

This .pdf file contains crops from issues of The Daily Worker, April 1924 in which Michael Gold's pamphlet on John Brown is serialized.

The first installment was in the April 5 1924 Saturday Supplement to The Daily Worker. The story was continued in the next five regular issues of The Daily Worker, printed Monday thru Friday April 7 thru April 11.

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"The Story of John Brown"

This is "The Story of John Brown," by Michael Gold. Published by the DAILY WORKER thru arrangement with Haldeman-Julius Company, of Girard, Kans. Copyrighted, 1924, by Haldeman-Julius Company.

The Arsenal Is Captured.

EVENTS flashed sharp and terrible and swift as lightning after this sombre opening of the storm. The telegraph wires were cut, the watchman at the bridge captured, guards were placed at the two bridges leading out of the town, and many citizens were taken from the streets and held as prisoners in the Arsenal.

Perhaps the most distinguished prisoner was Colonel Lewis W. Washington, a great-grand-nephew of the first President, and like him, a gentleman farmer and slave owner. He lived five miles from the Ferry, and with the instinct of a dramatist, John Brown seized him and freed his slaves as a means of impressing on the American imagination that a new revolution for human rights was being ushered in.

Brown's Heroic Struggle.

The little town was peaceful and unprepared for this sudden attack, as unprepared as it would be today for a similar raid. By morning, however, the alarm had

been spread; the church bells rang, military companies from Charlestown and other neighboring towns began pouring in, the saloons were crowded with nervous and hard-drinking men, and there was the clamor and furor of thousands of awe-struck Southerners. No one knew how many men were in the Arsenal. No one knew whether the whole South was not being attacked by Abolitionists, or whether or not all the slaves had armed and risen against their masters, as they had attempted to years before in Nat Turner's and other rebellions.

By noon the Southerners had begun the attack. They killed or drove out all the guards John Brown had stationed at various strategic points in the town; they murdered two of Brown's men they had taken prisoners, and tortured another. They managed to cut off all of Brown's paths of retreat, and by nightfall, he and the few survivors of his men were in a trap.

Robert E. Lee Takes Fort.

His young son, Oliver, only twenty years old, and recently married, died on the night. He had been painfully wounded, and begged, in his agony, that his father shoot him and relieve him from pain. But the old Spartan held his boy's hand and told him to be calm and to die like a man. Another young son, Watson, had been killed earlier in the fighting. John Brown had now given three sons to freedom, and was soon himself to be a sacrifice.

There were left alive and unwounded but five of Brown's men. The Virginia militia, numbering with the civilians in the town, up to the thousands, seemed afraid to attack this little group of desperate men. In the dawn of the next morning, however, United States marines, under the famous commander, Robert E. Lee then a Colonel in the Federal forces, attacked the arsenal and captured it easily. John Brown refused to surrender to the last; and he stood waiting proudly for the marines when they broke down the door and came raging like tigers at him.

Brown Beaten Mercilessly.

A fierce young Southern officer

rah at him with a sword, that bent double as it pierced to the old man's breast bone. The young Southerner then took the bent weapon in his hands, and beat Brown's head unmercifully with the hilt, bringing the blood, and knocking senseless the old unselfish and tender champion of poor Negro men and women. Those near him thought John Brown was dead; but he was still alive; he had still his greatest work to do.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

(John Brown's Men.)

Moskvin In "Polikushka"



Ivan Moskvin, the star in the great photoplay, "Polikushka." Moskvin plays the character of a ragged, ill-kempt stableman and makes an appealing the tragically futile figure out of him. The picture was shown in Orchestra Hall, recently by the Friends of Soviet Russia and Workers Germany. It will be shown over the nation by the Friends of Soviet Russia and Workers' Germany during the weeks ahead.

