the river; a dozen shots were fired after him; he partially fell but rose again, threw his gun away and drew his pistols, but both snapped; he drew his bowie knife and cut his heavy accoutrements off and plunged into the river, one of the soldiers was about ten feet behind; the man turned round, threw up his hands, and said "don't shoot," the soldier fired and the man fell into the water, with his face blown away. His coat skirts were cut from his person, and in his pocket was found a captain's commission to Capt. E. H. Leman, from the provisional government. The commission was dated Oct. 15th, 1869, and signed by A. W. Brown, commander-in-chief of the army of the provisional government of the United States. A party of five of the insurgents armed with minie rifles and posted in the rifle armory were expelled by the Charlestown Guards.

"They all ran for the river, and one who, was unable to swim, was drowned. The other four swam out to the rocks in the middle of the Shenandoah and fired upon the citizens and troops upon both banks. This drew upon them the muskets of between two hundred and three hundred men, and not less than four hundred shots were fired at them from Harper's Ferry, about two hundred yards distant. One was finally shot dead; the second, a negro, attempted to jump over the dam, but fell short, and was not seen afterwards; the third was

heavily wounded, and the remaining one was taken unharmed. The white insurgent wounded and captured, died a few moments after in the arms of our informant; he was shot through the breast and stomach. He declared that there were only nineteen whites engaged in the insurrection.

"For nearly an hour a running and random firing was kept up by the troops against the rioters. Several were shot down, and many managed to limp away wounded. During the firing the women and children ran shrieking in every direction, but when they learned that the soldiers were their protectors, they took courage and did good service in the way of preparing refreshments, and attending the wounded."

Our informant, who was on the hill when the firing was going on, says all the terrible scenes of a battle passed in reality before his eyes. Soldiers could be seen pursuing singly and in couples, and the crack of a musket or rifle was generally followed by one or more of the insurgents biting the dust. The dead lay in the streets where they fell. The wounded were cared for.

A body of forty mounted men left Baltimore this afternoon for Harper's Ferry to pursue the rioters. It is reported that many have escaped, and are secreted in the mountains.

**BALTIMORE, Oct. 18th, 7 P.M.**—The Baltimore Infantry troops have just arrived and are now marching to the armories. Their services were no longer required at Harper's Ferry, the Government and Virginia troops being amply sufficient for all emergencies.

The report of the American commences with a notice of the originators. The principal originator of this short but bloody insurrection was undoubtedly Captain John Brown, whose connection with the scenes of violence in the border-warfare in Kansas then made his name familiarly notorious throughout the whole country. Brown made his first appearance in Harper's Ferry more than a year ago, accompanied by his two sons,—all three of them assuming the name of Smith. He inquired about land in the vicinity and made investigations as to the probability of finding ores there, and for some time boarded at Sandy Point, a mile east of the Ferry. After an absence of some months, the elder Brown reappeared in the vicinity, and rented or leased a farm on the Maryland side, about four miles from the Ferry. They brought a large number of picks and spades, and this confirmed the belief that they intended to mine for ores. They were frequently seen in and about Harper's Ferry, but no suspicion seems to have existed that "Bill Smith" was Captain Brown, or that he intended embarking in any movement so desperate or extraordinary. Yet the development of the plot leaves no doubt that his visits to Perry and his lease of the farm were all parts of his preparation for an insurrection, which he supposed would be successful in exterminating slavery in Maryland and Western Virginia.

Brown's chief aid was John E. Cook, a comparatively young man, who has resided in and near Perry some years. He was first employed in tending lock on the canal, and afterwards taught school on the Maryland side of the river, and after a brief residence in Kansas, where it is supposed he became acquainted with Brown, returned to Perry and married there. He was regarded as a man of some intelligence, and known to be anti-slavery, but was not so violent in the expression of his opinions as to excite any suspicions.

These two men, with Brown's two sons, were the only white men connected with the insurrection that had been seen about Perry. All were brought by Brown from a distance, and nearly all had been with him in Kansas.

The first active movement in the insurrection was made at about half past two o'clock on Sunday night. William Williamson, the watchman at Harper's Ferry Bridge, whilst walking across towards the Maryland side, was seized by a number of men who said he was their prisoner and must come with them. He recognized Brown and Cook among the men, and knowing them, treated the matter as a joke; but, enforcing silence, they conducted him to the armory, which he found already in their possession. He was detained till after daylight, and then discharged. The watchman who was to relieve Williamson at midnight, found the bridge lights all out, and was immediately seized. Supposing it an attempt at robbery, he broke away, and his pursuers stumbling over him, he escaped. The next appearance of the insurrectionists was at the house of Colonel Lewis Washington, a large farmer and slave-owner, living about four miles from the Ferry. A party headed by Cook proceeded thither, and rousing Colonel Washington, told him he was their prisoner. They also seized all the slaves near the house, took a carriage-horse and a large wagon with two horses. When Col. Washington saw Cook he immediately recognised him as the man who had called upon him some months previous, to whom he had exhibited some valuable arms in his possession, including an antique sword presented by Frederick the Great to George Washington, and a pair of pistols, presented by Lafayette to Washington, both being heir-looms in the family. Before leaving Cook wanted Col. W. to engage in a trial of skill at shooting, and exhibited considerable certainty as a marksman. When he made the visit on Sunday night he alluded to his previous visit and the courtesy with which he had been treated, and regretted the necessity which made it his duty to arrest Col. W. He, however, took advantage of the knowledge he had obtained by his former visit, to carry off all the valuable collection of arms, which Col. W. did not re-obtain till after the final defeat of the insurrection.

From Col. Washington's he proceeded with him as a prisoner in the carriage, and twelve of his negroes in the wagon, to the house of Mr. Allstadt, another large farmer on the same road. Mr. Allstadt and his son, a lad of sixteen, were taken prisoners, and all their negroes within reach forced to join the movement. He

then returned to the armory at the Ferry. All these movements seem to have been made without exciting the slightest alarm in town, nor did the detention of Capt. Phelps's train at the upper end of the town attract attention.

It was not until the town thoroughly waked up and found the bridge guarded by armed men, and a guard stationed at all the avenues, that the people found they were prisoners. A panic appears to have immediately ensued, and the number of insurrectionists at once increased from fifty (which was probably their greatest force, including the slaves who were forced to join) to from five to six hundred. In the meantime a number of workmen, not knowing anything of what had occurred, entered the armory and were successively taken prisoners, until at one time they had not less than sixty men confined in the armory. Those thus entrapped were: Armistead Ball, Chief Draughtsman of the Armory; Benjamin Mills, Master of the Armory; and J. E. P. Doninger, Paymaster's clerk. These three gentlemen were imprisoned in the engine house, which after became the chief fortress of the insurrectionists, and were not released until after the final assault. The workmen were imprisoned in a large building further down the yard, and were rescued by a brilliant Zouave dash, made by the Railroad Company's men, who came down from Martinsburg.

This was the condition of things at daylight, about which time Capt. Cook, with two white men, accompanied by thirty slaves, and taking with them Col. Washington's large wagon, went over the bridge and struck up the mountain road towards Pennsylvania.

It was then believed that a large wagon was used to convey away the Paymaster's safe, containing \$17,000 government funds, and also that it was filled with Minie rifles taken out to supply other bands in the mountains, who were to come down upon Harper's Ferry in overwhelming force. These suppositions proved untrue, as neither money nor arms were disturbed. As day advanced and news spread around and people came into the Ferry, the first demonstrations of resistance were made to the insurrectionists.

The general warfare commenced, chiefly led on by a man named Chambers, whose house commanded the Armory yard. The colored man named Hayward, a railroad porter, was shot early in the morning, for refusing to join in the movement.

The next man shot was Joseph Burley, a citizen of Perry. He was shot standing in his own door. The insurrectionists by this time, finding a disposition to resist them, had withdrawn nearly all within the armory grounds, leaving only a guard on the bridge.

About this time also Samuel P. Young, Esq., was shot dead. He was coming into town on horseback, carrying a gun, when he was shot from the armory, receiving a wound of which he died during the day. He was a graduate of West Point, and greatly respected in the neighborhood for his high character and noble qualities.

At about noon the Charlestown troops under command of Col. Robert W. Bayler, having crossed the Susquehanna river some distance up, marched down the Maryland side to the mouth of the bridge. Firing a volley they made a gallant dash across the bridge, clearing it of the insurrectionists, who retreated rapidly down toward the armory. In this movement of the insurrectionists, a man named Wm. Thompson was taken prisoner.

The Shepherdstown troops next arrived, marching down the Shenandoah side and joining the Charlestown forces at the bridge. A desultory exchange of shots followed, one of which struck Mr. Fountain Beckham, Mayor of the town and agent of the Railroad Company, entering his breast and passing entirely through his body. The ball was a large elongated slug, and made a dreadful wound. Mr. Beckham died almost immediately. He was without firearms, and was exposed for only a moment while approaching a water-station. His assailant, one of Brown's sons, was shot almost immediately, but managed to get back to the engine house, where his body was found next day.

The murder of Mr. Beckham greatly excited the populace, who immediately raised a cry to bring out the prisoner Thompson. He was brought out on the bridge and shot down from the bridge. He fell into the water, and some appearance of life still remaining, he was ridled with balls.

At this time the general charge was made down the street from the bridge toward the armory gate by the Charlestown and Shepherdstown troops and ferry people. From behind the armory wall a fusillade was kept up, and returned by the insurrectionists from the armory buildings.

Whilst this was going on, the Martinsburgers arrived at the upper end of the town, and entering the armory grounds in the rear, made an attack from that side. This force was largely composed of railroad employes, gathered from the tonnage trains at Martinsburg, and their attack was generally spoken of as showing the greatest amount of fighting pluck exhibited during the day. Dashing on, firing and cheering, and gallantly led by Capt. Alburts, they carried the building in which the armory men were imprisoned, and released the whole of them. They were, however, but poorly armed, some with pistols and others with shot-guns, and when they came within range of the engine house, where the *élite* of the insurrectionists were gathered, and were exposed to their rapid and dexterous use of Sharpe's rifles, they were forced to fall back, suffering pretty severely. Conductor Evan Dorsey, of Richardson received a wound, from which he died during the day. Several others were wounded, among them a son of Dr. Hammond, of Martinsburg.



A guerrilla warfare was maintained during the rest of the day, resulting in the killing of two of the insurrectionists, and the wounding of a third. One crawled out through a culvert leading into the Potomac, and attempted to cross to the Maryland side, whether with the view of escaping or conveying information to Cook, is not known.

He was shot while crossing the river, and fell dead on the rocks. An adventurous lad waded out and secured his Sharpe's rifle. The body was afterwards stripped of part of its clothing. In one of his pockets was found a captain's commission, drawn up in full force, and declaring that the bearer, Captain Lehman, held that commission under Major-General Brown. A light musket was shot just outside the Armory-gate. The ball went through the throat, tearing away the principal arteries, and killing him instantly. His name is not known, but he is one of the free negroes who came with Brown. His body was left in the street until noon yesterday, exposed to every indignity that could be heaped upon it by the excited populace. At this time a tall, powerful man, named Evan Stephens, came out from the Armory, conducting nine prisoners, it was said. He was twice shot,—once in the side and once in the breast. He was then captured and taken to a tavern, and after the insurrection was quelled was turned over to the U. S. authorities, in a dying condition. During the afternoon a sharp little affair took place on the Shenandoah side of the town. The insurrectionists had also seized the halls of the rifle-works, and a party of their assailants found their way in through a mill-race, and dislodged them.

In this rencontre, it was said, three insurrectionists were killed, but we found but one dead body, that of a negro on that side of the town; night by this time had set in and operations ceased; guards were placed around the armory, and every precaution taken to prevent escapes. At eleven o'clock the Monday night train with Baltimore military and marines, arrived at Sandy Hook, where they awaited for the arrival of Col. Lee, deputized by the War Department to take command. The reporters pressed on, leaving their military allies behind; they found the bridge in the possession of the military, and entered the besieged town without difficulty, the occasional report of a gun or singing motion of a Sharpe's rifle ball warning them that it was advisable to keep themselves out of the range of the armory. The first visit was made to the bedside of Aaron Stevens, the wounded prisoner; they found him to be a large, exceedingly athletic man, a perfect Sampson in appearance. He was in a small room, filled with excited armed men, who more than once threatened to shoot him, where he was groaning with pain, but answering with composure and apparent willingness every question in relation to the fray in which he was engaged.

He said he was a native of Connecticut, but had lately lived in Kansas, where he knew Capt. Brown; he had also served in the United States army. The sole object of his attempts was to give the negroes freedom, and Brown had represented that as soon as they seized the Armory the negroes would flock to them by thousands, and would soon have force enough to accomplish their purpose,—one for which he would sacrifice his life, but he said he thought Brown had been greatly deceived. He said that preparations had been making for some months for a movement, but that the whole force consisted of seventeen white men and five negroes.

This statement was repeated without variation by all the prisoners with whom we conversed. All agreed to the number in the movement, and as to its objects, which some called the work of philanthropy.

Lewis Leary, a negro, shot at the rifle mill, stated before he died that he enlisted with Capt. Brown for the insurrection at a fair held in Lorraine county, Ohio, and received the money to pay his expenses. They all came down to Chambersburg, Pa., and from there they traveled across the country to Brown's farm.

The night passed without serious alarm, but not without excitement. The marines were marched over immediately after their arrival, when Col. Lee stationed them within the armory grounds, so as to completely surround the engine-house. Occasionally shots were fired by country volunteers, but what for was not ascertained. There was only one return fire from the insurgents.

The broken telegraph was soon repaired, through the exertions of Superintendents Westervelt and Talcott, who accompanied the expedition. The announcement that communication was opened with Baltimore gave the press representatives abundant employment. There was no bed to be had, and daylight was awaited with anxiety. Its earliest glimpses were availed of to survey the scene.

A visit to the different localities in which the corpses of the insurrectionists were lying stark and bloody, a peep close or far off, according to the courage of the observer, at the Mallakoff of the insurgents, was the established order of sight-seeing, varied with a discussion of all sorts of terrible rumors.

The building in which the insurgents had made their stand was the fire engine house, and no doubt the most defensible building in the armory. It has dead brick walls on three sides, and on the fourth large doors with window sashes above, some eight feet from the ground.

A dead stillness surrounded the buildings, and except that now and then a man might be seen peeping from the nearly closed door, and a dog's nose slightly protruding, there was no sign of life, much less of hostility was given.

Various opinions were given as to the number of persons within and the amount of resistance they would be able to offer.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 18.  
FROM WASHINGTON.—The President, Secretary of State, and Secretary of War, were together several hours to-day, on something connected with the proceedings at Harper's Ferry, and the result of the conference was the sending of District Attorney Oud thither, to superintend the proceedings in the premises.

tion and its neighborhood has subsided, and the extraordinary force has been relieved.

It is said that the affair at Harper's Ferry is the first case which has ever occurred in this country, involving at the same time both State and federal jurisdiction. While the State is affected as to slavery and locality, the general government is interested with regard to public property, it having exclusive control over arsenal grounds independently of the State, and also with regard to the mails.

Already in distinguished quarters, the question of jurisdiction is discussed, as Governor Wise will, it is said, claim the prisoners now held by the U. S. troops, to be dealt with according to the laws of Virginia. In this case the question of jurisdiction will have to be determined by the judiciary.

Six companies of the Virginia military; three hundred rank and file, arrived here this evening en route for Harper's Ferry, but being countermanded they will return this evening. They present a fine appearance, having with them all the appliances for a campaign.

The cannon could not be used without endangering the safety of Col. Washington, Mr. Dangerfield, Mr. Bell and other citizens, whom they still held prisoners. The doors and walls of the building had been pierced for rifles, but it was evident that from these holes no range could be had, and that without opening the door, they would be shooting in the dark. Many thought that the murder of the prisoners held was determined upon, and that a fight to the death would be the ending of their desperate attempt. While the people thus looked and speculated the door was opened, and one of the men came out with a flag of truce, and delivered what was supposed to be terms of capitulation. The continued preparations for assault showed they were not accepted. Shortly after seven o'clock Lieut. J. E. B. Stuart, of the first cavalry, who was acting as aid for Col. Lee, advanced to parley with the besieged, Samuel Strider, Esq., an old and respectable citizen, bearing a flag of truce. They were received at the door by Cap-

tain Cook. Lieut. Stuart demanded an unconditional surrender, only promising them protection from immediate violence, and trial by law. Captain Brown refused all terms but those previously demanded, which were substantially, "that they should be permitted to march out with their men and arms, taking their prisoners with them; that they should proceed unpursued to the second toll-gate, when they would free their prisoners; the soldiers would, then be permitted to pursue them, and they would fight, if they could not escape." Of course this was refused, and Lieut. Stuart pressed upon Brown his desperate position, and urged a surrender. The expostulation, though beyond ear-shot, was evidently very earnest, and the coolness of the Lieutenant, and the courage of his aged flag-bearer, won warm praise. At this moment the interest of the scene was most intense. The Volunteers were arranged all around the building, cutting off an escape in every direction. The Marines, divided in two squads, were ready for a dash at the door.

Finally Lieut. Stuart having exhausted all argument with the determined Captain Brown, walked slowly from the door.

Immediately the signal for attack was given, and the marines headed by Col. Harris and Lieut. Green advanced in two lines on each side of the door. Two powerful fellows sprung between the lines, and with heavy sledge hammers attempted to batter down the doors. The doors swung and swayed, but appeared to be secured with a rope the spring of which deadened the effect of the blow. Failing thus, they took hold of a ladder, some forty feet long, and advancing at a run brought it with tremendous effect against the door. At the second blow it gave way, one leaf falling inward in a slanting position. The marines immediately advanced to the breach, Major Russell and Lieut. Green leading. A marine in front fell. The firing from the interior was rapid and sharp. They fired with deliberate aim, and for a moment the resistance was serious and desperate enough to excite the spectators to something like a pitch of frenzy. The next moment the marines poured in, the firing ceased, and the work was done, whilst cheers rang from every side, the general feeling being that the marines had done their part admirably.

When the insurgents were brought out, some dead and others wounded, they were greeted with execrations, and only the precautions that had been taken saved them from immediate execution. The crowd, nearly every man of which carried a gun, swayed with tumultuous excitement, and cries of "shoot them, shoot them," rang from every side: The appearance of the liberated prisoners, all of whom through the steadiness of the marines escaped injury, changed the current of feeling, and prolonged cheers took the place of howls and execrations. In the assault, private Ruffert of the marines, received a ball in the stomach, and was believed to be fatally wounded. Another received a slight flesh wound.

The lawn in front of the engine house after the assault presented a dreadful sight. Laying on it were two bodies of men killed on the previous day and found inside the house; three wounded men, one of them just at the last gasp of life, and two others groaning in pain. One of the dead was Brown's son. Otway, the wounded man, and his son Nasson were laying on the grass, the father presenting a gory spectacle. He had a severe bayonet wound in his side, and his face and hair were dotted with blood.

A short time after Capt. Brown was brought out, he revived and talked earnestly to those about him, defending his course and avowing that he had done only what was right. He replied to questions substantially as follows:—Are you Capt. Brown, of Kansas? I am sometimes called so. Are you Ossawatimie Brown? I tried to do my duty there. What was your present object? To free the slaves from bondage. Were any other persons but those with you now, connected with the movement? No. Did you expect aid from the

movement, but those who came with me. Did you expect to kill people in order to carry your point? I did not wish to do so, but you forced us to it. Various questions of this kind were put to Capt. Brown, which he answered clearly and freely, with seeming anxiety to vindicate himself.

It urged that he had the town at his mercy, that he could have burnt it, and murdered the inhabitants, but did not; he had treated the prisoners with courtesy, and complained that he was hunted down like a beast. He spoke of the killing of his son, which he alleged was done whilst bearing a flag of truce, and seemed very anxious for the safety of his wounded son. His conversation bore the impression of the conviction, that whatever he had done to free slaves was right, and that in the warfare in which he was engaged, he was entitled to be treated with all the respect of a prisoner of war. He seemed fully convinced that he was badly treated and had a right to complain. Although first considered as dying, an examination of his wounds proved that they are not necessarily fatal. He expressed the desire to live and be tried by his country. In his pockets nearly three hundred dollars were found in gold. Several important papers, found in his possession, were taken charge of by Col. Lee, on behalf of the Government.

CAPT. BROWN.—Dear Sir:—I have been disappointed in not seeing you here ere this, to take charge of your freight. They have been here now two weeks, and as I have to superintend the providing for them, it has imposed upon me no small task besides, and if not soon taken on, some of them will go back to Missouri. I wish to know definitely what you purpose doing. They cannot be kept here much longer without risk to themselves, and if any of them conclude to go back to the States, it will be a bad termination to your enterprise.

The foregoing occupies a page of fine note paper, straw-tinted, is written in pencil and not dated, and was evidently written by a person of education, and the freight he had was no doubt that usually carried on the underground railroad.

Besides Capt. Brown, the prisoners taken are his son, who is seriously injured in the abdomen, and is not likely to live; Edward Coppick, who belongs to Iowa, and a negro named Shields Green, who came from Pittsburg, to join Brown. The stories of all these men are precisely the same. They agree as to the objects proposed to be accomplished, and the number of persons in the movement. Young Brown, in answer to a question, said there were parties in the North connected with the movement thus differing with his father on this point. Coppick, the other white prisoner, is quite young, and seems less shrewd than the others. He said he did not much wish to join the expedition, and when asked, gave a reply which showed the influence which Brown had over him; he said "ah, you gentlemen don't know Capt. Brown; when he calls for us we never think of refusing to come."

Several slaves were found in the room with the insurrectionists, but it is believed that they were there unwillingly. Indeed Brown's expectation as to slaves rushing to him was entirely disappointed. None seem to have come to him willingly, and in most cases, were forced to desert their masters. But one instance in which slaves made a public appearance with arms in their hands is related. A negro, who had been sharply used by one of the town people, when he found that he had a pike in his hand used his brief authority to arrest the citizen and have him taken to the armory. The citizens imprisoned by the insurrectionists all testify to their lenient treatment. They were neither tied nor insulted, and beyond the outrage of restricting their liberty, were not ill-used. Captain Brown was always courteous to them, and at all times assured them that they should not be injured. He explained his purposes to them, and whilst he had them (the workmen) in confinement, made no abolition speeches to them. Col. Washington speaks of him as a man of extraordinary nerve. He never blushed during the assault, though he admitted in the night that escape was impossible and that he would have to die.

When the door was broken down one of his men exclaimed "surrender." The captain immediately cried out "there's one surrenders, give him quarter," and at the same moment fired his own rifle at the door.

During the previous night he spoke freely with Col. Washington and referred to his sons. He said he had lost one in Kansas, and two here; he had not pressed them to join him in the expedition, but did not regret their loss; they had died in a glorious cause.

The position of the prisoners in the engine house during the firing on Monday and at the moment of the final attack, was a very trying one; without any of the incentives of combat they had to risk the balls of their friends, but happily they all escaped. At the moment when the doors were broken in, the prisoners, at the suggestion of Col. Washington, threw up their hands, so that it might be seen they were not combatants.

During Tuesday morning one of Washington's negroes came in and reported, that Capt. Cook was on the mountain only three miles off; about the same time some shots were said to have been fired from the Maryland Hills, and a rapid fusillade was returned from the Harper's Ferry. The Independent Greys of Baltimore immediately started on a scouting expedition, and in two hours returned with two wagons loaded with arms and ammunition, found at Capt. Brown's house.

The arms consisted of boxes filled with Sharpe's rifles, pistols, &c., all bearing the stamp of the Massachusetts Manufacturing Company—Chicopee, Mass. There were also found a quantity of U. S. ammunition, a large number of spears, sharp iron bowie knives fixed upon poles, a terrible looking weapon, intended for the use of the negroes, with spades, pickaxes, shovels, and every thing that might be needed, thus proving the expedition was well provided for, that a large party of men were expected to be armed, and that abundant means had been provided to see a

without attracting observation, is very strange. They are supposed to have been pursued through Pennsylvania. The Greys pursued Cook so fast that they secured a part of his arms, but with his more perfect knowledge of localities he was enabled to evade them. On their arrival at the ferry with their evening's spoil they were greeted with hearty cheers. The wagons were driven into the armory yard and given into the custody of the government. As every body else helped themselves, why should not the Greys have a share of the spoils?

The insurrectionists did not attempt to rob the Paymaster's Department at the armory. A large amount of money was there, but it was not disturbed.

Perfect order having been restored, the military, with the exception of the United States Marines, who remained in charge of the prisoners, left in various trains for home. An immense train brought the Baltimore troops (accompanied by the Frederick troops to the junction) home.

FREDERICK, Oct. 18.—There is still excitement in regard to the insurrection. Nothing has been seen of the negroes in this section yet, but they are supposed to be either in the mountains or on their way to Pennsylvania, through the range of mountains near Hagerstown.

CHAMBERSBURG, Pa., Oct. 19, 2 A. M.—There are no signs of the fugitives. A gentleman who left Greencastle at nine o'clock, says that nothing has been heard of them there.

BEDFORD, Pa., Oct. 19, 2 P. M.—There are no signs of the fugitives in this vicinity.

### THE QUESTION OF JURISDICTION.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, Oct. 18, 1859.

The President, Secretary of State, and Secretary of War were together several hours to-day on matters connected with the proceedings at Harper's Ferry, and the result of the conference was, the sending of District Attorney Ould thither, to superintend legal proceedings in the premises.

The excitement which last night existed in Washington and its neighborhood, has subsided, and the extraordinary force has been relieved.

It is said that this affair at Harper's Ferry is the first case which has ever occurred in this country involving, at the same time, both State and Federal jurisdiction. While the State is affected as to Slavery and locality, the Federal Government is interested with regard to public property, it having exclusive control over arsenal grounds independently of the State, and also with regard to the mails.

Already, in distinguished quarters, the question of jurisdiction is discussed, as Governor Wise it is said, claim the prisoners now held by the United States troops, to be dealt with according to the laws of Virginia. In this case the question of jurisdiction will have to be determined by the Judiciary.

Six companies of the Virginia military, 300 rank and file, arrived here this evening en route for Harper's Ferry, but being countermanded they will return this evening. They present a fine appearance, leaving with them all the appliances for a campaign.

### THE FEELING IN WASHINGTON.

Special Dispatch to The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, Oct. 18, 1859.

Great interest has been manifested to-day by citizens in respect to the affair at Harper's Ferry, though the dispatches from that point all attribute the insurrection to persons aiming to bring about a general negro rising against their masters. Many persons here, and among them some Democrats, still adhere to the belief that the grievances of operatives upon the public works are at the bottom of the disturbances.

The States to-day has rather an inflammatory article against Republicans as the responsible party to the outbreak at Harper's Ferry, and hints at proceedings against Abolition sympathizers in this city.

So far as the latter are concerned, I do not hear of much public response to The States's article. The negroes hereabouts have been much frightened, but it is not they, but those who sympathize with them, who came in for the invocation of vengeance.

Gov. Wise has undoubtedly telegraphed to the President for an authorization to him of full powers in respect to affairs at Harper's Ferry, but this has been refused.

When passing through here this morning, he declared for martial law at the seat of insurrection, and was for fusing the insurgents, though the lives of Washington and Dangerfield were lost. He said that these persons could not die in a better cause.

### FURTHER PARTICULARS.

#### Report of William P. Smith—Suppression of the Rioters—Biography of the leader—Brown Dangerously Wounded—His Defence.

### PLAN OF THE INSURRECTION.

#### Mr. Buchanan Authorizes United States Troops to Pursue the Fugitives Through the Northern States.

### CONFLICT OF JURISDICTION.

Ac., Ac., Ac.

BALTIMORE, Tuesday, October 18, 1859.—The report of the *American* commences with a notice of the originators. The principal originator of this short but bloody insurrection was undoubtedly Captain John Brown, whose connection with scenes of violence in the border warfare in Kansas then made his name familiarly notorious throughout the whole country. Brown made his first appearance in Harper's Ferry more than a year ago, accompanied by his two sons,—all three of them assuming the name of Smith. He inquired about land in the vicinity, and made investigations as to the probability of finding ores there, and for some time boarded at Sandy Point, a mile east of the Ferry. After an absence of some months the elder Brown reappeared in the vicinity, and rented or farmed a house on the Maryland side, about four miles from the Ferry. They bought a large number of picks and spades, and this confirmed the belief that they intended to mine for ores. They were frequently seen in and about Harper's Ferry, but no suspicion seems to have existed that "Bill Smith" was Captain Brown, or that he intended embarking in any movement so desperate or extraordinary. Yet the development of the plot leaves no doubt that his visits to Perry and his lease of the farm were all parts of his preparation for an insurrection, which he supposed would be successful in exterminating slavery in Maryland and Western Virginia.

Brown's chief aid was John E. Cook, a comparatively young man, who had resided in and near Perry some years. He was first employed in teaming lock on the canal, and afterward taught school on the Maryland side of the river; and after a brief residence in Kansas, where, it is supposed, he became acquainted with Brown, returned to Perry, and married there. He was regarded as a man of some intelligence, and known to be anti-slavery, but was not so valiant in the expression of his opinions as to excite any suspicions.

Three other men, with Brown's two sons, were the only white men connected with the insurrection that had been seen about Perry. All were brought by Brown from a distance, and nearly all had been with him in Kansas.

The first active movement in the insurrection was made at about half-past ten o'clock on Sunday at night. William Williamson, the watchman at Harper's Ferry Bridge, while walking across to ward the Maryland side, was seized by a number of men, who said he was their prisoner, and Cook came with them. He recognized Brown and Cook among the men, and knowing them, treated the matter as a joke, but enforcing silence, they conducted him to the Armory, which he found already in their possession. He was detained till after daylight, and then discharged. The watchman who was to relieve Williamson at midnight found the bridge lights all out, and was immediately seized. Supposing it an attempt at robbery, he broke away, and his pursuers stumbling over him, he escaped. The next appearance of the insurrectionists was at the house of Colonel Lewis Thompson, a large farmer and slaveowner, living about four miles from the Ferry. A party headed by Cook proceeded there, and rousing Colonel Washington, told him he was their prisoner. They also seized all the slaves near the house, took a carriage horse and a large wagon with two horses. When Colonel Washington saw Cook he immediately recognized him as the man who had called upon him some months previous, and to whom he had exhibited some valuable arms in his possession, including an antique sword presented by Frederick the Great to George Washington, and a pair of pistols presented by Lafayette to Washington, both being heir-loom in the family. Before leaving, a Cook wanted Colonel Washington to engage in a trial of skill at shooting, and exhibited considerable certainty as a marksman. When he made the visit on Sunday night he alluded to his previous visit and the courtesy with which he had been treated, and regretted the necessity which made it his duty to arrest Colonel Washington. He, however, took advantage of the knowledge he had obtained by his former visit, to carry off all the valuable collection of arms, which the owner did not recollect till after the final defeat of the insurrection.

From Colonel Washington's he proceeded with him as a prisoner in the carriage, and twelve of his negroes in the wagon, to the house of Mr. Allstadt, another large farmer on the same road. Mr. Allstadt and his son, a lad of sixteen, were taken prisoners, and all their negroes within reach forced to join the movement. He then returned to the Armory at the Ferry. All these movements seem to have been made without exciting the slightest alarm in town, nor did the detention of Captain Phelps's train at the upper end of town attract attention.

It was not until the town thoroughly waked up and found the bridge guarded by armed men, and a guard stationed at all the avenues, that the people saw that they were prisoners. A panic appears to have immediately ensued, and the number of insurrectionists was at once increased from fifty (which was probably their greatest force, including the slaves who were forced to join) to from five to six hundred. In the meantime a number of workmen, not knowing anything of what had occurred, entered the Armory, and were successively taken prisoners, until at one time they had not less than sixty men confined in the Armory. Among those thus entrapped were: Armistead Ball, Chief Draughtsman of the Armory; Benjamin Mills, Master of the Armory, and J. E. P. Dangerfield, Paymaster's Clerk. These three gentlemen were imprisoned in the engine-house, which afterward became the chief fortress of the insurgents, and were not released until after the final assault. The workmen were imprisoned in a large building further down the yard, and were rescued by a brilliant Zouave dash, made by the railroad company's men who came down from Martinsburg.

This was the condition of things at daylight about which time Capt. Cook, with two white men, accompanied by thirty slaves, and taking with them Col. Washington's large wagon, went over the bridge and struck up the mountain road toward Pennsylvania.

It was then believed that a large wagon was used to convey away the Paymaster's safe, containing \$17,000 government funds, and also that it was filled with Minie rifles, taken out to supply other bands in the mountains, who were to come down upon Harper's Ferry in overwhelming force. These suppositions proved untrue, as neither money nor arms were disturbed. As day advanced, and news spread abroad, and people came into the Ferry, the first demonstrations of resistance were made to the insurrectionists.

A general warfare commenced, chiefly led on by a man named Chambers, whose house commanded the Armory yard. The colored man named Hayward, a railroad porter, was shot early in the morning for refusing to join in the movement.

The next man shot was Joseph Burley, a citizen of Perry. He was shot standing by his own door. The insurrectionists by this time, finding a disposition to resist them, had withdrawn nearly all within the Armory grounds, leaving only a guard on the bridge.

About this time also Samuel P. Young was shot dead. He was coming into town on horseback, carrying a gun, when he was shot from the Armory, receiving a wound of which he died during the day. He was a graduate of West Point, and greatly respected in the neighborhood for his high character and noble qualities.

At about noon the Charlestown troops, under command of Colonel Robert W. Bayler, crossed the Susquehanna river some distance up, and marched down the Maryland side to the mouth of the bridge. Firing a volley, they made a gallant dash across the bridge, clearing it of the insurrectionists, who retreated rapidly down toward the Armory. In this movement of the insurrectionists a man named Wm. Thompson was taken prisoner.

The Shepherdstown troops next arrived, marching down the Shenandoah side, and joining the Charlestown forces at the bridge. A desultory exchange of shots followed, one of which struck Mr. Fountain Beckham, Mayor of the town and agent of the railroad company, entering his breast and passing entirely through his body. The ball was a large elongated slug, and made a dreadful wound. Mr. Beckham died almost immediately. He was without fire arms, and was exposed for only a moment while approaching a water station. His assailant, one of Brown's sons, was shot almost immediately, but managed to get back to the engine house, where his body was found next day.

The murder of Mr. Beckham greatly excited the populace, who immediately raised a cry to bring out the prisoner, Thompson; he was brought out on the bridge and there shot down. He fell into the water, and some appearance of life still remaining, he was riddled with balls.

At this time the general charge was made down the street from the bridge toward the Armory gate by the Charlestown and Shepherdstown troops and Ferry people. From behind the Armory wall a fusillade was kept up, and returned by the insurrectionists from the Armory buildings.

While this was going on the Martinsburg levies arrived at the upper end of the town, and entering the Armory grounds by the rear, made an attack from that side. This force was largely composed of railroad employees, gathered from the tonnage trains at Martinsburg, and their attack was generally spoken of as showing the greatest amount of fighting pluck exhibited during the day. Dashing on, firing and cheering and gallantly led by Capt. Albertus, they carried the building in which the Armory men were imprisoned, and released the whole of them.



They were, however, but poorly equipped. Some with pistols and others with shot-guns; and when they came within range of the engine-house, where the *clite* of the insurrectionists were gathered, and were exposed to the rapid and dexterous use of Sharpe's rifles, they were forced to fall back, suffering pretty severely. Conductor Evans Dorsey, of Baltimore, was killed instantly, and Conductor George Richardson received a wound from which he died during the day. Several others were wounded, among them a son of Dr. Hammond, of Martinsburg.

A guerilla warfare was maintained during the rest of the day, resulting in the killing of two of the insurrectionists and the wounding of a third. One crawled out through a culvert leading into the Potomac and attempted to cross to the Maryland side, whether with the view of escaping, or conveying information to Cook, is not known.

He was shot while crossing the river, and fell dead on the rocks. An adventurous lad waded out and secured his Sharpe's rifle. The body was afterward stripped of a part of its clothing. In one of his pockets was found a captain's commission, drawn up in full form, and declaring that the bearer, Captain Lehman, held that commission under Major-General Brown. A light mulatto was shot just outside the Armory gate. The ball went through the throat, tearing away the principal arteries, and killing him instantly. His name is not known, but he is one of the free negroes who came with Brown. His body was left in the street until noon yesterday, exposed to every indignity that could be heaped upon it by the excited populace.

At this time a tall, powerful man, named Evan Stephens, came out from the Armory, conducting some prisoners, it was said. He was twice shot—once in the side, once in the breast. He was then captured and taken to a tavern, and after the insurrection was quelled was turned over to the United States authorities in a dying condition. During the afternoon a sharp little affair took place on the Shenandoah side of the town. The insurrectionists had also seized the halls of the rifle works, and a party of their assailants found their way in through a mill-race, and dislodged them.

In this rencontre, it was said, three insurrectionists were killed, but we found but one dead body, that of a negro, on that side of the town. Night by this time had set in, and operations ceased. Guards were placed around the Armory, and every precaution taken to prevent escapes.

At eleven o'clock the Monday night train, with Baltimore military and marines, arrived at Sandy Hook, where they waited for the arrival of Colonel Lee, deputized by the War Department to take the command.

The reporters pressed on, leaving their military allies behind. They found the bridge in the possession of the military, and entered the besieged town without difficulty, the occasional report of a gun or singing motion of a Sharpe's rifle ball warning them that it was advisable to keep themselves out of the range of the Armory. The first visit was made to the bedside of Evan Stevens, the wounded prisoner; they found him to be a large, exceedingly athletic man, a perfect Samson in appearance.

He was in a small room, filled with excited armed men, who more than once threatened to shoot him, where he was groaning with pain, but answering with composure and apparent willingness every question in relation to the affray in which he was engaged.

He said he was a native of Connecticut, but had lately lived in Kansas, where he knew Captain Brown. He had also served in the United States Army. The sole object of his attempts was to give the negroes freedom, and Brown had represented that as soon as they seized the Armory the negroes would flock to them by thousands, and they would soon have force enough for their purpose—one for which he would sacrifice his life; but he said he thought Brown had been greatly deceived. He said that preparations had been making for some months for a movement, but that the whole force consisted of seventeen white men and five free negroes.

This statement was repeated without variation by all the prisoners with whom we conversed. All agreed as to the number in the movement, and as to its objects, which some call the work of philanthropy.

Lewis Leary, a negro shot at the rifle mill, stated before he died that he enlisted with Captain Brown for the insurrection at a fair held in Lorraine county, Ohio, and received the money to pay his expenses. They all came down to Chambersburg, Pa., and from there they travelled across the country to Brown's farm.

The night passed without any serious alarms, but not without excitement. The marines were marched over immediately after their arrival, when Colonel Lee stationed them within the Armory grounds, so as to completely surround the engine-house. Occasionally shots were fired by country volunteers, but what for was not ascertained. There was only one return fire from the insurgents.

The broken telegraph was soon repaired, through the exertions of Superintendents Westervelt and Talcott, who accompanied the expedition. The announcement that communication was opened with Baltimore gave the press representatives abundant employment. There was no bed to be had, and daylight was awaited with anxiety. Its earliest glimpses were availed of to survey the scene.

A visit to the different localities in which the corpses of the insurrectionists were lying stark and bloody, a peep close or far off according to the courage of the observer at the Malakoff of the insurgents, was the established order of sight-seeing, varied with a discussion of all sorts of terrible rumors.

The building in which the insurgents had made their stand was the fire-engine house, and no doubt the most defensible building in the Armory. It has dead brick walls on three sides, and on the fourth large doors, with window sashes above, some eight feet from the ground.

A dead stillness surrounded the buildings, and except that now and then a man might be seen peeping from the nearly closed door, and a dog's nose slightly protruding, there was no sign of life, much less of hostility, given.

Various opinions were given as to the number of persons within, and the amount of resistance they would be able to offer.

The cannon could not be used without endangering the safety of Colonel Washington, Mr. Dangerfield, Mr. Balb, and other citizens whom they still held prisoners. The doors and walls of the building had been pierced for rifles, but it was evident that from these holes no range could be had, and that without opening the door they would be shooting in the dark. Many thought that the murder of the prisoners held was determined upon, and that a fight to the death would be the ending of their desperate attempt.

Whilst the people thus looked and speculated, the door was opened, and one of the men came out with a flag of truce, and delivered what was supposed to be terms of capitulation. The continued preparations for assault showed that they were not accepted. Shortly after 7 o'clock, Lieutenant E. B. Stuart, of the 1st cavalry, who was acting as aid for Colonel Lee, advanced to parley with the besieged, Samuel Strider, Esq., an old and respectable citizen, bearing a flag of truce. They were received at the door by Captain Cook. Lieutenant Stuart demanded an unconditional surrender, only promising them protection from immediate violence and a trial by law. Captain Brown refused all terms but those previously demanded, which were substantially,

"That they should be permitted to march out with their men and arms, taking their prisoners with them, that they should proceed unpursued to the second toll-gate, when they would free their prisoners; the soldiers would then be permitted to pursue them, and they would fight if they could not escape." Of course this was refused, and Lieutenant Stuart pressed upon Brown his desperate position, and urged a surrender. The expostulation, though beyond ear-shot, was evidently very earnest, and the coolness of the Lieutenant, and the courage of his aged flag-bearer won warm praise. At this moment the interest of the scene was most intense. The volunteers were arranged all around the building, cutting off an escape in every direction. The marines, divided in two squads, were ready for a dash at the door.

Finally, Lieutenant Stuart, having exhausted all argument with the determined Captain Brown, walked slowly from the door.

Immediately the signal for attack was given, and the marines, headed by Colonel Harris and Lieutenant Green, advanced in two lines on each side of the door. Two powerful fellows sprang between the lines, and with heavy sledge-hammers attempted to batter down the doors.

The doors swung and swayed, but appeared to be secured with a rope, the spring of which deadened the effect of the blows. Failing thus, they took hold of a ladder, some forty feet long, and, advancing at a run, brought it with tremendous effect against the door. At the second blow it gave way, one leaf falling inward in a slanting position. The marines immediately advanced to the breach, Major Russell and Lieutenant Green leading. A marine in front fell.

The firing from the interior was rapid and sharp. They fired with deliberate aim, and for a moment the resistance was serious and desperate enough to excite the spectators to something like a pitch of frenzy. The next moment the marines poured in, the firing ceased, and the work was done; while cheers rang from every side, the general feeling being that the marines had done their part admirably.

When the insurgents were brought out, some dead and others wounded, they were greeted with execrations, and only the precautions that had been taken saved them from immediate execution. The crowd, nearly every man of which carried a gun, swayed with tumultuous excitement, and cries of "Shoot them!" "Shoot them!" rang from every side. The appearance of the liberated prisoners, all of whom, through the steadiness of the marines, escaped injury, changed the current of feeling, and prolonged cheers took the place of howls and execrations.

In the assault, private Ruffert, of the marines, received a ball in the stomach, and was believed to be fatally wounded. Another received a slight flesh wound.

The lawn in front of the engine-house after the assault presented a dreadful sight. Lying on it were two bodies of men killed on the previous day, and found inside the house: three wounded men, one of them just at the last gasp of life, and two others groaning in pain. One of the dead was Brown's son. Oteway, the wounded man, and his son Watson, were lying on the grass, the father presenting a gory spectacle. He had a severe bayonet wound in his side, and his face and hair were clotted with blood.

A short time after Captain Brown was brought out he revived, and talked earnestly to those about him, defending his course and avowing that he had done only what was right. He replied to questions substantially as follows: Are you Captain Brown, of Kansas? I am sometimes called so. Are you Ossawatimie Brown? I tried to do my duty there. What was your present object? To free the slaves from bondage. Were any other persons but those with you now connected with the movement? No.

Did you expect aid? No; there was no one connected with the movement but those who came with me. Did you expect to kill people in order to carry your point? I did not wish to do so, but you forced us to it. Various questions of this kind were put to Captain Brown, which he answered clearly and freely, with seeming anxiety to vindicate himself.

He urged that he had the town at his mercy; that he could have burned it and murdered the inhabitants, but did not; he had treated the prisoners with courtesy, and complained that he was hunted down like a beast. He spoke of the killing of his son, which he alleged was done while bearing a flag of truce, and seemed very anxious for the safety of his wounded son. His conversation bore the impression of the conviction that whatever he had done to free slaves was right, and that in the warfare in which he was engaged he was entitled to be treated with all the respect of a prisoner of war.

He seemed fully convinced that he was badly treated and had a right to complain. Although at first considered dying, an examination of his wounds proved that they were not necessarily fatal. He expressed a desire to live and to be tried by his country. In his pockets nearly \$300 were found in gold. Several important papers found in his possession were taken charge of by Colonel Lee on behalf of the government.

The following is a fragment of a letter found in Brown's pocket.

"CAPTAIN BROWN—Dear Sir: I have been disappointed in not seeing you ere this to take charge of your freight. They have been here now two weeks, and I have had to superintend the providing for them—it has imposed upon me no small task; besides, and it not soon taken off, some of them will go back to Missouri. I wish to know definitely what you propose doing. They cannot be kept here much longer without risk to themselves, and if any of them consent to go back to the state, it will be a bad termination to your enterprise."

[The foregoing occupies a page of fine note paper, straw-tinted, is written in pencil, and not dated, and was evidently written by a person of education, and the freight he had, no doubt, that usually carried on the underground railroad.]

Beside Captain Brown, the prisoners taken are his son, who is seriously injured in the abdomen, and who is not likely to live, Edward Coppich, who belonged to Iowa, and a negro named Shields Green, who came from Pittsburg to join Brown. The stories of all these men are precisely the same. They agree as to the objects proposed to be accomplished, and the number of persons in the movement.

Young Brown, in answer to a question, said there were parties in the North connected with the movement, thus differing with his father on this point. Coppich, the other white prisoner, is quite young, and seems less shrewd than the others. He said he did not wish to join the expedition, and when asked, gave a reply which showed the influence which Brown had over him. He said, "Ah, you gentlemen don't know Captain Brown; when he calls for us we never think of refusing to come."

Several slaves were found in the room with the insurrectionists, but it is believed that they were there unwillingly. Indeed, Brown's expectation as to slaves making to him was entirely disappointed. None seem to have come to him willingly, and in most cases were forced to desert their masters. But one instance in which slaves made a public appearance with arms in their hands is related. A negro who had been sharply used by one of the town people, when he found that he had a pike in his hand, used his brief authority to arrest the citizen and have him taken to the Armory. The citizens imprisoned by the insurrectionists all testify to their lenient treatment.

They were neither tied nor insulted, and beyond the outrage of restricting their liberty, were not ill-used. Captain Brown was always courteous to them, and at all times assured them that they should not be injured. He explained his purposes to them, and while he had them (the workmen) in confinement, made no abolition speech to them. Colonel Washington speaks of him as a man of extraordinary nerve. He never blanched during the assault, though he admitted in the night that escape was impossible, and that he would have to die.

When the door was broken down, one of his men exclaimed, "I surrender." The Captain immediately cried out, "There's one surrenders; give him quarter," and at the same moment fired his own rifle at the door.

During the previous night he spoke freely with Col. Washington, and referred to his sons. He said he had lost one in Kansas, and two here. He had not pressed them to join him in the expedition, but did not regret their loss; they had died in a glorious cause.

The position of the prisoners in the engine-house during the firing on Monday, and at the moment of the final attack, was a very trying one. Without any of the incentives of combat, they had to risk the balls of their friends, but happily they all escaped. At the moment when the doors were broken in, the prisoners, at the suggestion of Col. Washington, threw up their hands, so that it might be seen they were not combatants.

During Tuesday morning one of Washington's negroes came in and reported that Captain Cook was on the mountain, only three miles off; about the same time some shots were said to have been fired from the Maryland Hills and a rapid fusillade was returned from Harper's Ferry. The Independent Grays, of Baltimore, immediately started on a scouting expedition, and in two hours returned with two wagons loaded with arms and ammunition, found at Captain Brown's house.

The arms consisted of boxes filled with Sharpe's rifles, pistols, &c., all bearing the stamp of the Massachusetts Manufacturing Company, Chicopee, Mass. There were also found a quantity of United

...ammunition, a large number of spears, sharp iron bowie knives fixed upon poles, a terrible-looking weapon, intended for the use of the negroes, with spades, pick-axes, shovels, and everything else that might be needed—thus proving that the expedition was well provided for, that a large party of men were expected to be armed, and that abundant means had been provided to pay all expenses.

How all these supplies were got up to this farm without attracting observation is very strange. They are supposed to have been brought through Pennsylvania. The Grays pursued Cook so fast that they secured a part of his arms, but with his more perfect knowledge of the localities he was enabled to evade them. On their arrival at the Ferry with the evening's spoil they were greeted with hearty cheers. The wagons were driven into the armory yard and given into the custody of the government. As everybody else helped themselves, why should not the Grays have a share of the spoils?

The insurrectionists did not attempt to rob the paymaster's department at the Armory. A large amount of money was there, but it was not disturbed.

Perfect order having been restored, the military, with the exception of the United States marines, who remained in charge of the prisoners, left in various trains for home. An immense train brought the Baltimore troops (accompanied by the Frederick troops to the junction) home.

**HARPER'S FERRY, October 18, 2 1/2 P. M.**—Captain Brown's wounds consist of a sword-cut on the forehead and a bayonet wound in the kidneys, received in the charge on the Armory after the door was broken down. Another of the rioters who was killed was named Stewart Taylor.

J. C. Anderson, the leader, who stopped Captain Phelps yesterday, was killed during the first attack by the Virginians. He was a fine-looking fellow, with flowing white beard.

From a gentleman who came passenger in the western train, reaching Baltimore about noon on the 17th, we have the following account:

The captain of the outlaw band, or a person who seemed to be prime mover, was a middle-aged man with gray hair, beard and moustache. His name was signed to a paper, or note, as Anderson.

He assumed to be the chief of the insurrectionists, and was heard to say, in addressing the conductor, that "if you knew me and understood my motives as well as I and others understand them, you would not blame me so much."

This person also announced in a bold, determined manner, that if he was interfered with or resisted, his party would instantly set fire to the town and destroy it with everything therein. He likewise threatened to burn the railroad bridge and cut off all communication.

The belligerents seemed to evince no actual antipathy against the railroad. What government employees they could find were captured by them and pressed into their service, being forced under threats to take up arms. In another speech the marauder chief was heard to exclaim: "If you knew my heart and history you would not blame me."

A negro named Green, from Harrisburgh, who was conspicuous in fugitive slave riots at that town some years ago, was a prominent insurgent, is among the prisoners.

The dead bodies are spread out on the grass this morning in the Armory enclosure, and present a horrid spectacle.

The Independent Grays have crossed into Maryland, in pursuit of Captain Green's party.

Private Quinn, of the Marines, was mortally wounded by Captain Brown, and another Marine has a flesh wound on the hip.

DESPATCH FROM W. P. SMITH, AGENT FOR THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

The following despatch is from William Prescott Smith, Superintendent of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, to President Garrett:

"HARPER'S FERRY, October 18—10 1/2 A. M.

"J. W. Garrett—Sir: The work is done. The marines, after the insurgents refused to submit, broke in with sledges and heavy ladders. The firing on both sides was heavy. Five were killed and several wounded. We took the sinners prisoners, and released the citizens who had been held as hostages, among whom was our clerk, Mr. Donohue. Major Russell, of the army, headed the marines in person unarmed. I never saw so thrilling a scene in my life.

"The insurgents are the most fanatical white-livered scamps, of the sort who are ever agitating and exciting mischief under holy pretences.

"No difficulties have attended our trains, except their irregularity by the interruption. The military expected to be down by mail time to-day.

"The Pennsylvania directors, who were detained by the insurrectionists, left Martinsburg this morning, and they will arrive in Baltimore this afternoon. Wm. Prescott Smith."

11 1/2 o'clock.—List of killed by the insurgents: Thos. Bosesly, killed early yesterday morning; negro Hayward, E. M. Turner, Fountain Beckham, Eben Dorsey, Wm. Richardson—the last two named belonging to Captain Alburtt's Company, of Martinsburg, which had also five men wounded.

\$17,000 of government money has been stolen by the insurgents.

WASHINGTON, October 18.—The Secretary of War this morning received a telegraphic despatch from Colonel Lee, dated 7 o'clock, saying that he called upon the rioters, who were barricaded in the engine-house on the Arsenal grounds, to surrender, promising to protect them until the wishes of the President could be ascertained.

This proposition was made in order to save the lives of the prisoners who were in the possession of the insurgents. This message was sent through Lieutenant Stuart of the 1st Cavalry.

The insurgents declined to surrender, whereupon, at a preconcerted signal from Lieutenant Green, the detachment of marines, who were near by, forcibly broke into the engine-house, killing two of the rioters and capturing the remainder.

Two of the marines were wounded, one of them mortally. Osawatimie Brown, the leader of the rioters, was also badly wounded. Several officers of the Arsenal, together with other prisoners, escaped unhurt.

