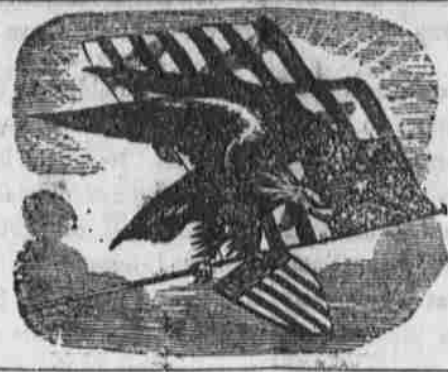


Freemen's Champion.



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The Freeman's Champion



"LIBERTY OR DEATH."

PRAIRIE CITY, K. T., JUNE 24, 1858.

Capt. Montgomery.

The following description of Capt. Montgomery, who has of late obtained an undue notoriety in Kansas matters, is from the pen of a former resident of Lawrence—a correspondent of the New York Evening Post:

"In conversation he talks mildly, in a calm, even voice, using the language of a cultivated, educated gentleman. His antecedents are unexceptionable; he was always a Free State man, although coming from a Slave State, where he was noted as a good citizen, and for his mild, even temperance. In his daily conduct, he maintains the same character now; but when in action and under fire, he displays a daring fearlessness, untiring perseverance, and an indomitable energy, that has given him the leadership in this border warfare.—His discretion, courage and acknowledged ability have gained him what he will continue to receive—the confidence and support of the people in the southern tiers of counties. Montgomery's enrolled company numbers from four to five hundred men, all of whom are old residents of the Territory, and are, consequently, familiar with the peculiar mode of fighting pursued by Border Ruffians. Some are desperate men, and could their histories be told, you would not wonder that they followed their Border Ruffian persecutors to the bitter end. There are two boys in that company whose dying father charged them to revenge his cowardly murder. Five bullets entered his body as he stepped from the door-sill to extend the hospitalities of his cabin to his murderers. Others have been robbed at their homes and on the highway, and not one of them but has suffered some outrage or indignity from those villains headed by Brockett, Hamilton and Titus. Notwithstanding every incentive to retaliate actuates these men to demand blood for blood, yet Montgomery is able to control and direct them. He truly tempers justice with mercy, and he has always protected women and children from harm, and has never shed blood except in conflict or self-defence. On the morning of last Thursday I saw a man who had just left Montgomery's party, and who had been with him since the affair with the U. S. dragoons. He gave me a recital of their doings from that time up to the day when they took possession of West Point, which town was searched for the Moneka assassins. No innocent man had been robbed, no women outraged. They had, however, cleared Lyon and Bourbon counties of every pro-slavery man who had been directly or indirectly concerned in any persecution of Free State settlers.

"It will be asked, is not this, to a certain extent, following the tactics of the enemy, and is it right? To either of these inquiries I answer: For two years past, Fort Scott has been the headquarters of a desperate gang of wretches, who, under the lead of this Brockett, Clark and Hamilton, and acting in concert with the pro-slavery settlers and kindred spirits in the State of Missouri, have carried out a persistent course of outrage and crime upon Free State squatters. This was the history of last summer, and it was the history of last spring, up to the time when Brockett killed an innocent man in his own bed, before his wife and children.

"Then the people rose up and said, We will not endure this any longer

—one or the other party must leave the country.

"Few, if any, of the people of the Territory outside of these two counties have taken part in the quarrel; it is well known that they can and will take care of themselves, and that they have done this is pretty evident.

"Last Thursday I spent in Kansas City. At the public table at the hotel, a man was giving what he intended should be an amusing account of the 'last words' of the men shot in the ravines. It had the effect intended, for as each one's case was repeated, there was a roar of laughter, led off by Titus and his crew. This may be put down as another 'Kansas exaggeration,' but it is the simple truth."

(Correspondence of the Evening Post.)
Platform of the Washington City Republicans.

WASHINGTON, May 17, 1858.

