

A PERSONAL INTERVIEW WITH CAPTAIN BROWN'S WIFE.

FROM THE INDEPENDENT.

VISIT OF A LADY TO THE CHARLESTOWN JAIL.

I write this morning, on board a steamer, a hasty account of a personal interview last evening with Mrs. Mary Brown, wife of Capt. John Brown, now under sentence of death in Virginia for having bravely failed in a brave deed.

I am scarcely at liberty to mention at what place Mrs. Brown has lately been staying or whose hospitality she has been sharing. I may say, however, that after her return from Baltimore, where she was stopped on her half-made journey to her husband, she has been the guest of a family residing in one of the most beautiful regions of a neighboring state, who have proved themselves kind friends not only to herself but to her husband, and who were the more glad to bid her welcome to their house, because the lady of their household, with her son, had already made a visit to Capt. Brown in his prison at Charlestown since his sentence of death. Mrs. Brown's stay with these friends terminated this morning. She is now on her way to Philadelphia, to meet Mr. Sennott, the counsel for her husband's defense.

I conversed with her during the entire evening. But only ten minutes' acquaintance is enough to show that she is a woman worthy to be the wife of such a man. She is tall, large, and muscular, giving the impression at first sight of a frame capable of great strength and long endurance. Her face is grave and thoughtful, wearing even in this hour of her trial, an expression of solemnity rather than of sadness, as if, like her husband, she had long since learned how to suffer and to calm. Her manner is singularly quiet and retiring, although her natural simplicity and modesty cannot hide the evident force of character, and strength of will and judgment, which have fitted her so long to be a counselor in her husband's enterprises and a supporter in his trials.

A NEW-PAPER CORRECTION.

The conversation, of course, was of the scene of Harper's Ferry—both those which have already been enacted, and those which are shortly to follow. She alluded, with subdued though evident emotion, to the wounds of her husband, and to the loss of her two sons, Watson and Oliver, who fell in the struggle. But she made no such remark as that recently attributed to her in a New England newspaper, "that four of her sons had already been slain, and she would be willing that all the rest of her family should be made a sacrifice, if necessary, to the cause of freedom." These words, she said to me, could never possibly have fallen from her lips; for she had already felt too many griefs to court any fresh sacrifices; and she could not think, without pain, of any new death-stroke to her family. She would not shrink from any necessary trial or struggle when the hour came for it, but she could not look forward with composure to any further lessening of her family, already too sadly broken. She regretted that such a remark should have been put in her mouth, "for," as she observed, "they were unmotherly words."

She said that she had been so long accustomed to sorrow that she had been trained to bear them. While living in Ohio, four days, three of whom were carried to the grave together on the same day! She mentioned, in this connection, that her husband had always been a watchful nurse and the chief-care-taker of the children, and of herself, during periods of sickness.

CAPT. BROWN'S RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.

I adverted, in alluding to Capt. Brown's religious opinions, to the common report that he was an Old School Presbyterian. She replied that he had been a church-member ever since he was a boy; that he united, at sixteen years of age, with a Congregational church in Hudson, Ohio; and that on removing to Pennsylvania, thirty years ago, he transferred his membership to the Presbyterian church, with which he since remained connected. She said that the religious element of his character had always been the ruling motive of his life. He had always observed religious exercises in his household with exemplary regularity. It had been for many years the custom of the family to read the Bible every morning, in regular course of chapters, each member reading in turn a verse. She said that her husband's familiarity with texts of Scripture was so great that he could detect almost the slightest misquotation of any passage, and that if a portion of a verse in almost any part of the Bible were read or repeated to him, he could immediately repeat the remainder. His conversation frequently abounded with Scripture texts, and his letters were always filled with them.

I asked if she knew what were his favorite passages, to which she replied:

"He had a great many; but one was, 'Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them.'"

How nobly his life has proved his deep-hearted sympathy for the slave!