FREDERICK, October 18.—There is still excitement in regard to the insurrection. Nothing has been seen of the negroes in this section yet, but they are supposed to be either in the mountains or on their way to Pennsylvania, through the range of mountain near Hagerstown.

CHAMBERSBURG, Pa., October 19—2 A. M.—There are no signs of the fugitives. A gentleman who left Green-castle at 9 o'clock says that nothing has been heard of them there.

BENFORD, Pa., October 19—2 A. M.—There are no signs of the fugitives in this vicinity.

BALTIMORE, October 18.—It is apprehended, in view of the fact that the President has authorized the military to pursue the insurgents into other states if necessary, that there may be difficulty across the Pennsylvania or Ohio lines.

A train is now getting ready to convey horses and men from here to pursue the rioters into any state or locality where they may have fled. This is by order of the President, at the request of Governor Wise.

WASHINGTON, October 18.—The President, Secretary of State and Secretary of War, were together several hours to-day, on matters connected with the proceedings at Harper's Ferry, and the result of the conference was the sending of District Attorney Ould thither, to superintend legal proceedings in the premises.

It is said that the affair at Harper's Ferry is the first case which has ever occurred in this country, involving at the same time both state and federal jurisdiction. While the state is affected as to slavery and locality, the general government is interested with regard to public property, it having exclusive control over arsenal grounds, independently of the state, and also with regard to the mails. Already, in distinguished quarters, the question of jurisdiction is discussed, as Governor Wise will, it is said, claim the prisoners now held by the United States troops, to be dealt with according to the laws of Virginia. In this case the question of jurisdiction will have to be determined by the judiciary.

BALTIMORE, Wednesday, Oct. 19, 1859.

We have just received the following important intelligence from Harper's Ferry:

Last evening, a detachment of marines and some volunteers made a visit to Brown's house. The first visit was to the School-House, and not Brown's, as was stated yesterday.

They found a large quantity of blankets, boots, shoes, clothes, tents, and fifteen hundred pikes, with large blades affixed. They also discovered a carpet bag containing documents throwing much light on the affair; printed constitutions and by-laws of an organization, showing or indicating ramifications in various States of the Union.

They also found letters from various individuals at the North, one from Fred. Douglass containing ten dollars from a lady for the cause; also a letter from Gerrit Smith, about money matters, and a check or draft by him for \$100, indorsed by the cashier of a New-York Bank, name not recollectd. All these are in possession of Gov. Wise. The Governor has issued a proclamation offering \$1,000 reward for Cook, and a large number of armed men are now scouring the mountains in pursuit of him.

Our dispatch yesterday incorrectly gave credit to Messrs. Westerville and Talcott for repairing the line to Harper's Ferry. We should have said C. Westbrook, Superintendent of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Telegraph, and H. Kelly, operator at Frederick. C. Ways, operator at Martinsburg, was one of the party who helped to drive the insurgents from the bridge. Sometime yesterday morning, Riley, the line repairer, while repairing the line between Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg, was shot at by Capt. Cook, whom he recognized.

HARPER'S FERRY, Wednesday, Oct. 19, 1859.

The prisoners have been committed to Charles-town Jail to await the action of the Grand Jury. They will be indicted and tried in a few days. The question of jurisdiction has been settled in this way: The local authorities are to try the prisoners for murder, and, meanwhile, the United States authorities are to proceed on the charge of treason. Gov. Wise said to United States District-Attorney Ould that he has no objection to the General Government proceeding against the prisoners—that is, what will be left of them by the time the Virginia authorities have done with them.

Brown is better, and has made a fuller statement, in which he says he rented the farm from Dr. Kennedy six months since, and the rent is paid till next March. He never had over twenty-two men at the farm at one time that belonged to the organization, but he had good reason to expect reinforcements from Maryland, Kentucky, North and South Carolina, and Canada; he had arms sufficient for fifteen hundred men; he had two hundred revolvers, two hundred Sharp's rifles, and a thousand spears; he left them at the farm; he had abundance of powder and other ammunition; he brought all the arms, from time to time, from Connecticut and other Eastern points, to Chambersburg, Pa.; they were directed to J. Smith & Sons, Kennedy Farm, his assumed name; they were packed in double boxes, so as to deceive the parties who handled them, to the farm; he says he made one mistake, in either not detaining the train on Sunday night, or permitting it to go on unmolested; this mistake, he seemed to infer, exposed his doings too soon, and prevented his reinforcements from coming. The names of all the parties on Sunday night, except three white men, whom he admits he sent away on an errand, are as follows, with their proper titles under the Provisional Government:

- WHITES:  
Gen. JOHN BROWN, Commander-in-Chief, wounded, but will recover.  
Capt. OLIVER BROWN, dead.  
Capt. WATSON BROWN, dead.  
Capt. AARON C. STEPHENS of Connecticut, wounded. He has three balls and cannot possibly recover.  
Lieut. EDWIN COOK of Iowa, unhurt.  
Lieut. ALBERT HAZLETT of Pennsylvania, dead.  
Lieut. WM. LEMAN of Maine, dead.  
Capt. JOHN E. COOK of Connecticut, escaped.

- PRIVATES:  
STEWART TAYLOR of Canada, dead.  
CHAS. F. TIDD of Maine, dead.  
WM. THOMPSON of New-York, dead.  
ADOLPH THOMPSON of New-York, dead.  
Capt. JOHN KAGG of Ohio, raised in Virginia, dead.  
Lieut. JEREMIAH ANDERSON of Indiana, dead.  
With the three whites previously sent off, making seventeen whites.

- NEGROES:  
DANGERFIELD, newly of Ohio, raised in Virginia, dead.  
EMERSON, of New-York, raised in South Carolina, not wounded but a prisoner.  
The latter was elected a member of the Provisional Government some time since.  
LEWIS LEMAY of Ohio, raised in Virginia, dead.  
COPELAND, of Ohio, raised in Virginia, not wounded; prisoner at Charles-town.

Gen. Brown has nine wounds, but none fatal. Bushels of letters have been discovered in all parts of the country; one from Gerrit Smith informs Brown of money being deposited in a bank in New-York to the credit of G. Smith & Sons. It appears to be one of many, informing him from time to time as money was received.

FURTHER FROM HARPER'S FERRY.

Statements of Eye Witnesses.

DEFEAT OF THE INSURGENTS AND END OF THE WAR.

The Killed and Wounded!

GALLANT MEN AND GALLANT DEEDS.

BRAVERY OF CERTAIN BALTIMOREANS.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

OFFICIAL REPORT—RETURN OF THE BALTIMORE MILITARY, &c.

The intelligence from Harper's Ferry, this morning, is still somewhat exciting. The war, it is true, is over, most of the insurgents killed, and others captured, but others, beyond a doubt, are still lurking in the neighborhood. Hence mounted men are scouring the country in every direction, and with some success. The Independent Greys, of this city, were on two errands of the kind, and both times were successful—at one time capturing arms, and at another time bringing bringing back one or two of the insurgents. We add below all the additional particulars that have reached us:

STATEMENT OF AN EYE WITNESS

When the order was given for the Marines to storm the barracks, Adjt. G. W. Talbot, of the 5th Regiment, mingled in with the Marines, and took an active part in the affray.—The insurgents were in a small house within the arsenal enclosure, and stubbornly refused to surrender, preferring death to capture.—The order was given to batter down the doors, which was speedily done with sledge hammers, when the doors flew open the insurgents poured a volley into the besiegers, which was returned with deadly effect; after the first fire, the Marines rushed into the barracks and captured five blacks and four white men, all of whom were wounded, with the exception of one white man.



Upon entering the door, J. G. Anderson, one of the ringleaders of the insurgents, discharged a Minnie rifle at the Marines, and was in the act of firing his revolver, when a Minnie ball struck him in the left side below the heart. He staggered back a few paces, and appeared determined to sell his life dearly. He raised his revolver and was cocking it, when Adjutant Talbott rushed upon him, and succeeded in disarming him. This task, however, was not accomplished without a struggle, as Anderson, finding that his situation was life or death, used all his energies to accomplish as much harm as he was able. Finding himself overpowered, he yielded to Adj. Talbott, and was removed to a place of safety, where he was attended by Prof. Dunbar, of this city. Anderson's wound is of such a character that he was supposed to be dying when our informant left Harper's Ferry. The pistol which Adjutant Talbott secured is one of the largest cavalry description, and was heavily loaded. On the butt end there is engraved the name of J. E. Cook. This individual was second in command of the insurgents, and made his escape to the mountains, with a few of his followers. Our informant further states that when the barracks were captured he counted six dead bodies lying on the floor. On the body of one of the killed there was a copy of by-laws and a constitution governing the abolitionists. A love-letter was also found upon one of the killed, couched in the most affectionate terms, from a female in Illinois. In leaving for home, three dead bodies were discovered floating down the Potomac. They were permitted to pass by, and no effort was made to bring them ashore. When the insurgents found that they were getting the worst of the battle, they secured themselves in houses and shot down passers by, by thrusting their muskets through loopholes in the weather boarding.

After Anderson and his companions had been captured, it was with the greatest difficulty that the excited soldiers could be prevented from shooting or hanging them. The Marines were the most eager for the insurgents' lives, as they had shot two or three of their companions. It was expected that an attempt would be made last night to kill all the prisoners; but, from what we can learn, the attempt will be fruitless, as a strong guard has been placed over Anderson and his companions.

#### THE ENTRANCE INTO TOWN.

Before the arrival of the train from Baltimore the forces from Frederick and Martinsburg had attacked the insurrectionists. The battle was mainly fought by the railroad tannage men from Martinsburg, who came down in great force, led by Capt. Alburtis. They attacked the rioters single handed and fought most valiantly. One of the freight conductors named Evan Dorsey, was killed in the fight, and two other conductors, named Bowman and Holbert, were seriously wounded.

The troops invested the town on all sides, and entered it about 2 o'clock in the morning. Several men were killed, a number of both blacks and whites were captured, but more escaped to the mountains. Capt. Ossawatimie Brown, a leader, and his son were both shot. The son is dead, and Brown is thought to be dying. A man named J. G. Henderson was also shot. He was from Connecticut. The dead body of a man killed at night was brought in the morning.

Brown is the man whose feats in Kansas as an agitator, obtained such a wide notoriety. He says his whole object was to free slaves, and justifies his actions; declares he had possession of the town and everything in it, and would have murdered all. He says there were none engaged in the plot but those with him. The prisoners are retained in custody in the armory enclosure, under strong guard.

RAILROAD UNINJURED, PURPOSE OF THE INSURRECTION.

No damage has been done to the railroad or to the bridge, and little or none to the property in the town. The purpose of the insurrectionists seems to have been to hold the town until several thousand slaves could be collected, and then make a stampede through Maryland and across the Pennsylvania line. The parties that have started will be immediately pursued.

#### STORMING OF THE ARMORY.

The armory was stormed and taken by the military, after a determined resistance at 8 A. M. Col. Shunt approached with a flag of truce, and demanded the surrender of all within. After expostulating for sometime they refused to surrender.

The U. S. marines advanced to break the door down with sledge hammers, but they resisted the ponderous blows. A large ladder was then used as a battering ram, when the doors partially gave way.

The rioters fired briskly and killed three of the marines. The marines exchanged shots through the breaches of the door. Very soon the marines forced their way through the break, and in a few minutes all resistance was at an end.

The rioters were brought out amidst the most intense excitement, many of the armed militia present trying to get a shot at them.

#### THE PRISONERS.

The prisoners are held by Lee subject to the disposition of the President of the United States.

Mr. Washington happened to be in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry in search of a number of his slaves lately escaped.

Messrs. Washington and Dangerfield were rescued uninjured, as well as the other citizens in the possession of the insurgents.

#### MURDER OF A DISTINGUISHED CITIZEN.

George Turner, a graduate of West Point, and one of the most distinguished citizens of the vicinity, was shot yesterday while coming into town. He died during the night. His two brothers, sons-in-law of Edward Patterson, Esq., of Baltimore, were in this city.

#### MILITARY MOVEMENTS HERE.

At 7 A. M. yesterday, the Lafayette Guards, Capt. Ferrandini, the reserve of the Law Greys, the Baltimore and Turner Rifles, and a detachment of the Shields Guards, were at the Camden station under command of Gen. Steuart, ready for embarkation. Intelligence was received that no more troops would be required, and they were turned back and dismissed. Gen. Steuart proceeded to the Ferry.

Three companies of Artillery, from Old Point Comfort, arrived here yesterday, and were ordered to Fort McHenry to await further orders from the Secretary of War.

#### ESCAPE OF INSURGENTS AND FUGITIVE SLAVES.

A large party of insurgents under Captain Cook, with many slaves have made off, towards the Pennsylvania line. Troops will be immediately despatched in pursuit.

General Steuart, through Governor Wise, of Virginia, has communicated an order of President Buchanan to General J. Wesley Watkins to prepare, equip and mount immediately a body of men for service in the mountains and fastnesses, near Harper's Ferry, whither many of the insurgents have fled. The troop will leave this afternoon.

Intense excitement prevails throughout the country adjacent to Harper's Ferry. Armed patrols are scouring the neighborhood in Maryland and Virginia.

#### [Special Dispatch to the Clipper.]

THE INSURRECTION AT HARPER'S FERRY—SIX RIOTERS KILLED—GREAT SUCCESS OF THE "INDEPENDENT GREYS," &c.

HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 18th.—The Marines charged into the engine room and killed the six insurrectionists there entrenched. Brown, the leader, is not fatally wounded.

The Independent Greys, under Lieutenant Simpson, scoured the woods in search of the remainder of the gang, and in a school house, about five miles from the Ferry, captured 21 boxes of Sharp's rifles, with some thousands of Col's navy revolvers, several boxes of ammunition, bayonets and swords. They took also two wagons and four horses, belonging to the abolitionists.

The insurrectionists escaped.

The gallant exploit of the Greys is much applauded. They remain here till one o'clock to-night. L.

#### NAMES OF THOSE HELD AS PRISONERS.

HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 18—11½, A. M.—The riot has been completely quelled, and everything is again tranquil. All the ringleaders in the disturbance have been killed, and the prisoners whom they took have been safely rescued. Among these are:—

- Armistead Ball, chief draughtsman at the Armory.
- Benjamin Mills, master of the Armory.
- J. E. P. Dangerfield, pay master's clerk.
- Lewis Washington, farmer, and a prominent citizen.
- John Allstadt, farmer, and son sixteen years of age.

The three last named were seized on their farms several miles from the Ferry.

Among the slain are also Fontaine Beckham, Railroad Agent; Shoppard Hayward, negro porter at the railroad station; Joseph Burley, of Harper's Ferry; Evan Dorsey and George Richardson, of Martinsburg. A full list of the killed and wounded will be forwarded as soon as possible. One of the rioters named Leary, who has since died, made a statement that the plot was conceived by Brown at the Ohio State Fair, held two months ago.

Gov. Wise is expected from the Reisy House where he arrived this morning.

It is stated that a son of Brown, who has assumed the name of Capt. Cook, is at a school-house only four miles distant, with a large gang of runaway slaves.

#### DETAILS OF THE SIEGE.

HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 18, 10½ A. M.—The marines, under Col. Lee, after summoning the rioters to surrender, and they having refused, ordered the door of the Government building to be broken in about 7 o'clock.

A file of marines fired upon the rioters with fatal effect, killing four almost instantly, including the leader, Brown. The other two were taken prisoners.

None of the gentlemen kept in custody by the rioters were injured.

But one negro was of the party. Four others being prisoners, and taken from the neighborhood, were released.

Private Quinn, of the marines, was mortally wounded by Brown, and another marine received a flesh wound in the hip.

The names of the rioters shot are Oottawatomie Brown, of Kansas, who received a sword cut in the forehead and a bayonet stab in the kidneys, undoubtedly mortal. His son, O. Brown, was killed yesterday. Stewart Taylor killed instantly. J. C. Anderson killed instantly. J. G. Johnson killed almost instantly.

Edwin Coppee, of Iowa, Watson Brown, son of O. Brown, who was wounded yesterday, and a negro named Green, from Harrisburg, Pa., were taken prisoners. The dead bodies were brought out and laid upon the grass, and presented a shocking spectacle, the Minnie rifle-balls cutting deep gashes in their bodies.

[The negro Green, mentioned above, was very prominent a few years ago in a slave riot at Harrisburg, Pa., on the occasion of the arrest of two fugitive slaves.]

The Independent Greys have been sent out two miles distant to capture another party.

#### FIVE MEN KILLED.

The following dispatch received at 11 o'clock, A. M., was addressed to John W. Garrett, Esq., president of the road:

The work is done. The marines, after the insurgents refused to submit, broke in with sledge hammers and mounted on ladders.— There was heavy firing on both sides.— Five were killed and others wounded. The insurgents were imprisoned and the citizens released who had been held as hostages, among whom was the clerk at the depot, Mr. Donohue.

Major Russell, of the army, headed the Marines in person, unarmed. The scene was thrilling. The insurgents are a most fanatical looking set of fellows. No difficulties have attended the trains by the storming of the town. The military will return by the mail train this afternoon, if no further outbreak should occur. The Pennsylvania Directors, who were detained, left Martinsburg this morning for Baltimore.

#### LATER.

#### FIFTEEN OF THE RINGLEADERS DEAD.

HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 18—1 P. M.—Immediately after the storming of the Armory this morning, by Col. Lee and the Marines, the dead bodies of four of the insurgents were found within the government enclosures.— They were shot during the fight yesterday, at the time they were driven into the enclosure by the Virginians, and doubtless crawled into hiding-places, where they died during the night.

Captain Brown and his son are still living, but are dangerously wounded, from which there is little possibility of their recovery.

Only two of the insurgents are unwounded, and these are Edwin Coppish, white, from Iowa, and Shields Green, colored, from Iowa also.

The party originally consisted of twenty-two persons, of whom fifteen are killed, two mortally wounded, two unhurt, and three went off with the gang of slaves towards Pennsylvania, on Monday morning.

Soon after the successful assault upon the Armory this morning, some firing took place from the hills on the Maryland side of the Potomac, supposed to be from Captain Cook and his party, who were entrenched in a school-house last night. It was returned by a general volley, but both parties were too distant to do any damage.

A company of volunteers has gone in pursuit of the fugitives, and will doubtless follow them across the Pennsylvania line.

The Ferry is one vast scene of excitement, the number of armed men now here being not less than one thousand. They have been pouring in all night from all parts of the surrounding country.

Capt. Brown persists in justifying himself on the score of humanity, and seems to be a brave and determined fellow. He was the great leader of the guerilla party of the free soil party in Kansas, and nearly all his men were engaged in the same exciting work.

Governor Wise has not yet arrived but is

momentarily expected. The prisoners are still held by Col. Lee.

### LATER.

#### THE INDEPENDENT GREYS ACROSS THE MARYLAND LINE.

**HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 18, 2 1/2 P. M.**—Capt. Brown's wounds consist of a sword cut on the forehead, and a bayonet wound in the kidneys, received in the charge on the Armory after the door was broken down. Another of the rioters who was killed was named Stewart Taylor.

J. C. Anderson, the leader, who stopped Capt. Phelps yesterday, was killed during the first attack by the Virginians. He was a fine looking fellow, with flowing white beard.

The Independent Greys have crossed into Maryland, in pursuit of Capt. Green's party. Private Quinn, of the Marines, was mortally wounded by Capt. Brown, and another marine has a flesh wound on the hip.

#### OFFICIAL REPORT OF COL. LEE.

Lieut. Comm'g Lee transmits the following message to the Secretary of War:

At 7 A. M., I summoned the rioters, who had taken refuge in the armory building, to surrender, promising to hold them in security until the pleasure of the President of the United States was known. They declined. The storming party, under Lt. Green, which had been previously posted near the building, and had concerted signals, broke down the door and captured the party.

Two marines were wounded, one severely and the other slightly. Two of the rioters were killed and two wounded. One white person was taken and five slaves said to be forced from their owners.

Mr. Lewis Washington, Mr. Dangerfield, clerk; Mr. Hall, master machinist at Harper's Ferry; Mr. Mills, master armorer; Dr. Murphy, paymaster; Mr. Kitzmiller, superintendent's clerk; Mr. Donohue, railroad clerk, captured by the rioters and held as hostages, were released unharmed.

#### GOVERNMENT FUNDS STOLEN.

That plunder was one of their main objects is evident in the fact that before the neighboring militia came down on them they robbed the Government (Arsenal) chest there of all it contained, possibly somewhere between \$16,000 and \$20,000 in specie, which they immediately sent off in two wagons they pressed into their service at the same time. These wagons were accompanied by a guard of their party, and have doubtless been overtaken and their contents retaken ere this.

#### SHOT WHILE SWIMMING.

An eye witness says that a man ran out of the building where the insurgents were posted, and tried to escape by swimming the river. A dozen shots were fired after him, and he partially fell, but rose again, threw his gun away and drew his pistols. Both snapped, and he drew a bowie knife, cut his heavy accoutrements off, and plunged into the river. One of the soldiers was about ten feet behind, the man turned round, threw up his hands, and said "don't shoot." The soldier fired and the man fell into the water with his face blown away. His coat skirts were out from his person, and in the pockets was found a Captain's commission to Captain E. H. Lee-man, from the Provisional Government. That commission was dated October 15, 1850, and signed by A. W. Brown, Commander in Chief of the Army of the Provisional Government of the United States.

#### WHOLESALE MASSACRE.

A party of five of the insurgents armed with Minnie rifles, and posted in the rifle armory, it is said, were expelled by the Charlestown Guards. They all ran for the river, and one who was unable to swim, was drowned. The other four swam out to the rocks in the middle of the Shanandoah and fired upon the citizens and troops upon both banks. They drew upon them the muskets of between two and three hundred men, and not less than 400 shots were fired at them from Harper's Ferry, about 200 yards distant. One was finally shot dead. The second, a negro, attempted to jump over the dam, but fell, shot, and was not seen afterwards. The third was badly wounded, and the remaining one was taken unharmed. The white insurgent wounded and captured, died in a few moments afterwards. He was shot through the breast, arm and stomach. He declared there were only nineteen whites engaged in the insurrection.

#### THE TOWN APPROACHED ON EVERY SIDE.

The Shepherdstown company approached the town over the mountain, by the Bolivar road. The Frederick (Va.) company by the Shenandoah river way; and the Jefferson co. company came down the Potomac river route; while the Frederick (Md.) company and Baltimore volunteers approached the town from across the railroad bridge.

#### FALSE REPORT.

A report prevailed in Washington yesterday, that the Hon. Chas. J. Faulkner, who accompanied the marines, had been shot and killed. This was not so, nor is any intimation given that he was in the fight at all. He was there, however, and was armed with a Sharp's carbine, with one hundred rounds of ammunition, and a revolving pistol with forty rounds of ammunition.

### BORNES IN THE STREETS.

A returned volunteer informs us that the battle in the streets lasted nearly an hour. The soldiers fought Indian fashion, pursuing the rioters singly and in couples, and bringing them down at every pop. Some jumped up immediately and managed to limp away, but most of them fell down dead in their tracks, and scarcely kicked. During the firing the women and children ran shrieking in every direction, but when they learned that the soldiers were their protectors they took courage, and did good service in the way of preparing refreshments and attending to the wounded.

#### THE CONSPIRACY.

The anonymous letter received by the Secretary of War some months since, mentioned that Ossawatimie Brown was to head the affair, and that it was to come off about this time. A week or two since, some unknown individual accosting Mr. Barbour, the superintendent of the armory, proposed to make some revelation to that gentleman; but his appearance was so suspicious that he was at once handed over to the officers of justice.

#### CITIZENS TURNED OUT OF DOORS.

It seems that the insurrectionists on Sunday night went around to the dwellings of the town after midnight, in armed bands, ordering the inhabitants to leave for the country on pain of their lives. In that way they drove nearly all of them forth in their night clothes, which accounts for their complete and easy momentary success.

#### THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

The following is a correct list of those killed and wounded by the insurgents, as far as ascertained:

Thomas Boerley, killed early on Monday morning; Hayward Sheppard, colored; Wm. Turner, Fontaine Beckham, Evans Dorsey and William Richardson. The last two named were members of Captain Alburty's company from Martinsburg, which had also five men wounded.

#### RETURN OF THE MILITARY.

At 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon an immense throng of persons of all colors, ages and sexes assembled at the Camden railway station, to witness the disembarkation of the troops. About five minutes past five o'clock the cry rang through the depot: "Here they come." In a few moments the cars were besieged, and all manner of questions were being asked. "Where's my little nigger," cried one; "where's my roasting pickaninny," cries another; and "where's my Reform servants," bawls out a third. Upon gaining the platform the soldiers were almost lifted from their feet by the pressure of the crowd. Some of the soldiers were armed with trophies taken from the insurgents. Some had large pikes, resembling a two edged sword, and about eight inches in length, making a most dangerous instrument of warfare when in close quarters. Others had rifles and pistols which had been secured after the fight, while one of the City Guards' members had a lock of hair which he had cut from the head of young Brown.— Amid much confusion, the different companies were formed, and, headed by martial music, proceeded up Howard street, and thence down Baltimore street to the City Guards' armory, when the column was dismissed. While the military were passing through the streets the greatest enthusiasm was manifested by persons on the side walks, and had our volunteers just returned from a long and protracted war their reception would not have been more enthusiastic. We heard one individual remark that he felt so happy, he had a good mind to go home and hug his wife.

After the different companies were dismissed, the members made tracks to their homes, to ease the minds of their wives, and those who were without wives, went home to prepare themselves for a meeting with their sweet hearts. As winter is now approaching, many will be the long yarns that will be related of the many scenes of daring which was enacted on the night of the 17th, and the day of the 18th of October 1859, at Harper's Ferry, Va., on the occasion of the great negro insurrection, and the awful retribution of the ring leaders.

#### THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD DIRECTORS.

A number of the officers and directors of the Central Pennsylvania Railroad had been on an excursion, accompanied by their families, and got down within a short distance of Harper's Ferry on Monday, when the train was ordered to halt. The condition of affairs was made known to the conductor, and immediately the train was backed to Martinsburg. A young man of the excursion party, anxious to witness what was going on, left the train and went on a hill for the purpose of obtaining a full view. He was there but a short time when he was espied and arrested. He protested that he did not belong to the insurgent gang, but that did not effect his release, and he was marched to Charlestown and imprisoned. His friends interceded and he was finally released.

John Hulme, Esq., one of the directors and excursionists, states that on the return of the train to Martinsburg the people at once began to arm, and every available weapon was brought into requisition. Old shot guns and rifles, pistols and swords, were put in order, and after obtaining a supply of ammunition, they started for the scene of insurrection. Yesterday the excursionists stopped at Harper's Ferry and went over the ground. A few loop holes had been made by the insurgents in the engine house, where they had fortified themselves. A few dead bodies were lying about the place, and the appearance of those of the slain insurgents presented more of the bandit than anything else. He noticed one dead body lying on a rock in the river, which it was supposed had been pierced by at least forty or fifty bullets. The following were the directors on the train, and who were detained: Washington Bucher, Benjamin T. Curtis, Thomas J. Firth, M. Morris, Josiah Bacon, John Hulme, Samuel Megarge, William B. Thompson and Wm. C. Foster, Jr.

#### CAPT. OTTAWATTAMIE BROWN IN BALTIMORE.

A man answering the description of Ottawattamie Brown, commander-in-chief of the provisional government of the United States, is said to have been in this city on Friday last, and purchased fifty thousand percussion caps.

#### CAPT. BILL COOKE.

This man is represented to be a most notorious and blood-thirsty individual. Possessing a large amount of brute courage, he is reckless of his conduct, and hesitates not to shoot an adversary. Some time ago he got into a difficulty in the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry with one of the railroad employes. The man was very close to Cook, and when the latter drew his revolver, seized it and turned the muzzle from his aim. Cook discharged it, however, and the charge passed through the clothing of the right side of him whom he sought to kill. Before he had time to fire the weapon again he was felled to the ground by a well-directed blow with a slung shot, from the effect of which he laid insensible for more than two hours. That, however, did not deter him from further acts of outrage. His nativity is not known. He is said to be a man of fair education, but is regarded by all who know him as a designing and dangerous man. Cooke married several years ago in the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry, but it is said that he left on Monday afternoon with his family, but what direction he took could not be ascertained.

#### THE CONSPIRACY—THE LETTER TO THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

The anonymous letter heretofore spoken of as having been received by Gov. Floyd, the Secretary of War, reached him while at Old Point. It stated that insurrections would occur simultaneously at Wheeling, Harper's Ferry, and Washington, for the purpose of freeing slaves. It is understood that about four hundred slaves have lately escaped from Virginia and Maryland, under the agency of the emissaries. The people of the adjacent country in Maryland and Virginia will be on the look out for these runaways before reaching Pennsylvania. Gov. Wise, of Virginia, who in going up to the scene of riot, yesterday, had set on foot the measure (which it subsequently became necessary to carry out) for sending cavalry from this city to hunt and pursue the fleeing insurgents through any portion of Virginia, and also by telegraph requested the President of the United States to authorize the cavalry to follow them into any State or locality, they having stolen the property and treasure of the go-

vernment, and placed its stolen arms in the hands of negroes and others. If they should get into Pennsylvania, it is to be presumed that the Governor of that patriotic Commonwealth would promptly afford all due assistance and authority in capturing such bloody and high-handed offenders against the laws, the peace and dignity of sister States.

#### GOV. WISE AT THE SEAT OF THE DISTURBANCE.

Governor Wise, of Virginia, after consulting with the President, came down to the Relay House in the early Washington train, accompanied by ninety Virginia volunteers. At the Relay House he was joined by Gen. George Steuart, and both proceeded together. Gov. Wise will remain at Harper's Ferry several days, and will, meanwhile, institute a most rigid investigation of the origin and all the facts connected with the insurrection.

#### REPORT TO THE PRESIDENT AND SECRETARY OF WAR.

Major Russell, of the U. S. marine corps, came down from Harper's Ferry yesterday afternoon in the extra military train, and took the train at the Relay House for Washington. He carried in his possession highly important papers and documents found in the baggage and on the persons of the killed and captured insurgents, to be laid before the President and Secretary of War. These papers are mostly in cyphers, but it is said enough has been gleaned to show to some extent the nature of the insurrection, and the names of some of the prominent abettors in it.

#### OTHER INCIDENTS.

Captain Talbot, adjutant of the 5th regiment, has in his possession a navy revolving pistol, which belonged to J. D. Cook, one of the escaped ringleaders, and a Sharpe's rifle, with the initials of J. C. Anderson thereon.



The acting second sergeant of the company of Law Grays was seized with a fit at the moment the company was being engaged in the storming of the armory. He was taken from the line.

E. L. O'Donnell, the baggage master of the military train, exhibited a musket ball through the top of his hat, cutting some of the hair of his head away.

In the midst of the fighting, artists were seen pausing in the fray, and sketching the scene as its points presented themselves before them. Among these soldier-artists was Mr. John W. Torch, of the Law Grays.

Captain W. D. Brown, attached to the Law Grays, was detailed to guard a wounded insurgent to the quarters, and protect him from the violence of the citizens. While so employed he asked him to confess how long the plot had been going on, who were its authors, and where their meetings were held, but the dying man refused. Captain Brown took from the man's pocket a notebook of cyphers and secret characters, and has it now in his possession. The cyphers are interspersed with a few English words and names of places, among them the following:—"Springdale, Cedar county, Illinois;" "Iowa;" "St. Paul, Minnesota;" and the sentence, "I once more sit down to write to you."

A number of the military and others returned to the city yesterday, bringing with them as trophies of the fight, elegant arms taken from the rioters, and a peculiar kind of spear found in the hands of many of the negroes.

Yesterday reports were circulated that Hon. C. J. Faulkner, who had gone up to Harper's Ferry, had been killed, which created great excitement, but was all allayed by the intelligence of his safety. The government have received the papers found on the person and in the valise of Osawatimie Brown. The papers disclose that he kept a daily journal, in which he set forth the details of his transactions, which show his purchase of arms in large quantities, and ammunition and stores of all kinds, necessary to the success of an extensive insurrection. Field spy-glasses, picks and shovels for throwing up temporary fortifications, calls of boatswains, whistles of new kinds, being very shrill and capable of being heard at long distances, which are supposed to have been intended for assembling his bands or warning them of danger, were among these stores. The whistles, as per the bill found in his effects, were made in Philadelphia and forwarded to an agent of his in Baltimore, last week, per Adams & Co.'s Express. Some of them were found in his valise. The names of various persons in different States are embraced in his papers found, as being well posted in regard to his plans and movements, among whom are Gerrit Smith and Joshua R. Giddings.

From the tenor of his papers, it is now not to be doubted that the conspiracy, of which he was the head and front, had an extensive organization in various States. There is nothing in the papers found showing that negroes or others belonging at Harper's Ferry or its vicinity, were aware before the fact of Brown's conspiracy.

Among other things embraced in this batch of papers are said to be the names of various persons upon whom he might rely for aid, in case of necessity. It is also said to be apparent from them that he was promised instant and extensive aid from abroad, which, as the result proves, failed. There can now be no doubt that his grand aim was to create a general servile insurrection.

Renewed excitement has been engendered tonight by intelligence, which is doubtless exaggerated, that a fresh attack has been made in the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry, and that Sandy Hook, a small town in Maryland, one mile from the Ferry, has been attacked by the rebels. I do not credit the report.

A question of jurisdiction has arisen in regard to the proper tribunal by which the captured rebels ought to be tried. The seizure of the armory was an offense against the United States, but the attack on Harper's Ferry and the killing of citizens there was an invasion of Virginia.

The latest rumor is that the President has directed Mr. Ould, U. S. District Attorney, who is now at the Ferry, to deliver up the prisoners to Virginia.

LATER.

The Virginia jurisdiction has been recognized in the case of the captured parties. They have been taken to Charleston this evening. The U. S. Court will hold on Friday. Gov. Wise is with them with a detachment of Marines. ALPHA.

## The "Servile" Insurrection at Harper's Ferry.

DETAILS BY EXPRESS.

### THE OUTBREAK AND THE SUPPRESSION.

Names of the Killed and Wounded.

*C. G. Smith*  
(From our own Correspondent.)

HARPER'S FERRY, VA., Oct. 19, 1850.

All the way from Wheeling to this place, amid the greatest anxiety on the part of every one to learn about the riot and the rioters, we heard all sorts of rumors. At Wheeling we were given to understand that some thirty men had prematurely gone the way of all flesh, as the result of their first effort at insurrection in the Old Dominion. By the time we reached Grafton the thirty had increased three-fold. Anxiety and anticipation were both and each wrought up by the contradictory statements to their highest pitch, so that at Piedmont, where we met a train bound west, each man who came aboard was button-holed and in-

they could tell served but to make more impatient the travelers on our train. For myself, I took the matter with commendable coolness, resolved to base my communications only upon accurate information.

At one o'clock this morning, then, I was dumped down in this place, which according to the common notion, is the paradise of reporters, inasmuch as items are lying around loose.

Upon getting up this morning, I made it my first business to take a look over the town. I found at several of the street corners groups of men, many of them armed with Government rifles, conversing of the matters which have passed so rapidly within the few days now expired, as almost to defy record. The Arsenal is guarded, of course. The United States Armory is filled with marines, under command of Col. Lee. Within the walls, in the guard-house perhaps, are four prisoners, including A. S. Brown, the leader of the infernal crew, and as I went down I saw brought out, in an open wagon, the dead body of one of Brown's sons, who had died within the walls, of wounds received by him in one of the skirmishes which took place.

Around the city, men of the marine corps are posted, in charge of the bridges or having the care of the streets, thoroughfares, railroad ways, track, &c. Nobody is engaged in the pursuit of their business, as may be supposed, but all are looking out for events to come, and so far as possible assisting them to their consummation. The whole place, filled as it is with armed men, seems to be under military government.

All around are the marks of bullets, which must assuredly have flown with speedy regularity, and in most cases with unerring aim. The water tank of the Railroad Company, at one corner, that behind which at one time a body of the citizens was entrenched, is perforated with bullets; the guard-house upon the Armory grounds the goal of many a rifle shot, is a mass of scars, which trace their course from the same tank. A saloon, the Gault house, show likewise the results of a thick fire, in the broken wood and shattered glass, while here and there upon the water's edge is to be seen the body of some man whose life has paid the forfeit of his lawlessness. One of these lies now at the foot of the land pier of the bridge, another has just floated down river from off a rock mid-stream.

Before proceeding I will state the general facts relative to the first steps in this affair. It appears that on the night of Sunday, there being but three watchmen at the arsenal or armory grounds, named John Mason, Captain of the watch, Chas. Branham, and a third named Murphy a four-horse covered wagon, driven by a negro, drove up to the gates, the opening of which I have heard no explanation of, and passed through. The wagon had in it picks, spades, faggots and such like supplies. Several men, to the number of twenty or thirty, jumped out, and taking possession of the watchmen, locked them in the guard-house. They then established their sentinels around, and proceeded to arrest the citizens.

Here comes in the statement of Patrick Higgins, which I give in full. He states that he is a watchman on the railroad. He passed through the railroad bridge prior to the time of the arrival of the train, as usual. Upon reaching the town side he noticed that his companion of the watch, William Williams, was missing. The cause of this was soon explained to him, in part at least, for as he issued from the tunnel of the bridge, he was met by two men, each being armed with a spear. They at once spoke to him, remarking, "Which way?" To this, Higgins replied, "Not far; I am at my station." "I take you prisoner," then said one. To which Higgins made the very natural reply, "What for? I don't suppose that I have done any man a wrong." One of the men then said, "You have to come with us anyhow, or you die in two minutes." With that the man who had spoken took hold of him by the left hand, in which he held his lantern. Higgins having yet his right hand at liberty, struck the man who held him. The other seeing his companion struggling, thrust at the watchman with his spear, and secured him. They took him down by the house, where escaping from them, he jumped through the window. Two shots followed him on his way, but without doing him any injury, one, however, passing through his hat, just grazing his head. The noise and some hollowing by Higgins, succeeded in alarming the inmates of the hotel and wroke the black man that keeps the depot. Higgins then proceeded to warn the incoming train, as it came up, having placed out the signal to stop it, and that being obeyed, he told the conductor, Phelps, "you cannot go over; the bridge is taken by a lot of murderers." Phelps, the conductor, with the engineer, William Woolley, and the fireman, came over, when they were met by several men, one of whom cried out "Run back you sons of—", the place is taken." Seven shots were then fired. Higgins then went in search of Heywood, and he was soon found dead.

Meantime such citizens as came down town were arrested as they passed the Arsenal gates. Here I give the statement of one of those who was thus taken. I refer to Mr. Anthony Nunnemaker. I give it in his own words:

# DAILY GAZETTE.

BY TELEGRAPH.

## OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

The Harper's Ferry Insurrection—Great Consternation in Washington—The Military Under Arms—The Police on the Alert—One Negro Captured and Released—Details of the Revolutionary Plot—Existence of a Wide-spread Conspiracy—Conflict of Jurisdiction—The Latest Rumors—The Insurrection said to be Extending—Reported Outbreak at Sandy Hook—The Captured Conspirators in Jail, &c., &c.

(Special Dispatch to the Cincinnati Gazette, by the Independent Line.)

WASHINGTON, Oct. 19.

It is difficult to describe the excitement into which this town was thrown by the dispatches announcing the insurrection at Harper's Ferry, of which you have doubtless been fully informed. The most exaggerated reports gained currency, and a rising of the blacks was immediately apprehended in this vicinity, and the utmost precautions taken. Mayor Berrett dispatched a requisition to the Secretary of War, who upon receipt thereof, issued an order for him to draw on the United States Arsenal for two hundred stand of arms and 5,000 rounds of ball and buckshot cartridges. The arms were received at the office of Capt. Gooddard, Chief of the Police, where they were all loaded with cartridges, and bayonets were affixed.

The entire police force were on duty—one-half on parade, and the other fifty under arms at the City Hall, at a moment's warning. Police mounted on horseback were stationed at every outlet of the city, at the bridges, &c., to give instant warning of any hostile demonstrations from outside the city.

As evidence of the rigor with which this order was carried out, some watchmen arrested a colored man after 10 o'clock, and proceeded to search him, when he cried out, "Bress God, massa, no use to search dis nigger; I'se been searched free times afore to-night." He was cautioned to make tracks for home, and released.

Permits to colored people to hold balls and festivals, which had been previously issued were countermanded, and the Mayor and all Police force, as well as clerks in the City Hall were on the alert until daylight. A mounted patrol was detained from the President's mounted guard, which scoured the suburbs until about two o'clock in the morning when they were relieved from duty.

Additional precautions were taken by Commissioner Blake and Capt. Dunnington to have the building properly secured, and the police belonging to the capitol and grounds were furnished with revolvers.

FURTHER DETAILS BY MAIL.

### "BRAVERY" OF THE SOLDIERS.

The Ridiculous Side of the Affair.

[FROM OUR OWN REPORTER.]

HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 20.

I have already forwarded by Telegraph and Express, pretty full accounts of the transactions at this place. I now forward some additional particulars, together with a more connected account of the affair, than has heretofore been given.

Everywhere men are armed—regular marching arsenals—mounted and on foot, traversing the city, examining every passenger who passes along the street, or who, in the railroad cars, passes over the rails. Ever and anon some valiant troop goes out to search for Cook and any of his remaining followers, but they come in, unsuccessful, of course.

But to all this there is a ridiculous side. Every man is a hero of the day. Each one has brought down his man, and yet twenty men took the town and held it until the United States interfered with her forces, and still but nineteen men are either captured or killed. Why an accurate account of the mortally killed, slightly wounded and dead, according to the say-so of some of the brave men around, would increase the number of the insurgents to full twenty fold. I know one almost fatal case, however, and mention it to show how valiant warriors sometimes are; for the man I speak of is uniformed and caparisoned with all the trappings of the trade of Moloch. He was ordered, while on the scout, to present at some object and fire, when he covered it, and let his gun, by reason of misunderstanding the order, he says, but as the Captain says, by reason of a slight tremulousness, induced undoubtedly by a passing wind, was presented at the Captain's great toe, to which it succeeded in sending the ball with accurate precision.

Why, on the occasion of a false alarm from Sandy Hook, when we feared that the whole town had been put to the sword, a company of volunteers egged under drill, in the open street, for well nigh two hours, while Colonel Lee returned with a company of marines, to report that it was a hoax. He had seen the murdered man put his head and neck over the window, frightened only by reason of the unreasonable thumping on his door by his wood-bee rescuers. I should add, that about the time of the return of the marines, the volunteers thought it time to start, so they started, crossed the bridge, and returned.

#### THE EXAMINATIONS.

I have already informed you of the committal of the several prisoners to the County Jail. They will be tried at Charleston immediately after the session of the Exterminating Court and as soon as they can be indicted.

Depositions were taken before a Justice prior to the commitment of the prisoners to jail. The wife of Cook and her mother were at that time under arrest, but nothing appearing to implicate them, they were released. It appeared in evidence, that Cook at his house in town, east upward of a thousand bullets for use in the rifles which had been procured for this warfare. It further appeared, that near Brown's house, on Kennedy's farm, men had been seen of late actively engaged in grinding the spear-heads which have cut so prominent a figure in this affair.

The prisoners were committed for trial before the United States authorities, for the murder of Fountain, Beckham and Luke Quinn, on the United States territory, and for the murders of the remaining men within the jurisdiction of the State. There is no conflict of jurisdiction between the State and Federal authorities, Mr. Ould consenting to the proposition of Gov. Wise, that the "United States should take all the State left!"

#### WHERE IS COOK?

The search for Cook still continues. He, by the confession of a negro wench, has been traced to the house of her mother, named Betsey, at which place he took supper on Tuesday evening. The girl further stated that he appointed to take his evening meal at the same place on Wednesday night. Betsey was arrested and brought into town by one of the scouting parties. The daughter was left to entertain her guest, should he make his appearance. This he had not done, however, up to a late hour, and the body of twenty armed men left to capture him, were so far disappointed.

Tuesday morning the war was renewed with vigor. The marines took the prominent stand at this time: Having entered the gate, they possessed themselves of a heavy ladder, with which they proceeded to the attack upon the door. A few blows only were required to force an entrance. Two of the insurgents were now killed, and the Lieutenant in command, with his sword, gave A. S. Brown, the leader, such a blow on his head as he will remember during the few hours which I expect he will have to live, before being hung, as will most likely be his fate. Brown, with three other men, including one black and Capt. Stevens, who had not been killed, although one was wounded, were taken prisoners. One marine named Luke Quinn, was killed by a rifle ball which passed through his body; and a second named Matthew Rupert received a wound, the ball taking off a part of his lower lip.

I now give a summary of the killed and wounded, of the citizens. Thomas Burley, a merchant of this place; Fountain Beckham, Mayor of the city; George Turner, a farmer of the county; and Heywood, the negro.

The wounded, of the citizens, are as follows: Edward McCabe, in the shoulder.

Samuel Young, of Charlestown, arm taken off, or nearly.

Nelson Hooper, of Martinsburg, one ball in the throat, one under the left eye, one on the left breast, and a fourth in the leg.

George H. Murphy, also of Martinsburg, Commonwealth's Attorney, of Berkeley county, 2 shots in the left leg below the knee.

Dorsay, Deputy Sheriff of Berkeley Co. George Woollett.

Marble named Nicholas Quinn killed, and a second wounded on the face.

Of the insurgents, so far as known, fourteen are killed, 2 wounded and four are now prisoners.

It appearing that a chief man among them named Cook had escaped, as was supposed, with the intention of bringing reinforcements, inquiry was instituted. Cook has lived in this county during a year or more. He resided in this town, where he was well-known, having for some time had a school open in the midst of the people whose rights he desired to violate. Brown, too, the Pro-Slavery ally of Montgomery in Kansas had also recently hired a farm near here, under the assumed name of Smith.

Cook's house was searched, and there were found a great many documents of interest in developing the truth of this affair; letters written in cypher; bills of account of arms and ammunition purchased at Springfield, Massachusetts, and such like, not forgetting a printed document, which I forward, after stating that two wagon loads of arms, consisting of about two thousand spears or pikes, a large number of Sharpe's rifles and Colt's revolvers, with the entire accoutrements necessary for some two thousand men, were seized.

(As the express leaves in a few moments, and as the telegraph is not in operation, I am compelled to cut short for the present, and give items without much regard to order.)

This morning eighty men fully armed, volunteered, and were enrolled into a company under Capt. Edmund Chambers, to scour the mountains in search of Cook, and any other suspicious characters. The Governor has offered a reward of one thousand dollars for his capture.

Brown (Ossawatimie), the father and main-spring of the movement, has shown as the Governor, says a "game" spirit. He says that this attempt was to him a religious duty. Being asked by the Governor how he expected to hold the place with only twenty-two men, he remarked "I did hold it for a day." This he seemed to consider a glorious deed. He expressed no care about the future and entered into a description of particulars.

Senator Mason, ex-Congressman Faulkner, Governor Wise and Congressman Vallandigham conversed with him at great length. He said in reply to questions, that he furnished most of the money for the expedition himself, but who gave the rest he would not say lest he should implicate others.

He says that his being taken was his own fault, as he might have saved himself had he exercised his own better judgment, rather than yield to his feelings. He said, "I should have gone away, but I had thirty odd prisoners, whose wives and daughters were in tears for their safety, and I felt for them. Besides, I wanted to allay the fears of all who believed we came to burn and kill. For this reason I allowed the train to cross the bridge. I did it to spare the feelings of the passengers and their families." He further said that he had not consented to the killing of any men as they passed along on the streets. No man, he says, sent him here, but he came of his own accord, upon the promptings of God or the Devil.

down to the Arsenal gate at about a week on Monday morning. As I was about to pass, a big negro drew his revolver on me. I asked what that meant. Said he, "We intend to liberate the slaves in this section of the country, and our Captain wants to see you." With this he took hold of my coat-collar, still pointing his pistol at me, and marched me into the Army watch-house. Here I found perhaps twenty persons, including John Alstadt, Lewis Washington, John Crutchely, N. V. B. Falley, A. J. Hobbs, Bryan Coolahan, J. Grist, William Williams, and some ten or twelve that I did not know—persons belonging to the county. They put me in and told us that we must be quiet, that they did not intend to hurt us, that most possibly they would release us to-day, and perhaps not for a week; but they could not tell as they did not know how it would end. After I was put in the following persons were brought there: Michael Ault, George Hardy, Joseph Greenwald, John Fisher, Terrence Burns, Eli Bower, Frederick Mierly, Thomas Gallagher, Almsleit Ball, Benjamin Mills, Rees Cross, A. M. Kitzmiller, J. E. P. Dangerfield, Wm. Padgett, John Sheeler, Shoop, (the gun-box maker for the Army) and George Cutshaw, and a negro named Isaac.

Shortly after they brought breakfast to us, it having, as I learned, been forced from the proprietors of the Wager House by threats. Several of us did not partake of it, for, as I suggested, it might be poisoned. They let, however, our families supply our wants. When such supplies were brought by females, no molestation was offered. We remained in there until about four o'clock, when the Martinsburg Military Company having arrived, made an attack upon the enemy's guards, and shot one of them, a white man. Seeing our friends were under arms we broke out at the window, and all but seven got out. In this attack Edward McCabe, after shooting one of the party, himself received a bullet wound near the center of the socket joint.

While this was going on, the citizens had armed themselves and attacked the men who held the rifle works.

These, after some considerable firing, they succeeded in dislodging from their position by giving them leaden passports to the other world. Four of them kissed the ground in death, and a remaining one was taken prisoner. A negro, the property of Mr. Washington, who had been arrested by the insurgents, and who was forced to join them, made for the river and succeeded in leaving his bad and infatuated companions.

By this time military companies were on the ground from Charlestown, the county seat, and from Martinsburg; to these the citizens gave the more immediate prosecution of the warfare.

I now give you the further account furnished by Mr. George Chambers, who was active in the affair. In some parts there will appear to be a repetition of the information before given, but I overlook this at this time, studying rather to furnish all the facts than to write with elegance.

At one o'clock Monday morning, says he, a negro named Keywood, engaged at the depot, was shot. The crack of the rifle was heard, but no one knew its meaning, the suspicion being that it was a railroad stempede. At this time, as it would appear, these men had possession of the bridge and of the Armory.

Early on Monday morning, when the men were arresting the citizens, one Kelly and Thos. Burley came down together. They were ordered to stop, and Turner fired at the men, who, in their turn, fired, killing Burley. Having heard of this, Thomas Percival and I opened the ball on the part of the citizens, by taking possession of the upper story of a small frame building called the Gault House. We broke each a pane of glass, one in each window, and awaited a chance to pick off some of the fellows. Five soon advanced toward the place, when we fired, and two fell, the one that I shot falling on his face at once, dead, the other, hit by Percival, retreating to the Armory yard, which, having entered, he fell. This is supposed to have been a son of A. S. Brown, alias Smith, the leader of the party, who has since died.

About this time a man supposed to have escaped from the rifle-works was seen crossing the river. He was fired at and hit, the party who fired standing upon the hill. The ball took effect in his leg. This having disabled him, he tried to cover himself by a jutting rock, to which George Sheppard and Benjamin Pierce made their way. As soon as these got up to him, Sheppard deliberately took aim, the ball entering his neck, throwing him over. He was left there to die, which he did in about twenty minutes.

The armed men who had now got in, surrounded the guard-house so that none could escape. This place had been stocked by them as a retreat, bricks having been knocked out, that they might have covered places from which to fire. George Murphy, of the Martinsburg company, was at this time successful in picking off one of the men.

About this time Fountain Beckham, Mayor of the city and railroad agent, received a bullet in the upper part of the breast near the region of his heart. He fell on the trussel work where he had been standing, was seen to draw his legs up under him, and then he died.

For that evening, thus surrounded, the insurgents remained entrenched subjected to a constant fire. The military companies from Frederick now got into town with a company of marines under command of Colonel Lee.



**THE ORGANIZATION.**

I need hardly say anything about Chatham, Canada West. Every body has heard of the place, and a good many have seen it. I enclose an item which refers thereto:

Among the papers found is one having reference to a meeting at Chatham, in Canada West, which Brown explained to Gov. Wise. He says: "The Convention was held at Chatham, Canada West, at which I was elected Commander-in-Chief. A man was elected President of the Government, but he declined to serve after he had been elected. Another was put in nomination; but his name was withdrawn. A third was proposed, but he would not permit his name to stand. Thereupon I moved that the whole subject of the election of President be postponed, which was done. We elected a Secretary of State and of War, and a Treasurer, but I decline to state who the parties were."

**A COMMISSION.**

The document, of which the following is a copy, bears evidence of its having come from some out of the way office. It is badly printed, and several letters in the ornamental head (the word "greeting,") are printed wrong end upward. If I were put on oath I think I should compare it with the papers published at Chatham, C. W., and prove its paternity:

[Copy of Blank Commission.]

**GREETING:**

**HEAD-QUARTERS WAR DEPARTMENT.**

WHEREAS, \_\_\_\_\_ has been nominated a \_\_\_\_\_ in the army established under the Provisional Constitution.

