

Meigs County Telegraph.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL—DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE, AND NEWS.

\$1.50 in advance.

T. A. PLANTS, Editor.

"Independent in all things—Neutral in nothing."

T. A. PLANTS & Co., Publishers.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 2, NO. 44.

POMEROY, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1859.

WHOLE NUMBER 895.

Meigs County Telegraph.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
T. A. Plants & Co.
Office in First story of "Barnard's Building," near
the "Hogan Run Stone Bridge," Pomeroiy, Ohio.
All business of the firm transacted by
A. B. M'LAUGHLIN,
Who should be applied to or addressed at
the "Telegraph" Office, Pomeroiy, O.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
In advance, 1 year, \$1.50
In advance, 6 months, .75
Not paid within the year, 2.00
The paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except in the case of the publishers.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers can continue to send them until all arrears are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they will hold responsible for their arrears, and will not be held responsible for their arrears, and will not be held responsible for their arrears.
4. If any subscriber removes to another place without informing the publisher, and their paper is sent to the former direction, the subscriber is held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that referring to take a newspaper from the office, or removing it to another place, is not a breach of contract, and is not a breach of contract.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
ONE square 75 cents
Two squares, 1.25
Three squares, 1.75
Four squares, 2.25
Five squares, 2.75
Six squares, 3.25
Seven squares, 3.75
Eight squares, 4.25
Nine squares, 4.75
Ten squares, 5.25
Eleven squares, 5.75
Twelve squares, 6.25
Thirteen squares, 6.75
Fourteen squares, 7.25
Fifteen squares, 7.75
Sixteen squares, 8.25
Seventeen squares, 8.75
Eighteen squares, 9.25
Nineteen squares, 9.75
Twenty squares, 10.25
Twenty-one squares, 10.75
Twenty-two squares, 11.25
Twenty-three squares, 11.75
Twenty-four squares, 12.25
Twenty-five squares, 12.75
Twenty-six squares, 13.25
Twenty-seven squares, 13.75
Twenty-eight squares, 14.25
Twenty-nine squares, 14.75
Thirty squares, 15.25
Thirty-one squares, 15.75
Thirty-two squares, 16.25
Thirty-three squares, 16.75
Thirty-four squares, 17.25
Thirty-five squares, 17.75
Thirty-six squares, 18.25
Thirty-seven squares, 18.75
Thirty-eight squares, 19.25
Thirty-nine squares, 19.75
Forty squares, 20.25
Forty-one squares, 20.75
Forty-two squares, 21.25
Forty-three squares, 21.75
Forty-four squares, 22.25
Forty-five squares, 22.75
Forty-six squares, 23.25
Forty-seven squares, 23.75
Forty-eight squares, 24.25
Forty-nine squares, 24.75
Fifty squares, 25.25
Fifty-one squares, 25.75
Fifty-two squares, 26.25
Fifty-three squares, 26.75
Fifty-four squares, 27.25
Fifty-five squares, 27.75
Fifty-six squares, 28.25
Fifty-seven squares, 28.75
Fifty-eight squares, 29.25
Fifty-nine squares, 29.75
Sixty squares, 30.25
Sixty-one squares, 30.75
Sixty-two squares, 31.25
Sixty-three squares, 31.75
Sixty-four squares, 32.25
Sixty-five squares, 32.75
Sixty-six squares, 33.25
Sixty-seven squares, 33.75
Sixty-eight squares, 34.25
Sixty-nine squares, 34.75
Seventy squares, 35.25
Seventy-one squares, 35.75
Seventy-two squares, 36.25
Seventy-three squares, 36.75
Seventy-four squares, 37.25
Seventy-five squares, 37.75
Seventy-six squares, 38.25
Seventy-seven squares, 38.75
Seventy-eight squares, 39.25
Seventy-nine squares, 39.75
Eighty squares, 40.25
Eighty-one squares, 40.75
Eighty-two squares, 41.25
Eighty-three squares, 41.75
Eighty-four squares, 42.25
Eighty-five squares, 42.75
Eighty-six squares, 43.25
Eighty-seven squares, 43.75
Eighty-eight squares, 44.25
Eighty-nine squares, 44.75
Ninety squares, 45.25
Ninety-one squares, 45.75
Ninety-two squares, 46.25
Ninety-three squares, 46.75
Ninety-four squares, 47.25
Ninety-five squares, 47.75
Ninety-six squares, 48.25
Ninety-seven squares, 48.75
Ninety-eight squares, 49.25
Ninety-nine squares, 49.75
One hundred squares, 50.25

Advertisements having the number of insertions marked on the copy, will be continued until full paid, and charged accordingly.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

T. A. PLANTS, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Pomeroiy, O. Office in the Court House.

BURNAP & STANBERY, Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims. Office on Front Street, at the head of the Court House, Pomeroiy, O. 2-28-11.

