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Poetry.

For the Herald of Freedom.

DESPOND NO.

Do sorrow's cares enshroud thee,
Like the pall of night,
And darkness grief becloud thee,
Of Heaven's best light?

Is heaven closed over thee,
And art thou cheerless,
No earthly hope before thee,
To soothe, be fearless?

Does Love's faithful, earnest clasp
Come to thee from none?
Has Woe caught thee in its grasp
And dimmed thee its own?

Hast thou in wild anguish cried,
I am ruined, lost,
My utmost soul sorely tried,
My heart tempest-tost?

Does thy heart, once firm and brave,
Fervently implore,
Thou must approach the grave,
And rest evermore?

Then bid thy soul awaken,
God and man thy heart
Give, with pure purpose taken,
Acing well thy part.

Banish now all thy blindness,
And be thou cheerful,
To speak with heart-deep kindness
To man, the needful.

Try to soothe every sorrow
With which man's oppress'd,
Thou shalt not wait the morrow
Till thyself art best.

Thou'lt feel thy bosom swelling
With high, manly joy,
Its every heart-throb telling
Bliss with no alloy.

Original Miscellany.

Written expressly for the Herald of Freedom.

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THE JAY-HAWKER;

A TALE OF SOUTHERN KANSAS.

BY F. F. FOWLER.

[Continued.]

CHAPTER VIII.

"Have you seen Sam?"

That person, young of medium size,

wearing light colored pants, black frock

coat, broad brimmed hat, and mounted on

that elegant charger, is Sam. *Walter*

He is directed by the highest, greatest

official in the Territory, to go south and

arrest Corvus and his band. He is on his

way, and is riding at a leisurely, moder-

ate pace. He calls at the residence of

Mr. Sly, *At Walter's, Mendota, Mo.*

That gentleman is at home, and ex-

tends to the official a cordial welcome,

for he knows that Sly is one of the most

hospitable among men.

The officer opens his business: "Mr.

Sly, I want you to go with me and help

arrest Corvus."

"Very well, it is not dangerous nor dif-

ferent to arrest him. I will go with you."

They mount their horses and now they

are in the presence of the redoubtable

Captain. *(Mendota way.)*

"Mr. Corvus, I am, by authority, re-

quired to arrest you; I have a writ for

you, at home."

"Very well; I am perfectly willing to

deliver myself up, and stand a trial, when-

ever I can have a fair one. But it is not

equal justice to try on one side, and not

try the other."

Sly speaks: "I tell you what, Marshal,

I propose that you go to Fort Scott and

arrest several men there; the authority

which you possess covers that movement, I

believe."

"Yes; but I have no writ against any

one there."

"I will arrange that; writs shall be

placed in your hands to arrest three men

there, who, it is believed, were concerned

in the murder at Dead Man's Glen. But

it will be necessary to summon a large

posse to your assistance."

Corvus speaks: "Yes; a large posse

may be necessary, as the inhabitants of

the town may show fight."

"Very well; I will summon them as

soon as the writs are placed in my hands."

Sly, the officer and Corvus, call on a

non-commissioned magistrate, and, upon

the affidavit of Sly, writs are issued and

surrounded. Some of them show fight; shake their heads; cock their revolvers, but it's no use, the Marshal and posse are resolute, and stand their ground firmly; but the arrests are made, and the prisoners placed in the charge of another than the Marshal.

There is a new cry: "Corvus is in town; let the Marshal arrest him, and we are willing the others should be arrested."

They did not know he was arrested the day before, even without a writ; nevertheless the Marshal arrests him again, and the posse follows him to the Court house.

There goes the Clerk of the Court mounted on a fine horse. He is alarmed for his safety, and has taken the road that leads to Missouri. See, how he dashes along; he heeds not the wisdom of the old saw, "the more haste the worse speed."

Onward, still onward, he urges his steed, as if life depended on the celerity of his movement. The road winds—descends into a ravine; he slackens his horse's pace—has got to the bottom of the ravine, when—

"Stand on your life—dismount," rings sharply on the ear.