NOW, THEREFORE, in pursuance of the authority vested in us by said Constitution, we do hereby appoint and commission the said \_\_\_\_\_

Given at the office of the Secretary of War, this day, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, Commander-in-Chief.

\_\_\_\_\_, Secretary of War.

**INCIDENTS.**

Two Sharpe's rifles, with the complete accoutrements to accompany them in active service, were found Wednesday afternoon in the cellar of George Decker's house. The present supposition is that they were left by two of the insurgents who had concealed themselves after the attack, escaping at night.

The directions upon the box containing the guns were as follows:—"J. Smith & Sons, Chambersburg, Pa. Via Pittsburgh and Harrisburg."

Wednesday morning there was received at Harper's Ferry, addressed to Mr. Fountain Beckham, the likeness of the little son of Mrs. Kuntz, of St. Louis, the grandchild of the deceased. It was handed over to Mrs. Stephenson, the mother-in-law of the dead man.

**United States Troops Ordered Out.**

The President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company informed the Government of the United States of these violent proceedings in the following telegraphic communication: *First Intelligence*

CAMDEN STATION, BALTIMORE, 1 o'clock P. M.

HON. JOHN B. FLOYD, Secretary of War:

Telegraph advices present a serious affair at Harper's Ferry, where the United States Armory and our bridges are in full possession of large bands of armed men, said to be Abolitionists, but thought to be army men. The guns from the armory have been taken for offensive use, and the leaders notified our men that no trains shall pass the armory or the bridge. Our officers were fired upon, and a laborer nearly killed. The wires being cut we got our advices from next station, but they are entirely reliable, although they may be exaggerated in some degree. Can you authorize the Government officers and military from Washington to go on our train at 3 20 this afternoon to the scene, or send us full authority for volunteers from Baltimore to act? We will take them up on afternoon express, if necessary. Please advise us immediately what the Government will do, our operations on the road being in the mean time suspended.

JOHN W. GARRETT,

President Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Co.

In reply to the above communication the President of the United States sent the following:

WASHINGTON, Oct. 17, 1859.

Your despatch has been received and shall be promptly attended to. Orders have already been issued for three companies of artillery from Old Point Comfort, and I have already accepted the services of Capt. Ritchie's company at Frederick. You will hear further from the Secretary of War or myself.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

**Departure of Troops from Washington.**

WASHINGTON, Oct. 17.—On the receipt of intelligence from Harper's Ferry this morning orders were issued for three companies of Artillery at Old Point and the Corps of Marines at the Washington Barracks to proceed thither without delay. The Marines, about ninety-three in number, with two twelve-pound howitzers and a full supply of ammunition, left in the three o'clock train this afternoon. It is reported that they are under orders to force the bridge to-night at all hazards. Col. Faulkner accompanied them.

It is reported, on good authority, that some weeks ago Secretary Floyd received an anonymous epistle stating that about the 15th of October the abolitionists and negroes, with other disaffected persons, would make an attempt to seize the arsenal and hold the place. This statement, however, appeared so indefinite, improbable, and ridiculous as to be regarded as not worthy of any attention.

**Military Ordered Out in Virginia.**

The following proclamation and orders of the Governor of Virginia were telegraphed to Baltimore:

RICHMOND, OCTOBER 17, 1859.

JOHN W. GARRETT, President, &c.

Whereas authentic information has been received that a sudden insurrection has happened at Harper's Ferry, in the county of Jefferson, and that imminent danger therefrom is to be apprehended, the commandant of the regiment therein is hereby commanded to order out a part or the whole of the militia under his command, to repel, suppress, or prevent the same; and, if necessary, he shall call all the commandants of the adjacent regiments, who are ordered forthwith in like manner to furnish the additional force that may be necessary. Commandants will immediately report to me at Harper's Ferry, and all persons in the State of Virginia will aid and assist in suppressing said insurrection, by facilitating, in all legal and proper manner, transportation of military companies and detachments from this and any other State to that end and otherwise.

H. A. WISE,  
Governor of Virginia.

**Movements of the Military.**

Soon as intelligence of the insurrection reached Baltimore General Steuart, commanding the First Light Division Maryland Volunteers, tendered the services of his command, and shortly afterward a number of companies were called out, and responded quite promptly by assembling at their respective armories. The orders generally reached the men about noon, and they were ready to march an hour thereafter, if necessity had required. As the train, however, would not leave until four o'clock in the afternoon, the companies did not proceed to the depot until within an hour of starting. They consisted as follows:

Brigadier General C. C. Egerton, of the Second Light Brigade, in command; Brigadier General John Wesley Watkins, of the First Light Brigade; Major Robert H. Carr, Major William Howard, Major William J. Kellinger, and Major J. W. Ratcliffe, aids to General Egerton. Baltimore City Guards Battalion—Major Joseph P. Warner in command; Adjutant, Edward R. Dorsey; Paymaster, William M. Innes; Quartermaster, Frisby Lloyd; Surgeon, Henry C. Scott; Sergeant Major, Charles W. Crocker.

Company A—Captain Lloyd B. Parks; First Lieutenant, Emerson L. Mathews.

Company B—Captain David E. Woodburn; First Lieutenant, Wm. McLain.

Company C—Captain John G. Johannes; First Lieutenant, Andrew W. Denison.

The Battalion of one hundred men of the field and staff of the Fifth Regiment were, Colonel Augustus P. Shurt; Adjutant, George W. Talbott. Professor Dunbar also accompanied the troops prepared to act as surgeon.

Shields Guards—Captain J. Chaise; Second Lieutenant, Hugh O'Brien; Third Lieutenant, Thomas McCosker; Colonel Samuel S. Mills of the Fifty-third Regiment.

Corps of Independent Greys, commanded by First Lieutenant B. R. Simpson; Second Lieutenant, Kerchner; Adjutant, William H. H. Evans; Major E. Swinney and Quartermaster C. W. Hiltz, of the First Light Brigade.

Companies of Wells and McComas Riflemen, under the command of Capt. George W. Bowers.

In addition to the regularly uniformed volunteers were a considerable number of men in fatigue dress, who were armed with muskets and included in the command, thus increasing the armed force to about two hundred and fifty men.

The train, drawn by one of Winan's powerful locomotives, consisted of ten large passenger cars, all of which were filled. Mr. W. Prescott Smith and several other officers of the road accompanied the train.

Shortly after the departure of the train Major General Steuart issued orders for the parade of the remainder of the first light division on Tuesday morning, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of following the detachments already sent. It is likely, therefore, that in case further reports by telegraph should show necessity for a large additional force a strong parade will take place.

**Movement of Forces from Martinsburg.**

MARTINSBURG, OCTOBER 17.—It is understood here that a body of armed men have possession of the United States Armory and the town of Harper's Ferry, and have planted cannon on the bridge. All the trains have been stopped going East. The telegraph wires having been cut and there is no communication east of this, so this despatch will be sent via Wheeling, Pittsburg, and Philadelphia to Baltimore. A body of armed men are now getting ready to leave here at once to clear the bridge so that the trains can pass. The affair has produced great excitement all along the neighborhood.

**The Richmond Military.**

Governor WISE, of Virginia, accompanied by two volunteer companies from Richmond, arrived in Washing-

ton at three o'clock on Tuesday morning. He was received by Col. Barrer at the Mayor's Office, where he remained until six o'clock, when he was accompanied by the Mayor and several citizens to the railroad cars, in which he proceeded, at the head of the soldiers of his State, to the scene of the disturbances.

### Progress of the Military.

At the Relay House the Baltimore troops met the detachment of United States Marines from Washington, under Lieut. ISRAEL GREEN, having with them two pieces of artillery, under the command of Col. HARRIS. The cars carrying the marines were switched off and connected with the Baltimore military train, and about five o'clock the whole train of fifteen cars started for Harper's Ferry. At 6½ o'clock in the evening a special express train reached the Relay House from Washington bearing Col. R. E. LEE, of the cavalry arm of the United States army, and his aid, Lieut. J. E. B. STEWART, the former under instructions from the Secretary of War to assume command of the United States troops ordered to Harper's Ferry. He immediately telegraphed to the stations ahead of his train bearing the troops, ordering a halt, and followed in a special train.

PLAIN No. 4, 45 miles from Baltimore.—We arrived here at eight o'clock, and are still about thirty-five miles from the seat of war, where we expect to arrive about ten o'clock. Our train consists of seventeen cars, and the military of all grades number about four hundred men, under command of Major Reynolds.

Col. Lee has been ordered to take command of the whole expedition by the Secretary of War, and is following in a special train.

Three companies of volunteers left Frederick for the seat of war at three o'clock this afternoon. We have no tidings from them yet. There will probably be no attack made until the morning.

We have also the road-master and a large number of the company's laborers on board to repair the track, which is reported to be torn up. Telegraphers, with materials to put the line in order, and instruments to attach to the wires, are also with us, so that we can communicate with Baltimore at once, so soon as we reach the vicinity of Harper's Ferry.

Douglas, &c., and receiving from them pecuniary aid and advice, to enable him to invade the territory of a sovereign State, set her authority at defiance, violate the sacred rights of her citizens, and thus inaugurate the "irrepressible conflict" with all the horrors of a servile insurrection.

Brown and his followers, twenty-two in number, entered Harper's Ferry, from Maryland, at the dead hour of night, when the whole town was wrapped in the deep repose. They took prisoner the watchman on the Railroad bridge, and then proceeded to the U. S. Armory, where they likewise took prisoner the night-watch, and possessed themselves of the buildings and enclosure. The night express on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, coming along at half-past one o'clock, A. M. found their track and bridge in possession of the Insurgents. At this time the colored porter, Hayward Sheppard, coming to take the baggage of any passenger who might be stopping at this point, and being ordered to join them, and take up arms with them, refused, and was ruthlessly shot down by some of their party. He was a free colored man, and had been here many years. The train was detained until five or six o'clock, and then allowed to pass on.

In the meantime, a party of Brown's men, under the direction of A. D. Stephens of Connecticut, had been sent out about six miles to the house of Col. Lewis W. Washington, where they aroused that gentleman, and informed him that he was their prisoner, at the same time demanding his arms, money, watch, plate and other property. Having collected what they could, including a sword sent by Frederick the Great to General Washington, and ordered out his carriages, wagons and negroes, they took up the line of march for Harper's Ferry. On the route they stopped at the house of Mr. John Allstadt, and, breaking down his door, took himself, son, and several negroes as prisoners, and continuing their march to the Ferry, placed them in confinement in the Armory buildings. So far all was quietly done; and no citizen of Harper's Ferry, except the watchmen taken prisoners, knew of the storm which was so soon to burst upon their astonished heads.

At an early hour in the morning of Monday the 17th October, the officers and workmen, as usual, began to wend their way to the Armory shops and offices, but no sooner had they entered the yard, singly or in pairs, than they found a dozen Sharp's rifles pointed at their heads, and were ordered to speak no word on pain of death. In this manner Brown and his cut-throats, succeeded in entrapping about fifty men, and held them as prisoners. As soon as the true state of affairs became known, the citizens found themselves placed in a perplexing condition. The musket factory, (or Armory, as it is called,) the arsenal, and the rifle factory, were all in the possession of the enemy, and the people having no arms of their own, were entirely at their mercy. At last a few arms were found in an out-building, to which they had been removed during the late reshet, and which had escaped the notice of the Insurgents; but when they were secured where would the ammunition to suit them be procured? The energy of

the citizens soon supplied a small stock of balls, which had to be moulded for the occasion from one pair of moulds, and the contest was opened. It must needs be bloody; for upon one side were honor and patriotism, upon the other, outlawry and fanaticism.

The Insurgents were first driven out of the Arsenal, which was held by four of them. One of their number being killed, (a very large and brutish looking mulatto) another being wounded; who, however, with the remaining two, made their escape into armory buildings, to join old Brown. They were next driven from the Railroad bridge, one by the name of Thompson being taken prisoner, and the others taking shelter with their commander. In the mean time the party in charge of the Rifle-works had been routed by the citizens, and in attempting to make good their escape across Shenandoah River, five of their number were killed, and one taken prisoner—the negro Copeland, now in jail at Charleston. At the Rifle-works Capt. Kagi, the Secretary of War under the Provisional Government, was killed, while ignobly deserting the post assigned him by his Commander-in-Chief.

The contest was now narrowed down to the old man, and others of his party, who had stood by him in the armory yard. He perceived that things were desperate, that the promised reinforcement did not come; that the negroes did not want to be free, and least of all did they wish to raise his murderous pikes against their masters. He found that he was not in Kansas, where he could rob, burn and murder with impunity, and in the name of Liberty. He found that his iron nerve, his stony heart, and his vaunted courage could not save him. All was dark and gloomy. He called a council of his men, and after a long and earnest conference, he dispatched two of them on some secret errand. But alas! they never returned! In making the attempt to cross Potomac River, to carry out his orders, they fell, pierced by a hundred avenging bullets. Upon the body of one of them was found a captain's commission for Wm. Leman, of Maine.

Brown had previously selected from the prisoners ten, which he thought the most important, and taking them with his own men, retired into the Engine House, and barricaded the doors, and made loopholes in the brick walls, through to fire. Here he stood at bay, shooting out at the citizens, they being afraid to return the fire on account of their friends who were in the inside. It was during this fusillade that Fountain Beckman was killed, he being entirely unarmed. The people then immediately made a rush for the prisoner Thompson, and leading him from the hotel, shot him dead. This act is to be greatly regretted. About this time the volunteers from this and adjoining counties, began to pour in, and a company of citizens and railroad men, under Captain Alburts, of Martinsburg, made a charge into the yard, and released all the prisoners except the ten confined in the Engine House with Brown. In his charge several citizens were severely wounded, and two, it is feared, mortally. Two of Brown's men were also killed, one being his own son. After this charge, until night,

## Daily Journal of Commerce.

R. T. VAN HORN, Editor

### CITY OF KANSAS.

Tuesday Morning Nov 8 1859  
LETTER FROM HARPER'S FERRY

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

HARPER'S FERRY, Va., Nov. 1, 1859.

MR. EDITOR:—The telegraph has no doubt informed you, ere this, of the outrageous foray which has been made upon this community by one of the leading fanatics of "bleeding Kansas." I presume, however, that a few particulars from an eye-witness, will be acceptable to you. Finding his occupation gone in that factious Territory, old Osawatimic Brown, as he is familiarly known, with a daring and rashness unsurpassed, had moved his deluded followers into a slave State, almost under the very shadow of the Capitol, and there plotted a treason against his country and planned the murder of his unsuspecting fellow-citizens! With Washington's sword in his hand, he rallied his crazy band against the Government which that great chief had established.

It appears that Brown, under the assumed name of Smith, had rented a farm in Maryland, about five miles from this place, and that for nearly a year past he has held it as a rendezvous; and has from time to time been collecting arms there of all sorts, for his nefarious purposes. To allay the suspicions of his neighbors, he told them that he was engaged in hunting minerals in the mountains; and would often bring home specimens of earth and rock, and then go through the form of analysing them, and so cunningly did he deport himself that they were entirely deceived, and regarded him as a man of science, and an acquisition to the neighborhood. So he continued, entering into communication with such as Giddings, Gerrit Smith, Fred



the time was occupied by Cols. Gibson and Baylor, the commanding officers, in fruitless parleyings with Brown, having for their object the surrender of the Insurgents, so as not to risk the lives of our imprisoned citizens by a charge. But Brown impudently demanded to be allowed to pass over into Maryland with all his prisoners, unpursued; and of course we demanded an unconditional surrender. Night fell upon us, and suspended all operations. The day had been very wet, and the night promised to be no better. The rain fell in torrents, and men posted so as to prevent his escape, had a dreary time until morning. During the night the troops from Frederick and Baltimore, and the Marines from Washington, arrived, under the command of Col. Lee, of the U. S. A.

At about 7 o'clock, on Tuesday morning the 18th instant, Col. Lee summoned Brown to surrender, unconditionally, which he refusing to do, the Colonel gave the signal, and the storming party of Marines, under Lieut. Green, after two or three volleys of musketry, smashed down the door with a ladder, and dashed into the insurgents with the bayonet. They killed two or three, and released the prisoners, unharmed, and took Brown, Coppie and one negro, prisoners. Brown was wounded with a sabre cut on the head, and a bayonet stab in the region of the kidneys. He will recover, however. It is most singular and fortunate that none of the prisoners were wounded, or injured in the attack. Brown was immediately removed to the Engineer's office in the Armory Buildings, and a guard of Marines placed over him. He had two sons killed in this mad attempt. With one son lying cold and stiff upon the brick floor of the Engine House, and the other fatally wounded, and calling upon his father, in his mortal agony, to shoot him dead, the deluded man showed no more feeling than the corpses around him, and no more sympathy than the wolf does for his wounded fellow. A. D. Stevens, who had been severely wounded and taken prisoner on Monday, was now brought over from the Hotel, where he had been confined, and placed in the same room with Brown. The Governor, Senator Mason, and others went in to examine them. Brown declared that his intention was to free the slaves; that he also intended to confiscate the property of all those who opposed him, so far as he deemed it necessary, for the accomplishment of his purposes. That he would have taken the government funds, of which there were \$17,000 in the vault, if he had known where it was; and that he felt no squeamishness at all, about appropriating U. S. money to the forwarding of his designs. He also averred that he had been promised aid to the amount of several thousand men, from different States. He said that he had always lived a Christian, and expected to die one! He used the harshest language in speaking of slaveholders, calling them barbarians and robbers; and said that he could have no possible respect for any one of them. The Governor listened with courtesy to his raving, and questioned him with mildness and affability. The prisoner Stevens appeared to have no mind of his own, but re-echoed the sentiments of his chief with faithful servility.

About daylight on Monday morning, John E. Cook, and two other white men, with eight or ten negroes and Mr. Washington's wagon, made their escape into Maryland, and struck out for Pennsylvania. They were pursued by a detachment of volunteers, but the white men escaped, while the negroes returned to their masters at the first opportunity, having been forced away against their will. Cook has since been captured near Chambersburg, and has been delivered to the Virginia authorities.

The detachment in pursuit of Cook, visited Brown's farm, and captured a large supply of blankets, boots, shoes, clothes, tents and munitions of war. Also fifteen hundred pikes, with which to arm the negroes, two hundred Shap's rifles, and two hundred revolvers, all of Massachusetts manufacture. The pikes are deadly weapons, consisting of a blade ten inches long, two inches wide, extremely sharp, and mounted upon a handle six feet in length. The most important of their discoveries, however, was a carpet sack filled with letters and documents relating to the conception and carrying out of this diabolical plot; also printed constitutions and by-laws of their organization, which Brown acknowledged to be correct.

Among the letters were found some from Gerrit Smith, Joshua R. Giddings, Fred Douglass, and other notorious agitators, conveying their *drafts* and well wishes for the success of this enterprise. It is hardly credible that any American citizen would lend his influence and subscribe his money to aid in the robbery and butchery of his unoffending fellow countrymen; but this is the philanthropy of Beecher, Smith and Giddings. It is to be hoped that this event will cause the more rational abolitionists of the free States to pause and consider into what they are rushing. If it should, it may perhaps have done more good than harm to the slaveholder, and the blood of our friends will not have been spilled in vain. The South can never submit to have its rights disregarded, its citizens slain, and its soil invaded.

Three of your citizens, Messrs. McGee, Pollard, and Ratcliffe, happened to be here at the time of the disturbance, and being strangers from *Kansas*, as it was said, they were immediately arrested on suspicion of being engaged with Brown. As soon as I heard of it, I testified to their soundness "on the goose," and the next day I had the pleasure of taking "Old Milt" by the hand. I did not get to see either Mr. Pollard or Mr. Ratcliffe. They were all taken to Charleston, about eight miles from here. It was an unpleasant affair, but all arose through mistake, and from the excitement of the occasion.

The prisoners are now on trial at Charleston, the county seat of Jefferson. They are well guarded, and the guards have orders to shoot them if a rescue is attempted. This is a subject fertile of comment; but I will not detain you further. Should the prisoners escape conviction and punishment by the State Court, the U. S. Marshall stands ready to seize them for treason.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I do not think that either Missouri or Kansas will ever again be troubled by Captain John Brown: when you read this, he will, in all probability, live only in the records of the past.

#### MORVEN

**HARPER'S FERRY INVASION.**  
"Harper's Ferry" is still a topic. We publish all the additional facts and incidents that come to hand:

**WORTH REMEMBERING.**—It is stated that Old Brown went to England a few years since on "a wool speculation," and failed badly. Who can tell whether he was not then employed by the British Anti-Slavery Society to foment trouble and bloodshed in this country? Then, too, his intimacy with Redpath, who is an Englishman of the most fanatic Exeter-Hall stripe, increases the suspicion that these men are the mercenary agents of the British Tories. Who can tell?—*New York Day Book.*

**COOK FORMERLY A CITIZEN OF BROOKLYN.**—Cook, who has thus far affected his escape from the pursuit of both his Maryland and Pennsylvania hunters, and whose part in the Harper's Ferry melo-drama was second only to that of Brown himself, was formerly connected with the Lee Avenue Church in Brooklyn, and was at one time an active teacher in the Sabbath school attached to that Church.—*N. Y. Times.*

**HEADQUARTERS OF OLD BROWN.**—It is rumored that there was a powerful organization formed in this city, whose purpose it was to aid Brown and his colleagues in their insurrectionary abolition scheme, and that aid for the "Kansas work" was furnished, not only by Gerrit Smith, but persons resident in this city. The rumor implicates a person holding a position at the Metropolitan Police headquarters, and as this person, it is said, has been concerned in underground railroad operations, it gives color to the rumor. Perhaps the contents of Old Brown's carpet bag, may elucidate the mystery.—*N. Y. Sun.*

**EXCITEMENT IN RICHMOND.**—On Friday night the gas in Richmond, from some cause, suddenly went out, and for a time, the greatest excitement seized the inhabitants, the impression being that the time had come for the action of which the Governor had warned them. After a while, however, the gas irregularity was remedied, and the good people became more composed, some of them perhaps being able to sleep after their terrible fright!—*Petersburg Intelligencer.*

**A SUPPOSED INSURGENT.**—An individual calling himself Wm. S. Stabaugh, supposed to be one of the insurgents fleeing from Harper's Ferry, was arrested yesterday on the line of the Railroad in this county and lodged in our jail last night.—*Romney Intelligencer, 21st.*

**WAS IT OLD BROWN?**—Early in 1858, (some time in February) Gov. Calhoun, of Kansas, was in this city, and during a portion of his stay he was followed closely by a man of suspicious appearance, and finally he made some insulting remark to Gov. Calhoun as he was coming out of the Kirkwood House, and the Governor slapped him in the mouth. The fellow got away for the time, but introduced himself to a crowd of pretty wild boys then that in the city, and two of them disclosed his business there was to assassinate Calhoun, for which he would receive \$14,000, and wanted them to aid him. One of these boys told watchmen Donnelly and Birkhead, who immediately went to a club ball room and arrested the assassin, and delivered him to officer (now Lieut.) McHenry of the police, who had a warrant for him. He then passed by the name of Norton.

Upon being brought before Justice Donn, for a hearing, Gov. Calhoun was unwilling to make the necessary oath that he was afraid of him, which was required to hold Norton to security for peace. He was kept in the county jail in this city for several days, and was at last released, it was said, by the influence of Senators Wilson and Sumner, who were his friends apparently. A person who had good reason to be acquainted with these circumstances; went to Harper's Ferry with the U. S. Marines, and saw "Old Brown" and his sons after their capture, and he professes to identify Brown as the very individual above indicated.—*Wash. Star.*

The American gives the following statement of the population in the region of country where this outbreak occurred:

	White.	Slaves.
Loudon County, Va. ....	16,433	6,841
Jefferson " " .....	11,016	4,241
Berkley " " .....	9,815	1,560
Frederick " " .....	13,868	2,204
	50,950	14,322
Frederick County, Md. ....	27,076	3,213
Washington " " .....	28,754	2,060
	65,830	6,000

Thus it will be seen, that within twenty miles of Harper's Ferry there is not less than 65,830 slaves, of whom, probably, 5000 are men.

## STORMING OF THE ENGINE HOUSE AT HARPER'S FERRY.

(Additional Notes.)

Most of the published accounts of the storming of the Engine House in which the insurgents had fortified themselves, convey an entirely erroneous idea of the affair.

In nearly all which have come under our attention, the assault is represented as having been a most desperate one, and the resistance equally stubborn—continuing through ten or fifteen minutes. To those who witnessed the transaction it is needless to say, that while the accounts do credit to the descriptive powers of their writers, they are far beyond the facts, in truth as in dramatic effect.

### CONDUCT OF THE MARTINSBURG MEN.

Too little justice has been done, we think, to the volunteers from Martinsburg, and the citizens of Harper's Ferry and Sandy Hook, in the relation of their connection with the matter. To the former body of twelve or fifteen men, under the lead of Captain Alburto, is due by far, the largest share of credit for true valor, and military spirit.

Arriving at a time when the Shepherdstown and Charlestown men had been if not beaten, certainly repulsed by the well-armed insurgents, who fired with well-practised skill from the windows of the arsenal, and behind the heavy brick columns of the iron railing fence which encloses the front of the armory grounds, the Martinsburg volunteers, composed chiefly of employees of the B. & O. R. R. company, found the village in a state of panic. Undeterred, however, they entered the arsenal grounds, and charged boldly up to the very windows of the building into which the insurgents were compelled to retreat. It was while in the act of firing through an open window into the arsenal that conductor Richardson was mortally wounded, after bringing down his man; and conductor Evan Dorsey was also wounded directly at a window through which he had a second before fired with fatal aim.

### BRAVERY OF A YOUNG ATTORNEY.

Geo. H. Murphy, Esq., son of paymaster Murphy, the prosecuting attorney of Berkeley county, a young man, apparently not more than 21 years of age, accompanied the Martinsburg men, and was one of the first to dash up to the window which he broke in with a blow from the butt of his gun. It was by this act, and through this window that some 40 prisoners or more were released. Subsequently, Mr. Murphy engaged in the fight with much determination, receiving a rifle ball below the knee. The wound, however, did not prevent him from further participation in the contest, and through the remainder of that, and during the events of the succeeding day, he was a conspicuous actor in the exciting scenes, limping around with a Sharp's rifle, which he had captured, slung across his back, and cheering his associates on to the attack.

### STATE OF AFFAIRS AT THE ARRIVAL OF THE BALTIMORE TROOPS.

The train containing the Baltimore soldiery and the U. S. Marines, which left Baltimore at 5 o'clock on Monday, after creeping along the road at a pacesome tedious to the impatient spirits aboard, many of whom were sadly afraid that the town would be found plundered and deserted by the insurgents, reached Sandy Hook, a station about one mile from Harper's Ferry about 11 o'clock, and was there halted.

The intelligence which the military on board here received was well calculated to fire the blood of the coldest man, and scores of volunteers were for instantly pressing forward and attacking the building in which they learned the traitors had fortified themselves, when Col. Lee issued through Gen. Egerton positive orders that the troops, with the exception of the Marines and the Independent Greys, should remain inactive. The Marines, after an hour's delay or more, were marched across the bridge and posted in the arsenal yard; and the Greys ordered to relieve the Sharpsburg company in keeping guard over the entrance to the bridge.

### DISOBEDIENCE OF ORDERS.

The instant after the arrival of the cars at Sandy Hook the Reporter of the *Clipper* and Capt. Thomas C. James, the Warden of the Jail, proceeded forward with the intention of crossing over to the town. They were followed by W. Prescott, Smith, Esq., and a companion, who were the first from Baltimore to cross the bridge. The Reporters of the *Clipper*, *American*, and *Exchange* were the next to follow.

The first point of visit after our arrival at the town, was to the fortified position of the rebels, which we found entirely surrounded and carefully guarded by the United Guard of Frederick, whose commander, Capt. Thomas Sinn, had but one instant before held a parley with the desperado Brown, and concluded a mutual agreement not to fire at each other during the remainder of the night.

A cold, penetrating rain had set in a few minutes before our arrival, rendering the outside watch duty most disagreeable, and in the event of a rally or attempt at escape, most dangerous, yet notwithstanding, the Frederick lads maintained their ground, with a perseverance and watchfulness which would have defied every effort at escape.

### AN OBJECT OF HORROR.

Within twenty steps of the engine-house, and in full sight of besieged and besiegers, lay stretched along the pavement the body of a very fair mulatto, one of the insurgents, who, after inflicting serious wounds upon several citizens with his Sharp rifle and revolver, was shot by a young man of Harper's Ferry named Kirk Hammond. The wretch had been struck in two places, in the breast and the side of the throat, the latter wound a most hideous one, gaping open quite large enough to admit the fore part of an ordinary sized foot.

### THE CRISIS.

The anxiously looked for dawn of Tuesday broke slowly and dully, and throngs of citizens and soldiers crowded around the besieged in ill-defined expectation of the bloody tragedy which they were assured would ensue.

About 6 o'clock, the City Guard Battalion, Law Greys and other troops from Baltimore, which had been detained by the orders of Gen. Egerton at Sandy Hook through the night, arrived, and were assigned their positions, the former being placed at the extreme end of the line and to the extreme dissatisfaction of its high spirited members, farthest from the point of assault.

For an half hour or more the time was passed in disposing the 600 troops present in a manner entirely to surround the arsenal yard, which was occupied exclusively by the Marines, no one not a regular soldier or Marine being permitted within its gates.

The Independent Greys were marched by Gen. Egerton to a position on the railroad bridge, directly facing the door of the beleaguered building, and within range, though some thirty feet above the direct line of the fire which it was thought would be poured from the door when it should be broken in.—The United Guard of Frederick occupied a position nearly at the iron gates of the armory yard.

### THE SUMMONS TO SURRENDER.

About seven o'clock, a detachment of Marines, two of whom concealed heavy sledge hammers behind their backs, were brought up to the end of the offices of the department, separated from the engine house but by six or eight feet, but, from their position, entirely concealed from the view of those within it.

All being now in readiness, Col. Lee, (dressed in citizen's clothes,) took a position outside the armory yard, and concealed from the view of the fanatic rebels by a heavy brick column, and beckoned to Capt. J. E. B. Stuart, who, accompanied by an aged man holding an umbrella, to which was attached a white handkerchief, entered the yard and approached the engine house, the door of which was opened for a few inches, and the parley commenced. The actions of the officers were watched with breathless attention by the vast throng, who thus gathered the probable result of the interview.

### THE STORMING.

Finally the officer bowed, and turned to depart, the door was closed quickly, and instantly Col. Lee elevating his hand, gave the signal of assault. The action was scarcely performed ere the dozen Marines sprang from behind the angle of the wall, and the blows of the two sledge hammers resounded for the space of two minutes through the entire enclosure.—Strange, not a shot was fired from within, and men began to suspect some bloody reception

trick. Suddenly, the men threw down the hammers, and quickly sprang behind the protecting angle of the adjoining building. A terrible pause of a minute ensued, and thirty unarmed Marines are seen to approach from the opposite end of the lengthy yard, bearing a ladder about 30 feet in length. Not a minute is wasted. Allowing a run of several yards, they dash their battering ram against the door, the blow resounding with a heavy crashing noise, which denoted its effect. A second and shorter run is taken. The battering ram is again applied, and a sharp crackling noise follows. A third time the battering ram is applied, and a rent is made in the stubborn door barely sufficient to admit a man. Meantime, not a shot has been fired by the insurgents within, and the crowd are in wondering expectancy, as simultaneously with the breach, a party of 20 armed Marines dash forward, led by a slightly built officer—Lieut. Green, who was the first man to enter. As they enter the Marines, each picking their man, fire.—Three Sharp rifle reports, and only three are heard in response, (one of which was fired by old Brown beneath the engine, behind which himself and his gang were crouching,) and in a few seconds after, a Marine appears leading out one of the citizen prisoners. Shout after shout rends the air after this signal of victory, and all is then commotion and confusion.—But the contest was over.—From its commencement until its termination, not five

minutes had elapsed. The work was done, and well done, exclusively by the Marines.—None other were permitted within the yard, and no person not connected with that corps had the remotest agency in the assault, or in its results.

The first to enter the building after the volley were, Drs. Dunbar and Henry C. Scott of the City Guards. The former caught Quinn the wounded marine as he fell, and Surgeon Scott, rendered similar aid to private Ruffert.

Mr. A. R. Allen, who went to Harper's Ferry in the same train with the marines, returned this morning. He was present when the engine house was taken. Ten of the marines bore the heavy ladder with which the door of the engine house was broken in. The rioters, says, calculated on assistance from New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Western Virginia. A search was made in the mountains, when they found at Cook's house 1,000 pikes, made in Connecticut, one of which, a formal weapon, was brought down to this city by formal mail.

Mr. Allen

The staff is over six feet in length, and the head is about a foot in length, of iron or steel, and ground to a point, the sides of it sharpened. Besides these there were about 900 of Sharp's rifles, a box of revolvers, and a box of swords. None of the troops were brought into the charge except the marines, who did the work, though there were many volunteers there from the counties and towns near.—*16.*

The New York Evening Post of Tuesday has an article on the subject, from which we copy the following paragraph:—

"Rumors which are current among the free blacks of this city, represent that this outbreak was only a premature explosion of a more general conspiracy. It is alleged that a rising all over the States of Maryland and Virginia was contemplated; that the 24th of October was the day appointed for the attempt, and that the capture of the arsenal was to be the signal to the insurgents. The taking of the Arsenal in anticipation of the day whereby the conflict has been precipitated, to leave the slaves were ready for it, is supposed to be a mistake of some one entrusted by the leaders with the execution of that part of the plot. Whether there is any foundation for these rumors, or whether they are mere inventions got up after the event to stimulate public curiosity, we cannot say.

The stories connecting the name of old Brown of Ossawatimie, as he is called, with the leadership of this fanatical enterprise, are, we are induced to think, well-founded, and in that event the whole affair may be regarded as a late fruit of the violence which the slaveholders introduced into Kansas. Brown was one of the early settlers in that new territory; he was a conspicuous object of persecution all through the troubles; his property was destroyed; he and his family were cruelly treated on several occasions; three or four of his sons were killed by southern desperadoes; and these many exasperations drove him to madness. He has not been regarded since, we are told, as a perfectly sane man. He has been known to vow vengeance against the whole class of slaveholders for the outrages perpetrated by their representatives in Kansas, and this insurrection, if he is at the head of it, is the manner in which he vents his resentments. Frenzied by the remembrance of his wrongs, his whole nature turned into gall by the bitter hatreds stirred up in Kansas, and reckless of consequences, he has plunged into the work of blood."

### JOHN BROWN'S CONDUCT TOWARDS HIS DYING SONS.—A SCENE IN THE ENGINE HOUSE. [From the Louisville Journal.]

A distinguished citizen of Louisville, probably Governor Wilford, who attended the late trials at Charlestown, Va., had an interview, while there, with Mr. Washington, who was one of old Brown's prisoners in the U. S. Armory. Mr. Washington freely admits that the prisoners were treated with gentleness and humanity; yet he came to the conclusion that, in some respects, old Brown is a terrible ruffian at heart.

According to Mr. W.'s statement, old Brown, during the investment of the armory and the attacks upon it by the troops, was the busiest and most vigilant of all the rebels, in watching through the loopholes and crevices for opportunities to kill these outside. Whilst he was thus watching, rifle in hand, one of his own sons was shot through the body and fell within four or five feet of him. The young man groaned and cried aloud in his agony, begging that some of his comrades would kill him at once. Thereupon old Brown, turning for a few moments an unmoved and unsympathizing glance upon his expiring son, sternly bade him be silent and die like a man, and the latter instantly turned his attention back to his own work of killing. A very short time afterwards, his other son was shot down almost exactly like the first, and with loud moans, called upon a comrade for a revolver that he might kill himself. And old Brown, turning upon him as he had turned upon the brother, rebuked him for his noise without a word or look of sympathy or regret, and straightway bestowed himself again to the business of murder. And all the while, standing with his two dying children behind him, and holding his rifle pointed in front, he was drumming at intervals upon the barrel of his weapon of death with the fingers of his left hand, as calmly and with as much apparent unconcern as if he had been engaged in some amusement.

There can be no doubt of old Brown's coolness and untamable courage, but such qualities cannot compensate for the absence of the ordinary sensibilities of human nature. It is not enough that he can look upon his own death as inevitable as he could contemplate the death and hear the death-groan of his children.



HARPER'S FERRY, Wednesday, Oct. 19,

The prisoners have all been taken to Charlestown Jail, in joint custody of the Sheriff and Marshal. Capt. Brown is considered out of danger. His son died last night. The wounded marine is also dead.

Gov. Wise has gone to Charlestown with the prisoners.

Capt. Cook is still in the mountains. The scouts report having tracked him from the house where he ate breakfast.

Col. Lee, with the marines, leaves for Washington to-night.

At 8 o'clock this evening great commotion was caused by a man coming in and announcing that the Black Republicans were destroying houses and murdering the people at Sandy Hook. The people are

arming, and the excitement is increasing. Of course, it must be a false alarm.

ELEVEN, P. M.—There was great consternation for two hours to-night; all the men, women and children at Sandy Hook and vicinity came flocking in. It was reported that Cook was murdering the whites in that pleasant valley. Everybody armed, but it has now been ascertained to be a false alarm. Gov. Wise has gone with some armed men to search a cave, where it is said fugitive slaves are concealed.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday, Oct. 19, 1859.

Papers found on the person and in the valise of Brown, received by the Government, confirm the reports that his scheme had advocates in various States, who were well informed of his plans and movements for a servile insurrection. It appears that he kept a journal, in which he detailed his transactions, showing his purchase of arms in large quantities, and ammunition and stores of all kinds, with other warlike appliances. In addition to the above representation, it is said there is nothing in the papers to implicate negroes or others resident at Harper's Ferry as participants *criminally* before the fact, in Brown's conspiracy.

HARPER'S FERRY—114 p. m.

Col. Lee has concluded to remain with the marines. He has now gone into the Valley with thirty marines to examine into the truth of the rumor. A party of thirty armed citizens has also gone. Mr. Moore insists that he heard screams of murder, and cries for help at Garrett's, in the Valley, with reports of fire arms. Not less than three hundred men, women and children have arrived.

No intelligible account has yet been given of the precise manner in which the insurrectionists obtained possession of the U. S. Armory at Harper's Ferry. The first movement mentioned is the capture of the watchman on the bridge, who, on being conducted to the Armory, found it in the hands of the insurgents. The Washington Star says:

"It is now thought that Brown and his party dropped down by the canal on Sunday, concealed in a boat, and entered the village after dark."

It is probable that the watchman and employees about the Armory were suddenly seized and overpowered by Brown's party. How this could have been done with comparative ease, is explained by the following paragraph from the Richmond Dispatch:

"It will help, perhaps, some to elucidate this strange affair, by stating that, owing to the straitened condition of the U. S. Treasury, the larger part of the operatives at the Armory had been discharged, and had anticipated an attack of this nature, they were too few and unprepared to resist it."

THAT ANONYMOUS LETTER.

Washington, Oct. 18.

The following is the anonymous letter received by Gov. Floyd, of which mention has been made:

Cincinnati, Aug. 20, 1859.

Sir:—I have lately received information of a movement of so great importance that I feel it to be my duty to impart it to you without delay. I have discovered the existence of a select association, having for its object the liberation of the slaves at the South by a general insurrection. The leader of the movement is Old John Brown, late of Kansas. He has been in Canada during the winter, drilling the negroes there, and they are only waiting his word to start for the South to assist the slaves. They have one of their leading men, a white man, in an armory in Maryland, where it is situated I have not been able to learn.

As soon as everything is ready, those of their number who are in the Northern States and Canada are to come in small companies to their rendezvous, which is in the mountains of Virginia. They will pass down through Pennsylvania and Maryland, and enter Virginia at Harper's Ferry. Brown left the North about three or four weeks ago, and will arm the negroes and strike the blow in a few weeks, so that whatever is done must be done at once. They have a large quantity of arms at their rendezvous, and probably distributing them already. As I am not fully in their confidence, this is all the information I can give you. I dare not sign my name to this, but trust that you will not disregard the warning on that account.

HARPER'S FERRY.

The scene of the recent disturbances in Virginia is a place of remarkable natural beauty. It is described as follows by Jefferson, in his "Notes on Virginia," published in 1787:—

"The passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge is perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain an hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac, in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea. The first glance of this scene hurries our senses into the opinion that this earth has been created in time, that the mountains were formed first, that the rivers began to flow afterwards, that in this place particularly they have been dammed up by the Blue Ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean which filled the whole valley; that continuing to rise they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down from its summit to its base. The piles of rock on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah, the evident marks of their disruption and avulsion from their beds by the most powerful agents of nature, corroborate the impression. But the distant finishing which nature has given to the picture, is of a very different character. It is a true contrast to the foreground. It is as placid and delightful, as that is wild and tremendous. For the mountain being cloven asunder, she presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small catch of smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you as it were from the riot and tumult roaring around to pass through the breach and participate of the calm below. Here the eye ultimately composes itself; and that way to the road happens actually to lead you cross the Potomac above the junction, pass along its side through the base of the mountain for three miles, its terrible precipices hanging in fragments over you, and within about 20 miles reach Fredericktown, and the fine country round that. This fence is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Yet here, as in the neighborhood of the Natural Bridge, are people who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles, and have never been to survey these monuments of a war between rivers and mountain, which must have shaken the earth itself to its centre."

A part of the armory works, we believe, were upon the Potomac, and a part upon the Shenandoah. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, in its westward course from Baltimore, after a close passage between the Potomac and the Maryland mountains,—the narrow space being part occupied also by the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal,—crosses into Virginia by a bridge 750 feet long, at Harper's Ferry, and pursues the rest of its course in that State, leaving the northern bank of the river, in Maryland, for the canal. The railroad at this point is built for a considerable distance upon a platform elevated above the water. The trains stopped here for dinner, and passengers who have ever been over the line can scarcely fail to remember the noisy demonstrations made by the keepers of the rival eating-houses in soliciting their patronage.

INDIGNATION AGAINST GOVERNOR WISE.

The Harper's Ferry people are indignant at the language employed by Governor Wise in censuring them for allowing the armory to be taken, and think the papers have not given them proper credit for their efforts to repel the invaders. The citizens, they say, did all that was done—drove Brown's party into the engine house, and kept them there, and not a filibuster was killed, wounded or captured by the uniformed militia, to whom all the credit has been given by the newspapers. They talk of holding a meeting to vindicate the honor of the town.

A NEGRO ARRESTED AND EXAMINED.

Betsy Peats, a negro, who lived at Bolivar, a mile above the Ferry, was arrested and examined to-day before Justice Turk, on suspicion of having had communication with the conspirators. It seems she went to see her mother, somewhere in Hillsboro' county, before the outbreak, and staid last night in Loudon county, where she told a white woman that she had seen the negro Spears several times at Cook's house, was well acquainted with Cook, who owned a rifle that would fire twenty shots, and had heard him say that if he could get his wife and child to New York, he would turn Harper's Ferry upside down. She acknowledged at the examination having told the woman these things, but said they were all lies. She was let off easy.

HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 23, Va., 1859.

The people of this village were thrown into considerable excitement this pleasant Sabbath morning, by the arrival of two horsemen from Maryland, who were escorted across the bridge by Capt. Isaac Boteler, a planter residing on the Maryland side, about eight or nine miles from here. They proved to be Capt. Charles Campbell and Lieut. M. W. Hanser, of Chambersburg, Pa., who arrived with intelligence of the capture of a man, supposed to be Capt. Cook, at Carlisle, Pa. They had pursued the man from the house occupied by Cook's wife, at Chambersburg, where he left a blanket and a revolving pistol, being hard pressed. The blanket was marked "A. H.," and the man said his name was A. Hazlitt. Campbell and Hanser followed the fugitive from Chambersburg all the way up the Cumberland valley, and finally overtook him in Carlisle. Some railroad men first went up to arrest him, but he threatened them with a revolver, and they left; when Mr. Hanser came up behind, clapped him on the back, and said, "Is your name Cook?" "No," was the reply. "You are my prisoner," said Hanser. The man instantly thrust his hand into his pocket, as if to draw a pistol, but at this instant Captain Campbell came up and seized him by the arms. The man answers to the description of Captain Cook very closely, but the wife of Cook says she does not know him. The Chambersburg men represent the feeling in Chambersburg, and all that region as being one of entire and almost unanimous reprobation of the conduct of these insurgents. Men were out in all directions searching for Cook. They say that a number of people, both white and black, in and around Chambersburg, are clearly implicated in the movement, and are urgent to have the general government order their arrest. Some of the abolitionists, who had not been let into the secret of this outrage are now among the loudest heard in denunciation.

The Chambersburg men, in company with Mr. Price, the mail agent, immediately proceeded to Charlestown by private conveyance, and had an interview with the prisoners there confined. Old Brown refused to hold any communication with them, but asked Mr. Price to call on the paymaster of the armory on his return, and ask him to send the \$400 in his hands belonging to his wife (Brown), stating that he wanted to send money to his wife, and to procure comforts, &c., for himself and men in prison.

Stephens, who was not expected to live yesterday, was much easier, but not able to converse. The others were somewhat more communicative. They said Hazlitt was certainly killed in the fight here and thrown off the Potomac bridge, as has once been reported, and that Hazlitt was four inches taller than Cook. Coppee says he had a brother in the fight, an older man than himself, but what became of him he did not know. The men readily recognized the two negroes, who had frequently been seen at Chambersburg, but Coppee was a stranger to them.

A communication will be sent from here by the 1:20 A. M. train to-morrow morning, to Governor Wise, for a requisition on the Governor of Pennsylvania to bring the prisoner to Charlestown. He is now confined in Carlisle jail.

An urgent request came from the Maryland side this afternoon, asking for arms for a patrol about to be raised there. Companies have been organized to-day at this place, Bolivar, and Camp Hill. Special despatches have been sent to Washington as well as to Governor Wise. There are abundance of armed men here, and no reason to fear as to the result of any demonstration from the friends of the miscreants, should one be attempted.

It is reported that there has been a large gathering of abolitionists in and around Chambersburg, and that Fred. Douglass, the black abolitionist, has been among them.

Among the papers in Stephen's portmanteau, given by him to the landlord of the Wager House, was the following—which it is supposed was intended to serve as a sort of voucher for his soundness on the "goose question" in case of his arrest in a slave State:—

A copy of the resolution adopted by the citizens of Taber, Feb. 7, 1859:—

Resolved, That while we sympathize with the oppressed and will do all that we conscientiously can to help them in their efforts for freedom, nevertheless we have no sympathy with those who go to slave States to emancipate slaves and take property of life when necessary, to attain that end.

J. S. SMITH, Secretary of said meeting.

TABOR, Feb. 8, 1859.

When Stephens was brought into the hotel wounded, he professed to be sorry for the mischief he had done, and when reproached by the landlord's sister, he asked her to forgive him. This lady—Miss Christine Fouke—deserves great credit for the coolness and courage she displayed throughout the affair. She brought in the body of Mr. Beckham, which had been left lying for some hours on the platform, exposed to the guerrillas' guns, and she exerted herself to the utmost to protect the prisoners in the hotel, who were threatened by the infuriated citizens after the murder of Beckham.

## THE MILITARY ATTACK ON HARPER'S FERRY.

AS DESCRIBED BY CAPTAIN ALBURTIS.

Captain Alburdis says: We received intelligence of this affair at Martinsburg, Va., at about one o'clock, P. M., on Monday. A meeting was at once convened at the Court House, and volunteers were called for to come to this place. A great many immediately stepped out and tendered their services, and by a motion at the time they selected me to command them.— We took the train from Martinsburg, Va., at two P. M., and arrived here at, I suppose, three o'clock. We came along the upper ravine from the railroad, coming into Bolivar, where we were joined by a company from Shepherdstown. They preceded us up this ravine into the street. We came on down and received orders from Lieut. Col. Baylor. His directions were that the company from Shepherdstown should take the street coming into Harper's Ferry, taking the gates. They to enter the gates and meet us along at the musket factory. We entered at the upper end of the shops, and after some consultation about the mode of proceeding, I directed that twenty-five men should proceed down the main avenue; that a similar number should take the rear of the shops, and that the remainder should proceed through the shops or in any way they could get. We came on down, the party a little in advance of myself. Upon our arrival at the first and second buildings on the right from the direction of the hotel, they were fired upon by the ruffians from between the engine house in the Armory yard and the pailings. The fire was immediately returned and the men retreated into the engine house, keeping up a sharp fire by opening the door from three to five inches. The fire was briskly returned by our men, eight of whom were wounded, two, it is feared, mortally. The wounded were as follows:

Evan Dorsey, of Baltimore, and George W. Richards, a brakeman on the railroad, were badly hurt, the former not being expected to live.

G. N. Hammond, late deputy sheriff of Berkeley county.

George Woollett, superintendent in the machine shop at Martinsburg, shot in the arm.— No bone broken.

George H. Murphy, Attorney for the Commonwealth of Berkeley county, shot in the leg, below the knee.

Wilson Hooper, struck twice in the face by balls.

Edward McCabe, shot in the shoulder, and likely to die.

Clinton Bowman, conductor on the tonnage train between Baltimore and Martinsburg, struck by one ball across the left shoulder, and by a second over the right eye.

During this fight there were confined in the building adjoining the engine house (guard room) some thirty or forty prisoners, taken by these ruffians. The windows were broken open by this party, and they succeeded in making their escape. When this window was broken open the whole party was in the engine house, and we could have ended the business, but we were not supported by the other companies.— Immediately afterwards there was a flag of truce sent out by these men, and I think Stevens bore it, and was shot three times as he advanced between two armed men. The terms, as follows, were proposed:—"That they should be permitted to cross the river with their arms, and proceed as far as the lock on the canal with their prisoners as hostages, to that point, when they would liberate their prisoners, and take care of themselves."

Having heard by this time, however, that the United States marines were then on the way, we refused to accede to their proposition, and stationed guards round to prevent their escape.— All this time we had a small piece of cannon in range, but we were directed not to bring it to bear upon them because of there being seven men held by them in the engine room.

In the morning the marines took charge of the matter. What struck me as strange was, that these men did not fire a single gun whilst they were getting into position. The marines marched into the yard immediately in front of the engine house door, through which they had fired the previous afternoon. There was a par-

ley with them at that time. The marines were ordered by Capt. Russell to break down the door. This was attempted to be done by the use of sledge hammers. Some obstruction having been placed at the base of the door, it was useless labor. Whereupon a long ladder was procured. This the soldiers (some thirty of them) used as a battering ram. The third blow took the door in, and the men inside fired full upon the outsiders, killing Luke Quinn, a marine, and wounding Nicholas Rabert, the ball taking off a part of his lower lip.

The fire was returned. In the house were found the bodies of two men, who, we learned, had been killed during the preceding afternoon. Capt. Stevens, a filibuster, was mortally wounded. Lieut. Stuart, of the 1st cavalry, knocked Brown over by a cut over the head with his sabre. There were also two other men taken, and Brown's son was also mortally wounded.— All of these were dragged out in a very few moments and disposed of.

[From the Baltimore Sun, October 23.]

## THE LATE INSURRECTION.

### The Citizens of Harper's Ferry.

We have very little additional from the seat of the late insurrectionary movement at Harper's Ferry. A letter received by us last evening, from a respectable citizen of that place, states, as a fact, that which has certainly not heretofore been made clearly to appear—that is, the extent of the defense, with its results, made by the citizens at Harper's Ferry against the insurgents, before the arrival of troops from abroad. As he thinks injustice has been done them in this matter, we give his letter, as follows:

HARPER'S FERRY, Friday, October 21.

MESSENGERS: In the reports of the insurrection here, thus far published, great injustice is done the citizens of this place. All the credit is given to the military, while it is a fact that the citizens killed nearly one-half of the insurgents before a uniform entered the town. I was a prisoner in my own house, and from the windows, looking immediately into the Armory enclosure, was an eye-witness to the whole operation from two A. M., on the morning of the 17th, to the end.

There is every reason to believe that the people of the town, when they once woke up to the true state of the case, on Monday morning, went vigorously to work, as far as was in their power, to impede the operations of the marauders, and drive out those who had "come as a thief in the night," and possessed themselves, with arms in their hands, of all the strong points of the situation. The writer above, in referring to "the citizens," doubtless includes the many gentlemen who promptly repaired to Harper's Ferry from the surrounding neighborhood, and joined those of the town who were not imprisoned in the desultory fight which is understood to have been kept up throughout the morning, and during which Mr. Beckham was killed in the Armory yard, and in entering the town to take part in which Mr. George Turner was shot from that building as he passed. It appears that it was not till early afternoon that the Charlestown and Shepherdstown troops arrived, the former attacking the insurgents on the railroad bridge, driving them across toward the Armory. In the mean time, on the Virginia side, the railroad men and others, from Martinsburg, under Captain Alburdis, arrived and fought most valiantly, no less than eight being wounded.