SIMPSON & LASLEY, Attorneys and Counselors at Law and general collecting agents, Pomeroiy, O. Office in the Court House. 2-27.

HANNA & EINHART, Attorneys at Law, Pomeroiy, O. All business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. 1-13.

THOMAS CARLETON, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office, First street, east side, near the Court House, Pomeroiy, O. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. 1-34.

C. H. GROSVENOR, Attorney at Law, Athens, Ohio, will attend to all legal business in Meigs County, on the 1st day of each term. Office at the "Gibson House." 10-27.

E. GRIFFITH, M. D., Cleverly, O. Practices his professional services to the citizens of the surrounding country. 2-29 1/2

UNITED STATES HOTEL—M. A. Weber, Proprietor, (formerly occupied by M. A. Weber) on a square below the Rolling-Mill, Pomeroiy, O. By order of the Board of Directors, the hotel and all the furniture, fixtures, and other contents, are offered for sale to the highest bidder, on the 1st day of November, 1859, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Terms of sale, cash. For particulars, apply to the undersigned. 1-25.

A. L. STANBURY, Wholesale Grocer, Rice's Building, corner Front and Race Streets, Middleport, Ohio. Country Merchants and Retail Grocers are respectfully invited to call on him. 2-28-11.

ISAAC FALLER, Clothier, Grocer and Dressing Room, Store above Donally & Jones, near the Rolling-Mill, Pomeroiy, O. Country Merchants are respectfully invited to call on him, and examine his stock of Groceries, as I can confidently say that I cannot be undersold. 1-23.

MILLS—MACHINES.
POMEROY ROLLING MILL CO.
Keep constantly on hand and manufacture to order, all kinds of cast, round and square iron of superior quality, which they offer wholesale and retail, at current rates. Also, American and Swedish cast iron, and cast iron pipes, cast and shear steel, wagon boxes, scrap-iron and other articles in exchange. For particulars, apply to the undersigned. 1-10.

STEAM SAW MILL, Front street, Pomeroiy, near Carr's Run. Sial R. Nye, Proprietor. Lumber sawed to order on short notice. Plastering and other work done on hand, or by contract. 1-10.

JOHN S. DAVIS, has his Planing Machine, on Sugar Run, Pomeroiy, in good order, and is kept constantly on hand, for all orders. 1-10.

JEWELRY.
ER LAMBERT, Watchmaker and Jeweler, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods, Court street, below the new Banking House, Pomeroiy, Ohio. Particular attention paid to repairing all articles in his line. 1-1.

A. AICHER, Watchmaker and Jeweler, and wholesale and retail dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods, Front street, below the new Banking House, Pomeroiy, Ohio. Particular attention paid to repairing all articles in his line. 1-1.

WHITESIDE, Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes, Front street, three doors above Stone Bridge. The best work for Ladies and Gentlemen, made to order. 1-1.

LEATHER DEALERS.
MCQUIGG & SMITH, Leather Dealers and Finders, Court street, 3 doors below the Bank, and opposite Branch Street, Pomeroiy, O.

MANUFACTURERS.
SUGAR-RUN Salt Company. Salt twenty-five cents per bushel. Office near the Furnace. 1-1.

POMEROY Salt Company. Salt twenty-five cents per bushel. Office near the Furnace. 1-1.

DAINEY Salt Company, Coalport. Salt twenty-five cents per bushel. Country trade. 1-1.

BLANK SMITHING.
F. E. HUMPHREY, Blacksmith, in his new building, back of the Bank building, Pomeroiy, Ohio. Work done on hand, or by contract. With neatness and dispatch. 1-1.

PAINTERS—GLAZIERS.
F. LYMAN, Painter and Glazier, back of the new Banking House, Pomeroiy, Ohio. Work done on hand, or by contract. 1-1.