Labor Limericks

By CHARLES ASHLEIGH

- An earnest young curate, named Flynn,
Said the workers were living in sin.
So he chased and he harried
Both single and married—
Then died from devotion to gin.
- A stout pompous person, named Bleeder,
A prominent union leader,
Said: "You ask why I dine
With the boss?—I like wine;
And, then, I'm a vigorous feeder."
- A learned professor, named Bray,
Said: "I really can't make teaching pay!
So he lectures on Russia,
And says we must crush 'er.
And guzzles champagne every day.

"The Story of John Brown"

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John Brown's Men.
I HAVE been almost entirely of John Brown, and because of necessities of space I have given little attention to the South and the North under him at Harper's Ferry. Yet here I must stop and with only the facts, paint some portrait of the men who followed John Brown. It will be seen that they were no ordinary ruffians, no bandits, adventurers or madmen, as the South called them at the time. They were young crusaders, thoughtful, sensitive and brave. They had a philosophy of life; and they were filled with passion for social justice. One may disagree with such men, but one must not fail to respect them.

There were twenty-one men with John Brown at Harper's Ferry, and with such men, but one must not fail to respect them. There were twenty-one men with John Brown at Harper's Ferry, and with such men, but one must not fail to respect them.

Students Not Fanatics.
John Henry Kagi was the best educated of the raiders, largely self-taught, a line debater, a keen writer and a correspondent for the New York Tribune and the New York Evening Post. He had been a school teacher in Virginia, and had come to know and hate slavery there, protesting so vigorously that he was finally run out of the State. He practiced law in Nebraska, but left (as to join John Brown in the Kansas fighting. He was killed at Harper's Ferry.

Aaron Dwight Stevens was an equally as attractive and interesting of the personalities about John Brown. He ran away from his home in Massachusetts labor in a factory, then joined the United States Army, serving in Mexico during the Mexican War. Later he was sentenced to death for leading a soldiers' revolt against an officers' pro-slavery Major at Taos, New Mexico. President Pierce commuted the sentence to three years at hard labor in a penitentiary. Stevens escaped from his prison, and joined the Free State forces in Kansas, for he had always been a militant abolitionist. He was of old Puritan stock, his grandfather having been a captain in the Revolutionary War. He was a man of superb bravery and a slender build, well over six feet, handsome, with black penetrating eyes and a fine brow. He had a charming sense of humor and a beautiful speaking voice, with which he sang in camp and in prison. He was hung-

soon after John Brown for the Harper's Ferry raid. He was a young law student of Brooklyn, New York, a reckless, impulsive and rather indiscreet youth, to whom much was forgiven because of his genial smile and generous nature.

Charles Plummer Tidd escaped after the raid, and died a First Sergeant in the battles of the Civil War. He had no education but good common sense, and was always reading and studying in an attempt to repair his lack of education. He was temper, but kind-hearted, a fine singer and with strong family affections.

Courageous Fighters.

Jeremiah Goldsmith Anderson, killed at Harper's Ferry, his 27th year, was also of Revolutionary American stock. A sworn abolitionist, he wrote in a letter three months before his death: "Millions of fellow beings receive it every year; your crisis for help go to the universe daily and hourly. Whose duty is it to help them? Is it yours? If it mine? It is every man's, but how few there are to help. But there are a few to answer this call and dare to answer it in a manner that shall make this land of liberty and equality shake to its center."

Albert Hasket, executed after Brown, was a Pennsylvania farm worker of a good-sized, good-looking fellow, overflowing with good nature and social feelings."

Edwin Cappel, also one of those captured and hung, was well liked even by the Southerners who saw him in jail, and some of them hoped to get him pardoned. He was of Quaker farmer stock.

Barclay Coppoe, his brother, was not yet twenty-one when he fought at the Arsenal. He escaped after the raid but was killed in the Civil War. He was a captain of a Negro company in the Civil War. **Lewis Sheridan Leary**, colored, left a wife and a six-months-old baby at Oberlin, Ohio, to go to Harper's Ferry. He was a harness-maker by trade, and descended from an Irishman, Jeremiah O'Leary, who fought in the Revolution. Leary was 25 years old when he died of his terrible wounds in the Arsenal fighting.

