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Poetry.

Spring.
BY ALFRED TENNYSON.
Dip down upon the northern shore,
Thy sweet new song, thy dawning song,
Thou dost expectant nature woo,
Delaying long; delay no more.

What starts thee from the clouded noon,
Thy sweet new song, thy dawning song,
Thou dost expectant nature woo,
Delaying long; delay no more.

Bring orchids, bring the fragrant rose,
The little spotted ones, the daisy blue,
That looms to burst a frozen bud,
And food a fresher breath with dew,
Liberating, dropping with fire.

Oh thou new year, delaying long,
Thy sweet new song, thy dawning song,
Thou dost expectant nature woo,
Delaying long; delay no more.

Now fades the long last streak of snow;
Now bursts the green of many a quick,
About the flowering squares, and thick
The dark becomes a radiant haze.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milkmaid's pail,
On winding stream or distant sea.

Where now the sea-mew pipes or dives
In yonder greenish gleam, and by
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brook, that live their lives.

From land to land, and in my breast
Spring waikens too, and my regret
Returns as April visits,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

Original Miscellany.

Written expressly for the Herald of Freedom.
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THE JAY-HAWKER;
A TALE OF
SOUTHERN KANSAS.
BY P. P. FOWLER.

CHAPTER VI.

It is a delightful time in May. Fair blushing Aurora, goddess of the morning, has unveiled her richest, sweetest charms, and scattered from her rosy fingers over the landscape, upon grass and herb, unfolding flower and expanding leaf, myriads of pearly and glistening dewdrops.

The atmosphere is clear, the air balmy, fresh and invigorating, and the whole panorama is bathed in a flood of brilliant, living light.

The laborer has resumed his toil, the traveler his way, while the clear, glowing, love-lit eyes of beauty sport in a sea of splendor, as they peer forth in rapture upon the scene.

Here is an elevated mound-like bluff, from the top of which your eyes can take in the charming prospect, of open undulating prairie, of hill and glen, and winding stream, and forest-crowned bottom for many miles in extent. Let us ascend the summit and enjoy the beautiful scene.

Look! toward the east; there appears a company of horsemen, about thirty in number. They are riding rapidly toward that settler's cabin, which stands there on the low land. They are armed.—What can be the object of their mission? They have induced the settlers to go with them; surely their mission must be peaceful; it is hardly possible for human nature to feel otherwise on such a calm, lovely, radiant morning as this.

But, see! they visit another and another cabin, and their male occupants fall into line and bear them company.

Another man is at work in his field.—Three of the company visit him. He leaves his work, goes with them, and falls into line with the rest.

Another has gone a short distance to a neighbor's house. He is induced to go with the party, and they move on.

They call at the house of another man—a short, stout built, full and fair-faced man. He also goes along with them.

But, look! a woman leaves the same house and follows him. It is his wife.—She is weeping, beseeching and wringing her hands as if in terrible agony. What does it mean? Is there another alarm? And are these armed men gathering a company to rebel invasion? It cannot be, for these men who fall into line, and bear them company, leave suddenly, and are unarmed.

Look, again! The party visit a store, and the young, interesting, and gentlemanly clerk, suddenly leaves his employment and goes along with them.

There, close by that small house which stands by the road, not far from the river, is a man with a span of horses and wagon, on his way to Kansas city. His business is urgent. He has left behind him a young and beautiful wife, and an interesting, prattling, playful child. But he leaves his route, and falls into line and moves on with the rest. In the meantime, a few of the company are approaching another cabin. The woman who occupies it sees them, goes out, speaks to a man at work near by; he looks, drops his hoe, dashes across the field in the direction of the woods, almost a mile distant; the horsemen see him, turn their horses, ride nearly around the field, as if in pursuit; but the distance they have to travel is much further than the timber, than the route taken by the flying man. They halt. Look! the man has gained the covert of the bushes, and they turn their horses in another direction and join the main portion of the company.

What sudden impulse has caused that man to seek the covert of the forest? Why does he fly as if wings were aiding his footsteps?

The short, fleshy man, who was followed by his wife, gets into the wagon with the teamster, and the company move on.

