THE KANSAS

HERALD OF FREEDOM.

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Poetry.

For the Herald of Freedom.

Oh! the Morn for Me.

BY ELIZABETH M. F. DENTON.

Oh, the Morn for me! when her golden light
On the Eastern sky is gleaming;
Ere the woodland choir
Has attuned the lyre,
Or the world with life is teeming.

When the stars grow dim and forsake the sky,
And the Queen of night is sleeping;
When the waking flow'r,
From its tiny bow'r
Like a timid child is peeping.

When the cloudlets pause, while they blush reply
To the sun's warm, earnest greeting;
And the night winds rude
To the solitude
Of their day homes are retreating.

Though the countless, quivering beams of noon
Are forever in commotion:
Though they dance with glee,
On the earth and sea,
And the islands of the ocean.

When the burning car of the day—God rests,
While the hidden hosts adore him;
As the royal steed
Had forgot his speed,
And the burnished course before him.

Though the gentle eve may awake the lute
Of the poet and the lover;
And the maiden's song,
To the starry throng,
In the azure vault above her;

When they tune their harps to the notes of love,
While the sacred vows, unspoken,
In their eyes revealed,
By their lips are sealed
With affection's choicest token.

Though the night may boast of the quenchless fires
That adorn her raven tresses;
When the shades of sleep
On the eyelids creep,
And her hand the bosom presses;

Yet, the Morn for me, as an emblem bright
Of the dawning day before us;
When the wrong shall flee,
And the right shall be
But the reigning monarch o'er us.

Miscellaneous.

Extract.

Of the great men who have appeared in the world, many have been distinguished by the splendor of their birth or station; many by the boldness or variety of their achievements; and many by the peculiarities of genius or conduct, which, from the extraordinary contrast presented by them, have awakened the curiosity, or gratified the novelty of the giddy multitude. I know not how it has happened, but so, I fear, the fact will be found to be, that high moral qualities are rarely the passport to extensively popular favor or renown. Nay, a calm and steady virtue, which acts temperately and wisely, and never plunges into indiscretion or extravagance, is but too often confounded with dullness and frigidity of temperament. It seems as if it was deemed the prerogative, if not the attribute of genius, to indulge itself in eccentricities, and to pass from one extreme to another, leaving behind it the dark impressions of its vices or its follies. The deeper movements of the soul, in the inmost workings of its thoughts, are supposed to display themselves, like volcanoes in the natural world, by occasional explosions, which awe, but at the same time excite the crowd of eager spectators. They are struck with admiration of what they do not apprehend, and mistake their emotions for the presence of a superior power. They are bewildered by the shifting exhibition, alternately of brilliant deeds and debasing passions, of intellectual efforts of transcendental energy, and parodoxies of overwrought ingenuity, and being unable to fathom the motive or source; of anomalies, they confound extravagance with enterprise, and the dreams of ambition with lofty and well-considered design.

And yet, if there is anything taught us either by the precepts of Christianity or the history of our race, it is, that true greatness is inseparable from sound morals; that the highest wisdom is but another name for the highest talents; that the genius which burns with a pure and regular flame, throws far and wide its beneficent light, to guide and cheer us; while occasional corruscations serve only to perplex and betray us, or, to harrow the language of poetry, serve but to make the surrounding darkness more visible. The calm and patient researches of Newton and Locke have conferred far more lasting benefits on mankind, than all the achievements of all the heroes and conquerors of ancient or modern time. One patriot, like Epaminondas, Scipio or Washington, outweighs a host of Alexanders, Cæsars and Napoleons. The fame of Justinian, as a fortunate possessor of the imperial purple, would have long since faded into an evanescent point in history, if his memorable Codes of Jurisprudence had not secured him an enviable immortality, by the instruction which they have imparted to the legislation of all succeeding times. He who has been enabled, by the force of his talents and the example of his virtues, to identify his own character with the solid interests and happiness of his country; he who has lived long enough to stamp the impression of his own mind upon the age, and has left on record lessons of wisdom for the study and improvement of all posterity; he, I say, has attained all that a truly great man should aspire to. He has erected a monument to his memory in the hearts of men. Their gratitude will perpetually, though it may be silently, breathe forth his praise, and the voluntary homage paid to his name will speak a language more intelligible and more universal than any epitaph inscribed on Parian marble, any image wrought out by the cunning hands of sculpture.

Hotels in Fort Scott.

Messrs. Linn and Harris, proprietors of the Western Hotel, are prepared to give rest to the weary, food to the hungry, and comfort to all who may wish to take their ease at their Inn.

William T. Campbell, Esq., holds forth at the City Hotel, in readiness to minister to the comfort of his guests with his wonted promptness and urbanity.

These hotels are situated, the former on the South, and the latter on the North side of our beautiful plaza.—*Fort Scott Democrat.*

From the National Era.