The final trial will take place at the present term, which will commence in a few days. The jail is well supplied with arms. No apprehension is felt for the safety of the prisoners, either from lynch law by the citizens or rescue by their friends, although there is a foolish report that ninety men have arrived over in Maryland, ready to release them from jail at the first opportunity.

*Wm. Herald*  
October 18, 1857

The news of the alleged insurrection at Harper's Ferry spread throughout Washington with great rapidity. Fears of an outbreak here became general, and many allusions were made by our oldest citizens to the rising of the negroes in 1831 or 1832, when the citizens were called out to put them down. On that occasion the battle was fought where the City Hall now stands. The citizens commenced the fight by a rapid onslaught, and the negroes fled without firing a gun, leaving the city to the control of the proper authorities. Since that time Washington had been free from even the suspicion of a slave riot until the reception of the anonymous letter by the

Secretary of War, indicating Washington as one of the places to be attacked. Allusions were also made to the horrible deeds enacted at Southampton, Virginia, about the same period.

Before night prompt measures were taken by the Mayor to prevent any attempt that might be made by the abolition emissaries here to follow up the violence inaugurated at Harper's Ferry. Two hundred soldiers were ordered to the City Hall for the use of citizens; the whole police force were ordered on duty; two military companies were on duty during the entire night; the armories of the military companies were vigilantly guarded; heads of families and their sons furnished up rusty weapons, and horsemen were stationed on the different roads leading into the city.

These preparations of course increased the general excitement, and the firesides of our citizens, the different hotels, the telegraph office, street corners and eating houses, were crowded with excited people. The indignation against the known abolitionists and black republican managers at several points nearly led to bloodshed and bloody losses. At the bookstore and newspaper depot of Adams on Seventh street, a difficulty took place between Mr. Clephane, the Secretary of the National Republican Association here, and the same person who had the difficulty with the Postmaster General in regard to the franking of abolition documents, and a well known citizen, who fortunately did not lead to blows. In reply to an interrogatory the latter remarked that the outbreak was more serious than he at first apprehended, and that Harper's Ferry was in the hands of about two hundred and fifty abolitionists. At this Mr. Clephane laughed decisively, when he was sternly warned not to justify the conduct of the insane abolitionists at Harper's Ferry. Mr. Clephane eagerly and excitedly rejoined, "Perhaps I may," looking at the same time meaningly at his companions, among whom it is said was Mr. Goodloe, of the National Era. For this Mr. Clephane was denounced as "a d—d abolitionist," and an exchange of defiance ensued on both sides, when the parties separated, and the matter did not rest here. The sympathy of O'Keane with his warlike friends at Harper's Ferry has raised a storm which upon the slightest provocation may lead to a demonstration against him.

This morning, near the National Hotel, an excited body of citizens, among whom Mr. John F. Coyle took a prominent part, discussed the propriety of calling a meeting for the purpose of passing resolutions, and ordering Clephane and his supporters to leave the city instantly. Some persons in the crowd repeatedly declared that he ought to be hung, which seemed not to be displeasing to the majority, though another warrant is possessed for the assertion that the silence of the audience. However, it is evident that nothing is wanted to establish a vigilance committee in our midst but the commencement of hostilities. A little spark just now would soon become a great conflagration. Political animosity and private feuds would add additional fierceness to the warfare.

Governor Wise was emphatic in his declaration that he would not spare the authors of the rebellion against law and order and the rights of the citizens of the commonwealth of Virginia. Notwithstanding the night ride from Richmond to this place the Governor was in excellent spirits, and betrayed no traces of fatigue or the evaporation of his military ardor. His prompt action and personal participation in what he believes demanded by the exigencies of the occasion, have elicited unqualified approbation, and the remark has been repeated that he is a model Governor in all but his passion for letter writing.

## A NIGHT OF ALARM IN WASHINGTON.

### MOVEMENTS IN THE CITY.

[From the Washington Star, Oct. 18.]

Upon receipt of the intelligence in this city yesterday of the insurrection at Harper's Ferry, the President issued orders to Col. Harris of the United States Marine Corps, to despatch all the available force of the barracks (per special train) to the scene of the difficulties. In one hour from the receipt of the order a detachment of marines and non-commissioned officers of the corps, under Captain Green, arrived at the railroad depot. The detachment consisted of 81 privates, 11 sergeants, 13 corporals and one bugler. They took with them seven guns, Dahlgren howitzers (three from the Navy Yard and four from the barracks), 500 shells and a large quantity of ammunition. They also had ample supplies for several days' service. Quite a number of gentlemen volunteered to go up with the troops, but they could not be received. The marines were received by the Secretary of War and the Navy, who communicated to Capt. Green his instructions, and his course of action when he should arrive on the spot. Major Russell, of the naval staff, accompanied the marines, under instructions from the Secretary of the Navy. When it became known that an anonymous letter had been received by the Secretary of War some two months ago, giving warning of an organized attack to be made simultaneously upon the armory works at Harper's Ferry, Wheeling and Washington, considerable apprehension was felt by the governmental and municipal authorities, and measures instantly taken to the end of extinguishing any possible disturbance that might take place at this point.

Mayor Berret despatched a requisition to the Secretary of War, who upon receipt thereof issued an order for him to draw on the United States Arsenal for a general stand of arms and five thousand rounds of ball and buckshot cartridge. The arms were received at the office of Captain Goddard, Chief of Police, where they were all loaded with cartridge and bayonets fixed. The entire police force was on duty, one half on parade and the other fifty under arms at the City Hall, for action at a moment's warning. Police mounted on horseback were stationed at every outlet of the city, at the bridges, to give instant warning of any hostile demonstrations from outside the city. They were instructed to signalize the first suspicious movement by a certain alarm that had been previously agreed upon at headquarters. Captain Goddard also instructed the active police force to arrest all colored persons found on the street and search them for concealed weapons, in case of finding any to take the parties to the watch house, and if no weapons were found, to send such arrested persons to their homes without delay. As an evidence of the rigor with which this order was carried out, some watchmen arrested a colored man soon after 10 o'clock, and proceeded to search him, when he cried out, "Dress God, I see times afore to be released. I've been searched tracks for home, and released. Permits to colored people to hold balls and festivals, which has been previously issued, were countermanded, and the Mayor and all the police force, as well as the clerks in the City Hall, were on the alert until daylight this morning.



# THE MILITARY ATTACK ON HARPER'S FERRY.

AS DESCRIBED BY CAPTAIN ALBURTIS.

Captain Alburdis says: We received intelligence of this affair at Martinsburg, Va., at about one o'clock, P. M., on Monday. A meeting was at once convened at the Court House, and volunteers were called for to come to this place. A great many immediately stepped out and tendered their services, and by a motion at the time they selected me to command them.— We took the train from Martinsburg, Va., at two P. M., and arrived here at, I suppose, three o'clock. We came along the upper ravine from the railroad, coming into Bolivar, where we were joined by a company from Shepherdstown. They preceded us up this ravine into the street. We came on down and received orders from Lieut. Col. Baylor. His directions were that the company from Shepherdstown should take the street coming into Harper's Ferry, taking the gates. They to enter the gates and meet us along at the musket factory. We entered at the upper end of the shops, and after some consultation about the mode of proceeding, I directed that twenty-five men should proceed down the main avenue; that a similar number should take the rear of the shops, and that the remainder should proceed through the shops or in any way they could get. We came on down, the party a little in advance of myself. Upon our arrival at the first and second buildings on the right from the direction of the hotel, they were fired upon by the ruffians from between the engine house in the Armory yard and the pailings. The fire was immediately returned, and the men retreated into the engine house, keeping up a sharp fire by opening the door from three to five inches. The fire was briskly returned by our men, eight of whom were wounded, two, it is feared, mortally. The wounded were as follows:

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Wilson Hooper, struck twice in the face by balls.

Edward McCabe, shot in the shoulder, and likely to die.

Clinton Bowman, conductor on the tonnage train between Baltimore and Martinsburg, struck by one ball across the left shoulder, and by a second over the right eye.

During this fight there were confined in the building adjoining the engine house (guard room) some thirty or forty prisoners, taken by these ruffians. The windows were broken open by this party, and they succeeded in making their escape. When this window was broken open the whole party was in the engine house, and we could have ended the business, but we were not supported by the other companies.— Immediately afterwards there was a flag of truce sent out by these men, and I think Stevens bore it, and was shot three times as he advanced between two armed men. The terms, as follows, were proposed:—"That they should be permitted to cross the river with their arms, and proceed as far as the lock on the canal with their prisoners as hostages, to that point, when they would liberate their prisoners, and take care of themselves."

Having heard by this time, however, that the United States marines and a number of troops from Baltimore were then on the way, we refused to accede to their proposition, and stationed guards round to prevent their escape.— All this time we had a small piece of cannon in range, but we were directed not to bring it to bear upon them because of there being seven men held by them in the engine room.

In the morning the marines took charge of the matter. What struck me as strange was, that these men did not fire a single gun whilst they were getting into position. The marines marched into the yard immediately in front of the engine house door, through which they had fired the previous afternoon. There was a par-

ley with them at that time. The marines were ordered by Capt. Russell to break down the door. This was attempted to be done by the use of sledge hammers. Some obstruction having been placed at the base of the door, it was useless labor. Whereupon a long ladder was procured. This the soldiers (some thirty of them) used as a battering ram. The third blow took the door in, and the men inside fired full upon the outsiders, killing Luke Quinn, a marine, and wounding Nicholas Rapert, the ball taking off a part of his lower lip.

The fire was returned. In the house were found the bodies of two men, who, we learned, had been killed during the previous afternoon. Capt. Stevens, a filibuster, was mortally wounded. Lieut. Stuart, of the 1st Cavalry, knocked Brown over by a cut over the head with his sabre. There were also two other men taken, and Brown's son was also mortally wounded.— All of these were dragged out in a very few moments and disposed of.

(From the Baltimore Sun, October 23.)

## THE LATE INSURRECTION.

### The Citizens of Harper's Ferry.

We have very little additional from the seat of the late insurrectionary movement at Harper's Ferry. A letter received by us last evening, from a respectable citizen of that place, states, as a fact, that which has certainly not heretofore been made clearly to appear—that is, the extent of the defense, with its results, made by the citizens at Harper's Ferry against the insurgents, before the arrival of troops from abroad. As he thinks injustice has been done them in this matter, we give his letter, as follows:

HARPER'S FERRY, Friday, October 21.

MESSES. EDITORS: In the reports of the insurrection here, thus far published, great injustice is done the citizens of this place. All the credit is given to the military, while it is a fact that the citizens killed nearly one-half of the insurgents before a uniformed man. I was a prisoner in my own house, and from the windows, looking immediately into the Armory incl cure, was an eye-witness to the whole operation from two A. M., on the morning of the 17th, to the end.

There is every reason to believe that the people of the town, when they once woke up to the true state of the case, on Monday morning, went vigorously to work, as far as was in their power, to impede the operations of the marauders, and drive out those who had "come as a thief in the night," and possessed themselves, with arms in their hands, of all the strong points of the situation. The writer above, in referring to "the citizens," doubtless includes the many gentlemen who promptly repaired to Harper's Ferry from the surrounding neighborhood, and joined those of the town who were not imprisoned in the desultory fight which is understood to have been kept up throughout the morning, and during which Mr. Beckman was killed in the Armory yard, and in entering the town to take part in which Mr. George Turner was shot from that building as he passed. It appears that it was not till early afternoon that the Charlestown and Shepherdstown troops arrived, the former attacking the insurgents on the railroad bridge, driving them across toward the Armory. In the mean time, on the Virginia side, the railroad men and others, from Martinsburg, under Captain Alburdis, arrived and fought most valiantly, no less than eight being wounded.

The final trial will take place at the present term, which will commence in a few days. The jail is well supplied with arms. No apprehension is felt for the safety of the prisoners, either from a breach of law by the citizens or rescue by their friends, although there is a foolish report that ninety men have arrived over in Maryland, ready to release them from jail at the first opportunity.

*W. G. Herald's  
Washington Cor.  
October 18, 1859*

The news of the alleged insurrection at Harper's Ferry spread throughout Washington with great rapidity. Fears of an outbreak here became general, and many allusions were made by our oldest citizens to the rising of the negroes in 1831 or 1832, when the citizens were called out to put them down. On that occasion the battle was fought where the City Hall now stands. The citizens commenced the fight by a rapid onslaught, and the negroes fled without firing a gun, leaving the city to the control of the proper authorities. Since that time Washington had been free from even the suspicion of a slave riot until the reception of the anonymous letter by the

Secretary of War, indicating Washington as one of the places to be attacked. Allusions were also made to the horrible deeds enacted at Southampton, Virginia, about the same period.

Before night prompt measures were taken by the Mayor to prevent any attempt that might be made by the insurrectionaries here to follow up the violence inaugurated at Harper's Ferry. Two hundred stand of arms, with ammunition, were procured at the Navy Yard and taken to the City Hall for the use of citizens; the whole police force were ordered on duty; two military companies were on duty during the entire night; the companies of militia companies were vigilantly examined for arms, and their arms were deposited on duty weapons, and horsemen were stationed on the different points leading into the city.

These preparations of course increased the general excitement, and the friends of our citizens, the different hotels, the telegraph office, street corners and other haunts, were crowded with excited people. The indignation against the known doers, and the blame, was general, and at several points nearly led to riots and bloody scenes. At the bookstore and newspaper depot of Adams on Seventh street, a difficulty took place between Mr. Clephane, the Secretary of the National Republican Association here, and the same person who had the difficulty with the Postmaster General in regard to the franking of abolition documents, and a well known citizen, which fortunately did not lead to trouble. The incident was not created at the time, but it was remarked that the outbreak was more serious than he at first apprehended, and that Harper's Ferry was in the hands of two hundred and fifty abolitionists. At this Mr. Clephane laughed derisively, when he was sternly warned not to justify the conduct of the insane abolitionists at Harper's Ferry. Mr. Clephane eagerly and excitedly rejoined, "Perhaps I may," looking at the same time meaningly at his companions, among whom it is said was Mr. Goodell, of the National Era. For this Mr. Clephane was denounced, as "a d—d abolitionist," and an exchange of epithets ensued on both sides, when the parties separated. But the matter did not rest here. The sympathy of Goodell with his warlike friends at Harper's Ferry has raised a storm which upon the slightest provocation may lead to a demonstration against him.

This morning, near the National Hotel, an excited body of citizens, among whom Mr. John P. Gyle took a prominent part, discussed the propriety of calling a meeting for the purpose of passing resolutions and ordering Clephane and his supporters to leave the city instantly. Some persons in the crowd repeatedly declared that they ought to be hung, which seemed not to be displeasing to the majority, though neither warrant as possessed for the assertion that the sentence of the sentence. However, it is evident that nothing is wanted to establish a vigilance committee in our midst but the commencement of hostilities. A little spark just now would soon become a great conflagration. Political animosity and private feuds would add additional fierceness to the warfare.

Governor Wise was emphatic in his declaration that he would not spare the authors of the rebellion against law and order, and the rights of the citizens of the Commonwealth of Virginia. It would be night in the night, he is commended by this place the governor was in excellent spirits, and betrayed no traces of fatigue or the exhaustion of his military arduo. His prompt action and personal participation in what he believes demanded by the exigencies of the occasion, have elicited unqualified approbation, and the remark has been repeated that he is a model governor in all but his passion for better writing.

## A NIGHT OF ALARM IN WASHINGTON. MOVEMENTS IN THE CITY.

(From the Washington Star, Oct. 18.)

Upon receipt of the intelligence in this city yesterday of the insurrection at Harper's Ferry, the President issued orders to Col. Harris of the United States Marine Corps, to dispatch all the available force of the barracks, and a special train to the scene of the difficulties. It was upon the receipt of the order a detachment of men and non-commissioned officers of the corps, under Captain Green, arrived at the railroad depot. The detachment consisted of 21 privates, 11 sergeants, 13 corporals and 10 buglers. They took with them 200 muskets, 100 howitzers (three from the Navy), a quantity of ammunition, 200 shells and a large quantity of cartridges. They also had ample supplies for several days' service. Quite a number of gentlemen volunteered to go up with the troops, but they could not be received. The marines were received by the Secretaries of War and Navy, who communicated to Capt. Green his instructions as to his course of action when he should arrive on the spot. Major Russell, of the Naval Academy, accompanied the marines, under instructions from the Secretary of the Navy. When it became known that an anonymous letter had been received by the Secretary of War some two months ago, giving warning of an organized attack to be made simultaneously upon the armory works at Harper's Ferry, Wheeling and Washington, considerable apprehension was felt by the governmental and municipal authorities, and measures instantly taken to the end of extinguishing any possible disturbance that might take place at this point.

Mayor Berret despatched a requisition to the Secretary of War, who upon receipt thereof issued an order for him to draw on the United States Arsenal for two hundred stand of arms and five thousand rounds of ball and buckshot cartridges. The arms were received at the office of Captain Godard, Chief of Police, where they were all loaded with cartridge and bayonet's fixed. The entire police force was on duty, one half on parade and the other half under arms at the City Hall, for action at a moment's warning. Police mounted on horseback were stationed at every outlet of the city, at the brig's, &c. to give instant warning of any hostile demonstrations from outside the city. They were instructed to signalize the first suspicious movement by a certain alarm, that had been previously agreed upon at headquarters. Captain Godard instructed the active police force to arrest all colored persons found on the street and search them for concealed weapons, and in case of finding any to take the parties to the watch house, and if no weapons were found, to send such arrested persons to their homes without delay. As an evidence of the rigor with which this order was carried out, some watchmen arrested a colored man soon after 10 o'clock, and proceeded to search him, when he cried out, "Oress God, massa, no use to search dis nigger, I've been searched free times afore to night." He was cautioned to make tracks for home, and released. Permits to colored people to hold balls and festivals, which had been previously issued, were countermanded, and the Mayor and all the police force, as well as the clerks in the City Hall, were on the alert until daylight this morning.

MR. WASHINGTON'S CAPTURE.

An imperfect and in several particulars incorrect account of the seizure of LEWIS W. WASHINGTON, Esq., by the Harper's Ferry conspirators, having got into the newspapers, we insert the following statement, prepared by Mr. Washington himself:

About half-past 1 o'clock on Monday morning, October 17th, I was aroused from my bed by having my name called at my chamber door. Thinking some friend had arrived at Harper's Ferry in the night train and had walked up to my house, I at once arose and opened the door, when in front of me stood, somewhat in a circle, four armed men—three with Sharp's rifles, presented at my person, and the fourth holding in his left hand a burning torch and in his right a revolver. I was asked if my name was Washington; whereupon I said it was, and was then informed I was a prisoner, and they desired me to accompany them. I asked the party holding the torch to light my candle, which was on the table, and throw his torch into the stove. This he did. As I was proceeding to dress, I said "probably you will extend to me the courtesy to explain this movement." When one of them said "our intention is to free all the slaves in the South, and we are fully prepared to do it."

After I had dressed myself we proceeded to my dining room, where my arms were demanded. I opened a gun-closet and handed them a rifle, double barrel shot gun, and a large horse pistol, all unloaded, when one of the party whispered to another, and I was asked if I had not some arms in my parlor. I then proceeded to the parlor and opened a cabinet which contained a sword and pistol. Finding that they were aware of this sword and pistol being in the cabinet, I unlocked it to prevent its being broken open, as it had a plate glass door. This party who entered the house were Stevens, Cook, and Tidd, and the other I understood to say he was from Canada. Stevens was addressed by his party as captain, and seemed to be in command. Stevens, whilst in my dining-room, demanded of me my money and watch, which I refused to deliver to him, saying that he had not specified robbery when he announced his purpose to me, to which he replied, repeating the expression twice, "take care, sir!"

Stevens left me in charge of Cook, Tidd, and the Canadian man, and (with two others who did not enter the house) proceeded to order my carriage and four-horse wagon to the front of the house. On arriving at the steps I found my carriage in front, and driven from the stable by Shields Green, as I afterwards recognised him, and believe that he was the person, though in leaving the light and suddenly approaching the carriage in the dark, I cannot be positive, as he was directed to leave the seat and go to the wagon in the rear. I got in my phaeton and took a back seat, Cook by my side and Tidd on the front seat by the side of my house servant, who crowded in.

When we had proceeded to a point opposite the residence of Mr. J. H. Alstadt, the carriage was stopped, and Tidd got out and had some conference with the others in the wagon in the rear, Cook remaining with me, when he took occasion to say that he regretted his duty compelled him to be of the party, as he had been at the house, where he had been politely received, but his duty required him to obey a superior officer. He further said that my capture was of great importance to them, as they were aware that I had many influential friends, and my being taken would give a strong moral effect to their cause. The others took a fence rail from the opposite side of the turnpike, and proceeded to the rear of Mr. Alstadt's house, when one blow effected their entrance. In a moment women and children were crying out murder, which was soon stopped by the marauders. In some ten minutes Tidd returned to the carriage, when, being somewhat chilly, I proposed to walk up the hill. He assented, and walked with me. As we proceeded he asked me to give him my opinion freely as to my views of slavery. I answered, "on that subject I decline any conversation." He answered, "you are entitled to your opinion." On arriving at the summit of the hill which overlooks the Ferry, Tidd and myself got in the carriage and continued on the pike through South Bolivar. After entering the Ferry I supposed they would halt at some house where they might, by some device, have obtained a room or rooms; but to my astonishment we drove directly to the Armory gate, where Tidd said "All's well!" and was answered from the guard "All's well!" The gates were opened, and in he drove, when I was accosted by an elderly man, who said "you will find a warm fire in there, sir," pointing to the watch-house.

On entering I found some eight or ten men amongst them Williams, the watchman of the railroad bridge, and some others, who recognised me, and had some few words of conversation. Some short time afterwards Mr. Alstadt entered, having been conveyed in my wagon to the Ferry. We were seated together and conversing when the old man, whom we found by this time to be Brown, asked if we were not Washington and Alstadt, to which we replied in the affirmative, when he said "it is now too dark to write, but, when it is sufficiently light, if you have not paper and pens I will furnish you, and I require that you shall each write to your friends to send a negro man apiece as a ransom." This proposition he did not repeat, I suppose, in consequence of his other engagements. About light many prisoners, chiefly residents of Harper's Ferry, were brought in. A little before light Stevens and one of the prisoners (I can't say who) were holding a conversation at the door, when Stevens asked, "what are your opinions on slavery?" The reply was, "I am no slaveholder, but, being born South, I sustain the cause." (or words to the same effect,) when Stevens replied, "then as you sustain the cause as a non-slaveholder, you are the first man I would hang; you deserve it more than a man who is a slaveholder and sustains his interests."

About eight or nine o'clock it was announced to us that breakfast had been ordered, and was ready. Brown himself came to me and asked me to go and take breakfast. I went to the place where the coffee, &c. were being furnished, and advised several who were about taking the same to abstain, as it might be dangerous, from the outside characteristics of our captors.

During the morning hours of Monday Brown manifested an unusual degree of coolness; he made no effort to conceal or shield his person from outward attack.

About mid-day, I should suppose, Brown entered the watch-house where the prisoners were and selected one by one until he had numbered ten persons—L. W. Washington, J. H. Alstadt, Benjamin Mills, A. M. Ball, J. E. P. Dangerfield, Terrence Byrne, George Shope, Joseph Brua, Israel Russell, John Donahoe—who were taken into the engine-house, where all remained, except Messrs. Brua and Russell, who had been permitted by Brown to go out on missions of compromise. Why they were not with us on the final charge I am not informed. During the night of Monday the prisoners were anxious that outside firing on the building in which we were confined should cease, as friends and foes alike would be exposed. Mr. Samuel Strider came in with a flag of truce, and manifested every disposition to render the prisoners every service of which he was capable, and had some water furnished to us; I think brought it himself; he came and went several times. The first military officer who visited us was Capt. Thomas Sinn, commanding a company from Frederick city, Maryland—the name of which company I regret I do not know. Capt. Sinn was the means of introducing Coles, Maulsby and Shriver, who assured us that they would use every means in their power to arrest the outside firing upon the engine-house during the night. Col. Shriver, at my request, had some water sent to us.

During the night Capt. Sinn brought in Dr. William Tyler, surgeon to his company, to render medical aid to a son of Brown who was seriously wounded, (of which my wounds he died next day,) and promised, if in the event of my death he could procure the necessary appliances, he would again visit the wounded man about daylight. I suppose he was prevented by the excited condition of affairs which arose before daylight, as all from the outward life evidenced readiness for a renewal of the charge. Capt. Sinn, whose coolness in every occasion of his visits to us I cannot too highly commend, came into the engine-house about daylight and said to Brown: "The Armory is entirely surrounded by soldiers, and Col. Lee, of the United States army, is here in command of the marines, and there is no possibility of your escape; I advise you to surrender." To which Brown replied: "I have no leniency to expect if I surrender, and I choose to sell my life as dearly as possible." Some of the prisoners desired to see Col. Lee. The Colonel sent Lieut. J. E. B. Stuart, who read to Brown Colonel Lee's demand for his surrender, which Brown declined, and immediately commenced his final preparations to receive the attack. In less than three minutes after the demand made by Lieut. Stuart was declined the attack was made by the marines and the place gallantly carried by Major Russell and Lieut. Green, with some ten or twelve marines. The after details are all known to the public, and I have, at the request of the editor of the Free Press, given the foregoing simple detail of facts as they occurred under my own observation. I have avoided many minor matters, only desiring, for the information of many friends who have written to me for the details, to embody the most pertinent facts.

Numbers of citizens attended at the Mayor's office, and however their services, if necessary. The night passed off, however, in a remarkably quiet manner. Not the slightest thing occurred in any quarter to occasion apprehension.

About three o'clock this morning, the Southern boat arrived at the wharves, having on board Governor Wise, of Virginia, and a company of sixty soldiers en route for the scene of the insurrection. On his arrival here, Gov. Wise proceeded to the City Hall, where he was received by the Mayor, and with whom he remained in conference until the time arrived to take the 6:20 train for the Relay House. He informed the Mayor that the company with him were at the cars in full uniform, and perfectly equipped in just forty-five minutes from the time his orders were issued; and, also, that the afternoon boat to-day would bring two hundred State soldiers whom he had ordered to follow him.

A mounted patrol was detailed from the President's Mounted Guard, which scoured the suburbs until about two o'clock this morning, when they were relieved from duty.

**AT THE CAPITOL.**  
Additional precautions were taken by Commissioner Blake and Captain Dunnington to have the building properly secured, and the police belonging to the Capitol grounds were furnished with revolvers. Captain Dunnington remained at the Capitol until a late hour, and visited the place at intervals during the night.

**AT THE ARSENAL.**  
The President, as a precautionary measure, called out through the Mayor the companies of the District regi-

ment to be posted at the national (Columbian) and company armories for the protection of the government property. The order was promptly obeyed by the Adjutant of the District regiments, Major P. F. Bacon, in the absence from the city of Colonel Hickey.

About midnight we made our way through the Maine avenue mud to the armory, and on entering the grounds were brought up with a round turn by a bit of sharp steel, and by the end of a murderous looking tube leveled at our head, and by a sharp admonition to stand in our tracks. Not wishing to imperil a life of considerable value to our wife and baby (a boy), we promptly decided to do nothing rash, and waited until an order was obtained for our admission. Inside the armory, the ground floor drill room, we found the soldiers on duty for the night variously disposed in groups, smoking, talking, &c., while waiting their turns to relieve the guard stationed about the building. The receipt now and then of a batch of telegraphic despatches from the "seat of war" served to while away the weary hours.

Capt. Tait, of the National Guard, was the senior officer in command. The Union Guard were under the command of Lieut. H. C. McLaughlin, the Yagers of Capt. Schwartzman, and the Light Infantry of Lieut. John Tucker.

Lieut. McLaughlin, of the Union Guard, was appointed captain of the day, or rather of the night.

The heavy clang of the muskets upon the stone pavements as squads of the soldiers were called to relieve guard; the exchange of watchwords, the sharp challenge "Who goes there?" all served to give a military look to the whole proceedings. All access to the arms in the building not immediately in use had been cut off. The companies, we may add, turned out with alacrity and cheerfulness, though not a few of the members were summoned from their beds. The force at the armory was dismissed at sunrise this morning.

The Alexandria Riflemen, Capt. M. Mazre, left for Harper's Ferry this morning at half-past three o'clock, accompanying Governor Wise. The Mount Vernon Guard, Capt. Smith, are equipped and waiting the arrival of the Richmond companies this afternoon, when they will join them and proceed to the scene of the disorders.

The receipt of a telegraphic despatch from Baltimore about ten o'clock this morning, stating that the United States forces had had an engagement with the insurgents, and that Hon. Charles J. Faulkner, who left Washington in company with the marines yesterday afternoon, had been killed in the fight, as well as three marines, crowded the wildest excitement on Pennsylvania avenue. Crowds of people collected about the telegraph offices and hotels, and a thousand rumors and surmises were bandied from mouth to mouth, many of which obtained currency among the citizens. A subsequent despatch, conveying intelligence of the storming of the government works by the soldiers, and the capture of the ringleaders of the forces, had the effect of allaying the apprehensions of the multitude in a great measure.

Newspaper men and telegraph operators, we need hardly say, are button-holed at every corner to-day by persons anxious to learn something "later from Harper's Ferry."

SPECIAL DESPATCH FROM HARPER'S FERRY.

HARPER'S FERRY, Oct. 23, 1859.

G. W. Chambers, Recorder of the town, is now the acting Mayor, and has been appointed by Col. Craig Captain of the Armory Guard.

It is conjectured, from certain developments that to-morrow night was the time originally fixed for the general attack. Patrol companies have been organized here, and at Bolivar and Camp Hill. The evidences are daily accumulating that the insurrection was based upon a wide-spread national organization, and that many persons in other States, whose names are promised, had complicity with the conspirators.

The two men from Chambersburg, Pa., who captured an insurgent, state that the negro Frederick Douglass had been there within a few days of the attack, holding secret meetings with the abolitionists.



CHARLESTOWN, Nov. 23, 1859.

The watchfulness with which the confession of Cook was guarded at the first has been relaxed, with the possible idea that such care is no longer needed. I am now able to send you an exact copy, as it came from Cooke himself, and as it was read in Court by Mr. ANDREW HUNTER. As a record of this extraordinary transaction by one of the parties directly and prominently concerned, it possesses great interest; but it will be seen that the pretended implication of parties at the North is of little importance. Of this I informed you immediately after the delivery of the confession. The only names mentioned as cognizant of Brown's plan are those of Gerrit Smith, Frederick Douglass, Dr. Howe, of Boston, and Thaddeus Hyatt and Sanborn, of New York. Even against these Cooke does not make a very powerful case. The spirit and the object of the confession are plainly to relieve the author from the responsibility of his deeds, and to cast the odium upon Brown. As every one now knows, this effort has been without avail. Here is the confession.

## THE CONFESSION.

I became acquainted with Capt. John Brown in his camp on Middle Creek, Kansas Territory, just after the battle of Black Jack, and was with him in said camp until it was broken up and his company disbanded by Col. Sumner, of the 1st Cavalry, U. S. Army. I next saw him at the Convention at Topeka, which was on the 4th of July, 1856. I next met him some days afterwards in Lawrence. Did not see him again until the fall of 1857, when I met him at the house of E. B. Whitman, about four miles from Lawrence, K. T., which, I think, was about the 1st of November following. I was told that he intended to organize a company for the purpose of putting a stop to the aggressions of the pro-slavery men. I agreed to join him, and was asked if I knew of any other young men, who were perfectly reliable, whom I thought would join also. I recommended Richard Realf, L. F. Parsons, and R. J. Hinton. I received a note the next Sunday morning, while at breakfast in the Whitney House, from Capt. Brown, requesting me to come up that day, and to bring Realf, Parsons, and Hinton with me. Realf and Hinton were not in town, and therefore I could not extend to them the invitation. Parsons and myself went and had a long talk with Capt. Brown.

A few days afterwards I received another note from Capt. Brown, which read, as near as I can recollect, as follows:

"DATE ———  
"CAPT. COOKE—DEAR SIR: You will please get every thing ready to join me at Topeka by Monday night next. Come to Mrs. Sheridan's, two miles south of Topeka, and bring your arms, ammunition, clothing, and other articles you may require. Bring Parsons with you if he can get ready in time. Please keep very quiet about the matter.  
"Yours, &c. JOHN BROWN."

I made all my arrangements for starting at the time appointed. Parsons, Realf, and Hinton could not get ready. I left them at Lawrence and started in a carriage for Topeka. Stopped at the hotel over night, and left early the next morning for Mrs. Sheridan's to meet Capt. Brown. Staid a day and a half at Mrs. S——'s, then left for Topeka, at which place we were joined by Stephens, Moffat, and Kagi. Left Topeka for Nebraska City, and camped at night on the prairie northeast of Topeka. Here, for the first, I learned that we were to leave Kansas to attend a military school during the winter. It was the intention of the party to go to Ashtabula county, Ohio. Next morning I was sent back to Lawrence to get a draft of eighty dollars cashed, and to get Parsons, Realf, and Hinton to go back with me. I got the draft cashed. Capt. Brown had given me orders to take boat to St. Joseph, Mo., and stage from there to Tabor, Iowa, where he would remain for a few days. I had to wait for Realf for three or four days. Hinton could not leave at that time. I started with Realf and Parsons on a stage for Leavenworth. The boats had stopped running on account of the ice. Staid one day in Leavenworth, and then left for Weston, where we took stage for St. Joseph, and from thence to Tabor. I found C. P. Tidd and Leeman at Tabor.

Our party now consisted of Capt. John Brown, Owen Brown, A. D. Stephens, Chas. Moffat, C. P. Tidd, Richard Robertson, Col. Richard Realf, L. F. Parsons, Wm. Leeman, and myself. We stopped some days at Tabor, making preparations to start. Here we found that Capt. Brown's ultimate destination was the State of Virginia. Some warm words passed between him and myself in regard to the plan, which I had supposed was to be confined entirely to Kansas and Missouri. Realf and Parsons were of the same opinion with me. After a good deal of wrangling we consented to go on, as we had not the means to return, and the rest of the party were so anxious that we should go with them.

At Tabor we procured teams for the transportation of about two hundred Sharp's rifles, which had been taken on as far as Tabor one year before, at which place they had been left, awaiting the orders of Capt. Brown. There were also other stores, consisting of blankets, clothing, boots, ammunition, and about two hundred revolvers of the Massachusetts arms patent, all of which we transported across the State of Iowa to Springdale, and from there to Liberty, at which place they were shipped for Ashtabula county, Ohio, where they remained till brought to Chambersburg, Peansylvania, and were from there transported to a house in Washington county, Maryland, which Capt. Brown had rented for six months, and which was situated about five miles from Harper's Ferry.

It was the intention of Capt. Brown to sell his teams in Springdale, and with the proceeds to go on with the rest of the company to some place in Ashtabula county, Ohio, where we were to have a good military instructor during the winter; but he was disappointed in the sale. As he could not get cash for the teams it was decided we should remain in the neighborhood of Springdale, and that our instructor, Col. H. Forbes, should be sent on. We stopped in Pedece, Iowa, over winter at Mr. Maxson's, where we pursued a course of military studies. Col. H. Forbes and Capt. Brown had some words, and he (Col. F.) did not come on; consequently A. D. Stephens was our drill master. The people of the neighborhood did not know of our purpose. We remained at Pedece till about the middle of April, when we left for Chatham, Canada, via Chicago and Detroit. We staid about two weeks in Chatham; some of the party staid six or seven weeks. We left Chatham for Cleveland, and remained there until late in June.

In the mean time Capt. Brown went East on business; but previous to his departure he had learned that Col. Forbes had betrayed his plans to some extent. This, together with the scantiness of his funds, induced him to delay the commencement of his work, and was the means for the time being of disbanding the party. He had also received some information which called for his immediate attention in Kansas. I wished to go with him, but he said that I was too well known there, and requested me and some others to go to Harper's Ferry, Virginia, to see how things were there and to gain information. While we were in Chatham he called a Convention, the purpose of which was to make a complete and thorough organization. He issued a written circular, which he sent to various persons in the United States and Canada. The circular, as near as I can recollect, read as follows:

"CHATHAM, MAY —, 1858.  
"Mr. —: Dear sir—We have issued a call for a very quiet Convention at this place, to which we shall be happy to see any true friends of freedom, and to which you are most earnestly invited to give your attendance.  
"Very respectfully,  
JOHN BROWN."

As the names were left blank, I do not know to whom they were sent, though I wrote several of them. I learned, however, that one was sent to Frederick Douglass, and I think Gerrit Smith also received one. Who the others were sent to I do not know. Neither Douglass nor Smith attended the Convention. I suppose some twenty-five or thirty of these circulars were sent, but, as they were directed by Capt. Brown or J. H. Kagi, I do not know the names of the parties to whom they were addressed. I do know, however, that they were sent to none save those whom Capt. Brown knew to be radical Abolitionists. I think it was about ten days from the time the circulars were sent that the Convention met. The place of meeting was in one of the negro churches in Chatham. The Convention, I think, was called to order by J. H. Kagi. Its object was then stated, which was to complete a thorough organization and the formation of a Constitution. The first business was to elect a President and Secretary. Elder Monroe, a colored minister, was elected President, and J. H. Kagi Secretary. The next business was to form a Constitution. Capt. Brown had already drawn up one, which, on motion, was read by the Secretary. On motion, it was ordered that each article of the Constitution be taken up and separately amended and passed, which was done. On motion, the Constitution was then adopted as a whole. The next business was to nominate a Commander-in-Chief, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State. Capt. John Brown was unanimously elected Commander-in-Chief; J. H. Kagi, Secretary of War; and Richard Realf, Secretary of State. Elder Monroe was to act as President until another was chosen. A. M. Chapman, I think, was to act as Vice President. Dr. M. K. Delaney was one of the Corresponding Secretaries of the organization. There were some others from the United States, whose names I do not now remember. Most of the delegates to the Convention were from Canada. After the Constitution was adopted the members took their oath to support it. It was then signed by all present.

During the interval between the call for the Convention and its assembling regular meetings were held at Barbour's Hotel, where we were stopping, by those who were known to be true to the cause, at which meetings plans were laid and discussed. There were no white men at the Convention save the members of our company.

Men and money had both been promised from Chatham and other parts of Canada.

When the Convention broke up news was received that Col. H. Forbes, who had joined in the movement, had given information to the Government. This, of course, delayed the time of attack. A day or two afterward most of our party took the boat to Cleveland, Jno. H. Kagi, Richard Realf, Wm. H. Leeman, Richard Robertson, and Capt. Brown remaining. Capt. B., however, started in a day or two for the East. Kagi, I think, went to some other town in Canada to set up the type and to get the constitution printed, which he completed before he returned to Cleveland. We remained in Cleveland for some weeks, at which place, for the time being, the company disbanded. Captain Brown had had the plan of the insurrection in contemplation for several years, in fact told me that it had been the chief aim of his life to carry out and accomplish the abolition of slavery.

In his trip East he did not realize the amount of money that he expected. The money had been promised *bona fide*, but owing to the tightness of the money market they failed to comply with his demands. The funds were necessary to the accomplishment of his plans. I afterward learned that there was a lack of confidence in the success of his scheme. It was therefore necessary that a movement should be made in another direction to demonstrate the practicability of his plan. This he made about a year ago by his invasion of Missouri, and the taking of about a dozen slaves, together with horses, cattle, &c. into Kansas, in defiance of the United States Marshal and his posse. From Kansas he took them to Canada, via Iowa city and Cleveland. At the latter place he remained some days, and I think disposed of his horses there. It seems that the United States Marshal was afraid to arrest him, and this was all that was wanting to give confidence to the wavering in the practicability of his plan, and its ultimate success. He came to Harper's Ferry about the last of June, though I did not see him till late in July, or the early part of August, when we met on Shenandoah street, Harper's Ferry, opposite Tearney's store. I do not know who were his aids or abettors, but I have heard him mention in connexion with it the names of Gerrit Smith, of New York, Howe, of Boston, and Sanborn and Thaddeus Hyatt, of New York city. What connexion, and how far connected with his plan I do not know, but I know he wrote a letter a few weeks previous to his attack to some gentlemen in Boston, which read, as near as I can recollect, as follows:

"DATE \_\_\_\_\_

"GENTLEMEN: I have got nearly all my machines on, and shall be ready to start them in a few days unless prevented by a special Providence. Every thing is working well. I shall want all the funds you promised me in a few days."

"Yours, truly, CALM & STILL."

In the mean time the men who had engaged to go with him had most of them arrived at Chambersburg, Penn., and been sent to the place which he had rented in Washington county, Md., about five miles from Harper's Ferry. The greater part of the men kept out of sight during the day for fear of attracting attention. The arms, munitions, &c. were carted from Chambersburg to his rendezvous. The spear heads and guards came in strong boxes, and the shafts passed for fork handles. They were put together by our own men at the house where most of them were found. Letters of importance came to the Chambersburg post office, and were sent by some of our own party to headquarters. The letters of minor importance came to the Ferry to J. Smith and Sons. All allusions to our business were made in such a blind way that they would not have been understood by any outside parties, even should they have miscarried. The attack was made sooner than it was intended, owing to some friends in Boston writing a letter finding fault with the management of Capt. B., and what to them seemed his unnecessary delay and expense. I do not know who those persons were, or how far they were cognizant of his (Capt. B.'s) plans. But I do know that Dr. Howe gave Capt. Brown a breech loading carbine and a pair of muzzle-loading pistols, all of Government manufacture. They were left either at the house of Capt. Brown, or at the school-house, where most of the arms were conveyed. At what time and for what purpose they were given to Capt. Brown I do not know. It was supposed that Col. Hugh Forbes was dead. I was told by Capt. Brown that when on East he had been told by Thaddeus Hyatt, of New York, that some of the negroes at that place had informed him (Hyatt) that Forbes had "gone up"—a phrase which Capt. B. and the rest of our company understood to mean that he had been killed. I do not think that Forbes had any cognizance of our plans from the time of our leaving Pedee, a year ago last April. Previous to his quarrel with Capt. Brown we considered that he would hold a place next to Brown in command. I do not know the present whereabouts of Luke F. Parsons or Charles Moffett. The last I heard of Parsons was through Capt. Brown, who informed me that Parsons had started for Pike's Peak, and that he (Brown) thought he would be pretty tolerably peaked before he got there.

A short time before the attack on Harper's Ferry Capt. Brown requested me to find out in some way, without creating suspicion, the number of male slaves on or near the roads leading from the Ferry for a distance of eight or ten miles, and to make such memoranda that it would be unintelligible to others, but in such a manner that I could make it plain to him and the rest of the company. He gave me two dollars to pay my expenses with. I took the road from Harper's Ferry to Charles-town under the plea of gaining statistics for a work to be published by John Henri, and to decide a wager between him and Mr. Smith. I did not go on any other road. A few days after this Capt. Brown sent his wagon over by his son Oliver and Jeremiah Anderson, to bring my wife and myself to his house. They gave me a note from him which, as near as I can recollect, read as follows:

"Mr. COOKE: Dear Sir, you will please get every thing ready to come with your wife to my house this morning. My wagon will wait for you. I shall take your wife to Chambersburg, and shall start early to-morrow morning. Be as expeditious as possible. Be very careful not to say or do any thing which will awaken any suspicion. You can say your wife is going to make a visit to some friends of her's in the country. Be very careful that you do not let any of our plans leak out. Yours, &c. J. SMITH."

My wife and myself accordingly left Harper's Ferry that night, accompanied by Oliver Brown and Jeremiah Anderson, for Capt. Brown's house, in Washington county, Maryland. The next day, after dinner, Captain B. and his son Watson, together with my wife and child, started for Chambersburg. When Capt. B. returned, he told me that he had got her a good boarding place in Chambersburg, at Mrs. Ritterer's, and that she liked her boarding place very well.

There were some six or seven in our party who did not know any thing of our constitution, and, as I have since understood, were also ignorant of the plan of operations until the Sunday morning previous to the attack. Among this number were Edwin Coppie, Barclay Coppie, Francis J. Merriam, Shields Green, John Copeland, and Leary. The constitution was read to them by A. D. Stephens, and the oath afterwards administered by Capt. Brown. Sunday evening previous to our departure, Capt. Brown made his final arrangements for the capture of Harper's Ferry, and gave to his men their orders. In closing he said, "And now, gentlemen, let me press this one thing on your minds: you all know how dear life is to you, and how dear your lives are to your friends; and, in remembering that, consider that the lives of others are as dear to them as yours are to you; do not, therefore, take the life of any one if you can possibly avoid it; but if it is necessary to take life in order to save your own, then make sure work of it."

After taking the town I was placed under Capt. Stephen, who received orders to proceed to the house of Col. Lewis Washington and to take him prisoner, and to bring his slaves, horses, and arms; and, as we came back, to take Mr. Alstadt and his slaves, and to bring them all to Capt. Brown at the Armory. When we returned I stayed a short time in the engine house to get warm, as I was chilled through. After I got warm Capt. Brown ordered me to go with C. P. Tidd, who was to take William H. Leeman, and I think four slaves with him, in Col. Washington's large wagon across the river, and to take Terrence Burns and his brother and their slaves prisoners. My orders were to hold Burns and brother as prisoners at their own house, while Tidd and the slaves who accompanied him were to go to Capt. Brown's house and to load in the arms and bring them down to the school-house, stopping for the Burnses and their guard. William H. Leeman remained with me to guard the prisoners. On return of the wagon, in compliance with orders, we all started for the school-house. When we got there I was to remain, by Capt. Brown's orders, with one of the slaves, to guard the arms, while C. P. Tidd, with the other negroes, was to go back for the rest of the arms, and Burns was to be sent with William H. Leeman to Capt. Brown at the Armory.

It was at this time that William Thompson came up from the Ferry and reported that every thing was all right, and then hurried on to overtake William H. Leeman. A short time after the departure of Tidd I heard a good deal of firing, and became anxious to know the cause, but my orders were strict to remain at the school-house and guard the arms, and I obeyed the orders to the letter. About 4 o'clock in the evening C. P. Tidd came with the second load. I then took one of the negroes with me and started for the Ferry. I met a negro woman a short distance below the school-house, who informed me they were fighting hard at the Ferry. I hurried on till I came to the lock kept by George Hardy, about a mile above the bridge, where I saw his wife and Mrs. Elizabeth Read, who told me that our men were hemmed in and that several of them had been shot. I expressed my intention to try to get to them, when Mrs. Hardy asked me to try to get her husband released from the engine-house. I told her I would. Mrs. Read begged of me not to go down to the Ferry. She said I would be shot. I told her I must make an attempt to save my comrades, and passed on down the road. A short distance below the lock I met two boys whom I knew, and



they told me that our men were all hemmed in by troops from Charlestown, Martinsburg, Hagerstown, and Shepherdstown. The negro who was with me had been very much frightened at the first report we received, and as the boys told me the troops were coming up the road after us soon I sent him (the negro) back to inform Tidd, while I hastened down the road.

After going down opposite the Ferry, I ascended the mountain in order to get a better view of the position of our opponents. I saw that our party were completely surrounded, and as I saw a body of men on Highstreet firing down upon them—they were about a half a mile distant from me—I thought I would draw their fire upon myself; I therefore raised my rifle and took the best aim I could and fired. It had the desired effect, for the very instant the party returned it. Several shots were exchanged. The last one they fired at me cut a small limb I had hold of just below my hand, and gave me a fall of about fifteen feet, by which I was severely bruised and my flesh somewhat lacerated. I descended from the mountain and passed down the road to the Crane on the bank of the canal, about fifty yards from Mr. W.'s store. I saw several heads behind the door-post looking at me; I took a position behind the Crane, and cocking my rifle, beckoned to some of them to come to me; after some hesitation one of them approached and then another, both of whom I knew me. I asked them if there were any armed men in the store. They pledged me their word and honor that there were none. I then passed down to the lock-house, and went down the steps to the lock, where I saw William McGreg, and questioned him in regard to the troops on the other side. He told me that the bridge was filled by our opponents, and that all of our party were dead but seven—that two of them were shot while trying to escape across the river. He begged me to leave immediately. After questioning him in regard to the position and number of the troops, and from what sources he received his information, I bade him good night, and started up the road at a rapid walk. I stopped at the house of an Irish family at the foot of the hill, and got a cup of coffee and some eatables. I was informed by them that Capt. Brown was dead; that he had been shot about four o'clock in the afternoon. At the time I believed this report to be true.

I went on up to the school-house, and found the shutters and door closed; called to Tidd and the boys, but received no answer; cocked my rifle, and then opened the door. It was dark at the time. Some of the goods had been placed in the middle of the floor, and in the dark looked like men crouching. I uncocked my rifle, and drew my revolver, and then struck a match; saw that there was no one in the school-house; went into the bushes back of the school-house, and called for the boys. Receiving no answer, I went across the road into some pines, and again called, but could find no one. I then started up the road toward Capt. Brown's house; I saw a party of men coming down the road; when within about fifty yards I ordered them to halt; they recognised my voice and called me. I found them to be Charles P. Tidd, Owen Brown, Barclay Coppie, F. J. Merriam, and a negro who belonged to Washington or Alstadt. They asked me the news, and I gave the information that I received at the canal lock and on the road. It seemed that they thought it would be sheer madness in them to attempt a rescue of our comrades, and it was finally determined to return to the house of Capt. Brown. I found that Tidd, before leaving the school-house to go for Brown, Coppie, and Merriam, had stationed the negroes in a good position in the timber back of the school-house. On his return, however, they could not be found. We therefore left for Capt. Brown's house. Here we got a few articles which would be necessary, and then went over into the timber on the side of the mountain, a few yards beyond the house, where the spears were kept. Here we laid down and went to sleep. About three o'clock in the morning one of our party awakened and found that the negro had left us. He immediately aroused the rest of the party, and we concluded to go to the top of the mountain before light. Here we remained for a few hours, and then passed over to the other side of the mountain, where we waited till dark, and then crossed the valley to the other range beyond.

I have forgotten to state previously that before I left Capt. Brown in Cleveland, Ohio, he gave me orders to trust no one with our secret and to hold no conversation with the slaves; which orders I obeyed, with but a single exception, which I here mention. The exception to which I allude is simply this: I met a party of four negroes, two free and two slave, near Bolivar, Jefferson county, Virginia. I asked them if they had ever thought about their freedom. They replied, "they thought they ought to be free," but expressed doubts that they ever would be. I told them that time might come before many years, but for the present to keep dark and look for the good time coming, and left them.

I see from some of the newspapers that I have been represented as Capt. Brown's chief aid. This is incorrect. Kagi was second in command, Stephens third, Hazlitt fourth. Further than this I do not know that Capt. Brown had made known any preference as to superiority of rank. Edward Coppie and Dolphin Thomas

were the only lieutenants he commissioned. Owen Brown, Barclay Coppie, and F. J. Merriam were not at the Ferry during the time the attack was made, but remained by order of Capt. B. to take charge of the premises and to guard the arms left at Brown's house in case of an attack. I do not know of any person in the Ferry or its neighborhood who knew of our plan, save our own party, and they were pledged to keep it secret.

Richard Realf, one of our original party, and our Secretary of State, came from Chatham to Cleveland a few days before Capt. Brown's arrival from the East. Soon after his arrival, he (Capt. B.) sent Realf to New York city, at which place he embarked for England for the purpose of carrying out the plans of Capt. Brown. Realf was born and raised in England. He is a peasant's son, but his native talents brought him into the notice of some of the nobility, who took charge of him, and made arrangements to give him a finished education. He was taken into the family of Lady Noel Byron, where he made his home while pursuing his studies. Falling in love with a young lady of noble birth, who was a relative of Lady Byron's, he was censured by Lady B. for his presumption. He became offended at her interference, and finally left Lady B. to work his own way in the world. About this time the Chartist movement was made, which Realf joined, and the result was he was obliged to seek safety by emigrating to America. He made his home some years in New York city. A part of the time he was there he was engaged as assistant superintendent of the Five Points Mission. He is well known as an author and a poet. He gave up his situation as assistant superintendent and went to Kansas in the summer or fall of 1855. I first met him in Lawrence, Kansas. No word was received from him, to my knowledge, after he left for England, to which place he went in his own capacity and that of our Secretary of State, to solicit funds for the support of our organization. He proposed to deliver a course of lectures in various parts of England, and the net proceeds of which were to be given to carry out Capt. Brown's plan. He is a man of rare talents, and a powerful and fluent speaker. He is about twenty-eight years of age. Mr. Kagi, I believe, got a letter from some one in England a few months ago, stating that Realf had sailed for this country, and that he had quite a sum of money with him, but further than that we have been unable to find any trace of him. Capt. Brown and the rest of our company who knew him think that he is dead.

