The Conflict in America.

A

FUNERAL DISCOURSE

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF

JOHN BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE,

WHO ENTERED INTO REST,

From the Gallows, at Charlestown, Virginia, Dec. 3, 1859.

Preached at the Warren St. M. E. Church, Roxbury, Dec. 4, by

REV. FALES HENRY NEWHALL.
PASTOR.

BOSTON:
J. M. HEWES, 81 CORNHILL.

SOLD BY J. P. MAGEE, 5 CORNHILL; IN BOSTON, BY JOHN BADKUF.

1859.
The Conflict in America.

A

FUNERAL DISCOURSE

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF

JOHN BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE,

WHO ENTERED INTO REST,

From the Gallows, at Charlestown, Virginia, Dec. 2, 1859.

Preached at the Warren St. M. E. Church, Roxbury, Dec. 4, by

REV. FALES HENRY NEWHALL,

PASTOR.

BOSTON:

J. M. HEWES, 81 CORNHILL.

SOLD BY J. P. MAGEE, 5 CORNHILL; IN ROXBURY, BY JOHN BACKUP.

1859.
INTRODUCTORY EXERCISES.

The Scripture lesson was the 44th Psalm, commencing
"We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us,
what work thou didst in their days, in the times of old."
After which was read the following hymn of Charles Wesley:

"Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare’s past;
The battle’s fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last.

Of all thy heart’s desire
Triumphantly possessed;
Lodged by the ministerial choir
In thy Redeemer’s breast.

In condescending love,
Thy ceaseless prayer he heard,
And bade thee suddenly remove
To thy complete reward.

O, happy, happy soul!
In ecstasies of praise,
Long as eternal ages roll,
Thou seest thy Saviour’s face."
DISCOURSE.

Judges 16:30.

"And Samson said, Let me die with the Philistines. And he bowed himself with all his might; and the house fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were therein. So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life."

The execution of John Brown sets forth in bold, clear relief the mortal conflict between Christianity and American Slavery. The smouldering fires carefully trodden down for years and generations, here burst forth in a volcano blaze, that rises as if to "lick the stars." There is a shaking of statesmen and States over all the nation, a throbbing of telegraphic wires from centre to circumference, a swaying to and fro of vast populations, a rushing of armed squadrons along the national highways, and all to tread down that flame that comes roaring "up from the burning core below." Christianity and Slavery have been trying to live together in America. Churchmen and Statesmen, Synods and Conferences, Tract Societies and Missionary Societies, (alas! that a Christian and Christian minister should be forced to speak the humiliating words!) have striven to train them into brotherly har-
mony. It is as if men should strive to build a house of gunpowder upon a foundation of fire; as if they should strive to train the lightnings to sport harmlessly in a magazine. To understand this event, and rightly read its lessons, we must understand this conflict in all its fierceness and magnitude. Here is a simple, faithful, heroic Christian man drawing the sword upon American Slavery, and cheerfully dying in the conflict. Christianity and Slavery, these two sworn eternal foes, are drawn up face to face in this land in battle array; and the campaign is one in which the one or the other is certain to perish. John Brown has fallen in the fight; no man can understand why he fell, who does not understand what that enemy is against whom he drew the sword, and what that Christianity is which nerved his heart. Let us look, for a few moments, at that enemy.

We talk much of slavery, and think we understand it; yet though the word is in every body's mouth, not one man in a thousand reflects what it really is. It is not a sectional institution now, it is a national institution. Within a few years it has been made the sin of the nation, by the combined action of the three great departments of the United States government,—the National Congress, Executive, and Judiciary. President Buchanan claims it as a national institution, and coolly wonders how any body ever doubted it. The Supreme Court has officiously volunteered its decision that we, citizens of Massachusetts, are not merely connected with slaveholding States by the Federal Union, but we are citizens of a slaveholding nation. I am not, then, speaking to you of the sins of Carolina and
Mississippi, but as an American citizen I speak of the sins for which you and I are responsible, and for which you and I must answer as sure as there is a God in heaven. I shall not dress the subject in any colors of rhetoric; slavery is seen best in naked ugliness. Take a bare, dry schedule of what the slave code demands of the slave and allows the master; of what it must demand and allow in order to live a day.