"The Rights of Man"

Is a phrase which, since the era of the American Revolution at least, has had no novel sound—nay, there is scarcely another, more perfectly stereotyped in the minds and hearts of the American people. Formerly, it was supposed to possess a meaning, and that one of no ordinary significance. It was believed to denote something of value inestimable, which pertained alike to all the individuals of the race, no matter of what complexion, lineage, or geographical location. Parallel phrases, such as "natural rights," "human rights," &c., equally significant, are no less familiar, and—until a very late date—have been regarded, by the people of this country at least, as denoting an inheritance universal, invaluable and unalienable. They are universal, because they pertain to us in virtue of our common humanity; invaluable, because, when deprived of them, *every* other object becomes comparatively worthless and unalienable, for since by their loss other objects become worthless, we can receive for them no adequate compensation.—Need we add, that to deprive a man of his valuable and lawful possessions without some adequate compensation — to say nothing of his free consent—is the very definition of injustice. If, then "human rights" be not an empty name, "vox, et preterea nihil"—if *any rights* pertain to men in virtue of the place which their Creator has assigned them in the scale of being, it will be pertinent to inquire what *some* at least of those rights are.

Some eighty years since, an assembly of wise and virtuous men, whose fame it has been at once the pride and the passion of succeeding ages to celebrate, after long and grave deliberation upon the condition of this then infant nation, and the oppressions—as they were regarded—of the Mother Country, solemnly enunciated, and, at the hazard of "life, fortune and sacred honor," boldly recorded their determination to become a free and independent people, and thus to assume and vindicate their rank among the nations of the earth. They then laid the foundation of our country's liberty upon the following declaration of "Human Rights" as a corner stone, never doubting that it was an immovable rock:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new Government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

This foundation of our national liberty remained not only unshaken, but unassailed, for more than half a century.—When the storm of the Revolution, sweeping in blood and fire over the land, had passed by, the sky seemed clear and the heavens serene. In the distant Southern horizon was seen, to be sure, a small black cloud, but it was no bigger than a man's hand, and nobody feared that it was bearing onward and upward the elements of a destructive tempest. But "we live in an age of progress," and "time and tide" are not the only things which tarry not for human bidding. If the banners of Liberty are borne aloft, and her cohorts are moving forward, we have sad occasion to remember also that the rod of oppression is not broken, nor are her sentinels asleep.

This foundation rock, on which reposes the Acropolis of our country's freedom, is at last boldly assailed. And its assailants are no contemptible foe. The politician, the priest, and the jurist, are all among the leaders of the host. When the politician first assured us that Thomas Jefferson, the immortal author of our Declaration of Independence, penned not the noble sentiments quoted above as sober truth, but merely as "a flourish of rhetoric," we could not but admire the ingenious device with which he could so quickly slide round a citadel of Liberty, which no power of logic could subdue. But little did we then expect ever to see the day—how fully come—when the minister of the Christian religion should march boldly up to storm its battlements, or the Supreme Court of the United States, by one bold stroke, practically demolish its ramparts. But these events, once so incredible, now stare us in the face. The Supreme Court has at last risen to the sublime judicial announcement, that one unfortunate portion of our countrymen, amounting nearly to one-sixth, possess no rights which the remaining portion are bound to respect. And thus the highest judicial tribunal in our land, which ought to be the sure palladium of our liberties, at one fell blow has demolished, so far as it could, the foundation principle on which they rest. Yet even this high Court, in making the announcement—so shocking to the friends of Human Rights—relies solely for its authority upon the assumed fact, (since proved to be baseless fiction,) that this outraged portion of the human family had endured the oppression until some "two hundred years of" (robbery) "had sanctioned and sanctified" the iniquity, and all the nation had given it the most unqualified and unquestioned acquiescence. Still, becrazed as that country was by its devotion to the interests of slavery, it seems not to have designed to overrun the foundation of the *white* man's liberty. It only desired to submerge so much of the rock as furnished a standing place for the colored man. It seemed to forget that that rock was a living principle, which knew no distinction of races; and that when the tide of oppression, yet sleeping harmlessly at its base, should once begin to rise, no impotent Canute might arrest the progress of its surging billows with his "hitherto shall ye come, but no further."

Bold as was this extra-judicial decree in its assault upon "the rights of man," yet it sought to conceal its treason by the wicked pretext, that he was only a *negro* whose rights were cloven down. And thus, sugaring over the gall and bitterness of its true character, it seeks to attain currency and respectability in circles which ignore the higher law, and where it is forgotten that God is no respecter of persons.

