IN THE CHOIR.

On rolled the mighty melody, as though
A multitude poured by—
A sea of sound and sweetness; here and there
A clear young voice pealed high.

A glory crept along the pitched roof,
And lingered the old gray stone;
The sunshine stole it from the windows where
The saints each stood alone.

Below knelt youth and beauty in their pride,
Pale as the flowers of June—
How did that psalm of strife and agony
Chime with each young heart's tune!

And then the heavy oaken door swung back;
A woman entered, pale
Wan in the face and weary in her mien,
Her garments soiled and stale.

And like a blot upon a robe, she stood
Amid the gorgeous tints;
And youth and beauty drew themselves apart,
And sat went out again.

Still, where the pictured Twelve Apostles stood,
The light came colored fair,
But yet methought those men of Galilee
Had scarce been welcome there!
—*Isabella Fyvie, in Good Works.*

Gerrit Smith and John Brown.

As the newspapers are speaking of my relations to John Brown and of his purposes, it may not be amiss for me also to speak of them.

April 5, 1848, Brown came to my house. His residence, at that time, was in Springfield, Massachusetts. I had recently contributed 120,000 acres of land among 3,000 colored men. This land was in a number of counties of the State of New York. Some of the grantees had already removed to their parcels in Essex and Franklin counties, where lay the great body of it. It was among these that Brown came to find a home for himself and family; and that purpose was soon realized. In this wise began my acquaintance with that remarkable man—an acquaintance, which soon ripened into a warm and enduring friendship. His kindness to the little colored colony in gifts of barrels of flour, and other necessaries, and, above all, in advice and guidance, was unwearied. His time cost him it was incessant. He was, in a word, the friend of all. There was his home until his death; and there, on one of the farms he obtained from me, sleeps his body.

April 11, 1859, on his way from Kansas to his home, he visited Peterboro. Here, in some other places through which he passed, he held a public meeting, in which he related his recent success in running off slaves to Canada, and asked contributions towards continuing his good work on a much larger scale.

John Brown talked to me—but he never consulted with me—respecting his plans for freeing slaves. Then, too, for reasons which he mentioned to some of his friends, he did not feel at ease to tell me, as he did to tell others, the details of these plans. But I learned enough of them to believe that, in addition to his former ways of helping off slaves, he meant to go into a mountain of vantage in a slave State, and invite slaves to flee to him, and to give them arms to resist attempts at their recapture. I confess that, with all my leanings to "non-resistance," I did not object to his use of arms. Even a fugitive slave may not fight for his liberty, and stand for his life, who may? If blood is shed in pursuit of him, the whole sin of it is on the pursuer. But that Brown intended a general insurrection, or the taking of any life except his who was foolish enough to attempt to drag back into the pit of Slavery those who had escaped from it, there is not the slightest reason to believe. Not the least evidence of it is there either in his words or deeds. Brown had a great horror of bloodshed. He said in my hearing, and said it, too, from the depths of his heart, as a religious heart, that he would never, in any instance, take life, save in the strictest self-defence. It was his consolation that, in defending himself, he might be shot down in the act of any one. A great crime against the sacred memory of John Brown is the charge, that he embarked in any other insurrection (if that may be called one) than helping off slaves and their protectors.

Brown left Peterboro, April 14, 1859, and never returned to it. I never saw him again, and never again had I any communication with him, direct or indirect, touching his plans or concerns. His next letter to me after that time was a few lines respecting his inability to obtain the payment of a note I had given him. This note for $250 was against one of his old friends and fellow-laborers in Kansas. For months after I received that letter, I was at a loss to know where he was. When he left Peterboro he had not yet decided whether to go into an Eastern or Western slave State.

