THE "IMPENDING CRISIS.": THE BURIAL OF JOHN BROWN APPROAHING ...
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THE "IMPENDING CRISIS."

THE BURIAL OF JOHN BROWN.

APPROAHING EXECUTION OF HIS COMRADES.

The Efforts to Obtain a Pardon for Cook.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF FLORIDA.

Sermons of Rev. Dr. Mattison and Rev. George F. Noyes, &c., &c., &c.

THE BURIAL OF JOHN BROWN.

Incidents Along the Route of the Procession—Obsequies at North Elba—The Scene at the Grave—Oration of Rev. J. M. McKim—Interesting Letter from Edwin Coppie—John Brown's Last Epistle to His Wife—Eulogy by Wendell Phillips, &c., &c.

The burial of John Brown, which took place at North Elba, Essex county, N. Y., on Thursday, proved an interesting event. The corpse, it will be recollected, left this city on Monday morning last *en route* for the grave, in charge of Mrs. Brown, the Rev. Mr. McKim and Wendell Phillips, and arrived at Troy about one o'clock the same afternoon. There a large crowd gathered around the coffin, and much sympathy was expressed for the bereaved widow. The directors of the railroad gave the party a free pass, and provided for their accommodation at the American House, where the deceased was in the habit of stopping when passing through the city. The proprietor of the hotel showed Mrs. Brown an autograph of her deceased husband, for which he had been offered $5 by a gentleman who promised to place it in a $10 frame. It was here, also, that Oliver Brown last parted with his wife previous to his journey to Harper's Ferry in company with his father. After dinner the party took the cars for Rutland, Vt., where they arrived in safety that evening, and lodged at the Bardwell House. The next morning they departed for Vergennes, intending to cross Lake Champlain at that point, and then travel over the mountains in wagons to North Elba. At Vergennes the proprietors of the Stevens House very generously refused to take any compensation from either Mrs. Brown or the gentlemen who accompanied her. Brown, it appears, was well known in Vergennes, and the registor at the Stevens House bore several of his autographs. None of the signatures are of recent date, but they are objects of special interest to the residents of the town, and highly prized. When the hour arrived for the departure of the cortege, the inhabitants, to the number of sixty or seventy, formed in procession, and amidst the tolling of bells the corpse was escorted out of the village on its way to the ferry. Crossing the lake at Adams' ferry, the party arrived at Westport in time for dinner. Here also the proprietor of the hotel, who was an old friend of Brown's, refused to take any compensation. The inhabitants insisted on bearing the expense of transporting the party to North Elba, and provided the best of everything for their comfort on the journey.

CROSSING THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS.

The passage over the Adirondack mountains at this season of the year is considered a most arduous trip; the region lying between Lake Champlain and the spot selected by Brown for his residence being one vast wilderness. In order to give our readers some idea of the wildness of the country, we might mention the fact of eight deer, two panthers, thirteen sable and one wild cat having been killed there this season by a single hunter. The distance from the lake to North Elba is only about forty miles, yet the journey is seldom accomplished in less than a day and a half, so rugged and mountainous is the path. After a tedious journey, the party reached Elizabeth on Tuesday night, where they halted for sleep and refreshment. The sheriff of Essex county, who was the proprietor of the hotel, received the party kindly and offered them the best his house afforded, and at his invitation the inhabitants formed a procession and conveyed the corpse to the Court House, where it remained all night, guarded by six youths who volunteered the task.

ARRIVAL AT NORTH ELBA.

On Wednesday morning the journey was resumed. The party stopped at the house of Phineas Norks, an old friend of Brown's, for rest and dinner, and then pushed on to North Elba, where they arrived about five o'clock that evening. The meeting between Mrs. Brown and the surviving members of the family was not characterized by any loud demonstrations of grief. Tears did not flow as profusely, perhaps, as might be expected under the circumstances, but a close observer could perceive that the anguish of the household was intense. One by one they silently embraced their mother. First came Ruth, the eldest daughter, who married Henry Thompson; then followed Salmon and his sisters Anna, Sarah and Ellen, the latter being only five years old. Martha Brown, wife of Watson Brown, who was killed at Harper's Ferry, was also present. The coffin was brought into the house and deposited in one of the upper rooms, where it was the object of much curiosity among the neighbors who had crowded in. After tea the family surrounded Mr. McKim, and learned from him the particulars of the late scenes at Charlestown and Harper's Ferry. The reverend gentleman testified to the courtesy of several prominent citizens in Virginia and Maryland, and the sympathy that was felt for Mrs. Brown all along the route from Harper's Ferry to North Elba. He said that they had been treated with all proper respect, and made favorable mention of Mr. Garrett, President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; Col. Shutt, Dr. Phelps, Capt. Lian, Col. Lee, Capt. Moore, Col. Barber and others, who aided them materially in their mission South. At the close of the evening the lid was raised from the coffin and the body of Old Brown was exhibited to all present. The countenance of deceased was more natural than it appeared in New York, and bore a placid and serene expression. An hour or so was then spent in conversation, and the household retired for the night.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE FUNERAL.