But although politicians had held up to ridicule the declaration of Human Rights as a mere "flourish of rhetoric;" although the Supreme Court had practically annulled it, by denying their availability for the entire race, yet there remained still unexplored a lower depth in the abyss of treason to Liberty, to which even the weight of the Supreme Court could not sink. To penetrate that deep abyss was a distinction reserved for a son of the Church—a wearer of sacerdotal robes, a professed preacher of that Gospel which would give deliverance to the captives, and let all the oppressed go free. The exigencies of Slavery could find or make such a man, and did find or make such a man, in the person of Frederick A. Ross, of Alabama. Some notice of his bold and unscrupulous denial of the "rights of man" we reserve for a future occasion.

Precocious Republicanism.

"Get out of the way, you young rascal!"

This address was made by a gentleman with a very imperious air, and something naval officer-like in his costume and manners, who was seated in a handsome open carriage, with a fashionably dressed lady by his side. The "young rascals" whom he thus honored with his notice, were boys 10 or 12 years old, dealers in shingle shavings, an article very much used in this city for kindling coal fires.

The lads were wheeling six or eight bundles of their commodity in a hand-cart, and they happened to meet the gentleman in his carriage in a part of the street which was obstructed by a large pile of firewood, which made it impossible for the two vehicles to pass each other, unless one of the drivers had the compliance to draw back.

"Get out of the way, you young rascals!" said the gentleman in the carriage.

The young shingle shaving merchants looked at the speaker with undisguised astonishment, and he was obliged to repeat the order before they seemed to realize the fact that they were the party spoken to.

At last one of the young gentlemen made answer.

"Get out of the way yourself, and be blamed to you."

It was now the turn of the gentleman in the carriage to be astonished.

"Do you know who I am, you villains?"

"No, we don't," answered one of the boys, "some Englishman I guess. Do you know who we are?"

The gentleman was obliged to confess his ignorance, and he did it in a tone of surprising contempt.

"We are American citizens," said one of them with impunity.

"Is that any reason you should block up the streets?" said the imperious gentleman very excitedly.

"To be sure it is," replied the juveniles, "who has a better right to the street? We are the majority—two to one—I guess, and the majority carries everything in this country."

The aristocratic gentleman seemed disposed to be very violent; but observed, probably, that the bystanders, who were now very numerous, sympathised with the Republican party, he swallowed his wrath and set silent for several minutes, as if reflecting what course he ought to pursue in these perplexing circumstances.

The lady who sat by him, now spoke for the first time, and in a sweet and gentle voice she said to the boys—

"Will you not oblige me by letting us pass?"

"Certainly, madam," said the sturdy young Republicans, "we'll do anything for a lady, or for a man who knows how to behave himself like a gentleman, but as for giving away to a stuck-up rowdy like him, blamed if I wouldn't rather stay here till the next 4th of July."

They then drew back, and allowed the carriage to pass without further hinderance.—*Pennsylvania.*

Self-made Men.

If you are to be an exception, you will be the first in all my observations and experience. You may take the whole population of Maryland or any other State, select from it fifty men who are most distinguished for talents or any description of public usefulness, and I will answer for it, they are every one of them, men who begun the world without a dollar. Look into the public councils of the nation, and who are they who take the lead there? They are men who made their own fortunes—self made men, who begun with nothing. The rule is universal. It pervades our courts, state and federal, from the highest to the lowest. It is true in all professions. It is so now. It has been so at any time since I have known the public men of this State, or the nation, and it will be so while our institutions continue. You must throw a man upon his own resources to bring him out. The struggle which is to result in eminence is too arduous, and must be continued too long, to be encountered and maintained voluntarily, unless as a matter of life and death. He who has a fortune to fall back upon will soon slacken his efforts and finally retires from competition. With me it is a question whether it is desirable that a parent should leave his son any property at all. You will have a large fortune, and I am sorry for it, as it will be the spoiling of a good lawyer. These are my deliberate sentiments, and I shall be rejoiced to find in your instance I shall be mistaken.—*Letters to a Young Man.*

A Prediction of Science.

A letter written by Prof. Morse to Hon. Jno. C. Spencer, dated August 10, 1843, while the latter was Secretary of the U. S. Treasury, and before any telegraph line was actually at work in this country, contains the following remarkable prediction:

"The practical inference from this law is, that a telegraphic communication on the electro magnetic plan may, with certainty, be established across the Atlantic ocean! Startling as it may now seem, I am confident the time will come when this project will be realized."

Fifteen years to a month, realizes this prediction.

☞ Sir H. Davy beautifully says:—If I am allowed to give a metaphorical allusion to the future state of the blessed, I should imagine it by the orange grove in that sheltered glen, on which the sun is beginning to shine, and of which the trees are at the same time loaded with sweet golden fruit and balmy silver flowers.—Such objects may well portray a state in which hope and fruition become one eternal feeling.

The Geography of the Sea.

