

John Brown's Letter Book

Taken by C. W. Taylour

From John Brown's residence at the
Kennedy Farm, Washington County,
Maryland, on the evening of the
day of the capture of Brown at
Harper's Ferry —

Oct 18th 1859.

ABRAHAM'S

HIGHLY IMPROVED

PATENT MANIFOLD

WILSON'S

COPYING
DRAWING



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OPERATION:
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This invention will p
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Pen (Style) which is s
This extraordinary A
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Copying and Carbonic Paper,) to the Clergy, Members of Congress, Legislators, Bankers,
Commission Merchants, Brokers, and to all who have occasion to write much, and desire to
keep Copies, or send Duplicates abroad, to whom it will prove a great saving of time, trouble
and expense.

ABRAHAM'S IMPROVED NOCTO GRAPHS.

By this Invention persons who have had the misfortune to lose their sight, or others in the
dark, are enabled to write either *Single* or in *Duplicate*, without the aid of any person what-
ever. The Apparatus is so extremely *simple* in its construction and mode of operation, that
it is impossible it can fail of answering its purpose with the least possible trouble to the writer.

It is also particularly adapted to the circumstances of nervous and aged persons, who find
a difficulty in managing common Pens and Ink, the Pen requiring no repairs or feeding, and
the Ink is perfectly portable and cannot blot.

Manufactory, 89 Coates Street, Philadelphia.

From N. Y. Sun Oct 17. 1882

JOHN BROWN'S SON WATSON.

His Burial at North Elba 23 Years After
his Death at Harper's Ferry.

From the Evening Post.

NORTH ELBA, N. Y., Oct. 13.—Of all the
strange and romantic incidents in the career of
John Brown and his family, one of the
strangest was the burial yesterday, in this
mountain fastness, of that son of John Brown
whose body was taken by Virginia, in 1859, as a
specimen in anatomy, and has remained till
now unburied. Watson Brown, with his older
brother Owen, and his youngest brother Oliver,
accompanied John Brown to the Kennedy farm
in Maryland in the summer of 1859, and
marched down with him toward Harper's
Ferry on the 16th of October, when he invaded
Virginia with seventeen men, and captured an
important town, which he held in his posses-
sion for a day. Owen Brown remained on the
Maryland shore to guard arms and supplies,
while Watson and Oliver went across the Poto-
mac into Virginia and captured Harper's Ferry,
under John Brown's lead. Both these sons re-
treated with their father into the engine house,
where he was besieged and taken captive by
Gen. Lee, who afterward was himself besieged
and taken captive by Gen. Grant. Oliver was
shot, and died before John Brown surrendered;
but Watson, though mortally wounded before
his father's face, lingered for a day, and died
the morning after the surrender. Perhaps it
was for this reason that the Virginians took
his dead body to their medical college at Win-
chester, not far from Harper's Ferry, and there
prepared it for anatomical use in the college—
refusing to give it up for burial to his
mother, who asked for it. Two or three
years later when Winchester was occupied by
the Union army in the civil war, the
surgeon of an Indiana regiment heard the
story of this barbarity from the Virginia sur-
geon who perpetrated it, and took the body
away with him to Indiana, where it has re-
mained unnoticed for twenty years. When the
surgeon heard, last August, that the widow of
John Brown was yet living, and was travelling
from California to the Adirondack Mountains
to visit her husband's grave, he felt some com-
punctions of conscience, and wrote to her of-
fering to give up the remains of her son for
burial. The poor mother accepted the offer
with joy, and after her son John Brown, Jr.,
had satisfied himself by a visit to Indiana that
the body of his brother was really there, he
carried it to Mrs. Brown at his home in Ohio,
and from there it was brought to this town for
burial yesterday.

The grave of John Brown himself, as all the
world knows, is here, where his funeral was
celebrated with great honor in December, 1859.
Watson Brown came here with his father when
he was a lad of 14, grew up amid these
mountains, and married the daughter of a
neighboring farmer, shortly before he went to
die in Virginia. Three years earlier (in 1856)
he had left North Elba for a while to join his
father and brothers in Kansas, but he returned
here in 1857, and was tilling the hard acres of
his mother's farm when his father's summons
called him to Virginia. It was, therefore, with
deep feeling that his former neighbors,
the farmers and hunters of the Adirondack
region, came to his strangely delayed funeral.
They gathered at the house of his father, near
which, beside a great rock, John Brown is
buried, and they lowered his coffin into a grave
near his father's, after religious and com-
memorative services had been performed on
the green in front of the cottage. The clergy-
man in attendance was the Rev. Mr. Pope of
North Elba, who spoke in behalf of the people
of North Elba with much feeling and elo-
quence. Hymns were sung by the Brown
family and their former neighbors, and then
John and Owen Brown addressed the company.
John Brown, Jr., read a letter from a South
Carolinian named Taylure, who was with
Watson when he died, and who, among other
things, said:

