JOHN BROWN'S INVASION.

FURTHER INTERESTING INCIDENTS OF THE EXECUTION.

From Our Special Correspondent.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Dec. 3, 1859.

In looking over the note-book of my predecessor just as he was about leaving town, I observed that he had omitted certain matters which are not without considerable interest, and which I will lay before you at this time. Certainly no one who witnessed the scene presented on the field of execution can obliterate it from his memory; for, setting aside the peculiarly memorable event which called it out, the grouping, marching, and deploying of the troops, seen in the bright sunlight, and with so grand a background, would insure its permanency.

The sun arose clear and bright, but was presently lost behind a haze which I thought augured badly for the day. By 9 o'clock, however, almost the entire expanse of the blue heavens was free of clouds, and the thermometer stood so high that, until late in the afternoon, the windows of houses were open, and all the world were sitting on their porches or promenading the streets. I walked out to the field of execution at an early hour to watch all the preliminaries, and secure as good a place as the fears of the military authorities would accord to a peaceful citizen from the North. The timber for the scaffold, all framed ready for erection, was hauled to the ground the evening previous, and at 7 o'clock, the carpenter and his assistants began putting it together. The scaffold was about six feet high from the ground, perhaps twelve feet wide, and fifteen or eighteen long. A hand-rail extended around three sides and down the flight of steps. On the other side, stout uprights, with a cross-beam which was supported by strong braces. In the center of the cross-beam was an iron hook from which the rope was suspended. The trap beneath was arranged to swing on hinges, attached to the platform so slightly, as to break from it when the cord was cut that upheld the trap. The cord, knotted at the end, passed through a hole in the trap, through another hole in the cross-beam, over the corner and down the upright to a hook near the ground, to which it was tied. It will thus be seen, that the weight of the prisoner being upon it, the sheriff had only to cut the cord near the hook, and the trap would fall at once.

The rope used to strangle Brown was only three feet long. It was of hemp, made in Kentucky, and sent in a box to Sheriff Campbell by a planter for this express purpose. Other ropes had been sent from other sections. One made of South Carolina cotton, in Alexandria, has already been publicly noticed. This would have been preferred beyond all others, because of the eminent fitness of the moral it conveyed for the consideration of all sympathizers with this deluded *Abolitionist!* But Providence willed it otherwise; for it was found on trial unable to sustain a much less weight than that of a man's body. Another, almost as great a pet with our Charlestown friends, was of hemp, made in Missouri by the slaves of Mahala Doyle, and sent by her with a particular request that, for the sake of retributive justice, it might be used to hang the man whom she asserts murdered her husband and two sons. This was tried in the balance, but found wanting also. So the precious gift from Kentucky was applied to the purpose.

The rope was arranged so as to give the body a fall of just eighteen inches—scarcely enough it was thought by some, who expressed a desire that Brown might fall ten feet, so as to insure his death beyond a peradventure.

On Thursday afternoon, a corporal and some of his guard went to to the field with a wagon-load of white flags fixed on short stakes, which were stuck in the ground at twenty paces apart all around the lot, in two rows, the rows twenty paces apart. These were intended to mark the posts of the sentries. Other similar flags showed the positions for the Commander-in-Chief, with his staff, the several companies and troops, and a narrow strip on the town side, where worthy and well qualified citizens who came properly vouched for, should be allotted positions. They need not have gone to this latter trouble, however, for when the time for the execution came, the people had been so warned, and bayonetted, and arrested, and scared, and bamboozled by the military, that they generally remained at home. There were not 400 civilians on the ground, and as to the poor country people, they might have been seen from the scaffold, away off on the roads and in fields, at least a mile off, and all under the watchful supervision of valiant troopers and foot soldiers.

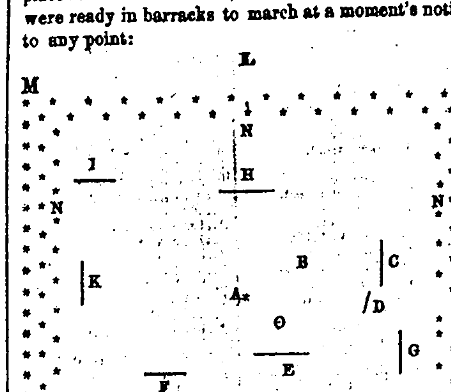
By 9 o'clock the first of the troops came to do their perilous duty. The double line of sentries was arranged, and at the word of command each man in his turn right-faced and forward-marched, and went to pacing up and down his beat, for all the world as if moved by machinery. Cavalry troopers clothed in scarlet jackets sat like statues on their horses at distances of fifty feet from each other, but the lapse of time bringing weariness, they relieved themselves by assuming sundry graceful postures of body, such as hanging a leg over their horse's neck or sitting sidewise like a woman.