I think it was in August that I learned, in some indirect way—perhaps from mere rumor—that Brown was in Chambersburg. In a similar way I learned, only a very few weeks, perhaps only a very few days, before his descent upon Harper's Ferry, that Brown had gone into a slave State. I well remember looking into a map to see what mountain or mountains he had probably gone to. I hoped that the next news would be the welcome one of a stampede of slaves. But, instead of that, it was the painful news of Harper's Ferry affair. I felt not myself the slightest knowledge nor intimation of Brown's intended invasion of Harper's Ferry; and when I saw that George L. Stearns, of Boston (that noble man, who was so intimate with John Brown), testified to the Senate Committee that he too knew nothing of that intended invasion, I credited the testimony of a single person in all the North knew anything of it. Thus, also, testified that other excellent friend of Brown, Dr. Howe, of Boston. Indeed, not one person testified before the Committee, that he knew aught of the intended invasion. Nor was this universal ignorance in the matter in the least degree strange, for it turns out that it was only a very few weeks before his descent upon Harper's Ferry that Brown had decided upon it. By the way, Brown himself, as he was reported, expressed deep regret at this change in his plans.

Having heard that some persons understand that Brown's whole plan, these days' interview with Mr. Frederick Douglass at Chambersburg, serve to connect me with this invasion of Harper's Ferry, I feel called on to say a plot of general insurrection, and myself of the knowledge of it, I asked Mr. Douglass to write me respecting that interview. As his letter goes to confirm the most important parts of what I have thus far written, I have with give it to the public:

ROCHESTER, Aug. 9, 1867.—HON. GERRIT SMITH—*My Dear Sir:* I wish to say distinctly that John Brown never declared nor intimated to me that he was about to embark in a grand or unqualified insurrection; and that the only insurrection proposed was the escaping of slaves, and their standing for their lives against any who should pursue them. For years before, Capt. Brown's long-entertained plan was to go to the mountains in the slave States, and there give the slaves to flee there and stand for their freedom. His object was to make slave property unprofitable by making it insecure. He told me he had given to you, a general idea of this plan; but that he had not given you the full particulars, lest you might turn from him as a visionary and dangerous man. "Three or four weeks previous to his invasion of Harper's Ferry, Captain Brown requested me to have an interview with him at Chambersburg, Pa. I had it; and in that interview he informed me that he had determined upon that invasion, instead of carrying out his old plan of going into the mountains. He did not tell me that you knew anything of this new plan. I do not suppose that any of his friends at the North, outside of his own family, knew of it.

Capt. Brown never told me that you knew anything of his guns or other weapons.

You are at full liberty to make use of this statement in any way you may deem proper. As ever, yours very truly,

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Much has been said of Brown guns, and how he got them. I do not recollect that he ever spoke to me of them. I remember how surprised I was to find, after the Harper's Ferry affair, that he had obtained possession of the Kansas rifles. As to the pikes—I had several years before, that he had told me, several years before, that he purposed getting them to put into the hands of the lawless settlers in Kansas. I was surprised, but I confess, not at all displeased, when I found, among the revelations of Harper's Ferry, that he meant to put pikes into the hands of fugitive slaves, with which to defend themselves against pursuing dogs and pursuing men. Of course, I would not have it implied I knew what I have here said, that I supposed John Brown would enter upon his work unarmed.

I add that I distinctly remember having heard (but I cannot recall in what way) that, at or about the time Brown entered the land of slaves, boxes of disguised arms entered with him.

But it is said that I gave money to Brown in the year 1859; and it is inferred that I gave it to help his invasion of Harper's Ferry and to help him produce an insurrection. I gave no insurrection. It is also inferred from my giving him money in 1859, that I gave him *much* money in that year. Another unwarrantable inference! I met Brown at Syracuse in 1858, on his way to Kansas. I handed him $20 to buy bread for some starving ones in Kansas he might find with. Every year from that to his last, he was one of the distributers of my surplus means. It often asked me for small sums, and I refused him. And, yet, the whole amount of money I gave him, from first to last, doubtless one gift of $200, was hardly a thousand dollars—an amount not greater than what I might well have given him in return for his gifts and goodness to my colored colonists. Ever after he began his brave and effective labors in Kansas, I told him to use at his own discretion—what he received from me. I must, however, admit, that I regret that I would use it chiefly for the deliverance of the oppressed.