Thursday morning dawned bright and clear. The sun shone brilliantly, and reflected with dazzling effect upon the snow-clad peaks of Mount Marcy and the Keene Mountains. The thermometer was down to zero, it is true, but no one seemed to feel the cold, so deep was the interest in the ceremony that was about to be performed. Isabel Brown, wife of Watson Brown, with her babe five months old, arrived in the course of the morning, as also Roswell Thompson and wife, parents of William Thompson, who fell at Harper's Ferry. Later in the day the Rev. Mr. Young, of Burlington, arrived, having ridden all night over the mountains for the purpose of being present at the interment. About ten o'clock the neighbors, to the number of two hundred and fifty, perhaps, commenced to assemble, and it was decided that the procession should start from the house at twelve o'clock.

DIGGING THE GRAVE.

About twenty yards east of the house stands a large rock about eight feet high and oval-like in shape. At the base of this boulder the neighbors dug a grave six feet deep. The work occupied considerable time, in consequence of the frozen state of the earth; but at noon all was in readiness to receive the remains.

TAKING A LAST FAREWELL OF THE CORPSE.

At twelve o'clock the house was filled to its utmost capacity with the friends and relatives of the deceased. An hour or so was spent by the assemblage in taking a last farewell of the body. The entire family embraced deceased, and then falling back allowed the friends to come forward and view the corpse previous to its being conveyed to its last resting place. The procession started at one o'clock, proceded by about a dozen colored persons, singing—

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow!"

A favorite hymn of deceased, with which he used to sing all his children to sleep. The coffin was borne from the house by six young men, and followed to the grave by the mourners in the following order:—

The corpse.
Mrs. Brown, supported by Wendell Phillips.
Mrs. Oliver Brown and her daughter Ellen, supported by the Rev. Mr. McKim.
Mrs. Watson Brown, supported by the Rev. Mr. Young.
Henry Thompson and his wife Ruth.
Salmon Brown, his wife and child.
Roswell Thompson and wife.
Friends of deceased and neighbors

Arriving at the grave, the Rev. Mr. Young offered up a very impressive prayer.

THE FUNERAL ORATION.

Mr. McKim, in pronouncing the funeral oration, said that words were utterly inadequate to the occasion. These mountain peaks, this weeping group, the body of the martyr for liberty—what could be added to their eloquence? And yet it was due to these stricken hearts that he should say something in honor of the hero whose remains were about to be laid in the dust—something to comfort those whose hearthstone had been left desolate. He had not known Captain Brown in life—had never looked upon his face till it was cold in death; but how he honored, admired and loved him, in view of the developements of the last few weeks, words could not tell. He felt it the highest honor of his life to take part in the burial of one so noble. He alluded to the tributes paid to the bravery and magnanimity of Captain Brown, even by those who had treated him as a criminal, and also to the respect manifested for Mrs. Brown during her sad and solemn journey to Virginia, to receive his remains. More than one Virginian sought to comfort her by paying a tribute to his bravery and consistency. A blunt militia officer said in her hearing, "I'll tell you what my opinion is of Brown; he's one of that kind of men that God does not put many of above ground." Another officer, thoroughly pro-slavery in his sentiments and feelings, had begged for some memento—his autograph, or some other relic, however trifling. Mr. McKim then spoke of the last incidents before the execution, and described the manly and noble bearing of the old hero as he was led forth to die, and as he stood upon the scaffold. He would attempt nothing as a tribute to John Brown. The facts of his life and of his bearing in the face of death were his best eulogy. He sympathized most profoundly with the bereaved widow and children, and felt it a privilege to mingle his tears with theirs. John Brown and the sons and son-in-law who, with him, had sacrificed their lives in an effort to break the chains of the enslaved, were all benefactors, all martyrs in the sacred cause. Their lives had not been spent in vain, and the world would yet acknowledge itself their debtor. Their memory would be embalmed in history. Mr. McKim also spoke tenderly of those who are yet in prison, and read the following touching letter from Coppie, brought to Mrs. Brown at Harper's Ferry, by the officer who accompanied her husband's body to that place:—

CHARLESTOWN JAIL, VA., NOV., 1859.