In his habits of living his wife testified that he was always singularly self-denying. As an example, he never suffered himself or his family to wear expensive clothing. His standing admonition was, "Let us save the money, and give to the poor." Day before yesterday, when some clothes were sent from New York to Mrs. Brown to go in a box to her husband, among the articles was a new coat of fine brown cloth, which, when it was shown to her, she immediately pronounced too gay for her husband to wear. It was accordingly sent back; and last evening there came in return a coarser coat, which would better suit his taste, and which the brave old Patriot might not think too good for him to put on! He never in his life has used tobacco or ardent spirits, and never, until within the last few years, has taken tea or coffee. His mode of living has been so rigidly temperate that, in Kansas, he would sometimes go for days with scarcely a mouthful of food, and suffer no faintness or exhaustion.

HIS LONG-MEDITATED DESIGN.

I referred incidentally to the design upon Harper's Ferry as having been premeditated for two years, to which she immediately replied—

"Not for two years but for twenty!"

He had been waiting twenty years for some opportunity to free the slaves; we had all been waiting, with him, the proper time when he should put his resolve into action, and when at last the auspicious time had now come; Mr. Brown was singularly of opinion; we all were equally confident; he had no idea, nor did any of the

family, that the experiment would result in defeat; we all looked to it as fulfilling the hopes of many years."

As I listened to this, I could not help half-exclaiming, "What heroic words! What a man! What a woman!"

I wrote down these sentences a few moments after they were uttered, and as I repeated them she added—

"For he has borne the yoke of the oppressed as if upon his own neck for these thirty years!"

She made several and repeated references to various newspaper accounts in which her husband's character had been misrepresented. She had been pained to see him described as a cruel man, for, as she said, "No man ever had a kinder heart. He is generous by nature. He has always taught his children to be unselfish; to act always for others before acting for themselves. His sympathies for the poor and the oppressed have always been too easily excited."

I inquired as to his habit of carrying fire arms about his person. She said that since his efforts in Kansas, he had carried a revolver, but never before.

IS HE INSANE?

I then put the question which I had been chiefly solicitous to ask: "It is the common talk of the newspapers that Capt. Brown is insane; what do you say to that opinion?"

"I never knew," she replied, "of his insanity, until I read it in the newspapers. He is a clear-headed man. He has always been, and now is, entirely in his right mind. He is always cool, deliberate, and never over-hasty; but he has always considered that his first perceptions of duty, and his first impulses to action, were the best, and the safest to be followed. He has almost always acted upon his first suggestions. No, he is not insane. His reason is clear. His last act was the result, as all his other acts have been, of his truest and strongest conscientious convictions."

After these statements, supported as they are by other and abundant evidence, how can any man believe that Capt. Brown is insane? His project is easily characterized as mad, as any other daring and hazardous exploit is apt to be called, particularly after it is seen to have failed. But the attempt for the deliverance of the Virginia Slaves did not seem rash to Capt. Brown or to his confederates, and, if it had been successful, would never have seemed crazy even to the newspapers. John Brown's insanity means simply John Brown's failure.

HIS RECENT LETTERS TO MRS. BROWN.

I may mention that I saw last evening a letter from Capt. Brown to his wife, dated November 8th, and brought away by the lady who visited him at Charlestown. This letter is too private, and I might almost say, too sacred to be exposed in print to every eye. Mrs. Brown is unwilling that it should be made public, both for her own sake and her husband's. But I violate no confidence in saying that this letter, written in prison, is no less remarkable than the memorable speech delivered in court. It breathes the same heroic spirit; it is marked by the same simplicity of style; it expresses the same conscientious conviction of the rightfulness of his undertaking; it exhibits throughout the same unwavering courage, and the same strong faith in God. To the many overflowing expressions of his sympathy for his wife and children, given in this letter, I do not feel at liberty to allude, further than to say that they are as warm, as tender, and as delicate as ever were written by a husband to a wife. They prove that his delicacy is equal to his courage, and that his heart is not only as brave as a hero's, but as tender as a child's.