Oswa Brown, another of John Brown's sons, was staid and reliable, and is reported original in expression and thought, like all the Browns. He is also said to have been quite humorous. He survived the raid, and died in Pasadena, Calif., in 1891. **Watson Brown**, another son, 24 years old when killed at Harper's Ferry, was tall and rather fair, very strong, and a man of marked ability as a military character.

All Loved John.
Dangerful Newby was born a slave in Virginia, but his father, a Quakerman, freed him with other Quaker children. Newby had a

reading, and then it was impossible to catch his attention. But in a few days he came out very fast. His awkwardness left him. He read every solid book that he could find, and was especially fond of Theodore Parker's writings, and he read Oliver Lloyd, and he killed himself with over-study, and he would have made his mark. By his exertions much liquor was stopped at North Elba."

John Anthony Copeland, a free colored man, 25 years old, was educated at Oberlin College. He was dignified, noble, and in jail there were prominent Southerners who were forced to admit his fine qualities. He was hung for the raid.

Mostly Young Men.
Stewart Taylor, the only one of the raiders not of American birth, was a young Canadian of 22 years of age. He was fond of history and debating and heart and soul in the abolition cause. Killed in the Arsenal.

William H. Leonard, the youngest of the raiders, killed in his 18th year. He had gone to work in a shoe factory at Haverhill, Mass., when only 14 years old, and with a little education, "was a good intellect and great ingenuity." He was the "wildest" of Brown's men, for he smoked and drank occasionally, but the Old Puritan captain liked him, nevertheless, for he was boyish, headstrong and brave.

Osborn Perry Anderson was also Negro. He escaped after the raid and fought thru the Civil War.

Francis Jackson Meriam was a wealthy, young abolitionist who put all his fortune into the cause, and came from New England to join John Brown in the raid. He was elected in 1865 after having been the captain of a Negro company in the Civil War.

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All Loved John.
Dangerful Newby was born a slave in Virginia, but his father, a Quakerman, freed him with other Quaker children. Newby had a

wife and seven children still in slavery, and he was trying to raise money to buy them, for they were to be sold further south. He failed at this, and joined John Brown in desperation. He was killed at the Ferry, and so failed to free his poor family, as he had dreamed.

Shields Green, colored, was also Brown's poor family, as he had dreamed. **Shields Green**, colored, was also Brown's poor family, as he had dreamed. **Shields Green**, colored, was also Brown's poor family, as he had dreamed.

They were all young men; the average age of the band was 25 years and five months. They were all strong, intelligent, in love with life and eager for the future; but they chose to attempt this mad, dangerous deed rather than contemplate any longer the life and to the power of black slavery.

John Brown they followed and loved as one would a strong and kind father. There was always something patriarchal about John Brown and his soldiers, many of them were like it. It made his deed seem like some story out of the Bible, and the terrible justice of the Lord of Hosts.
(To Be Continued Tuesday.)
(The "Nigger-Thief.")

United Hebrew Trades Leaders Oppose Plan For May Celebration

NEW YORK, N. Y., April 6.—The United Front May Day conference representing 100,000 organized workers of this city in an effort to oppose the solid capitalist front with the united forces of the workers, also again sent delegates to the May Day celebration planned by the United Hebrew Trades in conjunction with the Jewish Verband, and again joint action was forbidden by the United Front May Day conference the floor was amidst great uproar declared defeated.

A motion to grant the committee of the United Front May Day conference the floor was amidst great uproar declared defeated. On a motion to hold a parade the committee of the United Front May Day conference the floor was amidst great uproar declared defeated. On a motion to hold a parade the committee of the United Front May Day conference the floor was amidst great uproar declared defeated.