Then came an artillery company, with a brass cannon of large size and most approved pattern, which was skillfully pointed so that in the event of an attempted rescue the poor prisoner might be blown into shreds by the heavy charge of grape-shot that lay *perdu* in its cavernous depths. So you see the brave Virginians were determined to vindicate the majesty of the law in any event. This is no joke I assure you. The cannon was actually there, and actually loaded; for I saw it with my own eyes, and felt it with my own hands. This was not the only cannon in question, either, for Capt. Nichols' company had their guns pointed so as to sweep the jail and every approach to it, in case of need; which, considering that the fearful enemy was being quietly hanged at a little distance off, reminded me of dog Noble watching a certain hole after a certain squirrel had run safely from it. I do not speak of the prisoners remaining in jail, for no one feels afraid of them. Brown is the head devil, and almost the only incubus on their breasts.

After the artillery, more cavalry and infantry, and so on until all but the escort were on the ground. The field contains about forty acres, I should say, part of it in corn stubble, but the greater part in grass. The surface is undulating, and a broad hillock near the public road was selected as the site for the gallows, because it would afford the distant spectators a fair view, and place the prisoner so high that if compelled to fire upon him, the soldiers need not shoot each other or the civilians. The field was bounded on the south by the road, on the north by a pretty bit of woodland, and on the remaining two sides by inclosed fields.

The sun shone with great splendor as the prisoner's escort came up, and afar off could be seen the bright-gleaming muskets and bayonets of his body-guard, hemming him in, in close ranks, all about. On the field the several companies glittered with the same sparkle of guns and trappings, and the gay colors of their uniforms, made more intense in the glare, came out into strong relief with the dead tints of sod and woods. Away off to the East and South, the splendid mass of the Blue Ridge loomed against the sky, and shut in the horizon. Over the woods, toward the North-east, long, thin stripes of clouds had gradually accumulated, and foreboded the storm that came in due time; while, looking toward the South, the eye took in an undulating fertile country, stretching out to the distant mountains. All Nature seemed at peace, and the shadow of the approaching solemnity seemed to have been cast over the soldiers, for there was not a sound to be heard as the column came slowly up the road. There was no band of musicians to highten the effect of the scene by playing the march of the dead but with solemn tread the heavy footfalls came, as i those of one man. Thus they passed to their station on the easterly side of the scaffold, and the old man calmly descended from the wagon, mounted the gallows stairs with unfaltering step, and was led to his place on the fatal trap. His unwavering courage is well illustrated in the fact that, when the Sheriff took hold of him to lead him forward under the cross-beam, there was no trembling of body to be noticed, nor anything which would show a weakness, at the very brink of the precipice from which he was about to leap. There he stood, in his dark clothes and blood-red slippers, and with the white hood drawn over his head, for eight minutes, that seemed ages—the cynosure of all eyes on the field and afar off. He, the stone thrown by God into the black and sluggish pool of Slavery; while, ebbing from him in fast-widening circles of sentries and pickets and mounted scouts that surrounded the place for fifteen miles off, went the ripples that he had caused on its bosom.

The following diagram will perhaps convey an idea of the military precautions adopted to insure the death of John Brown; but it must be remembered that the sentries and scouts were formed in cordons around the place for fifteen miles out, and that reserves of troops were ready in barracks to march at a moment's notice to any point:



PUBLIC ROAD.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FIELD.—A, Scaffold; B, Generals and Staff; C, Virginia Cadets; D, Cadet Howitzers, with cannon pointed at scaffold; E, Richmond Company; F, Winchester Continentals; G, Fauquier Cavalry; H, Company A of Richmond; I, Alexandria Riflemen; K, Riflemen, and part of Capt. Ashby's Cavalry, to keep order in the small crowd; J, Hunter's Guard, at entrance gate, supported by a piece of artillery under command of Lieut. Green of the U. S. Marines; L, Woods scoured by the Woods Rifles, to have the first brush at the enemy, if approaching from Harper's Ferry; M M M M, Pickets of the Fauquier Cavalry; N N N N, Two lines of Sentries; O, Petersburg Grays as body-guard to prisoner in wagon.

The field is not more than a half mile from the jail, from the windows of his cell in the second story of which Cook had an unobstructed view of the whole proceedings. He watched his old Captain until the trap fell and his body swung into mid-air, when he turned away and gave vent to his feelings.

The cord cut a finger's depth into Brown's neck, and a considerable distortion of countenance is said to have been produced. This will doubtless decrease as the muscles relax and fall to their natural places again. Brown's hold on life was strong. He did not die easily, judging from appearances, and the testimony of experienced men. The animal heat remained in his body so long, that although it was to have left under escort of a detachment of the Richmond Grays at 5 o'clock, the physicians detained it an hour and a half longer to cool. I heard it suggested by a Captain that a good dose of arsenic should be administered to the corpse to make sure work, and many others wished that at least the head might be cut off and retained by them, since the body was to be embalmed, and, on gorgeous catafalques, carried in procession through Northern cities. This amiable bloodthirstiness is on a par with that of the students at the Winchester Medical College, who have skinned the body of one of Brown's sons, separated the nervous and muscular and venous systems, dried and varnished them, and have the whole hung up as a nice anatomical illustration. Some of the students wished to stuff the skin, others to make it into game pouches. They had better not stuff it, for if the occupant gave them so bad a scare that it requires nearly three thousand troops to quiet them, the very dried skin stuffed with straw would keep them at least in a perpetual tremor.

