

Herald of Freedom.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1856.

NUMBER 14—VOLUME II.

BY G. W. BROWN & CO.

Selected Poetry.

"They are so Happy There."
Why should a Northern Freeman seek
To break the bondman's chain,
To raise the fallen from the dust,
Or like the patient ox, that bears
Why plead their cause before the throne,
In earnest, tearful prayer,
When Southern breezes wait the sound,
"They are so happy there?"
Happy? You—like the imprisoned bird
That thrills its wailing song,
Or like the patient ox, that bears
The yoke and galling thong;
So they, protected from all ill,
By paternal care,
May eat and drink, and dance and sing,
"And be so happy there."
True, they are driven to their tasks
Before the rising sun,
And often feel the cruel lash,
Ere all their toil is done;
Their children may be sold afar,
For such things are not rare,
Mothers soon forget to mourn,
"They are so happy there."
Was not the Gospel sent and west,
To earth's remotest isles,
Till, with its light all lands are blest,
And every doer smiles;
But why should millions of our lands,
Fill Christian hearts with care?
What, though they never know the Lord,
"They are so happy there."
Ho! Freeman, give the winds your fears,
Extend these blessings wide—
Till all this broad domain—the sweets
Of slavery's lash be tried;
And should some fugitive presume
To taste our Northern air,
Will help to send him back in chains,
"He'll be so happy there."
Then wherefore rave of Liberty,
Freedom and equal rights,
These words so full of mockery,
We'll banish from our sight;
Yes, Father—should some tyrant bind
Your dark-eyed daughters here—
O, let them go, without a fear,
"They'll be so happy there."
M. S. P.
New Haven, Feb. 2d, 1856.

Original Sketch.

A VISION OF THE BORDER.

PAUSING upon the summit of an elevated bluff—in the "Great Home of the Winds"—the residence of G-a-o, which lies toward the west, lo! a beautiful country, such as mortal eyes have seldom seen, extended itself eastward and westward, northward and southward.

A sky bright and glowing arched the wide expanse, and blended with bluffs and bottom lands and bloom and beauty in the dim distance. An atmosphere, pure, healthful, invigorating—a soil of great natural fertility—the land surface undulating, abounding in springs, and traversed by numerous and beautiful streams of clear, pure water—while here and there might be seen, dotting the surface of the country, and rising to the eyes of the beholder like delightful and enchanted isles from the bosom of the ocean—a forest-land in the ocean-like prairie—a copse of timber, now fringing with a dark outline the margin of a tortuous and musical stream, now penetrating a rugged ravine, clambering up the side of a gentle undulation, and anon crowning the brow and the summit of some hoary bluff, and softening the ruggedness of its stony features, as an emerald and ever-living diadem of youthfulness wreathing the brow of Age.

Over the whole land was cast a robe of pure and quiet, wild and fascinating beauty. It was picturesque and delightful to look upon; but it was vacant and unappropriated, save by the wild, free denizens of the border, the wolf, the deer, the buffalo, and the various and predatory tribes of aborigines, who, void of care, unused to toil, in all the wild independence of spirit which asks nothing of civilization save to be let alone—roamed wherever they desired, free as the arrow cleaves the yielding air.

The land was free. No servile foot ever pressed its pure bosom; no moan of the bondman, no clank of the chain of bondage, no shriek extorted by the station of the lash, ever smote upon its ear. It was a virgin soil, pure and unconquered as infant chastity, and the refinements of oppression, cruelty and corruption, fixed and perpetuated upon boasted civilization, were unknown.

In the center of this vast and magnificent country, on a commanding eminence, and conspicuous to all observers from every point of the compass, was a tree of celestial origin. Its roots took deep hold of the soil; it lifted its head loftily toward heaven, the place of its high aspiration; its giant arms were all-embracing, and its verdure was eternal.

Its leaves were medicinal for the healing of the nations; its fruit was living bread to the hungry and famishing soul, and the weary and oppressed of all lands sought eagerly and with gratitude the quiet comfort of its safe and salutary shade.

Welling up among the roots of the tree was a fountain, which at all times cast out an abundant supply of pure and living water, of which if a man drank freely, he was proof against the social, political, and official corruption that has cast down many strong men, and well nigh proved epidemic among the inhabitants of earth.

The names of these wonderful and indigenous productions were, the Tree and the Fountain of Liberty.