MRS. JOHN BROWN—

DEAR MADAM—I was very sorry that your request to see the rest of the prisoners was not complied with. Mrs. Avis brought me a book, whose pages are full of truth and beauty, entitled "Voices of the True Hearted," which she told me was a present from you. For this dear token of remembrance please accept my many thanks. My comrade, J. E. Cook, and myself, deeply sympathize with you in your sad bereavement. We were both acquainted with Anna and Martha. They were to us as sisters, and as brothers we sympathize with them in the dark hour of trial and affliction. I was with your sons when they fell. Oliver lived but a very few moments after he was shot. He spoke no word, but yielded calmly to his fate. Watson was shot at 10 o'clock on Monday morning, and died about three o'clock on Wednesday morning. He suffered much. Though mortally wounded at ten o'clock, yet at three o'clock Monday afternoon he fought bravely against the men who charged on us. When the enemy were repulsed, and the excitement of the charge was over, he began to sink rapidly. After we were taken prisoners he was placed in the guard house with me. He complained of the hardness of the bench on which he was lying. I begged hard for a bed for him, or even a blanket, but could obtain none for him. I took off my coat and placed it under him, and held his head in my lap, in which position he died without a groan or struggle. I have stated these facts, thinking that they may afford to you and to the bereaved widows they have left a mournful consolation. Give my love to Anna and Martha, with our last farewell. Yours truly.

EDWIN COPPIE.

Some of Captain Brown's friends, said Mr. McKim, seem to regard the result of the affair at Harper's Ferry as a disaster. Disastrous it was in some respects, but not a failure. It had developed the weakness, the imbecility, of a slaveholding State, in such a way as must inevitably lead to emancipation. He has "builded better than he knew." He had wielded "the sword of the spirit" against slavery with wonderful effect. His words had gone out to the world and were doing their work. They were inspired words, needing neither alteration nor addition. Thus, with the sword of the flesh and the sword of the spirit, John Brown had performed a double mission, and the handwriting that doomed the system flamed out on the wall. Mr. McKim said that the grave of the martyr had been made in the very spot selected by himself. He also read the inscription for the family monument, which Old Brown wrote after the last interview with his wife, and which was sent to her with his dead body. The inscription was accompanied by some directions about his property, and also by the following letter—the last, probably, that he ever wrote:—

MY DEAR WIFE—I have time to enclose the within and the above, which I forgot yesterday, and to bid you another farewell. "Be of good cheer," and God Almighty bless, save, comfort, guide and keep you to "the end." Your affectionate husband, JOHN BROWN.

Mr. McKim closed with a few words of exhortation to the family and friends, assuring them that by their sacrifices they had made large contributions to the cause of freedom and humanity, and that they had the earnest sympathy of thousands of the noblest and best men in the world.

EULOGY BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Wendell Phillips then followed and spoke as follows:—How feeble all words are here. You think you have known him. None of us seem to have known him. Walking serene to the scaffold, we say: what courage! Stooping to kiss that negro child, he seems all tenderness. But he is only the centre of a group. These quiet homes sent six to that score of heroes. How bravely they died—each standing in his post till his voice said "enough." And these weeping children and widows, how blessed, since in the last throbs of the brave young hearts at Harper's Ferry, thoughts of them mingled with love for God and hope for the slave. He has abolished slavery in Virginia. Some may say that is too much. Bunker Hill se vered New England from the mother country. Yet men that night pitied Warren. We see him cutting the link George III. ceased that day to rule here. History will date Virginia emancipation from Harper's Ferry. When the tempest uproots one of those pines, it may live months, but it is timber, not a tree. John Brown has loosened the roots of slavery—it may gasp, but it is dead. He said he could take the town with twenty men, and did it. Who stopped him? Not Virginia; her he conquered. The Union seemed to check him. In reality God said "that work is done; you have proved that a slave State is only Fear in the mesh of Despotism: now come up highest by martyrdom—change a million hearts." Such a life was no failure. Virginia stands at the world's bar, on trial; round her victim stand the apostles and martyrs all, who have said "God is God," and trampled wicked laws under their feet. He said, "My fathers have given their swords to master: I give mine to the slave." If God is ever the Lord of Hosts, "making one man chase a thousand," surely that band at Harper's Ferry may claim him as their captain. Men say, how coolly brave! But in him matchless courage seems the least of his merits. How gentleness graced it. When the frightened town wished to bear off the body of the Mayor, a man said, "I will go under their rifles if you, Miss Fouke, will stand between them and me." He knew he could trust their gentle respect for woman. He was right. He went in the thick of the fight, and bore off the body in safety. That same girl flung herself between Virginia rifles and your young, brave Thompson. They had no pity. The merciless bullet reached him in spite of a woman's prayers, though the fight had long been over. Harper's Ferry was the flowering out of a long devoted life. These his sons and daughters show how wholly he lived for his idea, as each accepts so serenely his or her part in the movement—the share of toil and grief. As time passes, history will paint that gallows girt by thousands of armed men, guarding Virginia from her slaves, and over against it that serene old man stooping to kiss the negro child. Thank God for our emblem. May he move Virginia soon to blot out hers by repentance and hide it with broken fetters. We envy you your nearer place to these noble martyrs. Slavery will not go down by force. Hearts are stronger than swords. How sublime that last fortnight. His words are stronger than even his rifles. These crushed a State; those will yet crush slavery. God give him better than a soldiers place—that of teacher. The echoes of his rifles have died away among the hills—his words millions treasure. God bless this roof—make it bless us. We dare not say "Bless you children of this home," for you stand nearer to one whose lips God touched, and we bend for your blessing. God make us worthier of him whom we lay among these hills. Here he girded himself with more of success than he ever dreamed God gave him. He sleeps in the blessings of the slave. Men believe more in virtue since he has lived. Standing here, let us thank God for a firmer faith and fuller hope.