SADDLERY.
JOHN EISELSTIN, Saddle, Harness and Trunk Maker, Front Street, three doors below Court Street, Pomeroiy, Ohio. Work done on hand, or by contract. 1-1.

CARRIAGE & WAGON MAKING BY M. HASTINGS, Front Street, three doors below Court Street, Pomeroiy, Ohio. All articles in his line of business manufactured at reasonable rates, and they are especially recommended for durability. 8-27.

PETER CROSSBIE, Wagon Maker, Mulberry street, west side, three doors back street, Pomeroiy, Ohio. All orders filled on short notice. 1-1.

D. C. WHALEY, Surgeon Dentist, Pomeroiy, Ohio. All operations pertaining to the profession promptly performed. Ladies waited on with respectability. If desired. 1-1.

Poetry.

LITTLE WILLIE WAKING UP.

BY REV. E. M. STARR.

Some have thought that in the dawning,
In our being's fresh glow,
God is never little children,
That their parents ever know,
And that, if you listen sharply,
You'll hear him say, "I am here,
And a sort of mystic wisdom
Trickles through their earliest speech.

How it is I cannot answer,
But I know a little child,
Who, among the thyme and clover
And the dew, was rinding wild,
And he came one summer evening,
With his ringlets unbound,
And his eyes, like stars, were shining,
Glimmering by and by.

"Now I'll go to bed, dear mother,
For I'm very tired of play!"
In a kind of careless way,
And he drank the cooling water
From his little silver cup,
And said gaily, "When I'm morning,
Will the angels take me up?"

Down his neck with rosy laughter,
She let him see his cheek,
And the kindly god of slumber
Brought the poppies o'er his head,
"But could you really be so tired?"
Asked his smiling mother then—
"Yes, mother, I was so tired,
That I could not sleep."

There he lies, how sweet and placid,
And his breathing comes and goes
Like a zephyr moving softly,
And his cheek is like a rose;
But she leaves her ear to listen
To his little silver cup,
"Oh, my mother, if the angels
Took my darling at this hour."

Night within its folding mantle,
Hath the sleeper both beguiled,
And within its soft embraces
Rest his mother and the child;
Up she starts from her dreaming,
For a sound has struck her ear—
"And he comes from little Willie,
Lying in his cradle here."

Up she springs, for it strikes upon
Her forehead ear again,
And his breath, in tender fetsels,
Trickles from his tongue in pain,
And his eyes are looking upward,
On the ceiling of his room,
And the blackness of the spoiler
From his cheek hath chased the bloom.

Never more his "Now I lay me
To sleep" will be his cry,
Never more will he be sleeping,
Will be chasing the humbles;
Through the light she watched her darling,
Now sleeping, now in pain,
And the break of morning
Did his angels take him up.

Up she springs, for it strikes upon
Her forehead ear again,
And his breath, in tender fetsels,
Trickles from his tongue in pain,
And his eyes are looking upward,
On the ceiling of his room,
And the blackness of the spoiler
From his cheek hath chased the bloom.

Never more his "Now I lay me
To sleep" will be his cry,
Never more will he be sleeping,
Will be chasing the humbles;
Through the light she watched her darling,
Now sleeping, now in pain,
And the break of morning
Did his angels take him up.

Up she springs, for it strikes upon
Her forehead ear again,
And his breath, in tender fetsels,
Trickles from his tongue in pain,
And his eyes are looking upward,
On the ceiling of his room,
And the blackness of the spoiler
From his cheek hath chased the bloom.

Never more his "Now I lay me
To sleep" will be his cry,
Never more will he be sleeping,
Will be chasing the humbles;
Through the light she watched her darling,
Now sleeping, now in pain,
And the break of morning
Did his angels take him up.

Up she springs, for it strikes upon
Her forehead ear again,
And his breath, in tender fetsels,
Trickles from his tongue in pain,
And his eyes are looking upward,
On the ceiling of his room,
And the blackness of the spoiler
From his cheek hath chased the bloom.

Miscellany.

DODGE'S S.