Several hours have now passed, and the company have visited nearly every house in the neighborhood. They have gathered about twenty men. Some, for whom they called, were away from home, others saw them approach, and fled as if in mortal terror. Why?

Yonder stands the shop of a blacksmith. The strong, dusty, muscular son of the forge, is hammering away cheerfully upon the anvil. He thrusts his iron into the fire, and with his left hand commences working the bellows, while with his right, he is scraping and piling up small pieces of coal over his fire. That done, he carefully turns his head and looks out upon the prairie, when, lo! three men, rapidly approaching, meet his gaze. They approach near the shop and call to the blacksmith. He leaves his work, and eagerly surveys the party before him.

"No you don't, Captain Hamilton," comes from the full, strong, firm voice of the blacksmith. His whole aspect, meanwhile, has changed, and his visage is stern, almost fearful to behold.

"No you don't. Come no nearer."

He takes his gun. The leader dismounts and stands behind his horse.—Firing commences on both sides; several shots are exchanged; a volley from the blacksmith's gun penetrates the neck of the leader's horse. It seems the leader is slightly wounded. He mounts and returns to his party. Victory perches upon the standard of the blacksmith, but he has received a severe, though not dangerous wound.

The company resumes their march.—Their prisoners feel terrible apprehension. The teamster speaks to his companion: "We may not be able to escape with our lives. They are determined to rob—perhaps murder us. I have two hundred dollars on my person, belonging to another man; I want to prevent their getting it. What shall I do with it?"

"Take it and thrust it under the hay in the wagon; they will not be likely to find it. If either of us live through this, the money can then be taken and restored to its rightful owner."

It is done. The company move on a little further and halt; the leader looks around among the prisoners. Several are disarmed, and start off on their return, among whom is the fair-faced, fleshy man who rode in the wagon. He has made a sign of distress, is released, and returning—O, how excited, terrified, yet how joyfully, to his devoted wife.

The company now advance; and, see, they come near us; they have now eleven prisoners; they halt in that glen, in full view from where we stand. The prisoners are ranged in a line. For what purpose? What have they done? Look at them as they stand there, calmly confronting their captors, who are ranged in a line before them, only a few yards distant, on more elevated ground.

Mark you the bearing of the prisoners as they stand, pale, blanched, bloodless in their visages, silent, motionless, voiceless. There they stand; the hoary-headed man of God, and the sunny, gay, sprightly youth, stand side by side. The strong man in meridian life, the old and honored father, fast bending and declining to the grave, are there; and preacher and layman, old and young, father and son are blended together in that calm, pale, motionless, voiceless group.

One man, finally—it is the teamster—lifts his hand and gives a sign of distress, yet he utters no sound, and save that motion, all is still, calm—what a terrible calm.—But the mystic appeal is unheeded, and that young man now knows that the ravishing delights, and endearments of an earthly home, shall meet his embrace no more.

And there they voiceless stand, that firm, devoted band; no word, no look of attempt or supplication escapes from them now. The aged man reflects: Ah! The mind wanders back, back to the life of the nearly spent; over the faded, far-off events; the joys or sorrows that have obscured or gemmed his mortal way, and all of life is before him condensed into one single point of time. Mature, meridian manhood feels a strong internal struggle. His plans of life, the endearments of home, all the interest, the pleasure, the satisfaction, everything in the whole circle of his existence, is seen in an instant, and he knows it must be suddenly abandoned; yet he utters no word of complaint.

The youth's range of reflection is short; that of his anticipations and boynast hopes is almost boundless, but his eyes grow dim; a cloud is now upon his path, for he knows that his beautiful hopes are dying within him, and will be buried, like diamonds, wrapped in a bloody shroud.

Yet still that strange group stand, quiet, calm, voiceless; no movement, no word, not even one appealing look for mercy. Their captors stand before them with rifles and revolvers, ready for instant service; they hear their leader say, "Shoot the God-d—d second; present, fire." Still there is hesitation for an instant. There, still, motionless, stand that devoted band; no words are spoken save

these, by a young man, "If you shoot me, take good aim."