The coffin was then lowered into the grave amidst deep silence. Just as it reached the bottom of the pit, and as the first shovel of earth grated harshly on the ear, the Rev. Mr. Young lifted up his voice, and, in loud, impressive tones exclaimed:—"I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me at the last day."

The work of filling in the grave having been performed, Mrs Brown and her relatives slowly wended their way back to the house, but the great bulk of the crowd remained idly gazing on the mound for an hour or so after all was over.

JOHN BROWN'S EPITAPH.

The first article of Old Brown's will refers to a monument at North Elba, which he bequeaths to his son, John Brown, Jr., with instructions to have his epitaph inscribed upon it. This stone was erected to the memory of the deceased's grandfather, who fell in the Revolution; but it was also intended as a monument for Old Brown himself, as will be seen from the following extract from his will:—

"I give to my son, John Brown, Jr., my surveying compass and other surveyors' articles. If found, also my old favorite monument, now at North Elba, New York, to receive upon its two sides a further inscription, such as I will hereafter write; said stone monument, however, to remain a North Elba so long as any of my children or my wife may remain there as residents."

The inscriptions that he speaks of were prepared the day before the execution, and are now in the possession of Mrs. Brown. On his own epitaph the following is an exact copy:—

JOHN BROWN,
BORN MAY 9, 1800;
Was executed at Charlestown,
Virginia, Dec. 2, 1859.

For Oliver and Watson Brown he forwarded the following epitaphs:—

OLIVER BROWN,
BORN 1839;
Was killed at Harper's Ferry,
Nov. 17, 1859.

WATSON BROWN,
BORN 1839;
Was wounded at Harper's Ferry Nov. 17, 1859,
Died Nov. 19, 1859.

BROWN A POET.

Few persons are aware, perhaps, that Brown was of a poetic turn of mind. We understand he has written several pieces of rhyme. The following lines were dedicated to several of his children who died in their infancy:—

Through all the dreary night of death
In peaceful slumbers may you rest,
And when eternal day shall dawn,
And shades and death have past and gone,
Oh, may you then, with glad surprise,
In God's own image wake and rise.

THE HOMESTEAD AT NORTH ELBA

is built upon the tract of land purchased by Gerrit Smith for a colony of negroes, some fifteen years ago. It is a rude frame building, two stories high, and has anything but a pretentious appearance. The farm, in point of elevation, is said to be the highest in the State; hence it is not what might be called productive land. The inhabitants in that part of the country just manage to live on the product of their farms, and that is all. When Old Brown first settled at North Elba, about a dozen colored families followed him thither, and it was believed by Gerrit Smith that a flourishing colony would grow up. Instead of increasing in population or wealth, however, the colony has decreased in both, and now there are not more than half a dozen negro families in the place. The enterprise proved a complete failure, but Brown became quite attached to the spot, and refused to leave it. His family have also resolved to make the place their future home, although few can see the inducement for spending a lifetime in such a dreary wilderness.

SERMON BY THE REV. DR. MATTISON.

THE OBJECT, FAILURE AND DEATH OF THE LATE JOHN BROWN.

The Union church, situated at the corner of Thirty-ninth street and Broadway, was crowded to excess last evening, the occasion being the delivery of a discourse on the views, intentions and fate of John Brown's effort to revolutionize Virginia. The audience for the most part—many of whom were doubtless attracted by the popularity of the theme and the well known ability of the preacher—consisted of persons in the upper and more fashionable ranks of society. Long before the services commenced the room was thronged with an intelligent crowd, and the utmost attention was paid to the words of the minister, and several points of the discourse actually elicited a sort of subdued applause, which is rather an unusual thing in cases of religious demonstrations.

The services of the evening began with the singing of a hymn, after which the Rev. H. Mattison offered up an eloquent and impressive prayer. In the course of his remarks, he prayed that God would enable his servant not only to do and to say what should be said, but to say it mildly and kindly, breathing each sentence in a spirit of heavenly charity, and that the blessing of God might rest upon him to guide his heart and his tongue, so that nothing should be withheld that should be said, and nothing said that should be withheld, and that he might speak as one who has to give an account. He then prayed for the unfortunate companions of John Brown, now under sentence of death. He said that before another Sabbath breaks upon the world these men would be banished into eternity. He trusted that God would be merciful to them, and that they might be like brands snatched from the burning. He concluded his prayer by imploring the Almighty to bring about the cause of universal freedom without bloodshed, contention, or civil war.