If there are cowards and blusterers in this part of the country, do not set down all Virginians as such, for I am well assured that there are thousands of stout hearts and strong arms ready at this moment to fight for her soil. No one but a natural fool can see such gray-haired men in arms as are occasionally met in the streets of Charlestown, alongside as brave boys as ever looked into a cannon's mouth, without being sensible of the spirit which actuates some of the troops.

There is a great feeling of exasperation in Jefferson County against Gov. Wise, for two reasons: First, his expressions of contempt for their defeat and imprisonment at Harper's Ferry; and secondly, for sending so much larger force to protect them than was necessary, and thus instituting a military despotism far more stringent than that of France or Russia. Things have got to such a pass that old citizens cannot go from their houses to their stores without danger of several arrests. Farmers wishing to sell produce in town, or purchase necessaries for their families are stopped on the high-road at the point of the bayonet. The usual form is this: "Halt!" "Who comes there?" "A friend, with the countersign." "Advance, friend, and give the countersign." "Trenton." "Pass friend." But the poor friend has to go through this ordeal perhaps every quarter or half mile, and it becomes miserably tiresome before the dozen of eggs are sold or the pound of candles purchased. Gov. Wise's Jefferson-County vote, in case of his nomination, will be infinitessimally small. The village, turn where you will, presents every appearance of a besieged town, what with cannon in the streets, troops marching and parading, sentries pacing to and fro, orderlies hurrying hither and thither, public buildings, offices, churches, and private houses turned into barracks, and around them all the cooking, cleaning of accoutrements, and the thousand other accessories of soldiers' quarters.

There is great want of system in the military arrangements, and in the event of a combined attack at different points, dire confusion would ensue. If my military experience does not go for naught, I must believe that, with the present disposition of the several bodies of troops, a general alarm would result in great slaughter of the soldiers by their own friends. But, fortunately, there will be no occasion to test practically the value of my observation, for no foe will, or probably ever has intended to, attack the troops. It is possible, but not, in my opinion, probable, that if precautions had not been taken, a small band of Brown's comrades might have attempted to carry him off by stratagem. That is all out of the question now, however, for he will disturb no more Virginians, except as his memory may incite to a repetition of his folly.

The newspapers that I have seen at this place make no mention of the fact that, owing to either the stupidity or inexperience of the cavalry escort, they did not fall into position about the gallows for so long a time that the commanding officer, impatient at the delay, and not wishing to keep Brown standing on the trap with the noose about his neck, gave the signal when eight minutes had expired, and the poor man swung off while the troop was passing within a few feet of him. As the trap fell its hinges gave a wailing sort of screech that could be heard at every point on the field. Was this symbolic of the wail of grief that went up at the moment from thousands of friends to the cause of emancipation throughout the land? In the dead stillness of the hour it went to my heart like the wail for the departed that may be heard in some highland glen.

The body once in its coffin and on its way back to the jail, the field was quickly deserted; the cannon limbered up again, rumbled away, and the companies of infantry and troops of cavalry, in solid column, marched away. The body had not left the field before the carpenters began to take the scaffold to pieces, that it might be stored up against the 16th proximo, when it will be used to hang Cook and Coppie together. A separate gallows will be built for the two negroes.

In the direction of Harper's Ferry a mysterious light, as of a Roman candle, or a ball of fire shot high up in air, is to be seen every evening at about 7 or 7½ o'clock. As I was coming down the main street to-night, I distinctly saw it, and on watching for about half an hour, noticed it twice more. The officer with whom I was walking, said the authorities could not discover any cause for it, although strict search had been made. There is a prevailing belief that Abolitionists hovering near—on the mountains, perhaps—will descend some night and burn the town, in retaliation for the execution of Brown, while others are fearful of every box or parcel coming by railway, lest it contain some hand-grenade, or other infernal machine.

The night after the execution has set in dark and stormy. The south wind has brought up a violent storm of rain and sleet, and the prospects are that we shall have to suffer for our last three pleasant days. The poor sentries out in the open fields are having a piteous time of it, and, I have no doubt, think by this time that soldiering in practice is not so *couleur de rose* as drill-room muster or street parade.