Far eastward stands a gay and costly edifice, with every outward token of more than oriental and fabulous magnificence.

It seems struggling and looming up amid an overwhelming profusion of material and magical adornment.

It is an ancient, and externally venerable pile. The eglantine and the ivy intertwine and festoon its portals, and the moss, born of the ages that have swept over it, clambers over its walls, and sits sedately on the roof. The touch of time has fretted and defaced the polish of art, yet with the bland smile of kind and courteous old age, it invites the wayfarer to a hospitable entertainment.

The consecutive action of generations of men reared this mighty temple, and the massive stones which compose it are cemented together by the commingled blood of freemen and of slaves.

A sable and suffering race have uncomplainingly heaved its well-proportioned and substantial columns, and their descendants are now the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for the necessary uses of the establishment.

A temple abounding in such external magnificence, must present an interior of luxury and refinement, of courtesy and comfort, of elegant ease, and even of fanciful adornment consonant with its outward and imposing splendor. Let us enter its penetralia and explore.

Look! a spacious hall, draped in black and stained with blood, lit only by the feeble and fitful glimmer of a single lamp, which gives a dull, lurid glare, like the reflection of a conflagration upon a sky curtained by night and cloud and boiling storm!

Hark! are those the blending strains of dear delightful music, that fill the apartment like a sweet exhalation—that thrill upon the charmed ear, and teach the heart to forget its loneliness? It is the moan of despair, the groan of the prisoner, blending with the shriek of torture! Music? Yes. The straps of the system have been at work developing its peculiar beauties. They have made bare the arms, and lifted high the lash and the bludgeon; they have lacerated with played upon the instrument, human nature, and this is the music! God! how the flesh quivers and the nerves thrill and the brain reels and burns, as tortures sting to madness, and human nature can suppress its utterance no longer!

Look again! In one corner of the hall is a quantity of arms of various kinds, the chief of which seem to be rifles and cannon, taken by tide-waiters upon the supposition that they were contraband; also several suspicious-looking casks, which did not seem to smell exactly like the "Maine Law."

Once more! In the center of the hall is a throne constructed of the bones of those who have died in the service of the temple, and from whose bones the chains which bound them in life have not rusted away, so that chains and manacles and the lash and the bones of those who bore them, are commingled in one common mound, and constitute the indistinct and shadowy throne on which is seated the presiding divinity of the temple. At the foot of the throne is a human skull filled with blood, and lying upon the marble floor, near the skull is a lithograph of the Tree, and a prostrate statue of the Goddess of Liberty.

Forms, shadowy and of questionable shape are gliding hither and thither about the hall; they seem ill at ease, drooping and dejected.

At length one approaches the throne, and with a nervous and convulsive movement grasps the skull—lifts it to his lips—drinks; the draught seems to revive him, and planting one foot upon the fallen statue, speaks thus:

"We have all one interest. There is a land, very desirable, lying toward the west; let us enlarge our inheritance. Let us plant for ourselves liberty, for others, chains. So shall the tree of liberty cast a pleasant shade over the house of bondage." And all the specters said, "We have all one interest—liberty and bondage support each other—let us amalgamate them—liberty for us—for others, chains."

And another specter approached the throne, placed his foot upon the lithograph of the Tree of Liberty, drank from the skull and spoke thus: "The people who flock to that land of beauty have strength and virtue—let us therefore exhaust strength and virtue by corruption."

And another approached, and following the example of his brethren, spoke thus: "The people love the liberty of speech and of the press; now, therefore, let us suppress their freedom of utterance, or it will be as a fire that shall devour ourselves and also the house of bondage, and our ashes and the ashes of oppression will be as manure for the tree of liberty, which will remain unscathed, and more flourishing than ever." And they all said: "Thou hast well said, let us suppress the freedom of utterance."

And another advanced, drank, and standing on the lithograph of the tree of liberty, said, "The people are intelligent, and lovers of justice and humanity; let us therefore take away and withhold the key of knowledge, raise false, distracting and dividing issues, that man may become suspicious of, and hostile to his fellow man—thus shall we divide and conquer." And they all said, "It is well, let us take away the key of knowledge, divide and conquer."

