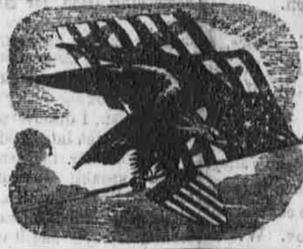


Freemen's Champion.



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A Love Story.

BY MAGGIE STEWART.

Sweet Flowers grew by the streamlet,
Where first I learned to love!
The song-birds trilled 'mong the branches,
And the sun shone bright above:
Light zephyrs played with the leaflets,
And fanned my happy brow,
While the stream ran on with its murmur
'Neath the waving willow bough.

Oh! my life was full of gladness,
Pure bliss without alloy!
The merry notes of the song-birds,
Were echoes of my joy!
To sit by thy side and listen—
Thy voice—I hear it now—
While the stream ran on with its murmur
'Neath the waving willow bough.

I've sat by the rippling streamlet
In those dreamy summer days,
While Fancy and Hope were singing
Their sweet delusive lays
Of Love and a happy Future,
No care to shade my brow!
While the stream ran on with its murmur
'Neath the waving willow bough.

I often read in the twilight
Sweet "Memory's tablets" o'er,
And sigh, that I'll meet thy greeting
And wondrous smile no more,
"Thou hast learned to love another,"
To greet me coldly now,
While the stream runs on with its murmur
'Neath the waving willow bough.

The flowers are dead by the streamlet,
And hushed its musical chime,
The birds sing not 'mong the branches,
They've flown to a sunnier clime;
An' my heart's young love has vanished,
For "thou lovest another now,"
And I'll list no more to the murmur
'Neath the waving willow bough.

She sleeps by the rippling streamlet
Where the dewy grass-blades wave;
And the birds ring sweetly above her,
And violets bloom o'er her grave;
The winds moan loud 'mong the branches,
Yet they cannot disturb her now,
And the stream runs on with its murmur
'Neath the waving willow bough.

We folded the snowy grass-shoulder
Over the still cold breast,
And wept o'er the young life blighted,
Now free from wild unrest,
O'er the "wreck of her heart's rich venture"
Yet, "she is happy now."
We read by the musical murmur
'Neath the waving willow bough.
Oneida, N. Y., 1857.

The Thunder Storm.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

I never was a man of feeble courage. There are but few scenes of either human or elemental strife, upon which I have not looked with a brow of daring. I have stood in the front of battle, when the whirlwind was rending the oaks from their rocky cliffs, and scattering them to the clouds. I have seen there things with a swelling soul, that knew not, that recked not of danger; but there is something in the thunder's voice that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness. I have called this pride to my aid; I have sought to strengthen moral courage in the lessons of philosophy, but it avails me nothing. At the first low moaning of the distant cloud, my heart shrinks, quivers and dies within me.

My involuntary dread of thunder had its origin in an incident that occurred when I was a boy of ten years. I had a cousin, a girl of the same age of myself, who had been the constant companion of my childhood. Strange that after the lapse of so many years, that countenance should be so familiar to me. I can see the bright young creature, her eyes flashing like a beautiful gem, her free locks streaming as if in joy upon the rising gale; her cheeks glowing like a ruby through a wreath of transparent snow. Her voice had the melody and joyousness of a bird's, and when she bounded over the woodland hill, or fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature, and clapping her little hands in the very ecstasy of young existence, she looked as if breaking away a freed nightingale from earth, and going off where all things are beautiful and happy like her.