Lieutenant Maury has made many contributions to science, which will cause his name to be remembered for years to come. In his work, "The Geography of the Sea," he states facts of great interest, and draws deductions of the most far reaching consequence. He states that the deepest place in the sea is supposed to be between the parallels of 85 deg. and 40 deg. of north latitude, immediately to the south of Grand Banks.—Soundings have revealed that the ocean has not so great a depth as it was once supposed to have. The greatest depth which has been reached is twenty-five thousand feet, or four miles and three-quarters. As regards the saltness of the sea, it is said that taking the average depth of the ocean at two miles, and its average saline strength at three and a half per cent., its salt would cover to the thickness of one mile, an area of seven millions of square miles, all of which passes into the interstices of sea water without increasing its bulk.

The rivers of the Southern Hemisphere are supplied with their waters by the North-east trade winds; but as the evaporating surface—that is, the area of sea over which they blow—contains, between the parallels of 7 and 29 degrees North, only twenty-five millions of square miles, while the evaporating surface in the Southern Hemisphere is seventy-five millions, the quantity of rain which falls in the latter, is comparatively small. The mean annual fall of rain, which is evaporated principally from the seas of the Torrid Zone, is estimated at about five feet. If we suppose it all to come from that zone, it would be equivalent to the waters of a lake twenty-four thousand miles long, three thousand miles broad, and sixteen feet deep; and this water is annually raised up into the sky, and brought down again by the exquisite though complex machinery of the atmosphere "which never wears out nor breaks down, nor fails to do its work at the right time, and in the right way."

Under the head of Drift Currents, Lieutenant Maury describes a commotion in the water, called "Tide Rips," revealing a conflict of tides or currents. They are generally found near the equatorical calms, starting up without any wind, and moving along at the rate of sixty miles an hour with a roaring noise, "as if they would dash over the frail bark, helplessly flapping its sails against the masts." The other unexplained movements of the sea, the name of *Bores* and *Eagres* has been given.—The Bores of India, of the Bay of Fundy, and of the Amazon, are the most remarkable. They are tremendous tidal waves, which roll in periodically from the sea, engulfing deer, horses, and many other wild beasts that frequent every part of the beach. The name *Eagre* is given to the Bore of Tsien-Tang river.—It attains its greatest magnitude opposite to the city of Hangchau, one of the busiest in Asia; and when it appears, it is announced with loud shouts from the sailors, drowned in its noise of thunder.—All work comes to a stand. A wall like one of chalk, or rather a cataract, four or five miles across and thirty feet high, advances with a velocity of twenty-five miles an hour. It passes up the river in an instant with diminishing velocity, occasionally reaching a point 80 miles from the city. The rise and fall of the wave is sometimes forty feet at Hang-chau, and it is supposed to be produced by a peculiar configuration of the river and its estuary.

Recent events have given new interest to every thing that relates to the sea; and to those persons who wish to peruse a work of rare merit on the subject, we commend the volume of Lieutenant Maury. The principal foreign reviews have made it the basis of elaborate essays, and the fame of the author has extended to all parts of the civilized world. He has brought new honors upon his country, and gained a name among the most noted men of the times.—*Boston Transcript.*

How to Take Life.

Take life like a man. Take it just as though it was—as it is—an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you personally were born to the task of performing a merry part in it—as though the world had waited for your coming. Take it as though it were a grand opportunity to do and to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes; to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be, a heart-broken brother. The fact is, life is undervalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half so much of as should be the case. Where is the man or woman who accomplishes one tithe of what might be done? Who cannot look upon opportunities lost, plans unacheived, thoughts crushed, aspirations unfulfilled, and all caused by the lack of the necessary and possible effort. If we knew better how to take and make the most of life, it would be far greater than it is. Now and then, a man stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and straightway becomes famous for wisdom, intellect, skill, and greatness of some sort. The world looks, admires, idolizes; and yet it only illustrates what each may do if he take hold of life with a purpose. If a man but say he will, and follows it up, there is nothing in reason he may not expect to accomplish. There is no magic, no miracle, no secret to him who is brave in heart and determined in spirit.—*London Journal.*

Sowing Wheat.

We have been making some inquiry from the farmers of this and Madison counties, in regard to the proper time for sowing fall wheat in this climate. The testimony of those who were the most successful this season is, that the proper time is about the fifteenth of September—not later than the twentieth. Mr. T. P. Hall, who lives on the Cottonwood, raised a fine field of fine wheat this season, which was not damaged by the rust or frost, and which he sowed in middle of September. He also had another field which he sowed about ten days later, which gave a much poorer yield than the first, did not mature so well, and was more effected by the frost and rust. Mr. Grimsley, living on Allen creek, raised about forty acres of excellent fall wheat this season, which was sown the middle of September. Both these gentlemen will sow largely this fall, and not later than the fifteenth of next month. From indications, we should judge that there would be a much larger number of acres of wheat sown this fall than last.—*Kansas News.*

From the N. Y. Evening Post, Aug. 6.

