

do with it, but trusted him as a worker in a common cause.

He was married twice and had twenty children. He swore his sons to devote themselves with every privation to the interests of the slave. At Harper's Ferry he calmly felt the pulse of one of them, who was dying of wounds, while he held his rifle in his other hand. In one of his manuscript addresses to a 'League of Gileadites,' at Springfield Mass., he said: "Stand by one another and by your friends while a drop of blood remains, and be hanged if you must, but tell no tales out of school."

Brown hired a small farm near Harper's Ferry and went there with some members of his family in June 1859. He also assembled twenty-two men besides himself, six of whom were colored, and of all only six finally escaped alive. Military drills had been going on in various states for some time before he went to Virginia. He also had boxes of pistols and rifles and 1,000 pikes. To this day it is not known that he had any definite plan in regard to the possible consequences of his undertaking more than "simply the establishment on slave soil of a defensible station for fugitive slaves, within reach of the Pennsylvania border, so that bodies of slaves could hold their own for a time against a superior force, and could be transferred, if necessary, through the free States to Canada." Certainly there was enough in this part of the plan to blanch every cheek in Virginia.

Yes, the rippling laughter died out, and secret tears came to many an eye. The banjo gave forth no more the stirring or plaintive melodies, the evening dance was unthought of, and ominously enough, the songs of the negroes in the fields, about the corn cribs and tobacco houses and at the cabins, were heard no more. The slaves did not read newspapers, but they had a mysterious way of communicating news, so that it went quickly from plantation to plantation. The whites talked with each other in secret, as they had never done before. Silence or whispering, caution, watching and dread had, in a few short hours on the plantations, taken the place of joy unconfined and universal. I stood one morning on the porch of one of these Virginia mansions viewing the beauties of the Blue Ridge mountains, when a child of the household approached me and said, "Whose dead?"

On Sunday night, October 16, 1859, Brown mustered eighteen of his men and said, "Men, get on your arms; we will proceed to the Ferry." It was very dark and raining. At half past ten they reached the armory gate and broke it in with a crowbar, overpowering the few watchmen on duty. Before midnight the village was in their possession without firing a gun. Six men were then sent out to bring in neighboring planters with their slaves. Other citizens were held as hostages. Gradually the citizens armed themselves, and some shots were exchanged, killing several men.

Col. Robert E. Lee arrived from Washington in the evening with a company of United States marines, as Brown had allowed a train to pass through which carried the startling news of his raid. He and his force—now reduced to six men—were barricaded in the engine house, where they were shot down, one by one. Brown refused to surrender, and encouraged his men to stand firm. When finally captured, his two sons were dead, and he himself was supposed to be dying. Gov. Henry A. Wise reached Harper's Ferry with several hundred state troops October 18. Brown was tried before a Virginia court—having counsel sent from Massachusetts—convicted, and sentenced to death by hanging. He died, with great fortitude, December 2, 1859, at Charlestown, several of his followers suffering with him.

During all these months there was



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the greatest excitement in Virginia, and in fact, throughout the entire country. The rescue of Brown was talked of at the North, but he did not encourage it. Governor Wise was an excitable sort of a man, who, while he did the justice to Brown to say that "He inspired me with great trust in his integrity as a man of truth," at the same time sternly and bitterly proceeded to the execution of the full penalty for what he considered insurrection and war on the soil of Virginia.

The charms of social life on the plantations had departed, and to many of them it never returned. Depression, suspicion and alarm took the place of the delightful amenities of cultivated intercourse, and, with some, of sweet friendships and quick born love. Soon, too, armed hosts of the South were marching to the tunes of "Dixie" and "My Maryland," and from the North came an endless host singing:

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,  
But his soul is marching on."

I may mention here an incident of the John Brown execution. A great number of reporters were at Charlestown as the news was of absorbing interest, when Governor Wise issued an order for the formation of the military in a way that excluded all from the immediate vicinity of the execution. A protest on the part of the press was made in vain, and the reporters were at their wits' end. Frank Leslie had a young writer there by the name of Rawlings, who was a person of excellent address and sublime cheek. A stern governor and warlike guards were nothing to him, and solely through his blandishments at the last moment, the order, as far as it concerned the press, was rescinded. It is pleasant to note that the journals of New York and of the whole country acknowledged their indebtedness to Leslie and his irrepressible reporter.—Town Topics.

"They say that Croker is out of Tammany for good."

"Well, he never was in it for any good."

Mr. Dan Showman—What do you think of ballet dancing?

Rev. Simon Pure—I—I try not to.

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