It was morning in the middle of August. The little girl had been

passing some days at my father's house, and she was now to return home. Her path lay across fields, and I gladly became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer morning more beautiful and still. Only one cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure, and white, and peaceful, as if it had been the incense smoke of some burning censor of the skies. The leaves hung silent in the woods, the waters in the bay forgot their undulating, the flowers were bending their heads as if dreaming of the rainbow and dew, and the whole atmosphere was of such a soft and luxurious sweetness that it seemed a cloud of roses scattered down by the hand of Peri, from the far off garden of Paradise. The green earth and blue sea lay abroad in their boundlessness, and the peaceful sky hung over them. The little creature at my side was in a delirium of happiness, and her clear, sweet voice came ringing upon the air as often as she heard the note of some favorite bird, or found some strange and lovely flower in her frolic wanderings. The unbroken and almost supernatural tranquility of the day continued until noon. Then for the first time, the indication of an approaching tempest was manifest. Over the summit of a mountain, at the distance of about a mile, the folds of a large cloud became suddenly visible, and at the same instant, a hollow roar came down on the winds as if it had been the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The clouds rolled on like a banner unfurled upon the air, but still the atmosphere was as calm and the leaves as motionless as before, and there was not even a quiver upon the sleeping waters to tell of the coming hurricane. To escape the tempest was impossible. As the only resort, we fled to a mighty oak that stood at the foot of a tall and rugged precipice. Here we remained and gazed almost breathlessly upon the clouds marshalling themselves like bloody giants in the sky. The thunder was not frequent; but every burst was so fearful that the young creature who stood beside me shut her eyes convulsively, clung with desperate strength to my arm, and shrieked as if her heart would break. In a few minutes the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury, the little girl lifted her finger towards the precipice that towered over us. I looked, and saw an amethystine peak and the next moment the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundations, a roar like the groan of the universe filled the air, and I felt myself blinded, and thrown, I knew not whither. How long I remained insensible, I cannot tell, but when consciousness returned, the violence of the tempest was abating, the roar of the winds was dying in the treetops, and the deep tones of the thunder-cloud came in fainting murmurs from the eastern hills. I rose and looked tremblingly and almost deliriously around. She was there, the dear idol of my infant love, stretched out on the green earth. After a moment of irresolution, I went up and looked upon her. The handkerchief upon her neck was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her bosom, told where the pathway of her death had been.

At first I clasped her to my breast with a cry of agony, and then laid her down and gazed upon her face almost with feelings of calmness. Her bright disheveled ringlets clustered around her brow; the look of terror had faded from her lips, and infant smiles were pictured there; the red rose tinge upon her cheek was lovely as in life, and I pressed it to my own, the fountains of tears were opened and I wept as if my heart were water. I have but a dim recollection of what followed; I know that I remained weeping and motionless till the coming twilight, and I was taken tenderly by the hand and led away where I saw the countenances of parents and sisters.

Many years have gone by on the wings of light and shadow, but the scenes I have portrayed still come over me at times, with terrible distinctness. The oak yet stands at the base of the precipice, but its limbs are black and dead, and the hollow trunk looks upward to the sky, as if calling to the clouds for drink, as an emblem of rapid decay. One year ago I visited the spot, and the thoughts of by-gone years came mournfully back to me. I thought of the little innocent being who fell by my side like some beautiful tree of spring, rent up by the whirlwind in the midst of its blossoming. But I remembered—and oh! there was joy in the memory—that she had gone where no

lightnings slumber in the folds of the rainbow cloud, and where the sunlight waters are broken only by the storm breath of omnipotence. My readers will understand why I shrink in terror from thunder. Even the consciousness of security is no relief to me—my fears have assumed the nature of an instinct, and seems indeed a part of my existence.

A God Forsaken Party.

