

*Christian Friends and Fellow Country-
men:*

The day has come in which the nation is about to suffer a great crime to be perpetrated against the cause of liberty. To-day John Brown is to offer up his life a sacrifice for the sake of justice and equal human rights. Henceforth the Second day of December will be called "MARTYR'S DAY." I am not a man of blood. I hold human life to be sacred, and would spare even a man-stealer, if he stood not in the bondman's path to freedom. Often have I indulged the hope of seeing slavery abolished without the shedding of blood; but that hope is clouded. In the signs of the times I see the dreadful truth, written as by the finger of Jehovah—"For the sins of this nation there is no atonement without the shedding of blood." If it must come, O God! prepare us to meet it. The nation needed to see a picture of the future of slavery and its ends, and methinks God has been pleasad to draw it in crimson lines. Americans, Patriots, Christians, Tyrants, look upon it, and be instructed. Is it not a singular coincidence that in Virginia, the very soil upon which African slavery in this part of the New World commenced its reign of terror, the system should receive its first most damaging blow. They may murder John Brown, but the blow is struck, and the slave power feels the shock. His work is done, and God's purposes in him

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are executed, and the divine voice bids him to come up higher. When he dies, he will leave behind him no greater apostle of liberty in all the land. His name and glorious deeds shall be cherished by the good and brave, and his widow and fatherless children shall be adopted by the whole army of the Sons of Freedom. Tyrants and despots will everywhere upbraid us for inflicting so ghastly a wound on the fair brow of Liberty, in a land nick-named the "Model Republic."

After saying that John Brown was actuated by a desire to carry out the golden rule, Mr. Garnet concluded as follows: The withered hand of an old man, whose hairs are white with the frosts of nearly seventy winters[,] has given the death-blow to American slavery. His heroic deeds will be inscribed on marble, and his grave will be visited by troops of pilgrims. Virginia will be famed in history for having been the home of Washington and the theatre of John Brown's cowardly execution. Farewell, brave old man! God be with thee. Step forth from the scaffold, which cannot dishonor thy name or tarnish thy glory, into the chariot of fire that awaits thee. Go up to meet the army of departed heroes that have gone before thee to the Kingdom of Heaven. Go, and with joy receive thy martyr's crown, which the Lord has prepared for thee. Succeeding ages

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will cherish thy memory, and do justice to thy deeds of renown; and thy amazing courage will be the fruitful theme of orators and the glowing songs of poets. Hero-martyr, farewell!

Joy to thy spirit, brother!
A thousand hearts are warm,
A thousand kindred bosoms
Are bareing to the storm.

In evil days before us,
In trials yet to come,
In the shadow of the prison
And cruel martyrdom—

We will think of thee, O brother,
And thy sainted name shall be
In the blessing of the captive,
And the anthems of the free!

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