The reader is, perhaps, surprised that I gave by the many thousands to the Kansas and other anti-slavery associations, and yet made my gifts so small to even the worthiest individual, who labored with me in the cause of these associations. The explanation is found in my far greater reliance on the collective wisdom in these associations than on the wisdom of the wisest individual.

To return, was it wrong in me to give Brown money to help the oppressed with? I know how then can it be right in me to give money to Daniel O'Connell, to Polish committees, to Italian Republicans, to the Greeks now, and also more than 40 years ago? Was it wrong because my oppressed countrymen were black men? But with me "a man's a man." Was it wrong because Brown was law for slavery, and I was law for any piracy—least of all for slavery, which is the superlative piracy. Not for the less heinous crime of murder would I recognize a law. I say less injurious, for what right-minded parent would not rather his child were murdered than enslaved? Law is a sacred thing, and I, therefore, deny that the law-making of slavery can be embodied in it. Such, by the way, would be the denial of every man, who should be so unhappy as to fall under the yoke of slavery—and, therefore, should it be his denial now.

But my gifts to Brown show only a small part of John Brown's work. For years, and down to the last year of his life, he had business transactions with me. He borrowed money from me. He deposited money with me. He bought farms from me. The title of eighty acres of land, which he bought from me in 1853 and then paid for, he left in my name, when he went to "Farewell" on the 14th of April, 1859, and in my name it remained at the time of his death. I did not hold the land subject to the repayment of the sums he drew from me in 1858 and 1859. These sums were not advances or loans, but gifts—and that too, I admit, to help him deliver his and my enslaved brethren.

I must not omit to say that my money dealings and land dealings with Brown did not all pass through my own hands. More of them passed through the hands of Mr. Theodore Tilton, who became my clerk for the last 30 years, and my chief clerk for the last 25 years. He knew more of my business than Brown than I did. I might, perhaps, that he knew more of Brown himself than I did, as he saw much of him not only in my house, but also at Brown's residence, where I never saw him.

Now that I have done speaking of my relations to John Brown and of his purposes, let me say that I cast no blame on any one for supposing that I had a full knowledge of Brown's plans and of his changes in them. That I had, I admit, is not very unreasonable inference from the intimate relations both of business and friendship existing between us. Nevertheless, so it is, that I had but a partial knowledge of these plans and not the least knowledge of his exchanging or abandoning them for others. Right here, too, let me say that I do not feel myself at all dishonored by the coupling of my name with any of Brown's endeavors for the liberation of the slaves. Even where truth forbids the coupling, regard for my reputation does not forbid it. The more the public identifies me with John Brown, the more it honors me.

As I knew Brown so well and loved him so well, it was not unreasonable to suppose that I, too, would give his character to the public. Thank God! Brown did that himself. His life, crowned by his well-nigh matchless death, shows immortal days intervview with Mr. Frederick Douglass at Chambersburg, serve to connect me with this invasion of Harper's Ferry, to convict him of a plot of general insurrection, and myself of the knowledge of it, I asked Mr. Douglass to write me respecting that interview. As his letter goes to confirm the most important parts of what I have thus far written, I have with give it to the public:

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REAL ESTATE SALES.

PEREMPTORY SALE—THOMAS & SONS, Auctioneers.—Valuable Farm, Mansion House, and Stone Mill, Nos. 1 and 2 Belmont Mills, Belmont County, Pa., situate on the Ohio River, about 12 miles from Wheeling, on the Ohio River road, 7 miles from Fairville, 4 miles from Minerville and Ashland, and 4 miles from Bridgeport, containing 1 acre, 1 rod, 1 perch, and 1 rod, 1 perch, and 17 perches, more or less, of land, with the water power, as the "Philip S. Roberts Barge Trade" of Anthracite Coal, situate, situate on the Ohio River, and the Ohio River Road, and in the Town of Bridgeport. Beautifully and delightfully situate in a romantic country thereof made by J. R. Hazlett, Esq., and Mr. Jacob Hazlett, and one of persons a corner in the line of Peter Schlitzbaum's land, thence by the same, and by the same, and by the same, and