See! here are a dozen Jay-Hawkers; they have been sent here by Corvus, without the knowledge of the Marshal, and here they are confronting the Clerk with their terribly unsatisfactory knives, revolvers and Sharp's rifles. He dismounts; he is not harmed; they only take his horse, and the suddenly gotten-up meeting is suddenly dissolved.

The culprit arrested in the town, are immediately turned loose, for the reason alleged, that the writs are of no authority. Corvus must be taken north before a distinguished judge—at least we hear such talk. But who is that fine looking man, riding splendidly, at the head of twenty strong, rough looking, well mounted men? Is it the Marshal and his posse on their return? Look! Verily, it is the Jay-hawking Corvus, and his followers. The Captain is mounted on the very horse, which some of his men Jay-hawked from the Clerk an hour ago, and they are now returning, gaily chat-ting, exulting, laughing, to their hidden rendezvous.

The Marshal returns north, passes a few observations with Sly; looks around the town; passes by the Trading Post; goes home, and reports progress.

"And is this the end of Sam's official tour south?"

"It may be so considered."

"But is the story true?"

"Please, kind reader, be not too inquisitive. Part of it is legendary, and the other part is—legendary also. Thou shalt not Jay-hawk legendary lore, and pass it upon the world for truth. We mean to show the legitimate results of Jay-hawking before we close, but here comes the Governor—that large, very large, portly, fine looking gentleman—

What a mountain of flesh does that Official's untanned hide inclose. There are other gentlemen riding with him in the carriage. That gentleman on his right has been a Governor; you see his head is slightly bald over the organs of benevolence and ideality. He is grave, dignified and idealistic, and possesses com-munistic coolness in the most trying circumstances. What can be the occasion of the visit of so much dignity and Executive power.

Look again. Here is a meeting of citizens. The inhabitants of the county are assembled; speeches are made; resolutions are drawn up and presented, and citizens generally, including Jay-Hawker, approve and pass them.

The whole matter is called a compromise. It will last just as long as is desirable to the Jay-hawking fraternity. You see the tomahawk is buried with the handle sticking out. Past offenses are to be referred to grand juries, if meddled with at all.

The Governor, on his transit, meets with an old and interesting acquaintance; holds a meeting of the citizens at the Trading Post; commissions a Captain and authorizes him to enroll and station a company in the vicinity, for the protection and peace of the people. That gentleman in the Chair, is Rev. Mr. Prey. He states the object of the meeting, and you hear him say, among other things, that he truly thanks God that he enjoys the privilege of attending one meeting without being "awed and confronted with U. S. bayonets."

That gentleman, who is now speaking, is Captain Corvus. He may not be as eloquent as Prey, but he does not Jay-hawk the Territory's language quite so badly. At all events, he fixes his bayonet better. He defines his position, presses his willingness to be put upon his trial, and as the Governor has decided to station a company at the Post, he threatens to retire from the field.

See! the Governor is in a stream of deeply involved. Here is a stream of water—a little river—swollen and furious by recent rains. Several gentlemen, among whom is his Excellency, have attempted to cross the river. They have succeeded, and stand upon the opposite bank, some of them with anxious looks, enlivened by a broad grin upon their features, while others are laughing and seem much amused.

Ah! we see the cause of all this anxiety and merriment. The great functionary has fallen into the water; has literally pitched in, in his official capacity, and is in the predicament of a certain venerable

old lady's good indigno—"it would either sink or swim, she didn't know which."

That great weight strongly gravitates toward the bottom; now it rises; he splashes; blows like a grampus; breaks the mad current resolutely, bravely; uses all the power and authority vested in him to get out again. Executive ability triumphs, and there he goes crawling up that bank—clinging to another and another bush in his reach, and finally reaches the top of the bank, shakes himself, and after a while—sits down once more in the Executive Office.

The company formed and stationed by Executive authority are on the alert, and their leader, Capt. Carver, proves himself to be a capable and efficient officer. Patrols are stationed at various points, and perform their daily and nocturnal rounds. Latent fire may be at work, noiselessly in its secret place, but on the surface, all is hushed, calm, quietness.

Corvus has had a slight attack of intermittent fever, and our valiant friend of the rusty bayonet notoriety, is busily at work for him, cutting hay.