The order to "fire" is repeated. The murderous band discharge a volley at the prisoners; but one man among those assassins, turns and fires his revolver in the air, saying, "By God, Captain! I will not shoot unarmed men."

Eleven men lie upon the ground, before us; the wounded, the dying, the dead. Their murderers now advance to pick the pockets of their victims, and see whether life is already extinct.

"Here's old Reed, not quite dead yet; give him another shot." A man places a revolver behind the ear of the man, and fires, remarking before doing so, "I have generally found this to be the best place to shoot a man."

"See! They pick the pockets of those prostrate men; they turn them over; kick them, and with many brutal, unfeeling remarks, exult over this horrid deed of blood."

"This is the man from Sugar Mound; he must have money. No, not a dime.—Good enough for him; he was a friend of Captain Corvus."

But, enough. They take a horse from the wagon and leave rapidly, unconscious of the money which has been concealed. One among the prostrate victims, slowly, carefully, cautiously raises his head—recoils—all is silent, save the agonizing groans of the wounded and dying.

He slowly, cautiously rises to his feet, finds that he still has the power of locomotion, and darts swiftly away from the terrible scene.

Ten still remain. The man mistaken for another, and shot the second time, is still alive.

Mark that aged wife and matron, as with feeble step, and terrible presentation, she toils along toward this dead man's glen. Her Rev. husband is among those who have survived this terrible ordeal.

"He still lives." What strangely blended emotions of joy, of horror, sway her heaving bosom, as she views her husband, and casts her eyes over the other victims of this Bandith outrage. She goes to procure help; but the people are alarmed and in motion, and hurrying, horror-stricken, to the dreadful place. She returns, but her husband has crawled away, and for a time is not to be found.

Help is arriving. See, there is a wagon; and mark that woman as she, with almost superhuman effort, raises that dead man from the ground and places him in a wagon.

The startling and terrible intelligence has gone in every direction. Men near and remote hasten on to the scene of this appalling, bloody, tragedy.

Hark! hear that shriek; how it rings out clear, shrill, and strikes painfully upon the ear. It proceeds from that beautiful, young, fond wife and mother, who is so suddenly bereaved, and who lies now before us deathly pale, white, bloodless and motionless.

She has swooned—she revives, rallies, relapses, spasms follows spasms, and convulsions succeed convulsions.

The sun of her life is shrouded in blood; all the joys, hopes, treasures—all the brilliant flowers of existence are crushed, blotted out, withered, consumed by one fell stroke, and their pale ashes are scattered broadcast over the charred and blackened waste.

Not far from the Marias des Cygnes, under the lee of a high forest-crowned bluff, which bounds them on the west, are five graves. Here repose the mortal tenements of those murdered, who fell in Dead Man's Glen.

Those earth mounds see not the beams of the low declining sun; the bluff and forest shadows rest soothingly upon those graves, and the wind murmurs a mournful requiem, as it sways the foliage of the tree-arms that reach out so lovingly toward them. Rest they in peace.

Five hundred men are in arms, and have met together in the vicinity of Dead Man's Glen.

"The murderers have escaped to West Point; let us go and demand them. If the citizens surrender them, well; if not, let us burn the town."

Such is the cry from hundreds.

That fine looking man with dark whiskers, and who is mounted on that noble steed, is the Sheriff.

A small, black-eyed, quick-motioned man is in consultation with him.

Apart from the Sheriff is Capt. Corvus, and his boys are promiscuously mixed up with the multitude.

The Sheriff speaks to his friend: "I won't do to let Corvus have the control of the men. The conclusion is to go to West Point, and get the murderers, if they are there. The people there believe that if Corvus had not been engaged with his boys in robbing people and turning them out of the Territory, this terrible event would not have happened. If Corvus leads the men, there will be a battle, and the town will be burned. He is clamoring for it already."

"That is true," replies the friend; "we must head off that movement and lead the company ourselves. If Corvus goes, let him keep a subordinate position."

Warily, painfully to the plodding pedestrian, the car of day rolls on, as he advances to the town in which it is supposed the murderers are to be found.

An hundred and fifty men are on the

most earnestly, and talking to two men, who are listening as they sit on their horses.