As during the evening another letter came direct from the prison, dated November 10th. This fresh message was briefer than the other, but of the same character and in the same spirit.

A BOX FOR CAPT. BROWN.

For several days past, until last evening, Mrs. Brown had been actively engaged, aided by some female friends, in preparing articles of clothing to be sent to her husband. A sewing-machine had been bought at work from morning till night for two days. Last evening the box was packed, and this morning sent to the cars, containing shirts, stockings, pocket-handkerchiefs, a pair of easy slippers, some writing materials, two or three favorite books, and some preserved fruits and other delicacies. A great many of the friends crowded around it, each anxious to add something for the old man's comfort, before the cover was nailed on. From this scene Mrs. Brown retired, sobbing. Another part of the room, and for a few moments was unable to control her emotion, exclaiming, "Poor man! he will not need them long!"

But perhaps the troubled Governor of Virginia, and his Sheriff who is making ready for the Second of December, may find, before the time shall roll around, some other victim to keep up the honor of the fatal Friday, and may be glad, after all, not to hang the brave old man!

THE VISIT TO CAPT. BROWN IN PRISON.

The lady whose visit to Charlestown has already been mentioned, went there chiefly to assist Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, whom she expected to meet in the prison; but as Capt. Brown had meanwhile written to Mr. Child not to come, the new volunteer nurse found herself an entire stranger (except to her son who accompanied her) in a community not over disposed to be hospitable to strangers. She arrived at Charlestown shortly after Capt. Brown's speech in court. She spent more than two days in vain entreaties with the Sheriff to secure admission to the jail. Hearing that Capt. Brown, whom she had informed of her arrival, was anxious to see her, and not being willing to take the Sheriff's short answers after her long journey, solicited Mr. Sennott's aid; who at last persuaded the judge to grant a permit of entrance.

She refers to the visit in the jail as one of touching interest. She obtained two interviews, the first of an hour, and the other for a shorter period. She describes the prison as a large brick building that seemed to have been formerly used as a dwelling-house. Captain Brown was occupying, with his fellow prisoner, Stephens, a room on the ground floor, about sixteen feet square, opening with a single door into a long gallery, and lighted through a single small window, grimly defended by heavy double bars.

Mrs. S—, on entering found Capt. Brown lying on a cot, and Stephens on a large double bed. Capt. Brown arose from his bed to receive his guests, and stood a few moments leaning against the bedstead, immediately lying down again from weakness. His visitors were struck with the cheerfulness of his expression, and the calmness of his manner. He seemed not only passively resigned to his fate, but cheerful under it, and more than willing to meet it.

My friend said to him, "I expected Mrs. Child would be here to introduce me; I am sorry not to find her, for her presence would make this room brighter for you!" He smiled and replied: "I have written to her the reasons why she should not come; but she was very kind—very kind!"

Some questions were then asked as to the treatment and care he had received; to which he said:

"I wish it to be understood by everybody, that I have been very kindly attended; for if I had been under the care of father or brother, I could not have been better treated than by Capt. Avis and his family."

Capt. Avis is the jailor, of whom all the report speak in high terms for his humane and courteous conduct not only to these but to all his prisoners.

When another allusion was made to Mrs. Child, Capt. Brown remarked:

"The reason why I did not wish her to come, and why I did not wish my wife to come, was for fear lest they would be harassed and annoyed, and that on this account I would be troubled myself."

A BUNCH OF LEAVES.

Mrs. S— had carried with her into the jail a large bunch of autumn leaves, gathered in the morning from the woods. There was no nail on the wall to hang them by, and she arranged them between the grated bars of the window. She gave to the sufferer a full-blown rose, which he laid beside his cheek on his pillow. The old man seemed to be greatly touched with these tokens of thoughtfulness. He is said to have always been a great lover of nature, particularly of the grandeur of forest scenes.