Sweet, pure, beautiful Ella Hampton. There she sits at that table; her sketches and pencils lie before her unheeded; several bouquets of fresh, beautiful flowers stand on the table in reach of her hand; she has called and arranged them with exquisite taste; they greet her lovingly; they regale her with their fragrance; they present their fresh and variegated charms to soothe and delight her; but she heeds them not. Her left hand rests upon an unfinished sketch of the landscape around her residence—that hand holds the dangerous type of one most dear to her; she looks at it, and now she gazes out of the window upon the original of the picture, Charles Benton, and watches his receding form as he gradually disappears from her sight.

They have just closed a deeply interesting interview, and have fixed on the time for their union to take place. She looks after him as he passes away, and her eyes fill with tears. She is pale and sad, but you are mistaken in your man."

They leave him, withdraw a few yards, consult together a few moments.

They speak: "You can mount your horse and go on, but d—n you, beware of ever coming into the town you have just passed."

"If business calls me there, I shall certainly come."

They separate. The squad return to town, and the traveler resumes his journey.

Let us go southward. Here is a whiper floating and undulating upon the air. At first, it is scarcely audible, now it swells louder, louder still, and now it is clear, distinct, startling. Many voices seize the undulating, startling warning, and now it is heard, louder still; it is proclaimed and echoed in every direction. Its source is mysterious, but it has now found tongues to proclaim it, and the public ear is startled, thrilled, while it listens and turns forward, backward, now downward, now upward to catch the faintest sound, and mark the direction from which it comes.

"We shall see a worse time here by and by than ever. If the conservative ticket is elected, we shall see a bloodier time than ever."

The first faint floating whisper, has now found five hundred tongues; we hear it in the social circle; we hear it at the casual meeting of two individuals; we hear it at public meetings; we hear it proclaimed boldly from the stump. The prophecy may work out its own fulfillment.

You see there, three families leaving the Territory; you know now a series of outrages have again commenced, and you wonder what turbulent elements have been put in motion, and by whom. Let us look behind the screen.

We are at the house of Mr. Prey. It is a small log house, with an open portico in front. Under the sloping roof of this verandah, old Argus stands pondering and smoking.

Two strangers approach; one is an old man with a long heavy flowing beard, and a mustache which completely conceals the expression of his mouth. The other individual is a young man. They are both mounted upon good horses, and if you look closely, you can see the breach of a revolver peeping out from beneath the coat tail of each. The young man introduces the old man, Mr. Morgan, to Argus and rides away.

It seems to me, Mr. Morgan, that you resemble very closely, a certain Captain Rook, that old fighting cock of '56."

"It may be so. I have been told more than once, that I resemble him."

"You certainly do; and notwithstanding the disguise of your enormous mustache and whiskers, the resemblance is perfect."

"Then you think you have seen me before."

"I feel sure of it."

"Where have you seen me?"

"Near the Kansas river."

"Where were you, Argus, in '56?"

"In various places."

"But, in what particular place did you reside?"

"In several places; but perhaps I can assist your memory. Where were you, Rook, at that time?"

Rook, looks at Argus, and after a little

hesitation, speaks: "Mr. Argus, I will not conceal myself, I am Rook. For various reasons, I have been reconnoitering along the line, and it was not desirable that I should be known, as it might have defeated the object for which I went—Therefore, I assumed the name of Morgan. That object is now attained; concealment is no longer necessary, and I confess to you, that I am really that Rook, of whom you speak."

Yonder comes Mr. Prey. He was absent when Morgan arrived, but he has now arrived at his house, and has given the old man a cordial reception. They converse.

"Supper is ready. Come, Rook, let us eat supper."

They set down at the table. "Mr. Rook, will you ask a blessing?"

The old man meekly bows his head, and in a low, yet clear voice, asks for the blessing of the Most High to rest upon those assembled; to remember in mercy the suffering, the poor, the oppressed, of every clime.

Supper is finished; the host and the guest engage in private and particular conversation, and the evening thus wears away.

We can hear a little, only a little of the conversation.

