

### THE EMEUTE AT HARPER'S FERRY.

This affair, which the papers excitedly call an insurrection, has startled the public mind, from the character of the occurrence itself, and the confused details that have reached the press. It seems to have been at the outset, an attempt to procure a large stampede of slaves, and to have grown, by force of circumstances, into an invasion of these United States and of the commonwealth of Virginia. From the mass of details, we strive to present our readers with a succinct narrative of the facts.

On Sunday night, Oct. 17th, Capt. John Brown, of Kansas, with some nineteen white and four or five free colored men, entered the town of Harper's Ferry, Va., took possession of the United States Armory, into which they took several wealthy slaveholders prisoners. They also took possession of the railroad bridge which crossed the Potomac, put out the lights, cut the telegraph wires, and stopped the train from the west.

So far, not a gun was fired. The conductor of the train, Capt. Phelps, after vainly seeking a pistol or other arms among the passengers, borrowed a rifle from the hotel, with which, from the cars, he fired on those men who were passing to the armory. They returned the fire, without injuring any one.

At 3½ A. M., Captain Cook, of Brown's command, taking a large wagon and team, with a number of slaves and arms, made good his way into the mountains towards the North, and has not since been heard from.

At 6½ A. M., Capt. Anderson, of Brown's command, gave permission to the train to start, which it did, and reached Baltimore. About this time a colored man was shot for refusing to join the invaders. The

people of the town, panic struck, remained shut up in their houses. A party of the invaders held possession of the bridge; another party of five held the armory, in which they entrapped and imprisoned some sixty workmen as they came to their work in the morning, and a third and largest party held the engine room with the prisoners above named.

Between 7 and 12 o'clock, the news having spread, a rush of citizen militia was made towards Harper's Ferry. One party, the Charlestown militia, with a piece of cannon, charged upon the two or three men who guarded the bridge, and drove them into the armory. At noon the tonnage men of the railroad promiscuously armed, and led by Captain Alburta, charged upon the few men who held the armory, drove them off, and liberated the sixty prisoners held therein.

The engine building now contained John Brown, his two sons, some eight or ten others including two colored men, and their slave-holding prisoners, Col. Washington and others. A few shot were fired at and from this place with fatal effect, during the day; but the militia, now amounting to several hundred, kept at a respectful distance, unwilling to use cannon, lest the prisoners should be injured. They kept strict guard all night, and in the morning, at 7½ o'clock, the United States troops, after a vain summons to surrender, under command of Col. Lee, stormed the engine building by breaking in the door with a ladder, and rushing in with bayonets and sabres, losing one man, and killing or mortally wounding two or three of the besieged.

Capt. Brown was laid senseless by a sabre cut on the head and two bayonet wounds in the body. His prisoners were unhurt, and speak in praise of his courtesy and iron courage. One of his sons was

killed and one mortally wounded.

The facts reaching us through a pro-slavery medium, make out this as an attempt at the liberation of the slaves, pure and simple. The newspapers and able editors may talk as they will about the insanity of Capt. Brown, but to us there is something sacred in the madness of this old man and his six sons, one by one shedding their life's blood in the endeavor, however vain, to remove one great national crime.

Let political chicanery, and stilted moralism, and political cowardice, distort these events as their interest may prompt, we feel, for one, that there is some hope for this nation, blood-guilty as it is, when such men are yet found within it; even as there was hope for the city of old, had there been five righteous men found therein.

It will be found, we think, that these men have been stirred up by that "deep religious sentiment," which Daniel Webster foresaw would be the most dangerous foe with which slavery in this land would have to contend. We know that Captain Brown and one of his sons (the noblest man we ever looked upon,) were deeply imbued with this sentiment as the source of their duty.

It is said, in the far off history of India, that the Brahmins entered the Deccan singly, and sought caves in rocks, or the wood, in which singly they took up their abode and began their mission. The rude, wild, barbarous natives hammed them in and killed them for pastime. But no sooner had one been slain than another and another filled his place, a sacred hope and sacred joy beaming from his countenance. To-day Brahminism rules India with a sway which neither Christian arms nor Christian logic can overthrow.

The determination to set free the slaves will not die with the Browns. Henceforth forever there is no peace in the South until the morning of universal emancipation.

Slave Stampedes on the Southern Borderlands

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