Mrs. S— drew a chair near his bedside, and taking out her knitting, sat by him for an hour. She has preserved his complete conversation, of which I can give only a small portion. She says:

"I never saw a person who seemed less troubled or excited, or whose mind was less disturbed and more clear. His remarks are pointed, pithy, and sensible. He is not in the least sentimental, and seems to have singularly excellent common-sense about everything."

She asked him the direct question—"Were you actuated, in any degree, in undertaking your late enterprise, by a feeling of revenge?"—adding that a common impression to that effect had gone abroad.

He manifested much surprise at this statement, and after pausing a moment replied—

"I am not conscious of ever having had a feeling of revenge; no, not in all the wrong done to me and my family in Kansas. But I can see that a thing is wrong and wicked, and can help to right it, and can even hope that those who do the wrong may be punished, and still have no feeling of revenge! No, I have not been actuated by any spirit of revenge!"

He talked a good deal about his family, manifesting solicitude for their comfort after he was gone, but expressing his great confidence and trust in God's kind Providence in their behalf.

When some allusion was made to the sentence which he had received, he said very deliberately and firmly, and as my friend says, "almost sublimely"—

"I do not think I can better serve the cause I love so much, than to die for it!"

She says that she can never forget the impressive manner in which he uttered these solemn words. She replied:

"It is not the hardest thing that can happen to a brave man to die; but it must be a great hardship for an active man to lie on his back in prison, disabled by wounds. Do you not dread your confinement, and are you not afraid that it may wear you down, or cause you to relax your convictions, or regret your attempt, or make your courage fail?"

"I cannot tell," he replied, "what weakness may come over me, but I do not think that I shall deny my Lord and Master Jesus Christ, as I certainly should if I denied my principles against slavery."

When the conversation had proceeded thus far, as it was known outside the jail that a Northern lady was inside, a crowd began to collect, and although no demonstration of violence was made, yet there were manifest indications of impatience; so that the sheriff called to the jailer, and the jailer was obliged to put an end to the interview.

A SECOND VISIT IN PRISON.

A second visit was made on the second day afterward. The popular excitement had grown so great on account of the first visit, that on the intervening day it was deemed inadvisable to attempt another. Mrs. S— says:

"When I went into the prison the second time, I found Capt. Brown sitting at the little deal table, engaged in writing. He had just been adding something to his letter to his wife. I shall never forget his appearance. He seemed perfectly noble and grand. His countenance seemed as if it had been illumined by the letter which he was writing. His expression was of great earnestness, cheerfulness, and faith. The memory of this brief interview is even more vivid than of the other."

Mrs. S— designs, at some future period, to publish an entire account of these two interviews, with full details of Capt. Brown's conversations.

I have written, quickly and roughly, these random notes of my friend's visit to the prison and the prisoner, and of my own conversation with the hero's wife, preserving, as nearly as possible, the exact words of the narrators, and certainly not missing their true meaning and spirit. They serve to show, what scarcely need be added as a comment, that Capt. John Brown is a noble old man; that he performed his daring deed from the noblest motive of a long cherished purpose to do his utmost for the deliverance of an oppressed race;—and that his name, as it shall pass from the gallows into history, will carry with it a clear record of a pure and honorable life,—while his sterling integrity, his rare decision of character, and his sublime Christian faith, show him to be a true son of the Pilgrims, whose ancient Puritan blood will flow in his veins now only for a few days more!

THEODORE TILTON.

Wednesday, November 16th.

A FRESH PANIC.

A sensible man has risen on the Virginia horizon—and the event creates as complete a panic as the appearance of a comet used to excite before the aspect of those heavenly bodies had become so familiar. The whole State is in commotion. The Governor's organs are in a state of immense excitement, and we look for an immediate proclamation from the facile pen of Gov. Wise, decreeing martial law and putting the militia of the Old Dominion on a war footing for the irrepressible conflict which the advent of this phenomenon seems likely to provoke.