And another mighty specter advanced, placed both feet upon the prostrate representation of the Goddess of Liberty, drank long and deliciously from the skull

and said, "When you have exhausted strength and virtue by corruption—suppressed freedom of speech and of the press—taken away the key of knowledge—raised false issues, stifled a sense of public and private justice, and divided men, you have done much; but the people have instincts and dangerous sympathies, and to awe these into submission is sound and essential policy; let us then array before the mind the terrors of the bowie knife, the revolver, the rifle and the gallow—the executioner is the prime minister of a good, wise, and liberal government." And the response was loud, deep and unanimous. "Thou hast wisely spoken, let us oppress and punish; the executioner is the prime minister of a good government."

At that moment an oppressive and painful pause succeeded; the lamplight, as if prophetic, scintillated more brightly for an instant, and was then extinguished; all was involved in darkness dense; the mighty temple rocked and vibrated as a leaf quivering in the wind, and then silence and consternation succeeded, and anon through the dark hall, and breaking in upon the terrible silence inspired by fear, thrilled a voice of startling and prophetic import—none knew whence the voice proceeded—it was but a whisper, yet it penetrated every portion of that vast edifice, and it said, "Beware! When human oppression fastens one end of a chain to the ankle of a slave, divine justice rivets the other end around the neck of the tyrant. My day approaches, hope and fear not!"

And over that fair and far-off clime—that wild and witching clime of wondrous beauty—was suspended a cloud, dark and lowering, like a pall for the dead flung over the form and the features of Beauty.

And men hurried wildly to and fro; they looked upon each other with suspicion, and armed themselves as if for mortal combat.

And Fear went from man to man and whispered terrible things. Consternation sat upon the countenances of many; men spoke to each other with troubled looks and with shuddering and nervous gestures, while their hands grasped convulsively the instruments of death. Grim and blood-stained Assassination stalked with horrid aspect through the land, and there was trembling, fearing, weeping and hoping; for the habitations of the people were curtained with affliction, and to many it seemed that the land was the tomb of hope.

Lo! I thought thus men in olden time, when their master, being crucified, was laid in a new tomb, wherein never man was laid!

Who shall roll away the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre? Have Truth, Justice, and Humanity perished from the earth? Is the arm of Omnipotence paralyzed, the eye of Omniscience dim? Did not Life and Light, incorruptible, rise in all the fadeless, pure and imperishable glories of immortality from the dark, sad ruins of the tomb? And shall not the Great Spirit have regard for the beautiful domain which lies as a daily and living sacrifice before him, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity?

Shall the fair, virgin soil of a free and unspotted country be debauched by the old unrighteous form of servitude, polluted, loathsome, and festering in its own corruption?

Watchman! what see'st thou? I see a dark cloud lowering over a beautiful country—now a lurid glare is reflected upon the cloud, as from a wide expanse of prairie on fire. I see the heart of a mighty nation throbbing and palpitate with painful emotion, and its nerves all tremulous with intense excitement.

Watchman! what see'st thou? I see a mighty commotion among the people—the masses are moving—all is busy, bustling, excited, active life. The pastor with his flock—the teacher with his pupils, the law-man with his library—the farmer, the mechanic, the artisan, each with his implements of industry—age, youth, infancy, the family and the solitary wanderer, and the planter with his man-servant and maid-servant. Railroad trains are hurriedly multiplied and freighted, and steamboats groan beneath the weight of their living burdens.

Watchman! what see'st thou? I see a people ranging in an open country—dwelling in tents—living in turf and thatched cabins. I see numerous assemblages of the people—the stealthy assassin at his deadly work—the strong man convulsed and wallowing in his own blood. I see labor, enterprise, thrift, anarchy, armies, and the blood of innocence dripping from the hands of the slayer. I see a wondrous tree rise loftily in the land, and a bird, with an olive leaf by through the heavens, and perch among its branches. It is well.

Stranger! whither goest thou? "I go to build a quiet home in a beautiful clime, and establish there the principles of equity, justice and humanity." A blessing on thine arms, young soldier!

Stranger! whither goest thou? "I go to build a home under the blissful foliage of the Tree of Liberty, guard it from unhallowed desecration, and establish there the principles of liberty equality and fraternity." A blessing on thine efforts, young soldier!

Stranger! whither goest thou? "I follow my comrades to the clime of Beauty, to strike the chains from the oppressed, and if justice approve the effort, rivet them firmly around the necks of their oppressors." A blessing upon the acts of emancipation and justice, young soldier!