The New Railroad in Missouri.

The Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad Company are now in the market asking proposals for their bonds, and they promise to have the whole length of their line completed by April of next year. This road is in the hands of able, far-sighted and honorable men, and its basis of credit consists of something over 600,000 acres of rich farming and mineral land in North Missouri, lying at various distances within fifteen miles of the road, conferred by grant of Congress, as in the well known case of the Illinois Central. It would seem, therefore, to have strong claims upon the attention of capitalists, and others interested in Western roads.

This Railroad, however, has points of interest for others besides capitalists.—When it is completed, it will open for settlement a district of farming and mineral lands that will compare favorably with the best of those hitherto accessible at the West. A gentleman who recently had occasion to traverse at leisure, in his own vehicle, the States of Missouri and Iowa, together with parts of Wisconsin and Kansas, avers that he found nowhere such a choice farming country as that of North Missouri. The surface is rolling and furnishing good drainage, is well watered, and as fertile as the best land in Illinois; the climate is that of southern Pennsylvania and well adapted to crops of every variety, including choice fruits, hemp and tobacco.

It is no small boon to the hard-laboring emigrant to open to him a region like this, and the current of emigration, as our readers are aware, has already begun to set towards Missouri. The farmers of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa are moving down, and such of the old Missouri planters as love slavery more than money, are selling out on advantageous terms, and turning their faces towards Arkansas and Texas, where the best of land is selling at four dollars an acre, and slavery may be kept, for the present, in security. The effect of the new Railroad upon the institution of slavery is, therefore, already beginning to show itself. That obsolete system must inevitably slink away before the form of civilization that builds *and sustains* Railroads. The object of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Company, we presume to be that of all other Railroad companies, viz: to make money—and they probably intend to invite the whole world to come and buy their lands. But the slow-moving, antiquated, wasteful system of slavery cannot but yield when it comes into competition with the free labor of that hardy, long-headed, fore handed class of small farmers who cluster along the lines of our Western Railroads.

An Eloquent Extract.

Says a very fine writer:—

"Generation after generation have felt as we feel now, and their lives were as active as our own. They passed away like a vapor, while Nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be.

"The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they are now around our paths. The world will have the same attractions for our offspring yet unborn, that she had once for ourselves, and that she now has for our children. Yet a little while and all this will have happened.—The throbbing heart will be stilled, and we shall be at rest. Our funeral will wind its way, and the prayers will be said, and our friends will all return, and we shall be left behind in silence and darkness for the worm. And it may be for a short time we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, laughter and songs will be heard in the room in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried, and glisten again with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our names.—Then shall we have become, in the touching language of the Psalmist, "forgotten and clean gone out of mind."

The Best Route to New York.

Take one of the packets on the Missouri for Jefferson City, which you will reach in two days. There you will be transferred to one of the fine cars of the Pacific Railroad train, and in six hours find yourself in St. Louis. Next morning leave on the St. Louis and Alton road, and about nine o'clock in the evening will arrive in Chicago. At six A. M. take a seat in the Michigan Southern cars for Buffalo, and next morning the New York Central will convey you to Albany in season to get a good supper on the evening packet, and when you arise at day-break the noble vessel will be nearing her pier in the harbor of New York. This trip will be accomplished in four days and a half, without traveling on the cars but one night. Thus an oportunity will be afforded of seeing nearly the whole country traversed, without loss of sleep. We can say, from experience, that this is the best route as regards speed, comfort and scenery. A fine view is obtained of the broad and fertile prairies of Illinois, the noble forests, farms and villages of Michigan, Indiana and Ohio, not forgetting the Forest City, with her broad avenues, palatial residences, and magnificent churches; of the good old farms and the comfortable Dutch farm-houses of the Keystone State, and of the most productive and attractive portion of New York. The trains on this route make sure connections, and the traveler, by taking our advice, will save himself many vexatious delays, besides money and time.—*Commercial Gazette, Wyandott.*

A Year of Abundance.

There is high promise of a year of abundant food. In the regions to which the civilized world generally looks for the supply of food, the prospects are of large returns to the labors of agriculture. In England, where the supply of food is so important that the effects of abundance, or of scarcity extend to all the commercial countries, the harvest has begun earlier than usual, and with favorable weather. In France, where the peace of Europe depends largely on a good crop, the same favorable appearances prevail; and in this country the yield promises to be enormous. The vine, that has suffered so severely all over the country, is now flourishing to a degree that leaves no doubt that the vintage of 1858 promises to take its place among the great years of quantity and quality. The disease that has long afflicted it has been mastered—mainly, we believe, by the application of sulphur.—*Providence Journal.*

Poetry.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

Le Marais du Cygne.*

A blush as of roses
Where rose never grew!
Great drops on the bunch-grass,
But not of the dew!
A taint in the sweet air
For wild bees to shun!
A stain that shall never
Bleach out in the sun!