1. Now the kernel of Slavery is in three words,—Property in Man. Admit that it is ever right for one man to own another, and all the barbarities of the most atrocious slave code legitimately follow. Now if you own a thing you own all there is of it; and if you own a man you own all there is of him,—you own his body and his soul, his blood, bones and brain. You own his hand, and all his hand can make and earn; you own his head and all his head can think, he has no right to think but for you; his heart and all his heart can feel, he has no right to feel but for you. If you take a deed of a lot of land, you take therein a deed of all the fruit that may drop on it, of all the birds that may fly over it, of all the minerals that may ever be found under it; and if you can legally take a deed of a man, all that man’s rights and privileges are therein deeded to you and your heirs forever.

2. It is, of course, absurd then to talk about a slave’s property; the law cannot allow him any. It is true, that in loose, careless phrase, we talk about his hoe and axe, his clothes and even his cabin or garden-patch, just as we talk about a horse’s blanket and stable. It is the owner’s blanket on the horse, and the master’s clothes on the back of the slave. The law does
not allow the slave to call any thing his. Yes, there is not one thing on all the earth or in all the heaven of which the slave code allows him to say, "This is mine!"

3. He has no family; he can have none. It is as absurd to talk about "his wife and children" as "his cabin and garden." He may live with a woman called his wife, but the law recognizes no such relation in a slave. Whatever rights he may have had as a husband or father were deeded to the master with the bill of sale. Tender and sympathizing masters there are, I rejoice to own for the honor of human nature, but all the kindness of the kindest master cannot make a slave a husband. The law makes marriage exactly as impossible to him as to a horse. A slave woman does not, cannot own her children, they belong to her master. She has no right to train or educate them, no right to love them, they are her master's (in the eye of the law) just in the same sense that his colts and calves are his. They are his stock, she raises stock for her master.

4. He has no citizenship. It would be strange enough for property to have political rights, to vote, prosecute, and defend itself in the courts. It would be strange enough to see property prosecuting its owner! Hence to a judge and jury a slave is no more than a horse, he can no more appeal to the ballot box than can the cattle. And all this must be; let it be noted, all this is just and right, if it is ever right for one man to own another.

5. He has no God. You start, but it is true; the
slave code allows the slave no God but his master. He must worship what his master bids him worship—so says the law—God or idol, or no God—if the master so command. Duty is what the master bids him do—he has no right to any conscience. He must blaspheme at every breath, and break every command of law or gospel if the master so command; so says the slave-code. And this too must be, this is right, if it is ever right for man to own man. Men who dwell in comfortable homes, amid the prattle of laughing children, who worship weekly on elegant cushions and carpets, tell us that the slave ought meekly to suffer, and obey these laws till the Lord's time of deliverance comes. Have you ever reflected that a man cannot obey these laws and be a Christian? If not, think of it now. Can a man do what the slave code bids him do and be a Christian? Now mark it, if there is any truth in this gospel, obedience to the slave code secures the damnation of the slave! A slave must disobey these laws, in a word be rebellious, in heart if not in deed, to save his soul. When Uncle Tom is commanded to stop praying or die—and this his master may command for any whim at any moment—then the time has come for Uncle Tom to choose between his master and his God; to choose his master, and lose his soul, or choose his God—and die. But this is not all.

6. Where there is property in man there must be markets for human stock; slave auctions with all their atrocious and sickening details, coffles and chain gangs, stock fanciers, stock breeders, with ten thousand other equally disgusting consequences, which my tongue would refuse to speak and your refined ears refuse to
hear. Yet it is silly squeamishness for any man or woman to recoil from any of these consequences who believes that there can be "property in man."