A Mr. Perkins, who edits the *Clarke Journal*, a weekly sheet, published in Berryville, Clarke county, Va., as the *Enquirer* informs us, has taken the extraordinary notion into his head that the safety of Virginia does not require her Governor and her people to wade knee-deep into the blood of such Abolitionists as may fall into their hands. He ventures to think that even the execution of Brown and his companions is quite unnecessary, and will do quite as much harm as good to the character of the State abroad and to its peace at home. He speaks precisely as every sensible man must feel about the absurd and disgraceful panic into which the Harper's Ferry affair seems to have thrown the Virginians, and remonstrates, warmly and somewhat indignantly, against the exhibition of fear which they are incautiously making to the world at large.

The *Richmond Enquirer* is in consternation. Such "reason" on the soil of Virginia seems quite incredible. It attributes the apparition to Northern intrigue and Northern gold. Mr. Perkins must have been bribed to the utterance of these treasonable sentiments. But the *Enquirer* is especially anxious that Mr. Perkins should be taken care of. Whether he has not made himself liable to fine and imprisonment in the county jail by his fearful crime, that paper submits to the people of his county. It is quite certain that they "owe it to their own safety to suppress this incendiary sheet." What a tinder-box the Old Dominion must be! It will be dangerous by and by for a sane man to look in that direction, lest the State should instantly explode. The opinion begins to be current in this latitude that the politicians and people are panic-stricken and insane—or else that they do not tell the truth when they deny that Slavery is a clement of danger. Their conduct since Old Brown's capture has done more to convince fanatics that it would be perfectly safe to imitate his example, and that the Virginians stand in mortal dread of an insurrection among their slaves, than anything which has happened for twenty years previous. They will not owe it to their own sagacity if they fail to reap a fearful harvest from the seed they are now sowing.—*N. Y. Times*.

[If any of our readers can furnish us with an editorial from any other M. E. paper, which is a trifle as manly and as Christian in its speech of John Brown, as is the following from the *North-iron Independent*, we will gladly publish it.]

JOHN BROWN.

The general object of Brown appears to have been commendable in the highest degree. What nobler design can any man have than to free the slave? His aim was good, all must admit, and if blamed, it can only be for the choice of measures. That he attempted to run slaves, rather than free them by the slow process of legal and social reform, is doubtless chargeable upon him, but to actors themselves must often be left the selection of means, and if they so determine, an excuse may be as constitutional as an emancipation act. The Stampede is only a practical use of the Bill of Rights which God incorporated in the charter of human existence. Legislation adds nothing to a man's rights, it merely helps maintain the rights with which the Creator endowed the race. The only question then is, was there a reasonable prospect for success in this case? It must be acknowledged there was not. Humanly the enterprise was hopeless and foolish. But let it not be forgotten that as much may be said of nearly all the great achievements that have blessed the world, and that too, whether conducted by God or man. In their incipient stages, these movements have uniformly appeared preposterous, and their originators have been awarded poverty, disgrace, and death. Nor is there any better way of serving a good cause, than to die for it. It is questionable whether John Brown could have done more than he has done. He had, and it is death that the world wants; nothing so helps on a good cause as the death of its best friends. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." So also in the state. Its foundation is cemented by patriotic blood. Bunker Hill and its fellow fields of carnage tell the price of our civil liberties. Our African bondmen will have freedom, but not until the ground on which they have toiled, has been abundantly watered with their blood.

The south will not allow a peaceful and legal emancipation; one of a different kind it cannot prevent. Pharaoh had a call to the use of good means for emancipation, but as he did not choose to regard it, Providence took another way. What scenes of slaughter are reserved for the slave states of this Union, is of course hidden from us, but nevertheless such scenes must come, if God has not changed his plan of governing the world.