The Republicans of this city held a meeting on Saturday evening and formed themselves into an association, with a view to action at the approaching municipal election, and for the distribution of political documents during the coming year. They adopted the following declaration of principles:

1. The Federal Government has no power over the system of slavery within the States; but within its own exclusive jurisdiction it has the power and ought to exert it, to secure life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to all men.

2. There should be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except for the punishment of crime, in any of the territories of the United States.

3. The people are the rightful source of all political power; and all officers should, so far as practicable, be chosen by a direct vote of the people.

4. Candidates for political offices should be met of undoubted integrity and sobriety, and pledged to support the principles of this platform by all lawful and constitutional means. Mr. Seward was present, and made an elaborate Anti-Slavery speech, which was very well received by the association, many of whom are Southern men.

Sketch of the Late Gen. Smith.

Gen. Persifer F. Smith was a native of Chester county, Pa., and was fifty-nine years of age. When a young man he emigrated to Louisiana, and studied law in New Orleans. He served in the Florida war from 1836 to 1842, having command of the Louisiana volunteers. In '46 he was appointed Colonel of the rifle regiment then raised. He had command of a brigade during the Mexican war, and won noted distinction at the battles of Monterey, Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo. At Contreras he commanded a brigade of Gen. Twiggs' division, and finding himself the senior officer on the field, he assumed the chief command, and won that celebrated victory, displaying throughout the contest the highest qualities of a military leader. Subsequently he was present at Cherubusco, Molina Del Rey, Chapultepec and City of Mexico, adding new wreaths in each engagement to his Contreras laurels. During the Mexican campaign he contracted that disease (diarrhea) which at length proved fatal to him. Gen. Smith was an able and popular officer, and he died as a soldier should die—in harness. It is to be hoped that Congress will not neglect to show its appreciation of his character and services, by making suitable provision for his family.—*Mo. Dem.*

Kansas against the World.

T. D. THACHER, Esq., of the Lawrence Republican, writing June 1st, from Hornellsville, N. Y., where he is at present sojourning, says:

"There is no country between New York and Kansas, that I have ever seen, which can for a moment compare for beauty with our own most lovely Territory. Neither did I any where see the crops looking as well as they do in Kansas this season. Illinois stands number one for wheat usually, but she must yield the palm to Kansas. Indiana is not to be mentioned during the same day with Kansas.

"I find everything in this State at least four weeks behind Kansas as to forwardness of season. Fruit trees are now just in full bloom. Farmers have been trying for the last two weeks to plant corn, but have hardly been able to, for the incessant rains."

Strive to cultivate harmony.

Mountains and Prairie Trains and Commerce.

It is estimated by our warehouse and commission merchants, that including the wagons loading for the Utah Expedition, destined for Salt Lake, and the various Forts in the mountains, there will be ten thousand full loaded and fully equipped wagons leave Kansas City this season across the plains—none of these make a shorter trip than six hundred miles, and many of them to go full eleven hundred miles.

A wagon that takes merchandise over the plains and into the mountains, is by no means, such a wagon as people unaccustomed to prairie countries are in the habit of seeing. They are not "double wagons," or "lumber wagons," or "farm wagons," or "Chicago wagons," or "Concord wagons"—they are "prairie wagons," or "schooners," as the boys call them, and as novel a sight to an Eastern man, as any Yankee institution is to a frontiersman, or as the railroad will be to most of the Jackson county people when it gets here. A wagon weighs about four thousand pounds, the pole, or tongue, is thirteen feet long, and with all the "fixings" about it is as heavy as a light buggy. One of the hind wheels weighs three hundred pounds, and is sixty-four inches in diameter—the tire is four inches wide, the hub twelve inches through and eighteen inches deep, and the spokes are as large as a middle sized bed post.—Any one can conceive what an axle-tree for such a wheel must be. This body is three feet eight inches wide, thirteen feet long at the bottom and sixteen feet long at the top, with bows extending above the bed three feet high, and also extending fore and aft of the bed two feet and a half, so that the top of the wagons, measuring over the bows, is eighteen feet long—height of wagon from bottom of wheels to top of bows is ten feet. These bows are covered with three wagon sheets, made of the best quality of duck, and cost about \$30.