Finally. It would be inconsistent for a code of laws which recognizes this relation, not to arm the master with power to enforce his claims. Great and astonishing as are these claims, his power must equal them or he cannot be a master. Hence the master must crush the intellect of the slave, or cease to be a master. Ignorance must be enforced by statute, or slavery will cease. Let the mental faculties be quickened by education, and how long would a man remain a slave? To teach slaves to read is to teach them their manhood, it is to teach them sedition and rebellion. No slave could be safely trusted with the bible. The master had better put loaded revolvers into his hand than ideas into his head; he had better turn him loose and bid him help himself in the Springfield arsenal than in the Cambridge library.

For a man who has no rights to be allowed to defend himself, under any circumstances, would be absurd enough. It is right for a man to whip a refractory horse, and as a refractory man is a thousand times more dangerous animal, his punishment must be a thousand times more severe. A true man will not yield up his manhood, a true woman will not surrender her womanhood without a terrible conflict, in which blows and blood may be but trivial incidents. And let it be remembered that any caprice of passion, or the merest whim of fancy on the part of the master, is to be absolute law to the slave, from which there is no appeal except to the Almighty Judge, at the great assize. If
the claims of the master are just, then it is just to enforce them by all necessary means and instruments, by the lash, fetter and faggot. Scourging and torture are not abuses of slavery, they are inevitable if the system is to be maintained. If necessary to maintain his authority over the slave, the master may whip, torture, kill him; hunt him through the swamps with rifles and blood-hounds, and offer for him high rewards dead or alive. And all this I repeat again is inevitable, all this is just and right, if it is right for man to be the property of man.

This is the essence of American Slavery; this long chain of abominations, you will see is firmly linked and locked together, each to the next, and all to the first, property in man. Have I shocked and disgusted you? Is it a shame to speak of these things in this decent and solemn place? Tell me then in the name of the Lord what is it for a great nation to do these things, to strain every nerve and sinew to perpetuate them, for great churches to defend them so as to fasten this curse upon the African, upon his seed, and upon his seed’s seed forevermore? Had all hell sat in conclave for ages, the assembled devils could not have devised a crime which more thoroughly sucks the juice out of all other crimes, which in a more thorough-going and workmanlike manner breaks all the commandments of God, from the first word of the law to the last word of the gospel. This is the institution against which John Brown felt it his duty to draw the sword.

I have said that there was a mortal conflict between this system and Christianity. You all know what Christianity is, for you all have read the New Testa-
ment; and therefore I will not insult your common sense by attempting to prove that they are irreconcilably hostile to each other. Doctors of divinity have spent their strength and learning to prove that the bible endorses American Slavery, but such divines make infidels faster than an army of Humes and Paines. For if you will prove to me clear as these sunbeams that the bible sanctions this crime, that moment you have made the bible worthless to me, you have demonstrated to me that God never wrote it, that it bears a lie on its title page, and reverence for my Heavenly Father bids me throw it into the furnace. Sit down and convince me that God approves slavery as it is in America to-day, and when you have succeeded you have made me an atheist. Where Baal or Moloch were gods, slavery might harmonize with the national religion; but where Jehovah is God, Christ the Saviour, and the bible the revelation, the man who says that God approves this crime of crimes blasphemes Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

I have called this a national institution. As our distinguished Senator, (whom God preserve) has so ably shown, when our national flag was first flung to the breeze, it did not on the national domain float above a single slave. Now wherever it floats it protects and defends the abomination. Then it was protected by certain States, but nowhere by the nation; now the national ægis shelters it everywhere. First, all for Freedom, now all for Slavery. The American government to-day is a mere instrument of the slave power. It has coiled its slimy folds round the American church. It sits in the Tract House at New York
and corrects proof sheets for the American Tract Society. It runs its eye over Harris’ Mammon, detects an allusion to slavery, and the sentence is struck out in a moment. The memoir of a sweet Scottish girl alludes to the beautiful and touching fact that she was accustomed to pray in secret for the slave, and the line is blotted that tells the tale. The great Methodist church began by declaring slavery “the sum of all villainies.” But soon the leprosy began to appear among its membership, spread among the clergy, and at last, lo! a leprous spot on the face of a bishop, and then the church recoiled. In solemn conference assembled, the church gathered around him, looked on the sign of the plague, and mildly apprised him, in cautious, dainty phrase, that until rid of his “impediment,” he would not be acceptable as a presiding officer. The Slave Power caught the words, rose in wrath, laid its talons on the Methodist church and broke it in twain. And all this is consistent with its very genius. In order to live, it must be as unscrupulous as Satan himself, relentless as fate, cruel as the grave. Kidnapping in Africa or America, Kanzas outrages, Lecompton messages, Sumner assaults, Dred Scott decisions—all these things are necessary to the very existence of slavery.