Argus approaches. "Mr. Prey, what is the news? Is there any difficulty at the Post?"

"No, Argus, I have come from there. Went down yesterday; looked all over the country; saw nothing. A large company were there; thought they saw men about two miles off. A few ventured to reconnoiter; went cautiously; crept along carefully as they could, so near that they could distinguish the strength of their foe, and there was nothing under Heaven but a flock of sheep."

"Then it is not true that they took H. prisoner?"

"I will answer that, stranger," speaks a grave, dignified gentleman, who sat on his horse. "I have rode all over that region. All is quiet, and has been, since the murder. I slept in the same bed with H. the same night on which it was said he was taken prisoner. There were other gentlemen there the same night, and H.'s wife was also there in the house at the same time. She slept with this sword under her pillow," at the same time displaying a long knife called a "corn cutter," which he held in his hand.

But the company are returning—hastening homeward; and here, among others, comes our young friend with the rusty bayonet. He is making long strides for home; he has—odd enough—parted with the weight of his fluttering, quivering embellishments, and has, in some mysterious manner, to the writer unknown, received the close and grateful embrace of a better pair of breeches.

It is night. There is a fire kindling in Fort Scott. A column of smoke rises, wreathing, curling, undulating, expanding—there is a fire-gleam reflected on the sky.

You look, and you see there a load of hay pushed against that building. The hay is set on fire in order to destroy the town. This is a favorite method of burning buildings, and an institution peculiar to the country. The inhabitants of the town wake from sleep in a state of terrible alarm; they rush out to extinguish the flame.

Hark! volley after volley of fire arms are discharged; the leaden missiles have come from far out in the darkness, and their murrain and shriek ominously as they fly amongst the terrified inhabitants. The town is set on fire—volley after volley is fired to prevent the people from extinguishing the flames.

The consternation is terrible, but the fire makes little progress and is easily controlled.

Captain Corvus and his men peer out from the darkness and watch the progress of events, but the fire dies away. They are disappointed; their enterprise has failed; the town is not burned; the inhabitants are not killed; no serious harm has been inflicted, except convulsing terror. And the brave Captain and his men mount their horses and return to their count.

"Well, Argus, you are traveling, I see. What news do you bring?"

"Nothing important. Have you any news to communicate?"

"Very little. I just saw Parson Grabhorse with eight followers, on their way south. They are armed with knives, revolvers and Sharp's rifles. They understand that Col. Blaze, with a party of men, teams and baggage wagons, are on their way to Arizona, and are now in the vicinity of Fort Scott. The object is to plunder them, I believe. That is what they say."

"Parson Grabhorse and his band had better stay at home. Blaze is not in the Territory, nor will he enter it. He is going down through the border counties of Missouri; will avoid the Territory, and pass through Arkansas."

"Well, I don't know how that is; the Parson says he is near Fort Scott, and he means to catch and plunder him."

"More likely he is in pursuit of horses that are roaming on the prairie."

Look at this document: "The Sheriff of Bourbon county offers a reward of two hundred dollars for the arrest of Parson Grabhorse and company, who have stolen thirteen horses from Free State men, living in the vicinity of the Dry Wood."

Col. Blaze is quietly pursuing his way through Arkansas, toward Arizona.

The Parson and his disciples are still at large, but the horses have been recovered. Six of them are found near the Kansas river. One of them, a little filly, is beautifully dappled, but her owner recognizes her notwithstanding her disguise.

The artistic skill displayed, is not satisfactory to the owner. This is inferred from a brief note addressed to a prominent individual in the place where the filly was found. It runs thus: "I think your daguerrotype man must be better at taking pictures than painter's filly. The filly he painted for me was a mere dash. I advise him, in future, to stick to his legitimate business."

An intercepted letter:

Dear Corvus—I have barely sufficient time to throw out and transmit to you a few hints.

You know much depends on the success of the Gallinipper. The people will receive it with open hands if they can, but that other paper is a powerful and strengthening antagonist. I fear you are not vigilant enough about the matter. You must double your diligence. Opposition must be crushed if possible, and

one of the ways to do so is to prevent the circulation of that paper as much as possible—you understand?