"Duty took me to Harper's Ferry at the time
of the raid in 1859 (I was then connected with
the Baltimore press), and by chance I was
brought into close personal contact with both
your father and your brother Watson after the
assault. I assisted your father to rise as he
stumbled forward out of the historic engine
house, and I was able to administer to your
brother, just before he died, some physical
comforts, which won me his thanks. I
gave him a cup of water to quench his
thirst, and improvised a couch for him
out of a bench, with a pair of overalls
for a pillow. As I remember him, he look-
ed singularly handsome, even through the
grime of his all-day struggles and the intense
suffering which he must have endured. He was
very calm, and in tone and look very gentle.
The look with which he searched my heart I
can never forget. One sentence of our con-
versation will give you the key note to the
whole. I asked him: 'What brought you here?'
He replied, very patiently: 'Duty, sir.' After a
pause I asked: 'Is it, then, your idea of duty
to shoot men down upon their own hearth-
stones for defending their rights?' He an-
swered: 'I am dying; I cannot discuss the
question; I did my duty as I saw it.'"

To this letter John Brown, Jr., made a brief
reply, which was also read at the funeral.
Mr. Brown accompanied the reading of these
letters with some remarks concerning his
brother Watson, after which Owen Brown rose
and spoke of the entire good faith in which
Watson had accepted the doctrine of the Golden
Rule and of the Declaration of Independence,
which his father said meant the same thing.

The members of the Brown family present at
the funeral were Mrs. John Brown—a tall, vis-
gious-looking woman of 67 years—her step-
sons John and Owen, with their sister Ruth,
the wife of Henry Thompson, and the widow of
Watson Brown, who has since married a cousin
of her first husband, and lives near the Browns
in Ohio. This Mrs. Brown is the sister of
Henry Thompson, and two of her brothers, as
well as her husband and his brother, were
killed at Harper's Ferry. None of the family
of John Brown now live at North Elba, the sons
and daughter of the first marriage all residing
in Ohio, and the son and three daughters of
the second marriage living with or near their
mother in California. It is possible, however,
that some of the family may return to North
Elba, to which they feel a strong attachment,
both for its own sake and because their father's
grave is there.

For the Ram's Horn

Sambo's Mistakes

Mess Editors Notwith-
 standing I may have committed a few mistakes
 in the course of a long life like others of my colored
 brethren yet you will perceive at a glance that I
 have always been remarkable for a seasonable dis-
 covery of my errors + quick perception of the true
 course. I propose to give you a few illustrations
 in this + the following chapters. For instance
 when I was a boy I learned to read but instead
 of giving my attention to sacred + profane history
 by which I might have become acquainted with
 the true character of God + of man I learned the true
 course for individuals, societies, + nations to pursue
 stored my mind with an endless variety of rational +
 practical ideas, profited by the experience of millions
 of others of all ages, fitted myself for the most important
 stations in life + fortified my mind with the best +
 wisest resolutions, + noblest sentiments, + motives. I
 have spent my whole life devouring silly novels + other
 miserable trash such as most of newspapers of the day
 + other popular writings are filled with. thereby unfit-
 ting myself for the realities of life + acquiring
 taste for nonsense + low art. So that I have

relish for sober truth, useful knowledge or practical
 wisdom. By this means I have passed through life
 without proffitt to myself or others a mere blank on
 which ^{nothing} worth perceiving is written. But I can see
 in a twink where I missed it. Another error into
 I fell in early life was the notion that chewing + smo-
 king Tobacco would make a man of me but little inferior
 to some of the whites. The money I spent in this way
 would with the interest of it have enabled me to have re-
 lieved a great many sufferers supplied me with a well
 selected interesting library + paid for a good farm for ^{the} my
 support + comfort of my old age; whereas I have now
 neith books, cloathing, the satisfaction of having benefited
 others, nor when to lay my heavy head. But I can see
 in a moment where I missed it. Another of the few
 errors of my life is that I have joined the Free Masons
 Odd Fellows Sons of Temperance + a score of other secret
 societies instead of seeking the company of intelligent
 wise + good men from whom I might have learned
 much that would be interesting, instructive, + useful +
 have in that way squandered a great amount of most
 precious time; + money enough sometime in single
 year which if I had then put the same out on interest
 + kept it so would have kept me always above board
 given me character, + influence amongst men or have en-
 abled me to pursue some respectable calling so that I
 might employ others to their benefit + improvement, but as
 it is I have always been poor, in debt + now obliged to

travel about in search of employment as a hatter shoe
black + fidler. But I retain all my quickness of percep-
tion I can see readily where I missed it