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The "Nigger-Thief."
WHEN the South heard of John Brown's raid, there was a wave of immediate fury. Men poured by the thousands into the little Virginia town, and the bars were filled with savage, half-drunk men, who talked of lynching the "old nigger thief." Governor Wise had come down from the capital, and he and others prevented any such disgraceful procedure. He himself was mystified by the raid. It seemed such an incredible performance, for these Southerners could not understand the moral passion that animated the Abolitionists. To the South Negroes were property—private property. And an attempt to free slaves was to them insane, illegal and criminal. When men came with arms for this purpose and Southerners were killed in defending slavery, the crime became doubly damnable.

Fearless of Death.

John Brown, after his capture, was taken with Aaron Stevens to a room nearby. Lying on a cot, his head bandaged, his hair clotted

and tangled, hands and clothing powder-stained and blood-smeared, the old lion was questioned by Governor Wise and a party of officials, who included Robert E. Lee, Colonel J. E. B. Stuart, Senator Mason, Congressman Vallandigham of Ohio, and other pro-slaveryites.

Their questions were a summary of the attitude of the South to such as he. And John Brown, that he was wounded and a prisoner, the everywhere enemies surrounded him and the gallows stared him full in the face, answered their questions calmly and courteously, without the slightest show of fear.

"Who sent you here?" one official asked. They were trying to worm out the names of Northerners who had given Brown money for the raid, so as to prosecute them for conspiracy in murder.

"No man sent me here," John Brown answered calmly. "It was my own prompting, and that of my Maker, or that of the devil, whichever you please. I acknowledge no man in human form."

"What was your object in coming?"

"Wild, Mad, 'Nigger-Thief.'"

"I came to free the slaves."
"And you think you were acting righteously?"

"Yes. I think, my friends, you are guilty of a great wrong

against God and humanity. I think it right to interfere with you to free those you hold in bondage. I hold that the Golden Rule applies to the slaves, too."

"And do you mean to say you believe in the Bible?" some one said, incredulously. They could not understand this man; they only saw a wild, mad "nigger-thief" in him.

"Certainly I do," John Brown said with dignity.

"Don't you know you are a secessionist, a traitor, and that you have taken up arms against the United States government?"

"I was trying to free the slaves. I have tried moral suasion for this purpose, but I don't think the people in the slave states will ever be convinced they are wrong."

His Challenge to South.

"You are mad and fanatical."

"And I think you people of the South are mad and fanatical. Is it sane to keep five million men in slavery? Is it sane to think such a system can last? Is it sane to suppress all who would speak against this system, and to murder all who would interfere with it? Is it sane to talk of war rather than give it up?"

Thus John Brown uttered his challenge to the South; but they failed to understand.

(To Be Continued Wednesday.)

ORGANIZE-SLOGAN

Your Union Meeting

DEBATE STARTS

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The "Nigger-Thief."

AND they failed to understand that it was not he who was on trial at the Charlestown courthouse a month later, but the whole slavery system.

Every moment of that trial was reported in the newspapers of the nation. Every reader in America knew of the wonderful strength and majesty of John Brown in the courtroom. The North began thinking about slavery as it had never thought before. John Brown was so manifestly pure in his intentions; manifestly a crusader, and people were forced to try to understand why an old, gray-haired farmer should have taken up arms at the age of sixty, after a life spent in useful occupations.

Brown Becomes National Figure.

His dignity, his piety, his reputation as a terrible fighter, and the Biblical sublimity of the picture of this white-bearded patriarch surrounded by his seven sons, all of them armed with rifles, all of them ready to die for the cause of abolition—these had their powerful effect on the imagination of the North. Hosts of new friends rose

up in Brown's defense; legislatures passed resolutions asking for his pardon, Congressmen began speaking out, newspapers suddenly found themselves in danger of losing their subscribers if they spoke against John Brown; everywhere in the North men found themselves waking from a dream, and coming into the clear, white vision of John Brown. They saw slavery as if for the first time in all its horrors; they could not help taking sides. And the South became more and more inflamed with rage as the trial progressed, and those reverberations reached it from the North.

Established Order Defied.