Stranger! whither goest thou? "I go to the land where Beauty reposes in her sylvan wilderness, to establish the blessings of peace, to impart intelligence to the mind, discipline to the moral sense, to elevate and refine humanity, and clothe in all the efflorescence of moral and graceful accomplishment, the myriads who shall abide there—to resist all efforts for physical moral or mental enslavement, and fix and perpetuate upon the coming and perishing generations of men the love and the practice of right, truth, love, justice, purity and fidelity—the moral and mental glory of the people may superabound the material beauty and magnificence of the unrivalled country of their choice." A thousand blessings attend thine efforts, young soldier!

Stranger! whither goest thou? thou art alone and solitary; rest within my cabin and teach me thy purposes. "The Great Spirit has placed the solitary among families—my foot is weary and my heart is sad. I come like the one who preceded me, to help diffuse the blessings and adornments of intellectual and moral life over the thoughts, the affections, and the life of man. I saw also toward the west the light of hope in the far, dim distance—it may be illusory—and I fondly and deliciously dreamed of its brightening luster, and wildly wove my wishes into the hope to gather around me once more the care-forgotten, the affection, the bliss, the brightness—evanescent and perishing though they be—of a mortal home; to enjoy and protect it, and aid in the establishment of such laws as permit men to enjoy those inalienable rights with which they are endowed by their Creator. I have spoken." Blessings upon thy aims, and may fruition crown thine efforts, veteran soldier!

skull of Dow, of Barber, and of Brown, whom we butchered without resistance; and there is the dull and leaden sounding, the monotonous and everlasting drop, drop, drop, of innocent blood, measuring with dreadful cadence, the period of our punishment as our lives."

And another said—"We thought to kindle a fire upon the roots of the tree of Liberty; but it hath turned upon ourselves, wasted our flesh, melted the manacles from the limbs of the oppressed, but the tree of Liberty is more flourishing than ever—it hath a charmed life—Omnipotence is its safety and defense—cursed be liberty, justice and humanity!"

And slept. * * * * * And one touched me, saying—"A wake, arise, behold, for the morn breaketh." And I looked, and lo! a barren plain no more—nor blood, nor chilling, dense, damp mist, nor goblin grim, nor specter shadowy—but the reflection from the robe of Day fell lovingly upon a beautiful country, vocal with the songs of birds, thronged by a dense, delighted and thriving population, and enlivened by the musical voices of playful, happy children.

The hoary locks of venerable Age, the sparkling glance of resistless Beauty, and the firm elastic step of strong and mature Manhood, the glossy curls of endearing Youth, the merry shout of sportive Childhood, and the winsome, smiling charms of helpless Infancy, were there—abodes of comfort and institutions of learning dotted and gemmed the land—and the sun, looking down from the firmament, shone sweetly upon a people elevated, refined, and rich in all the material, moral and mental elements which constitute the true glory and greatness of a nation.

The vision had no other change—the oppressed had found an asylum, the wanderer a home—the heart of the mightiest nation upon earth was purified—KANSAS WAS FREE.

Our virgin Kansas, hence keeps
An ever watchful gaze,
As in her sylvan wild she sleeps,
Or meets the morning rays.
Her vital hand-maid joyful meet
To see her toilet done,
And Freedom's loving acts complete
What Beauty had begun.

Lo! In the distance an extensive plain, barren, deserted and cold. It is invested with a gray, dense, damp, chilling mist, and over head is suspended a sombre cloud, like a covering of black marble over a tomb.

A massive rock stands in the center of the plain, at the base of which is ranged three human skulls. Out of the rock issues, at equal intervals of time, drops of blood, which falls with a dull, leaden sound, into the skulls at the base, and serve to measure the duration of time; for sun, and moon, and stars are alike unseen, and existence wears on, marked only by the monotonous and everlasting drop, drop, drop, of the blood from the voiceless rock. Converging to this point, are various paths from different directions, and at the point of convergence, are several stones covered with the green, humid slime of the reptiles which infest the place.

Several forms are approaching from different directions; their aspect is spectral, their eyes sunken, their frames attenuated, their voices hollow and sepulchral, their movements slow and solemn, their teeth chattering, and their feeble skeleton frames quiver in the cold, gray mist through which they move. They clasp their arms nervously around the necks, as if to gather and retain a little warmth, then sit down upon the slime-covered stones, and bow their heads upon their knees.