Back, steed of the prairies!
Sweet song-bird, fly back!
Wheel hither, bald vulture!
Gray wolf, call thy pack!
The foul human vultures
Have feasted and fled;
The wolves of the Border
Have crept from the dead.

From the hearths of their cabins,
The fields of their corn,
Unwarned and unweaponed,
The victims were torn,—
By the whirlwind of murder
Swooped up and swept on
To the low, reedy fen-lands,
The Marsh of the Swan.

With a vain plea for mercy
No stout knee was crooked;
In the mouths of the rifles
Right manly they looked.
How paled the May sunshine,
Green Marais du Cygne,
When the death-smoke blew over
Thy lonely ravine!

In the homes of their rearing,
Yet warm with their lives,
Ye wait the dead only,
Poor children and wives!
Put out the red forge-fire,
The smith shall not come;
Unyoke the brown oxen,
The ploughman lies dumb.

Wind low from the Swan's Marsh,
O dreary death-train,
With pressed lips as bloodless
As lips of the slain!
Kiss down the young eyelids,
Smooth down the gray hairs;
Let tears quench the curses
That burn through your prayers.

Strong man of the prairies,
Mourn bitter and wild!
Wail, desolate woman!
Weep, fatherless child!
But the grain of God springs up
From ashes beneath,
And the crown of His harvest
Is life out of death.

Not in vain on the dial
The shade moves along
To point the great contrasts
Of right and of wrong:
Free homes and free altars
And fields of ripe food;
The reeds of the Swan's Marsh,
Whose bloom is of blood.

On the lintels of Kansas
That blood shall not dry;
Henceforth the Bad Angel
Shall harmless go by:
Henceforth to the sunset,
Unchecked on her way,
Shall Liberty follow
The march of the day.

Miscellaneous.

A Word or Two About Lightning.

What is the cause of lightning? Lightning is the result of electrical discharges from the clouds.

What is thunder? Thunder is the noise which succeeds the rush of the electric fluid through the air.

When does lightning occur? When clouds charged with the electricities approach, the forces rush to each other, and combine in a state of equilibrium.

Why does lightning attend this movement of the forces of electricity? Because the atmosphere, being unable to convey the great changes of electricity as they rush towards each other acts as an insulator, and the lightning is caused by the violence of the electricity in forcing its passage. When the conducting power is equal to the force of the electricity, it passes invisibly, noiseless and harmlessly, whenever it finds a sufficient source of conduction.

Why does lightning sometimes appear forked? Because, being resisted in its progress by the air, the electricity divides into two or more points, flies from point to point, and seeks a passage in different directions.

Does lightning ever pass upwards from the earth to the clouds? Yes, when the earth is charged with a different electricity to that which is in the clouds.

Why is it dangerous to stand near a tree during an electric storm? Because the tree is a better conductor than air, and electricity would probably strike the tree, and pass to the person standing near.

Why is it dangerous to sit near a fire-place? Because the chimney being a tall object, and the smoke a good conductor, would probably attract the electricity and convey it to the body of a person sitting near the fire.

Why is it dangerous to be near water during a thunder storm? Because its entire surface is a good conductor, and the vapor arising from it might attract the electricity.

Are iron houses dangerous! No; they are safe, because the iron frame, completely surrounding the body, and having a greater capacity for conduction, would convey the electricity harmlessly to the earth.

Are iron bedsteads dangerous? No; they are safe, because the iron frame, completely surrounding the body, and having a great capacity for conduction, would keep electricity away from the body.

Why is it safe to be in bed during a thunder storm? Because feathers, hair, wool, cotton, &c., especially when dry, are good insulators or non-conductors.

What is the safest situation to be in during a storm? In the center of a room, isolated as far as possible from surrounding objects; sitting on a chair and avoiding handling any of the conducting substances. The windows and doors should be closed to prevent drafts of air.

In the open air, what is the safest situation? To keep aloof, as far as possible, from elevated structures; regard the rain as a protection against the lightning stroke, for wet clothes would supply so good a conductor, that a large amount of electricity would pass over a man's body, through wet clothes, and he would be quite unconscious of it.

Habits.

Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed; no single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

Tenacity to Life.