John Brown was tried on three charges, murder, treason, and inciting the slaves to rebellion. The trial was quickly over; it was but a formality. The jury, of course, returned the verdict of guilty, and John Brown, lying on his cot in the court-room, said not a word, but turned quietly over on his side, when he heard it.

A few days later, Judge Parker pronounced the sentence of death, and this time John Brown rose from his cot, and drawing himself up to his full stature, with flashing eagle eyes, and calm, clear and distinct tones, he addressed the citizens of America. He said many things that they were soon to understand clearly on the battlefields of the Civil War.

"Had I taken up arms in behalf

of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, or any of their class, every man in this court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than of punishment. But this Court acknowledges the validity of the law of God. I see a book kissed here which is the Bible, and which teaches me that all things that I would have men do unto me, so must I do unto them. I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I fought for the poor; and I say it was right, for they are as good as any of you; God is no respecter of persons.

Bravely Faces Death.

"I believe that to have interfered as I have done, as I have always freely admitted I have done, in behalf of His despised poor, I did no wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children, and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel and unjust enactments, I say, let it be done."

Judge Parker fixed the date for hanging on December 2nd, 1859, a month away. It was a fatal mistake for the South, and John Brown's finest gift at the hands of the God he believed in.

(To Be Continued Thursday).

(The Agitator in Jail)



ment in disgust. Correct once more, dear reader. We congratulate you on your intelligence. What's that you say? He joined the Junior Section of the Young Workers League? Well, that's what we should like to write. But unfortunately, Billy had never heard of the Junior Section, and he was in his tour.

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III.

THE AGITATOR IN JAIL.

FOR in that month, John Brown accomplished more for abolition than even the stern deeds of Kansas had effected. He had put by the sword forever, and now for a month took up the pen and made it as powerful a weapon. He wrote innumerable letters to Northern friends and they were published and read everywhere. Their tone was Christ-like; no longer was Brown the militant captain in the field, but the sweet, patient martyr waiting for his end in tranquil joy. In many letters he repeats the statement that he is glad to die; that his death is of more value to the cause than ever his life could have been.

This was no vainglorious hysterical gesture with John Brown; he was calmly certain of it; he slept peacefully as a child at night, and wrote his letters by day, secure in his tranquil wisdom. Friends were planning an attempt to rescue him, but he forbade them to try, for he really felt that his death was necessary. "I am worth now infinitely more to die, than to live," he said.

He Goes To His Death.

And in his letters he gave Americans his last warning on the slavery question. He told them it must be settled; it could not go

on. His letters were so strong, manly, and yet so touching, that even the jailor wept as he censored them in the course of his duties. As Wendell Phillips said, the million hearts of his countrymen had been melted by that old Puritan soul.

With absolute equanimity, John Brown wrote his will, wrote his last few letters to his family, determined the coffin in which he was to be buried, and the inscription on the family monument, said farewell to his fellow prisoners and jail keepers. On the morning of December 2nd he stood calmly on the steps of the scaffold and gazed about him. Before leaving his cell he had handed to another prisoner the following last and uncompleted message:

"I, John Brown, am now quite certain that the crimes of this guilty land will never be purged away but with blood. I had, as I now think, vainly flattered myself that without much bloodshed it might be done."

The Trap Is Sprung.

Now, as he looked about, he could see massed beyond the fifteen hundred soldiers Virginia had felt necessary for this execution, the hazy outlines of the Blue Ridge mountains. The sun was shining; the sky was blue, and his heart was at peace. "This is a beautiful country," he said. "I never had the pleasure of really seeing it before." He walked with perfect composure up the steps, watched by the eyes of the soldiery and officialdom of slave-holding Virginia. They saw not a tremor in his face or body; even when the cap was drawn over his

head, his arms pinioned at the elbows, the noose slipped around his neck. He had refused to have the solace of any ministers, for they believed in slavery, and he told them he did not regard them as Christians. He needed no man's solace; he was braver than any one there. "Shall I give you the signal when the trap is to be sprung?" said a friendly sheriff. "No, no," the serene old man answered, "just get it over quickly."