"There are yet lots of those miserable men in the Territory who must be driven out. Some have come back who were driven out; they ought not to remain. They are grand scamps, all of them."

There is B. and C. and D. and S. and T., and a host of others. They run us in '56, now it's their turn.

They have threatened lately to make war upon Free State men, and it is not safe to have them remain. It will only make so many nests for others like them to crawl into. They are miserable, grand Pro-slavery scoundrels, all of them."

Rook speaks: "I think the better way would be, to take several of the leaders and make an example of them. It will strike terror into the rest."

Prey—"If I think it would be better to burn their houses; they will have, then, no shelter to crawl into."

Rook—"I am as a general thing, opposed to burning. Make an example of a few of them, and we will have no need of burning."

Prey—"I am, decidedly in favor of burning. I tried that in '56, and the grand scamp cried for quarter right off. I tell you, fire is a powerful persuader. I have found that out in meetings. Have you seen Corvus?"

"Yes."

"How do you like him?"

"He seems willing to co-operate with me. Indeed, I was prepared to expect as much, but he is not willing to cross the line."

"I tell you, Rook, we shall never have peace here as long as those miserable Pro-slavery scamps are permitted to remain. Why, Mr. N., who lives below the Post, has had five horses stolen by the Pro-slavery gang, and he is afraid to live there on his claim, and has moved back into the interior on that account."

Argus coughs and hems, and his bronzed features are for a moment lighted up by a broad smile. He is thinking: "Only three days ago, Mr. Prey, told me that N. moved away because the disbanded company were, notwithstanding their discharge, still lingering about his premises, and eating him out of house and home."

The conversation continues:

"I tell you, Rook, these Pro-slavery scamps have robbed and threatened and murdered, till there is no safety, nor peace while they remain. Missouri backs them up, and something must be done to put an end to such proceedings. It would not be a bad plan to cross the line and drive out and burn their houses, just to give them proper warning of what may come. Fire is a powerful agent, I tell you. I've seen that often illustrated in meetings. Many a hardened sinner has caved in and melted down when the fire was brought to bear upon him."

"I shall give no warning of my movements. I shall not fight over a line—over a string. If it is right to fight at all, it is right to take all the advantage I can. If I fight a man, and I can take his head off by any means, or advantage, before he hurts me, I will certainly do so."

"That's it, Rook. That's my mind exactly. How many men do you need?"

"I do not care to have more than fifteen. Temerous fellows, who will not flinch, are enough; just as good as more, but they must be men of the right stamp. Mark you—I want none who drink whisky. They must sign an article to that effect before they join my company. I want no whisky courage."

"I guess my Sammy would suit you—a strong, courageous boy; fears nothing, don't drink whisky, has seen service, has had one horse shot under him. How soon do you proceed?"

"As soon as I enroll the requisite number of the right sort of men. And now, Prey, there is another thing which must be attended to. Here is an order on me, authorizing you to deliver to me such notes as you have in your possession which were given for goods donated to the people of Kansas. The Agent has given me this order for the notes. I am needy, and want them collected immediately, if possible."

and let you have such as I think can be collected. In the mean time, it is bedtime. I would like you to read and pray."

Rook shakes his head and bows towards Prey, significantly. That means as much as to say: "No. I'd rather be excused. I prefer to join with you." Prey gets the bible; reads a chapter wherein it is said: "Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good; bless them which persecute you; bless and curse not. Avenge not yourselves, rather give place unto wrath. Recompense to no man, evil for evil. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men. If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink. Be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good."

"Let us pray."

They kneel, and Rev. Prey pours out a supplication, fervent and touching, for the blessings of heaven to rest upon the sons and daughters of affliction, want and oppression everywhere.

It is morning.

"Who is a good, reliable man in whose hands those notes can be placed for collection?"

Prey muses awhile.

"I think Mr. Crow would be a very good man. He, you know, is in this region now. He is a stranger, and would succeed, perhaps, better than some others. I will do what I can, but Crow is carnivorous and wide awake. However, if he cannot get met, nor cash, he will take the corn. He is bound to succeed at some rate. He, hal!"