The up express train brought, last evening, a package of H. Clay Pate's pamphlet on John Brown and matters connected with the battle of Black Jack, which is intended to vindicate his own character for personal bravery. This document, which for mean blackguardism and scurrilous language is a model of its kind, deserves a special notice. Mr. Pate, with the view of getting Brown and Cook to testify before witnesses in regard to his (Pate's) courage, went to visit them in jail, accompanied by two friends and Capt. Avis. He met the prisoners in a most friendly manner, shaking them heartily by the hand, and appearing to commiserate their imprisonment. Under this guise of amity, this flag of truce as it were, he got them to acknowledge that he had shown personal bravery in their several conflicts. His end once secured, he leaves for the North, and publishes a pamphlet, in which he loads them with every opprobrious epithet that his malice can suggest, calling Brown a greater liar than hell ever held, and Cook a white-livered scoundrel, and other choice appellations. If Mr. H. Clay Pate thinks to establish a renown by such cowardly conduct, he is greatly mistaken; for I have heard ultra Southern men protest against this mean kicking of the dead lion in emphatic terms.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY IN PHILADELPHIA.

From The Philadelphia Sunday Transcript.

The body of John Brown passed through the city yesterday afternoon. It arrived by the Baltimore train, and was met at the depot by a large concourse of people, principally colored. The body came in charge of Mrs. Brown, the widow of the deceased, accompanied by Miller McKim and Messrs. Hector and Tyndall of this city. These persons went to Harper's Ferry with Mrs. Brown, and in all her troubles manifested themselves her friends.

The train by which the body arrived came in from Baltimore, at Broad and Prime streets, at twenty minutes of one o'clock. For half an hour previous, a crowd of colored persons and a few white sympathizers, who, mingling with the usual crowd of carriage and omnibus drivers, baggage smashers, &c., who collect about the station at Broad and Prime streets, blockaded the depot entrance.

A Reception Committee, headed by Dr. Furness, was in attendance, to receive Mrs. Brown and party, at the station; while a large police force was also detailed for service; the Mayor and Chief of Police were present on the arrival of the train, and were gaped at by the crowd in a very decided manner.

When the train came in, Mrs. Brown, with two ladies accompanying her, left the cars and passed down Washington street, leaning on the arm of Mr. Tyndall. At Eleventh street they took a city railway car, and passed up to [illegible]h street. Mrs. Brown will remain in this city until to-morrow, at the house of a friend.

Mrs. Brown is an aged lady, stout and firm in demeanor, and is dressed in mourning.

The removal of the body in safety was a matter requiring some little finesse. The Mayor, we have said, was personally present. The Mayor surveyed the mob of medical students and colored people, and inferred a possibility that a squabble might ensue, and the body be subjected to indignities.

The Mayor now adopted a ruse, rendered all the more necessary in consequence of the espionage of a lot of boys, who climbed to the top of the high fence and reported progress to the crowd that surrounded the building. The Mayor now procured the services of a furniture wagon, drawn by a fifteen-dollar gelding. Into this was placed an old tool chest that belonged to the carpenter at the depot, which was muffled in a horse-blanket, and word was at once passed to the throng by the urchins that Brown's body was about to start. A moment afterward the vehicle appeared, while a shout went up from the multitude that sounded like thunder in miniature. Instanter the mob followed in pursuit. The driver of the vehicle urged his raw-boned steed to the top of his gait, and after him ran the panting people, black and white, all intermingled in indiscriminate confusion. As fast as one lot became "blown" others filled their places, and this indescribably ludicrous scene was prolonged very nearly until the vehicle reached the Camden depot. By that time, however, its followers had wearied, and the driver having received his fee in advance, went about his regular business.

The ruse was a perfect success, and entirely cleared the depot. The body of Brown was then leisurely and decently removed, and conveyed to Camden in a suitable vehicle, from which it was taken to the place of its destination.

It is said, but we know not with what correctness, that when once beyond the reach of medical students and conservative men, the body of Brown will be exhibited to the people of the towns through which it is to pass.

THE BURIAL OF JOHN BROWN.

The body of John Brown, in the care of Mr. J. Miller McKim of Philadelphia, and Mr. Richard P. Hallowell of Boston, and accompanied by Mrs. Brown, left this city yesterday morning. Wendell Phillips, esq., arrived here in the Sunday night train from Boston, and also went North with the persons above named. In the afternoon the following dispatch from Troy was received by Mr. Theodore Tilton of *The Independent:*

"TROY, Dec. 5, 1859.

"On Thursday the body of John Brown will be buried at North Elba, according to his direction.

"WENDELL PHILLIPS.
"J. MILLER McKIM."

OBSEQUIES TO JOHN BROWN.

At Hudson, Ohio, on Friday, the church bells were tolled, and in the evening a meeting was held to make arrangements for a funeral upon the arrival of the remains at that place, as it was supposed they would be interred by the side of those of his parents.

LETTERS FROM JOHN BROWN.

The following was received by his son, Jason Brown of Copley, last week, and he kindly permits it to be published:

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson Co., Va., Nov. 22, 1859.