These details will give one an idea of a prairie wagon, which always carries from fifty-five to sixty hundred pounds of freight, and transports it never less than six hundred miles. Now for the team. The team or the motive power of these cumbersome and ugly wagons, consists of six yoke of oxen, or "steers," as they are called by old freighters; or five span of mules. A driver with a ragged flannel shirt, a pair of buckskin, "jeans" or "store" pants, with pockets made or breaking out almost any where, a pair of brogans, an old hat and whip, the stick of which is generally a hickory sapling ten or fifteen feet long, the last about the same length made out of undressed raw hide, an inch and a half thick in the "belly," the whole weighing five pounds and a half, and when brought upon the aforesaid steers, crack, crack, crack, it goes with reports loud as a navy pistol.

Such are, in brief, the details of one of these mountain wagons, ten thousand of which will leave Kansas City for the forts and trading posts in the mountains this season. A wagon and team hitched up and ready for travel is about one hundred feet long, and they travel on the average about one hundred feet apart. Now if all these wagons were to leave in one train, they would stretch out over the prairie three hundred and seventy-nine miles! Some team, that when "corrated," or encamped, they would make an encampment of over one hundred and fifty thousand head of stock, about twenty thousand and five hundred men—no women—and if in the mountains they would probably be surrounded by ten thousand "Ingins." The wagons would contain sixty-five million pounds of merchandise, worth in Kansas City twenty million dollars, and in the mountains, twenty-four millions and a half. Here, then, are the figures of the great commerce of the prairies, which is centered in Kansas City, as we compute it when gathered together in one grand encampment:

Men,	20,500
Wagons,	10,000
Cattle and mules,	150,000
Lbs of merchandise,	65,000,000
Value of merchandise in the mountains,	\$24,500,000

Opposition is sometimes more the result of envy than a settled conviction of propriety.

When the young laugh at the old they laugh at themselves beforehand.

The Land Sales.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
May 19, 1858.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD OF FREEDOM:—The undersigned, who were appointed by the Topeka Settlers' Mass Convention to visit the East for the purpose of procuring a postponement of the Land Sales, or the means of enabling the settlers to pay for their claims previous to said sales; beg leave to give, through your journal, a synopsis of what action they have thus far taken.

On arriving at Washington, they ascertained from the President and Secretary of the Interior, that promises of temporary postponement had already been made to Mr. Parrott, and that the arrival of the Committee was awaited with some interest. After a courteous hearing of these officers, the Committee was informed that the policy of the Administration required these sales to be made during the present year, but that some months' delay would be granted if desired. The Committee requested a postponement of one year, but without success; and finally received the promise of the Secretary that the sales should be delayed till the 1st and 15th days of November next. This promise may undoubtedly be relied upon.

The Committee have now turned their attention entirely to the work of procuring a sufficient loan fund at reasonable rates of interest, to enable the settlers to secure their lands without too great a sacrifice, and will report as soon as any definite result has been reached; only saying, in the meantime, that the emens are full of hope.

All our friends—Republicans and Democrats—expect the people of Kansas to bury Leocompton Constitution so deep with their ballots, that no traces shall remain but its memory.

We acknowledge many obligations to Mr. Parrott for his ready and patient assistance, without which we should have labored under serious disadvantages.

ROBERT MORROW.
C. H. BRANSCOMB.
J. M. WINCHELL.

Kansas Adapted to Wheat.

Issac M. Roberts, Esq., who resides two miles west of Big Springs, states that a year ago last autumn he sowed a field of some forty acres of wheat. In July last he harvested a small crop, owing to the dry season, and to its being sowed upon the sod.—About the first of October last, he plowed under the stubble of near fifteen acres, leaving the furrows as made by the plow. A heavy crop of wheat made its appearance, both on the stubble and fallow ground, though no seed was sown upon either, save such as fell in the harvest of last year. During the year the cattle had free access to the field; and grazed upon it until sometime in the last of March, when the field gave such positive indications of a good harvest, that the cattle were turned from it. No attention was paid to the soil, but now Mr. R. assures us, that the stalk is from three to four feet high on the stubble ground, and some five feet high on the fallow; is thick set, and covers the entire ground, and gives promise of an early harvest with at least thirty bushels to the acre.