In the afternoon of one of the coldest days of the winter of 1857, a very respectable dressed traveler arrived in the stage at Newport, and put up for the day and night at Page's Hotel. He was dressed in the common farmer costume, with nothing to distinguish him from mankind in general, except the peculiar manner in which he bundled up his head, to protect it from the cold, and the monstrous size of his over-boots. He was, evidently, a man of means, and altogether jolly, good-natured kind of a fellow, though, at times, an air of sadness shrouded his countenance. He was traveling, ostensibly, as an agent of a manufacturing company in New York, but really—so the knowing ones thought—for some other purpose.

"What time does the stage leave here for Richmond?" asked the stranger.
"Day after to-morrow morning at ten o'clock," responded mine host.
"Not till day after to-morrow?"
"No. There is a mail only every other day."

"That is coming bad. It is necessary that I should be in Richmond to-morrow night. Is there a stage to North Troy?"
"No. The Richmond stage leaves here at ten A. M. day after to-morrow—drives to North Troy—and reaches Richmond in time for an early supper."
"Can I secure a private conveyance?"
"Here is Mr. S—," said mine host, pointing to me, "perhaps you can make some arrangement with him to carry you as far as Dodge's."

"Dodge's?"
"Yes, ten miles beyond North Troy. That would be as far as he could drive and get back the same day. You can see what arrangement you can make with him. He keeps a team, and sometimes does jobs of the kind."

The stranger said no more for some time. He was evidently in a study. I was in a study, too, and mentally resolved, that if it were possible, I would carry the man, for a consideration.
"Well, my friend," said he, at length, addressing me, "can you carry me as far as Richmond to-morrow?"
"Perhaps not to Richmond; I can carry you as far as Dodge's if that will do."

"I will give you three dollars and a half to set me down at Richmond to-night."
"Three dollars and a half, thought I; that will pay me well. The man is evidently bent on going to Richmond—I have a curiosity to carry him. I might as well add that I had a curiosity for all jobs of the kind, from the fact, that on such occasions, I always "took such." "For four dollars," said I, "I will undertake the job."

"Four dollars, then," said he, slowly; "I must."

"What time will you start?" said I.
"At six."

Early next morning I hitched up "Old Sorrel," and in company with a stranger, drove rapidly toward North Troy. It was a bitter cold day, a day when nature needed a little assistance, if ever; and, when about four miles out, passing through Newport woods, I drew a flask of brandy from my pocket, and holding it up to the stranger, observed, "here, friend, this is too cold a ride to ride without something to drink—take some."

"No—thank you," said he, "I never use stimulants."
"Take hold, take hold," said I, "we can fill it again at Dodge's."

"No, I never drink, never!" said he emphatically. "I have suffered too much from it."

I talked rebuked that he did not drink—I had been debating in my mind, for the

Miscellany.

last two miles, whether to sound him in a round about way, and find out whether he ever drank, or to put a bold front on the matter, and offer it to him at once. But I had never had the good luck to carry a teetotaler, and had therefore come to the very sage conclusion that teetotalers didn't travel. But, for once, I had got a live total abstinence man, actually transporting him thirty miles on the line. I thought him stupid—very.

Dodge's is a rum shop situated on the Mississippi river road, between North Troy and Richmond. It is a place of considerable notoriety—celebrated in the country around as a low-lived, drunk-driving establishment, from which flows a continued stream of moral and physical death to the surrounding neighborhood. It is a favorite resort for the abandoned and reckless.

I was not at this time a drunkard. I was unwilling to admit that I was a moderate drinker. True, now and then, as on the present occasion, I thought it no harm to take a drink of brandy, in order the more effectually to keep out the cold. I detested drunkards, I was not at all alarmed about myself, and wondered how any one could be so foolish as to think me in danger, yet my wife had often begged me to abstain, totally. No other man being becoming too strongly attached to my cup, my wife I thought a very foolish little love of a woman, and myself a very strong-minded man, capable of drinking a bottle of brandy, now and then, without becoming a drunkard. On the present occasion, I found no difficulty in disposing of my brandy, without the assistance of my maid companion. When we arrived at Dodge's I had drunk the last drop, and drew rein for the purpose of replenishing my flask.

"Not here, not here, friend, for Heaven's sake, have respect enough for my feelings not to enter this miserable place. Drive on; I have something to tell you."