At the time Mr. Alstadt was taken I was not at his house, but in the carriage with Col. Lewis Washington, opposite the house. I do not think any arms were placed in the hands of his slaves till they arrived at the musket armory. I did not see any of the spears on our way from the Ferry to Col. Washington's; there were none taken out to my knowledge. After stopping about half an hour at the engine-house to get warm, I was called out by Capt. Brown, and then saw, for the first time, the slaves with spears in their hands. I do not know who gave them the spears, but it was some of our party, and probably by the order of Capt. Brown. The negro who was with me on Monday evening when I left the school-house for the Ferry was armed with a double-barrelled shot-gun, and I think a revolving pistol of the Massachusetts arms manufacture. Who delivered him the arms I do not know. He was under my control till I sent him back to report to Tidd that the troops were coming up. He obeyed orders while with me.

I was commissioned as a captain on the Sunday of the insurrection at the same time the others were, and with them took the oath prescribed in article forty-eight in the constitution.

George B. Gill joined us before leaving Iowa in the spring, as did Stewart Taylor.

JOHN E. COOKE.

# JOHN BROWN'S INVASION

## PUBLIC FEELING—SENTENCE OF BROWN—STATE OF THE PRISONER.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Nov. 2, 1859.

### THE CONDITION OF PUBLIC FEELING.

The citizens of Charlestown, having yielded for a week to the panic which the conflict at Harper's Ferry created among them, begin to resume airs of composure. It is evident, however, that a feeling of irremediable uneasiness still lingers here. The streets by day are filled with groups of people discussing, with profound seriousness, the chances of renewed attacks, escapes, and insurrections. Under the walls of the Court-House the debates often rise to a warmth at once betraying the alarm which all attempt to conceal. At night, the thoroughfares are guarded by armed patrols, who arrest, without distinction, all persons who wander from their homes, unless immediate proof can be given of the innocence of their intentions. All strangers are regarded with particular suspicion. Until within a day or two, each new comer was subjected to the closest scrutiny from the moment of his arrival, and, in many cases, called upon to declare his purposes, and to make clear his freedom from connexion with the recent movement. This excessive watchfulness is now relaxed in some degree, but the hotel registers are yet put through regular courses of careful examination, and all unfamiliar eccentricities of personal appearance are visited with the penalty of constant supervision. The resident of half an hour, ignorant of all about him, and unexpected of any sort of recognition, is astonished to find himself accosted by name, generally with much show of courtesy, and harassed with numerous inquiries, most amiably put, concerning his nativity, his avocation, his political sentiments, his plans in life, and so forth. If communicative, he receives a smile of public approval; if shy and reticent, he is overshadowed by the frown of society, and looked upon as likely to interfere with the tranquillity of the neighborhood. It is perfectly clear that the subsidence of excitement is only an uncertain calm, that might at any moment be broken in upon by fresh turbulence.

Some of the inhabitants affect to ridicule the idea of apprehensions. Others admit it fairly, and justify it. A gentleman in the Court-House square, this morning, in answer, I believe, to a remark of Col. Washington, upon this subject, undertook to draw a suppositions parallel case at the North. He asked what would be the probable conduct of a Vermont village community in the event of a sudden and unlooked-for invasion by a party of lawless Canadians, acting Brownwise, "in defiance of social liberties and constitutional rights." "They would hide in the hay-lofts, Sir, every one of them," said he, and as nobody volunteered to dispute the position, he spat triumphantly on the pavement, and considered the point settled.

The martial spirit of the region is shown by the presence of at least two military train-bands, which continually pervade the streets, sometimes in a body, sometimes diffused loosely about, in small squads, or in pairs. It does not appear that they are looked upon with veneration. Even the citizens are half inclined to repudiate the notion of their protection. Their ungainliness is something distressing to look upon. A part of them are Continental as to costume, but the majority of them are devoid of uniform. It is thought that, in case of danger, their bayonets would be useful, and for this reason they are cherished.

Indeed, any attempt of strangers to cast a shade upon their glory is reprehended with extreme severity. A reporter of a New-York paper is said to have poked mild fun at them, in a letter to that paper. Military Charlestown was fired with indignation. The Colonel who has the soldiery in charge visited the reporter, riddled him with small shot of interrogation, and insisted upon explanations. These were deferred, until the Colonel should specify his objections to what had been written. Subsequently the Colonel decided that, as he himself had not yet seen the obnoxious article, but had only heard of it incidentally, specifications were wholly needless, and announced with energy that, in the event of a repetition of the journalist's unpleasant levity, arrest would instantly follow.

### THE COURT, AND THOSE WHO APPEAR IN IT.

The court-room is for everybody the central point of interest. The crowds that congregate there daily are so great that it has been found necessary to erect rude scaffolds of plank to shelter the officials from outside interference, and to enable them to perform their duties unincumbered. The bustle and confusion are sometimes very great. The general disposition of the Court is remarkable. The picture during the greater part of this afternoon, for example, was curious. The

apartment, which is not large, was thoroughly filled in every part. On an elevated platform at the rear sat the Judge, comfortably reclining in his chair, his legs resting upon the table before him, amid the chaos of law-books, papers, and inkstands, and holding upon his knees a volume bigger than all the rest. Judge Parker is a man of middle age, short and stoutish, and with a countenance singularly stern, by reason of the sharp lines about the mouth. His manner is mild and quiet, and there is dignity in his presence, notwithstanding the aspiring legs. Lawyers who have come down from the North, to watch over the interests of the Brown party, eulogize his manner of presiding. They are profuse in praises of his candor and integrity. Lounging lazily over the arm of his chair was Mr. Botts, one of the counsel rejected by Brown. Beside the Judge, on each side, sat rows of country magistrates, one or two using a fragment of his table for the support of their legs; the rest displaying an unmasked battery of boots all along the railing which edges the platform. Side stairways also were crowded with attentive spectators. Just below and in front of the Judge were the jurymen, intently wide awake to every turn of proceedings. Near the center of the room, the lawyers sat around their table, many of them following the usual upward fashion, or passion, as it seems to be here, of legs. This, and a tendency to chestnuts, were the most marked peculiarities of the assemblage. The cracking of Virginia chestnuts resounded all over the hall of justice, and the floor was thickly overspread with shells. For these, however, the outside spectators and the concourse of boys in the gallery were mostly responsible. The parties concerned in the trial shared no such frivolities. Among the lawyers were sitting the Hon. Thomas Russell, Judge of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, and one of the most active of the Republican leaders of that Commonwealth, who arrived from Boston this morning, coming in answer to an earnest appeal from Brown, asking his aid in the trial, which, however, was received so late that the time had passed before it could be acted upon; Mr. George Jennott, of the Boston bar, who also arrived to-day, with a view of assisting in the defense of the remaining prisoners; Governor Willard of Indiana, who is the brother-in-law of Cook, the last captured of the band of insurgents, and who is naturally supposed to be searching for whatever may appear to favor his lucky relative; and the Attorney-General of Indiana, with perhaps a similar view. Portions of the floor were used for purposes not strictly appropriate to the occasion. Two stalwart fellows, witnesses, I believe, and certainly heroes in some way of the Farry fight, lay stretched at full length, asleep, and snoring pitilessly—occasionally disturbed from their repose by men in military garments, at times when it appeared that their heavy respirations threatened to intrude upon the serenity of the Court.

The prisoner on trial to-day was Edwin Coppie, a young man commissioned as lieutenant in Brown's organization. His appearance is not at all remarkable. His face wears a stolid air, expressive of no strong emotion, but it is said he has shown great resolution and pluck. After his arrest, when he was coming down upon the railroad from Harper's Ferry to Charlestown, he was pretty fiercely assailed by a man who charged him with having inflicted a few wounds he carried about with him. Coppie sprang to his feet, and quite a furious war of words ensued; but the rhetorical flames of both were speedily extinguished by order of Governor Wise, who was in the car. Coppie's trial was rapidly accomplished, and the verdict was still more rapidly arrived at by the Jury. In less than a half-an-hour they agreed to find the prisoner guilty. The decision was received by him with no sign of sensibility, except that he held his underlip closely for a moment with his teeth, as if striving to repress his quiver.

### JOHN BROWN RECEIVING SENTENCE.

During the absence of the Jury in Coppie's case, in order that no time should be wasted, John Brown was brought in from jail to be sentenced. He walked with considerable difficulty, and a very movement appeared to be attended with pain, although his features gave no expression of it. It was late, and the gaslights gave an almost deathly pallor to his face. He seated himself near his counsel, and, after once resting his head upon his right hand, remained entirely motionless, and for a time apparently unconscious of all that passed around—especially unconscious of the execrations audibly whispered by spectators—"D—d black-hearted villain! heart as black as a stove-pipe!"—and many such. While the Judge read his decision on the points of exception which had been submitted, Brown sat very firm, with lips tightly compressed, but with no appearance of affectation of sternness. He was like a block of stone. When the Clerk directed

him to stand and say why sentence should not be passed upon him, he rose and leaned lightly forward, his hands resting on the table. He spoke timidly—hesitatingly, indeed—and in a voice singularly gentle and mild. But his sentences came confused from his mouth, and he seemed to be wholly unprepared to speak at this time. His words have already gone before your readers; but the types can give no intimation of the soft and tender tones, yet calm and manly withal, that filled the court-room, and, I think, touched the hearts of many who had come only to rejoice at the heaviest blow their victim was to suffer. Then the Judge read the death sentence, which has also been fully forwarded by telegraph. At the announcement that, for the sake of example, the execution would be more than usually public, one indecent fellow behind the Judge's chair shouted and clapped hands jubilantly; but he was indignantly checked, and in a manner that induced him to believe he would do best to retire, which he did. It is a question, nevertheless, if the general sentiment were not fairly expressed by his action. Brown was soon after led away again to his place of confinement.

### BROWN IN JAIL.

The jail of Charlestown is a meek-looking edifice. In youth, it must have been a respectable private residence; but now, in years, it is given over to uses of State. At present, it divides attention with the Court-House, opposite to which it stands. Its vestibule is thronged with visitors. The reception-room is never vacant. Toward evening, the guardians of the insurrectionists augment their solicitude, and refuse ingress to all but the best-credited applicants. At dusk, this evening, this reception-room was a busy scene. A brisk Colonel, whose name I forget, but whose person I never can, on account of his miraculous development of hair, which was braided from behind, brought round over the forehead, and tied in a huge bow-knot between his eyes, was organizing the night-patrol, and superintending the loading of a number of Sharpe's rifles, ready for use. He was careful to impart confidential whispers to certain persons, in a way so that all could hear, to the effect that he had that day received scores of telegraph notices warning him of this particular night, as a rescue had been arranged to come off without delay. People, however, were little moved by this, and persisted in talking of the unexpected postponement of Brown's execution for one whole month.

Brown is as comfortably situated as any man can be in a jail. He has a pleasant room, which is shared by Stephens, whose recovery remains doubtful. He has opportunities of occupying himself by writing and reading. His jailor, Avis, was of the party who assisted in capturing him. Brown says Avis is one of the bravest men he ever saw, and that his treatment is precisely what he should expect from so brave a fellow. He is permitted to receive such visitors as he desires to see. He states that he welcomes every one, and that he is preaching, even in jail, with great effect, upon the enormities of Slavery, and with arguments that everybody fails to answer. His friends say, with regret, that in many of his recent conversations, he has given stronger reason for a belief that he is insane than ever before.

Brown's wounds, excepting one cut on the back of the head, have all now healed, without suppuration, and the scars are scarcely visible. He attributes his very rapid recovery to his strict abstemious habits through life. His appearance is very much the same as usual, which is decidedly unlike all the portraits of him that have of late appeared. He is really a man of imposing appearance, and neither his tattered garments, the rents in which were caused by sword-thrusts, nor his scarred face, can detract from the manliness of his mien. He is always composed, and every trace of disquietude has left him.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

CHARLESTOWN, Friday, Nov. 4, 1859.

### AFFAIRS IN COURT.

The interest in the Court proceedings this morning was considerable. Mr. Sennott argued for the defense of Shields Green. His address was full of ingenuity. Every resource seemed to be invoked. I cannot tell you the number of "points" he made, but they were very numerous, and very sharp. The sensitiveness of the audience, too, was less evident than yesterday, and Mr. Sennott's manner, which was not so demonstrative as before, augmented their good humor. I think the Court was hardly prepared for so much acuteness as he showed. Certainly it contrasted very strongly with the smooth regularity with which the other trials have been permitted to progress. The counsel for the prosecution, Mr. Hunter, felt called upon to bestow approbation on his "learned friend." He was prodigal of compliments; but believed that nothing would come



after all, of the close pleading he had listened to. The Court agreed with Mr. Hunter, and blandly overruled all opposition. The Jury, of course, agreed, with the Judge, and after the usual few moments of consultation, brought in verdicts of guilty on three counts of the indictment, but consented that the prisoner should be considered "not guilty" of the first, which charged him with treason, for the reason that the Dred Scott decision incapacitates a negro for participation in treasonable acts. So that Mr. Sennott's efforts were quite ineffective, as was to have been expected.

The customs of this Court are singular. They strike a Northern eye with peculiar force. Apart from the turbulence and carelessness of appearances, there are very odd ways of conducting business. Jurors are qualified who do not understand the nature of the duties they assume. I heard the Judge endeavoring for five minutes to explain to a jurymen what was meant by conscientious scruples against capital punishment. Finding at last that he was expected to say he was embarrassed by no such scruples, the man did so, and was forthwith sworn. The regular Prosecuting Attorney (not Mr. Hunter) has a habit of going to sleep during arguments which he does not deliver himself. He slumbered quite placidly a long while this morning, to the great delight of the Jury, who gave the whole of their minds to him. He woke very suddenly, and called out for tobacco, at which everybody around him laughed, and the Crier shouted, "Gentlemen must not talk in Court." The attorney did talk, nevertheless, and gave a friendly companion an account of a rough-and-tumble fight he had had with a blind man the Saturday night before, just after his opening argument against Brown. I am told that this fight was a very pretty one, and that the blind man had the best of it, bestowing bruises upon his antagonist's face which the latter brought into Court with him on the Monday following. But the most extraordinary custom is that of the Clerk preparing a written verdict, reading it to the Jury, and asking them if they agree to it, which, of course, they do. In the case of Coppie, the jury came in with a blundering verdict. They knew nothing about "counts" and such trifles; they simply knew that they found the prisoner guilty. This would not do; so in a few minutes a correct verdict was written off and read to the Jury, who said that was just what they meant, and subscribed with cheerfulness.

#### THE TERRORS OF A CAMERA.

I told you about the case of Mr. Brackett, the sculptor, who came from Boston with the hope of getting a likeness of Brown, from which to model a bust. His expectations, which were kept alive yesterday by gentle encouragements, were to-day crushed. He obtained an interview with the jailor, and the jailor consulted with a few colonels. The decision was, that it would not do. There was something obscure about the camera. They could not see through it. The jailor moreover informed Mr. Brackett that his mission in town was well known, and that there was an immense opposition to it, some hundreds of people having called on him and insisted, with all the arguments they could bring, that no such thing should be permitted. Under these circumstances the jailor did not feel willing to open his doors to a camera. He even refused to give the sculptor a chance of seeing Brown at all. Mr. Brackett will be obliged to return without accomplishing his object, for it is wholly impossible to satisfy the jealous Virginians that there is not in his visit here a great deal more than meets the eye. He has been told that he is "a marked man," and must bear the penalty.

#### MORE "FORBEARANCE."

I have some reason to believe that the cause of this gentleman's discomfiture is his acknowledged acquaintance with a gentleman and lady who came here a day or two ago to see Brown, who is an old friend of theirs. This gentleman and lady were regarded with great suspicion. It is claimed as a token of "forbearance," even beyond that shown to Mr. Hoyt, that they were allowed to depart in peace. Mr. Hunter, the senior counsel for the Government, says that the lady was only shielded by her sex, for he has letters deeply implicating her with the conspiracy. A man in her position, he says, would have found inconvenience in getting away—would not, indeed, have got away at all.

Do you think I shall get away at all?

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Thursday Evening, Nov. 3.

#### A REVIVAL OF WRATH.

The partial tranquillity of the past few days is interrupted, and public excitement enjoys a revival. The corner gossips glow with a new agitation. Feverish symptoms reappear in the community. The repose of yesterday has vanished. Do not laugh incredulously when I relate the causes, for what I shall tell you is most true.

Early this morning, just about the hour for the opening of the Court, strange uniforms were seen coming in from the direction of Harper's Ferry. A party of soldiers, five in number, all splendidly accoutered with sabers and muskets, and fixed bayonets and pistols, surrounded and hemmed in an odd-looking prisoner, very forlorn and very dusty, and held him at bay. He seemed astonished at the attentions which were showered upon him, but too much used up to suitably appreciate them. He was led to the jail, in stately fashion, and immured. He had been arrested somewhere in Shepherdstown, on a charge, so far as I could learn, of attempting to write a history of the State of Virginia. You can, doubtless, imagine the enormity of such an offense. People had observed him going about in search of historical traditions. He had been heard to make several inquiries in relation to events of the last century. This looked very ill; so bayonets were brought, and he was made a prisoner of war. He was errified out of his wits—another fact which told strongly against him. Moreover, of the score of questions simultaneously put to him, he could answer only one at a time. All this proved him to be a dangerous person; so to Charlestown Jail he had to come. The fact—which distinctly appeared—that no one accused him of complicity with Brown, was deemed a trifle, and not worthy of consideration.

The jail became at once the object of public interest. Its steps were thronged, and its portal obstructed, until the jailor became gruff, and banished intruders. Only a few of the best recognized citizens were permitted to enter. Strangers had not a chance, even if they had desired. I believe that an inquiring newspaper reporter essayed admittance, but gained only the privilege of a conversation very like the following with two military officers who guarded the door:

"Shall I go in, Sir, with these others, and learn something about the new prisoner?"

"Well, Sir, I don't know what to say. Col. Remus, how does it strike you?"

"It's a great responsibility, Major Remus; I hardly know if it would be well."

"I will run over and consult Col. Tarquinius Superbus. If he consents, I shall make no objection."

"Do so, Major Remus. The responsibility is too great for any one of us, or any two of us, to take. I think that, among three of us, we might share it."

So the Colonel over the way was consulted (they are about all colonels in Charlestown, with only now and then a rare exception of a major), and, after deliberation, the reporter was suffered to pass. The responsibility, I suppose, was impartially distributed, in due proportion.

This incident, in the first place, began to upset the Virginian balance, but "the greater was behind." It was in the Court-room that the real sensation of the day was felt. Shields Green, a negro participant in the insurrection, was put upon trial. His defense was entrusted to Mr. George Sennott of Boston. Mr. Sennott was lively. The spectators marveled at his keenly-drawn arguments. His struggle with the prosecution was a sort of guerrilla warfare. He attacked the indictment on all points. He moved that the first count, charging the prisoner with treason, should be abandoned, on the strength of the Dred Scott decision, which deprives negroes of citizenship, and consequently of their treasonable capabilities—and this count was abandoned. He moved that the entire indictment should be quashed, for a variety of reasons, involving any number of legal technicalities. First, he objected to it on account of its excessive interlineation; but this, the Court ruled, was not a material point. Then he objected on the ground that, as it comprised three various charges, it confused the prisoner's right of challenging jurymen—since, the law allowing him to challenge eight, he might desire to set aside a jurymen for reasons connected with one charge, and to retain him in reference to another. This, also, was overruled by the Court. Mr. Sennott, however, went on with an infinite variety of objections, scattering them all over the indictment with unfinching persistence. The spectators listened, then laughed, then fell to whispering, and then unbridled their irritation. What other effect the lawyer's close practice may have, it is not possible to foresee; but it certainly had that of spurring on the audience to bitterness of spirit.

The word circulated that the Boston gentleman was making an Abolition harangue. People who spoke as if by prophetic assurance, foretold the rising of the Court, and its abrupt departure in the midst of the argument. The least thing they looked for was that the discourse would be peremptorily checked. But in both they were disappointed. The Court heard, and the spectators grew more dissatisfied, until Mr. Sennott's name was coupled with a great many unpleasant epithets. The general idea was that of complete amazement at the utterance of "Abolition sentiments" in a Virginia Court of justice.

The effects of this state of feeling were curiously shown. It happened that a sculptor, Mr. Brockett of Boston, arrived in Charlestown, this morning, with a hope of getting a likeness of Brown, the measurement of his head, &c., to aid him in making a bust for which he had received a commission. He had expected to find no objections on the part of the authorities. But, after a few vain efforts to obtain an interview with Brown, his hopes began to fade. The jailor referred him to the Judge, and the Judge referred him back to the jailor. The jailor spoke of the sheriff's power to admit visitors within the jail, and the sheriff preferred to leave those matters to the Judge. The Judge again said that Brown had passed from his control, and that he did not consider himself bound to act in the matter. The Judge, however, was willing if the jailor was, and the jailor was willing if the Judge was. Between them all, the sculptor's opportunities seemed to be growing fainter and fainter, until it was suggested that if he would wait a day or two, he could have every facility, but that the renewal of the excitement, caused by the Boston lawyer's extraordinary course, rendered it impossible to comply at present with his wish. The idea of the camera, too, was met with opposition. The sculptor had discovered a traveling daguerreotype operator, and proposed to get a likeness of Brown by his assistance. This was rather too much. Two strange men with a camera inside of a jail was a prospect not to be calmly contemplated. So, it seems that, whatever other favor may be accorded the sculptor, he will have to forego the daguerreotype.

#### THE HUMORS OF THE LOCAL PRESS.

There are three weekly newspapers published in Charlestown—*The Free Press*, *The Independent Democrat*, and *The Spirit of Jefferson*. They are all thoroughly sound, and conducted on the simple principle of unsparing severity toward foes and dove-like gentleness toward friends. They unite the extremes of bitter and sweet. For all who come with credentials of adherence to the Pro-Slavery faith, they have words of sweetest welcome: For unreliable strangers, they have chilling admonitions, and, for visitors who make no secret of their want of political sympathy with the prevailing creed, they have fierce ebullitions of rage. Mr. Hoyt, the young lawyer who came from Boston to aid in the defense of Brown, affords excellent opportunities for the expression of sound doctrine. All the papers touch upon his visit in unflattering terms. *The Independent Democrat* says:

"A young stripling of the genus homo, hailing from Boston, a lawyer by his own avowal, came on here Friday last, and volunteered his services in defense of Old Brown. His manner and nasal twang would at once have determined his paternity, had he not stated that he had come the hull way from Boston, traveling night and day. His chief errand seems to be to get his name mixed up with the trial of the martyrs, so that it may be a stock of votes in the hands of the Abolitionists. Sharp's rifle, and negro equality associates at home. His presence among us upon the errand he comes puts our Southern courtesy to its tension to tolerate his tribe for a single moment.

We hope he may get back to the land of nutmegs with his own little wiser than when he volunteered."

The delicacy of this morsel is paralleled by its felicity of style. Its appearance appeased the public anxiety that Mr. Hoyt should be rebuked, but did not satisfy it. The paragraph was too mild. So, a day or two after, the following was published in *The Free Press*, headed with the offender's name in staring type:

"This gentleman arrived in our midst on Friday last, and was admitted to the bar. He said that he had come from Boston, traveling night and day, to volunteer his services in the defense of Capt. Brown. He asked for more time, as he had no knowledge of the criminal code of Virginia. A pretty advocate, indeed! He had volunteered his services, and yet had no knowledge of our laws. He should have remained in Jericho until his beard had grown." Mr. Hoyt doubtless expected, when he volunteered, to become as prominent with the Abolitionists as Brown and his party are notorious for their crimes. An eye will be kept upon this volunteer gentleman, as it should be upon others who are better volenteers or not, who are in our midst. Had a Southern volunteer appeared in a Boston Court, he would probably have been dragged out by the neck."

Greatly contrasting with this, are gracious allusions to more famed persons. The "noble representatives" of *The New-York Herald* and *Frank Leslie's Paper* are acknowledged to "have done Trojan service to the cause of the South," and receive "a hearty, whole-souled Virginian welcome." A Baltimore editor is described as "a gentleman of great urbanity of manners, and a noble specimen of the Metropolitan Press." The photographic reporters are proclaimed to be "gentlemen of exceeding suavity of manners."

For the Governor of Ohio, counsel for Brown, *The Democrat* vouchsafes the hope that he will return home "favorably impressed with the soundness of the citizens on the goose question, and of the happy, greasy, rollicky contentedness of Sambo with his shackles"—which is none the less kind for being free from grammatical constraint.

Turning from lively to severe, *The Democrat* takes up the case of Cook, and suggests that he be dealt with summarily, without legal formalities. It says, with a ray or two of warmth:

"If there is one among the hellish miscreants of Brown and his party, who is to be distinguished above the rest for the enormity of his crime, it is this man Cook, he being the scoundrel who, for the past three or four years, under various specious pretenses, has been visiting the houses of the citizens of this and the neighboring counties for the purpose of procuring out-information necessary to complete Brown's plan to rob us of our property and raise insurrection in our midst. He is a villain of the blackest hue, and should be placed outside the leniency and protection of the law. A court of justice should not be disgraced by the presence of such a black-hearted and atrocious villain."

#### BROWN AND HIS FRIENDS.

Brown's cheerfulness never fails him. He converses with all who visit him, in a manner so free from restraint and with so much unconcern, that none can doubt his real convictions of self-approval. His daring courage has strongly impressed the people, and I have more than once heard public avowals of admiration of his fearlessness, in spite of ominous murmurs of disapprobation from bystanders.

A telegraph dispatch, dated Boston, was this morning received from T. W. Higginson, by Mr. Sennott. It said: "John Brown's wife wishes to go on and see 'him. Can you obtain permission for her?" This was answered affirmatively; but, when the matter was mentioned to Brown, he directed that this message should be immediately sent: "Do not, for God's sake, come here now. John Brown."

Judge Russell of Boston started for home this morning. He remained only one day in Charlestown. Mr. Hoyt, the lawyer, also returned. That he was suffered to depart without molestation is considered here a powerful proof of the forbearance of the people.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Nov. 4, 1859.

#### ABOUT BROWN.

Certain Northern papers convey the impression of a very general belief in John Brown's safety from execution. They assume that, for political or other reasons, Gov. Wiece will be induced to show clemency to this condemned man. Such ideas are here received with indignation. I certainly do not see any ground for hope in Brown's case. It is evident that any attempt to remove him alive from this town would fail. The people say that a regiment of soldiers, with the Governor at their head, could not accomplish it. You, at a distance, can hardly form an impression of the rage for vengeance which is felt by the citizens of this place. When Brown was in court, on trial, there were always faces burning with hatred hanging over him, fiercely watching every movement that he made. In the event of an attempt at rescue, which has been the great fear all along, and to prevent which all these extraordinary military precautions are still kept up, the jailors have been instructed to shoot him and his companions instantly. The populace are resolute in their determination that their victims shall never be taken from them, and it does not seem that this determination is to be shaken by any expectation.

Brown's own ideas on the subject are characteristic. He tranquilly says: "I do not know that I ought to encourage any attempt to save my life. I am not sure that it would not be better for me to die at this time. I am not incapable of error, and I may be wrong; but I think that perhaps my objects would be nearer fulfillment if I should die. I must give it some thought." There is no insincerity about this, you may be sure. Brown does not value his life; or, at least, is wholly unmoved at the prospect of losing it. He was never more firm than at this moment. The only compunctions he expresses are in relation to his management at Harper's Ferry, by which he lost not only himself, but sacrificed his associates. He sometimes says that if he had pursued his original plan of immediate escape to the mountains, he could never have been taken, for he and his men had studied the vicinity thoroughly, and knew it a hundred times better than any of the inhabitants. It was, he says, his weakness in yielding to the entreaties of the prisoners, and delaying his departure, that ruined him. "It was the first time," are his words, "that I ever lost command of myself, and now I am punished for it."

The reason Brown has given for asking his wife to remain away is also characteristic. He knows it will cause great suffering, and will, possibly, shatter his composure in a manner which he is resolved against, lest his captors should esteem it an evidence of regret for what he has done. The dispatch which I told you was sent to Mrs. Brown, did not reach her, and to-day

another was received, announcing that she was about to leave Philadelphia for this town. Brown will still make another effort to check her.

Nothing seems to give Brown greater annoyance than hearing of those threatening anonymous letters that are continually sent to Governor Wise and to the authorities of Charlestown concerning his fate. He protests against them, and feels unwilling to believe that they proceed from his own friends.

#### THE TRIALS OF THE ACCUSED.

Cook's trial is looked forward to with much anxiety. Of all the party, he is the one toward which the greatest bitterness is displayed. It is expected that his defense will be a very strong one. His brother-in-law, Governor Willard of Indiana, has been here for many days, with the Attorney-General of that State, and another lawyer, making preparations for the trial. Their plan of defense has not been allowed to escape from them of course. Gov. Willard's relationship to Cook has caused a vast deal of suspicion here, and the question whether he is or is not an Abolitionist and a dangerous visitor, has been very freely argued. The newspapers have intimated that he is a "wolf in sheep's clothing," and that the welfare of the country demands that he be sternly scrutinized, which I believe he is.

In the case of Copeland, the mulatto, which was tried to-day, Mr. Sennott conducted the defense in such a manner as to render it extremely probable that the verdict of guilty, which was of course rendered, will have to be set aside, and a new trial ordered. This is a curious contrast to the haste in which the other trials have proceeded. There has, heretofore, been no delay in the determination of all the cases. The Judge said very pleasant things to Mr. Sennott—told him his argument was very persuasive—and that you may see his points clearly, I will give them to you as closely and accurately as I can recall them:

The evidence being all in, Mr. SENNOTT moved the Court that the Jury be directed to pay no attention to any evidence tending to show treason, and to return a verdict of Not Guilty, as in the case of Shields Green, on the ground that Copeland, being described in that count as a negro, could not be guilty of treason under the decision in the case of Dred Scott, that a negro was not a citizen. The Court assenting, Mr. HUNTER, for the prosecution, admitted the statement of law to be correct, and declared that they abandoned that count.

On the second count of the indictment, Mr. SENNOTT moved for a similar direction, on the ground that the negro was described as free, whereas the presumption of law in the Slave States was that he was a slave, being a man of color; that in a civil case he must show the fact affirmatively himself; that in a criminal case it was a material, issuable and triable fact, and must be proved as laid, and that the Government had closed their case without doing so.

Mr. HUNTER called attention to the fact that they had introduced Copeland's confession to the Marshal, wherein he stated that he was born in North Carolina, but went to Oberlin at the age of ten, and was born free.

Mr. SENNOTT replied that the confession was admitted under strong objection; that it had been made under influence as well as threats; that no matter how admitted, it was a declaration of Copeland in his own favor, and should not therefore be admitted; that it was in his favor legally because the status of a free man was legally superior to that of a slave; that he had a legal right to reject or refuse to assume a legal benefit when it was a practical damage; and that, at any rate, for the purposes of this trial, he would insist that his client was a slave as well as a negro, and that the Government must prove that he was free affirmatively.

The COURT ruled that the burden of proof was on the Government, but refused to direct that they must prove it affirmatively.

Mr. SENNOTT excepted.

Mr. SENNOTT then asked the Court to direct a verdict of not guilty on the second count for conspiring with slaves and others to rebel, and inducing slaves to insurrection—and asked the Court to rule that there was no evidence of such an offense to go to the Jury. He also asked the Court to rule, that compelling slaves to take pikes in their hands was not advising them to revolt, in the sense of the law. The COURT, with hesitation, concluded finally by refusing so to rule, and Mr. Sennott excepted. He then asked the Court to rule that, as the Government had relied all along upon the confession of Copeland that he had come to run off slaves, and had insisted on it, they could not be allowed now to contradict their own story; and that that had actually proved a different offense entirely to wit, slave stealing, from what the Grand Jury had charged them with under oath, viz. conspiracy and rebellion!

The same remarks applied to the counts for murder. At this point there appeared to be some hesitation on the part of the Court.

The PROSECUTING OFFICER remarked that the Government had proved a common purpose, that not all the ingenious pleading of the counsel could evade. That being so, he thought proof of the overt acts of conspiracy first proved that, and then the murders occurring in furtherance of the common design were chargeable upon all the conspirators. He spent a great portion of the time of his argument and read much law to show this position.

Mr. SENNOTT, in reply, remarked that the whole learned argument as to common purpose was entirely useless, because the law intended only to punish a man for committing crimes in pursuance of a common purpose with which he was charged. Here, however, he was shown to have done nothing—and nobody in his band—except in pursuance of a design with which he was not charged. On an appeal to the Court, it was ruled:

That the Government must prove the second count as charged, and that evidence of a conspiracy to run off slaves did not and would not support it.

There was here a very perceptible sensation among the assembled crowd. The Jury, however, retired, and after the first discussion had in the Jury-room during all these trials, returned a verdict of Not Guilty on the first count, but Guilty on all others.

Mr. SENNOTT immediately gave notice that on Monday he would, with leave, move the verdict be set aside as against evidence and against the direction and ruling of the Court.

The COURT remarked that it would hear the motion, and instantly adjourned.

#### BAFFLED CHIVALRY.

The adventure of Mr. Brackett, the sculptor, of which I have before informed you, had the oddest possible termination. It is a fact that, after all the watchfulness of jailors, all the interference of citizens, all the discouragements of Judge and Sheriff, all the refusals to which he was subjected, all the public determination that he shouldn't have what he wanted, he went away some time yesterday with the desired plans and measurements in his pocket. Now, I call that a tolerably good case of successful enterprise. Failing in one direction, Mr. Brackett sought success in another. While everybody was looking after him as a suspicious object, he had transferred his instruments to a person qualified to use them, who spent an agreeable half hour with Brown in noting down everything that was needed. The most amusing part of it to me is, that, now that the sculptor has gone away, there is a considerable revulsion of feeling, and many persons express sorrow at his disappointment, which they think he ought not to have been made to suffer. To meet this, it is asserted that the authorities were really willing to admit Mr. Brackett, and that nothing but the positive and imperative refusal of Brown to see him, deterred them. To hear this, knowing that Brown did with perfect readiness afford opportunities of procuring the requisite measurements, and that he himself asked for Mr. Brackett in vain, does not add to one's confidence in Virginia veracity.

#### PUBLIC PRECAUTIONS.

Martial law still holds sway in Charlestown. The Continentals and the extemporized volunteer corps parade the streets daily. To the gentlemen of this volunteer corps, the insurrection must be a godsend. They get a dollar and a half a day for their services, and I think if you saw them you would agree that they are dearly paid. What their means of livelihood could have been before this windfall I cannot imagine. Such troops as I have here seen do not inspire respect for the military capabilities of the region. I assure you that the Seventh Regiment could march down here and take the State of Virginia with very little trouble.

At night the precautions are redoubled. An armed patrol guards all the approaches to the town. I walked last evening a little way up the road to Harper's Ferry, and returning, was stopped short, not far from the hotel, by a gentleman with too much musket about him to be a pleasant partner in conversation. "Hallo," he said, "who goes there?" I explained to him that I was a boarder at Sappington's Hotel. It wouldn't do, he said; I must give the countersign. I protested that I knew no countersign, and that he had better go along with me to the hotel. This he consented to do on condition that I would wait till he was relieved. So to wait I made up my mind, but presently he softened, appeared to be penetrated with a conviction that I was a boarder at Sappington's Hotel, and he said, "I will go with you."



2 The examination of strangers is never relaxed. The surveillance is uninterrupted from the time they arrive until they leave. If they stay too long, it is popularly decided that they mean no good; and if they stay but a very short time, every one is satisfied that they mean very ill. The long sojourn of Mr. Hoyt and the brief visit of Judge Russell of Boston are equally objected to. Why Judge Russell went off in such a hurry, the people want to know. They don't like it all. They look upon his hasty departure as the precursor of some evil. Hence more recent comers receive more especial attentions. Two Northerners, from New-Jersey, I think, who came this morning, were put through very sharp examinations. What will be said to Mrs. L. Maria Child's advent, which is expected immediately I cannot imagine, but I do not think it will be entirely comfortable for her here.

The prevalence of firearms is not always agreeable. The people are forever handling them. Until within a day or two you could not go into a bar-room without finding yourself confronted by half a dozen ugly muzzles from all directions. There seems to be a great fondness for the employment of Sharp's rifles. I saw, this morning, a poor devil of a negro trembling before one which a gentleman of Continental uniform was pointing at him. Suddenly the rifle was snapped. It was unloaded, but the explosion of the percussion-cap terrified the negro beyond description. The sportsman laughed, and the bystanders applauded the jest.

#### CHARLESTOWN, Va., Nov. 6, 1859. CONTEMPLATED SEIZURE OF NORTHERN OPERATORS.

There is reason to believe that the course to be pursued in the case of Cook will result in an excitement far wider in its influence, and much more liable to a threatening termination, than any that has yet been manifested. The disposition of his case has been kept profoundly secret, but nevertheless I believe the plan is arranged in a manner very nearly as follows: Cook has been occupied for the past week in drawing up a voluminous confession, which is now in the hands of the Government, and which is said to implicate many persons of distinguished position at the North. This confession is, naturally, strictly guarded. On the strength of its admission, Gov. Wise is supposed to have granted to Cook the permission to be tried in the United States Court at Stanton, Va., with some hope, how much is uncertain, of lenient treatment. The object in transferring the case to the United States Court is to enable the prosecution to summon as witnesses persons who are named in Cook's confession, and, possibly, all who are supposed to be concerned with Brown's party, or account of the letters found in his carpet-bag. This could not be done if the case were tried in the State Court. For what purpose it is intended to summon these parties, I cannot tell; but it only needs a very slight acquaintance with the present condition of the Virginian temper, to perceive that their position will not be a bed of roses if they ever are brought here.

Whether this intention, which, without any reasonable doubt, is the present one, will be carried out, tomorrow will show. If it is considered practicable, and sufficient to secure the design of the authorities, it will not be abandoned.

#### WHAT BROWN'S PLAN REALLY WAS.

I have not heard of anybody who, whatever crimes he may have attributed to Brown, has doubted his word. Here is his own account of his purpose at Harper's Ferry:

He had calculated upon, and fully expected to accomplish, a rescue of a great number of slaves. To maintain a warlike position in Virginia for any definite period, was not his object. The idea of his seizing the Armory for the sake of the weapons it contained, he will not admit. He says he had far better weapons of his own. His occupying it at all was a variation from his original determination. He had decided to take Col. Washington and the other prisoners to the Harper's Ferry Bridge, and there to establish a commanding position, from which he would insist upon exchanges of slaves for his prisoners. In case he should have been dislodged, he would have retreated in haste to the mountains, with the intricacies of which he had

made himself so much more familiar than the inhabitants themselves, that he believed he could defy all attempts to apprehend him. He had supposed that, after a few days of successful evasion, he would be joined by hundreds of slaves anxious to escape, by whose aid he could have perfected arrangements for an enormous rescue. This, as I understand it, was his real plan.

The reason of the... No avers, that... night of the rising was very severely cold, he suddenly concluded to have the prisoners taken to the Armory, where they would not be exposed to the weather, anticipating no trouble in moving off with them, in case he should not be able to effect the exchanges with negroes before the general alarm should spread. Disappointed in this hope he had only to fight to the end.

Some one the other day asked Brown the reason why he did not go further South to make this attempt. He answered that there were strong objections on the score of humanity—meaning, as was afterward explained, that the ferocity of the slaves further South could not have been checked, and that a great massacre would have been the result.

#### THE LATEST BREEZE.

A lady came here yesterday from New-Jersey, I believe, with the hope of seeing Brown, and offering whatever services she might be permitted to render him in his confinement. At her approach, the town palpitated. I saw her asking admission in vain at the door of the jail, while a crowd of armed men over the way surveyed her movements with the closest care. Presently a report was spread that this was Mrs. L. Maria Child, who had been expected, and the blaze of excitement immediately brightened as if freshly oiled. I do not believe that this lady will put any trust in chivalry hereafter. Certainly, she will meet only disappointment here, for the resolution seems to have been fixed to give no access to any applicants from abroad.

This is the determination of the Sheriff. The jailer, however, who, having personally fought with Brown, feels his heart warming to him every day, declares that his prisoner shall see any person he wants to. Mr. Avis, the jailer, is deeply impressed with Brown's heroic fortitude in his captivity. He expects and means to witness his speedy death on the scaffold, but he will be very sorry when that time comes. The jailer's honest partiality for Brown causes some differences of opinion to be expressed on the subject of his receiving visits; but he says that he will give up his control if the old man is treated with indignity.

#### A NEW PRISONER.

Hazlett of Pennsylvania was yesterday captured in Carlisle Pa., and was at midnight brought into Charlestown. You would have thought, by the uproar, that a new invasion was at hand—guards running hither and thither, hotels assailed with merciless batterings, and altogether a hideous state of things. Hazlett has nothing to say, having been instructed by counsel to answer no questions, and give no intimation of his antecedents; and the other prisoners seem oppressed by an absolute incapability to recognize him, although called upon to identify. This prisoner is, in appearance the most reckless and determined of all that have been brought here. As matters stand, his chances to escape are not inconsiderable.

#### BROWN'S PROPERTY.

Mr. Sennott, who has been formally intrusted with Brown's interests, intends to look up all of his property that can be collected together, for the benefit of his family. Of the Sharp's rifles, twenty only are certain to be recovered, the rest having been carried off by various persons. These twenty are in the possession of the jailer, who is anxious to have their value made good to Brown. The tents, axes, pikes, and so forth, will probably be sold as soon as possible. I am sorry to say that Mr. Brown's little property was seriously diminished by Mr. Griswold, the lawyer from Ohio, who received \$250 from his client for defending him. Under the circumstances it would be pleasanter to know that Mr. Griswold had looked to other sources for his reward.

#### SOUTH VERSUS NORTH.

"Don't you think, Sir, upon the whole, that society, and everything, is pretty much the same here as you find it at the North?"

I heard this question asked yesterday by one of the inhabitants of Charlestown of a Northern visitor, whose amiability conquering for a moment his integrity, induced him to answer with a pleasant affirmative. The delight of the interrogator was the best proof of his genuine consciousness of inferiority; for his satisfaction would not thus have overcome his calmness had he not felt that a different reply was to have been expected. I looked about for some of the tokens of similarity between this and Northern towns of the same rank, but failed to discover them. Everything shows how far this region is behind the age, lingering sluggishly in the lap of idleness. It has, however, certainly now received a great shock, which has roused it from its apathy that, in the course of twenty years, civilization will perhaps flourish, and, with the decline of Slavery, the great impuditor to progress, enterprise and vigor manifest themselves. Then, possibly, laws may be something beside a huge huddle of

conflicting inconsistencies (and they are now little else, as you may see on the most casual examination of the Virginia code), and their administration may show intelligence and wisdom, which, I regret to say, they do not now, although its officers certainly appear to be actuated by none but worthy and just intentions, excepting when their excited feelings control them, as in the present case; for you may be sure that, however pure the motives of the legal ministers may have been, the recent trials have not been properly conducted. Then society may stand upon a better and more equal foundation, and a town like this may be able to exhibit more than three or four men of eminent dignity and attainments—which it cannot now, the remainder falling, in various gradations, far beneath the ordinary intellectual level. Then the decent comforts and conveniences of life may be provided, and they are not, in many important cases, now. Then newspapers not printed from the cheapest old-style hand-presses, and worthy of their mission, may appear. Then architecture may rise from its present disagreeable primitiveness. Then bodies of criminals may be buried without fear of immediate exhumation, such as occurred in the case of the insurgent at Harper's Ferry, for purposes that no one knows. Then a military system, not quite a farce, may be established. Then gentlemen of fine physical powers and stalwart development, who happen to visit the hotels, may avoid such wretched propositions to transmit their race through healthy slave girls for the future benefit of the owners, as have been offered here within a week. Then enlightenment may advance, and Old Brown may not be looked upon as so much of a mischief-worker after all. Who knows?

#### MILITARY STOCKS FALLING.

I regret to say that the enthusiasm of the fine Colonel who has in charge the military defenses of the town, is not shared by the citizens. They are getting tired of so much sternness. An incident last night added to this feeling. A respectable gentleman wandered from his home beyond the lines. When accosted by the guard, he was too inebriated to pronounce the countersign with distinctness, and came very near getting shot. The member of the guard was also deeply influenced by whisky, and discharged his musket without hesitation. The ball whistled close by the respectable citizen and frightened him out of his wits. His friends condoled with him a great deal his morning in terms detrimental to the dignity of the troops. The Colonel in charge was told that he must not keep putting firearms into the hands of drunken boys. The Colonel himself had an unpleasant adventure last night. He was reconnoitering, and tried to come the Napoleon over a guard man—went up to him and blustered, to test his fidelity. Guardsman didn't know him, and assumed a forbidding demeanor, upon which the Colonel wisely dropped the Corsican, and came home.

#### MORE HUMORS OF THE LOCAL PRESS.

Mr. George Sennott's legal success does not seem to have given him a strong hold upon the public favor. The sensitive heart of the community still rankles under his declaration in Court, that "the system of Slavery is illogical and absurd." The newspapers, which reflect the general feeling, have paid compliments to "the Boston lawyer," with great freedom. *The Spirit of Jefferson* of this week has two articles about him, which I send you, that you may see the spirit in which Southern journalism is conducted. This is the first:

"Mr. George Sennott of Boston, Mass., is a man of parts—physically speaking, at any rate—and has made a decided sensation in our community; indeed, he is the lion of the town. John Brown, and Stevens, and Cook, and the two darkies, Green and Copeland, have all been thrown into the shade by the huger proportions of this Boston lawyer, Mr. George Sennott; their diminished heads are hid, put entirely out of sight, and their 'noses put out of joint,' by the appearance of this *lusus* of Boston law-yeer. We are glad of all this. We are glad that the modern Athens has had compassion on our people, and sent us something entirely new under the sun. We were almost done Brown, and began to weary and tire for the want of something fresh to feed our palling appetites upon. Boston, we bow to you, and give you our dexter eye. Grasp it well and hearily, Old Boston, and shake it long, either in the pump-handle mode, or the gig-a-re-gig style, or both!

"Mr. George Sennott has come to us upon a mission of great bigness, and his size, so far as latitude is concerned, shows him fully up to the immortal standard of envys extraordinary. He has come to defend John Brown and his associates, and he means to do it. Unluckily for him—according to our apprehension, not his—John Brown and Copic had already been tried and found guilty, and so far as they are to be considered, Mr. George Sennott will have to defend them before some other tribunal than the Circuit Court of Jefferson. But Mr. George S. has a chance at Shields Green—a regular out-and-out tar-colored darkey; and he is doing his best for the said Shields. He has figured largely in this Green case, which, to quote his own eloquent words, he has 'the honor to defend.' 'Birds of a

leather, you know, will knock together." He spread himself—and every body knows that he was big enough already—he spread himself, blew his fuzzy-guzzly, and let miscellaneous things rip generally. He was grateful, oh! how grateful, to the Bench, to the Bar, to the Jury, to the citizens and soldiers, for the blessed privilege of walking our streets, in the dark night, without being molested; for having been treated with respect, without the necessity of demanding it; and he will do all in his power during his stay among us, to repay this great debt of gratitude he owes us, by showing us that he has some knowledge of his profession, is an attorney of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and is bound to defend his honored client, Green, with the most consummate knowledge of what he is about."

And here is the second:

"On Thursday morning, when the Court was opened, who should appear as the champion of Shields Green? Not the veritable Doesticks himself, but his old friend and companion, the celebrated Damphool. He was very careful to inform the Court and the crowd that he was no volunteer, but a regularly feed counsel, but by whom employed he did not say. Since his arrival in the town, he had been treated with the highest respect, and that, too, without any demand upon his part—of course he should have demanded it, if it had not been otherwise accorded him. During the day his 'ups and downs' were a source of annoyance to the Court, but a greater source of amusement to the little boys in the Court-room. His crowning performance was when he tried to give expression to his sympathetic tenderness for the defenseless and at present affrighted condition of the women and children of this section of Virginia. He wept; and oh! such weeping! If Mrs. Beecher Stowe had been there, modesty must have compelled her to take a back seat.

"May it please the Court—(a deep sigh)—I feel—(raises his handkerchief to his eyes)—that I can scarcely give ex—(sob, and tears are seen to course his rosy cheeks)—pression to my feelings, when I re—(here he weeps profusely, and asks the Court to excuse his weakness, which of course the Court does)—member the condition of the women and children of this—(here he gives way again, and cries out so lustily that he is at once christened the weeping lawyer.)

"And this was pretty much the character of his proceedings during the day. When he is out of Boston, we presume lager-beer has an opportunity to accumulate."

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Nov. 7, 1859.

THEY STRIKE AT "HIGHER AND WICKEDER GAME."

The proceedings to-day in the Court-room were of remarkable importance. In my letter of yesterday I disclosed the plan of operations that had been prepared in the case of Cook, with a view to the apprehension of certain Northern men supposed to be concerned in Brown's invasion. That plan has been changed so far as the employment of Cook for the purpose goes, but not otherwise. That is to say, another prisoner, Stephens, is to be substituted for trial in the United States Court at Staunton, to which place a number of persons, whose correspondence with Brown has been shown by the contents of his carpet bag, are to be summoned, to reveal what they know of the matter.

This scheme on the part of the Government has been very closely concealed, so much so that all suspicion of it has hitherto been suppressed, in this place, at least. It would not have come to light to-day but by reason of an accidental delay in communications between Governor Wise and the authorities here, which rendered it necessary that when intelligence did arrive, it should be published in open court. This morning I heard the District-Attorney, Harding, declare, in answer to a suggestion that Cook might possibly be taken to another place for trial, that it could never be. "No, Sir," he said; "if the United States want 'the him, must wait till we get through with him. We caught him, and we mean to have the first chance 'at hanging him. The United States may take his 'dead body, if they choose." Such slaughter-house language as this comes to one's ears at every turn; it is no longer singular.

When Cook's case was considered this morning some delay was occasioned, to occupy which Stephens was brought up for trial. This man, with three bullets in his head and two in his breast, his face bound together by bandages, his frame shattered by wounds, was dragged in a fainting condition across from the jail to the Court room, and stretched out upon the floor, his head resting upon a chair. Helpless and motionless, but wholly alive to everything that passed, he listened with much appearance of interest to the preparations for the trial; but just as the jury had been impanelled, and the evidence was about to be put in, Mr. Hunter, the senior counsel for the prosecution, arose and announced that he had at that moment received a telegraphic dispatch from Gov. Wise, referring to the case now progressing. The dispatch was as follows: Let Cook be tried with you, and turn Stephens over to the United States. Mr. Hunter went on to say that he had for some time been in communication with Gov. Wise upon this subject, and that it had partly been determined to give up Cook to the United States Court, but that the Governor, as it appeared, had decided otherwise, and it happened that his decision, by great good fortune, was just as Mr. Hunter would prefer to have it, certain discoveries having recently been made which proved that the purposes of the Government could be better carried

out by the change. "What we aim at," said Mr. Hunter, "is not only the destruction of these men whom we 'have in confinement; we now strike at higher and 'wickeded game."

A great sensation followed this announcement. But when Mr. Hunter proposed that the trial should be suspended, and the prisoner remanded to await the action of the United States Court, the excitement was intense. The District-Attorney, Harding, protested vehemently against the removal. He denounced all those who should advocate it. The Court, however, snubbed Mr. Harding, and hinted to him to go about some other business, which he did, muttering vengeance as he withdrew.

The question then lay between Mr. Sennott and Mr. Hunter. Mr. Sennott said that, in a capital case like this, it was not his duty to decide such a matter. His duty was to defend, at every hazard, and to the last extremity, the man who lay there prostrate at his feet. But, if Stephens should consent to the arrangement, he certainly should not interpose any objection. A word from Stephens settled the matter. He did desire, he said, to be transferred to the United States Court, and he was forthwith conducted back to jail, not at all discontented at the new turn of things.

Before he was removed, the counsel for the defense asked if this trial was to be considered as interrupted forever. The Court said certainly not; but I am inclined to doubt the possibility, even under Virginia law, which seems to be equal to any emergency, of Stephens being properly brought up again for another trial, under the same indictment, after this one having been to-day fairly begun, and stopped midway by the action of the Court itself.

The public are moved to very violent discussions on this new phase of affairs. Great indignation is displayed by some at the prospect of one of their prisoners escaping from their clutches, and satisfaction is expressed by others at the hope of the seizure of the Northern friends of Brown. Excited rumors, in such a state of feeling, are of little value; but I may say that I have heard the names of Gerrit Smith, Horace Greeley, Dr. Howe of Boston, and a number of others spoken of as among those sure to be summoned to Staunton.

Why Gov. Wise decided that Stephens, instead of Cook, should be taken in charge by the United States Court, it is not very easy to understand. There is one explanation, which may be developed to-morrow, and which, if it turns out as there is reason to suppose it may, will throw no credit upon the Government managers of these trials.

It is uncertain when Stephens can be removed. His present condition is most pitiable, and it will hardly be considered safe to put him upon any journey now. Some of the officers say that he may not be taken to Staunton until next May, but I do not think so long a delay will be permitted, even if he should survive till that time, which is very doubtful.