Sambo's Mistakes Chap 2^d

another error of my riper years has been that when
any meeting of colored people has been called in order
to consider of any important matter of general interest
I have been so eager to display my spouting talents +
so tenacious of some trifling theory or other that I have
adopted that I have generally lost all sight of the busi-
ness in hand consumed the time disputing about things
of no moment + thereby defeated entirely many
important measures calculated to promote the gen-
eral welfare; but I am happy to say I can see in
a minute where I missed it. Another small error
of my life (for I never committed great blunders) has
been that I never would (for the sake of union in the
furtherance of the most vital interests of our race)
yield any minor point of difference. In this ^{way} I
have always had to act with but a few, or more
frequently alone + could accomplish nothing worth
living for, but I have one comfort, I can see in a
minute where I missed it. Another little fault
which I have committed is that if in any thing

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another man has failed of coming up ~~of~~
coming up to my standard that notwithstanding
he might possess many of the most valuable traits
& be most admirably adapted to fill some one impor-
tant post, I would reject him entirely, injure
his influence, oppose his measures, & even glory
in his defeats while his intentions were good.
But ^{his plans well plaid.} I have the great satisfaction of being able to
say without fear of contradiction that I can see
very quick where I missed it.

To be continued

another small mistake which I have made is that I could never bring myself to practice any present self denial although my theories have ^{been} excellent. For instance I have bought expensive gay clothing nice Canes, Watches, Safety Chains, Finger rings Breast Pins, & many other things of a like nature thinking I might by that means distinguish ^{myself} from the vulgar as some of ^{the} better class of whites do. I have always been of ^{the} foremost in getting up expensive parties, & running after fashionable amusements, have indulged my appetite freely whenever I had the means (even with borrowed means) have patronized the dealers in Nuts Candy & freely & have sometimes bought good suppers & was always a regular customer at Livery stables. By these & many other means I have ^{been} unable to benefit my suffering Brethren, & am now but poorly able to keep my own soul & body together; but do not think me thoughtless or dull of apprehension for I can see at once where I missed it. another trifling error of my life has been that I have always expected to secure the favour of the whites by to me by submitting to every species of indignity contempt & wrong instead of nobly resisting their brutal aggressions from principle & taking my place as
I
over

a man & assuming the responsibilities of a man
 a citizen, a husband, a father, a brother, a neighbour,
 a friend as God requires of every one (if his neigh-
 -bour will allow him to do it;) but I find that I
 get for all my submission about the same reward
 that the Southern Slaveocrats render to the Dough-
 faced Statesmen of the North for being bribed &
 brow beat, & fooled, & cheated, as the Whigs & Demo-
 -ocrats love to be, & think themselves highly honored
 if they may be allowed to lick up the Spittle of
 a Southerner. I say I get the same reward. But I
 am uncomm quick sighted I can see in a minute
 where I misped it. Another little blunder which
 I made is, that while I have always been a most
 zealous Abolitionist I have been constantly at wor
 with my friends about certain religious tenets. I was
 first a Presbyterian but I could never think of acting
 with my Quaker friends for they were the ranked heretics
 & the Baptists would be in the water, & the Methodists de-
 -nied the doctrine of Election. & of later years since becom-
 -ing enlightened by Garrison Abby Kelley & other really
 benevolent persons I have been spending all my force on
 my friends who love the Sabbath & have felt that all
 was at stake on that point just as it has proved to be of
 late in France in the abolition of Slavery in their
 colonies. Now I cannot doubt Mays Editor I over

This Book

This Book

John Brown in 1859
John Brown in 1859
John Brown in 1859
John Brown in 1859

notwithstanding I have been unsuccessful that you
will allow me full credit for my peculiar quick
sightedness I can see in one second where I missed
it

This Book was captured by C. W. Jay leave
at the house of old John Brown in
Maryland near Harper's Ferry on the
afternoon of Tuesday Oct 18th 1859 -
the day of the capture of the abolition
invaders

Baltimore Oct 26 1859