Never, since the organization of our government, did there exist a party so entirely demoralized and bereft of all virtue and all sympathy for virtue, as is now the so called Democratic party. Having, in an evil hour, taken upon itself the propagandism and championship of human slavery, by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise the "seven spirits of evil" seem to have taken possession of the entire organization. From that hour it has given itself up to the management and upholding of every crime, national, social or political, that has chosen to seek its protection. It has declared war against religion, liberty, temperance, and every movement seeking to improve and elevate man. It is the recognized ark of refuge into which filibusters, land pirates and all promoters of mischief flee for aid and protection. It is the party relied on in the perpetration of every national evil. It is the fomentor of wars abroad and discords at home. It seems to aim at a monopoly of all the wrong doing in the land. If, says the *Kennebec Journal*, white men are to be manacled and imprisoned for exercising free speech in our territories, the Democratic party is the organization which is expected to enforce the barbarous edict. If poor negroes are to be reduced to bondage on the same sacred soil, the Democratic party is the agency to do it. If the degraded and abused slave escapes to free soil, and is pursued by his revengeful master, the Democratic party with its minions and officials, stands ready to hunt him down and send him back. If a blood stained villain invades a friendly nation with a host of fellow pirates, and lays waste the country in indiscriminate arson and is at last compelled to flee for his life, he is sure if he can get back to this land, to find a word from the presses and the orators of the Democratic party. If a Supreme Court, forgetful alike of its own dignity and of natural justice, chooses to travel beyond its record, and pronounce extra-judicial decrees which strike at the very root of liberty, and disfranchise a whole race at one blow, the Democratic party stands ready to applaud the tyrannical edict, and to adopt its odious essence into its very platform of principles. If a reckless and dishonest city officer chooses to imperil the lives and property of a million of people rather than to submit to the just requirements of law, the Democratic party will countenance and sustain him in his rebellion. If a State, cursed and bowed down with slavery, shows any disposition to get rid of the incubus, the Democratic party at once discourages and frowns upon the attempt, and preaches the doctrine that freedom is not better than slavery. In short, there is no public measure which looks to the amelioration of man, which takes the side of law and order, which invokes the aid of the philanthropist,—there is no measure of this kind, which is not sure to meet resistance and opposition at the hands of the Democratic party. As an organization, it seems cursed with a moral obliquity which prevents its taking a fair view of any public question, and which by an irresistible fatality, drives it to espouse wrong. Ever since its affiliation with the "Border Ruffians" of Missouri, it has become inoculated with their crimes, adopted their vicious creed, and has fairly earned a title to their lawless name.

Dr. Durbin, the great Methodist orator, once attempted to preach from the text, "Remember Lot's wife," and made a failure. Afterwards, remarking to Dr. Bond that he did not know the reason of his failure, the venerable doctor replied that he "had better thereafter let other people's wives alone."

As women love most passionately, so they can hate "some" when they try. The very keenness of sensibility, which makes them the quintessence of honey to one who returns their love, turns them into double-distilled gall and wormwood, when their affection is despised. It is a way they've got.

Myself and Polly Carter.

Bright is the tint of the Autumn leaf,
When first the fall frost nips it;
Smelt is red pepper and elder mixed,
To the mouth that gently sips it;
But brighter far than Autumn leaf,
Than cayenne pepper smarter,
Is the pride of my heart—my own true love—
My gentle Polly Carter.

I loved her when a little girl,
And loved her more when older,
And never once shall I forget
When first my love I told her;
She blushed, and sighed, and turned her
(Her eyes were filled with water)
I took her hands within my own,
And whispered—"Polly Carter!"

She only blushed a deeper red,
And sweeter looked than ever;
My heart it seemed to run a race
With my old "patent lever";
I told her that I loved her well,
And that I never would barter
For aught on earth, however prized,
The love of Polly Carter.

I told her that I had a farm—
Well tilled was every acre—
And that I had a snug farm house,
To which I longed to take her;
And told her that unless she'd go,
For life I'd be a martyr
To Cupid's cause, and break my heart
For gentle Polly Carter.

She turned, and oh! how sweet she smiled,
And said she loved me dearly;
Then what cared I for aught beside?
I was quite blest, or nearly;
The "old folks" said we might get wed,
And ne'er did I feel smarter
Than when the person made us one—
Myself and Polly Carter.

Life in the West.

The following genuine woman's letter is from the *Portsmouth Tribune*. The letter is from Strawberry Hill, Kansas, and dated May 16th. In getting out there, they all piled into one little wagon, stopped one night at a log house, innocent of daub and chinking, and had to hold the b-d clothes with their teeth to keep them from blowing away. We quote the rest from the letter:

"I wish to goodness that I could send you a drawing of our house and furniture. I can't do the thing justice. The house is about as large as your kitchen. The logs are beautifully hewed inside; they still retain their natural appearance on the outside. I have the greatest quantity of kindlings by just going round the walls and pulling them off. We will have enough to last several years, if we have good luck. We have no window, but something far more convenient, made by simply moving the shingles to one side. As they are not nailed, it answers every purpose. The day we got here, Mr. S— made me a table and a cupboard, and two benches; one has a back. As our bedstead has not come from the Pint, we made our beds on the floor. We have two shelves where we put all our pretty things. Three or four bags hanging around the walls help the appearance of them very much. My guitar occupies a friendly position near the meal bag. I have a nice little cooking-stove, which bakes very well. We have no chairs, or anything that town people require.