And be it remembered that in still another sense it is a national institution. The whole nation has shared its profits. Northern avarice and covetousness are interested in its perpetuation. Northern merchants and capitalists have too often taken the lion’s share of these wages of sin, this price of blood. Slavery is loved in Boston as well as in Savannah, in New York as well as in New Orleans; it has strong fortresses in
State Street and in Wall Street: The nation has stuffed cotton into its ears, and refused to hear the clank of the setters, the long, agonizing wail of breaking hearts.

And now,—these words may sound awful in your ears, but they come from my heart,—if God had sent plague, cholera, famine upon those cities whose wealth has been coined from the sinews of the slave, we could but bow in meekness and say, "it is just." Had God made the grass to grow in State Street, had he made the wharves and warehouses to rot that have been piled with the products of unrequited toil, had he levelled the granite piles which our merchant princes have built, and filled up with the ruins that harbor where once the accursed Acorn lay, had he made those pavement stones slippery with blood over which Anthony Burns was marched back to servitude, we could but say, "O God! this is dreadful, but thou art just! The cup of trembling which we and our fathers mingled for others, is it not pressed to our own lips?" So is that panic dreadful in which the whole South palpitates to-day. I have no disposition to jest and sneer at it as do many. It is ridiculous to us, but fearfully real to them. Virginia mothers clasp their babes to their bosoms with shrieks of terror at the sound of an unexpected footfall by night, every meteor is a battle signal, the mountains and forests are peopled with phantom warriors, they see the rod of the destroyer trembling on high, they see the fingers of a man's hand writing MENE, NEM, on the wall of their banquet chamber. God forbid that I should deride their terrors. But are the tears of that planter's wife any more precious in the
sight of God than the tears of that slave woman who
sinks under the overseer's lash close by? What though
the first born should fall slain on every hearth that has
been laid in the blood of the slave, and from every
one of those homes there should go up one morning a
great and bitter cry like that of old, would it stir any
deep sympathy on high than that which has been
rising unheeded through all these years from planta-
tion, swamp and cabin? For years and generations
God has been bottling these tears, and if he returns
them to us in showers of blood, who will dare to mur-
mur at his justice? The tears and the blood of the
strong and of the weak, of the white and of the black,
are alike to Him "who hath made of one blood all
nations of men."

In my mind the question whether John Brown did
right in drawing the sword in Kanzas is included in
that other question,—Is it ever right to fight? Admit
that it can ever be justifiable to draw the sword, and
it will be hard to prove that John Brown did wrong.

Kanzas was thrown into a state of civil war through
the disgraceful imbecility of the National Government,
and its shameful subserviency to the slave power.
The peaceful settlers could get no protection from the
nation against reckless marauders, who burned their
homes, sacked their towns, destroyed property and
life. They were forced to fight or fly; Brown chose
to fight for his sons and his property. He was right,
if it is ever right to draw the sword. Kanzas looks
upon him as a deliverer.

At Harper's Ferry he tells us his purpose was sim-
ply to liberate slaves on a large scale. This we are
bound to believe, for all know that John Brown was
too brave a man to lie. Had there been a reasonable
prospect of success, his attempt would have been
right; but he certainly expected success, and, there-
fore, to him it was right, though as we see the odds
against such an attempt, it would be wrong for you
and me. Success would have made his “monomania”
and “fanaticism” Napoleonic strategy.