They remained silent, I know not how long, for duration was only measured there by the everlasting drop, drop, drop, of blood from the rock into the skulls beneath; when slowly, and with much effort, one muttered—incoherently and hissing through his clenched teeth—to his fellow shadows: "We had all one interest, we made a joint effort, deliberately planned and persistently sustained, but its recoil has overwhelmed us in the same condemnation. What hath happened unto you, hath happened unto me." And he muttered, "Cursed be the principles of liberty, equality, fraternity."

And another shadow said—"We thought to exhaust courage and virtue by corruption, but it hath corrupted our blood, and devoured our bones. We planned for ourselves liberty, for other others chains—cursed be the recoil of all our schemes."

And another muttered—"We thought to stifle free utterance, withhold the key of knowledge, but when men are ignorant, they become necessary and interesting to each other; out of this grows unity of feeling, and community of interests—the effort has defeated ourselves—cursed be the key of knowledge."

And another said—"We thought to divide and conquer, to suppress the instincts and sympathies of the people, by the exercise of oppression, and the exhibitions of cruelty and injustice—but oppression, common suffering have united the people, created overwhelming efforts for resistance, and the reflux of our schemes is suicide to ourselves."

And another specter mumbled to himself—"We thought to deprive the people of the means of self-defense, but the instruments we have taken, were as many vipers in our bed-chambers, and in our bosoms."

And another said—"We thought the earth drank the blood and covered the bones of our victims—but horror! there stands the

what the Federal Government is to do if, as happens to be the case, certain Northern and Southern institutions, are incompatible? The institution of slavery is no more an institution than the institution of a free press. The one is secured by every State constitution South, the other is secured by every State constitution North. The one is valued no more by Southern men, than the other is by Northern men. But the two are incompatible. All experience has proved it. The statute book of every Southern State proves it. There is not a slaveholding State in this Union in which penal laws do not exist against printing and publishing sentiments calculated to produce disaffection among its slaves, and all anti-slavery sentiments are so calculated. The fact that a restriction upon the freedom of the press and of speech is necessary to the safety of slavery, is so distinctly recognized, that one of the first acts of the late pro-slavery spurious legislature of Kansas was to make an enactment making it a felony punishable with imprisonment for not less than two years to "assert or maintain, by speaking or writing that persons have not the right to hold slaves in the Territory," and a felony, punishable with imprisonment for not less than five years, to "print, write, introduce into, or publish, or circulate any book, paper, pamphlet, magazine, hand-bill, or circular containing any statements, arguments, opinion, sentiment, doctrine, advice, or intendment calculated to produce a disorderly, dangerous, or rebellious disaffection among the slaves in the Territory." Now if Virginia, or South Carolina, or Arkansas chooses to have such laws, very well; they do not touch us, and it is none of our business—no more our business than the restrictive press laws of France or Naples. But when the attempt is made to carry such laws, or an institution requiring such laws, into the common territory of the United States, in which the citizens of the State of New York have just as much interest as the citizens of Virginia, or South Carolina, or Arkansas it then becomes our business; and we can tell the Richmond Enquirer that citizens of this State, when they emigrate to Kansas, have no more disposition to give up their institution of a free press than citizens of Virginia, have to give up their institution of a "nigger" not free. The capacities and utilities of a free press are here rated quite as high, as any Virginian can rate the capacities and utilities of a "nigger"; even though he takes the African inventory and appraisal of his present dignified Governor, in his recent public letter, to-wit: "wool, flat nose, odor, ebo-shin, and gizzard, foot and all." Well, now, we ask the Richmond paper—who is to yield? The Virginian takes his institution to the common territory, the New Yorker his—Which is to be given up? The New Yorker's sacred and inviolable right to free inquiry and free utterance, for which Milton argued and Socrates died, or the Virginian's sacred and inviolable right to "wool, flat-nose, odor, ebo-shin, and gizzard, foot and all," for which RICHMOND argues and Wise is prepared to die. The two cannot stand together. All admit that. Which is to be dropped? Who is to decide? Not the squatters. Both the Virginian and the New Yorker, both the Richmond Enquirer and ourselves, agree about that. The squatters, a sequestered and control Virginia's interest and New York's interest in that common territory. Well, then, if not the squatters, who else can decide but Congress, to which the Constitution gives the power to "make all needful rules and regulations respecting the Territory or other property of the United States." If Congress is to decide, how shall it decide? Is Congress bound to decide for the Virginian's institution, and not for the New Yorker's? What binds it?—Any thing in the Federal Constitution? If so, what and where? There is nothing. Congress in establishing "needful rules and regulations" is left to its discretion. The Virginian may demand protection, and so may the New Yorker, but both will get only just what Congress sees fit to allow. To determine this, Congress must examine and consider.—It must compare the two institutions—a free press, or a "nigger" (we use the Virginian's phraseology) not free.