"I wish you had seen us eating our first dinner; we had no dishes. Charley ate off a shingle; Mr. S— took the lid of the stove. M— ate off her bread; I had a big piece of brown paper. We drank our coffee out of tin cups. D— and Mr. S— have made two of the nicest gardens you ever saw. They fenced them and all in three days; and I wish you could see my hands! But I have been very happy; it is so nice to work alone with one's husband. Thursday I did a three weeks washing. D— is very well, and happy as he can be. He has a wagon and a yoke of oxen, cow and calf, two turkeys and two dogs—which I believe is all the live stock we have yet. We have not seen better since we left the boat; it is not fashionable here. D— is going to build a house next week—a frame one, too.

"How I wish you were here; I long to see you. The country is so lovely, and we have a splendid place. I have two beautiful bouquets I gathered yesterday, when I went with D— after wood. I rode in an ox-wagon! It has been so cold lately that I have worn two dresses. I think the cornet does it; what do you think of it by this time? We have the most gooseberries and raspberries you ever saw, all near the house; besides strawberries all around the door, and plenty of wild plums."

A little friend of ours, a few days ago, while coming down stairs, was taunted by his mother not to lose his balance. The question which followed was a puzzler: "Mother if I should lose my balance, where would I go to?"

The Turning Point.

Somebody discourses beautifully on the subject of a husband turning lover again to his wife, in the middle period of their matrimonial life. Let thoughtless husbands, who are beginning to find greater attractions than their own household, read the following paragraph with care:

There is a turning point in the love of a wife for a husband, which should be carefully watched. In some it occurs very early, long before thirty, especially if the match were one of passion or family convenience; but in the majority of instances, its appearance manifests itself about the approach to the middle age of women, from thirty-five to forty-two. There is a revelation in the whole moral and mental being—a kind of chilling, cold indifference, which the slightest unkindness on the part of the husband at once kindles into a flame. It is difficult to account for this transitory condition, but there is much proof that a woman loves twice.—She loves the husband of her spring; in the summer her attachment requires other sustenance than that of habit and association—it hungers for the spiritual element, becomes dreary, and every word of anger, every slight, every inattention, every weakness on the part of the husband, crowds on the memory of the wife, and she becomes miserable without knowing wherefore. The husband then should become a lover again.

Good Sense.

A very sensible exchange says the mania to publish a large newspaper, without any regard to the amount of business to support it, is one of the prevailing evils of the times. We say evil, because it is that and nothing else. A paper of large dimensions inadequately supported, is not merely a tax upon the publisher, but is, in various ways, unprofitable to the community. We seldom have a mail in which we do not receive one or more papers which might be reduced in size to the mutual benefit of the publisher and reader. And what would be for the benefit of the publisher and reader would also be to the advantage of advertisers. A paper filled with prospectuses of dollar weeklies, flashy monthly magazines and "dead" patent medicines, is almost useless to the legitimate, paying advertiser, for no one thinks of wading, through its stale columns to find anything new. We have thought that the evil we notice would have corrected itself before now, but so far from diminishing, it seems on the increase, and probably nothing but the absolute death of no inconsiderable number of the barely living establishments will bring newspaper publishing into a healthy condition. The silly pride of essaying to make a large paper, under the cringing apprehension that people will not take a small sheet, keeps him under the harrow, with an empty pocket and soul soured by reflections quite unpleasant.

CHEATING A PRINTER.—The other day, says the *Dayton Journal*, we saw several Irish laborers trying hard to decypher a written notice headed "Public Sale." The notice although written tolerably plain, could not be read by the boys, and they asked us to read it for them, which of course we did. At the conclusion one of them turned to his comrades and remarked in a very impressive tone, "Well be jabers, I'll nary buy of a man who's so niggardly that he won't get his advertisements printed—he's cheated the printer, and he'd cheat me." They all acquiesced in the decision of the spokesman.