The reverend gentleman selected his text from the fourth verse of the eleventh chapter of the Epistle of the Apostle Paul to the Hebrews:—"He being dead, yet speaketh." This, he said, related to the first man who died, and whose death grew out of a conflict between right and wrong—just as if it were to foreshadow the great fact attested by all history, that in the moral conflicts of this world, wrong will often be in the ascendency, while the advocates of right will perish; and also, as if to foreshadow this additional fact, that though they die they will speak still by their example, their innocency, by their principle and influence, that shall live on in the ages that follow to the end of time—that therefore the cause of right on earth shall lose nothing by the violent death of its supporters and advocates. "Not as Cain, who was of that wicked one and slew his brother. And wherefore slew he him? Because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous." The reverend gentleman then proceeded to explain his reasons for dealing with this subject in the pulpit. First of all, it was an occurrence of unusual public interest and significance, and therefore worthy of some notice from the pulpit. It had its distinct moral and religious aspects, and therefore belonged to the pulpit. He owed a duty to his flock to give his views on the subject. A great many confused statements, right and wrong, had been made, and it was difficult to judge of the truth. It was a duty to the dead, whose lips are now silent forever, and whether he was in error or not, justice should be done him. It was a duty to the cause in which he died. It was a duty to our common country to hasten the downfall of slavery. He held no one responsible for his opinions, nor did he seek to coerce or force any one to adopt them. Whatever might, however, be said, it must be admitted that John Brown was sincere and unselfish, acting as he did against what he regarded as an indescribable evil, and with the design of benefitting his fellow beings. Some say he was insane; others that he was mistaken; others, again, that he was deceived. These were all charitable opinions, however untrue they may be. But attention must be paid to the evil against which he was acting and which cost him his life. This nation was now eighty-three years old, and boasts of being the asylum of the oppressed and the model republic. But here we have four millions of slaves, increasing at the rate of 100,000 every year. England, France, Turkey, Portugal, and even Russia, had abolished slavery in their dominions, while we are seeking to extend the sin and to appropriate territory already consecrated to Divine liberty for the empire of slavery. He then characterized the system of slavery as being founded on principles of injustice, extortion, oppression, man-stealing and robbery. Slavery was the foster parent of adultery, fornication and incest; it was the school of cruelty, inhumanity and murder. Why was there such great difference between the North and the South? Why was not the sound of the pistol heard all along the borders of our lakes, and why was there no duelling nor lynching heard of here? Where, in the most barbarous part of the earth, is it ever heard that men are burned alive? In India the suttee long prevailed, but even that is now almost altogether abolished. But go to the South of this country, and what do we find? Men burned alive, not for the crime of murder alone, but for such an offence as striking a white man. He would give one or two instances from the Southern papers. The Natchez *Free Trader* last year supplied the particulars of the burning of a man for striking a white man. It says:—

The victim was chained to a tree, faggots were placed around him, while he showed the greatest indifference. When the chivalry had arranged the pile, in reply to a question if he had anything to say, he is reported to have warned all slaves to take example by him, and asked the prayers of those around. He then asked for a drink of water, and after quaffing it said, "Now set fire, I am ready to go in peace." When the flames began to lick upon him, in his agony he showed giantic strength, and actually forced the staple from the tree and bounded from the burning mass. But he instantly fell pierced with rifle balls, and then his body was thrown into the flames and consumed, to show that no such being had ever existed. Nearly four thousand slaves from the neighboring plantations were present as at a moral lesson written in characters of hell fire. Numerous speeches were made by the magistrates and ministers of religion (facetiously so called) to the slaves, warning them that the same fate awaited them if they proved rebellious to their owners.

The other case was reported by the *Missouri Democrat*, no longer back than in the month of July last. In this case the man had committed murder—so they said.

The negro was stripped to his waist, and barefooted. He looked the picture of despair; but there was no sympathy felt for him at the moment. Presently the fire began to surge up in flames around him, and its effects were soon made visible in the futile attempts of the poor wretch to move his feet. As the flames gathered about his limbs and body he commenced the most frantic shrieks and appeals for mercy, for death, for water. He seized his chains; they were hot and burned the flesh off his hands. He would drop them and catch at them again and again. Then he would repeat his cries; but all to no purpose. In a few moments he was a charred mass, bones and flesh alike burned into a powder.