In the light of these facts, the question of Brown's sanity is easily disposed of—he is no more insane than all the heroes and martyrs of the past. The very circumstances of the case prove him not only sane, but possessed of the very highest degree of intellectual and moral force. Of what more sublime or excellent thing is a man capable than to offer himself deliberately to death for the benefit of the oppressed? This Brown has done, and the highest upon the list of fame have done no more. The point was to die for a good cause, and he is likely to succeed. He seems impatient to mingle his blood with the blood of his martyred sons. The age capable of estimating him has not yet come. For the present, men will write him down as an insurrectionist, as a murderer, as mad; but posterity will rejudge such judgments and give him the honor due to the noblest of men. His speech before the court shows what was the state of the man's mind and morals, and is an unanswerable reply to all who impeach either his reason or his integrity.

SIX WEEKS OF PLUNDERING.

THE LOCALITY OF THE CORTINAS OUTRAGES—INEFFICIENCY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

We publish this morning some additional news from the Texas frontier respecting the doings of Cortinas and his band of marauders, which will startle the community hardly less than what had been previously known. It seems that after defeating the party of volunteers sent to attack him, near Brownsville, and capturing their artillery, he marched up the Rio Grande to a place called Rio Grande city, which he pillaged completely. It is a post village of some extent, and the capital of Starr county, Texas, situated on the left bank of the river, about five hundred and fifty miles south by west of Austin city, and about two hundred in an air line from Brownsville. Remittances are regularly sent between this place and the mouth of the river, and it has a Custom-house and a considerable trade. In the year 1853 it had a population of about one thousand inhabitants, which by this time must have increased largely, in consequence of the progress of settlement along the Rio Grande valley. We are told that Cortinas's band, which is alleged to number seven hundred men, robbed nearly every house

in the place, cut off the mail communications, and threatened destruction to the town. The telegraph dispatch speaks of Cortinas's force being in two bands, but whether both were together in this attack remains a mystery. He must have received considerable reinforcements to number such an array, and it would be interesting to know the material of which his bands are composed. A previous dispatch spoke of his having received many recruits from the Mexican prisons, and from the robbers, always very plenty in Mexico. Another account mentioned his having been joined by the Tampacua Indians, probably some remnant of the Seminoles, known to be on the Rio Grande, and always ready to attack the Americans.

This outbreak began on the 28th of September, and is still unquenched, after the lapse of six weeks. Now, it is growing more formidable, and assuming the proportions of a local war. If this man Cortinas succeeds in combining under his standard all the restless and disinterested spirits in the valley of the Rio Grande on both sides of the river, without regard to race, his position will soon become too formidable to permit of his being easily subdued. The numerous and warlike tribe of Comanches might possibly join him, and he seems to have partisan skill enough to render him a match for ordinary antagonists. What the greater chief of Texas is doing all this while that a robber state is plundering its towns and holding an entire section of country of large extent in terror, we cannot imagine. And, as for the general Government, the one company of troops it has sent from Baton Rouge will be of small account against a force of seven hundred men. Although this is a pretty commentary upon the efficiency with which our war department is managed.—*North American*, November 12.

COLUMBUS JONES.

The case of the kidnapping of Columbus Jones, now on trial in Massachusetts, and referred to for several days past under our telegraphic head, grows out of the following state of facts: Columbus Jones, who is reported to be a slave, secreted himself on board the brig Paterson, then lying in the harbor of Pensacola, and bound for Boston. After the vessel had been a few days out, Jones was discovered, and in consequence, the captain of the brig, John Orlando by name, endeavored to port, first into Key West, and afterward into Norfolk, for the purpose of landing him there, but was prevented by stress of weather. Finally, on the 8th of May last, he put into Hyannis, on Cape Cod, in order to make arrangements for sending back the negro. While on shore upon this business, Jones escaped from the vessel, but, upon false assurances of safety, was induced to return again on board. Orlando then proceeded to accomplish an arrangement with a Captain Brown, about to sail from Barnstable to Norfolk, to take the negro back to Norfolk, and to forward him thence to Pensacola. This arrangement was carried into effect, and is the kidnapping complained of. A case similar to this occurred several years ago at Boston, which led to the enactment of a statute designed especially to meet such cases.