The head of the old Jay-hawk Apostle wags as if there was a mischievous feeling playing behind it, but beyond that, all is grave and stern.

"Where is your son, Mr. Prey?"

"Sammy? He is gone off looking for stray cattle. Went with those miserable lazy thieves, the Seaborns. I have often told him not to keep such company. Sammy is a very moral boy. Sorry he is gone, and with those thieving scamps. He will be back soon; he has been gone now two days. I am much provoked that he went in such company."

"I want to communicate with one of those Seaborns."

"Very well. You can write a letter, and I will see that he receives it. Sammy will return soon, and if he is not with him, he will take the letter to where they live. By the way, Rook, these men are just such men as will stand by you. They are greatly opposed to those grand Pro-slavery scoundrels, and are bold and resolute, good fellows for your purpose."

Rook writes the letter and takes his leave.

Sammy arrives.

"Where have you been, my son?"

"Looking for cattle."

"Has old C. done yet?"

"Yes. Not a damned thing in his store. He has taken everything away."

"Then you did not succeed?"

"No. It rained very hard; we visited old B's store; he was gone; nobody there but women. One of the boys wanted some tobacco and so we went in and looked around to see what there was in the store. The boots are all too large for me, but we shall Jay-hawk the concern as soon as the high water settles."

"Mr. Crow, I want you to take these notes," at the same time handing to Crow a package, "and collect what you can of them. You know my duties are imperative, and you have some leisure, while I am getting ready to move. By the way, Crow, there is something to be done. We want to start in such a way that the public will justify and back up the movement. Corvus is not fairly aroused yet. Is there no way to stir him up?"

They both stand musing and silent for a moment. Rook continues:

"You know, and the public know, that his fort is strongly fortified and well garrisoned. Approach is difficult, without being detected. Corvus' rifle is always ready, and the men who guard him with revolvers, rifles, volcanic repeaters, military saddles, horses bearing the broad U. S., which they have gotten, you know how—such men are not likely to be taken by surprise."

"That is all true, Captain, but what of that?"

"Well, if the thing could be contrived and shaped so that Corvus' house could be fired into. You understand?"

"Yes; but then Corvus might fire and damage some of his hides."

"You can arrange that. The boys there are anxious to be moving. Corvus is dilatory about starting out. If he could be roused in that way, he would think that Pro-slavery men had done it, and then we could track them, you know. The nights are dark, and I believe such a stroke would be just the thing to give us all a fair start in the eyes of the public."

"We must stay there the night of the attack."

"Of course."

"Do you not suppose your influence with the boys will enable you to work this game?"

"I'll see, and report. We'll stay with him on that night, and be prepared to manage the concern so that there shall be no mischief done."

"I will see that Corvus' rifle does no harm."

"Very well. This will set the matter going. Corvus will be on the alert, and

during the excitement that follows we can do the work we have on hand."

That tall, hairy-face gentleman, who stands conversing with Argus in the middle of the highway, is Mr. Sly. They are likely to be interrupted, for see that horse-man approaches. He is dressed in a suit of light gray cloth, and wears pannels, gaiters, trimmed with patent leather. He looks somewhat pale. He halts, and he hears him speak to Mr. Sly. The latter gentleman introduces the horseman to Argus. Argus inquires:

"Well, Captain Corvus, is it true that you and your boys went to Fort Scott, as rumor proclaims, and broke up the session of the Court there?"

"I did not disturb the Court. We were told that a packed jury were in session, who were finding bills of indictment against Free State men. We went to ascertain how it was. The Judge seemed to be fair and disposed to abide by the compromise. He told the jury to do as little as possible. If that jury had done what we heard they were doing, they would have been a hung jury. If they don't abide by the compromise, they know the consequences. I am not going to hold still to be skinned."

Corvus and Sly laugh, and the former passes along.

"Well, Sly, it is said they are now doing at Paris what it was supposed they were doing at Fort Scott."

"Well, if they do that, and indict Free State men, the boys will attend to them. I would go myself and help them break up the Court. No, Argus, they must either punish the other party or let Free State men alone."

[To be continued in our next.]

to the satisfaction of the execution: *Provided*, That no bid shall be