He defends himself better than I or any other man
can defend him. He calmly tells the jury who con-
victed him, that had he done for them, their wives and
children, what he did for “God’s despised poor,” it would
have been all right. This defence is impregnable.
Had John Brown done precisely the same act to save
the white man from the tyranny of the black man,
successful or unsuccessful, the deed would have been
sung and celebrated as heroic with the deeds of Hamp-
den and Warren. Had he been a black man fighting
for his own race, some say, it would have been right.
But John Brown believed the Bible, which makes no
distinction of races, and declares that God “hath made
of one blood all nations of men.”

But was he not a rebel, guilty of sedition and trea-
son? Yes, all this. But we are to remember that the
words “rebel” and “treason,” have been made holy in
the American language. Are not our children fed on
revolutionary reminiscences which make “rebel” and
“patriot” synonymous in their childish apprehension?
What means that stone and that tablet at Lexington,
that inscription which patriots come from the ends of
the earth to read, commencing, “Sacred to liberty and
the rights of mankind”? It means that eight Massa-
achusetts rebels dashed themselves against an empire on that village green, and that Massachusetts is proud of their very ashes. What means that monumental bronze on Court Square? It means that we glory in the treason of that arch rebel Benjamin Franklin, "who snatched the lightning from heaven and the sceptre from tyrants." What mean those massive granite blocks that are piled on Bunker Hill? It means that we glory in the deed of those rebels who knelt in a trench there one June morning, under the glare of burning Charlestown, to salute with powder and bullets the soldiers of their "rightful sovereign," and waited, the fowling piece to the shoulder and the finger on the trigger, till they could see the whites of their eyes! I do not say that Massachusetts has any right to glory in those deeds as she does, but I do say that she has no right to glory in the treason of Hancock, Adams and Franklin, as noble and Christian, and then brand the treason of John Brown as infamous. Yea, is not his deed nobler than the deed of him whom you, citizens of Roxbury, are so proud to call an ancestor, as you exultingly tell the stranger that here the hero Warren was born, and on this street, close by this sanctuary, he first drew the breath of life? Which is nobler, more Christian, to strike a blow for myself or for others oppressed? Posterity will marvel at the heathenism of Christian America, the children will be ashamed of the heathenism of their fathers, which gave Warren a statue and John Brown a gibbet. Brown, fighting for the negro against the white man, is precisely parallel with Byron fighting for the Greeks against the Turks, with Kosciusco and Lafayette
fighting with our fathers against the British. His deeds take rank with theirs in self-devotion and heroism; history will write their names on the same page; poetry will weave them in the same garland. Brown made mistakes,—he saw them himself when too late,—great, grave mistakes, but they were mistakes of the head, not of the heart. His heart was true to God and man through all. And, therefore, I rejoice to believe that between eleven and twelve o’clock last Friday forenoon he heard from the Judge of all flesh the words, “Well done! good and faithful servant”

I would now say something of John Brown’s character as a man and as a Christian; for it is in the light of that character that we see the mortal conflict of which I have spoken between Christianity and American Slavery. The broad blaze of that character, lustrous in the glory of Christianity, suddenly falls upon this abomination, draws thither the gaze of all the world, and at a flash reveals every horrid limb and feature, from the foot planted in the depths of hell, to the head that “dares affront the throne of God.” This grim, grisly Moloch had lain in the dark, wallowing in the blood of his victims; John Brown passes by and his character falls on the monster in a flash of radiance, and at the same instant the whole panic-stricken South in its spasm of terror, unwittingly shouts to the world, “Look there! behold our God!”