In the present case, two indictments have been found—one against Captains Orlando and Brown and two other persons; the second against these two persons and Orlando, leaving out Brown. The first indictment includes three counts—one based on the Kidnapping act, the second on one of the sections of the Personal Liberty bill, and the third charging conspiracy. The trial is before Judge Allen of the Superior Court, and the leading counsel for the defense is Caleb Cushing.

The first step taken by the defense was a plea to the jurisdiction of the Court, setting out that Jones was a fugitive slave, and that the defendants were acting as agents for the owner, and denying the authority of the Legislature of Massachusetts to make any laws touching such a case. The plea was overruled on the ground that the constitutionality of the laws on which the indictment was founded was a question for the Supreme Court. Two successive attempts to avoid the trial were made by the defendants; both of which were overruled by the Court, and the case is now before the Jury.—*Tribune*.

THE CASE OF COLUMBUS JONES.

BARNSTABLE, Mass., Wednesday, Nov. 16.

The case of the fugitive slave, Columbus Jones, was resumed to-day. Judge Allen overruled the motion for continuance. The defendants then claimed an appeal from the decision of the Court sustaining the demurrer, and moved for a suspension of the case under the 25th section of the statute establishing the Superior Court. This was overruled. The Jury was then impaneled and the case opened by the District Attorney. Twenty-five witnesses were called for the Commonwealth, and nine or ten have been examined. Capt. Bacon, master of the schooner Elizabeth B. who carried away the fugitive, was among those examined. No facts have been developed that had not been heretofore published.

BARNSTABLE, Mass., Thursday, Nov. 17, 1859.

Before the adjournment on Wednesday evening, the principles of law concerning jurisdiction in Hyannis Harbor were brought in question. The District Attorney stated his views at length, claiming jurisdiction in the State, and that the offense committed were such as could be tried in Barnstable. Gen. Cushing stated briefly the positions of the defense. Mr. Sanford went on till the adjournment, and again this morning, at great length, to sustain his positions. When he had concluded his speech, the Court said that the testimony on that point might proceed, and reserved the expression of his views of the law. The Government finished their case, and Mr. Sudder opened the defense. He contended that what was done was not within the local jurisdiction; that the slave was an involuntary deposit in the hands of the captain of the Orlando, which he was bound as common law to keep safely, and return; and that, under the Constitution of the United States, the defendants were bound to restore the fugitive.—About twenty-five witnesses were called and sworn, among them were W. Raymond Lee and E. N. Winslow, civil engineers. The defense then went on to put in evidence from depositions taken in Pensacola.

Objections were made to the evidence at every point, and much of the testimony was excluded. The question of whether the subsequent ratification of the acts of the defendants to the owner of the slave would have the effect of an original agency, was fully discussed, and decided against the defendants. A large audience including many ladies, was in attendance.

Mr. Hall editor of the *News*, at Nashville, recently said to the editor of the *Union*, of the same city—Mr. Poindexter. The difficulty, which resulted in the immediate death of Mr. P. grew out of a newspaper controversy.

The Bugle can be obtained, every Friday, of Isaac Trecoot, at Steer's Book Store on Main street, Salem, Ohio.

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OFFICIAL ACTION.

At a stated meeting of the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society held in Salem, Ohio, November 6th, 1859, the following Preamble and Resolution was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Captain John Brown, who has been sentenced by the Government of Virginia to be publicly hung on the 2nd of December next, because of his recent attempt at Harper's Ferry, to practically establish upon Virginia soil the doctrine of the Declaration of American Independence; and

Whereas, in that attempt he did only what the charter of our political rights fully authorized him to do, observing in his course toward the foes of humanity, a moderation and a forbearance as unusual among warriors as it was commendable; and although the Western Anti-Slavery Society does not in its organized capacity resort, or propose to resort, to any measures of physical coercion for the overthrow of slavery, yet, as its Executive Committee, recognize in Captain John Brown, a true friend of impartial liberty, seeking out his own convictions of right, by means which he believed to be justified of God; therefore