Men cling to life with an unyielding grasp; and many, whose greatest annoyance is the thought that it will one day escape them, are yet constantly inveighing against it as a thing almost intolerable. They complain of the path as thorny, rugged and wearisome, but ever tormented with the fear that they shall too soon come to its termination. It is a sweet curse, both too long and too short. The days, the months and the years, they charge with tardiness, and wish them ended—tax invention to the utmost to manufacture wings for the lingering moments—and when they have fled, regret that they made such speed, and wish them back. The moments, when passing, move too slowly; when passed, they have gone too soon. Such is inconsistent man. He impatiently wishes to-day would give place for to-morrow, and yet every successive morrow advances him a step toward the dread termination, anxious to try every untried day except the last, impatient to make acquaintance with every portion of life except its close, in hope to find each successive day more propitious than the past. He quarrels with life because it does not bless him, loves it because it has a blessing for him, and clings to it in hope to evoke that blessing, but seeks it neither with the "spirit nor with the understanding." We must understand what life is, and what it proposes to do for us, in order to make the most of it. They who cherish it for its own sake, as an end and not as a means, do not understand its nature and design. It cannot satisfy the vast desires of the immortal mind. They call for more than would ten thousand times exhaust its resources. Men trifle with life by trying to elicit from it donations of enjoyment which it can not give, because it has not the means; they quarrel with it for being so destitute of benevolence as not to give them what it does not possess, and cannot command. This is like complaining of a drop of water, because it is not the ocean; or censuring a mole-hill because it is not the universe. The man who should mistake the portico for the parlor, and then curse it because it is neither spacious enough nor warm enough to satisfy his expectations, would justly incur ridicule. Life is but the portico of our existence, and he who mistakes it for the whole edifice deserves not to be ridiculed, but to be regarded with some graver emotion, for, indeed, he has made a disastrous mistake. He will find it too narrow to satisfy the infinitely-expanding desires of the soul, and cold enough to freeze up its ardor.

Childhood looks forward with anxious expectations to youth; youth, dissatisfied, pants for manhood; disappointed manhood speeds on to old age for the prize, and despairing age looks back censoriously upon the whole course of life, and is vexed that his "wood, hay and stubble," were not "gold, silver and precious stones." And yet man is unwilling to part with life, because he has made it his treasure, and has no treasure beyond. But to him who regards life as merely the infancy of his existence, and uses it well, its best quality is, that it has a termination, for that termination is his introduction into a priceless treasure, which he has spent his life in accumulating. The man who has acted well his part, can hail with the liveliest emotions of joy his exit, which leads him out of a field of labor and care into a boundless field of unsullied enjoyment.

It becomes mortal man, then, to be wise, to take life for what it is, to remember that it has an end, and compel every period of it to make a donation of happiness to the last hour, to seize upon every day as it passed, and say to it as did the patriarch to the wrestling angel, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me."

No Apportionment.

The cry of the Free State party, last fall, was "The bogus apportionment," "The unfair apportionment," "The pro-slavery apportionment." Well, the Free State men got control of the Legislature, and what did they do? Did they make a new and just apportionment? *Not at all.* The old South American pro-slavery apportionment was *endorsed.* Why was this? Who can tell? We believe we have the key to the mystery. Had there been a new and fair apportionment, the Councilmen holding seats would have been obliged to resign, and take the chances of a new election. There was the rub. Minneola promised cash to them. The Banks and Ferries looked fat to their eyes, and they could not forego the plunder of one more session. Hence it was, that the apportionment was endorsed.—Hence it was, that the nineteen disfranchised counties were permitted to remain disfranchised. *Plunder* was at the bottom of it all. Shall the next house of Representatives be of the same stripe, or shall the members be men who will stand by Gov. Denver, for the rights of the people and the prosperity of Kansas.—*Western Argus.*

☞ The site for the Free Church and School building has been selected, and the stone for the same is being hauled upon it. It will be but a short time before the many children in the town and its environs, will have a comfortable and convenient house where they may be instructed in the rudiments of education, and prepared to enter the battle of life armed with the most effective weapon of all—knowledge. The question now asked is, where are we to get a competent teacher? Why, from whence do most teachers come? From the land of the rising sun. Let some clever, capable Yankee girl take heed, for here she will find immediate employment, ample compensation, a warm welcome, and perhaps a ——, but that's an after consideration. We will only say, we think she will find here all her heart desires. The population of Kansas needs a leaven of bright and intelligent girls, to make it rise into respectability and affluence.—*Junction Sentinel.*

☞ The old and erroneous idea that the whole region of the Rocky Mountains north of the 40th parallel, is a sterile region, presenting an almost unbroken field, is completely refuted by Governor Stevens' exploration. One of the officers of his party, Lieutenant Saxton, says in his report: "I find that my previous ideas of this Rocky Mountain range are, so far as this section is concerned, entirely erroneous. Instead of a vast pile of rock and mountains almost impassable, I find a fine country, well watered by streams of clear, cold water, and interspersed with meadows covered with a most luxuriant grass."

County Jail.

