

THE FUNERAL OF JOHN BROWN AT NORTH ELBA.

Remarks by Wendell Phillips and Mr. McKim--The Home and Tomb of John Brown.

The funeral of John Brown took place at the residence of his family, North Elba, New York, on Thursday, Dec. 8th. The body was taken on the previous Monday to North Elba, from New York, under the charge of Mrs. John Brown, accompanied by Wendell Phillips, of Boston, and J. Miller McKim, of Philadelphia. All along the road testimonials of respect were offered to the party, landlords refusing to receive compensation out of regard to the deceased, who appears to have been greatly esteemed in the localities where he once travelled.

About ten o'clock on Thursday the neighbors of John Brown, to the number of two hundred and fifty, perhaps, commenced to assemble, and it was decided that the procession should start from the house of the deceased at twelve o'clock. At twelve o'clock the house was filled 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 the 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 about one o'clock, preceded by about a dozen colored persons, singing—"Blow ye the trumpet, blow!" a favorite hymn of the deceased, with which he used to sing 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.
Reeswell Thompson and wife.
Friends of deceased and neighbors.

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

Mr. McKim delivered an address commenting on the virtues of the deceased, and mentioning incidents bearing upon the close of his life. 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 his 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 enclosethe 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.

The following are the inscriptions furnished by John Brown for himself and sons:

TO BE INSCRIBED ON THE OLD FAMILY MONUMENT AT NORTH ELBA.

Oliver Brown, born ———, 1839, was killed at Harper's Ferry, Va., Nov. 17, 1859.

Walter Brown, born ———, 1835, was wounded at Harper's Ferry, Va., Nov. 17, and died Nov. 19, 1859.

(My wife can fill up the blank dates as above.)

John Brown, born May 9, 1800, was executed at Charlestown, Va., Dec. 2, 1859.

Mr. McKim was followed by Wendell Phillips, whose remarks closed as follows:

"Men said 'Would he had died in arms'—God ordered better, and granted to him and the slave those noble prison hours—that single hour of death granted him a higher than the soldier's place, that of teacher; the echoes of his rifles have died away in the hills—a million hearts guard his words. God bless this roof—make it bless us. We dare not say bless you, children of this home; you stand nearer to one whose lips God touched, and we rather bend for your blessing. God make us all worthier of him whose dust we lay among these hills he loved. Here he girded himself and went forth to battle. Fuller success than his heart ever dreamed God granted him. He sleeps in the blessings of the crushed and the poor, and men believe more firmly in virtue, now that such a man has lived. Standing here let us thank God for a firmer faith and fuller hope."

The coffin was then lowered into the grave. 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 gazing on the mound for an hour or so after all was over.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* thus describes the house of John Brown:

"The house is a medium-sized frame building, such as is common in that part of the country. It has four rooms on the first floor and corresponding space above.

"The next morning I had an opportunity for the first time of seeing the place as it appeared in daylight, and of beholding the surrounding country. On opening the front door a glorious sight saluted me. Directly in front, apparently—perhaps from the thinness of the atmosphere—within two or three miles, but really much further off, looms up a jagged chain of the Adirondacks; broken, jagged, massive and wonderfully picturesque. Off to the left stands in solitary grandeur the towering pyramid called 'White Face'—deriving its name from the color of the rock on its summit. The Saranac and Ausable flow at each side of it; and just at its base they tell us is Lake Placid, a sheet of water famed through all the country of fine lakes for its exquisite beauty. On the right is to be seen in the distance the peak of McCreary, and on the right of that again, and still further on, McIntyre, the loftiest pinnacle of the Adirondack range, raises his towering crest.

"Mr. Brown had expressed a desire that his body should be laid in the shadow of a great rock, not far from his house. This rock, after the more striking features of the scene just named, was the first object to arrest my attention. It stands about fifty feet from the house, is about eight feet in height, and from fifteen to twenty feet square. It is a very striking and picturesque object, and the recollection of it would not unnaturally suggest to the mind of Mr. Brown a place for the interment of his body.

"The Brown Farm at North Elba, is on the highest arable spot of land in the State, if, indeed, soil so hard and sterile can be called arable. The question was asked in my hearing, why Mr. Brown should have chosen a spot so difficult of cultivation, and yielding so poor a requital to labor? and the answer was that he had come there in pursuance of the great purpose of his life. The land formerly belonged to Gerrit Smith, and lies near to those large tracts which Mr. Smith had presented as a free gift to certain colored people; and it was to aid these colored people, and through them to benefit their race, that he originally came to a place so unpromising to the agriculturist."