I shall send shortly for a large package of the Gallinipper for gratuitous distribution, and will pay for the same whenever the editor presents his bill.

If we would succeed, we must be vigilant, untiring, and do things on the SLY.

CHAPTER VII.

From our elevated position on this bluff, we see yonder a substantial stone house. That one to the right of that small, flat-roofed cottage on the outskirts of the town, and not more than a quarter of a mile from the Kansas river. It is the residence of—but no matter.—The proprietor is at home, and we will do ourselves the favor to call and receive his welcome.

Hold! we will not claim his notice at present; he is very closely engaged in conversation with several gentlemen.—Let us see whether they are strangers, or whether we have seen them before.—Among the gentlemen in conference here, we instantly recognize our old and revered friend Capt. Rook. Here is also Rev. Capt. Corvus. And there, a little in the background, sits a gentleman whom we have not previously seen.

We will therefore give a slight description of his physique, but hold! here comes our old friend Poxly Sly, Esq. The company arise and receive him with great cordiality. He sits down.

"Well, Sly, what news from the lower regions?"

"I have not come from there; have not been sent there yet, it is not time; have not staid my time out here yet."

The small eyes twinkle, and the bushy appendage of the chin shakes as if convulsed by laughter, which was imprisoned and was struggling to be free.

Some desultory conversation takes place; the weather, the traveling, and various other topics are discussed, but we will forbear to introduce it in the room of more important matter.

The gentlemen proceed to the consideration of the grave and weighty subject which has called them together.

We will return to the strange gentleman whom we were about to describe briefly, when we were interrupted by the entrance of friend Sly.

The gentleman is about, or it may be a little above, the medium height. His muscular system is not heavy, yet he possesses, in a remarkable degree, firmness and compactness of frame, and is unusually active and quick in his motions. His face is lean and sharp; his voice rings out clear, shrill and firm, in times of excitement, but now it is soft and low, and the curved, deep lines on both sides of his mouth, strike the beholder with the idea that his visage is wreathed with a bland smile.

As he sits or stands, his head is inclined forward as if in deep thought, and his small, keen, black, deep-set eyes twinkle and gleam with morient fire. He is still enjoying the meridian season of life, and is looked upon by many as a most praiseworthy individual. He, in fact, possesses a world-wide notoriety.

He is a man of consummate tact, and possesses great versatility of genius, talent and address. He is a very popular stump speaker, and has almost unbounded power over a portion of his hearers; but as we shall have the pleasure of hearing him soon, we will omit that matter at present. We have said that he possesses great versatility of genius, talent and address. We repeat it—

"He could weep Tears, which are fire, and could spread smears for that guttural heart, Which for his own has bled."

You inquire his name. Here is a difficulty. There is a disagreement among the learned on this subject. The orthography of the name is the subject matter in controversy.

A portion of the literati insist, and use many ingenious arguments to show that his name should be commenced with a C, and that its orthography should thus be Cain.

Another portion of the literati, equally talented, equally learned, not a whit behind the very gamaliel of their opponents in genius, or ready and conclusive argument, assume and maintain the assumption, that the name should begin with a K. It would appear, therefore, upon their record, written Kane.

We feel no interest in this controversy which has agitated the minds of the literati, and promises to prove interminable.

We are not prepared to pass upon the learned tribunal, and say which is right, though we incline to the opinion that the latter way of spelling the name is more appropriate than the former, and we shall, therefore, with all due deference to others, begin the name with a K, as the other orthography might possibly be wrong, and whether right or wrong, would certainly be invidious.

The gentlemen are now engaged in conversation.

Rook is speaking: "Gentlemen, it is necessary to consult and understand each other. Circumstances call for prompt and decisive action. Let the whole matter be thoroughly discussed, and let every man understand what reliance he can place upon others."

Kane speaks: "I suggest that Captain Rook state the programme."

Sly, Corvus, and the host concur in the suggestion.