These may be called the abuses of the system, but it could not survive such abuses as these. The children of slave owners were educated to behold torture and blood from infancy, and no wonder that their young minds became hardened in consequence, and they become accustomed to the use of the bowie knife and revolver. In the State of Virginia there were no less than 500,000 slaves, and 20,000 were annually sold from this State to go to the rice and sugar fields of the far South. In that State alone there were 70,000 mulattoes, a fact which speaks alone of the morality of the people, who are always the first to talk about an amalgamation of the races. He declared slavery to be also a curse to the six millions of non slaveholding whites in the South, who were nothing but poor white trash, as despised and contemned by their wealthy brethren as the slaves themselves. Slavery was also the bane of the national peace and order. It was the aim and view of John Brown to war against so foul a system. John Brown was a student of the Bible, and his last reason for believing in the Divine authority of that blessed book was that it insisted always upon strict moral rectitude. Neither Avis, the jailor, nor Senator Mason, nor Governor Wise considered that Brown did not believe and revere the Bible. Whether Brown had understood the Bible right or wrong, there could be no doubt that he studied, marked and believed it. He was emphatically a man of deeds, and such incendiary passages as are contained in the Book of Exodus could not fail to have their due influence upon him. The reverend gentleman dwelt at some length on the character of John Brown, quoting copiously from his published letters and from the reports of the HERALD, to show that he was a truly upright and religious man. He then considered his object, which, he said, was never a general insurrection nor a butchery of the masters by the slaves. It was simply to run off companies of slaves, as he had done in Missouri. The scenes in which John Brown acted so prominent a part in Kansas next came under review. His son Frederick was murdered in cold blood, and his son John marched from Ossawatomie to Tecumseh loaded with chains, which ate into his skin, from the effects of which he died—while the chains are yet preserved by his sorrowing mother. The whole of John Brown's conduct in Kansas was based on self-defence, and wheresoever he had to take life it was in defence of his own. His conduct at Harper's Ferry was remarkable for the same desire to avoid bloodshed. He justified his acts entirely upon the golden rule of doing to others as you would have them do to you. The moral character of his attempt to rescue the enslaved and oppressed when viewed by the light of the laws of nature and of God could not be denied. Who condemns the moral right of the oppressed to rise up in vindication of their liberty? Who condemns the Egyptians for doing so? Who condemns the fathers of our own Revolution? Who condemns the Hungarians and Italians, and the thousands of slaves who arose in 1832, in Jamaica, to assert their right to freedom? Why, then, should any condemn American slaves for panting after freedom? Was it morally wrong to help the panting fugitive? Then Abraham was wrong in fighting like a tiger until Lot was liberated; Moses was wrong to help the bondmen of his own nation, and Lafayette was wrong in coming from France to aid us in our struggle for freedom. But it will be said that John Brown was guilty of treason, inciting slaves to rebel, and murder in the first degree. At least it was so decided by a jury of oppressors. If he was guilty of treason, so was Washington, and Franklin, and the leaders of the Revolution. Yet in them we call it a virtue. Why was Washington not hanged for his treason against Great Britain? Simply because his work was successful, and he could not be brought to trial. But if it had have failed, and he had fallen into the hands of King George, he would have swung for his treason as John Brown had done. The inciting of the slaves was only a crime by Virginian law. By God's law it was no crime. Moses did the same thing on a much larger scale, and yet we hono his memory. As to murder in the first degree who believes it? Where is the proof? Wher was his design with malice prepense to tak life? None whatever. But he killed men in Kansas, i will be answered. Yes—but always in self-defence. Hear his answer to Senator Mason:—

MR. MASON—But you killed some people passing along th streets quietly.

JOHN BROWN—Well, sir, if there was anything of that kin done, it was without my knowledge. Your own citizens, wh were my prisoners, will tell you that every possible mean were taken to prevent it. I did not allow my men to fire, no even to return a fire, when there was danger of killing those we regarded as innocent persons if I could help it. They will tell you that we allowed ourselves to be fired at repeatedly, and did not return it.

In the case of Mahala Doyle, it had been clearly shown that the old man was far away when her husband was killed, and yet this woman wished her son to be present to adjust the noose around the neck of Brown. If this was the character of the woman, he (the reverend gentleman) would not very much like to be her second husband. John Brown's object and impulses were noble, for he was actuated by sympathy with the oppressed and a desire to liberate them. Whatever minor errors he might have committed, he manifested a Christian spirit in all that he did to the very last, and we cannot but believe that he has gone to his reward and to his rest. What a thought was it that in this free land a man should die as a public malefactor for attempting to liberate the enslaved! But he is gone, and over the gallows, whence his spirit took its flight, there was, as it were, inscribed the words "Treason, murder, insurrection;" but the civilized world will read it "Humanity, patriotism, religion." John Brown was far less criminal in the sight of God than any man or woman in Virginia who holds a slave. He (the preacher) would rather take John Brown's chances for a seat in heaven than those of the doctors of Divinity who apologise for slavery, and attempt to pervert the Bible to its support. John Brown was dead, it is true. Slavery took away his life, but though he is dead, yet doth he speak. His death was like the trump of judgment to all the South. The movement he made has shaken the citadel of slavery to its centre and tended to depreciate slave property in an alarming manner. As John the Baptist was to Herod, so would John Brown be to the South. After Herod had beheaded John the Baptist he never heard of any miraculous movement but he exclaimed, "Oh! that's John the Baptist!" and so it will be John Brown, John Brown, John Brown. The reverend gentleman then gave a lucid account of the slave insurrection in Jamaica in 1832, under the leadership of a preacher named Solomon Sharp, and said that attempts of this kind were generally undertaken by Christian men. Sharp's insurrection failed and 2,000 slaves were hanged; but, nevertheless, in two years afterwards 800,000 slaves were liberated. John Brown's religious principles could not be shaken. Even on his way to the gallows, he saw a poor negro woman with an infant in her arms, and stopping he took the child and affectionately kissed it, thus evincing a love and sympathy which was stronger than death. He had touched a chord of Christian sympathy throughout the world, as was shown by the effect produced everywhere in the free States on the receipt of the intelligence of his death. Dr. Mattison very eloquently concluded by predicting that before the little negro child whom John Brown kissed shall grow up to manhood, slavery will cease in Virginia, and the spot on which Brown was hanged will be marked by a monument piled up by the labor of the two free races. That babe will probably live to see it. Bunker Hill monument was not built in '76, nor is Washington's monument yet built; and therefore the day will come when universal honor will be done to the memory of a man whose only aim was to strike the chains from the captive and to let the oppressed go free.