The District-Attorney, Harding, is in a most unhappy state of mind. He delivers orations at all the corners on the subject. He swears with all the intensity of inebriation (for the District-Attorney is a little notorious for his bibulous weaknesses) that Stephens shall never leave this place. "By—Sir," he says, "Wise shan't have him. I know my position. I don't owe my office to Wise; I owe it to the voice of the 'people, and I get fifty dollars for trying these cases. 'Hunter has honeyfugled me long enough, and now I'm 'going to take the bit in my teeth. I mean to have the 'first hanging of these fellows!'—and so on for stretches of an hour each.

ANOTHER SENSATION.

The lady, of whom I told you yesterday, who is supposed to be Mrs. L. Maria Child, but who is not, was to-day by the good nature of the jailer, and in defiance of the written decision of the Sheriff, permitted to visit Brown. During their interview of an hour, at which the jailer was present all the time, some of the most susceptible among the populace were moved to such a pitch that it seemed quite likely they would do something dangerous to themselves, if not to the jail. But toward evening this feeling subsided and comparative calmness was resumed.

THE WAY JURORS ARE QUALIFIED.

Let me endeavor to represent to you how some of the jurors in these cases are qualified.

A stolid and heavy man stands up before the Judge to answer the necessary questions. His countenance is lighted only by the hope of getting a chance to give his voice against the wounded man upon the ground. You can see this as plainly as if he told you.

JUDGE—Were you at Harper's Ferry, sir, during these proceedings?

JUROR—No, sir.

JUDGE—You are a freeholder of this county.

JUROR—Yes, sir.

JUDGE—Have you heard the evidence in the other cases?

JUROR—(Eagerly) yes, sir.

JUDGE—I mean, if you have heard the evidence, and are likely to be influenced by it, you are disqualified here. Have you heard much of the evidence?

JUROR—No, sir.

JUDGE—Have you expressed any opinion as to the guilt of these parties?

JUROR—Yes, sir (eagerly again).

JUDGE—Are you, then, capable of judging this case according to the evidence, without reference to what you have before heard said?

JUROR—Yes, sir.

JUDGE—Have you any conscientious scruples, which will prevent you finding this man guilty, because the death penalty may be his punishment?

JUROR—Yes, sir (promptly).

JUDGE—I think you do not understand my question. I ask you if you would hesitate to find this man guilty, because he would be hung if you did?

JUROR looks around puzzled, overcome by the abstract nature of the proposition.

JUDGE—This man will be hung if you find him guilty. Will that certainty of his being hung prevent you from finding him guilty, if the evidence convinces you he is so?

JUROR—(Catching the idea) No sir—No sir!

JUDGE—Very well, sir; you can take your seat as a juror.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Nov. 8, 1859.

THE CASE OF COOK.

The trial of Cook, as far as it has proceeded, has been very sharply contested. The extreme hatred which the people of Jefferson County bear this prisoner, far exceeding that felt for any of the rest, and the magnitude of the preparations for the defense, have combined to excite an unusual interest in the progress of his case. Cook acts under the guidance of five counsel—two, Messrs. Botts and Green, belonging to Charlestown, and three to Indiana, including Gov. Willard. The defense has certainly been conducted with a briskness equalling that of Mr. Sennott in the cases of Copeland and Green; and the prosecution has likewise exerted its best powers against the concentrated force brought to bear upon it. The debates to-day have been very keen, and sometimes very severe. Mr. Botts has all the while sat coiled together in his chair, as I never before saw any man coiled out of a circus, watching for opportunities to spring upon his antagonist. At the least sign of weakness from Mr. Hunter, he has darted upon him, and striven, with an energy quite refreshing to witness in a Virginia lawyer, to destroy the fabric of his argument. With a power of resistance that shows him to be altogether the ablest of the Charlestown lawyers, Mr. Hunter has vigorously repelled these attacks, and in some cases turned them to his own advantage. Mr. Green, however, he has found to be a more formidable opponent.

Mr. Green is one of the most extraordinary men to look upon I ever saw. He is long, angular, uncouth and wild in gesture, and deficient in all rhetorical graces. His words rush from his mouth scarce half made up. He speaks sentences abreast. His pronunciation is ludicrously ungainly; "thar" and "whar" are the least of his offenses. His demeanor, altogether, is of unrivaled oddity; and yet his power is so decided that, while he is upon his legs, he carries everything with him. He is the most remarkable man I have seen here, although not so impressive in his bearing as Mr. Andrew Hunter, the prosecuting attorney, who is a man of real nobility of presence. Mr. Hunter's manner in pleading is nearer like Rufus Choate's, in his quieter moments, than that of any other man's I have ever seen; and his personal appearance is also, in many respects, very strongly suggestive of Mr. Choate.

Neither the acuteness of Cook's counsel, nor the blunders of Harding, the unfortunate inebriate who trammels Mr. Hunter in the business of the prosecution, helped the defense in any perceptible degree. Points were raised with unceasing rapidity, were closely discussed, often with some signs of acrimony, and were swept aside, according to custom, by the Court. This continued throughout the morning. The "points" of the defense were like Hydra heads. No sooner was one disposed of than half a dozen others took its place. But all these availed nothing, and, as the afternoon advanced, the trial went more smoothly on its way. The spectators had begun to withdraw,



Expecting no continuance of the interest, when, suddenly, all attention was arrested by Mr. Hunter's announcement that he had a confession rendered by Cook, which he was about to read. The intelligence spread about, and the Court-room soon was speedily crowded again. All hoped for a complete and satisfactory revelation, which should elucidate the entire operations of Brown, from beginning to end, and which should bring evidence of the complicity of those Northern gentlemen whom the people of Virginia are so eager to get within their grasp—but all were disappointed.

For the confession, which occupied some twenty large pages of manuscript, and was not read in less than half an hour, was very little beside a record of some of Cook's experiences in Kansas, Iowa, Ohio, Canada, and elsewhere, in which, to be sure, Brown was concerned all through, but which, excepting the latter portions, bore very remotely upon the Harper's Ferry question. The few important points I have sent you by telegraph. The document itself is withheld from the public eye, in order that it may be issued in copy-righted pamphlet form for the benefit of the man Young, who was wounded in the conflict at the Ferry, and who is now left destitute. It is quite a Virginia notion, this turning of a public paper to private uses. But beyond the interest that attaches to an ostensible full avowal from one of Brown's party, this confession has none. It is thought by the Court that Cook has played a double game in preparing it—that he has pretended to reveal to the authorities in good faith, all that he is able to, and at the same time attempted to preserve his fidelity to his old master.

This confession will serve no particular end. Unless, an understanding exists to the contrary between Gov. Willard and Gov. Wise—which is suspected by many—Cook will as surely be hung as all the rest.

**MORE PRECAUTIONS.**

The shadow of an unconquerable terror still hangs over the Virginians. Their precautions are endless. What do you think was their last movement? They excluded Mr. Sennott, Brown's authorized counsel, who has in charge the disposition of the little property that remains to the condemned man, for the benefit of his wife and children, and who is endeavoring to arrange the best methods for collecting it together, from all private communication with the prisoners. It occurred to them that Mr. Sennott might act as a medium of correspondence between Brown and his Northern friends. This would not do at all. So the Court was appealed to, or Mr. Hunter was appealed to, and an order was issued, prohibiting Mr. Sennott's entrance to the jail, excepting when accompanied by the jailer. I do not know how Mr. Sennott took this, but I know that he would assuredly have given his opinion upon the matter in open Court just as readily as he gave it upon "the absurd and illogical system of Slavery," if it had not been deemed wisest, when he first privately expressed resentment, to remove all obstacles and restore him to his just position as counsel. I should not be surprised, however, if on looking over the Virginia code some provision should be found depriving a condemned prisoner of the right to see his legal adviser. The Virginia code is full of just such convenient arrangements.

**WHAT IS THE CHIVALRY OF THE SOUTH?**

I think you will be able to understand it when I tell you of the manner in which a lady, to whom I have before referred, once or twice, has been received in this half civilized town. She came with no purpose beside that of imparting that comfort and sympathy which a woman can best give, to the prisoner Brown. Her visit was induced by a belief that Mrs. L. M. Child would be in Charlestown before she could arrive, and that she would be able in many ways to assist that lady in whatever duties might have been confided to her. But Mrs. Child did not come at all, in consequence, probably, of Brown's unwillingness to receive visitors from the North, who are sure to be looked upon with excessive suspicion, so this lady found herself alone. For two days she was subjected to rudeness which I could not have supposed it possible for any decent community to inflict. The community of Charlestown, Virginia, however, is not decent. Her coming was the signal for renewed flashes of indignation on the part of the street strollers. An editor of one of the weekly prints urged the organization of a committee to warn her and all her party away, with threats of lynching, in case hesitation should be shown. When, quietly, very quietly, triumphing over all difficulties, she gained access to the prison, there was talk of a mob, and I am confident that she herself was unaware of the dangerous position she was in. *The Independent Democrat* made its weekly appearance, and wreaked its little wrath in two articles, thus:

A woman by the name of Mrs. R. B. Spring, accompanied by her son, hailing from Eagleswood, N. J., arrived here on Saturday last, and requested the privilege of being allowed to act the nurse to Brown and his confederates in prison. The request was very properly denied by the Sheriff, he being of the opinion that the health of Brown & Co. was sufficiently cared for at the present, for all practical purposes. We are sorry, very, that the kind intentions and the self-sacrificing devotion of Mrs. Spring has been so unceremoniously frustrated by a cruel denial, but we hope she will be able to survive the disappointment, and that no damage by "land or sea" will overtake her, but that she will return safely to her home, entirely convinced that Brown & Co. are safe in the hands of the Sheriff, and all the comforts and conveniences extended to them which the nature of the case, and the fatality attending their diseases, will permit.

In justice to ourselves, all Yankees, of either sex, who cannot show a clean record, should be at once driven from our midst. Will we suffer ourselves to be insulted by their insolent presence? Our conscious security from the further machinations of these pusillanimous wretches, both male and female, should not induce us to tolerate their presence for a moment. For ourselves, we would rather meet a band of Comanches at any time, and trust ourselves to their honor and protection, than we would any of the long-faced, parasitical Abolitionists of the North. We confess to a supreme hatred for the whole of them, male and female.

I am happy to say that these contemptible exhibition at last moved Judge Parker to a sort of tacit rebuke of them. He proposed to Mrs. Spring that she should visit the jail, escorted and introduced by him, in order that the capers of the populace might be checked. This was well of the little Judge, but it did not appear to assuage in any degree the anger of the crowd, whose coarse insolence was as freely displayed as before. Mrs. Spring does not stand alone. A lady who preceded her was likewise treated, and, very fortunately, showed an equal disregard for all that was said or done during her visit. Here is her benediction, pronounced after her departure:

The wife of Judge Russell of Boston, accompanied him here for the purpose of paying her respects to the marauder Brown. She was permitted to visit him in his cell, and we are informed that the meeting was of an affecting character; she embraced him as a martyr in the cause which she had deeply at heart, and her deep commiseration and sympathy for his fate quite overcame her ladyship, and she burst forth in a flood of agonizing tears. Strange sympathy this, for a scoundrel whose purpose was to place those of her own sex in Virginia in the power of the unbridled passions of cut-throats and villains. Her presence here upon such a mission was doing violence to the feelings of our mothers, wives and sisters, and we are glad she made her stay but a short one.

**GENERAL MOTION FOR ARREST OF JUDGMENT.**

Mr. Sennott has submitted to the Court a carefully-prepared motion in arrest of judgment in the cases of Brown, Coppie, Copeland and Green, on the ground that the verdict is contradictory to itself and repugnant to the indictment.

**THE ENGINE-ROOM AT HARPER'S FERRY.**

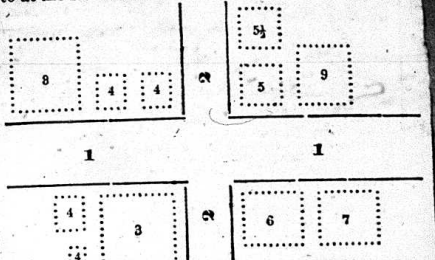
This room, in which Brown and his party took their position, remains untouched since the day of the struggle. The broken sides are still unrepaired, and the doors are perforated with bullet-holes. The white-washed walls are stained in more than one place with blood, and at the back there is a horrible long red splash extending nearly four feet and more than four inches wide, thick and encrusted, and here and there dotted with something beside gore—small fragments of human flesh—which is pointed out with ferocious exultation as the blood of Brown, which poured from his face as Lieut. Green struck him with his saber, while he lay prostrate before him. They keep this stain upon the walls of their Armory, they say, for the sake of example.

CHARLESTOWN, Va. Wednesday, Nov. 9, 1859.

**THE RECORD OF A DAY IN CHARLESTOWN.**

The people here are congratulating themselves on the decline of the excitement. Enough, however, lasts to more than satisfy inexperienced visitors, whose lives are not so hotly spiced with warlike variety as those of the sunny Southerners. I call it a fair evidence of excitement to find a town in such an explosive state of feeling that the slightest spark of Northern sentiment sets it off roaring and violent as an ill-regulated volcano. When martial law pervades a community; when no two persons can meet without helping one another to loud-sounding expressions of wrath; when business is more than half suspended; when female residents are restrained from venturing beyond their thresholds, so that a bonnet is as rare a curiosity as a phrase without an oath; when armed patrols are constantly on the alert; when Sharp's rifles take the places of walking-sticks; when every stranger is hemmed in by vulgar scrutiny, and forced to undergo continual inspection, or reviled in newspapers, I think the existence of excitement may be acknowledged without much difficulty. Let me endeavor to give a notion of the most prominent public events of a

day in Charlestown—those which would strike a new-comer the most forcibly, and which are now far less marked than they were a week ago. It may be interesting to have a plan of the center of the town to refer to at the same time.



1. Main Street of Charlestown; 2. Cross Street; 3. Court-House; 4. Lawyers' Offices and Bar-Rooms; 5. Jail; 5½. Jail-Yard; 6. Market, in which the Volunteer Troops are quartered; 7. Sappington's Hotel, in which the "Continental" are quartered; 8. Carter House, where the Court officers mostly reside; 9. Dwelling-Houses.

At sunrise, the rattling of the drums awakens all sleepers. The night patrol comes in, staggering under some fatigue and some old rye, and tumbles wearily to bed. In front of the Market building the troops are convened, exercised, marched about, and disbanded. Then, for an hour, a partial quiet is restored. Toward 7 o'clock, the corner groups begin to gather. The open square in front of the Court-House is occupied by clusters of earnest orators, who repeat the stale invectives of the past ten days. As morning advances, the knots of people are drawn tighter, in a double sense. By the jail door poor Harding, the District-Attorney, than whom the least of John Brown's party is a worthier specimen of humanity, strives to clear his brain, clouded by last night's revels, by long continued arguments in which no one but himself takes part. At 9½ o'clock, the Court bell rings, the Judge assumes his chair. The lawyers drop into their places, and the outside crowd pours in. A detachment of the Continentals (the volunteer troops being, as yet, too inexperienced for so responsible a charge) marches across to the jail, receives the prisoner, which, to-day, is Cook, and, with solemn dignity, conducts him over the way to the hall of justice (convenient and popular though, sometimes, inaccurate title).

As the trial begins, the cracking of chestnuts sets in, and accompanies the proceedings without cessation. The lawyers coil themselves up in strange attitudes, or protrude their legs over tables and railings. The prisoner, Cook, is very thoughtful, and does not seem to possess the fearlessness which animates almost all of his confederates. He is very pale, certainly, and the stoop of his shoulders detracts from the manliness of his presence. He is a smaller man than any of the rest. His light hair and complexion, and uncertain eyes, seem to indicate an irresolution of purpose, which I have not seen in Brown, nor Coppie, nor Stephens. The crowd regards him with great hatred, for he is looked upon with more hostility than all the others together. Very often the denunciations that are uttered against him rise to a clamor that calls for the interference of the sheriff; and then, for a moment all is still again, except the ceaseless snapping of the chestnut shells.

Without, the unvarying round of discussion goes on. An editor of one of the local unwashed sheets has secured a party of listeners, to whom he propounds plans for raising a committee to wait upon the suspected

strangers in town, men and women alike, and to compel them to depart, under penalty of lynching. This proposition is received with favor, until some one comes along with a new idea, to which the recently adopted gives way. The debates wax more and more bitter, until a lady, a stranger, walks out of her hotel, and approaches the jail. The crowd at once becomes breathless. All eyes fasten upon her. Instinctively the locks of some rifles are examined. There are perfectly audible mutterings of rage. But the lady passes by the jail, and goes on, and the tension of the Virginia nerve is relaxed once more.

At dinner time there is a peaceful hour. The prisoner is bayoneted back to his cell, and the multitudes, having seen and approved the operation, give themselves up to appetite. For a brief hour the angry passions vanish. As yet, in Charlestown, cookery supercedes cannibalism. The delicious pies of the hotel dinners, standing out in very effective contrast to the numberless discomforts around, soothe all asperities, and overcome all crustiness but their own. But very soon the drums are heard again. The soldiers come forth, and the people follow. The turbulence of the morning returns. The court-room is replenished, and the streets echo with highly-flavored conversations.

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**A NURSERY TALE OF THE SOUTH.**

*Showing how Knight Little Wise, of Virginia, killed the Five Headed Ogre of Disunion.*

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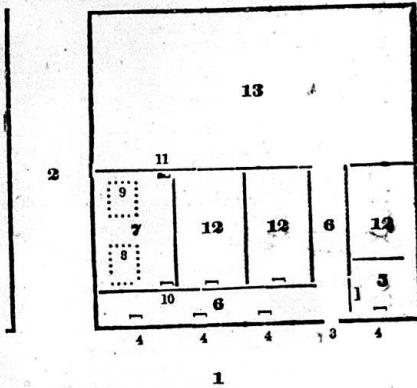


In the middle of the afternoon, it is rumored that a Northern lady, in defiance of the prohibition of the Sheriff, is to be admitted, by favor of Capt. Avis, the jailor, to see Brown. This is a terrible turn of affairs. What can the jailor think of? Col. Romulus and Major Remus are lost in amazement. They resolve to interpose remonstrances, but, as they start upon this errand, they see the lady entering the jail door. It is then too late. The excitement rises to intensity. There is talk of mobbing the jail. A throng gathers. Half an hour passes. The fever grows upon them. An hour. Some measures must be taken. Shall the jail be stormed at once? Ah, here she is. Stop; is it she? Look closely at those features. Make sure it is not Old Brown, disguised in feminine attire. No, all is safe in that direction. But, observe the frowns, the cold-blooded glares that follow the visitor as she moves away. A man might well quail before them.

The jailer is put through a scorching course of interrogations. Luckily he is a man of firmness and decision, and has the courage to beat down the noisy complaints that assail him. But there are few in Charlestown like Capt. Avis.

At nightfall, the circumspection is doubled. Free passage through the streets is not yielded. At every turn you meet an ugly fellow, with a still uglier musket (generally a flint-cock, at which the Colonel in command is greatly scandalized, averring that the Government sends all its best arms to the North, and reserves the worst for Virginia), who will neither let you advance nor recede, without a long parley. Later in the evening you cannot go about at all, except within close range of your hotel. There, indeed, you may have the delights of society—a bar-room filled with blatant boozers, who, unchecked by the presence of the Judge, who sits among them, rehearse their foolish frenzies, and strive in vain to drown their venom in successive flowing bowls. Thus pass the days and nights in Charlestown.

**BROWN AND HIS PLACE OF CONFINEMENT.**  
As far as a man can be made comfortable in a jail, and under circumstances like his, I believe Brown is so. His jailer is a humane and a just man. He does all for his prisoners that his duty allows him to. I think he has a sincere respect for Brown's undaunted fortitude and fearlessness. He permits Brown and Stephens to occupy the same room, the position of which, as well as the general arrangement of the jail, I give herewith:



1. Main Street of Charlestown; 2. Cross Street; 3. The Jail Door; 4. Front Windows; 5. Reception Jail-Room; 6. Passages; 7. Brown's Cell; 8. Brown's Cot; 9. Stephens's Bed; 10. Door of Brown's Cell; 11. Window of Brown's Cell; 12. Other Cells and Rooms; 13. Jail-Yard, surrounded by a wall thirteen or fourteen feet high.

This is exact and particular, and I can give no further details of the interior of the jail, excepting that the other prisoners are distributed among the rooms above and below, and that great care has been taken to remove every nail and other metallic implement from each cell. The victims, you see, must be carefully preserved for the sacrifice.

Brown's conversation is singularly attractive. His manner is magnetic. It attracts every one who approaches him, and while he talks he reigns. The other prisoners venerate him. Stephens sits in his bed, usually with his face away from the window, and listens all day to "the Captain's" words, seldom offering a syllable except when called upon. Sometimes he gets a little excited, and springs forward to make clear some point about which "the Captain" is in doubt, but his five bullets, in head and breast, weigh him down, and he is soon exhausted. As for the other men—Copeland, Green and Coppie, they are always sending messages to "the Captain," assuring him that "it

"was not they who confessed, and he must growl at them, but at Cook." I cannot forget hearing Brown express himself on the subject of the threatening anonymous letters that have been received by Gov. Wise relating to his case. "Well, gentlemen," he said, "I tell you what I think of them. They come from no friends of mine. I have nothing to do with such friends. Why, gentlemen, of all the things in the world that I despise, anonymous letters are the worst. If I had a little job to do, I would sooner take one half the men I brought down here to help me than as many of these fellows as could fill all Jefferson County, standing close upon every inch. If I don't get out of this jail before such people as they are take me out, I shan't go very soon."

**A WOMAN'S WORD.**  
I was standing at the railroad depot this morning, amusing myself with the manner in which the soldiers and citizens collect to take note of all arrivals. The train from Winchester came in. A woman lifted one of the car windows, and gazed out with much interest. She was very nearly a beauty, or else the entire seclusion of the feminine part of Charlestown has deprived me of standards for comparison. She certainly did not look at all like an ogress. She very soon began to talk in a loud tone, with the evident intention of being overheard, for her handsome eyes glanced slyly round at every moment, to mark the impression she created. I am going to tell you what this pleasant creature and her companion, her husband, I suppose, said:

"Did you tell me, Paul, that there was another caught?"  
"Yes, another was caught yesterday."  
"Then there are six now?"  
"Yes, six altogether."  
"Will they all be hanged together?"  
"Probably."  
"What, all six?"  
"Yes."  
"Oh, won't that be gay?"  
"Yes, indeed."  
"Oh, Paul, may I be here to see? I wish I could wait till it was all done."  
(Paul laughs, and looks admiringly on the vivacious speaker.)  
"Then, Paul, they'll catch those other villains, Giddings, and all those, and hang them, too, won't they?"  
"We hope so."  
"Oh, I must be here, Paul, get me some water."  
"Water, gentle lady, why did you not ask for blood? It would have better satisfied your particular thirst, I know."

**CURIOSITY OF THE NEGROES.**  
People may say what they please of the indifference of the negroes to the passing events, but it is not true. They burn with anxiety to learn every particular, but they fear to show it. A hotel servant busied himself the whole morning a day or two ago to extract from me something concerning the prospects of Brown, without appearing to ask a direct question. At last I told him he'd better say what he wanted. "Well, Sir," he said very timidly, "what do you think they'll do, after all, with Mr. Brown?" I told him they do, after all, with Mr. Brown? "Well, now," he said, argumentatively, "Don't you see it would be a pity to do anything so 'brupt.'" I told him that if Brown were not disposed of, the people in Virginia would think themselves in a bad scrape. "Pity they wasn't," said he, shuffling away very much decomposed.

**THE TRIBUNE.**  
I think the people here do not like THE TRIBUNE. Its circulation is forbidden, but it leaks in nevertheless. I saw a man to-day tear a copy with his teeth after reading something that displeased him. I was surprised that so incendiary a document did not burn his mouth.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Thursday, Nov. 10, 1859.

**COOK'S CONVICTION.**  
Yesterday the trial of Cook was continued. He was defended by his five lawyers, Gov. Willard, Attorney-General McDonald, District-Attorney Voorhies, and Messrs. Botts and Green, just one lawyer for each count in the indictment. This party of gentlemen have been moving heaven and earth for the last five days to get up a feeling in favor of Cook. The whole forenoon was consumed in the examination of witnesses, and in raising the same points which had been already taken in the preceding cases. In the afternoon the Prosecuting Attorney, Harding, poured out a stream of his peculiar eloquence for two mortal hours, such as probably was never heard in a court-room before, except in Old Virginia. What he was talking about no person seemed to know or care about at all, and the cracking of chestnuts, the trampling of heavy boots, and the rustling of book-leaves, continued as tranquilly as if he were not in existence.

The Judge, who is one of the most patient of men, approved the opportunity to read his newspaper and examine his order-book. The lawyers collected their authorities and arranged their points, and Mr. Harding, having exhausted his tobacco-box, and leaved upon the plugs of all his neighbors, wound up by saying "fat justitia ruat cælum"—and then rushed out of the Court, without waiting to see the effect of his remarks.

Without taking the least notice of him, District-Attorney Voorhies arose and addressed the Jury on behalf of the prisoner, in a speech of great power, almost admitting the guilt of Cook, but throwing the blame on the Republican party and the Abolitionists, and beseeching mercy, or at least a recommendation for mercy. Mr. Andrew Hunter followed for the prosecution, with his usual directness, force and success, for, after being out about an hour, the Jury returned a verdict such as had been returned against the two negroes, namely—not guilty of treason, but guilty of the remaining counts—for conspiracy with slaves to rebel and murder. Cook received the verdict without any exhibition of emotion. He will hear his sentence in the morning.

The arrangement undoubtedly was to get rid of the count for treason, which Gov. Wise could not over-set, and to take a conviction for conspiracy and murder, which it is thought he can and will pardon. To this end the prosecution allowed the witnesses called in Cook's favor to testify with great latitude, and even admitted an article from THE N. Y. TIMES to be read in evidence, showing the romance of Cook's nature, and how easily he was led away. Harding, who was at least able to see that something was wrong, and who was not in the secret, objected to the reception of such testimony at the top of his voice, but while stopping to pick up a large and valuable deposit of tobacco which had unfortunately dropped out of his mouth, he was interrupted by Mr. Botts, who proceeded, at a wave of Mr. Hunter's hand, and got the start of poor Harding. No management or eloquence, however, could induce the Jury to do anything but what they had already decided upon; and so Cook stands convicted in the same manner as all the others, with an additional count in his indictment which the others had not.

All the parties remaining unsentenced will be sentenced to-morrow morning, when the proper motions in each case will be heard, prior to taking the whole matter up to the Court of Appeals.

CHARLESTON, Va., Nov. 10, 1859—Evening.  
**SENTENCES OF COPPIC, COOK, GREEN, AND COPELAND.**

The Court did not meet very early this morning. Judge Parker having, no doubt, been occupied in examining exceptions and motions in arrest. At about 11 o'clock the Hall began to fill, and by the time the prisoners were ready to receive sentence, it was crowded to the full extent of its capacity. The prisoners having been severally asked if they had anything to say, previous to listening to their sentence of death, Coppie rose and spoke thus:

"The charges that have been made against me are not true. I never committed any treason against the State of Virginia. I never made war upon it. I never conspired with any anybody to induce you slaves to rebel, and I never even exchanged a word with one of your servants. What I come here for I always told you. It was to run off slaves into a Free State and liberate them there. This is an offense against your laws, I admit, but I never committed murder. When I escaped to the engine house, and found the Captain and his prisoners surrounded there, I saw no way of deliverance but by fighting a little. If anybody was killed on that occasion, it was in a fair fight. I have, as I said, committed an offense against your laws, but the punishment for that offense would be very different from what you are going to inflict on me now. I have no more to say."

It will readily be seen that this statement coincides exactly with, and substantiates the account, which I sent you a few days ago, from Brown's own lips, of his real intention in this expedition. The next two prisoners, the negro and mulatto, Green and Copeland, when called upon, said nothing. When Cook's turn came, he delivered, in a hesitating, nervous manner, a speech, which had probably been carefully prepared. He said, in substance, that he had not come to commit treason or murder, but merely in pursuance of orders from his commander-in-chief, with a design to liberate slaves. As to the sword and pistols of George Washington, taken from Lewis Washington's house, he said they were seized by order of Brown, not for purposes of robbery, but for the sake of the moral effect that their possession might afford in case of a war of liberation. At the conclusion of his not very effective speech, Judge Parker pronounced sentence of death, in a manner showing genuine sincerity of emotion and pity—feelings which did not seem to be shared by his hearers. These were the Judge's words:

our trials, on which we have been so long employed, have at length ended, and all that remains to be done to complete these judicial proceedings is to pronounce and record the judgments which by law must follow upon the crimes for which you have been tried and of which you have been found guilty. These crimes have all grown out of a mad inroad upon this State, made with the predetermined purpose to raise in our midst the standard of a servile insurrection. In the execution of this purpose, in the darkness of a Sabbath night, you seized upon a portion of our territory; captured several of our best citizens, holding them as hostages of war until your party was itself overcome by force; armed such of our slaves as you could seize upon with deadly weapons, which they were to use against their owners, whom you denounced to them as their oppressors; and, in your efforts to push your bold and unholy scheme through to a successful issue, you have taken human life in no fewer than five instances. The evidence most abundantly proved that all these things had been done, and by the force of that evidence Jury after Jury has felt itself compelled being in its verdict of guilty against each one of you.

Happily for the peace of our whole land, you obtained no support from that quarter whence you so confidently expected it. Not a slave united himself to your party, but, so soon as he could get without the range of your rifles, or as night gave him an opportunity, made his escape from men who had come to give him freedom, and hurried to place himself once more beneath the care and protection of his owner. When we reflect upon all the mischief and ruin, the dark and fearful crimes which must have attended even your partial success—men everywhere should be thankful that you were so soon and so easily overpowered. For these offenses the law demands the penalty of death, and imposes upon me the duty of pronouncing that sentence on to perform. In spite of your offenses against our laws, I cannot but feel deeply for you, and sincerely, most sincerely, do I sympathize with those friends and relations, whose lives are bound up in yours, and whose hearts will be so wrung with grief when they shall hear of the sad fate which has overtaken you, the objects of their warmest and holiest affections. For them we all do sorrow; while a due regard for our safety may not permit us to forgive the offenses of which you have been guilty, I hope that they will turn for consolation, and you for pardon, to that good Being, who in his wrath remembereth mercy. Make then your peace with Him—for you must soon be ushered into his presence, there to be dealt with as His justice and His mercy may ordain. To conclude this sad duty, I now announce that the sentence of the law is, that you, and each one of you, John E. Cooke, Edwin Coppie, Shields Green, and John Copeland, be hanged by the neck until you are dead—and that execution of this judgment be made and done by the Sheriff of this County, on Friday, the sixteenth day of December next, upon you Shields Green and John Copeland, between the hours of eight in the forenoon and twelve, noon, of that day—and upon you, John E. Cooke and Edwin Coppie, between the hours of twelve, noon, and five in the afternoon of the same day. And the Court being of opinion that the execution of this sentence should be in public, it is further ordered that this judgment be enforced and executed, not in the jail-yard, but at such public place convenient thereto as the said Sheriff may appoint—and may God have mercy upon the soul of each one of you."

The prisoners were then remanded. The day fixed for the execution is the 16th of December. There is, however, very strong reason to believe that the indictments will not hold together in the Court of Appeals. The most prominent of the native lawyers here have expressed great doubts as to whether they could stand under some of the objections taken by Mr. Sennott and others. In case strict legal justice were exercised, the matter would be beyond a doubt; but "these fellows do not stand upon points," and the determination to secure the prompt punishment of the invaders is so strong, that it is possible that all inaccuracies of the trials will be overlooked. Nothing can compare with the flexibility of the Virginia law.

#### FRESH ERUPTIONS.

This town, having tasted the sweets of excitement cannot now forego them. There was a new one today. A wheat stack near Shepardstown, belonging to Col. Robert Lucas was set on fire and consumed. The Colonel mounted in hot haste, and spurring his steed to unwonted celerity, soon arrived breathless in Charlestown. The news spread, and in less than five minutes two "miscreant vagabond whites" were arrested on suspicion. An attempt at examination revealed the fact that they were unable to talk coherently, by reason of too much of the "enemy" in their mouths, and they were very soon discharged. One of them walked defiantly up to the Court House Square, and did then and there with loud voice, moved, doubtless, by the instigation of the devil, proclaim his belief that "in the course of another week like the last, it would be dangerous for a man to go about town with a dirty shirt." The amount of peril that would hang over Charlestown, in case his prophecy should be verified, is something appalling to contemplate. There is a story that Col. Lucas has recently been in danger of losing more than his property. It is said that a few nights ago, after he had retired to bed, a gun was discharged at him through his window, and that, although he in-

stantly aroused his household, no traces of the attempted assassin could be detected, beyond the foot-prints of a horse which had disappeared at a little distance. The matter has been kept quiet until today.

#### BROWN'S COUNSEL.

Mr. Hoyt has arrived from Boston. He and Mr. Sennott are now actively endeavoring to secure the little remainder of Brown's property for the benefit of his family.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Friday, Nov. 11, 1859.

#### CONTINUED EXCITEMENTS.

The cessation of the trials has not brought calm to Charlestown. Many had vainly hoped that, with the departure of the Judge to another county, and the final disposition of the prisoners prior to their execution, the Reign of Terror would come to an end. But, for reasons which are as yet only vaguely hinted, the excitement has today risen a number of degrees. Some say it is recent numbers of THE TRIBUNE, some say the illustrated papers, that have fed the flames of Virginia fury. I know that this morning the military were called out oftener than usual, and once, I believe, on the arrival of the mail. THE TRIBUNE, however, does not reach this place by mail, but is surreptitiously introduced, its circulation being prohibited. With the illustrated papers, Harper's Weekly and Frank Leslie's, it is different. Quite a number came in this morning, and were eagerly seized upon by the populace. The perusal was earnest. Consultations followed, and at length it was decided that the artist of Leslie's paper had maligned everybody, had tampered with the honor of the State or Virginia, and had rendered himself liable to public rebukes. As nearly as I could learn, his offense was that he had followed nature rather too faithfully in his representations of the criminals, failing to stamp utter villainy on all their faces; and, in his portraiture of distinguished citizens, had neglected to impart that dignity of bearing and physiognomical grace to which all Virginians are supposed to be entitled. The effect of Harper's Weekly upon the public mind was much more favorable, the prisoners all wearing, in that paper, the most approved cut-throat air, and having mostly the appearance of relationship to lower than human grades of animals, as gorillas or orang-outangs. The fact, also, that the artist of Harper's Weekly is a true Virginian, and that in addition to his sketches he contributes letters of the rarest rhetorical ferocity, upon the subject of the invasion elevates the paper immensely in popular estimation. But for Leslie's artist there are words of scorn and reproach, and, so jealously sensitive are these people, that a positive and active feeling of ill-will seems to have arisen against him. His name, too, is mentioned in mysterious connection with THE TRIBUNE. This is unpleasant; for THE TRIBUNE is here looked upon with some antipathy, and whatever is said of it is distinguished by volubility of invective and acrimony of tone. I think I have told you how a military gentleman the other day reduced a copy to ribbons with his teeth. His action was a fair illustration of the general feeling. You remember the disfavor with which Mr. Brackett's camera was regarded. I think the objections to THE TRIBUNE are of a kindred nature. Of late the people find certain parts of it a sort of daguerreotype of themselves and their actions, the aspect of which is repugnant to them. But I hope the Leslie artist will not suffer, notwithstanding the Committee which I have just heard about, which is to visit him, and subject him to close catechisms. This Committee, by the way, intends to include Mr. Hoyt of Boston in its attentions, as he stands in the most obnoxious position of any Northerner here. Everybody will have it that he has come down from Boston with some nefarious plan for Brown's extradition, which must be rigidly guarded against. I do not think that these gentlemen are in absolute danger, but it is possible that they may meet with some inconvenience. Mr. Hoyt cannot rid himself of the terrible taint of Abolitionism, and the artist will find THE TRIBUNE odium heavy to bear.

Hazlitt will not be tried until the May term of the Court.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Saturday p. m., Nov. 1., 1859.

#### EXPULSION OF STRANGERS.

At 3 o'clock this afternoon Messrs. Jewett and Hoyt, the former artist for Frank Leslie's paper, the latter junior counsel for John Brown, departed this town for a more northern and happier sphere. Their last moments were, alas! not tranquil. A lingering suspicion had long preyed upon them, and although in certain moments hopes were entertained that the result would not prove fatal to their residence here, yet the disorder gathered strength, and after a series of violent spasms, which began yesterday and continued in irregular suc-

cession for twenty-four hours, causing great public anxiety, the crisis came, and the destiny of Messrs. Jewett and Hoyt was decided. The victims had all along appeared singularly blind to danger, and even up to the solemn announcement of their impending fate were perfectly unconscious of their precarious position. When informed that their Charlestown life was about to terminate, they manifested a careless unconcern, which found expression in winks and fortive smiles, revolting to the instincts of their advisers. Such evidence of hardened impotence checked whatever flow of sympathy their misfortunes might have given rise to, and they were sternly admonished to make preparation for the end of their visit, which occurred soon after. I saw what remained of them borne away in a hack of funeral aspect. The painful event was witnessed by the entire population of Charlestown. Various sentiments appropriate to the occasion were uttered. Not a soldier but discharged his farewell shot of reproachful remark. The Colonel in charge tightened the bow-knot in which his hair is tied over his forehead, and breathed murmurs of satisfaction at the peaceful manner of the exodus. The hotel negroes clinked the little legacies which had been bestowed upon them by the departed, and blessed their retreating shadows. All felt that it was, perhaps, well over, and the clouds of constraint were lifted from Charlestown.

After this, a descent to narration of plain facts will probably be in order. The circumstances of this expulsion are to me very ludicrous, although I cannot but feel a deep remorse when I consider that these gentlemen have been made to bear, in a measure, the penalty of my atrocious misdeeds, each of them having been supposed—Mr. Jewett in particular—to be the correspondent of THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE. Both, however, have had other stigmas attached to them. Mr. Hoyt was understood to have the entire spirit of Northern Abolitionism concentrated within him, and was suspected of various devices for the delivery of some of the prisoners. Mr. Jewett was absolutely believed by many persons to be the incendiary who fired Col. Lucas's wheat stack. From the arrival of Col. Lucas in town, I think, the extreme and active bitterness of feeling against the visitors may be dated. I remember that the Colonel rode breathlessly up to the front of the Carter House, and, as soon as his voice, which he had outridden, overtook him, began to deliver an oration of great weight, so far as heaviness of denunciation was concerned. While describing the individual who had been seen in suspicious proximity to, his stack, his eye fell upon Mr. Jewett. He dismounted, walked up, laid his hand upon Mr. Jewett's shoulder, and proclaimed that the resemblance between him and the prowler was most extraordinary, in form, in feature, and in garments. Mr. Jewett did not seem to be overcome with gratitude at this bit of compliment. The people of Charlestown, however, who are wholly given up to hatred of all Northern visitors, immediately set their spleen at work, and revolved malignant plans. Colonel Lucas gave the correct turn to their ideas by declaring aloud that too much tolerance had been shown the strangers round about, and that he hoped, for his part, that something would be done to get rid of them. The public mind of Charlestown being in the condition of a powder magazine, and needing only some such spark of incitement, went off at once, with a great deal of noise. A discussion was held, unorganized and irregular, to be sure, but sufficiently effective, for this morning, the Mayor of the town, Thomas W. Green, issued the following proclamation:

Whereas, It is deemed prudent and right, by the Town Council of Charlestown, that there should not be longer permitted to remain in our town or county any stranger who cannot give a satisfactory account of himself; now, therefore, I, Thomas W. Green, Mayor of Charlestown, do hereby proclaim, and make known, that all such strangers must immediately leave the town or county, and if they do not, any member of the Town Council, the Town Sergeant, Col. Davis, Lawson Batts, E. M. Asquith, Wells J. Hawks, are requested to make it their special business to bring such strangers before the Mayor or some Justice of the Peace, to be dealt with according to law; and the authorities of Harper's Ferry, Bolivar, Shepardstown, or Middleway, and any other authorities in the county are hereby requested to take like action.

THOMAS W. GREEN,  
Mayor of Charlestown.

Nov. 12, 1859.

This fortified and encouraged, the people would have it that Messrs. Sennott, Jewett and Hoyt, must leave the neighborhood. Deputations waited upon them, and so informed them. They at first doubted and one of them sought the Colonel in command to ascertain particulars. Col. Davis thought they had all better go. Everybody mistrusted Mr. Hoyt, he said, and as for Mr. Jewett, it was settled that he was THE TRIBUNE correspondent, and the most dangerous man in town, as he had been seen drawing military plans on numerous occasions. Mr. Hoyt professed willingness to depart, and Mr. Jewett did not feel called upon to invite destruction by remaining, so they immediately



collected their baggage, and at 3 o'clock started off for Harper's Ferry. Their landlord bade them a kind farewell, and said he was sorry he could no longer shelter them, but surely they could not expect him to bear unremoved the prospect of having all his windows smashed on their account. Mr. Sennott refused to go, and did not go; but whether he will be permitted to choose for himself in this matter is a doubtful question. I suppose it will next be determined here that he is THE TRIBUNE catfish, since the withdrawal of Messrs. Hoyt and Jewett fails to interrupt the correspondence. I trust not, for he is working well to gain whatever advantages may be legally secured for the prisoners, and to collect the scattered fragments of Brown's property, which the family of the prisoner will need. Perhaps it may be worth while to say that any such step would hardly accomplish the desired end. THE TRIBUNE correspondent will remain at Charlestown, will leave to it, will still invoke the hospitalities of its community, and will never forsake it, until the whirlwind of excitement which now agitates it shall subside, leaving no opportunities for the exercise of his functions, and the flat stagnation of its customary life shall have again folded its inhabitants in the dreary desolation from which no journalist can extract profit or satisfaction.

When the carriage which conveyed away Messrs. Hoyt and Jewett had disappeared in distant dust, a load seemed to have been lifted from the shoulders of the town. A partial cheerfulness diffused itself around. The flint-locks of the soldiers rattled quite merrily. The knowledge that Mr. Sennott remained, dampened in some degree the general satisfaction, but on the whole, the turning away of two very dangerous men was enough of a triumph to crow over for one day. Gradually the conversation on this subject passed away, and the now universal topic of the impending show, the execution, was taken up. The people are delighted with the prepared arrangements for their entertainment on the 16th of December. They hope that the time of Brown's execution may be deferred until that day, in order that their great hunger for vengeance may be satisfied at one gulp. They want a full five-act tragedy. First two acts in the morning, when the negroes Copeland and Green are to be strangled; second two in the afternoon, after a suitable intermission, for the imagination to feast upon the recollection of what has passed and the anticipation of what is to come—when Cook and Coppicare to yield their lives. Finally, at a later hour, that Brown shall expire before them, the curtain of fifth act, and for crowning climax, they demand that Brown shall fall upon the old man's death struggles, and the lights of the firmament to guide the retiring footsteps of the vast audience. It is a pretty scheme—a scheme worthy of Virginia, I think.

Correspondence of THE N. Y. Tribune.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Monday, Nov. 14, 1859.  
PERSONAL PORTRAITS.

Of many of the distinguished persons whom the recent stirring events have attracted to this place, no special descriptions, illustrated or otherwise, have been offered to the public. There is unfairness in this. Most of the artists who have come here, have shown a persistent partiality for criminal portraiture, which can only be accounted for on the ground that the people of the country prefer rather to gaze upon vicious Northern than virtuous Virginian countenances. I do not see why prisoners should monopolize all pictorial attentions. I believe that Judge A. J. Davis's personal characteristics have as good a right to be diffused as those of Justice Stephens, although to be sure the latter is a handsomer man; and that the features of Col. Davis have some claim to wood-cut immortalities, as well as those of John Brown, notwithstanding that John Brown's are infinitely fuller of dignity and vigor. I shall endeavor to remedy this serious neglect, by giving as fully as can be briefly and verbally done, a few likenesses of the most eminent of the Charlestown community. They shall be as accurate as I can make them, and, as I find by the illustrated papers before me, that either owing to haste in engraving, or some other cause, a number of the portraits therein contained are rather wide of truth, I will also attempt to rectify some of their defects. I remember that, on the arrival of one of these papers, a legal luminary, after studying the sketch of himself for several minutes, declared his most delicate instincts outraged, and made horrible threats against the libeler of his nose; but I believe these were never carried out. His wrath showed, however, that some dissatisfaction was felt by certain gentlemen at the manner in which they had been put before the world. I trust they will be better pleased with my fidelity. I will try and not swerve from correctness in any way. First, of

HON. ANDREW HUNTER.

This gentleman I take to be a sort of modern Caesar, who would rather be the first man in a village than the second in an empire. In no other way can I account for his hiding his talents in so dreary and desolate a place as this. In intellect, as in stature, he stands lofty above those by whom he is surrounded. He leads the town. The course of public affairs in the late disturbances has been wholly directed by him. Engaged by the Government to conduct the prosecution of the prisoners, and to supply the admitted deficiencies of the regular prosecuting attorney, he has all along controlled events, and shaped circumstances as he chose. He has held within his grasp the populace, the officers of justice, the Court itself. I have many times seen the judge awaiting Mr. Hunter's gesture of assent or dissent before determining a disputed point. Public opinion, too, has been guided by him, although, as is common enough, it has often ran far beyond the limits of his precepts, and tumbled into all sorts of wild extravagance. Perhaps his well-known relations with Gov. Wise have contributed to his superiority of position at this time. He has been in constant communication with the Governor, and between them they have managed matters pretty much as they pleased, with very little regard to the voice of the people, or the clamors of legal routine, the latter sometimes vociferously uttered by his ostensible coadjutor, the regular Prosecuting Attorney. Mr. Hunter, in fact, has been the man of this occasion. He has condemned to death all the prisoners that came before him, except one, whom he has reserved for the purpose of aiding in the capture of "higher and richer game"—as he himself expressed it. He has suspended trials at his pleasure in spite of all opposition. He has even been so confident in his strength that he has used, comparatively, little exertion in the disposition of Court affairs. His indictments were most bunglingly drawn up, showing a carelessness that in any but a Virginia Court, would have been fatal to his cases. His arguments, except when roused to unwonted energy, were careless and ineffective, though usually to the point. As for discussing the questions of law, which were raised in profusion by Mr. Sennott, he never thought of it. Sure of his object, he would simply say that he was obliged to nurse his voice, which threatened to fail him; or that he had often before made such and such a subject clear to the Court; or that the time pressed to that degree that he absolutely must be excused from entering upon irrelevant details. Knowing that he was arguing upon a foregone conclusion, he naturally shrank from over exercise of brain and body, which, after all, could in reality nowise affect the result, that being already settled. But when urged to great efforts, as he sometimes was, Mr. Hunter gave abundant evidence of his real power. More impressive forensic orators are rare. His manner of speaking is mostly quiet and grave. His tone of voice is deep and full, singularly like Rufus Choate's. His gestures are few, but always replete with expression. Generally, his style is that of subdued conversation, and very persuasive it is; but at times he rises to an eloquence that rings through the court-room, and moves listeners to approving outbursts that call for subjugation by sheriff and constable. In the case of the negro Green, allusion was made by the counsel for the defense to an attempt to introduce impertinent evidence respecting the advances of the prisoner toward a mulatto girl at the time of the midnight entrance into the plantations. Mr. Hunter pursued his answering argument quietly, until he reached this point, and then, lifting himself to his full height, and compressing his fine features to unwonted sternness (for he usually wears a smile), he turned upon the negro, and with a rapidity that certainly exhibited a wonderful acquaintance with the vocabulary of invective, hurled for a while incessant denunciation upon the guilty passion which he assumed to have inspired Shields Green to join the expedition. How the negro ever sat so stolid under it, I cannot understand; but the crowd that filled the hall blazed with fury, and clenched fists in agonies of virtuous indignation. I suppose that the consciousness of having offered endless similar impure examples never entered their minds at all. Mr. Hunter, however, gained new and blushing honors. It was his best display of the season, and far surpassed anything offered by other orators.

Mr. Hunter, although the first man in Charlestown, is not free from narrow prejudices, and does not hesitate to exercise his power in very unworthy ways. He has contemned all the incivilities which have been so freely extended to ladies from the North, and has tacitly acknowledged the propriety of expelling all suspected strangers. He, too, first interfered with Mr. Sennott in his intercourse with John Brown, giving orders that "the Boston lawyer" should be permitted to hold no conversation with the prisoner, ex-

cept in the presence of the Court. The mere fact of the prosecuting counsel holding the power to prevent a counsel for the defense from communicating with his client, shows what supremacy Mr. Hunter enjoys. It is well to know, however, that this fiat was rescinded on Mr. Sennott's representation that it would hardly be an areable subject to bring to light in open Court, which, should it stand, certainly must be done.

Mr. Hunter is apparently about fifty-five years old, is six feet tall, very erect, and well proportioned. His countenance is always agreeable, though soared with many lines, and his elegance of manner is equal to his dignity of presence. He does not at all resemble the pictures of him that have been published.

CHARLES B. HARDING.

This is an unfortunate man. That a person so enslaved by degrading habits should be intrusted with the delicate and responsible office he holds, speaks ill for the judgment of the citizens of Charlestown. He is the regular prosecuting attorney for the district. He has legally the right to conduct all cases which come before the court in which the invaders have recently been tried. He has, to be sure, been induced to waive a portion of his rights, for the past few weeks, to Mr. Hunter, but his uncontrollable wits have often, during that period, got the better of him, and he has broken in

upon the regular course of proceedings after a fashion which severely tried the patience of the Court. Toward the end, he became intolerable, and was icily cut short whenever he strove to encumber the way of justice. Repeated snubbings nearly drove him frantic, and more than a dozen times I have heard him delivering street addresses of great violence, declaring defiance to the Judge, to Mr. Hunter, to Governor Wise, to the American Union, and to all the universe. The way in which he has been ridden over is another proof of the flexibility of legal restrictions in this locality. The right he has claimed, of managing the cases, are clearly his, but as he would have fallen in an instant before the sharper intellects and clear logic of the lawyers who came in for the defense, it was deemed safest to hold him in close constraint. But for this, indeed, there would have been no hanging in Jefferson County next month. Mr. Harding's daily occupations are not of a nature to fit him for the management of an important case. On the first day of Brown's trial, after delivering the opening speech for the Government, he issued forth from the Court House, and, flushed with imagined triumph, entered into conflict with a blind negro, and got rather badly beaten. Variegated disfigurements clung to his face for many days thereafter, and furnished amusing topics of conversation for the juries in succeeding cases. I think, however, that Mr. Harding's evident inclination to bring all possible injury upon the prisoners, saves his reputation in the public esteem. He glows over the prospect of their execution. He is happiest when picturing to himself and hearing the horrors of the fate which is in waiting for them. He is pleased with every reminiscence of insult which has been flung upon Brown. I heard him yesterday narrating a lively anecdote of the captain of one of the volunteer companies which hastened to Harper's Ferry as soon as the United States troops had done all the hot work. It ran somewhat thus: The captain approached Brown, who lay, seemingly dying, upon the wagon which was bearing him to Charlestown. "Well, old Brown," he said, "how is it; are you going to die?" "Oh, no," said Brown, "I think not." "Well," responded the jocular warrior, "if you were going to die, I should take one of your teeth, but, as you mean to live, I'll only take a piece of your hair to remember you"—which he did. Mr. Harding's ferocious exultation over this and many kindred recitals is enough to make the heart sick to witness. I have never heard more monstrous cruelties of language, not even in Virginia, than habitually proceeded from him.

In person Mr. Harding is unprepossessing. He carries the worst marks of intemperance. His face is a vindictive as well as a degraded one. His long curved nose seems always on the point of collision with his rising chin. There is no speculation in his eye. His very dress indicates his utter recklessness to appearances. His manner is as outré as his aspect. He is forever ridiculed. He commands no respect. When he talks in Court the Judge falls into a reverie, the lawyers turn their backs, the bystanders jeer. He never seems to heed it, but after saying his word—long or short—falls back into his chair, and sleeps, while the nearest of his neighbors sickles his nose with a straw. Excepting in the air of general dilapidation, he, too, is wholly unlike the published portraits of him.

JUDGE PARKER.

The Judge is a handsome man. He is, too, an amiable man, and that he is open to gentle emotions, his evident struggles to retain his composure the other day when sentencing Cook, Coppie, and the two negroes, very plainly showed. Judge Parker, I believe, has presided over these trials with as much fairness as in the nature of the case could be expected. That he has been strongly influenced by Mr. Hunter, throughout, it would be hard to deny. That he has been strangely deaf to some very powerful arguments for the defense—especially those of Mr. Green, in the case of Cook—is sufficiently evident. But no one has doubted the integrity of his intentions. Outside of the court, too, he has displayed a degree of courtesy to strangers who needed it, when even Mr. Hunter has failed in this regard. Judge Parker has every appearance of a keen lawyer. His face almost always seems to be shaded by a frown, owing to the deep lines in his brow and around his mouth; but his voice is invariably gentle and his manner kind. His age must be a little under fifty. His stature is very small. He is prone to comforts of posture, and social pleasantries; for in court he sits forever with his judicial legs aloft, resting among piles of law-books on his table, and of evenings, he whiles away some cozy hours in the snug bar-room of his hotel, extracting heart-beams from the rare old rye that flows in odorous streams around. He, again, is in no respect like the published portraits.