Hugo's Prediction.

And quickly enough, it was all over for John Brown. The trap was sprung; his body hung between heaven and earth. In the painful silence that followed, the voice of Colonel Preston declaimed solemnly, the official epitaph, "So perish all such enemies of Virginia! All such enemies of the Union! All such foes of the human race!"

That was the verdict of the South, still infatuated and blinded by its slave system. But on the other side of the Mason-Dixon line such men were pronouncing a different verdict on John Brown, and on the other side of the Atlantic, the greatest man of letters in Europe, Victor Hugo, was saying: "In killing Brown, the Southern States have committed a crime which will take its place among the calamities of history. The rupture of the Union will fatally follow the assassination of Brown. As for John Brown, he was an apostle and a hero. The gibbet has only increased his glory, and made him a martyr."

(To Be Concluded Friday)
(His Soul Goes Marching On)

Are We For LaFollette?

By C. E. RUTHENBERG

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His Soul Goes Marching On.

JOHN BROWN was hung on December 2, 1859. Exactly eleven months later Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States. Exactly eight months after that, Northern troops were marching southward, to put down the rebellion of the slave states that had hung Brown.

No one at the time believed events would march so swiftly after Brown's death. There were many who knew that some sort of conflict between the North and South was inevitable; it had been brewing for decades. But there were as many more who were confident that slavery would win its legal fight, and would spread over the whole continent. And the great mass of Americans just faintly understood the issues involved; to most of them, John Brown seemed some kind of mad fanatic.

Abolitionists Gain Strength

President Lincoln's election undoubtedly provoked the Civil War. And his election was undoubtedly due to the discussion on slavery

that raged after John Brown's deed. Lincoln was the first Northerner to be elected in forty years; the South had always carried things before it, and would have done so again had not John Brown roused the entire North to a consciousness of what slavery meant.

And yet even most of his friends thought him mad at the time of the deed. Abraham Lincoln, in a campaign speech at Cooper Union, in New York, said: "Old John Brown has been executed for treason against a state. We cannot object, even though we agreed with us in thinking slavery wrong. That cannot excuse violence, bloodshed and treason."

Only men of the stamp of Wendell Phillips fully understood what John Brown had done. His funeral oration at the last resting place of John Brown's body had all the vision of the prophets:

Phillips Eulogy

"Marvelous old man! He has abolished slavery in Virginia. You may say that this is too much. Our neighbors are the very last men we know. The hours that pass us are the ones we appreciate the least. Men walked Boston streets, when night fell on Bunker Hill, and pined Warren, saying, 'Foolish man! Thrown his life away! Why didn't he measure his means better!' Now we see him standing colossal on that blood-stained sod, severing

that day the tie which bound Boston to Great Britain. That night George III ceased to rule in New England. History will date Southern emancipation from Harper's Ferry. True, the slave is still there. So, when the tempest uproots a pine in your hills, it looks green for months, for a year. Still it is timber, not a tree. John Brown has loosened the roots of the slave system; it only breathes—it does not live—hereafter."

Wendell Phillips was a prophet; and even men of wide vision like Lincoln could not attain his lofty view. At first there was a rush of Northern politicians to disavow and condemn John Brown's deed. Later, there was approval; still later understanding; still later, worship.

Madness of the Brain

Yes, the old man seemed mad, as all pioneers are mad. Gorky has called it the madness of the brave. But such madness seems necessary to the world; the world would sink into a bog of respectable tyranny and stagnation were there not these fresh, strong, ruthless tempests to keep the waters of life in motion.

Who knows but that some time in America the John Browns of today will be worshipped in like manner? The outlaws of today, the unknown soldiers of freedom.

"And his soul goes marching on."

(THE END.)

the big capitalists by the Teapot Dome scandal and which ought to subject the farmers and other small