After the singing of the Doxology the large congregation dispersed.

SERVICES AT HOPE CHAPEL.

SERMON ON THE "PRESENT CRISIS," BY REV. GEO. F. NOYES.

The usual Sabbath exercises of the First Independent Society were held at Hope chapel yesterday forenoon. The religious exercises commenced at half-past ten o'clock. There was but a very thin attendance, only forty or fifty persons being present. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Geo. F. Noyes, according to announcement. His subject was the "Present Crisis."

He referred to the establishment of slavery in New Mexico, and stigmatized the injustice of the State laws. Any negro found there was declared a runaway, and, unless reclaimed within six months, was sold into slavery to pay the expenses of his arrest and imprisonment. He denounced the permission which was granted to Southern postmasters to open and destroy all newspapers which might be supposed to proclaim any insurrectionary doctrines in regard to the South. He related his experience with the Custom House officers of France, when he had been searched for interdicted documents, and he regretted to find a similar state of things existing in his own country. During the past week, in the doings of Congress the slave power had begun to operate, and had already shown its hand. He spoke of these things in sorrow. The South, after all, was the sufferer from the institution of slavery, because slavery was opposed to education and civilization. Their duty lay in three directions: first, the North should feel right; second, it should think right, and third, it should have a hand strong and ready to execute what the heart dictated and the head planned. Our Northern cities were dead to all sounds but the ring of the almighty dollar. He lamented that American freedom should be strangled by African slavery. He distrusted the power of any political party to obtain freedom for the slaves, because the people were not awake to the true enormity of slavery. The horrors of slavery were awful; yet forty thousand pulpits preached of human brotherhood while such a state of affairs existed. Such men as Wendell Phillips, whose eloquence, he contended, surpassed that of even the illustrious Everett, had given up the hope of accomplishing anything at present. Still they were "to labor and to wait." He compared the nation to a farm in which all were interested, and he would not put up a fence between the Northern and Southern portions to separate the tares of the latter from the wheat of the former. It was true that the South claimed that their tares were better than the Northern wheat; but still he would urge his brethren to philanthropically aid in exterminating those tares. The best means of doing so was in legislation, and he advised them to send representatives who would be firm as granite on this subject. The doctrine of the irrepressible conflict was a true one. It was taught by Jefferson himself, when he said that nothing was more certainly written in the book of fate than the delivery of the slaves from bondage, and that two such incompatible systems as slavery and freedom could never exist together. Unless the North willed it the Union could never be dissolved. Such an attempt would be regarded as treason. In the present crisis they were responsible to God and their country to perform their duty. Some men had found religion in it—they began to love God when they began to love their fellow men. No good idea had ever been incarnated without a struggle. Slavery, he contended, would die slowly—would die hard; but die it surely would. How soon the slave was to come out of his bondage he knew not, but come out of it he eventually would. But a short time since a martyr had won immortal fame on a Virginia gallows. John Brown had followed his honest convictions to the end, and he honored him therefor. People might exclaim against what he had done, but one man is a majority when God is on his side. John Brown had only mistaken his duty. He had boldly executed what he considered his duty. Such heroes men would take to their hearts and cherish, admiring them for their truth and honest obedience to the calls of duty. He concluded by urging his hearers, nerved by the example of John Brown, to do their duty in this exigency, and God would assist them. A spirit had been already awakened in the South, as well as in the North, which would do more for the present purpose than all the preaching in the North. The people of the South were alive to their own interests. The fear of invasion was strong, and people would naturally seek to destroy the cause of such fear; and hence slavery would be abolished by its present supporters.

After the sermon a collection was taken up for the benefit of John Brown's family.

OUR RICHMOND CORRESPONDENCE

RICHMOND, VA., Dec. 9, 1859.

Arrival of Governor Willard, of Indiana, and Other Friends of Cook, the Prisoner—Position of Senator Caldwell, of Wheeling, Among Members and Senators of the Legislature—Measures in Regard to Abolition Emissaries—A Step to Slave Emancipation by Testamentary Process—The Official Vote for Governor, Lieutenant Governor and Attorney General—Troops for Charlestown—Douglas in Indiana.