Why should your institution be sounder more than ours.
Write them together, ours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; con, are with them,
Freedom will start a spirit as soon as slavery.

Leave the thing to Congress. We are contented with that. We always have been contented with it. The compromise division line, made by Congress a generation ago, was, in our opinion, eminently wise. Virginia thought differently and joined in breaking it up. This act was a breach of faith and most mischievous, and we go for its reparation. If we can't get it, we shall yet be content to leave the whole matter to the plebany discretion of this and future Congresses. Is the Virginian for such plebany discretion? If he is, why this blistering, arrogant, insolent tone? If he is not, what is he for? Is he for a compulsory opinion in his own favor? We agree with the Richmond Enquirer, that it is well to enter on an understanding on this matter. The Missouri Compromise once out of the question, the issue, as we understand it, will be a free press in the Territories, or (to use the Virginia dialect,) a "nigger" not free, "wool, flat nose, odor, ebo-shin, and gizzard, foot

and all." It will be for Congress and the people who make Congress, to decide and act upon the issue between the "institutions." What says our Virginian contemporary?—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.*

The Commercial Question.
The Ball is Rolling.
The news of the action of the business men of Kansas in reference to making Alton the point of embarkation for Kansas, is beginning to attract attention in the North and East. The papers at Chicago are canvassing the matter, and in a day or two we shall hear from New York and Boston on the subject. This is no impetuous, visionary excitement, raised and decided in a moment, and renewed as a new cause because apparent, but it is a calm and final decision of deliberate business men, who have reluctantly admitted the fact they have no reason to believe that the influence of St. Louis can be secured in defense of their rights. A solemn appeal has been made to that city for this purpose, and that appeal was made in vain. The press at St. Louis, with the exception of the *Democrat*, declined publishing the appeal; and the proper interpretation to be put upon such an ominous silence is, that for the benefit and defense of the invaders of Kansas, who have violated the Constitution of the United States, the rights of the people under that Constitution must be ignored. Will the people of the North tolerate and support, either directly or indirectly, such shameful nullifications of the plainest rights of her citizens under the Constitution? We answer emphatically, no. Even the people of Kansas City, Missouri, see the ridiculous position which an open or constructive indorsement of the outrages on persons and property on the Missouri would place them in, and have boldly and strongly condemned those wrongs, and pledged themselves to prevent them; but not one word will St. Louis offer on the subject. Mum is the word, and silence indorses the outrages.

Let us as citizens of free States, be true to the constitution, true to the interests of our commerce, true to the rights of men, and true to those who are devoting their means and their talents to increase the list of free States like our own. Let us keep the ball rolling till the commerce of the free States shall be found floating in its legitimate channel. Let us stand firmly for the rights of the people of Kansas, and they will in return stand by us, for their fidelity and patriotism has been tried in the fire, and like fine gold, it stands approved.—*Alton Courier.*

How the Movement Takes.
There can be no question that a line of steamers from Alton would be a great convenience to the emigrants seeking a home in the Western Territories, contiguous to the Missouri river, and would also be of great advantage to that city in a business point of view. It is equally clear that the emigrants are entitled to an unimpeded transit for themselves and their effects upon the Missouri river, without regard to their individual opinions on the question of slavery in Kansas. This, we are satisfied, they would be permitted to enjoy if Alton vessels, commanded by Alton men, were employed in their service. A packet line from that city once in operation, and we should hear no more of the plunder of the Kansas emigrants by Springfellow and Atchison's gang of desperadoes in Missouri.