I am interrupted by the visits of certain citizens whose jealous watchfulness penetrates all seclusions. To-morrow, other portraits. The events of yesterday and to-day have not been startling. A temporary reaction follows the excessive excitement of the few preceding days.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

CHARLESTOWN, Tuesday, Nov. 15, 1859.

OTHER PORTRAITS.

CAPTAIN AVIS.

The master of the jail at Charlestown is the most humane and manly of the inhabitants. He rises above the mean and vindictive spirit which seems to influence most of his townsmen. He never joins the crowd of agitators that fill the thoroughfares with noisy clamor. He never incites violence, nor does he ever manifest that timorous apprehension as to strangers which very few beside him are insensible to. His courage is beyond question—John Brown himself has testified to it over and over again—and the knowledge of this adds to the effect which his unconcealed contempt of the mad tumult around him produces. Himself a brave man, he respects bravery in others; and he does not hesitate to avow that he never saw in another such dauntless fortitude as he has seen in Brown. Captain Avis is no hater of Brown. He alone, of all Virginians, is fond of him. Constant association for weeks has taught him that with all the old man's rash and criminal folly, there is that in him which it will not do to sneer at or defame. Viewing all the circumstances, his indulgent treatment of Brown is amazing. The people cannot understand it. They call the jailor to frequent account. They remonstrate, they threaten him. I have heard intentions announced of mobbing the jail.

Captain Avis does not laugh, or show defiance in any way, but he says, with the utmost tranquility, "Well, gentlemen, whatever Captain Brown wants, that I can help him to, he shall have. I am jailor, you know." Even the orders of the Sheriff, who possesses the right to dictate the manner in which the jail affairs shall be conducted, have been quietly set aside, when his mandates have been likely to interfere with Brown's comfort. Visitors from the North, whom the Sheriff has squarely prohibited from encountering Brown, have been unhesitatingly admitted by Avis, when the prisoner has made known his desire to see them. It is curious to witness the attachment that appears to have arisen between this fine-hearted officer and the convict at whom all the rest of Virginia discharges foulest abuse. Avis is not only thoughtful of Brown's welfare while he lives, but seeks to aid him in the appropriate disposition of his effects after he is dead. He denounces, with unusual earnestness for him, the plundering of Brown's property by the Harper's Ferry populace. He gives attention to the collection of as many of his weapons as have come within his reach, in order that they may be ultimately sold for the benefit of Brown's family. And yet, with all his good-will for his prisoner, it is impossible not to perceive the impenetrable one, it is impossible not to perceive the impenetrable integrity of his nature. What he conceives to be his duty, he will never shrink to perform. He sees no cause to pile fresh sorrows on an already humbled and doomed man, as many of his fellow-citizens would be too glad to do, had they his opportunities; but he would not stop to think twice before passing all his

prisoners to do... vined of any real reason to anticipate a new invasion, or an attempt at rescue. He is the worthiest of his people—as true to his station as sensitive to the claims of humanity. Capt. Avis is a stout and rather short middle-aged man, of a really comical turn of countenance, notwithstanding his unvarying seriousness of expression. He has a most mild and amiable face. Sometimes, in conversation, he says sharp and clever things, often directed against the wretched tremors which deaden all the faculties of his townfolk. I never saw him forsake his equanimity but once, and that was after Mrs. Spring had been permitted to see Brown in his cell, and the street-strollers were holding council in front of the Jail concerning the propriety of breaking in and tearing away that contemned stranger.

When Old Brown dies, there may be many more vehemence in the utterance of grief, but I believe there will be few sinner mourners than Capt. Avis.

LIEUT. GREEN.

This was the gentleman who led the company of marines in the final successful attack on the engine-house in which Brown and his party had secured themselves. His appearance gives little evidence of extreme bravery, and I do not think that the record of his deeds proves courage. He is rather undersized, but strongly and compactly built. His eye is dull, and his countenance almost expressionless. It is true that he was among the first to confront the invaders; but it is also true that he completely lost control of himself when in their presence, and slashed about at random with wildest fierceness, and did not cease his blows until long after his opponents were subdued. In a copy of a Cincinnati paper, *The Commercial*, which has to-day come here, I find the question asked whether Brown was struck after he had been beaten down and vanquished. In that relation, let me give a bit of the testimony of Lieut. Green himself, during the trial of Copeland, which I perfectly remember. The questions and answers ran thus:

Mr. SENNOTT—"You say that when Brown was down you struck him in the face with your saber?"

Lieut. GREEN—"Yes, Sir."

Mr. SENNOTT—"This was after he was down?"

Lieut. GREEN—"Yes, Sir; he was down."

Mr. SENNOTT—"How many times, Lieut. Green, did you strike Brown in the face with your saber after he was down?"

Lieut. GREEN—"Why, Sir, he was defending himself with his gun."

Mr. HUNTER—"I hope the counsel for the defense will not press such questions as these."

Mr. SENNOTT—"Very well, Sir."

Lieut. Green has the air of being just the person who could be with difficulty roused to energetic action, but who, when at last thoroughly excited, might naturally thus lose command of himself, and allow no limits to his ferocity.

COL. LEWIS A. WASHINGTON.

Col. Washington is the gentleman who received the first attentions from Brown's midnight embassy. He has consequently been the most prominent of the Government witnesses during all the trials. I am moved to say a word in defense of his dignified bearing and his comeliness, on account of the rather rough treatment he has received at the hands of the illustrators. Col. Washington is a very handsome man, of medium size, athletic frame, and a countenance marked by many of the distinguishing characteristics which we find in the Trumbull portraits of his great namesake. It is curious to see in these days, when the personality of Washington has become almost mythical, his nearest living relative, bearing his name and his features, walking around among us, just like ordinary people who claim no such enormous superiority of lineage. Col. Washington is given to luxuries of raiment, and startles the community every other day or so, by elegant varieties of costume.

The town is becoming quiet. The last emissary of the North, Mr. Sennott, has departed, and the people breathe freely. If affairs go on long in this dull way, I may as well depart also. Mr. Sennott took with him copies of the records for the Court of Appeals, which he had waited to complete, and notes from Brown and Stephens, signifying their trust in his management of their cases, and confiding everything to his judgment. Here is the Stephens document—that of Brown is similar, but appropriate to Brown's special circumstances:

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson Co., Va., Nov. 1, 1859.

To my friends in New-England and elsewhere: Aaron D. Stephens, one of the prisoners now in confinement with me at this place, is desirous of obtaining the assistance of George Sennott, esq., of Boston, Massachusetts, in defending him on his trial to come off before the United States Court. Anything you can do toward securing the services of Mr. Sennott for the prisoner, will add to the many obligations of your humble servant,

JOHN BROWN.

The above contains the expression of my own wishes.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Wednesday, Nov. 16, 1859.

COLONEL J. LUCIUS DAVIS.

When Governor Wise was first informed of the Harper's Ferry invasion, he came tearing down from Richmond in hissing haste to see about it. Having looked well and earnestly, he set himself briskly at work to regulate things. His initial step was to let loose the dogs of war. Martial law was proclaimed in Jefferson County. Bounties, amounting to a dollar and a half a day, were held out invitingly before the eyes of the people. Volunteer companies were organized. An attempt was made at cavalry, but the Governor's order to collect together all the available equine resources of the neighborhood resulting in seven steeds, some uncertain as to knees, and all deficient in the matter of caparison, this was given over. Foot troops, however, were numerous provided, and all found ready to risk their united lives in holding in captivity the two wounded white men and the pair of Blacks that were to be intrusted to them. What Governor Wise wanted then was a mind—a loyal, brave and dauntless mind—a mind cultivated in arts of war, to give proper impulse and direction to the eager heart which patriotism and a dollar and a half a day had caused to cluster around the banner of their State. On reflection, it occurred to the Governor that the mind he wanted was Col. J. Lucius Davis's mind. For Col. Davis is no common man. As has been written down of a more ancient, but not a worthier person of authority, he is a wise fellow; and what is more, an officer; and what is more, a householder, (possibly a slaveholder); and what is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Virginia; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that has had losses; and one that hath, no doubt, any number of gowns, and everything handsome about him. Clearly, Col. Davis was the man. He had been educated at West Point, and had served in the army. One of his losses was that of his commission, in consequence of proclivities toward dueling. That Gov. Wise should repose confidence in him was the natural consequence of the assistance he afforded to Mr. O. Jennings Wise in a recent affair of honor. Honor, especially the honor of the State of Virginia, concerning which he never ceases to diffuse himself rhetorically, is his proudest boast. So he was sent for, and he came. He was wanted, and he didn't go back to his wigwam. The military management of Charlestown was put into his hands. He at once organized a thorough and complete system. The energy he displayed threw the Charlestown people into admiring wonder. The streets echoed with such warmth of approval that, had he been an ordinary man, the Colonel could never have got through blushing at the praise of his own loveliness. The newspapers took up the theme, and showered paragraphs like this, from *The Independent Democrat*:

Col. J. Lucius Davis, of Richmond, has been here since yesterday week, acting under the orders of Gov. Wise, in placing the citizen soldiery in a state of armed defense. We understand Col. D. has been very energetic in the discharge of his duties as an officer, and has so arranged the military defenses of the country as to make a foreign invasion an impossibility. The Col., by his graceful and social qualities, has rendered himself quite a favorite in our midst.

The first display that I ever saw of the Colonel's gracious and social qualities was in a little interview which occurred between him and a reporter of *The New-York Herald*, who had written letters derogatory, in the Colonel's opinion, to the honor of the State of Virginia. The accusation was, that he had described the roll of the dinner drum as "asthmatic"—an insult of such enormous proportions that immediate measures must be taken to obtain redress. The Colonel put it very fiercely to the reporter, who was for a long while puzzled to know what it was all about. After much tribulation, light broke upon him, and he seemed inclined to laugh; but the sternness of the Colonel checked his rising frivolity, and he preserved a sobriety compatible with the honor of the State of Virginia. But the Colonel was very wrath. For himself, he said, he could afford to overlook it, but the soldiers had become incensed to such a degree that if the apologies were not offered, he would not answer for the consequences. The reporter demurred. "Do you know 'who I am, Sir?'" asked Col. Davis, and then immediately vouchsafing the supposed desirable information "I am a gentleman, Sir," said he, "who has very recently been a second in an affair between two distinguished citizens of Virginia." Whether the reporter was overwhelmed by this announcement or not, I cannot judge; but he went so far as to say that certainly he intended no offence, with which the Colonel appeared satisfied; although on taking leave, he said that a repetition of any such misbehavior as that which he had felt called upon to approve would be visited by instant imprisonment, lest the honor of the State of Virginia should suffer.

A. D. STEPHENS.



Col. Davis is one of the most remarkable of the treating species. He is the incarnation of pompous dignity. His style is so stiff that you would think he had swallowed half the ramrods of his regiment before bidding it farewell. A musical New-York reader will understand his general appearance when I say that he resembles Dr. Guilmette when that gentleman is struggling to attain the low D in "The Creation." The Colonel is profuse in whiskers and mustache, and as for hair, I never saw so curious a capillary complication on any other man's head. He wears two long queues of back hair, which are braided, and brought forward, and tied in a bowknot over his forehead. The effect is startling. But then everything about him is equally startling. He was rather a fearful object to meet for the first two weeks after the invasion. As there are no decent arms in the State of Virginia (a special complaint of the Colonel), he seized upon one of Brown's best rifles, appropriated it—by what right I do not know, but probably the same as that by which the marines carried off, the other day from Harper's Ferry, a pike apiece—and kept it always with him. It is true, he did not understand the weapon, and had to get it loaded for him, but that was nothing. He brought it with him to the hotel-table at which he breakfasted and dined. All day he bore it upon his shoulder, and I verily believe, all night he kept it by him. Some ill-natured persons would have it that the Colonel was himself a little afraid, and undertook to substantiate their statement to that effect, by relating how, on one night when he had received warnings of an approaching riot, he besought the landlord of the Carter House to let him have the two Pennsylvanians, who captured Cook, in the same room with him until morning. But this, of course, is calumny. No one could look upon the Colonel's martial bearing, with his gun upon his shoulder, and his bayonet by his side, and entertain a different thought.

About a fortnight ago, the Colonel laid aside the rifle. For a day or two he went about very little noticed, so, in order to reëngage public attention, he put his arm in an immense red sling. People conceived ideas of some terrible conflict with one of the sick prisoners, or something quite as heroic, and appealed to him, proffering sympathies. It appeared, however, that the Colonel had nothing better to show them than a chapped hand, at which everybody laughed, not in his immediate presence, of course—for that would have brought upon them incarceration for the honor of the State of Virginia—but in the safety of their sleeves.

The last exploit of Col. Davis was the getting away of Messrs. Hoyt and Jewett. Over this I think he rejoiced greatly, but the delay in Mr. Sennott's departure cut him up a good deal. I have not seen much of him since—we do not live at the same hotel—but I have no doubt he is still inventing plans for his own, and the town's security in the event of that attack he has all along been expecting, and endeavoring to explain to himself the mystery of those TRIBUNE "military drawings," as he called them, which he accuses Mr. Jewett of making.

There is still comparative quiet in Charlestown. The street loungers diminish the force of their invectives against all the North, now that the obnoxious strangers have mostly disappeared. Yet their conversation offers few fresh points of attraction. Occasionally there are bar-room discussions as to the relative value

of the Northern and Southern human breeds, based upon recent experiences. I heard one last night which reflected delightfully the Virginia vanity. "They are not much different from us," said a magisterial looking old gentleman; "I suspect that all things up there are just about the same as in our society here. The peculiarity I most notice is in their speaking; but you know that such provincialisms of pronunciation are always to be found!" Think of a withered and deformed little Virginia village setting itself up as the standard of speech, and disposing of the entire Northern mode as provincial.

The principal topic is THE TRIBUNE. Mr. Harding is greatly moved over it. THE TRIBUNE is never out of his head. It would be too much to expect that it could get into his heart. Now, to-day, he goes about with a copy in his hand, uttering execrations. He has a way of expressing profound contempt by ejecting saliva aloft, and catching it on his chin, which he practices with great success. His anger is perennial. Like Mr. Pecksniff's disease, at Mrs. Todgers's, it is chronic, chronic.

There are rumors, as yet undefined, of something stirring—a rebellion or so—a little way out of town. Col. Davis is on the alert.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Thursday, Nov. 17, 1859.  
MORE TRIBULATION.

The rumors of impending dangers, which I spoke of yesterday, have swollen into awful proportions. There is here a terrible do. The excitement, having had nothing but itself to feed upon for the past two or three days, had given signs of gradually wasting away, and dying off for want of proper nourishment; but all that is new at an end. Fresh and substantial supplies, coming in in swift succession, have so revived it that it threatens to expand into vaster dimensions than ever. How the inhabitants can conveniently digest such extraordinary reports as have been introduced for the last twenty-four hours, it is difficult to understand; but, as is iron to the ostrich, so, I find, is a good heavy and horrible Abolition rumormote to the inflamed Virginia mind. At this moment, Jefferson County rocks in a renewed agony of apprehension. Consternation rules. Colonel Davis, commander of the local forces, has lost command of himself, and is acting in a manner so ridiculous that the frenzy of those who look to him for courageous example may almost be pardoned. Here is the state of things:

Night before last, a farmer living near Harper's Ferry, open, like all the rest of the population, to fearful impressions, conceived a notion that the cries of the night-birds in the surrounding woods were the screams of his neighbors. Collecting his wits and his garments, he posted off to the garison at Harper's Ferry and unfolded his tale. The town was at once aroused, and the thrilling intelligence passed around. Col. Lee, however, who seems to be better equal to such emergencies than his brother officers in this town, pookpooed the matter, but consented to send out a guard to investigate. Of course the truth was soon learned, and the shiverly returned to their uneasy beds. But this little explosion was like the bursting of a pyro technic mine, and shot out streams of affright in all directions. Some alighting on Charlestown were immediately fanned into a roaring blaze. The most enormous stories circulated. Taken in connection with the recent wheat-stack and stable conflagrations—which, beyond a doubt, were caused by the negroes, who, however ignorant of the fact their owners may be, have a pretty effective and secret Free Masonry among them—these stories produced a terror the more intense and pervading from its intangibility. One yarn was that the fires were lighted to withdraw the attention of the people from the town, to give better opportunity for a proposed attack by Northerners. It was also asserted and believed that a large body of armed men had entered the State and were perfecting plans for a rescue at Berryville, a little way off. Others had it that the invaders had attacked a distant county, with a view to securing certain prominent citizens and carrying them far away, to hold as hostages for the safety of Brown and his comrades. The trepidation of the people rose and spread, until at last Col. Davis was infected. I have seen the Colonel agitated before, but never so much as when the perils of his situation were set before him by deputations of scared citizens. He put forth manifestoes of his intentions to summon abundant assistance. He dispatched messengers to Harper's Ferry, directing them to telegraph in haste to the authorities of Alexandria that a "guerilla war had set in, accompanied by the burning of property, and threats of invasion," and to demand instant military relief. Subsequently he sent word to Governor Wise that he was in a most precarious position, and invoked artillery. Of course he will get them, but what he will do with them, I have no idea. If he had sent for a supply of fire-engines, there would have been some reason in it. The precise relation of artillery and cavalry to burning wheat-stacks passes my ability to fathom. And really there is nothing else to be encountered. Perhaps if some of the negro incendiaries should be detected, it would be well to have a regiment on the spot to inflict immediate vengeance, according to the example shown by Mr. Henry Hunter, gentleman, in dealing with Thompson; at Harper's Ferry; or perhaps it would be productive of public benefit to have them ridden down by squadrons of mounted troops; or they might be blown from the cannon-months, after the fashion set up in India a while ago. But this is not Colonel Davis's notion, at all. He, you may be sure, acts under the most fervent convictions of immediate and extreme danger. I am ashamed of the little Colonel. He will draw upon himself the scorn of society.

The soldiers here do not seem to be animated by very warlike sentiments. The dollar-and-a-half-a-day volunteers are getting more than they bargained for. A little coin in the pocket, regular rations in the market-house, and tramping about the streets for one hour in every twenty-four, with flintlocks in their arms, is all well enough; but when it comes to the prospect of

standing up before Sharp's rifles, and encountering a band of rampant invaders, it looks very ill. Probably the volunteers will desert, if this sort of thing goes on. The "Continentials" are bolder, but not too bold, even they. However, they talk very bravely. I think they are intoxicated by the fumes of military vanity. Their uniforms get into their heads. That is not so remarkable, either. I am sure I shall never get them out of my head. Such sights! You remember the army in Bombastes. The Continentals would yield without a struggle before such.

As I write now, the musketeers are drawn out, in battle array, before the hotel. There are about fifty of them, all told. I have called them the forces. I ought to have said the weaknesses. They are a pitiable spectacle. Except one man, who, I am told, is a hunter and a woodman, and who revels in velvet breeches—a luxury not shared by his associates—they are all inferior in size, shrunken, and physically feeble. Unless they are the very sediment of the population, they do not indicate a great martial activity among the men of Jefferson County. I hope, for the honor of the State of Virginia, as Col. Davis would say, that their prowess will not need to be tested. Meanwhile, the town raves, but nothing comes of it. I am afraid that if something is not speedily done, this place will boil itself away.

#### THE NEGROES.

As I said, the most natural explanation of the recent fires is, that they were the work of the negroes, who are not incapable of mischief, and who, whatever may be said to the contrary, have not that supreme indifference to passing events that the Virginians would pretend. I have had evidence of their interest in the fate of Brown. And I remember that one night during the visits of some of Brown's friends here a week or two ago, before rigid exclusion of Northerners was practiced, it was desired to get information concerning the slaves of Mr. Alletad, and their relations to their master, which the citizens could not be expected to divulge. One or two reliable negroes were entrusted with the mission, and in less than an hour the wished-for intelligence came. How they procured it, I do not know; but you may be certain it was not by asking gentlemen of fair complexions.

#### THE LOCAL PRESS AGAIN.

The Free Press is out and down once more upon Mr. Sennott. I should not have expected this. Mr. Gallaher, the editor, was good enough to consult me in reference to his former article, which I sent you. Of course he could not be convinced by me that it was anything but a manly, noble, and dignified exposition of feeling, but a little expression of adverse opinion from Mr. Andrew Hunter checked his glee, and set him to reflecting. Other persons rebuked Mr. Gallaher; some with cutting allusions to a conflict, not irrepressible, between himself and another inhabitant, which once occurred in the Court-House yard, and in which Mr. Gallaher showed more white feathers than the combined cocked hats of all the "Continentials" could display. So the editor has kept very quiet, until, now that Mr. Sennott has departed, he sees opportunity to continue his sport. Here is what he says this week:

LAWYER SENNOTT.—This notorious Abolitionist, who came here all the way from Boston to defend some of the cut-throat Brown party, left this town on Monday, having received a gentle hint that his presence should be dispensed with. His confederates, Hoyt and Jewett, made tracks the Saturday previous. These

worthies have been favoring the readers of THE N. Y. TRIBUNE, and other papers of the same stripe, with contributions in which our citizens have been most grossly defamed. These rascals, after receiving the civilities of our people, let loose their venom unsparringly.

I call this severe; because, although Mr. Sennott was certainly pretty bold in one or two of his legal arguments against Slavery, and did indeed conduct the cases of some of the prisoners in rather an alarming way, yet he always repudiated the idea of Virginia discourtesy, and acknowledged, when he left Charlestown, that his visit had been a tolerably delightful one—which should have been taken as sincere. It seems that my predictions that Mr. Sennott would next be visited with the ignominy of suspected TRIBUNE correspondence, is verified. This is the unkindest cut of all.

CHARLESTOWN, Friday, Nov. 18, 1859.

The excitement is unabated, but messages from Governor Wise have somewhat assuaged the public terror. Colonel Davis has received word that the Governor will be promptly on hand at the head of some hundreds of soldiers. Various dispatches from other sources, the particulars of which I have not learned, give assurance that succor is approaching from all sides. Yet the Colonel finds reason to continue strict precautions. A new panic has set in from the direction of Wheeling, where the people are suspected

of strong Anti-Slavery opinions, and where a Republican member of the State Senate has actually been chosen to represent the people. This, I suppose, is as groundless as all the kindred rumors of yesterday. But the citizens of Charlestown think differently. They distrust everybody; even their own friends. An express man from Harper's Ferry, who came last night to learn what was going on, produced a severe sensation. The night-patrol saw him coming along the road, near Mr. Andrew Hunter's house, and made a great outcry. The guard assembled, and for more than an hour they kept him at bay, until, finding that he was really alone, they permitted him to pass. Once in, it was quite as difficult for him to get out. Colonel Davis looked into the matter, and at length, just before sunrise, gave him permission to return home, which he did joyously.

There is a story of a letter in secret characters sent to Brown, which has been deciphered (after the Edgar A. Poe style), and found to contain intelligence pointing toward a rescue. I do not know if it be true, but if such a letter has arrived here, it must have proceeded from some practical joker, with the design of throwing consternation into Jefferson County. No such letter could have been seriously written. Even if an attempt of the kind were thought of, the last thing to be done would be the sending of a missive of this sort. But the people here quail at shadows.

#### MR. GRISWOLD AND HIS \$250 FEE.

A Western paper brings here some singular correspondence on the subject of Mr. H. Griswold's fee for defending John Brown in his recent trial. That gentleman's friends are displeased with the idea of his taking \$250 from the prisoner's scanty resources. Probably it appeared to them, as it appeared to me, very much like plunder from a bereaved and destitute family. They question him about it, and he answers angrily and ineffectively. He says that what he received did not compensate him for the neglect of his business in Cleveland, Ohio. It may be so; but the question is not of dollars and cents. He says that no lawyer of respectable attainments thinks the sum unreasonable, and that certainly Mr. Brown did not. Mr. Brown would be the last man to quarrel upon such a subject with the person who had attempted, however inefficiently, to save his life. Mr. Griswold looks upon the entire affair as a simple business transaction, and his inability to understand any other view of it is quite sufficient to explain his action. I hope that the \$250 which he "obtained with considerable difficulty from the pay-master at Harper's Ferry," will pass lightly from his pocket. In his "plain statement of facts in the case," however, he wanders too near to fiction to remain uncontradicted. His assertion that the other counsel received, or expect to receive, from Mr. Brown, larger fees than he claimed, is unwarranted. Mr. Chilton's thousand dollars—and I believe he never before earned so large a sum with so little labor—was not drawn from Mr. Brown's limited property. Mr. Sennott and Mr. Hoyt both looked elsewhere for their reward. And I may say here what I omitted to say in my first allusion to the matter, that I heard one of Brown's counsel declare he would as soon have cut off his hand as taken the money that Mr. Griswold took, under the same circumstances. Mr. Griswold grieves that I spoke of him only, and had no word of reprobation for the other attorneys. The fact is, that the other attorneys exhibited no such rapacity as his. He, however, can only explain it on the ground that he "used none of the money he received" to purchase the favor of the writer." This is the weakest resource of a weak cause—a plea worthy of a lawyer who does not shrink from doing an unmanly thing because there is nothing "unprofessional in the transaction." It is ludicrous, too, because, although I saw much of Mr. Griswold in this place, he never knew my newspaper relation, nor does he now. That is a secret not to be confided to those who regard and judge of the most delicate subjects solely from a business and "professional" standpoint.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

ALEXANDRIA, Va., Nov. 18, 1859.

The reports from Charlestown, last evening, have thrown this little town into spasms, causing the embarkation of some hundred men armed to the teeth to meet, as they supposed, an army of Abolitionists. A body of men were supposed to have been seen in the immediate vicinity of Charlestown, and near enough the town to justify one of Gov. Wise's brave sentinels to fire and retreat to the main army creating general alarm, not only among the braves, but throughout the Commonwealth. It seems, however, this morning, not to be as serious as was at first represented. The large army of Abolitionists turns out to be a little op-

tical illusion of the sentinel, he having been in a hard fight the day before with "King Alchy," which so affected his sight as to make a post-and-rail fence look like a body of men-armed to the teeth with Sharp's Rifles. The bravery of the sentinel is not to be questioned, however, as no coward would have dared to fire into what he supposed to be an army, and had strength left to retreat to his friends. Another evidence that the sentinel was perfectly cool and collected in his trying position is the telling effect of his shot, which split in a most fearful manner one of the rails. It is confidently believed here that the fence will be compelled to surrender and suffer with John Brown for its presumptuous imposition on the military of Virginia.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

CHARLESTOWN, Saturday, Nov. 19, 1859.  
THE CRY IS STILL THEY COME.

One of the servants at my hotel, who seems to repose confidence in me, said this morning very gravely "Now, I jus' tell you;—if they get many more folks "in that old jail, they'll jus' lif' the old roof right off," "brupt, and go 'way." Of course I checked with severity this seditious language, but I will not deny that it made some impression upon me. The Charlestown jail is certainly a very infirm establishment. Its walls bespeak decay, and its doors and windows tell of insecurity. The citizens themselves have often spoken of this, and calculated, with some concern, its retentive powers. Since the publication of the plans I sent you, this question has been more than ever considered. A few persons, however short-sightedly apprehended that the appearance of those plans might lead to an invasion and an attack which would be the more alarming from the diffusion of this dangerous knowledge. But the more general notion is, that unless the greatest watchfulness is exercised, the prisoners may find some means of escape for themselves. The people here will not admit that such a thing could be accomplished, but they prefer that it should not even be attempted, since it would then become necessary to dispose of the prisoners by shooting them—a very disagreeable contingency, the public opinion having settled itself strongly in favor of strangulation. Perhaps this idea may have contributed somewhat to the anxiety of the people to receive additional military support. I suppose that now, with about a thousand troops coming in from all sides, with a good deal of artillery and some practicable muskets—flint locks having been frowned upon by Col. Davis—it will be a little difficult for Brown and his party to take themselves off. Without these precautions, it is hard to say what would have happened. The wounded prisoners are getting better every day. Even Stephens begins to be quite comfortable under his five bullets. It would be an awkward thing for them to march out some day, and walk quietly up Northward, taking with them, perhaps, Mr. Hunter and one or two other gentlemen, in pursuance of their original plan. As for impediments, I do not think there would be any offered by the people of Charlestown. This would be a deserted village. It should be understood that there are as many as six of Brown's party in captivity. But I am doubtful whether even these could stand against a thousand armed men, brought all the way from Richmond. The precautions have been taken in time, and it is just as well to resign all hope now of the prisoners' escaping by their own efforts.

Col. Davis is once more at ease. His dispatches tell him that many troops are hurrying to his aid. Gov. Wise is coming, too. I hope he means to depose the Colonel, and assume command himself. None of the extra forces have yet come in, but they are all on their way, so Col. Davis says. I catch whispers of field pieces and cavalry. I wonder what use will be made of them in the event of another fire. And, apropos of the fires, there is a rumor that one incendiary has been detected, but, as he proved on inspection to be a chafel, the discovery has been closely concealed, for the present, at least. Other chattels might hear, and profit by the example.

#### WHAT GOV. WISE IS TO ENCOUNTER.

Mr. Harding is looking eagerly for the Governor's arrival. He has a little account to settle with him, he says. Mr. Harding, you may remember, was most violently opposed to the suspension of Stephens's trial, which happened in consequence of the Governor's suggestion. He protested vehemently against it, and insisted that the protest should be entered upon the records of the Court, in return for which Judge Parker snubbed him. But Mr. Harding was not to be allayed. The lawyers kept shutting him up; but, like the toy figures which are propelled from boxes to frighten children, the moment they left him, he would burst forth again. He fulminated terrible threats. He swore with very profane emphasis that Stephens

menaced all the dignitaries of Charlestown, and was especially venomous upon Gov. Wise. He wanted to see Wise, that was all. He had a rod in pickle for Wise. He guessed Wise would bark his shins, if he undertook to climb over him. But give him a chance at Wise, and there would be music. Well, his opportunity is coming, and he professes great satisfaction. Some people say that his ardor will be dead cold by the time the Governor arrives, but he says not. I think it will depend very much upon the time of day that they chance to meet. Mr. Harding is always bolder toward night than in the morning. In the evening he is leonine; in the morning, foxey. It was in evening that he fought the blind man. I want very much to see the interview between the two gentlemen.

#### THE ALARMS.

Whence all the appalling rumors that come floating in proceed, nobody knows. As fast as one explodes, a dozen take its place. I think they rise spontaneously in this community. Their number and variety are greater than I can convey to you; but as they are all doubtless without ground, it would hardly be worth while to repeat them. At present they are in fullest force, with no immediate prospect of decline.

The first installment of uniforms is expected to-morrow.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Monday, Nov. 21, 1859.  
A DILEMMA.

We have now a new perplexity at Charlestown. A question has just arisen which provokes grave discussions. Public opinion sways back and forth like a wren's pendulum. It is a question of defiant boldness on the one side, and shrinking timidity on the other; and as the population here, whatever may be said, as a great deal is said, to the contrary, are never out of palpitations and perturbations, shrinking timidity is likely to have the best of it. Here is the point.

Everybody hereabout is eager that the execution of John Brown shall be witnessed by the largest possible number of people, in order that the "moral effect" of the demonstration may be as perfect and extensive as circumstances will allow. This wish is only second to the anxiety for the execution itself. Judge Parker himself being of opinion, as he said, that the transaction should be as widely impressive as it could be made, ordered that not only Brown, but also all of his fellows, should be put to death in a more conspicuous place than the jail-yard—the ordinary station of the gallows. It goes to the Virginia heart to think that one jot of the publicity of this display should be abated, but prudence and fright have worked upon it so that it has almost been decided to surround the town with bayonets, at the appointed time, to hold all strangers at bay. The idea of a second invasion perpetually haunts these people. They talk of it all day, and, I suppose, dream of it all night. A new theory upon this subject has just arisen. It is thought that if large bodies of spectators are permitted to assist at the display of the 2d of December, dangerous persons might mingle with the crowds of visitors, and, seizing a favorable opportunity, unite, achieve a rescue, and bear away the prisoner. This suspicion is too startling to be calmly considered, and people have, for a day or two, debated it with such heat, that I believe among a good majority a belief prevails that an attempt of this character is really to be made. At any rate, it seems probable that the original intention of holding out, as it were, invitations for all the world to come and witness the executions, will be wholly changed; and that very few persons, except the actual residents of Charlestown, will enjoy the sight of that crowning sacrifice to the honor of the State of Virginia.

#### WISE AND WHEREFORE.

"The Campbells have come" at last, and a little earlier than I had expected. Greys and Blues, and other varied hues, to the amount of six companies, came in last Saturday evening, under the wing of Gov. Wise, who, judging from the evident distrust he has expressed in relation to Virginia valor, probably thought it best to accompany his soldiers and keep an eye on them, lest they should run away at some false alarm. I rejoice to say that they all arrived in safety, and looking not more scared than was to be expected, considering that they entered a place in which they were only separated from Old Brown by a few bars and bolts and some imperfect brick walls. These military gentlemen of Richmond occupy, some of them, lofty positions. There is an editorial infusion among them. Mr. O. Jennings Wise of *The Richmond Enquirer* is a private in the regiment. I think he means to write letters to his paper. Then he and I will be collaborators. There is also Mr. Elliott of *The Richmond Whig*. A train-band captain eke is he. There are also other of my editorial brethren, who just now refuse to accept the doctrine that the pen is mightier than the sword.



Gov. Wise seemed anxious and nervous. He joined Mr. Andrew Hunter immediately upon arriving, and went home with him to continue the management of the State of Virginia, in which of late Mr. Hunter has had as much hand as any one else. Yesterday the Governor was seen about, but not loosely. There was a pretty energetic short conversation between him and Col. Davis, which nobody knows the purport of; but I conclude, as the Colonel has not communicated the particulars, that it was not strictly favorable to him. The Governor will remain here but a short time, as his object was only to inspire the military with some of his own heroism, and to give encouragement and strength, by his own presence, to the shriveled senses of the Charlestown people.

#### THE ARMY.

It now numbers nearly a thousand men. Some spirited volunteers came over from Staunton yesterday, and this morning we had a charge of a light brigade. The horsemen were received with infinite enthusiasm, and made the street longers happy for an hour. Gov. Wise has been doing inspection to-day, and professes satisfaction at the state of things. I wish the Governor could see the 7th Regiment of New-York.

#### THE PRISONERS.

Brown and Stephens are getting into a good condition of health. The latter walks about his room quite regularly, and moves with ease—sometimes too rapidly for the pleasure of his visitors. A smart gentleman undertook the other day to be witty at Capt. Brown's expense. Now, Brown is always ready to take up a serious argument with any person, and he generally puzzles his opponents, too; but exchanging small shot of badinage is not in his line. Upon one peculiarly annoying remark, which the old man simply overlooked, Stephens rose from his bed, and glaring on the offender, took a step or two toward him with an air that induced him to change his tone at once and become courteous, which of course satisfied the incensed lieutenant. To be sure, Stephens, in his maimed condition, could not have lifted a finger to injure the man who had roused his ire, even if the presence of the guards had not restrained him; but his impulse was uncontrollable, and the effect he produced was, I think, a splendid triumph in its way. It is not every one that can bring a Virginian at short notice up to the mark of courtesy.

#### A SEDITIOUS SIGN.

I have gazed with wonder upon a shop sign that stares from over a provision store in "Jefferson Hall"—the same building in which two of the local newspapers are published. It is merely the names of the storekeepers, and it reads thus—"BROWN AND WASHINGTON." Why this appalling conjunction of names is permitted to remain in full public view, I am incapable of understanding. I am told that although Mr. Brown went into the business that has caused his name to be put before the people some little while later than Mr. Washington, yet, for some unexplained reason, his name stands first. It is a very bad sign—an incendiary sign, and should be deposed, for the sake of a show of consistency, at least.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Nov. 22, 1859.

#### WHAT BROWN HAS ACCOMPLISHED.

The composure and contentment which Brown manifests in his confinement, and the calmness with which he views his certain fate, fill his visitors with amazement. To me it seems a less matter for astonishment. The conviction of having accomplished far more than he could ever have hoped for in his wildest anticipations; the knowledge that greater results than he ever looked forward to in his strange scheme have been effected, comfort him exceedingly in his last days. Considered from his own point, Brown's invasion was no failure, but a vast advantage gained. I have heard him say that he believed his final triumph would be upon the scaffold, and that his assurance that his death at this time would contribute to advance the cause he has at heart, made him feel it was best for him not to encourage any of the efforts made by his friends in his behalf. The Virginians, although the last thing they would wish to do would be to cheer old Brown's spirits, have not had wit enough to keep from him the consequences of his movement. He knows, almost as well as any person in the country, the extent of the shock he has given. He has been told how Virginia quakes, and that almost the whole South trembles in sympathy. He has seen the frightened fury which has spread over the neighborhood of the scene of his exploit. He cannot fail to understand, for many have made it plain to him, what great events have sprung from his weak and ill-advised attempt; and the entire State of Virginia blighted with madness, and thrilled through all its limits with a reckless terror; the people rising in arms against an invincible enemy, and

rushing to and fro with objectless tumult, in an alarm which they strive in vain to conceal—fleeing when no man pursueth; the neighboring States kindled with the same flame, the whole South echoing the chords of affright, whose key note is sent forth from the Old Dominion. All this Brown knows, and is consoled by. But he shows no exultation over it, simply speaking of it earnestly and tranquilly, as a successful result much beyond anything to which he had aspired. Others of his party in the prison see the ludicrous side of the present condition of affairs, and laugh at it. Brown never does.

And, indeed, it does appear to be getting too serious a matter to be considered in any light way. The State of Virginia is struggling to throw off a perfect paralysis of dread that has beet it. People who come in here from the Southern and other districts bring woe-filled stories of the cessation of business, the pervading apprehensions of danger, and the great public insecurity that have infected every part of the commonwealth. I have even heard of families who have proclaimed their determination to migrate to some less troubled land. A slaveholder near Charlestown, Mr. S., said to me the other day, that he felt he was sacrificing too much of interest and happiness in remaining in his present position. With white labor on his farm, he added, everything would be well with him; but many obstacles rendered that consummation impossible for him. Undoubtedly there are plenty of others who share his ideas and his difficulties. At any rate, there are certainly some indications of an approaching division of sentiment on the subject of the active power of the "insurrection." There are none, of course, on the question of Brown's invasion; but there is something lying behind that, as the rising tokens show.

#### THE MILITARY IN CHARLESTOWN.

Gov. Wise has returned home, after looking at the assembled troops, holding some improving conversation with John Brown, and shedding beneficence upon the community at large. The Governor, like that famous King of France who, with forty thousand men, marched up a hill, and then marched down again, having brought his Richmond regiments to Charlestown, proposed to take them straightway back with him. But the people, who have not for a long while seen so much of a show, interposed, entreated, and a portion of the troops were suffered to remain. I do not think they are very happy here. The tow-people are in the condition of the gentleman who drew the elephant in a raffle; now they have got them, they don't know what to do with their guests. I think, however, that if there are many such nights as last night they will be very willing to part with them. There was a fine share of uproar from evening till dawn. Some of the inhabitants deported themselves quite as spitefully as Dr. Bartolo, when infested by uniforms. And they were justified. The new soldiers are more prone to excitement than the old ones. There were a number of shots fired last night—for what, or at what, there is difficulty in discovering. Public opinion points strongly to a cow. There was a rumor that a citizen had been shot all over, but this I suppose was an exaggeration of the Davis order. Anyway, the people are beginning to consider whether paying by loss of sleep and gain of anxieties for the luxury of a military encampment is not enjoying it at a little too high a figure.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

CHARLESTOWN, Nov. 23, 1859.

#### CHEERING PROSPECTS.

I have the satisfaction of announcing the expected restoration of this place to a tolerable condition of decorum. Col. Davis has been done for. His reign is ended. His occupation's gone. Plumed troops and neighing steeds have passed from under his control. This, I suppose, is the result of the conference between the Colonel and Gov. Wise, of which I have before spoken. Last evening a new and more highly titled officer came up on a special steam engine from Harper's Ferry, to take upon himself military command, and to regulate the deficiencies of Col. Davis's rule. The new commander is a Major-General, and his name is Taliaferro. The people here call him Tollifer, Gen. Tollifer, which is said to be the accepted and correct pronunciation. Gen. Tollifer is a tall and stately gentleman, not fascinating in mien, but with an air of decision and energy that angers good things. Many of the people are rejoiced at the change, but rather hesitate to give utterance to their feelings, for fear that Col. Davis may yet have enough of the honor of the State of Virginia in charge to put them to inconvenience, should he desire to. The Colonel's immediate friends are a little chagrined at his deposition, and intimate that he might have retained his leadership had he chosen, but, finding that "messy lies the head that wears a crown," he voluntarily foretook his position of superiority. Others

craftily allege that he never considered himself the head of the militia at all, but merely held the situation of "authoritative counselor"—a delicate distinction. But if this were so, the Colonel would not now need to be dejected, which he assuredly is. I think it is pretty plain that Gov. Wise is determined that all the unnecessary fuss shall be made by him alone, and that nobody else shall share his gubernatorial prerogative of causing needless panics, and throwing the State into continual convulsions. At any rate, the Colonel's way has ceased, and a good part of the community revels in the hope that his successor will show more wisdom in administering affairs. If Gen. Tollifer wishes to spread content around, he will have to subordinate considerably the recently arrived regiments, for the inhabitants are waxing very impatient at their behavior. Great things are looked for from the new General, and the old Colonel is already passing from popular regard. "*Le Roi est mort. Vive le Roi.*"

#### BROWN'S EXECUTION.

The writ of error in Brown's case has been denied, as was expected, and since the Governor has decided not to reprieve him to the day fixed for the execution of the other convicts, he will be put to death upon the second day of December, as originally intended by the Court. The indecision of the people as to whether the event should more properly be wholly public, or in a degree private, has passed over, and it has been settled that no great number of outside spectators shall be admitted to Charlestown on the 21. The fear of another invasion, with a view to the rescue of Brown, grows from day to day. portentous rumors come in with every wind. A man traveled up from Harper's Ferry last evening to say that he had seen signal lights displayed from the mountains, and thought steps ought to be taken about it. But the only steps taken, I believe, were his own, homeward. Still there were many anxious eyes turned toward the Ferry after his departure. The feeling is new such that it is generally asserted that no persons whatever, not even absent residents, will be permitted to enter Charlestown on the day of the execution. I doubt, however, whether the exclusion will be so very rigid as this, although the thousand soldiers whom Governor Wise has decided to bring here at that time are not coming for nothing.

#### "WHAT BECAME OF THEIR BODIES?"

In a paragraph thus headed, a Western paper asks what was done with the bodies of the dead insurgents after the Harper's Ferry outbreak, and states that no "one has ever recorded the fact of their burial, and no one knows that burial was ever given them." The Colonel in charge at Harper's Ferry tells me that the bodies were all hurriedly and loosely thrown into the ground, but were exhumed the same night, and carried away for dissection at a medical college in a town not far distant—Winchester, I believe. I understood from his manner of speaking that this disposition of the bodies was not objected to by the authorities, but was readily favored by them.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Friday, Nov. 25, 1859.

#### PASSING EVENTS.

I have early information of the most recent correspondence between Gov. Wise and Gen. Taliaferro. It seems important, but, after all, may be no more than the majority of the late warlike communication. The Governor has intimated that, all his advisers had vetoed the rescue attempt, which everybody is looking for, to be made next Sunday night, of all the day in the year. The General is admonished to keep his powder dry and his men in prime condition as the time approaches. Moreover, arrangements have been made, or are to be immediately made, with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company for the transportation to this town on Sunday of a large number of troops. I attach very little weight to this new evidence of anxiety; but it seems to be somewhat more entitled to consideration from the extreme secrecy with which the preparations in regard to it are conducted. However, I have no serious doubt but that Sunday night will pass off as uneventfully as every other night of the past two weeks. There may be a cow or so, and here and there a predatory pig, but I apprehend nothing beyond.

The influx of soldiers has caused great confusion here. There is difficulty in accommodating them. The Court-House has been given up to one party of four or five companies, and the judicial county business has been suspended. For the sake of formality, the Court met the other day in an ante-room, and the Jury were discharged, after which legal gentlemen went about other business. The braves are a little disgusted with the Lordships of their situation, especially since Gen. Taliaferro has cut them off from hotel fare, and set them

to doing their own cooking. They say they did not bargain for starvation. I judge that provisions are scarce with them, especially as one of the newspapers is out with an appeal to the countrymen around to furnish them "supplies in an uncooked condition." This is certainly hard. Who would willingly be a slave of glory on such terms?

I find that the public excitement is daily increasing. There is very little attention to business here now. I should not be surprised to learn of the temporary discontinuance of the newspapers. This would be mortifying. Besides, I should lose my chief tri-weekly entertainment. Every issue that appears contains paragraphs of apology for deficiencies, on the ground that editorial balance being overturned, journalism must totter. Totter it does, and curiously enough, as I will show you presently. But the most remarkable manifestation of perturbation is a proclamation just issued from the Mayor's office, warning even the citizens themselves to avoid coming any nearer the jail than necessity requires. In case of public alarm, he forbids them to approach within one square of the jail, on any pretense.

#### LOCALS OF THE LOCAL PRESS.

The local press continues its customary sprightliness. It showers disfavor with unsparring pens. I think some of the editors must be addicted to red ink, according to the hint of Sir Lucius Trigger. One of the most fiery paragraphs this week is in *The Free Press*, which still harps on Mr. Sennott, and is very leth to give him up. Here it is:

"SENNOTT & Co.—In order that our readers may be advised of passing events we insert letters from these 'worthies.' While Sennott professes over his signature to defend the citizens of Jefferson County from the aspersions of letter-writers, he is defaming them with his anonymous letters through *The N. Y. Tribune*. We can only say that Mr. Sennott must keep out of this town. The people will not submit to having in their midst incendiary rascals. An eye will be kept to them. The letters are filled with falsehoods."

Though faulty as to style, the directness of these energetic sentences cannot be questioned. It appears that Mr. Gallaher will have it that Mr. Sennott is *THE TRIBUNE'S* correspondent. This is an unkind return for Mr. Sennott's letter of thanks for courtesies bestowed upon him by Charlestown citizens. It is a pity, though, that I should have disseminated falsehoods. I think this must be an error, because a great deal of my information has come from Mr. Gallaher himself, and he, as every one knows, is the soul of honor. His bearing, when publicly chastised, some time ago, showed that. But one of his contemporaries, *The Independent Democrat*, repels the idea of *TRIBUTE* correspondence altogether. It says:

"THE TRIBUNE has no correspondent here. Such an individual being as far from coming voluntarily for such a purpose as the old white-hatted sepulture, GRELLEY, himself. We hope, however, if there is power enough in the Federal arm, both he and his coadjutors will pay us a visit before long, at which time under the protection of our jail walls, his paper can have its own 'true correspondent.'"

This, too, though grammatically deficient, is forcible in expression. I do not quite understand, however, why Mr. Greeley is called a sepulture. Do you think Mr. Greeley is a sepulture? As for the presence of *THE TRIBUNE* correspondent, Mr. Eichelberger ought to know better than to deny it. He has eaten chestnuts at my expense a dozen times, and in return has helped me—unconsciously, of course—to a deal of valuable intelligence. But Mr. Eichelberger has at least discovered that Mr. Jewett was unfairly treated, and endeavors to do him tardy justice by saying that "in the present state of affairs the innocent are as likely to suffer as the guilty," and that he is "sorry that Mr. Jewett was made to feel this necessity."

*The Free Press* is confident that an attempt is to be made to induce jailer Avis to betray his trust, and bases its suspicion upon *THE TRIBUNE* letter which approved the manliness and undoubted integrity of that officer. This is a rather illogical deduction, but *The Free Press* can see as far into a mill-stone as any other Virginian, and appears half disposed to berate Capt. Avis soundly for having deserted his principles so far as to gain the good opinion of a Northerner. Here is its article:

"It will be seen that an effort is made to cajole the keeper of the jail. But the writer is mistaken in his aim, we think. Besides, too, the *People* will keep an eye to the wretched inmates that they do not escape, and they will hold those who have them in keeping responsible for any dereliction of duty. But we have no fears of this insidious attempt to corrupt our Jailor. While he yields to the kind impulses of his nature as a Virginia character, he is not to be corrupted. It is but prayer, however, that the prisoners should be heavily ironed."

*The Democrat* is very severe upon the reporter of *The N. Y. Herald*, who ventured certain complaints about the Charlestown Post Office. It says: "We can assure the 'pernicious wit' of *The Herald*, that our Post Office is large enough, except when our community is overrun with Northern catch-penny and flying scribblers, for all the purposes of our citizens, and if it was not the law that the mail shall not be opened in the presence of any one, yet such precaution, when such gentry as those to whom we allude are about, would have been right and proper in the Postmaster. He has been robbed often by special Northern Doughfaces."

But the most hotly spiced of all the Charleston editorial effusions is *The Democrat's* article in denunciation of Mr. Seward. I do not see how anything could more seriously interfere with Mr. Seward's prospects in life:

"This arch demagogue and traitor, we suppose, will have the impudence to take his seat again in the Senate. Will Mason and Hunter, or any other Southern Senator, permit him as a peer, reeking and dripping as he is with the blood of Southern citizens upon his skirts, is a question for them to determine. In point of atrocious—deep, dark and damning atrocity, the crime for which Brown will expiate his life upon the gallows, is a small offence in comparison with that of this 'conflict' by traitorous and fanatical populace of the North, after persuading the old, infatuated simpleton now in our jail, that he would be doing God's and the country's service to come here and murder the slaveholder, and incite a negro insurrection at the South, and when he knew that this attempt would be made with a sneaking inexpressible meanness and a dastardly skulking cowardice, which nothing but a white-livered murderer and scoundrel could be guilty of, he takes himself out of the country, and puts an ocean between him and the scene of his treason and his crimes. If such a pusillanimous villain as he is permitted to occupy a

### JOHN BROWN'S INVASION.

#### JOHN BROWN'S LAST APPEAL TO A COURT.

On Saturday last, John Brown, by counsel, made his last appeal to a Virginia tribunal. Within a few hours' time, the five Judges of the Supreme Court of Appeals uttered their unanimous opinion that the judgment of the Jefferson County Court, under which the old man awaits death by hanging on the 23 day of December, was right; and therefore they denied his petition for a writ of error.

The indictment upon which Brown was tried contained four counts—for treason, for advising and conspiring with slaves and others to rebel, and for murder. Charged jointly with others, he was tried alone. One general judgment of death was entered upon the whole of it.

The grounds of his application for a writ of error were few. He claimed, first, that the judgment against him was erroneous, because it was not averred in the treason count, that at the time of the offense charged, he was a citizen of the State of Virginia or of the United States. The law is well settled, that treason is a breach of allegiance, and can be committed only by one who owes allegiance, either temporary or perpetual. Brown appealed to the Court, that if the judgment against him on all the counts, including this defective one of treason, was to stand, he would be put out of all possible reach of the Executive clemency. That clemency could have reached him, on the contrary, if the judgment had only been on the other counts of the indictment.

Secondly, he claimed that the judgment under which he now awaits death was erroneous, in that the Court below denied his application that the prosecution be made to elect some one count upon which to try him, and abandon the rest. He was entitled to that election. First: Because the offense of treason is not pardonable by the Governor of Virginia, and therefore a count charging it should not have been united in an indictment with counts for offenses that are pardonable. Second: Because the punishment upon conviction upon each of the counts was not necessarily the same; that while it was inevitably capital upon one of them, upon the others he might have been found guilty only of a misdemeanor, or of a simple manslaughter.

Thirdly, he insisted that the Court below should have instructed the Jury that if they believed, from the evidence, that at the time of the committing of the acts charged in the count for treason, he was not a citizen of Virginia, but of another State, he could not be convicted under it.

Fourthly, he claimed that the finding by the Jury upon the counts for conspiring with slaves to rebel, and for killing "four white men and one free negro," "in manner and form as aforesaid," was too uncertain and inconsistent to warrant a judgment of death.

Briefly, and without any delay painful to the tense expectation of the Virginia mind, did the five Judges of the Appeals Court say to John Brown, through his counsel, "The judgment under which you are to be 'hung by the neck until you are dead, is plainly right.' His counsel were not allowed to be heard."

From this decision of the Virginia Judges an appeal of Brown's case has already been taken to the high court of Public Opinion in America. What the judgment of that august tribunal will be, time will show. It will, however, in all probability, not be finally rendered until after Brown is dead and buried.