Governor Willard, of Indiana, arrived in this city on yesterday, in company with the Hon. John S. Robinson and Dr. G. Rose, of that State, and Robert Crowley, of New York, brother-in law of John E. Cook, now under sentence of death at Charlestown. The object of their visit is understood to be the pardon of Cooke; but the action of the Legislature on Wednesday must render all efforts in that regard hopeless. The case of Cook does not come within the jurisdiction of the Legislature, inasmuch as he is not convicted of treason. It is competent for the Governor to pardon or commute in that case, as he thinks fit, but he will hardly do either, in view of the adverse sentiments of the Legislature in relation to the pardon of any of the prisoners. The only hope for Cook's friends, and that upon which they doubtless rely, is to operate upon the Governor, through the Legislature, in their individual or unofficial capacity. But inasmuch as any action of this sort must conflict with their public course in this matter, they will hardly be induced to use any influence in behalf of Cook. Very many members deeply sympathise with Governor Willard; but inasmuch as the pardon of Cook through his influence would wear the complexion of political favoritism, the impolicy of such a course, aside from the general conviction of the justice of his sentence, already expressed, will prevent any effort being made in his behalf.

Mr. Alfred Caldwell, the State Senator from the Wheeling district, who, it will be remembered, avowed strong republican doctrines in a speech at his home last summer, occupies a somewhat isolated social position here at present. He is treated with extreme coolness by his brother Senators and the members of the other house. At the hotel at night, when all seem to be engaged in conversation, he sits alone by the stove in the rotunda, as little recognised as though he were an entire stranger to all present. His position is by no means enviable. Were I in his place I should resign my seat before twenty four hours. He stands this moment an isolated exception to the general body in which he serves, as regards the sentiments entertained upon the slavery question.

Mr. J. J. THOMPSON, of Putnam county, offered the following resolution in the House of Delegates to-day, which was adopted:—

Resolved, That the Committee of Courts of Justice be instructed to inquire into the expediency of authorizing the county courts on the northern and western borders of the State, for at least two terms of counties, to appoint a special police, consisting of ——, whose duty it shall be to watch the motions of all abolition emissaries, whether resident or itinerant; whether lecturer, preacher, pedlar, or any other form of slave corrupter, with a view to guard the community against such and all other enemies of the institution of slavery.

Mr. JOHN SIMPSON, of Stafford, offered the following resolution, which was also adopted:—

Resolved, That the Committee of Courts of Justice be instructed to inquire into the expediency of prohibiting all testamentary emancipation, and all prospective emancipation, whether by deed or will, and to report by bill or otherwise.

The conservative movements now on foot at the North will avail nothing to stay the determination of the Legislatures of Virginia, and the other Southern States, to pass measures of a very stringent character, as well in regard to the commercial relations of the two sections as to slavery and its future protection. It is useless to put forth assurances that the Brown invasion has had no sympathizers at the North, outside of the abolition fanatics. All such assurances are laughed at, and received only as resorts to obviate the disasters to Northern interests, which must result from the system of legislation intended to be pursued by the South. You will hear no more threats from the South. Their policy now is to act, and the stringency of this action will have no other bounds than the constitution. They will go to the utmost limit of constitutional privilege; while in a social point of view restraints and interdicts far more stringent than could be applied under sanction of law will be enforced. It is idle, utterly idle, to seek to arrest this determination or obviate such results by assurances that Brown and his associates found no sympathy from the majority of the North. The people not only argue in favor of disunion as a necessity, but in their zeal for it seem suddenly to discover natural benefits to the South from such a policy. What before was esteemed a direnecessity, involving ruin to both sections, is now regarded a blessing. All at once the discovery is made that the South, out of the Union, would become great and prosperous under the stimulous which her manufactures would derive from separation and independence. In fact, disunion is now presented by many as a panacea for the commercial stagnation from which the South has been suffering; and I hesitate not to say that the first feasible opportunity will be seized upon to bring about such a result.

The two houses of the Legislature were engaged for a considerable portion of to-day in counting the votes recorded at the late election for Governor, Lieutenant Governor and Attorney General. The following is the official vote as announced:—

FOR GOVERNOR.

John Letcher	77,229
Wm. L. Goggin	71,427
Letcher's majority	5,802

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.

Robert L. Montague	76,030
Waitman T. Willey	68,031
Montague's majority	7,999

The vote for Attorney General was not announced.

The Wytheville Grays, numbering over seventy men, arrived here last night on their way to Charlestown, to be present at the executions on the 16th instant. They waited on the Governor immediately upon their arrival, and were addressed by him in a brief speech, in which he said that, "If it needed an expense of five millions of dollars to enforce the sentence of the law against the Charlestown prisoners, it would be incurred."

I heard the Hon. Mr. Robinson, of Indiana, remark last night, that Douglas could not carry one district in that State. He said his heresies were very generally repudiated there, and that the misappr