It is unnecessary for me to attempt to delineate his character at length—you all know it, for it is transparent. A few months ago most of us thought of him as a bold, rough, reckless outlaw, embittered by the loss
of his property, and the loss of his sons in Kanzas. Had he been shot down in the engine-house at Harper's Ferry, that would have been our mental daguerreotype of old Ossawattomic. But God did not allow that cowardly United States lieutenant, who could smite a man disarmed and prostrate, to take his life; he would first show his face to the land and to the world. And all who have looked on that face, friend or foe, have looked with awe and admiration. How strange! how sublime is John Brown's victory at Harper's Ferry! He conquered all that looked upon his face. How all around dwarfed into insignificance in the presence of that old wounded prisoner doomed to a felon's death! What man in a million could have won such a victory? He stood like a born prince among them; every word, look and gesture showed him to be of the royal line. He seemed predestinated for the spot, by education, associations and ancestry, fore-ordained for the hour.

There is in his character such a beautiful simplicity, that every word and act opens a window in his bosom through which you see the man to the very core. Inflexible purpose and Spartan courage were written on every lineament of his face, while yet a childlike artlessness played over every feature, and lofty Christian faith blended with the lightning decision that flashed from his eye. He was of the old Puritan stock; his fifth ancestor was Peter Brown of the Mayflower and of Plymouth Rock. The spirit of Dunbar and Naseby had come throbbing through these ancestors to his soul. His grandfather was a captain in the revolution, and he himself when a boy stood by his father
to witness General Hull's surrender. Thus did he draw in with his mother's milk the love of freedom and the fear of God. His soul was steeped in revolutionary memories, and his childish imagination was peopled with the martyrs of religion, and the martyrs of freedom, side by side. As Hannibal, when a child swore upon the altar eternal hatred to Rome, his country's enemy, so he in his very childhood, vowed to hate and fight through life his country's fiercest mortal foe—American Slavery. Early in life he learned to fear and love the God of his fathers, solemnly devoted head, heart and hand to God, and took upon himself the holy vows of the Christian life and the Christian church. Through all his life those who most intimately knew him declare that he maintained his Christian profession unwavering. The old English bible was ever his dearest book, his memory was filled with its passages, his speech and letters were studded with its phrases, his heart was aglow with its spirit. Morning and evening, as regularly as the morning and evening meals, the great family bible was opened, God's goodness was praised and his presence implored, that that house and those hearts might be his dwelling-place.

And with this ancestry, this early training, this education and this religion, every word that fell from his lips on the ear of the American public, from the hour he was taken up from the blood-stained floor and laid on the grass in front of the engine-house, to the hour on the scaffold—with all this I say, every word from that moment to the last was perfectly consistent. His letters, his conversation with friend and foe, his brief sublime appeal to the moral consciousness of judge and
jury in the presence of death, all breathe the same artless simplicity, the same adamantine firmness, the same unflinching courage, the same lofty Christian faith. He shows the hero and Christian from first to last, as easily and naturally as he draws his breath.