Rook proceeds: "The programme is complete; funds can be relied on to carry out the scheme. The plan is, if Missouri invades us again, to put arms in the hands of the slaves in the State, and create an insurrection. Leaders are already in the field who will conduct the movement. It will be, in this case, a war of extermination, Missouri will blaze from center to circumference. The Southern States will sympathize with her, and rush to the rescue. The excitement will spread and intensify, and the North will pour in her hordes who will thus grapple with the South in deadly encounter, foot to foot and hand to hand. The slaves of the South will rise in insurrection at the same time, and a general and sanguinary war of this kind will divide the Union and liberate the slaves. Such, in brief, is the plan and its consequences. For this I live, and in this I am willing to die. Speak your minds, gentlemen."

Corvus—"I approve the programme, but do not at present design to cross the line myself. Much yet remains to be done in the Territory. I must, for the present, restrict my actions to its bounds. When my work is done, then I shall be willing to co-operate with you beyond the line. And let me say that my boys will gladly do the same. You will find them well disciplined, and efficient in resolution and bravery."

Sly—"I heartily approve the programme. I want to live long enough to see the 'Sons of Freedom' in full blast in South Carolina. But every man must work in his own proper sphere. Corvus is doing a great work down South; we need him this side of the line a whole lot longer. There are more men who ought to be run out—that will provoke retaliation—we have a proof of that in the Marias des Cygnes massacre. They will come back for revenge. We shall repulse them, and thus by little and little, the whole border, and ultimately the whole country will be in a blaze. This is what we want. But we must see that the presumption in the public mind is against our enemies, and in our favor. For this purpose great caution and stratagem are necessary."

Kane—"Gentlemen, I not only concur fully in the programme, but, as you know, I have been long laboring—laboring, gentlemen, for this very thing. The organization of the Sons of Freedom is, you know, very extensive. It is, to-day, stronger than ever. I stand a head and shoulders taller in this matter than any other man. True, I thought best to revoke publicly the commission of Capt. Corvus. This was for the public mind. Some began a clamor; some presses were loud against us. Something must be done to woot their eyes and allay the excitement. The commission was revoked. This was for the outsiders to look at. We thus retain our influence over them, while I know, Corvus knows, you all know, gentlemen, that he is as much a captain as ever, and is, with energy, pushing on the good work and paving the way for the exhibition of the grand drama. One thing more, gentlemen: the press can do much for us. We must encourage the Gallinipper." *See Appendix*

"That's so," is the exclamation.

Sly—"Yes, that paper must be encouraged. I will immediately order a large supply South, for gratuitous distribution. The General speaks truly. He stands high with the Sons; let him but raise his hand and place his finger on his nose and pliant thousands will raise their hands, put their fingers upon their noses and stand there quiescent, as if under the influence of magnetism, until the motion is reversed. Let him only speak the word and thousands will leap to their rifles ready to obey his commands. Gentlemen, so far as he is concerned we have a stronger secret, ready, resolute force to back up and sustain the movement."

Rook—"I feel greatly encouraged.—Indeed I was prepared to expect all this. I am determined to push the war across the line. I care nothing for the line; what have the rights of man and the laws of God to do with imaginary lines? Men and women and children are held unjustly in bondage. I am commissioned by the Highest to work for their liberation. I devote my life to the work. I mean to take advantage of your movements in the Territory to aid me in crossing the line, and commencing the pioneer work of emancipation. But, before I do so, it is good policy to pass through the State, along the line, and learn what the enemy have done and mean to do. This is necessary, but I am poor and need assistance."

Sly—"The plan is a good one, but you must go in disguise or they will have your long beard off."

Rook—"I need no disguise; a change of name is necessary, that is all."

Sly—"But they will recognize your features."

Rook—"No danger, it is a long time since any of them saw me, and my appearance has materially changed. But what assistance—I mean pecuniary assistance—can I expect or receive? The laborer is worthy of his support."

"True, true."

Another gentleman now makes his entrance. He is an old gray looking man. He salutes the company, and is cordially welcomed in return. The host confuses with him and Rook. The latter nods his

head in approbation of something, and looks evidently gratified. The strange gentleman remarks to Rook: "We can do this. We will, as agents who have the whole control of the affair, give you an order on Mr. Prey, authorizing him to deliver to you notes to the amount of more than three hundred dollars, which he holds against individuals there, who bought the goods that were donated by the East and North and sent to the relief of Kansas sufferers. The goods sent were, many of them, sold. The notes exist, and we know not how to apply them to a better purpose."