A CHILD'S NOTION OF HEAVEN.—A lady in San Francisco was endeavoring to convey to the inquiring mind of her little child an idea of Heaven, and the necessity for being a good boy, in order to obtain admission there hereafter. She pictured to his imagination the happiness of the blest, and as an additional inducement for him to lead a correct life, said that he would be "like the angels, who have harps in their hands." "Mamma," responded the archly wistfully gazing into his mother's eyes; "mamma if it makes no difference to God, I'd rather have a jeweharp." The astonished parent rang the bell, and the nurse removed the polite little stripling to his crib.

The Hotels of the principal cities, are advancing their charges for board and lodging, in consequence of the dearthness of meats and vegetables.

The Atchison Difficulty.

Two important facts are established by this Atchison difficulty—

1st, That the day of Missouri invasions is not yet over.

2d, That there is still one place in Kansas where free speech is forcibly denied.

Now we are as strongly desirous of peace and repose as any can be.—None would deprecate a renewal of bloody strife more than we. Our exertions are always, and ever have been, thrown in this behalf. But our manhood revolts at the idea of tamely submitting to open insult, or an infringement of those rights which we hold to be inviolable sacred.—Knowing well how essential it is to the peace and prosperity of Kansas that the hatchet should be forever buried, and that we should look to the ballot box for a peaceful arbitration of the vexed questions here at issue, we yet have not been schooled in that Utopian belief which teaches quiet submission to oppression and tyranny.

We see at Atchison a successful attempt made by invaders, to prevent a number of citizens from meeting in convention, and we see a fatal blow struck at freedom of speech.—Now then it behooves us—may, it is our imperative duty—to vindicate these inalienable rights, forfeit our claim to the title of MEN. Better, far better, that we should be the serfs of some imperial Czar, than that we should truckle basely to usurpation, or complacently look upon the violation of principle and right. It is a matter of little import whether JIM LANE speak in Atchison or not, but it is a matter of vital interest to every citizen of Kansas whether he shall not have the liberty of speaking there, and be protected in that liberty.—The insults to which that band of Free State men were subjected were given to the entire Free State party, and the blow struck at Col. LANE struck every freeman in our midst. It remains, then, for the Free State party to resent these high-hand insults, and vindicate our down-trodden rights. Nor shall we rest content till LANE has spoken in Atchison and a Free State convention has been allowed to meet and deliberate without interference from home or abroad.—Unless we greatly mistake the temper and spirit of the Free State party, we speak not only its sentiments, but indicate and foreshadow its resolution.—*Leavenworth Times*.

A Domestic Row.

Morton, the editor of the *Nebraska News*, thus describes a domestic row and subsequent reconciliation, of which he was a witness:

Coming down the Missouri, near Bean Lake, between Weston and St. Joe, our boat was hailed by a woman on shore. The officers of the craft, with their usual gallantry, "rounded to," headed up stream, and stopped. The lady informed them that her "duds and cooking consarns" were all packed in the cabin hard by, ready for removal, and that it was her desire to take passage with them down the river. Immediately the duds were under way, and fast coming on deck; when a man plowing in an adjacent field, was seen to drop the reins, and mount the horse, and come charging and yelling towards the boat. The captain waited until he had arrived, and then puffing and blowing, said: "Ann, whar on earth are you goin tew?"

Said she, "Joab, I allow to go where I ain't to be cuffed, and cursed, and mauled every day, by such a bruto as you are."

Said he, in a very melancholy tone—"Ann, farewell."

Said she, doubtfully—"Joab, if you'll treat me better, I'll say and live with you until the breath is clean out of my innocent body."

And Joab promised that he would, and that he hoped to be eternally dog-on-ed to thunder if he wouldn't pay the captain for landing, and treat all around, if she would just stay, and so she stayed. And the last seen of this nearly separated couple, they were affectionately embracing each other on the bank of the "big muddy," surrounded by seven little freesoil boys, whose shirt-tails, like the banners of Macbeth, were hung upon the outer walls, and whose eyes were full of gum, dirt and wonder.

A certain gallant editor thinks when a single gentleman can't pass a clothes line without counting all the long stockings, it is a sign he ought to get married, and the sooner the better.