He tells us that his first Sabbath in prison was the "sweetest, most blessed Sabbath of all his life!" Think of it! old, wounded, death by the gallows inevitable, infuriated enemies glaring on him through the single grated window—yet there reclines the old man calmly reading his bible and enjoying the "sweetest, most blessed Sabbath of all his life. "My soul is among lions," writes the old man, "but it rejoices in the Lord." When a lady visitor in his cell alluded, with a woman's delicacy and tenderness, to his ignominious sentence, the old hero and martyr quietly replies in immortal words, "I do not think I can better serve the cause I love so much than to die for it." She then sympathized with his wounds and his weakness, lamented the tediousoesness of his forced inactivity, and remarked how trying it must be for so active a man, with such great designs in his heart, to lie on his back in a prison, and asked if he had no fears that through this weakness he might waver in his faith. He calmly replied, with Christian modesty, "I cannot tell 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." Yet there is no parade of bravery, no ostentation whatever. He comes forth from the close, dark prison, and his eye once more, and for the last time, glances over earth and sky, and he remarks on the beauty of the scenery while riding
on his coffin to the gallows! He recognizes acquaintances about him, and bids them a cheerful “Good morning;” as he passes on. He looks around, with soldier-like approval, upon the trained movements of the military, and with a soldier’s ear enjoys their measured tread. He is the first to mount the scaffold, and, rock to the last, sternly declines to listen to the prayers of a slaveholding ministry. As he stands there he wears the halter on his neck like a garland of glory. And when at last the drop fell, and he hung—between the heavens and earth, he made the gallows glorious in America. Yes, henceforth it is no disgrace to die on a gibbet in this land. As the Holy One, whose steps he followed, and who died for others the death of a slave, made the barbarous cross a glorious thing from the moment his hand was nailed to its rugged wood, so this, his worshipper and follower, when he gave his life cheerfully there for the millions of God’s despised poor in this land, consecrated the gibbet on this American soil. All the world gazes on that body, as it swings lifeless on the gallows tree, and asks, “Who hangs there?” The answer comes from a whole race, out of the millions of their tropic hearts, “It is the man who loved us enough to die for us.” The answer rolls from land to land, “It is a son of the Pilgrims, a son of the Revolutionary patriots, and a son whom friend and foe will say was worthy of his sires.” It is a tender father, a devoted husband, a heroic Christian patriot, a man who loved his despised fellow man so deeply that he could cheerfully die for him, it is a man who loved his God with such devoted love, and trusted his God with such lofty faith that men called him a
maniac. "What!" cries the world in amazement, "is it for such a man that the gallows stands in America? Are such men hung on the gibbet there? Who, then, do the Americans think fit to live? How is it that a man must die on the gibbet there who is acknowledged by his fiercest foes to be a hero and a Christian." And one answer rolls round the world, "He dies because American Slavery demands it. He, and such as he must die for slavery to live." And then our nation asks, is asking to-day,—this John Brown's first Sabbath in heaven,—"which is worth the most to us, slavery or a man, a hero, a Christian like Brown of Ossawattomie?" That question is asked in millions of homes to-day, it is pondered in the minds of statesmen, it is burning in myriads of Christian hearts this Sabbath morning, and mark it, when once that question is fairly asked through all the land, it is answered in a thunder roll from Atlantic to Pacific, from Lake to Gulf, and slavery is doomed. Last Friday morning, when John Brown was swung from the gallows, American Slavery felt that pinioned hand strike a blow to its very heart; it trembled with a horror it never felt before. Had not God smitten the slaveholders with judicial blindness, they would have built John Brown a palace, clothed him in fine linen, and fed him sumptuously every day, rather than ever have allowed him to mount that scaffold. He was content to "die with the Philistines," when he could slay more of them at his death than in all his life.

True, he had laid them heaps upon heaps. He had driven them before him like frightened sheep, from border to border, over the plains of Kanzas. But he
made a mistake,—for an instant, a fatal instant, faith changed to presumption; for a moment that keen, wakeful eye slumbered, and they stole behind him and sheared his locks. And then they clutched him, and looked into the eye whose glance had scattered them a thousand times, and cried, "Ha! it is he! it is Samson of Ossawattomie! Praised be Baal! Glory to Dagon!" and they bound him and led him away. They shouted through Gath and Ascalon, "we have caught the terrible Samson!" and they shut him in their prison, and peered at him at a safe distance down through the grated window, and rubbed their hands in glee as they said to one another, "It is he! the old Samson of Ossawattomie, caged at last." But O! how the old hero's locks grew in that dusky prison air! Every moment they kept him there, the strength of a thousand Samsons was gathering in his thews and sinews. The cowards saw it, and trembled; they feared him in that prison more than an army with banners. And so they hurried him forth to die; but in the blindness of their fear and passion they did not see that when they placed him on the scaffold, they had set him between the very pillars of their idol's temple. And he looked up and prayed, "Avenge me now for my two eyes." He threw his arms around those pillars and bowed himself; "Let me die with the Philistines," cried Samson of Ossawattomie. Ah! see the vast fabric totter! hear the Philistines shriek! To-day there are dropping over all the land the first falling fragments from the great crash of American Slavery.