"Thank you, thank you. It is another evidence that the Lord prepares the way before me."

Rook speaks again: "One thing more, gentlemen; it is this: As you are the head of this matter in conjunction with myself, it may be necessary to correspond with you through the mail. I wish to reconnoiter awhile along the line, on both sides, know the people and the country, while, at the same time, it is not desirable that I should be known until the time to strike arrives. Until then I shall choose to correspond, be addressed and recognized by the name of Morgan."

Sly—"You will call at my house, Mr. Morgan, when your convenience permits. I am in the infected district, not many miles from the line. Call at any time and stay as long as you please. I am not suspected."

Kane—"That comes of being Sly, Equivoque. Ha! ha! ha!"

The company join in the laugh. The foxy beard and mustache are again convulsed, and quiver by the efforts of a suppressed chuckle, struggling to discharge itself through the shaggy gateway to the stomach.

Rook speaks to Sly: "I thank you for your kind invitation, and shall at some time call on you, but I must first visit Dead Man's Glen, and renew there upon that bloody altar, my spiritual strength, and my vows, to consecrate myself anew to the humane work of the emancipation of all who wear the fetters of bondage."

We will not follow Parson Rook in his peripatetic in the State of Missouri. It is sufficient to say that he passed through several border counties adjoining the Territory. He visited the principal towns, penetrated isolated domicils, learned the names, marked the features, and listened to the conversation of the inhabitants. He studied carefully the topography of every place through which he passed. He marked the unrequited servitude of the sable sons and daughters of oppression, and remembered those in bonds, as if bound with them, and those who suffered afflictions as being also in the same body. He has gathered much useful information, as he has passed from one place to another—information which he enthusiastically believes will be of importance to himself, and, through him, a lasting benefit to others. We shall leave the vast and benevolent uses to which this information is applied.

Look at that gorgeous sunset! We cannot describe it; we feel that it is magnificent, but we cannot embody and express that magnificence in words. We say it is grand, beautiful, sublime, but the words convey no meaning with such a celestial panorama before our eyes. See that cloud yonder, looking like the golden shore of some far off realm of beauty. Those other clouds rolling upward and onward, tinged with the variegated hues of the rainbow, rolled on sublimely, now assuming the shape of pyramids, now floating islands, now huge and jagged mountains, with their summits bathed in eternal light, while capacious, shaded, dark-mouthed caverns are yawning at their bases. Between those clouds, is the sky—rich, gorgeous, magnificent—tinged, as it is, with blended gold and vermilion hues, burnished and glittering in the sun. It is more. It is beautiful, grand, sublime, gorgeous, as if the richest conception of Heaven's ideal had been lavished upon it, and thus the monarch of the day retired, surrounded by his immortal train, gathered around him his night robe studded with imperishable brilliants, and rests gracefully, gorgeously upon his couch.

We will sit here on the summit of this high bluff, enjoy the magnificent prospect, feel the cool, invigorating freshness of the air, and watch the fading twilight and the lofty bearing of old night; as he arrays himself in his stary vesture, puts on his crown of brilliants and sits down upon his throne. How calm, how peaceful is the hour.

That depression, there, in the surface of the landscape, is Dead Man's Glen. See! two horsemen approach the dreadful place. One of them points to the spot where the victims fall, turns and rides away. The other, an old man, tall, of slender frame and wearing a long, heavy, flowing beard, dismounts, fastens his horse to a little bush near him, and advances and stands upon the very soil that has so recently been wet with human gore. What sad, strange, wild, dark thoughts possess his mind. He gazes intently upon the spot where Silwell fell, when Campbell walked, writhing and agonizing in his blood, where the eyes of Colpater, Ross and Robertson closed forever upon the joys and sorrows, the toils and triumphs of mortal life. He gazes long and intently; night is shrouding him in his dark dappery, but he heeds it not. He stands as if

(Continued on fourth page.)

Corvus was Col. Montgomery. X This letter was a verbatim copy addressed to myself. Rook is Old John Brown.