He grasped the rein as he spoke, and old sorrel shot in an instant, and went trotting out toward Richmond. He had got something to tell me! What in the name of nature could it be? Was it possible that so stupid a companion had a romance in his life? Nothing of the kind, I was sure. Perhaps he meant to regale me with some hackneyed temperance lecture. I consoled myself with the thought that in the course of two hours I should be back to Dodge's again.

"Do you see that ruin yonder, like the remains of one of the primitive log houses?"
"Plainly," said I.
"Well, sir, two years ago this winter, I found a dear sister there—found her, sir, found her! Ram did it! and I must tell you the tale. I was one of a family of eight children, brought up in the good old State of Connecticut. My brothers and sisters were all dear to me—but not alike dear. Alice, younger than myself, the companion of my youthful hopes and struggles, was dearest of all to me—Amiable and gentle, she seemed pure as the beings of my imaginations—a concentration of all that was good and lovely—"

"Where do you live, my little one," said I, "I am going home with you to see your mother."
"O, ma will be so glad, she's so cold and hungry; will you please, sir, give me something to eat?"
"I hastened back, and, filling my pocket with cakes and crackers, returned, and taking the child in my arms, pushed through the snow in the direction indicated by the child, to her home. And such a home. Oh, that a man should fall so low! All was dark, still and cold. Not a breath to tell that a human being inhabited the place, no feeling of warmth, nothing but cold, dark silence. But the child ran to one corner of the miserable hut, exclaiming:

"Oh, ma, ma, wake up. The man has brought you something to eat. Ma, won't you wake?" And she sobbed as if her little heart would break. She continued talking in this strain to her mother, making all kinds of endearing speeches, and telling her that they would "have some supper now," and "Ma, the good man has come to see us." She kept talking and sobbing, while I, by the aid of matches and a jack-knife, succeeded in kindling a little fire, which grew, till the room was lighted and some degree of warmth imparted.

"It was a terrible feeling to know that I was in that wretched abode with death and my sister. There was nothing that Jeserved the name of furniture in the room. Not a chair, not a stool, not a bench, even, except a cupboard in one corner, to indicate that it was ever a human habitation. Close by the fire, on a nest of straw, was the cold emaciated form of my sister Alice. What a meeting was this, after a five years' absence! I took her by the hand; it was cold as death. I raised her up, and held her to the fire, and rubbed my hands rapidly over her wrists and temples, to impart warmth. Is she dead? She must not be! Look at me, Alice. I am your brother, come to save you. I could not bear the thought that she was dead."

"At length came the reward of my labors. She breathed faintly, it was true, but life, no, she was not dead. Only I worked on, and slowly, yet surely, my sister was coming to life. She spoke, but her mind evidently wandered.

"Oh, George," said she, "I am so glad you have come, and you are so changed. I thought I should die, I was so cold and hungry. I sent little Alice after you, and you were so good not to beat her. I had such a sweet dream. Oh, George, it is growing dark. I am dying."

"It is I, Alice, look at me."
"She swooned away, exhausted, gasping for breath. Just Heaven! what if she should die now? No, I must save her. I went to the door, and got a handful of

Miscellany.

snow, and by the warmth imparted by my hands, succeeded in melting it, and applying a few drops to her lips, and bathing her temples, she again revived.

"Her eyes were clear, calm and natural now. There was the same sweet look as of old. But she was white—oh, so white and death-like. She looked more like an angel from the spirit world, than the flesh and being she really was. Extending her hand toward me, she murmured, in a voice sweet in its softness and address:

"Henry? is it Henry?"
"Yes, Alice, it is Henry, come to take you home to your mother and father."
"Oh, Henry, is it possible? What a horrible memory!" And she pressed her hands over her eyes as if to shut out some horrible image of the past. "But it is over now. I have seen the death angel—I am going soon. Oh, Lord Jesus, have mercy on my child, my dear little Alice. Is not George here?"

"No, he has not come yet. But don't think such thoughts, Alice. You are not going to die. Cheer up; you might go home with me."
"Home, yes I am going home now—hold me in your arms, brother, dear. I am so weak. I wish that George was here to see me die—he was kind to me once, but he was led away. Rum did it. He did not mean to be so bad, but the best society drink here. He couldn't drink a little without drinking too much—"

"Tell him I forgive him. Tell father and mother I have suffered but I am happy now. I longed to write and let you know all, but I hoped for better times. I hoped every reveal would be his last. But oh, the power—the power of rum! It is fearful, Henry, the power of rum. George has fallen—he is a victim. The world will condemn him, but the world will never know how bravely he strove to break the charm. The world don't know how much he has suffered. They know his sins—his sufferings they do not wish to know. Poor George, there is no rum in heaven."