DEAR CHILDREN: Your most welcome letters of the 16th inst., I have just received, and I bless God, that he has enabled you to bear the heavy tidings of our disaster, with so much seeming resignation and composure of mind. That is exactly the thing I have wished you all to do for me—to be cheerful, and perfectly resigned to the holy will of a wise and good God. I bless His most holy name, that I am (I trust) in some good measure, able to do the same. I am even "joyful, in all my tribulations," even since my confinement, and I humbly trust that "I know in whom I have trusted." A calm peace (perhaps) like that which your own dear mother felt, in view of her last change, seems to fill my mind by day and by night. Of this, neither the powers of "earth or hell" can deprive me. Do not, dear children, any of you, grieve for a single moment on my account. As I trust my life has not been thrown away, so I also humbly trust that my death shall not be in vain. God can make it to be of a thousand times more valuable to His own cause, than all the miserable service (at best) that I have rendered it during my life. When I was first taken, I was too feeble to write much, so I wrote what I could to North Elba, requesting Ruth and Anne to send you copies of all my letters to them. I hope they have done so, and that you, Ellen, will do the same with what I may send to you, as it is still quite a labor for me to write all that I need to. I want your brothers to know what I write, if you know where to reach them. I wrote Jeremiah, a few days since, to supply a trifling assistance, $15, to such of you as might be most destitute. I got his letter, but do not know as he got mine. I hope to get another letter from him soon. I also asked him to show you my letter. I know of nothing you can any of you now do for me, unless it is to comfort your own hearts, and cheer and encourage each other, to trust in God and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent. If you will keep his sayings you shall certainly "know "of his doctrine, whether it be of God or no." Nothing can be more grateful to me, than your earnest sympathy, except it be to know that you are fully persuaded to be Christians. And now, dear children, farewell for this time. I hope to be able to write you again. The God of my Father, take you for His children.

Your affectionate father, JOHN BROWN.

NOTE.—The remittance referred to, was unquestionably intended for Owen Brown, who escaped from Harper's Ferry, but is supposed to be destitute, even of a change of clothing. The significant allusion in the letter, shews that the father was confident of Owen's safety. [Akron Beacon.

Among the more characteristic and interesting of John Brown's letters was the following to a young lady of Springfield, Mass., in whose family he had been a frequent visitor during the past several years:

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson County, Va., 27 Nov., 1859.

MY DEAR MISS ——: Your most kind and cheering letter of the 18th inst. is received. Although I have not been at all low-spirited nor cast down in feeling since being imprisoned and under sentence, which I am fully aware is soon to be carried out, it is exceedingly gratifying to learn from friends that there are not wanting in this generation some to sympathize with me and appreciate my motive, even now that I am whipped. Success is in general the standard of all merit. I have passed my time here quite cheerfully; still trusting that neither my life nor my death will prove a total loss. As regards both, however, I am liable to mistake. It affords me some satisfaction to feel conscious of having at least *tried* to better the condition of those who are always on the under hill side, and am in hope of being able to meet the consequences without a murmur. I am endeavoring to get ready for another field of action, where no defeat befalls the truly brave. That "God reigns," and most wisely, and controls all events, might, it would seem, reconcile those who believe it, to much that appears to be very disastrous. I am one who have tried to believe that, and still keep trying. Those who die for the truth may prove to be courageous at last; so I continue "hoping on," till I shall find that the truth must finally prevail. I do not feel in the least degree despondent, nor degraded by my circumstances, and I entreat my friends not to grieve on my account. You will please excuse a very poor and short letter, as I get more than I can possibly answer. I send my best wishes to your kind mother, and to all the family, and to all the true friends of humanity. And now, dear friends, God be with you all, and ever guide and bless you,

Your friend, JOHN BROWN.

The following letters were read at the sympathy meeting in Shiloh Hall, Philadelphia, on the day of the execution of John Brown:

Extract from a letter to his wife, written by John Brown, about thirteen years ago, on hearing of the death of one of his little children by fire:

* * * "I trust that none of you will feel disposed to cast an unreasonable blame on my dear Ruth on account of the dreadful trial we are called to suffer; for, if the want of proper care in each and all of us has not been attended with fatal consequences, it is no thanks to us. If I had a right sense of my habitual neglect of my family's eternal interests, I should go crazy. I humbly hope this dreadful afflictive Providence will lead us all more properly to appreciate the amazing, unforeseen, untold consequences that hang upon the right or wrong doing of things seemingly of trifling account. Who can tell or comprehend the vast results for good or for evil that are to follow the saying of one little word. Everything worthy of being done *at all, is worthy* of being done in good earnest, and in the best possible manner."

The speaker then read the subjoined letter:

CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON COUNTY, VA., 8th November, 1859.