We are rejoiced to note the commencement of an enterprise like this, and trust it will terminate successfully. Alton is the point, above all others, from which the Missouri river packet trade should radiate. Nature has destined it as the spot at which the transshipment of freight and passengers to and from the Upper Mississippi, Missouri and Illinois rivers should be made; and although her enterprising people have had to contend against the misfortune of being almost without capital, we look forward to no distant day when the trade of the above rivers will be shared by her citizens in connection with those of St. Louis, and in spite of the overshadowing influence of her rich and powerful neighbor.—*Springfield Ill., Journal.*

THE PERILS OF KANSAS TRAVEL.
Samuel Taylor, of New York City, who has been spending some time in Kansas, returned on the same boat with Governor Robinson and Col. Lane. When the boat reached Brunswick, Mo., a party came on board, headed by a son of the Governor of Missouri, to make search for Gov. Robinson, it being known that he was on board. Taylor was pointed out as the Governor, when he was at once seized and dragged on shore in spite of his protestations. There he found a rope and other implements of the court of Judge Lynch waiting him. The rabble demanded that he should be hung; and it was only on his producing papers proving his identity that he was suffered to proceed on his journey. This is the story Mr. Taylor tells the *Buffalo Express*.

We learn from the Canton, Miss., Commonwealth that Charles Wheelock was tarred and feathered in that place on the 19th ult., and ordered to vanish, because he was an Abolitionist.

A Good Article.
Slavery Must be Protected.
The utmost the South asks, and less she will not take from the Federal Government, is, that her institutions, her social forms, her property and her people, shall be protected at home, and protected in extending themselves into the common territories of the Union, just as are the institutions, the social forms, the property, and the people of the North. It is well that we should understand one another, for on this issue the next President is to be elected, and the Union to be preserved or dissolved.—*Richmond Eng.*

Yes, it is well that we should understand one another. The first reason you assign makes it so. The other is no reason, for it is not truth. It is thrice-added wish-wash. We wonder how they can, at this day, bear such stuff in Richmond; but let it pass—

Where one reason is aptly chosen,
One is as good as one dozen.
Well now let us "understand one another." What is meant by the Federal Government's protecting the institutions, the social forms, the property, and the people of the South "at home"? Is any thing more meant than that "the United States shall guaranty to every State in this Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion, and against domestic violence"? The Constitution secures that protection "at home," and only that. Is other protection asked for? If so, under what title? The Constitution gives none. If not, why this formal and emphatic demand? Who has denied the right of the South to protection against invasion and domestic violence? Who? If there be such a Northern man, we have never seen him or heard of him. We ask the Richmond Enquirer what it means? If the protection it claims is the protection designated in the Constitution, it very unnecessarily, very theatrically, and very ridiculously sets forth a truism. If the protection it claims is other than this, it claims what it has no right to, what it is beggarly to ask for, what won't be given and what can't be had. New York claims no other protection from the Federal Government for her "institutions," her "social forms," her "property," and her people at home, than the protection the Constitution insures her—protection from foreign invasion and domestic violence. She will take no other protection. With her idea of her State rights, she will endure no other protection. She is a sovereign State, and, further than the Federal Constitution constrains her, she will submit to no protectorate. "Hands off," is her language. Is Virginia different?

But again, what is meant by the demand that the Southern institutions, social forms, property, and people shall be "protected in extending themselves into the common Territories of the Union"? What obligates the Federal Government to protect the extension of Southern institutions into the Territories? In what part of the constitution does this requirement lie? Will the Richmond paper tell us? After it has told us, will it then state why the Federal Government is not as much bound to protect the extension of Northern institutions, and

skull of Dow, of Barber, and of Brown, whom we butchered without resistance; and there is the dull and leaden sounding, the monotonous and everlasting drop, drop, drop, of innocent blood, measuring with dreadful cadence, the period of our punishment as our lives."

And another said—"We thought to kindle a fire upon the roots of the tree of Liberty; but it hath turned upon ourselves, wasted our flesh, melted the manacles from the limbs of the oppressed, but the tree of Liberty is more flourishing than ever—it hath a charmed life—Omnipotence is its safety and defense—cursed be liberty, justice and humanity!"

And slept. * * * * * And one touched me, saying—"A wake, arise, behold, for the morn breaketh." And I looked, and lo! a barren plain no more—nor blood, nor chilling, dense, damp mist, nor goblin grim, nor specter shadowy—but the reflection from the robe of Day fell lovingly upon a beautiful country, vocal with the songs of birds, thronged by a dense, delighted and thriving population, and enlivened by the musical voices of playful, happy children.