"She continued to speak, but fainter and fainter, till her voice died to a whisper.
"Henry, you drink. Don't deceive me—I do not love you the less, but I fear for you. Oh, how I have prayed that you might be spared this awful fate. It is an awful thing to be a drunkard. I shall die in your arms. And as you love me, Henry—as you wish to meet me in the spiritual realm—promise me that you will drink no more. I cannot bear the thought that you, too, will be a drunkard. It is the last prayer of your dying sister, that you will never drink another drop of rum. Will you promise?"

"I do promise, Alice, never, as I hope for heaven, never will I drink again."
"Oh, thank you, thank you, Henry; you are the same noble brother. I can die easy, now. Take little Alice—give her to father—tell him to let her have her mother's place in his heart. Bury me in the church-yard with sister. Kiss brothers and sisters for me—tell them to meet me above. Tell George—"

"There was a slight quiver—a gasp—and the spirit had returned to God who gave it.
"She sleeps now in the cold churchyard, the link that connects my soul with heaven."
"I have kept my promise. Not a drop has passed my lips to this day, and by the help of God, there never shall. This, sir, is the reason why I never drink. I have seen hundreds of sisters and wives miserable by rum; but I never realized the awful sin of drunkenness till it was brought home to me and mine. And now, stranger, join with me, and throw your bottle into the Mississippi, and you will never regret it."

Value of a Brooklyn Farm Twenty Years Ago.
The following extract from the New York correspondent of the Suburban "Republican" is interesting:
"One pleasant day in the Summer of 1836, a gentleman called at one of those quiet farm houses in olden Brooklyn, then occupying the site of the present palatial mansions on Brooklyn heights. He asked to see the owner of the farm, was invited into a neat parlor, with neat green parlor window curtains, and a bunch of apparatus tops in an old fashioned fireplace. The stranger made but a short stay, but when he left he bore with him a signed and sealed contract for the sale of his farm at the extravagant price of \$80,000. The farmer and his wife were crazy with joy; the price given was beyond their wildest anticipations; and while they were thus indulging in congratulations upon their good luck, and dreams of happiness their unexpected wealth would bring, another visitor came, another gentleman from the big city across the river. He, too, wanted to buy the farm; was told that another had just purchased; inquired the price paid, and when told the amount, remarked that it was worth twice that sum, and he would readily pay the lucky purchaser \$80,000 for his bargain. Disappointment and vexation at such a loss turned the farmer's brain, and that night he died by his own hand."

A GREAT GENTLEMAN.—Once, says Coleridge, I sat in a coach opposite a Jew symbol of old clothes-bags—an English Holy-well street. He would close the window; I opened it; he closed it again; upon which, in a very solemn tone, I said to him:
"Son of Abraham, thou smellest of Isaac, thou art offensive to son of Jacob, thou stinkest foully! See the man in the moon he is holding his nose at thee at that distance. Don't you think that I, sitting here, can endure it any longer?"

My Jew was astonished, opened the window forthwith himself, and said:
"He was sorry he did not know before I was so great a gentleman."

Miscellany.

The Leader of the Harper's Ferry Insurrection.
Capt. John Brown emigrated to Kansas from Central New York, in the Fall of 1855, and settled in the township of Ossawatimie. He was accompanied by seven sons, the youngest being old enough to earn his livelihood. At the time of his death he was about sixty years of age—He was about medium height, slim, muscular, and possessing an iron constitution. He had blue eyes, sharp features and long gray hair, wearing a full beard.