DEAR WIFE AND CHILDREN, EVERY ONE: I will begin by saying that I have in some degree recovered from my wounds, but that I am quite weak in my back and sore about my left kidney. My appetite has been quite good for most of the time since I was hurt. I am supplied with almost everything I could desire to make me comfortable, and the little I do lack (some articles of clothing, which I lost) I may perhaps soon get again. I am, besides, quite cheerful, having (as I trust) the peace of God which "passeth all understanding" to "rule in my heart," and the testimony (in some degree) of a good conscience that I have not lived altogether in vain. I can trust God with both the time and the manner of my death, believing as I now do, that for me at this time to seal my testimony (for God and Humanity) with my blood, will do vastly more toward advancing the cause I have earnestly endeavored to promote, than all I have done in my life before. I beg of you all meekly and quietly to submit to this; not feeling yourselves in the least *degraded* on that account. Remember, dear wife and children all, that Jesus of Nazareth suffered a most excruciating death on the cross as a felon—under the most aggravating circumstances. Think, also, of the prophets, and apostles, and Christians of former days, who went through greater tribulations than you or I; and (try) to be reconciled. May God Almighty comfort all your hearts, and soon wipe away all tears from your eyes. To him be endless praise. Think, too, of the crushed millions who "have no comforter." I charge you all never (in your trials) to forget the griefs "of the poor that cry, and of those that have none to "help them." I wrote most earnestly to my dear and afflicted wife not to come on for the present at any rate. I will now give her my reasons for doing so. First, it would use up all the scanty means she has, or is at all likely to have to make herself and children comfortable hereafter. For let me tell you that the sympathy that is now aroused in your behalf may not always follow you. There is but little more of the romantic about helping poor widows and their children, than there is about trying to relieve poor "niggers." Again, the little comfort it might afford us to meet again, would be dearly bought by the pains of a final separation. We must part, and I feel assured, for us to meet under such dreadful circumstances would only add to our distress. If she come on here she must be only a gazing stock throughout the whole journey, to be remarked upon in every look, word, and action, and by all sorts of creatures, and by all sorts of papers throughout the whole country. Again, it is my most decided judgment that in quietly and submissively staying at home vastly more of generous sympathy will reach her; without such dreadful sacrifice of feeling as she must put up with if she comes on. The visits of one or two female friends that have come on here have produced great excitement, which is very annoying, and they cannot possibly do me any good. Oh, Mary, do not come, but patiently wait for the meeting (of those who love God and their fellow-men) where no separation must follow. "They shall go no more out forever." I greatly long to hear from some one of you, and to learn anything that in any way affects your welfare. I sent you $10 the other day—did you get it? I have also endeavored to stir up Christian friends to visit and write to you in your deep affliction. I have no doubt that some of them at least will heed the call. Write to me, care of Capt. John Avis, Charlestown, Jefferson County, Va.

"Finally, my beloved, be of good comfort." May all your names be "written on the Lamb's book of life'—may you all have the purifying and sustaining influence of the Christian religion—is the earnest prayer of your affectionate husband and father.

JOHN BROWN.

P. S.—I cannot remember a night so dark as to have hindered the coming day; nor a storm so furious or dreadful as to prevent the return of warm sunshine, and a cloudless sky. But, beloved ones, do remember that this is not your rest; that in this world you have no abiding place or continuing city. To God and His Infinite mercy I always commend you.

Nov. 9 J. B.

THE DAY OF THE EXECUTION.

A correspondent at Waterford, Pa., gives us the following report of the proceedings in that place on the day of John Brown's execution. He says:

"At this moment the bells of this village are tolling the death-knell of John Brown. Every one, except the Democracy, and even many of them, wears a saddened countenance betokening the deep-settled sympathy which they entertain for that unfortunate but brave old man. John Brown was known to many of our citizens, having formerly resided within a few miles of this place, and was known to them as an honest man. Some of the *rampant* Democracy are gnashing their teeth over this demonstration of respect to the martyr of liberty, and even have gone so far as to advise the personal insult of those engaged in them, and the battering down of the churches with cannon. Those bells are now tolling the death-knell of Slavery and Democracy. BRUTUS.

"P. S. It is now half-past 11, and the bells are yet tolling. Some of the sham deacons of the churches, members of the Sham Democratic party, have become exceeding wroth at the testimonial, and have endeavored to kick open the church doors, with the design of expelling the bell-ringers. They threaten to hang Old Brown in effigy."

A correspondent at Middletown, Ct., says:

"The Slave Democracy of this town made an exhibition of their feelings and principles by raising the American flag on a hickory pole, which has been standing on Main street since the last Presidential election. They also endeavored to prevent the tolling of the bells, by retaining possession of the keys. In spite of this, however, a few bold and resolute spirits (of the class called at the South 'greasy mechanics'), entered one of the churches by a window and tolled the bell for some time."

A friend, writing at Ellenville, Ulster County, on the day of the execution, says:

"The bell of the Reformed Dutch Church is now tolling for John Brown's death, and three American flags are hanging on their polls at half-mast."

MISTAKEN IN THEIR MAN.