Anonymous as it may seem to you after what we know of the indecent haste shown at the Charlestown trials, the Virginians blame the officers of the law for too much leniency; and one of the municipal officers of Petersburg remarked to me that a lamentable mistake was made in not hanging the whole party immediately on the rendition of the verdict. Said he, "I would die 'content' if I could see Greeley, Fred Douglass, Emerson, Garrison, and Beecher strung up alongside old 'Brown' on next Friday." Whether my blood-thirsty friend would run a judicial *amok* among all the prominent men in the North before his thirst for vengeance would be sated, I cannot say. Mind you, I give these opinions merely as the offspring of to-day's excitement, and not as the sober sense of the leading men. It would be a very poor policy for me to include all the Virginians in a sweeping ridicule, because some are cowards and doits. As to there being the remotest possibility for a rescue of the prisoners, I do not entertain a hope. The most positive instructions have been given to their guards to kill them the instant there is an attempt at disturbance. The excitement through the counties adjoining this is intense. The planters are said to be ready to a man to march to the Ferry, in case of need. Despite the warnings of the Southern press, I do not doubt but that there will be an immense crowd to witness the executions, and the materials for combustion are so plenty, that the day cannot reasonably be expected to pass without serious disturbance.

*The Express* (Petersburg) of yesterday, makes the fiendish suggestion that an auction be held to dispose of the lifeless body of poor Brown, the halter, scaffold, and all appurtenances complete, as they will stand an hour after the prisoner is hung. It remarks that to so great an attraction as this, if proper guarantees for personal safety were given, a large number of Northern Abolitionists would be drawn, and the amount realized for the precious relic of Saint Brown, as the oracle old man is decisively called, would be very large. To-day it copies from *The N. Y. Express* an account of the negro panic in New-York of old, to show that with all our vaporing about Southern courage, we were more cowardly than they are in this latter-day evil. They forget that then as slaveholders we had the fears and the demoralization of slaveholders, and acted with corresponding brutality. It is their turn to-day, and they act the part well.

#### Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

CHARLESTOWN, VA., Nov. 28, 1850.

#### THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.

Although the spot where Brown's execution will take place has not yet been positively decided upon, yet it is probable that it will be in an open field, about half a mile to the rear of the jail. The reason for this selection is that the meadow descends to a central point, with hills all around, so that abundant opportunities to witness the event will be afforded. I believe it is settled that lines of military, planted at a considerable distance, will inclose the scaffold, and prevent the approach of any whose ears might otherwise be contaminated, and whose principles shaken by the dying speech of the condemned. But Brown has given it to be understood that he means to make no address from the scaffold, but will have taken leave of the world before emerging from his cell, and that these precautions are wholly unnecessary. If, however, he should say his parting word, it will express the calm and confident self-conviction of right he has all along shown. He, yesterday, said twice, in my presence, that he had no confession to make, and I think he will refrain from uttering any syllable at the fatal hour.

#### IN THE JAIL.

An order has come from Gov. Wise prohibiting the admission of all persons within the jail until after the execution of Brown. I was this morning able, however, to see the prisoners once more. There is little record of the interview. Excepting to give a simple salutation, few of them spoke. Brown was reading a religious work, Cook was busily writing, and Coppie was bending over his Bible. The negroes were inactive, and careless to the approach of visitors. The prisoners all appeared much fatigued in consequence of the incessant pouring in of strangers upon them. They were not displeased to learn of the prohibitory order issued by the Governor. But they were nevertheless, with the exception of Brown, subjected to fresh incursions of all the troops that arrived to-day.

Brown, it is said, will be safe from intrusions during the brief remainder of his life. On Sunday night he himself sent for the Rev. Mr. Waugh, nephew of the late Bishop Waugh, and Methodist minister of this place. The minister and the doomed man conversed





together for a long time, and to-day a second visit followed. Of course their speech could have but one subject. When the clergyman was not with him, Brown employed his time in writing various letters, and completing the statement which he desires to have published after his death.

#### THE MILITARY.

I am told that there will be here to-morrow eighteen hundred men under arms, and that by Friday morning the number will be augmented to more than twenty-five hundred. The military movements are incessant. The Court-House square echoes with the sound of arms from morning till night, and again till morning. The preparations never pause. An idea of the force now present can be gathered by the following list of officers and troops, with their respective titles, which I believe is strictly correct:

Major General Wm. B. Taliaferro, Commander-in-Chief; Col. J. Lucius Davis, Acting Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster General; Major Wm. Mumford, Acting Assistant Adjutant General, Adjutant of Post; Col. A. T. Taliaferro, Aid-de-Camp; Major David S. Watson, Medical Director; Col. S. Bisset French, Military Secretary; Col. Lewis W. Washington, S. T. Bayly, Wm. H. Browne, Aids of the Governor, attached to the command; Col. John K. Cooke, G. B. Horner, and Capt. Lewis Von Backholtz, attached to the Staff; Capt. J. W. Pegram, Sergeant Major of Post. The Cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, 165 in number, Col. F. H. Smith commanding; 1st Regiment of Volunteers, 250 men, Col. T. P. August, Capt. Randolph Harrison, Acting Adjutant; Major Wm. P. Mumford, Paymaster; Major Wm. G. Allan, Commissary; W. R. J. Pegram, Sergeant Major; Captains Wm. M. Elliott, Florence Miller, F. Peyton, J. S. Bady, Wheeling Battalion; Capt. Alonzo Loring and Edward Plankey, Alexandria Battalion; Col. Chas. E. Stuart, Major Duffy, A. Humphreys, Acting Adjutant; Capt. Smith, Mayo, Williams, Petersburg Battalion; Col. D. A. Weisjer, Commanding; Lieut. Col. E. L. Brockett, Major J. J. Meehin; Capt. John P. May, Scott, and Gibbons; Col. Gibson's command, Maj. Koff, Capt. J. W. Rowem and Washington; Portsmouth National Grays, Capt. Deans, 59 men; Woodis Rifles, Norfolk, Major Lamb, 58 men; Monticello Guard, 48 men; West Augusta Guard, 57 men; Mountain Guard, 52 men.

In the ranks of Company F, from Richmond, are O. Jennings Wise, the Governor's son, and a younger brother of Edwin Booth, the tragedian. The latter, I am told, left the theater immediately after a performance, and hastened to join his corps. Mr. Wise, who would occupy a higher post were he not a duelist, and thus disqualified from holding office, shares the privations of his associates—a fact which the citizens point to with astonished pride. I learn that he takes his turn at the picket guard and the cook-shop manfully with the rest. The soldiers are all in full uniform, excepting that they wear fatigue caps. There has been as yet no martial music, but a band from Norfolk has just arrived, and another is expected from Richmond to-morrow.

#### OTHER MATTERS.

The town is densely crowded. Its population is doubled. There is great difficulty in finding food for the famished, although efforts are made to bestow all possible comforts.

Communication with the North is not easy. The telegraph is in the hands of the authorities, and is, with rare exceptions, used exclusively for military purposes.

Strangers cannot enter Charlestown. Newspaper reporters attempt it without success, excepting in the case of Frank Leslie's paper, whose proprietor has made explanations, and been admitted to favor. The following proclamation has been issued on this general subject:

In pursuance of instructions from the Governor of Virginia, notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern:

That, as heretofore, particularly from now until after Friday next, the 2d of December, strangers found within the County of Jefferson, and counties adjacent, having no known and proper business here, and who cannot give a satisfactory account of themselves, will be at once arrested.

That, on, and for a proper period before that day, strangers, and especially parties approaching under the pretext of being present at the execution of John Brown, whether by railroad or otherwise, will be met by the military and turned back or arrested without regard to the amount of force that may be required to effect this, and during the said period, and especially on the 2d of December, the citizens of Jefferson and the surrounding country are emphatically warned to remain at their homes, and guard their own property.

Information received from reliable sources clearly indicates that by so doing they will best consult their own interests.

No women or children will be allowed to come near the place of execution.

WM. B. TALIAFERRO, Maj. Gen. Com. Troops,  
S. B. FRENCH, Military Secretary,  
THOMAS C. GREEN, Major,  
ANDREW HUNTER, Asslt. Pros. Attorney,  
JAMES W. CAMPBELL, Sheriff.

#### MR. HIRAM GRISWOLD ONCE MORE.

A second letter from Mr. Griswold, published in *The Cleveland Herald*, has been sent to me. It demands attention, as it directly accuses your correspondent of the grossest venality. Mr. Griswold's words are: "He puffs others for pay, while he abuses me for the want of it;" and again, "I would give him the evidence I have of the mercenary motives that control him, only that I would be obliged to mention the names of those who are not in fault for his conduct." The minor charges with which Mr. Griswold accompanies this principal one, are of less importance, although it will be proper to allude to them. But, first, as to the venality:

Mr. Griswold in Charlestown, took \$250 from John Brown's ill-supplied purse, as a fee for his legal services. No other lawyer concerned acted similarly, and one of them told me of the circumstance with unfeigned indignation. I mentioned it in my correspondence, and briefly expressed regret. Mr. Griswold, in an answering letter, admitted the fact, but claimed that it was strictly professional. He went further, and intimated that had he offered me money he would not have been exposed. The value of a charge of corruption, as applied to journalists, is now so well understood that few persons think seriously of it. I called it ludicrous. Mr. Griswold, however, will not let it rest. He reiterates it in the language I have quoted. This time he ventures too far. I answer that I utterly repel and deny his shameful accusation. I do not choose to emulate his coarseness, and featen rude epithets upon him; but he makes it necessary for me to say that he must either produce the evidence he claims to possess, or he must stand in the position of a reckless slanderer. He has either spoken truly or falsely. His silence will be proof of the latter. Moreover, no number of columns that he can fill will avail, unless he distinctly and plainly makes good his charge. And this I wait for him to do.

Mr. Griswold's other allegations concern me less than they do *THE TRIBUNE*. By assuming that a leading newspaper can have only one correspondent at the scene of a great event, he shows his ignorance of the capacities of journalism. I may be permitted to say that *THE TRIBUNE* has had no less than three correspondents at Charlestown, sometimes two together, sometimes otherwise. He says I misquoted his first letter. He cannot give a single example. He says the Charlestown letters have been wholly unreliable. He cannot instance one point. He says that although I supposed otherwise, he has discovered my identity. This is no startling triumph. Many persons now know it. But the name which he reveals must be sacred from infamous accusations such as he has sought to injure it with. Mr. Griswold has his alternative—either to prove his charge, or to accept the contemptible position that must follow his failure to do so.

Correspondence of *The N. Y. Tribune*.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Wednesday, Nov. 30, 1859.

#### THE GALLOWES.

This instrument of death has been constructed, but will not be erected on the place of execution until Friday morning. For the present, it stands in the inclosure of the new Baptist Church. It is made according to the ordinary pattern, with uprights, a cross-beam and trap. It is continually visited by large crowds, and every person seems anxious to procure at least a splinter of the wood for remembrance. The loose chips were long ago exhausted, and I saw this morning all sorts of knives used to separate fragments.

#### THE DEATH GROUND.

This will not be so distant as was at first intended. A spot has been fixed upon, some four or five hundred yards to the rear of the jail. The land lies so that many thousands of spectators can witness the proceeding. It is settled that none but the military, and as few as possible of them, will be permitted to approach within hearing of what Brown may say. The authorities distrust his assertion that he means to offer no dying speech. But why this jealous caution? Can it be that it is feared this old man's sturdy truths and simple eloquence will stir a fever in the blood of all who listen, that shall break down the barriers of prejudice, and shatter their feeble principles like glass?

#### BROWN'S LETTER OF EXPLANATION.

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together for a long time, and to-day a second visit followed. Of course their speech could have but one subject. When the clergyman was not with him, Brown employed his time in writing various letters, and completing the statement which he desires to have published after his death.

#### THE MILITARY.

I am told that there will be here to-morrow eighteen hundred men under arms, and that by Friday morning the number will be augmented to more than twenty-five hundred. The military movements are incessant. The Court-House square echoes with the sound of arms from morning till night, and again till morning. The preparations never pause. An idea of the force now present can be gathered by the following list of officers and troops, with their respective titles, which I believe is strictly correct:

Major General Wm. B. Taliaferro, Commander-in-Chief; Col. J. Lucius Davis, Acting Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster General; Major Wm. Mumford, Acting Assistant Adjutant General, Adjutant of Post; Col. A. T. Taliaferro, Aid-de-Camp; Major David S. Watson, Medical Director; Col. S. Bisset French, Military Secretary; Col. Lewis W. Washington, S. T. Bayly, Wm. H. Browne, Aids of the Governor, attached to the command; Col. John K. Cooke, G. B. Horner, and Capt. Lewis Von Beckholtz, attached to the Staff; Capt. J. W. Pegram, Sergeant Major of Post. The Cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, 165 in number, Col. F. H. Smith commanding; 1st Regiment of Volunteers, 250 men, Col. T. P. August, Capt. Randolph Harrison, Acting Adjutant; Major Wm. P. Mumford, Paymaster; Major Wm. G. Allan, Commissary; W. R. J. Pegram, Sergeant Major; Captains Wm. M. Elliott, Florence Miller, F. Peyton, J. S. Bady, Wheeling Battalion; Capt. Alonzo Loring and Edward Plankey, Alexandria Battalion; Col. Chas. E. Stuart, Major Duffy, A. Humphreys, Acting Adjutant; Capt. Smith, Mayo, Williams, Petersburg Battalion; Col. D. A. Weisjer, Commanding; Lieut. Col. E. L. Brockett, Major J. J. Meehin; Capt. John P. May, Scott, and Gibbons; Col. Gibson's command, Maj. Koff, Capt. J. W. Rowem and Washington; Portsmouth National Grays, Capt. Deans, 59 men; Woodis Rifles, Norfolk, Major Lamb, 58 men; Monticello Guard, 48 men; West Augusta Guard, 57 men; Mountain Guard, 52 men.

In the ranks of Company F, from Richmond, are O. Jennings Wise, the Governor's son, and a younger brother of Edwin Booth, the tragedian. The latter, I am told, left the theater immediately after a performance, and hastened to join his corps. Mr. Wise, who would occupy a higher post were he not a duelist, and thus disqualified from holding office, shares the privations of his associates—a fact which the citizens point to with astonished pride. I learn that he takes his turn at the picket guard and the cook-shop manfully with the rest. The soldiers are all in full uniform, excepting that they wear fatigue caps. There has been as yet no martial music, but a band from Norfolk has just arrived, and another is expected from Richmond to-morrow.

#### OTHER MATTERS.

The town is densely crowded. Its population is doubled. There is great difficulty in finding food for the famished, although efforts are made to bestow all possible comforts.

Communication with the North is not easy. The telegraph is in the hands of the authorities, and is, with rare exceptions, used exclusively for military purposes.

Strangers cannot enter Charlestown. Newspaper reporters attempt it without success, excepting in the case of Frank Leslie's paper, whose proprietor has made explanations, and been admitted to favor. The following proclamation has been issued on this general subject:

In pursuance of instructions from the Governor of Virginia, notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern:

That, as heretofore, particularly from now until after Friday next, the 2d of December, strangers found within the County of Jefferson, and counties adjacent, having no known and proper business here, and who cannot give a satisfactory account of themselves, will be at once arrested.

That on, and for a proper period before that day, strangers, and especially parties approaching under the pretext of being present at the execution of John Brown, whether by railroad or otherwise, will be met by the military and turned back or arrested without regard to the amount of force that may be required to effect this, and during the said period, and especially on the 2d of December, the citizens of Jefferson and the surrounding country are emphatically warned to remain at their homes, and guard their own property.

Information received from reliable sources clearly indicates that by so doing they will best consult their own interests.

No women or children will be allowed to come near the place of execution.

WM. B. TALIAFERRO, Maj. Gen. Com. Troops,  
S. B. Bisset FRENCH, Military Secretary,  
THOMAS C. GREEN, Major,  
ANDREW HUNTER, Asslt. Pros. Attorney,  
JAMES W. CAMPBELL, Sheriff.

#### MR. HIRAM GRISWOLD ONCE MORE.

A second letter from Mr. Griswold, published in *The Cleveland Herald*, has been sent to me. It demands attention, as it directly accuses your correspondent of the grossest venality. Mr. Griswold's words are: "He puffs others for pay, while he abuses me for the want of it;" and again, "I would give him the evidence I have of the mercenary motives that control him, only that I would be obliged to mention the names of those who are not in fault for his conduct." The minor charges with which Mr. Griswold accompanies this principal one, are of less importance, although it will be proper to allude to them. But, first, as to the venality:

Mr. Griswold in Charlestown, took \$250 from John Brown's ill-supplied purse, as a fee for his legal services. No other lawyer concerned acted similarly, and one of them told me of the circumstance with unfeigned indignation. I mentioned it in my correspondence, and briefly expressed regret. Mr. Griswold, in an answering letter, admitted the fact, but claimed that it was strictly professional. He went further, and intimated that had he offered me money he would not have been exposed. The value of a charge of corruption, as applied to journalists, is now so well understood that few persons think seriously of it. I called it ludicrous. Mr. Griswold, however, will not let it rest. He reiterates it in the language I have quoted. This time he ventures too far. I answer that I utterly repel and deny his shameful accusation. I do not choose to emulate his coarseness, and featen rude epithets upon him; but he makes it necessary for me to say that he must either produce the evidence he claims to possess, or he must stand in the position of a reckless slanderer. He has either spoken truly or falsely. His silence will be proof of the latter. Moreover, no number of columns that he can fill will avail, unless he distinctly and plainly makes good his charge. And this I wait for him to do.

Mr. Griswold's other allegations concern me less than they do *THE TRIBUNE*. By assuming that a leading newspaper can have only one correspondent at the scene of a great event, he shows his ignorance of the capacities of journalism. I may be permitted to say that *THE TRIBUNE* has had no less than three correspondents at Charlestown, sometimes two together, sometimes otherwise. He says I misquoted his first letter. He cannot give a single example. He says the Charlestown letters have been wholly unreliable. He cannot instance one point. He says that although I supposed otherwise, he has discovered my identity. This is no startling triumph. Many persons now know it. But the name which he reveals must be sacred from infamous accusations such as he has sought to injure it with. Mr. Griswold has his alternative—either to prove his charge, or to accept the contemptible position that must follow his failure to do so.

Correspondence of *The N. Y. Tribune*.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Wednesday, Nov. 30, 1859.

#### THE GALLOWES.

This instrument of death has been constructed, but will not be erected on the place of execution until Friday morning. For the present, it stands in the inclosure of the new Baptist Church. It is made according to the ordinary pattern, with uprights, a cross-beam and trap. It is continually visited by large crowds, and every person seems anxious to procure at least a splinter of the wood for remembrance. The loose chips were long ago exhausted, and I saw this morning all sorts of knives used to separate fragments.

#### THE DEATH GROUND.

This will not be so distant as was at first intended. A spot has been fixed upon, some four or five hundred yards to the rear of the jail. The land lies so that many thousands of spectators can witness the proceeding. It is settled that none but the military, and as few as possible of them, will be permitted to approach within hearing of what Brown may say. The authorities distrust his assertion that he means to offer no dying speech. But why this jealous caution? Can it be that it is feared this old man's sturdy truths and simple eloquence will stir a fever in the blood of all who listen, that shall break down the barriers of prejudice, and shatter their feeble principles like glass?

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composed of Capt. Scott's company of cavalry, one company of Major Loring's battalion of detachables, Capt. Williams's Montpelier Guard, Capt. Scott's Petersburg Grays, Company D, Capt. Miller, of the Virginia Volunteers, and Young Guard, Capt. Rady, the whole under the command of Col. T. P. August, assisted by Major Loring—the cavalry at the head and rear of the column.

The prisoner sat upon the box which contained his coffin, and, although pale from confinement, seemed strong. The wagon in which he rode was drawn by two white horses. From the time of leaving jail until he mounted the gallows stairs he wore a smile upon his countenance, and his keen eye took in every detail of the scene. There was no blenching nor the remotest approach to cowardice or nervousness. His remarks have not been correctly reported in the Baltimore and New-York papers. As he was leaving jail, when asked if he thought he could endure his fate, he said, "I can endure almost anything but parting from friends; that is very hard." On the road to the scaffold, he said, in reply to an inquiry, "I have been a characteristic of me from infancy not to suffer from physical fear. I have suffered a thousand times more from bashfulness than from fear." On entering the field he said, as if surprised, "I see all persons are excited and nervous except the military." "I was very near the old man, and scrutinized him closely. He seemed to take in the whole scene at a glance, and he straightened himself up proudly, as if to set to the soldiers an example of a soldier's courage. The only motion he made, beyond a swaying to and fro of his body, was that same patting of his knees with his hands that we noticed throughout his trial and while in jail. As he came upon an eminence near the gallows, he cast his eyes over the beautiful landscape and followed the windings of the Blue Ridge Mountains in the distance. He looked up earnestly at the sun and sky, and all about, and then remarked, "This is a beautiful country. I have not cast my eye over it before—that is, while passing through the field." The cortege passed half around the gallows to the east side, where it halted. The troops composing the escort took up their assigned position, but the Petersburg Grays, as the immediate body guard, remained as before, closely hemming in the prisoner. They finally opened ranks to let him pass out, when, with the assistance of two men, he descended from the wagon, bidding good by to those within it; and then, with firm step and erect form, he strode past Jailor, Sheriff, and officers, and was the first person to mount the scaffold steps. He then looked about him, principally in the direction of the people, in the far distance. Then to Capt. Avis, his jailor, he said, "I have no words to thank you for all your kindness to me." To Sheriff Campbell he remarked, "Let there be no more delay than is necessary." His back slouched but was then removed, his elbows and ankles were pinned, and the white hood was drawn over his head. The Sheriff requested him to step forward on the trap. He said, "You have put this thing over my head and I cannot see; you must lead me." There are eight minutes of suspense, while the stupid cavalry are trying to find their proper position. Impatient at the delay, Col. Scott gives the signal, Sheriff Campbell severs the rope with his hatchet, the trap falls with a horrid screech of its hinges, and the unfortunate man swings off into the air.

There was but one spasmodic effort of the hands to clutch at the neck, but for nearly five minutes the limbs jerked and quivered. He seemed to retain an extraordinary hold upon life. One who has seen numbers of men hung before told me had never seen so hard a struggle. After the body had dangled in mid air for twenty minutes, it was examined by the surgeons for signs of life. First the Charlestown physicians went up and made their examination, and after them the military surgeons, the prisoner being executed by the civil power and with military assistance as well. To see them lifting up the arms, now powerless, that once were so strong, and placing their ears to the breast of the corpse, holding it steady by passing an arm around it, was revolting in the extreme.

And so the body dangled and swung by its neck, turning to this side or that when moved by the surgeons, and swinging, pendulum like, from the force of the south wind that was blowing, until, after forty-eight minutes from the time of swinging off, it was ordered to be cut down, the authorities being quite satisfied that their dreaded enemy was dead. The body was lifted upon the scaffold and fell into a heap of rags. It was then put into the black wagon which

about the wagon, the sky led the van, and the mournful procession moved off.

Throughout the whole sad proceeding the utmost order and decorum reigned. I think that when the prisoner was on the gallows, words in ordinary tones might have been heard all over the forty-acre field. In less than fifteen minutes the whole military force had left the field of execution, a dozen sentries alone, perhaps, remaining. The townspeople having been kept at a considerable distance, and none from the country about being allowed to approach nearer than a mile, there were not, I think, counting soldiers and civilians, more than a thousand spectators. A great feeling of exasperation prevails in consequence of this foolish stringency, and it is a wonder that conflicts have not arisen between the citizens and their protectors.

John Brown, although at times willing to argue with the local clergy upon religious matters, has absolutely rejected all appearance of spiritual comfort at their hands, even maintaining that those who were capable of countenancing Slavery, were not fit to come between him and his God. The other day, he said, that instead of any clergyman of Charlestown, if they would suffer him to be followed to the place of execution by a family of little negro children, headed by a pious slave mother, it would be all he would ask. The New-York Herald reports him to have said when told that his wife could not remain with him more than three or four hours, "I want this favor from the State of Virginia." This is incorrect, for with the same contemptuous independence which he has ever displayed, he said, proudly, "Oh, I don't ask any favors of the State of Virginia. You must do your duty." When the husband and wife parted, she shed some tears, but the old hero, patting her on the shoulder, said, "Mary, this is not right. Show that you have nerves." She is said to have straightened herself up as if electrified, and wept no more. The body left Charlestown under escort in the afternoon, and at Harper's Ferry was delivered up to Mrs. Brown.

Like a string that snaps after great tension, the public mind at Charlestown seemed relieved the moment that the body had been returned to the jail. The extra sentries were called in, and people were suffered once more to pass in and out of town with tolerable freedom. The dread is not all removed yet, however, for every night mysterious lights are seen to shoot up, in the direction of Harper's Ferry, which are answered elsewhere. Despite all vigilance and search, no cause can be assigned, and it is, therefore, believed that parties of rescuers are patiently biding their time to take revenge, when fancied security once more prevails. It is said that there can be no shadow of doubt that large bodies of armed men have been hovering very near to Charlestown, and the remaining prisoners are guarded with the most jealous vigilance. Yesterday morning orders were issued that no more visitors shall be admitted to the prisoners, they having implored the authorities to give them their little remaining time for reflection.

#### THE EXECUTION ON FRIDAY LAST.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Saturday, Dec. 3, 1859.

Before this can reach you, the telegraph will have given the intelligence of John Brown's death, and the attendant circumstances. I am told that the general report will include the most minute details of the occasion; so that all that is left for me to do is to supply such particulars of incident as may probably be omitted in a record prepared for universal circulation.

The events of last Thursday caused a more intense excitement than any that have been witnessed in Charlestown. The morning was occupied in the preparation of the field of death, which was marked out with military precision according to the plans of Gen. Taliaferro, with lines for the troops at the distance of fifty yards from the spot selected for the gallows, and distinct positions for the officers of the day, and the Commander-in-Chief. These arrangements were watched with great public interest, but their attraction ended at once, when, at noon, the knowledge that John Brown's wife was expected became general. Mrs. Brown had arrived in the morning at Harper's Ferry, and was anxious to proceed at once to Charlestown, but the rigors of military discipline were not to be relaxed, and it was determined that her progress and arrival should be made the occasion of the most imposing warlike display that could be made. At 1 o'clock, twenty-five of Capt. Scott's cavalry corps—the Black Horse Rangers—surrounded the carriage in which Mrs. Brown was to be brought hither, and with much clashing of arms and glittering display, the procession departed. Three hours elapsed, during which the curiosity of the populace swelled

near to bursting. At 4 o'clock, the return of the cavalcade was announced, and in an instant the road to the jail was thronged with hundreds of eager gazers. For a brief time the way was obstructed, and the carriage and escort paused before the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief, while a body of troops, with much pomp and circumstance, made clear the way and formed a hollow square reaching from the carriage to the jail. As soon as all was ready, the cavalcade passed on, and, through double rows of pointed bayonets and amid thickly-planted pieces of artillery, the grief-stricken woman found her way to the door beyond which her husband, shackled and fettered, awaited her coming. By Captain Moore, who came with her to Harper's Ferry, she was led into the presence of Gen. Taliaferro, Sheriff Campbell, Mr. Andrew Hunter, and jailer Avis. Here the dreary dignities of formal reception were continued. For fifteen minutes stiff platitudes befell her. With singularly bad taste the Commander-in-Chief assured her that if she should ever be disposed to visit Virginia again, he could cordially invite her to Charlestown, where she would receive true Southern hospitality. Soon after, she was taken aside by Mrs. Avis and searched. The bolts were then withdrawn, and, accompanied by the jailer, Mrs. Brown went to meet her husband for the last time.

A few minutes before her admission, Stephens was removed from Brown's cell, into one adjoining. In the little interval that remained, Capt. Moore entered to apprise Brown that his wife would soon be with him. Before he left, he asked Brown to indorse a check which had been handed to him by a gentleman who had accompanied Mrs. Brown from the North, but who had been left at the Ferry. The check read thus:

No. 1. PHILADELPHIA, 11th Month, 30, 1859.  
THE CONSOLIDATED BANK.  
Pay to JOHN BROWN (now of Virginia), or order, Fifty (50-100) Dollars.  
JOHN H. CAVENDER.

Brown's indorsement, in his usual, firm, and bold characters, was as follows:  
Pay to the order of MARY A. BROWN. JOHN BROWN.

Gen. Taliaferro, and the other gentleman constituting the committee of reception, then entered the cell for the purpose of informing Brown that his interview with his wife must of necessity be short. "I hope," said Brown, "that it may be two or three hours." "I do not think," said Gen. Taliaferro, "that I can grant so long a time." "Well," answered Brown, "I ask nothing of you, sir; I beg nothing from the State of Virginia. Carry out your orders, General, that is enough. I am content." "The interview was, however, allowed to last four hours.

Mrs. Brown was led into the cell by the jailer. Her husband rose, and, as she entered received her in his arms. No word was spoken; but, if we may believe Capt. Avis, their silence was more eloquent than any utterance could have been. For some minutes they stood speechless—Mrs. Brown resting her head upon her husband's breast, and clasping his neck with her arms. At length they sat down, and spoke; and from Capt. Avis, who was the only witness of that sorrowful scene, the following record comes:

John Brown spoke first. "Wife, I am glad to see you," he said.

"My dear husband, it is a hard fate."  
"Well, well; cheer up. We must all bear it in the best manner we can. I believe it is all for the best."

"Our poor children; God help them."  
"Those that are dead to this world are angels in another. How are all those still living? Tell them their father died without a single regret for the course he has pursued—that he is satisfied that he is right in the eyes of God and of all just men."

Mrs. Brown then spoke of their remaining children, and their home. Brown's voice, as he alluded to the benevolence of his family, was broken with emotion. After a brief pause, Brown said:

"Mary, I would like you to get the bodies of our two boys who were killed at Harper's Ferry, also the bodies of the two Thompsons, and after I am dead, place us all together on a wood pile, and set fire to the wood, burn the flesh, then collect our bones and put them in a large box, then have the box carried to our farm in Essex County and there bury us."

Mrs. Brown said, "I really cannot consent to do this. I hope you will change your mind on this subject. I do not think permission would be granted to do any such thing. For my sake, think no more of such an idea."

"Well, well," Brown answered, "do not worry or fret about it, I thought the plan would save considerable expense and was the best."

Mrs. Brown then spoke of Gerritt Smith, and asked if her husband had heard of the affliction that had visited him. Brown answered:



"Yes, I have read something about it."  
"Do you know that he is now in Ustica?" said Mrs. Brown.

"Yes, I have been so informed; he was a good friend, and I exceedingly regret his misfortune. How is he, have you heard from him lately?"

"Yes, I heard direct from him a few days ago. He was thought to be improving."  
"I am really glad to hear it."

Nothing more was said upon this subject. The conversation then turned upon matters of business, which Brown desired to have arranged after his death. He gave his wife all the letters and papers which were needed for this purpose, and read to her the will which had been drawn up for him by Mr. Hunter, carefully explaining every portion of it. The document is as follows:

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson County, Va., }  
December 1, 1859.

I give to my son, John Brown, jr., my surveyor's compass and other surveyor's articles, if found; also, my old granite monument, now at North Elba, N. Y., to receive upon its two sides a further inscription, as I will hereafter direct; said stone monument, however, to remain at North Elba so long as any of my children and my wife may remain there as residents.

I give to my son Jason Brown my silver watch, with my name engraved on inner case.

I give to my son Owen Brown my double-spring opera-glass, and my rifle-gun (if found), presented to me at Worcester, Mass. It is globe-eight and new. I give, also, to the same son \$50 in cash, to be paid him from the proceeds of my father's estate, in consideration of his terrible suffering in Kansas and his crippled condition from his childhood.

I give to my son Solomon Brown \$50 in cash, to be paid him from my father's estate, as an offset to the first two cases above named.

I give to my daughter, Ruth Thompson, my large old Bible, containing the family record.

I give to each of my sons, and to each of my other daughters, my son-in-law, Henry Thompson, and to each of my daughters-in-law, as good a copy of the Bible as can be purchased at some bookstore in New-York or Boston, at a cost of \$5 each in cash; to be paid out of the proceeds of my father's estate.

I give to each of my grandchildren that may be living when my father's estate is settled, as good a copy of the Bible as can be purchased (as above) at a cost of \$3 each.

All the Bibles to be purchased at one and the same time, for cash, on the best terms.

I desire to have (\$60) fifty dollars each paid out of the final proceeds of my father's estate, to the following-named persons, to wit: To Allen Hammond, esq., of Rockville, Tolland County, Conn., or to George Kellogg, esq., former agent of the New-England Company at that place, for the use and benefit of that company. Also, \$50 to Silas Havens, formerly of Lewisburg, Summit County, O., if he can be found; also, \$50 to a man of Storck County, O., at Canton, who sued my father in his lifetime, through Judge Humphrey and Mr. Upson of Akron, to be paid by J. R. Brown to the man in person, if he can be found. His name I cannot remember. My father made a compromise with the man by taking our house and lot at Manneville. I desire that any remaining balance that may become my due from my father's estate may be paid in equal amounts to my wife, and to each of my children, and to the widows of Watson and Owen Brown, by my brother.

JOHN AVIS, Witness. JOHN BROWN.

In reference to the tombstone here alluded to, Brown appeared very anxious. The inscription was drawn up by Brown himself, and handed to his wife, who has it in her possession. Speaking of the parties to whom sums are directed to be paid, he said: "Dear Mary, if you can find these pay them personally, but do not pay any one who may present himself as their attorneys, for if it gets into the hands of attorneys we do not know what will become of it."

After this, Mr. and Mrs. Brown took supper together. This occupied only a few minutes. Brown then touched upon other business affairs, until an order was received from the Commander-in-Chief, saying that the interview must terminate. Brown then said: "Mary, I hope you will always live in Essex County. I hope you will be able to get all our children together, and impress the inculcations of the right principles to each succeeding generation. I give you all the letters and papers which have been sent me since my arrest. I wish you also to take all my clothes that are here, and carry them home. Good by, good by. God bless you!"

The bitterness of parting was brief. Mrs. Brown was led away with the utmost consideration by Capt. Avis, and, soon after 8 o'clock, was on her way again to Harper's Ferry. During the passage, Capt. Moore, who sat beside her, did not fail to present to her arguments in favor of the blessings of Slavery—pointing out, by way of example, a troop of negroes departing by the roadside.

After his wife's departure Brown wrote until midnight, when he retired. At daybreak he resumed his labor with undiminished energy. At 10 o'clock he was called upon to prepare for his death. He took leave of all his fellow-prisoners, affectionately bidding

farewell to all, excepting Cook, toward whose want of good faith he was not disposed to be indulgent, and Hazlitt, with whom he would acknowledge no acquaintance. At 11 o'clock he was brought from the jail, and, surrounded by a guard of cavalry, conducted to the scaffold. He mounted the wagon in which he was conveyed with the same calmness he has shown during all the days of his captivity. He sat, with Capt. Avis, upon the pine box which contained his coffin. Upon reaching the gallows he walked, never faltering in his step, to the platform, and waited in silence for the completion of the necessary arrangements. When the cap was about to be put over his head, he bade farewell to those who stood by him with evident deep feeling. In the adjustment of the rope Capt. Avis was as speedy as was possible, Brown remaining all the while motionless. I know that every one within view was greatly impressed with the dignity of his bearing. I have since heard men of the South say that his courage and fortitude and insensibility to fear filled them with amazement.

In a few moments Capt. Avis led Brown upon the trap, and announced that all was ready. Then instead of permitting the execution to be at once consummated, the proceedings were checked, and the hideous mockery of a vast military display began. For ten minutes at the least, under the orders of the commanding officer, the troops tramped heavily over the ground, hither and thither, now advancing toward the gallows, now turning about in sham defiance of an imaginary enemy. All this while Brown stood motionless, answering only, to Capt. Avis that he was not tired, but wished to be kept no longer than they found necessary. At length the valor of Virginia was satisfied, the soldiers resumed their positions, and the last command was given. With a hatchet the Sheriff cut the rope which sustained the trap, without one struggle, without one movement except the heavy fall, without one sound or sign of suffering, John Brown passed from this life.

Some say "he died game." And so he did. His "game" of life was the resolute and unyielding pursuit of a purpose which to him was holy and noble. The convictions of his soul taught him how to try and win it. No perils, no terrors could turn him aside. The game he played was not for his own gain, but yet his own life was his stake. Losing, he bowed before his destiny, though never despairing, even in the midst of hopes overthrown and miseries such as few men are called to endure, that the side he had played on must some time triumph. He died game, and his death honored the instrument of shame upon which he met it.

BALTIMORE, MD., Dec. 3, 1859.

THE TRIBUNE'S record of Charlestown events will undoubtedly be continued, but not by my hand. As I take leave of this subject, I desire to correct one injurious statement, concerning my correspondence, which has appeared in a Boston newspaper. It could not have been expected that a close narration of events of so much importance, and commanding such wide interest as these I have had to speak of—events which are regarded in so many diverse lights, and concerning which opinions are ever varying—should escape criticism. Timidity and indecision only could have insured the writer perfect immunity from reproach. Nevertheless, the only unfair allusion which it seems to me necessary to regret—except that of Mr. Griswold of Ohio, which I believe is decisively disposed of—is the accusation of *The Boston Journal*, that I dishonestly sought to shelter myself by assuming to be the correspondent of an Anti-Republican paper. *The Journal* says: "He certainly displayed some shrewdness, though not much bravery, in using the name of that paper (*The Courier*), to screen himself from responsibility for *THE TRIBUNE*'s letters." I am not willing to set this aside as undeserving of rebuke, because all such imputations, if uncontradicted, have their evil effect. I must disavow both the shrewdness and the dishonesty. When I was in Charlestown, I made no proclamation of my errand there. I was once or twice questioned in relation to my connection with *The Courier*, and admitted it, but, anticipating some such imputation as *The Journal's*, was always careful to say that I was not corresponding with that paper. Of course, I did not go farther and avow myself to be *THE TRIBUNE*'s representative, since that would, at the least, have resulted in the immediate interruption of my duties. Although day after day I saw evidences of a finger at the presence of *THE TRIBUNE*'s correspondents, and witnessed the attempts to discover him, yet, as it happened, I was not directly applied to in the matter. If I had been, I certainly should have denied the thing. As it was, the correspondence did not suffer. In spite of all difficulties—and these were not few—there was, with the aid of

two other writers, carried through unbroken. And so far as I know, though concealments were necessary, no deceptions were at any time practiced. I trust this will be sufficient to allay *The Journal's* doubts, if not to induce a withdrawal of its unworthy insinuation. THE TRIBUNE'S CHARLESTOWN CORRESPONDENT.

### INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH THE EXECUTION.

From another Correspondent.

HARPER'S FERRY, Saturday, Dec. 3, 1859.  
After an irrepressible conflict with Virginia spies, exercising a system of espionage in railway, bar-room and on road, I found myself safely quartered at Lappington's Hotel, in the village of Charlestown, which place I left this morning by private conveyance kindly furnished me by a citizen for a *quid pro quo*, in representing to him the necessity I was under of reaching this place in time for the mail.

The unusual excitement of a Virginia military encampment under paroxysm of fright, may account for the fact that no demonstration in honor of a Tribune correspondent was made at Charlestown. But I should be ungrateful did not I acknowledge, by way of preference, the kindness I have experienced at the hands of both citizens and military in furnishing me facilities to give an intelligible account of the last terrible act in the history of Old John Brown. Both in Charlestown and here at Harper's Ferry, the scene of his death, none have refused me information sought. In fact, the Virginians do not seem to fear those here, but those coming here from the North; hence the annoyance of being closely questioned in the cars of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and the comparative quietude and good will I enjoyed when once esconced in the village of Charlestown, the County of Jefferson, and the State of Virginia. Since Thursday morning I have been availing myself of every means of obtaining reliable information.

### ARRIVAL OF MRS. BROWN.

On Wednesday night Mrs. Brown arrived at this place from Baltimore. She was accompanied by a Mr. Tyndale, or Tyedale, and Mr. and Mrs. McKim of Philadelphia. They were still stopping at the Wager House at Harper's Ferry, where I now am, when I arrived. Mrs. Brown's name was not recorded on the register, but was included in the entry "Miss Tyndale (or Tyedale) and friend." Mrs. Brown had hardly arrived before speculations were rife as to the identity of her escort. Rumors were afloat that the gentlemen were Henry Ward Beecher, or William H. Seward, or Horace Greeley, but who, to a certainty, they were speculation resulted without satisfactory issue. On their route the identity of Mrs. Brown being established, and her errand known, they reached this place without hindrance. Every respect was shown to them which the tenderness of their mission demanded, and especially under the circumstances of sorrowing a wife about to visit her husband for the last time previous to his being launched into another world by the arms of law.

Mrs. Brown brought a letter of introduction from Gov. Wise, and assurances were given by the officers at Harper's Ferry that no measures would be taken to prevent Mrs. Brown and her friends from proceeding on the following day to Charlestown. The people, in their sympathy with Mr. S. Brown, seemed pleased that a lady friend was to be with her under the trying circumstances in which she was placed; and as one part of her errand was to discharge the duties of her two sons, the propriety of the presence of a gentleman was cordially acknowledged. The whole party were therefore confident of leaving for Charlestown in the morning. Morning came, however, but instead of the carriage and escort a telegram was received by the officer in command here. It was dated Charlestown, but I am unable to tell by whom it was signed. The telegraphic operator cannot recall the signature, but it was from headquarters, and was in these words: "Detain Mrs. Brown at Harper's Ferry until further orders, with the lady and two gentlemen, and watch them."

The Harper's Ferry officers were chastened at this correspondence, after the assurances they had given, but they told Mrs. Brown they were paid a letter of explanation would relieve them of the disabilities thus imposed. I learned at Charlestown that for several hours a triangular correspondence by telegraph was going on between Charlestown, Richmond, and Harper's Ferry, which terminated in a dispatch from Gen. Taliaferro saying that he had sent a file of dragoons to escort Mrs. Brown, but not the other two. The mortification of the citizens of Harper's Ferry was not less than that of Mrs. Brown and her friends, at so cruel and unlooked for an act on the part of the chivalrous sons of Virginia. But as a new will then a private doing sentry duty, one live Northern woman and two Northern men might reasonably be expected to intimidate a Virginia army.

of eight soldiers, under a sergeant. Capt. Moore of the Montgomery Guards, stationed at this place, very kindly offered his own services as a personal escort to Mrs. Brown, and she gladly accepted it. I learn that she speaks in grateful terms of the courtesy of Capt. Moore.

Mrs. Brown at once took her departure in the carriage, and arrived with the escort at the Charlestown jail, so far as I am informed without any notable incident.

I was within sight when the formidable cavalcade arrived. The military went through manoeuvres in Scott's manner, named and nameless, and which were well calculated to impress the beholder with the wonderful effectiveness of a Virginia regiment at a general nuster, but in a no more sanguinary conflict. At last, however, Mrs. Brown was admitted. She was kindly received by Colonel and Mrs. Avis, the Jailer and his lady. Mrs. Avis, by orders of the powers that be, conducted Mrs. Brown into a private apartment, where her clothing was searched for concealed weapons, or other means which the morbid suspicion of the Virginia array of occupation suggested Mrs. Brown might surreptitiously convey to her husband.

In the meantime, Capt. Brown had been informed that his wife had arrived. The announcement was made by Gen. Talliaferro, when the following dialogue took place:

Capt. Brown—How long do you desire this interview to last?

Not long—three or four hours will do, said Capt. Brown.

I am very sorry, Capt. Brown, said the Virginia General, that I shall not be able to oblige you. Mrs. Brown must return to-night to Harper's Ferry.

General, execute your orders. I have no favors to ask of the State of Virginia, was the brave old man's reply.

This fact was related to an acquaintance of mine by a Virginia gentleman, as an illustration of Capt. Brown's courage and bravery. He did not see in it the scathing rebuke to the pusillanimity of a great State, which, with a cordon of two thousand and five hundred men, would not protect the last interview between a brave man and his sorrowing wife. As he did not see this phase of it, my friend did not think it would be best to call attention to it.

#### THE INTERVIEW

It lasted between two and three hours. Capt. Avis, who was the only witness (Stephens having been removed) informs me that it was of the most affecting nature, and throughout Capt. Brown exhibited the same steadfast courage and power of will over feeling that has characterized his career in its many terrible episodes. And Mrs. Brown bore herself with fortitude—remarkable, under the circumstances. Frequently she would succumb to the emotions that swelled up in her breast, but occasionally would be compelled to yield to those tender impulses of woman's nature, and for a moment she would be almost convulsed with sobs. On each instance of this, Capt. Brown would reassure her with a gentle "Cheer up"—"Cheer up, Mary," and in a few moments the billows of sorrow in the noble woman's heart were hushed. Mrs. Brown stated to a gentleman there that she had never seen her husband more composed or calm. Capt. Brown said to her that since his recovery he had not lost a night's sleep, nor had he once failed to partake of his daily meals.

As may be inferred from the orders of the magnanimous Gen. Talliaferro, the interview was of necessity a hurried one. It referred mainly to family affairs, the education of their children, and other matters of a practical nature. The detail of the interior is not known by any one but Mrs. Brown herself. Col. Avis heard but little, though present, and he did not desire to place himself in the attitude of a listener. A few facts of the conversation, however, have transpired, and these I will relate. One subject was the disposition of the bodies of their two sons. Capt. Brown expressed a preference that as their remains were undoubtedly in a state of putrefaction, which would render their being conveyed to the North impracticable, both theirs and his remains should be burned together, their ashes gathered together and conveyed to their final resting place. Mrs. Brown, of course, could not entertain such a proposition, and Capt. Brown said nothing further about it, other than that he was willing she should receive his remains and convey them back for deposit among his kindred. Mrs. Brown observed a chain about the ankles of her husband. To avoid its galling his limbs, he had put on two pairs of woolen socks. Mrs. Brown said she was desirous of procuring the chain as a family relic. She had already at her home the one with which the limbs of John Brown, jr., were inhumanly shackled in Kan-

sas, and in which he was gouted on by the Border devils until he was mad, and the chain had worn through his flesh to the bone; and this, too, she desired. Capt. Brown said he had himself asked that it be given to his family, and had been refused.

Capt. Brown gave her his papers and some of his effects before they parted. The effects were but few, and I have not learned what they were.

As he handed the papers to her in the cell he said: "I have something else to add to my statement; perhaps I will have time to do it to-morrow." And, turning to Capt. Avis, he said: "What is the hour to-morrow?" "Eleven o'clock," was the answer in a solemn tone.

On looking over the papers received to-day with the body, Mrs. Brown found an addendum in his handwriting beginning, "I have time to add," &c.—indicating that it must have been written just before he left the jail for the scaffold. The document referred to the affairs of his family.

He requested his wife to make a denial of the statement that had gained publicity, that he had said in his interview with Gov. Wise that he had been actuated by feelings of revenge. He denied that he had ever made such a statement, and wished his denial made known; and he denied further that such base motives had ever been his incentive action.

While Mrs. Brown was still present, her husband partook of his last supper, which she shared with him. It was of the plain jail fare, prepared so as to be eaten with his fingers; kute and fork were denied him in the fear that he might use them for self-destruction.

Their last sorrowful meal being concluded, and the time approaching at which they must part, Mrs. Brown asked to be permitted to speak to the other prisoners. But Gen. Talliaferro's orders forbade this, though Capt. Avis expressed a willingness to permit her to see them, even at the risk of violating orders. She declined to see them, under the circumstances. The prisoners were much gratified to learn this fact, and I was informed by Capt. Avis that Coppie wrote a beautiful and feeling letter to Mrs. Brown during the morning. It was remarkable for its allusions to Capt. Brown and his trials, and the fullness of sympathy expressed for her and the members of her family, without mentioning his own situation at all.

Mrs. Brown took her departure, and reached this place shortly after 9 o'clock, much exhausted by the interview.

#### THE EXECUTION

passed off with but little excitement. Most of the people of Jefferson County remained at their homes to protect their property in case of an uprising. The few persons present were mostly from abroad.

The representatives of the Press were not afforded the facilities which are common in the Northern States. Indeed, none were admitted within a hundred and fifty feet of the scaffold, except a few favored persons who were smuggled in as members of the surgeon's staff, and as the correspondent of THE TRIBUNE has some pretensions to medical knowledge, he could not well be excluded.

On leaving the jail, John Brown had on his face an expression of calmness and serenity characteristic of the patriot who is about to die with a living consciousness that he is laying down his life for the good of his fellow-creatures. His face was even joyous, and a forgiving smile rested upon his lips. His was the lightest heart, among friend or foe, in the whole of Charlestown that day, and not a word was spoken that was not an intuitive appreciation of his manly courage. Firmly and with elastic step he moved forward. No finching of a coward's heart there. He stood in the midst of that organized mob, from whose despotic hearts petty tyranny seemed for the nonce eliminated by the admiration they had in once beholding a man—for John Brown was there every inch a man.

As he stepped out of the door a black woman, with her little child in arms, stood near his way. The twain were of the despised race, for whose emancipation and elevation to the dignity of children of God, he was about to lay down his life. His thoughts at that moment none can know except as his acts interpret them. He stopped for a moment in his course, stooped over,

and, with the tenderness of one whose love is as broad as the brotherhood of man, kissed its affection. That mother will be proud of that mark of distinction for her offspring, and some day when the ashes of John Brown in the temple of Virginia are reared, she may join in the joyful song of praise which on that soil will do justice to his memory.

But to return to my narrative. The vehicle which was to convey Brown to the scaffold was a furniture wagon. On the front seat was the driver, a man named Hawks, said to be a native of Massachusetts, but for many years a resident of Virginia, and by his side was seated Mr. Sadler, the undertaker. In the

box was placed the coffin, made of black walnut, inclosed in a poplar box with a flat lid, in which coffin and remains were to be transported from the county. John Brown mounted the wagon, and took his place in the seat with Capt. Avis, the jailer—whose admiration of his prisoner is of the profoundest nature. Mr. Sadler, too, was one of Brown's staunchest friends in his confinement, and paid a noble tribute to his manly qualities.

"What a beautiful country you have," said Capt. Brown to Capt. Avis.

"Yes," was the response.

"It seems the mere beautiful to behold because I have so long been shut from it."

"You are more cheerful than I am, Capt. Brown," said Mr. Sadler.

"Yes," said the Captain, "I ought to be." He continued, "I see no citizens here—where are they?"

"The citizens are not allowed to be present—non plus the soldiers," was the reply.

"They ought not to be," said the old man, "citizens should be allowed to be present as well as others."

The scaffold is approached. He alights from the wagon and ascends to the platform, which last sustains Old John Brown alive. There is no flinching in his step, but firmly and erect he stands amid the almost breathless lines of soldiery that surround him. With a graceful motion of his pinioned right arm, he takes the slouched hat from his head and carelessly casts it upon the platform by his side. The cap is drawn over his eyes, and the rope adjusted about his neck. John Brown is ready to meet his God.

But what next? The military have yet to go through some senseless evolutions, and near ten minutes elapse before Gen. Talliaferro's chivalrous hosts are in their proper position, during which time John Brown stands with the cap drawn over his head, and the hangman's knot under his ear.

Each moment seems an hour, and some of the people, unable to restrain an expression of their sense of the outrage, murmur "Shame!" "Shame!"

At last Virginia troops are arranged *a la mode*.

"Capt. Brown, you are not standing on the drop—will you come forward?" said the Sheriff.

"I can't see, gentlemen," was the reply; "you must lead me."

The Sheriff led his prisoner forward to the center of the drop.

"Shall I give you a handkerchief, and let you drop it as a signal?" inquired the Sheriff.

"No; I am ready at any time; but don't keep me waiting needlessly," was the reply.

A moment after, the Sheriff springs the latch—the drop falls—and the body of John Brown is suspended between heaven and earth. A few convulsive twitchings of the arms are observed. These cease after a moment.

John Brown is dead.

The majesty of Virginia law and the exactions of Virginia vengeance are now satisfied—but time alone will tell whether Virginia peace will be conserved by it.

The surgeons say he died easily—that the neck was not dislocated, but the spinal column was ruptured, and that his death was probably instantaneous. What is unusual in executions (so I am informed, for this was the first I ever witnessed), his legs were not drawn up by convulsive twitchings.

The body remained suspended about 38 minutes, and was then taken down and placed in the coffin.

#### THE FEELING OF THE PEOPLE.

The sensation throughout this community is one of the most deep and significant nature. It has awakened intense thought in the minds of men where there had been nothing but immobility, and I have heard Southern men listening strongly whether the institution of Slavery pays—if twenty men can create so wide spread a panic—paralyze the industry—excite the fears of the women and children of the entire State—make martial law a matter of necessity for weeks over an entire county, and saddle a tax of near half a million upon the State. These are practical phases of this question. Add to these the fact that barns, and grain, and haystacks are being burned at short intervals, and the mental anarchy has a significance, and from many years' residence in the Southern States, I am confident that the day of emancipation has been hastened. No doubt exists among the people here that the slaves are the incendiaries in these cases, and they admit that it is only pretense that there exists no dissatisfaction among the blacks.

Of course, there the act of Capt. Brown is condemned, and most emphatically condemned, but much more is said in commendation of his bravery and courage than condemnation of his act. An officer of the U. S. Navy at Charlestown remarked in my hearing that he would give a vast deal to be as brave a man.