The County Supervisors, having the peace and welfare of the citizens at heart, have advertised for proposals and bids for the building of a jail. The propriety of this move is obvious. The Courts may issue process, and officers make arrests of offenders against our laws, but experience has proven that the laws never can be executed, and crime punished without good jails. Of all the arrests made in this, and other counties of Kansas, how many instances are there of offenders having been held to answer?—We know of none. Murder, robbery, theft, and crime of every grade, has been committed, and though arrested in many instances, we believe all have escaped. Even when tried and convicted, in all the Territory there has been no place where offenders can be safely kept. Whose is the fault? It lies at the doors of the citizens of the counties themselves. We know that they have made complaints against the officers of the law, for not executing the laws. There is manifest injustice in this. If the people of the country, who are to be protected by the law, neglect or refuse to do their part in compliance with the law, in providing the necessary means, without which, it is impossible for the officers of the law to enforce it, the fault lies with them. Besides, the practice of guarding prisoners costs, in the end, more than the building of a good jail. It is miserable economy.

We direct the attention of persons disposed to contract, to the advertisement of the Board of Supervisors. Give us a jail, a secure prison, then rogues and outlaws will no longer contemn the laws. We promise that the laws will be duly enforced.—*Fort Scott Democrat.*

Kansas Valley Bank.

We are pleased to announce to the public that Mr. Fairchild, the gentlemanly Cashier, has secured the interests in this institution, of Messrs. W. B. Waddle and W. H. Russell, of the firm of Majors, Russell & Waddle, and also of L. R. Smoot, of the firm of Smoot, Russell & Co., of Leavenworth city; these gentlemen having become Directors and large stockholders in the Bank. Their business reputation and known wealth is too thoroughly established in this section of country to need comment, and with their names as guarantees, no one can doubt the stability and permanent usefulness of the Kansas Valley Bank.

The Board of Directors now consists of the following persons:

Gen. S. C. Pomeroy, President.
G. H. Fairchild, Cashier and Director.
W. H. Russell.
L. R. Smoot.
W. B. Waddle.
Judge F. G. Adams.
S. Dickson.
W. E. Gaylord.

We have combined in this Board banking talent of the highest order, and men whose personal reputation is beyond reproach; and we do not believe that an institution of the character can be found, which is established upon a better basis, or more entitled to the confidence and favor of the business community.

The people of the Territory now have a Bank of their own, and will not be compelled to look abroad for a circulating medium, and we trust they will thoroughly appreciate the advantages of such an institution, and give it their confidence.—*Freedom's Champion.*

☞ Our town has been enlivened during the past fortnight, by the passage through of numbers of Indians of various tribes, returning from their annual Buffalo hunt. They represent the game as being unusually abundant, and from the quantities of hides and dried meat with which their ponies were packed, we take it that they have had more than ordinary success in the pursuit. The first large band that crossed the Smoky Hill fork at this place, were of the Sac Nation, then came Pottawottomies, Kickapoos, Delawares, &c. Exclaim as you may, "Lo, the poor Indian," and bathe them with philanthropic sympathy while at a distance, but come to a closer inspection and view their happy and contented faces, free and easy, devil-may-care actions, and hear their joyous laughter, and the pale-face, weary and fagged, almost envies them their care-free condition. We are inclined to believe the Indian the happier individual.

"Lo! the poor Indian, who, untutored, feeds
On locusts, beetles, frogs, and centipedes,
His taste keen hunger never taught to sigh
For beef, veal, mutton, pork and pumpkin pies!
But thinks, admitted to that equal feast,
All things are good for man as well as beasts!
Junction Sentinel.

The Niagara and Agamemnon.—Then and Now.

The London *Times*, while the Atlantic telegraph cable was being shipped on board the Niagara and Agamemnon, ridiculed, with some asperity, the shape and sailing qualities of the Niagara. The storm they both met at mid-Atlantic, which the Niagara outrode so easily, and the Agamemnon with so much difficulty and danger, settled the question of their respective merits. In viewing the results of the recent expedition, the *Times* makes the following *amende honorable* for its unjust depreciation of the Niagara:

"On the whole, we are of the opinion that there never will be a fair trial till it is made with a ship carefully adapted to the purpose as the cable itself. It is mere child's play to use such ships as the Agamemnon, and we feel it somewhat derogatory to the national credit that we should have permitted the Americans, out of their small navy, to contribute a vessel 2,000 tons larger than ours, and evidently much better fitted for this great work."

The Fourth a Great Day in our History as a Nation.

April 4, 1609—Hudson discovered the Bay of New York.

July 4, 1776—Declaration of Independence.

October 4, 1777—Battle of Germantown.

October 4, 1777—Articles of Confederation adopted by thirteen of the Colonies.

December 4, 1783—Washington resigned command of the American Army and retired to private life.

July 4, 1813—The Algerine Admiral captured by an American squadron; the Dey makes advantageous terms of peace to America.

March 4—Presidential Inauguration.

August 4, 1858—Arrival of the Atlantic Telegraph fleet both upon British and American shores.—*Missouri Democrat.*