The hoary locks of venerable Age, the sparkling glance of resistless Beauty, and the firm elastic step of strong and mature Manhood, the glossy curls of endearing Youth, the merry shout of sportive Childhood, and the winsome, smiling charms of helpless Infancy, were there—abodes of comfort and institutions of learning dotted and gemmed the land—and the sun, looking down from the firmament, shone sweetly upon a people elevated, refined, and rich in all the material, moral and mental elements which constitute the true glory and greatness of a nation.

The vision had no other change—the oppressed had found an asylum, the wanderer a home—the heart of the mightiest nation upon earth was purified—KANSAS WAS FREE.

Our virgin Kansas, hence keeps
An ever watchful gaze,
As in her sylvan wild she sleeps,
Or meets the morning rays.
Her vital hand-maid joyful meet
To see her toilet done,
And Freedom's loving acts complete
What Beauty had begun.

Lo! In the distance an extensive plain, barren, deserted and cold. It is invested with a gray, dense, damp, chilling mist, and over head is suspended a sombre cloud, like a covering of black marble over a tomb.

A massive rock stands in the center of the plain, at the base of which is ranged three human skulls. Out of the rock issues, at equal intervals of time, drops of blood, which falls with a dull, leaden sound, into the skulls at the base, and serve to measure the duration of time; for sun, and moon, and stars are alike unseen, and existence wears on, marked only by the monotonous and everlasting drop, drop, drop, of the blood from the voiceless rock. Converging to this point, are various paths from different directions, and at the point of convergence, are several stones covered with the green, humid slime of the reptiles which infest the place.

Several forms are approaching from different directions; their aspect is spectral, their eyes sunken, their frames attenuated, their voices hollow and sepulchral, their movements slow and solemn, their teeth chattering, and their feeble skeleton frames quiver in the cold, gray mist through which they move. They clasp their arms nervously around the necks, as if to gather and retain a little warmth, then sit down upon the slime-covered stones, and bow their heads upon their knees.

They remained silent, I know not how long, for duration was only measured there by the everlasting drop, drop, drop, of blood from the rock into the skulls beneath; when slowly, and with much effort, one muttered—incoherently and hissing through his clenched teeth—to his fellow shadows: "We had all one interest, we made a joint effort, deliberately planned and persistently sustained, but its recoil has overwhelmed us in the same condemnation. What hath happened unto you, hath happened unto me." And he muttered, "Cursed be the principles of liberty, equality, fraternity."

And another shadow said—"We thought to exhaust courage and virtue by corruption, but it hath corrupted our blood, and devoured our bones. We planned for ourselves liberty, for other others chains—cursed be the recoil of all our schemes."

And another muttered—"We thought to stifle free utterance, withhold the key of knowledge, but when men are ignorant, they become necessary and interesting to each other; out of this grows unity of feeling, and community of interests—the effort has defeated ourselves—cursed be the key of knowledge."

And another said—"We thought to divide and conquer, to suppress the instincts and sympathies of the people, by the exercise of oppression, and the exhibitions of cruelty and injustice—but oppression, common suffering have united the people, created overwhelming efforts for resistance, and the reflux of our schemes is suicide to ourselves."

And another specter mumbled to himself—"We thought to deprive the people of the means of self-defense, but the instruments we have taken, were as many vipers in our bed-chambers, and in our bosoms."

And another said—"We thought the earth drank the blood and covered the bones of our victims—but horror! there stands the

what the Federal Government is to do if, as happens to be the case, certain Northern and Southern institutions, are incompatible? The institution of slavery is no more an institution than the institution of a free press. The one is secured by every State constitution South, the other is secured by every State constitution North. The one is valued no more by Southern men, than the other is by Northern men. But the two are incompatible. All experience has proved it. The statute book of every Southern State proves it. There is not a slaveholding State in this Union in which penal laws do not exist against printing and publishing sentiments calculated to produce disaffection among its slaves, and all anti-slavery sentiments are so calculated. The fact that a restriction upon the freedom of the press and of speech is necessary to the safety of slavery, is so distinctly recognized, that one of the first acts of the late pro-slavery spurious legislature of Kansas was to make an enactment making it a felony punishable with imprisonment for not less than two years to "assert or maintain, by speaking