The following comes to us from a responsible source, and its truth may be depended upon:

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: I see a statement in the special dispatch from Charlestown, published in your paper of Dec. 1, which states that a brother of Coppie, or Coppock, was arrested near Charlestown, Va., Nov. 30, and identified by Cook. I *know* Mr. Cook to be mistaken in the man, for I have shaken hands with Coppie's brother since the morning of the 30th. On that morning he was in Canada. ONE WHO KNOWS.

DR. HOWE AND COOK'S CONFESSION.

From The Boston Transcript.

John A. Andrew, esq., sends us the following explanatory note in regard to a paragraph in the confession of John E. Cook. Mr. Andrew vouches for the correctness of the explanation:

It is only within a few days that I have seen the printed "confession" of John E. Cook. So far as it relates to Dr. S. G. Howe, it is in these words: "I do know that Dr. Howe gave Capt. Brown a breech-loading carbine and a pair of muzzle-loading pistols, all of Government manufacture. They were left either at the house of Capt. Brown or at the school-house where most of the arms were conveyed. At what time and for what purpose they were given to Capt. Brown, I do not know."

The following are the only facts which could furnish any foundation for this statement:

Nearly three years ago, a box with rifle and two pistols were sent to Dr. Howe, as President of the Kansas Committee, directed to be forwarded to Kansas for use in repelling invaders. Capt. John Brown was then in Boston, and was going to Kansas. They were handed to him, for the use and the destination mentioned.

This is susceptible of proof. And from these facts, of which Cook could have had none other than hearsay information, is originated the statement supposed to implicate Dr. H. with the recent transactions at Harper's Ferry. JOHN A. ANDREW.

THE JOHN BROWN MATTER IN THE LEGISLATURE.

The following is the concluding portion of the debate in the Massachusetts Legislature upon the John Brown matter:

Mr. Atwill of Lynn thought it was unnecessary for the House to express an opinion upon John Brown and his acts, and that it ought to go on with the business of the session.

Mr. Robinson of Middleboro' was opposed to adjournment, at any rate, and he was unwilling to say that John Brown was right, though he respected him, and thought his motives were good. On this principle he hoped the preamble of the motion would be struck out.

Mr. Spofford said he was surprised at the position of the gentleman from Malden. He had seen a notice that he would speak at a meeting this evening in honor of John Brown. If Brown had done his duty, then it was proper for the House to adjourn. The gentleman had said that this was not a political question. What else is it? The other day a gentleman died in New-York (Mr. Irving) who had done more for the country than a million John Browns; but nobody proposed to do honor to him.

If the House is disposed to do honor to John Brown and his acts, let it do so manfully and boldly. Let no gentlemen who have likened his gallows to the cross, skulk behind any technicalities or any pretense that it is not a political question. Mr. Spofford, in conclusion, acknowledged that he was in a heat, and he thought there was need of it. He was speaking for the Union and the Constitution as well as for his constituents.

Mr. Wentworth satirized Mr. Spofford's exhibition of zeal for the Constitution and Union, but he thought it unnecessary. We are all for the Constitution and the Union. Without expressing any opinion as to the precise meaning of the preamble—whether it indorsed John Brown's acts, or merely praised his piety and fidelity to duty—he thought it not wise to adopt the preamble, or to adjourn. John Brown is to be executed to-day. Let Virginia take the responsibility; and let it not be said that she executed Brown on account of the exhibitions of Northern sympathy for him.

Mr. Griffin said the gentleman (Mr. Spofford) seemed to infer a treasonable inference in the resolution. It was not the Legislature of Massachusetts which entertains the treason. The telegraph tells us daily where the treason is lurking. The gentleman from Newburyport can do no better when his services here are closed, than to make tracks for South Carolina. He called the gentleman's attention to the resolutions of the South Carolina Legislature, proposing to establish a Southern Confederacy, and the remarks of the Governor on it.

This furnishes a beautiful theme for the gentleman from Newburyport. Where can his young head find greener pastures than this? Why should he spend his breath here with these fanatics when his brethren of South Carolina are willing to take up arms for the overthrowing of this Constitution? He is needed in South Carolina. They are crying for him, as babies down town are said to be crying for worm lozenges. [Laughter.]

Mr. Griffin had high views of John Brown, and his value to the race, but this was not the place to express these views. In other places it may be done. Had there been a motion to adjourn out of respect to Washington Irving he would have opposed it. He renewed the motion to indefinitely postpone.

Mr. Tucker of Boston condemned severely Brown's wicked and uncalled for folly; he pitied his rash madness. Perhaps if Mr. Griffin was in Virginia he would not sneer at the men of that State. If he was there he might not do it. Mr. Tucker called the attention of the gentleman to the killing of Batchelder, at the time of the Burns surrender, and alluded to the Worcester-County men surrendering their banner to two Boston policemen, as showing their bravery.