Everywhere in Kansas we hear favorable accounts of the wheat crop. The fact is established, that this Territory is pre-eminently adapted to the growing of wheat, and to that our agriculturists should turn their immediate attention.—*Herald of Freedom.*

Ethan Allen has been stolen. Perhaps his skeleton even now graces the dissecting room of some surgical vandal. At all events, it is not in his grave. A thorough search to the depth of some six or eight feet has been made in all parts of the family lot at Burlington, Vt., where his tombstone stood, and not the least sign of human remains can be found. In consequence of this remarkable discovery,—or rather failure to discover—the laying of the corner stone of the contemplated monument to his honor has been indefinitely postponed, and there is great excitement in Burlington.

The Harpers profess to steer clear of politics in their very excellent weekly, but we see that they have put in their last number the picture of William H. English. We cannot doubt but that their object is to create prejudice against the bill. However, we have no right to complain.—*Louisville Journal.*

Native American.

A party of Potawatomi, consisting of braves, squaws, papposes, &c., appeared in our vicinity yesterday, decked in all the finery and filth, beating upon a drum made out of a keg, with parchment stretched over the end, and trimmed off with innumerable little bells. They were followed around by the usual number of idlers; and appeared "very much proud" to attract such marked attention. We are informed that it is their intention to give a series of war dances, and other interesting ceremonies.

We observed two of those red men of the forest; two chiefs, around on Second street. One was mounted in all of his savage and rude splendor on a bare-backed steed; and the other was on foot. They were going around on a mission of shopping, begging, and probably stealing, though of course they were making great professions of honesty; but of this latter quality we fear they possess but little, as their race have degenerated to that extent that they will make any promise to suit the occasion, or to get a drink of whiskey. At all events, their presence forcibly brought to mind the following anecdote, which is said to have occurred in our sister State, Illinois, and is told of a relation of theirs. It is said that some years ago a noted warrior of the Potawatomi tribe presented himself to the Indian agent at Chicago, as one of the chief men of his village, observing, with the customary simplicity of the Indian, that he was a very good man, and a good American, and concluded with a request for a dram of whiskey. The agent replied that it was not his practice to give whiskey to good men—that good men never drank whiskey, not even if it were voluntarily offered; that it was bad Indians who demanded whiskey.

"Then," replied the Indian, quickly, in broken English, "me d—d rascal!"—*St. Joseph Journal.*

Home Newspapers.

Stick, then, ye starchy yeomanry and tillers of the soil, to your newspapers. No matter if you are poor; remember that there are none so poor as the ignorant, except it be the depraved—and they too often go together. Stick to our own local paper, though it may not be so large or imposing as the New York weeklies, but remember that it is the advertiser of your neighborhood and daily business, and tells you what is going on around you, instead of a thousand miles away. If it is not on nice paper, and as good as you wish to have, pay up your subscriptions well and get your neighbors to do the same, and rely on it, the natural pride of the publisher will prompt him to improve it as fast as possible. In hard times like these, that call for rigid economy, look carefully around you before you stop your papers, and see if you cannot find some other expenditure or waste of time, to the amount of a few dollars, that you had better lop off first; look close and careful, and if it becomes inevitable to shut up the windows of intelligence between yourself, your family and the world, why then do it, and retire into voluntary exile, perhaps upon your hundreds of acres, poor only in spirit and imagination. Rely upon it, by supporting your home paper, both yourself and your children will be wiser and happier.—*Wisconsin Farmer.*

Iowa Immigration to Missouri.