In December, 1856, during the "Shannon war," Brown first made his appearance from the free State and pro-slavery parties, under the lead of Governor Robinson on one side, and Governor Shannon on the other, met to make a treaty of peace. After Governor Robinson had stated to the people who were gathered around the hotel the terms of the peace, Brown took the stand, uninvited, and opposed the terms of the treaty. He was in favor of ignoring all treaties, and such leading men as Robinson, Lane and Lowry, and proceeding at once against the border ruffian invader, drive them from the soil or hang them if taken. Gen. Lowry, who was chairman of the Committee of Safety, and also commander of the free State troops, ordered Brown under arrest. The latter made no physical resistance, but it was soon discovered that he was altogether too combustible a person to retain as a prisoner, and a compromise was made with him by the free State men, and he was released. He was informed by the leaders of that party that his remarks were intended to undo what they were trying to accomplish by means of the treaty; that he was a stranger in Lawrence and Kansas, and ought not by his rash remarks to compromise the people of Lawrence until he had known them longer, and knew them better.

One of his sons, who was elected to the Legislature in February, 1856, was seized and taken from Ossawatimie to Leecompton in chains, a distance of thirty miles. His feet and hands were chained together with a large heavy chain, the size of that used upon ox teams. He was compelled to walk the whole distance beneath a burning sun. The iron wore the flesh from his ankles; he was attacked with the brain fever, was neglected, and died in two or three days. He was a companion of Robinson, Jenkins, (since shot by Lane,) and some eight or ten others. Another son of Capt. Brown was shot at Ossawatimie by a marauding party from Missouri. After the death of his first son, occasioned by the tortures and fatigue of his forced march, Brown swore vengeance upon the pro-slavery party, and it was frequently observed by the more prudent of the free State men that he was violently insane on the subject. He was always considered by them as a dangerous man, and never consulted by them with reference either to their policy or movements.

The destruction of the free State Hotel and presses at Lawrence, in May, 1856, incited him anew to action, and he organized a small company, composed chiefly of those who had been robbed, or whose relatives had been murdered by the pro-slavery party, and, at the head of this band, armed with Sharp's rifles, Bowie knives, and Colt's revolvers, he scoured Southern Kansas, and the name of "Old Brown" became a terror to all who opposed his will in that region. While he was thus marauding, five pro-slavery men were taken from their cabins at Potawatimie Creek, in the night, and shot down. The pro-slavery party charged this deed upon Old Brown, while the free State men asserted that they could prove him in Lawrence, forty miles distant, when it happened, and that the horrid deed was perpetrated by "Buford's Georgia Buffaloes," supposing that the victims were free State men.

The news of this massacre reached Westport, the place of the rendezvous of the "border ruffians," the same evening that the Kansas Commission sent out by the United States House of Representatives arrived at that place. The excitement was intense, and was induced almost as much by the appearance of the Commission as by the news of the massacre. The "ruffians" swore vengeance upon the members and officers of the Commission, declaring that their blood should recompense for the slaughter at Potawatimie Creek, and but for the intervention of Mr. Oliver, the pro-slavery member of the Commission, and others, it was believed that the Commission would have been attacked. It was at this time that the notorious H. Clay Pate organized a band of men in the streets of Westport, Mo., with the avowed purpose of entering the Territory and capturing "Old Brown."

He raised about thirty men, and went into the Territory about twilight one evening, and was surprised at sunrise next morning by "Old Brown," who was in command of nine men, armed as stated above. Pate sent a flag of truce to Brown, who advanced some rods in front of his company and ordered the flag-bearer to remain with him, and sent one of his own men to inform Pate to lay down his arms. Pate refused to give the orders to his men when Brown, drawing a revolver, informed him that he must give the order or be shot on the spot. Pate immediately surrendered up his men, and they were disarmed and marched into a ravine near by, and kept until liberated and sent back to Missouri, by Col. Sumner, a few days subsequently, who also ordered "Old

Miscellany.

Brown" to disband and go home. The latter agreed to do so if the Colonel would also agree to protect the settlers in that region of the Territory. This was the celebrated "Battle of Black Jack Point," made famous by the "H. O. P." Kansas correspondent of the St. Louis "Republican," who was the heroic commander of the surrendering party. Capt. Brown was not much heard of again until the notorious Captain Hamilton made his incursions into Southern Kansas from Missouri, in 1858, when he raised another company, and, with Capt. Montgomery, drove Hamilton and his companions back to Missouri, and marching his men into that State, took possession of one of the villages, shot one or two men and liberated slaves. This course of Brown was repudiated by Governor Robinson and the leaders of the free State party, in and out of Kansas, which caused Brown to publish a letter explaining his position, in which he assumed the entire responsibility of his acts, and relieved the free State men from any share therein