Resolved, That in case Virginia shall persist in executing the sentence of its court upon Captain Brown, we recommend to the members of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, and to all the true friends of freedom in the West, to observe the 2nd of December as a day consecrated to a renewal of their anti-slavery efforts; and that on that occasion they publicly or privately testify, in such manner as commends itself to their judgment, to their hatred of slavery, and their opposition to that government composed of Democrats and Republicans, which captured John Brown, and having shot down his sons by his side, handed the old wounded soldier to the authorities of Virginia for the mockery of a trial, and the ignominy of an execution.

Signed on behalf and by direction of Executive Committee:

JOHN GORDEN, Chairman, pro. tem.
BENJ. S. JONES, Secretary.

A SUFFICIENT, BUT UNSPOKEN REASON.

"We are asked to solicit and receive contributions in aid of the re-establishment of Mr. Wm. S. Bailey's, 'Free South,' of which the printing materials were destroyed by a mob at Newport, Ky. It does not seem to us right to make the appeal required. The earnest Anti-Slavery men who could be expected to give anything for such an object are generally poor, and they have been taxed for such objects repeatedly. We apprehend that the money already expended on Mr. Bailey's paper might have been used to better purpose."—*New York Tribune*.

Subscribing for the *Tribune* and papers like unto it, would doubtless be considered by the writer of the above, a much better expenditure of means than sustaining such a paper as was the *Free South*, in such a location as Newport, Ky. The *Tribune* will hardly deny that the *Free South* was an anti-slavery paper, or that it was ably edited, or that such a paper was needed there, or that where the freedom of the press is struck down is the place to practically defend and maintain it.

The curious will perhaps be able to discover the *Tribune's* unspoken reason for turning a cold shoulder to the *Free South*, in the character of the sentiments contained in the following extract from a recent editorial in that paper. They are certainly anything but complimentary to the non-extension course of the *Tribune*, and those papers, which carefully abstain from attacking slavery where it is.

"Confining the war upon slavery to a mere opposition to its further spread, is like attempting to cure a cancer by applying the corrosive sublimate to parts where its roots might be supposed to extend, instead of applying it to the cancer itself; the result of which would be, that the sound flesh would become irritated, and the cancer, untouched, rage with encouraged malignity and spread its destructive grasp throughout the whole system. So it is in the attempt to confine slavery; the outside opposition only gives more life and energy, and really tends to increase the effects it seeks to overcome.

"Slaveholders bluster about the opposition to the introduction of slavery into the territories; but they have no fears on that account. On the contrary, they are at heart rather pleased with it, as it serves to divert the attention of the people in the free States from slavery itself, and affords food for the malcontents in the south who might otherwise stir up a disension at home on the question of the policy of sustaining the 'institution.' They are content to argue the question of the propriety of extending slavery where it does not now exist, so long as no interference is attempted with their 'slave property' nor no encouragement given to free labor.

"But touch that property—attempt in ever so slight a degree, and ever so mildly, to restore that property to its original rights of manhood and freedom, and you touch the apple of the slaveholder's eye; you inflame not merely his avarice, but you arouse the fiercest and darkest passions of the human soul. He finds no language in which to portray the enormity of your crime, or with which to define the terrible punishment that should fall on your devoted head.

"This shows distinctly what and where the tree is, the tree is Chattel Slavery, which grows and flourishes in the Slave States. The axe must not be struck at the branches or at the trunk, but at the root. The root is the holding of man as property. That is the thing—the principle—and must be reached out, talked out, written out, legislated out of existence. All efforts against slavery that have not this for their primary and final object, are as vain and useless as to blow up handfuls of sand against a strong wind to return upon and sully the garments of their projectors.

There will be two Democratic nominees for the Mayoralty of New York. Fernando Wood is named by one branch of the party, while the Tammany men have nominated ere this Wm. F. Havemeyer; in which case, successful or defeated they will certainly lay—meyer.