At least fifty wagons from Iowa, all accompanied with their families, and not only their household effects, but also their farming implements, have crossed at our ferry this week, on their way to the Neosho and Osage valleys, and also to the South-Western counties of the State. We learn from these immigrants that the roads from here to Iowa are crowded with a similar immigration; that a heavy tide of immigration from that State is on the move to the above localities, and that all wagons are obliged to make as great speed as possible, in order to keep away from the crowd, and to obtain good grass and water at the stopping places.—*Kansas City (Mo.) Journal of Commerce.*

Henry Ward Beecher, in his "Life Thoughts," says: "The Bible Society is sending its Bibles all over the world—to Greenland and the Morea, to Arabia and Egypt; but it dares not send them to our own people. The colporter who should leave a Bible in a slave's cabin, would go to Heaven from the lowest limb of the next tree."

Suicide of Love.

In one of the morning journals, recently, there was a painful description of a suicide committed by a young German husband and father, upon the grave of his newly-buried wife, who had died in giving birth to a son.—He had inclosed the grave-lot with a tasteful fence, and ornamented it profusely with flowers; and his was in the habit of visiting it every day.—At length he visited it for the last time, and shot himself through the head, falling lengthwise upon his wife's grave. Among the inscriptions which he had written with a pencil in German upon the white marble of the grave-stone, were these sentences:

"How soon are the ties of Love sundered!

"My heart is all too sad; therefore, O Death! fulfill my fate, and soon unite me to her, and to Love's eternal rest!

"It is at the grave alone that man learns his true value of Love!

"I depart from the sweet habit of existence!"

As we read this last touching and beautiful sentence, we bethought us of the following passage from the diary of a lovely and gifted lady, now no longer of the world. How well she appreciated "the sweet habit of existence," may be inferred from the following:

"There is never a day upon which I do not open my eyes at morning, with an instant thankfulness that I am alive upon God's earth; that I shall behold the blessed faces of my familiar affection; that my full heart is beating; that these veins are warm and glowing with the cheerful tide of life! I looked out this morning upon trees stripped of their foliage—their summer dew and song; upon serene places amidst the grass, and sultriness over the waters, and the brooding sorrow of a wet November day pervading earth and air. Yet my spirit, nowise hindered, ahead her untouched pinions, and I blessed the hour that saw and sees me living!"

How to Stop the Western Tornadoes.

Scarcely a year passes in which some portions of the Western States, especially the prairie States, do not suffer from the disastrous effects of whirlwinds or tornadoes. The great tornado of the last week is the most severe one which has visited the West in many years. Its whole track is marked with ruins. Half a dozen considerable towns and villages have suffered severely; and the total loss will not fall far short of half a million dollars. Saddest of all, it caused the loss of more than a score of lives.

The best means of stopping these tornadoes, and confining their destructive course to the limits of a mile or two in width and length, is to plant numerous groves of forest trees all over the level prairie lands, near the thickly settled towns or sections of Western States. Hills cannot be created, but forests may be, to an indefinite extent, and with comparatively little trouble or expense. This is the great lack in the prairie States, and for many other considerations besides that of securing protection from high winds, the Legislatures and town authorities would do well to give this subject more attention than they have hitherto.—*N. Y. Post.*

Two in Heaven.

"You have two children," said I. "I have four," was the reply—"two on earth, two in Heaven." There spoke the mother! Still hers, only gone before! Still remembered, loved and cherished, by the hearth and at the board; their places not yet filled, even though their successors draw life from the same breast where their dying heads were pillowed.

"Two in Heaven!" Safely housed from storm and tempest. No sickness there, nor drooping head, nor fading eye, nor weary feet. By green pastures, tended by the good Shepherd, linger the little lambs of the heavenly fold.

"Two in Heaven!" Earth less attractive. Eternity nearer. Invisible chords drawing the material soul upwards. "Still small voices" ever whisper "Come!" to the world-weary spirit.

"Two in Heaven!" Mother of angels! Walk softly! Holy eyes watch thy footsteps! Cherub forms bend to listen. Keep thy spirit free from earth-taint; so shall thou go to them, though they may not return to thee.

Don't slander your neighbor.