What, he asked, is left to the Southern men to do, but to make a Southern Confederacy? They are driven to it in self-defense. Read the articles of the fanatical wanderings and ravings of the Boston press. The Southern press is mild, compared with them. What good have all your ravings been to your Union; or what relief has it been to one slave? Not any. But it has destroyed the peace of the country, and done only injury.

The gentleman from Lowell, with his usual cunning, says it's only John Brown and his seventeen followers. Does he mean to say Brown would have attempted it if he hadn't promise of succor from without. He knows Brown was prompted to it by the coward Dr. Howe and others. John Brown was not insane as he was said to be. There was method in his madness. The gentlemen knew better than to say it was only John Brown and his seventeen followers.

Mr. Wentworth explained that he said Brown and his followers made a pitched battle and stood a regular siege.

Mr. Tucker—Well, it's easy enough to do that, because they had taken the United States Arsenal. [Laughter.]

Mr. Beals of Weymouth opposed the motion to adjourn.

Mr. Upton of Salem moved the previous question.

The Chair decided that the motion to indefinitely postpone was not in order.

The House refused to adjourn at 1 o'clock.

The motion to strike out the preamble was carried by a vote of 104 to 34.

The question recurring on the motion to adjourn, the House refused the Yeas and Nays, and then rejected the motion by a vote of 6 Yeas to 141 Nays.

CARD OF THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: The special reporter who represented your journal at Charlestown during the last few days of John Brown, made, no doubt unintentionally, an incorrect statement in regard to the representatives of the press who had any privileges extended to them at that place, by saying, "Mr. Leslie alone, having made "explanations, had been admitted to favor." As this statement is calculated to do us considerable injury, since it must necessarily give rise to the supposition that neither we nor the proprietors of other pictorial journals would be in a position to give any but fancy sketches of the scenes attending the execution, we think ourselves justified in appealing to your fairness to state, through the medium of your columns, that our artists met with every favor at Charlestown, inasmuch as they were provided with documents to prove the very peaceable purpose they went there for, and that, being enrolled among the military who surrounded the scaffold, they had ample opportunity to do at least as much as any of their brother artists.

We remain, gentlemen, yours, very respectfully,
J. WARNER CAMPBELL & Co.

Office New-York Illustrated News, No. 63 Ann street, Dec. 3, 1859.

WHAT CHARLESTOWN CORRESPONDENTS SAY.

From The Baltimore Sun.

THE OLD MAN'S BODY AGAIN.

A letter was received last night from Governor Wise, containing the request that our high sheriff would, after the execution of John Brown, forward his body under a strong escort to Harper's Ferry, there to be subject to the orders of those who have the right to take his remains in charge. Brown has written to his wife, requesting her to come on, provided she has fortitude enough to undergo the terrible ordeal. He continues in apparent good spirits, and says he wants no minister to accompany him to the scaffold, nor does he want the mockery of prayers.

JOHN BROWN, JR.

A young man supposed to be John Brown, jr., son of Osawatomie, has been arrested at Charlestown, and committed.

THE EXCITEMENT.—About 1 o'clock last Friday night the Alexandria Artillery, numbering some 40 men, with two pieces of cannon, under command of Maj. Duffey, arrived in this place via Manassas Gap Railroad and Winchester. They were sent here in consequence of a rumor which had gone to Charlestown and thence telegraphed to Gov. Wise, that some 250 armed men had encamped at Berry's Ferry, in this county. Immediately upon their arrival, part of them, accompanied by a number of our citizens, set out for the "encampment," as well as for the purpose of a general search throughout the county. In the morning the balance of them, accompanied by a number of the Clarke Guards, started out to join those who had gone before.

They all returned about dark, without finding anything suspicious, or arresting any one. They searched several houses—among them the unoccupied tenement of the notorious John C. Underwood—but found nothing worthy of consideration. Upon application for entrance into the house of a known Abolitionist, the wife of the man living there (her husband being absent) seized an ax and defied their entrance. They finally wrested the weapon from her grasp, but not without first giving her a bayonet wound on the arm.

Thus ended the excitement for the day; and a messenger having arrived from Charlestown in the evening bearing orders for the artillery to repair to that place as soon as possible, they left here at a late hour on Saturday night for that point.

[Berryville (Va.) Conservator.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

CORTLANDVILLE, N. Y., Dec. 3, 1859.

Some two or three hundred citizens of this place assembled at Reynolds's Hall, in this village yesterday, for the purpose of expressing their views upon the Harper's Ferry affair. Speeches were made by the Rev. W. A. Bartlett of Brooklyn, Charles D. Mills of Syracuse, the Rev. Wm. H. Fish, independent minister, and the Rev. D. W. Thurston, Methodist, of this village. Resolutions strongly denunciatory of the institution of Slavery, and of the wrongs perpetrated by the Slave Power upon Northern Freemen, and of sympathy with the family of the old hero, were discussed and passed by the meeting.

The meeting was adjourned to the 16th inst.

Yours, &c.