

Original Poetry.

The United States.

BY E. S. WHELLOCK.

In our family of daughters
Oft disputes and anger rise;
Sometimes blows and cruel fightings
Fill our minds with sad surprise.
Why this turmoil and confusion?
Why this reckless, sad ado?
Why these angry words and fightings
'Mong the sisters thirty-two?

Have our crimes grown so enormous
That to speak of them offends?
Are our hearts so hard and callous
That we cannot make amends?
That we may not tell our sisters—
Tell them of the wrongs they do,
Without blows and cruel fightings
With the sisters thirty-two?

Are our guardians yet uncivil?
Hear they not a dismal wail?
Hear they not the earnest pleadings
For the youngest of the train?
Have they seen her long endurance,
Seen her, patient, struggle through
Long oppression, hard dissension,
Bravest of the thirty-two?

They have seen her long forbearance,
Seen her anguish and her pain;
And to own her of our number
They much longer can't refrain.
Soon they'll bid her welcome, welcome,
Welcome to the honors due,
Welcome to her rights and title—
Youngest of the thirty-two.

For the sisters are not hardened,
That they cannot feel her woe;
Nor so deaf one may not tell them
Of the wrongs they all must know;
Nor so deeply wed to error
That the right they will not woo—
That they will not love and honor
Truth in all the thirty-two.

Soon will cease this sad confusion;
Soon will end this strife and pain;
For the cries of sisters, cherished,
Must not longer be in vain.

Then let's join our hands in Union,
Bond of friendship, firm and true,
And in peace and love remember
We are sisters thirty-two.

Yet, to gain this peace and union,
We must never smile on wrong;
Never cease our earnest striving
To remove it from the throng.

We must plead with every sister—
Tell them of the wrongs they do,
Till we find there's no oppression
'Mong the sisters thirty-two.

Winchendon, Mass.

The Herald of Freedom.

Lawrence, Saturday, Feb. 7, 1857.

Editorial Jottings.

OTTAWA NATION, Jan. 15, '57.

In a recent visit to the south part of the Territory, we had the pleasure of stopping with the celebrated Ottawa Jones, whose house was pillaged and burnt by pro-slavery marauders on the 29th of August, 1856.

The blackened ruins still remain standing—mementoes of the barbarism engendered and fostered by communities who trample upon every God-given right by sustaining slavery.

Mr. Jones is a half-breed, and a man of property and standing, and entertains his friends and the public in a very hospitable manner. He is also a man of letters, having been for five years a student of the Baptist Theological Institute at Hamilton, New York. He was subsequently a teacher in the Choctaw Academy in Kentucky, under the care of Richard M. Johnson.

While at this place he received the appointment of Government Interpreter to the northern Indian tribes, and assisted in making the treaties with the Pottowatomies and Ottowas, which resulted in their removal to Kansas.

Mr. Jones entered with zeal into the spirit of the missionaries, who set their hearts on changing the habits and customs of the Indians, and of inducing them to adopt the arts of civilized life.

He is now in morals a pattern man, and in agriculture a successful farmer, having "flocks and herds, and very much cattle." He stated that the prohibitory liquor law now in force among the Ottawa Indians, was passed before the Maine liquor law in that State was agitated.

His loss by the ruffians was very considerable. They stole \$700 in gold, and plundered the house of bedding, clothing and valuables generally, and then set it on fire. He estimates his loss at about \$20,000.

He was accused of holding Free State sentiments; and for this crime Missouri ordered his destruction. But he has risen from the ruins, full of hope and vigor, more determined than ever to stand by the truth as it is in Freedom.

Pottowatomie Creek, Jan. 17th.—In passing south, before coming to the Pottowatomie Creek, we passed the ruins of several Free State houses; amongst them the distinguished Capt. John Brown's and his sons', John Brown, Jr., and Jason Brown. These were all intelligent and enterprising men, and came to Kansas to build up homes for themselves, improve the country and save it to freedom.

Old Capt. Brown has been a man of distinction, in the East. He was of the firm of Perkins & Brown, in Ohio, who took the premium at the World's Fair in London, and also in New York, on the finest and best wool. They were known through the country as importers of the best Spanish, French and Saxony sheep.

Capt. Brown traveled over Europe, and examined the various woolen manufactories, for the purpose of benefiting the wool growers and manufac-

turers in America. In other branches of agriculture he also took leading premiums. His sons brought with them to Kansas imported stock of Devonshire and Durham cattle.

One of them had established here a fine vineyard, and had in thrifty growth fine varieties of grapes. He also had a nursery of the most choice varieties of fruits.

These were not the men to be intimidated or subdued; of course they must be destroyed.

John Brown, Jr., was arrested by the U. S. dragoons, for treason, for offering to defend the town of Lawrence on the 21st of May last, and was marched in chains, with several others, for thirty miles, in one of the hottest days in June, without food or water. He was then confined in the U. S. camp for nearly four months, without even an indictment against him.

Jason Brown was also arrested, but was afterwards set free.

When the ruffians thought the country was sufficiently safe, by the arrest or expulsion of the leading Free State men by the United States forces, they came in great numbers, and overran the country. They burned the houses of the Free State settlers, among other outrages.

Frederic Brown, a younger brother of John and Jason Brown, was shot in cool blood on the highway, by the *Rev. Martin White*, who was acting as an advance guard to the main army, who were advancing stealthily to the destruction of Osawatimie.

Noble minded and generous men have ever been the mark of tyrants; and so here: this family of Browns, the most patriotic and enterprising of men, have been expelled from Kansas by the U. S. Government, set on by the brutality of pro-slavery officials.

John Brown, Sen., is a little past middle age, slightly grey—puritanic in his religion and habits, and whatever he does he does conscientiously, from a sense of duty, and, as he expresses it, from the fear and love of God. He is mild and gentle in his manners, and fearless and uncompromising in the discharge of his duty. In losing these men, Kansas loses her most enterprising citizens, and morality her most devoted advocates.

Jan. 18th.—After crossing the Pottowatomie Creek, the first object of interest is the ruins of the house owned and formerly occupied by the Kilburn family, who were recently arrested for some act of retaliation, and the youngest boy condemned to one year's imprisonment. There are four brothers living together, who with their father came from Ohio about two years ago. The father is dead. The eldest of the boys is about 22 years old.

As they have been glorious defenders of liberty in Kansas, their future course will be watched with much interest by all parties. They have recently, by the death of an uncle, fallen heirs to a large plantation with slaves, in Texas. This will test the character and develop the manhood, beyond all ordinary trials. We hope they will be able to resist the temptation thus thrown in their path.

The next point of interest is Dr. Gilpatrick's. He is a noble specimen of the Buckeye State. It is just the place a cold, weary and hungry traveler loves to find, at the end of a long day's journey.

Agreeable conversation and pleasant smiles greet the stranger here.—The Doctor is making for himself a home in the midst of a beautiful grove, whilst his farm lies a little outside, on the open prairie.

He has been one of the brave and substantial defenders of the country in the hour of peril. He lives about eight miles above Osawatimie, and about twenty miles south of Ottawa Jones'. He is one of the most suitable men to apply to for information concerning claims. There are many vacant ones in the circuit of his ride.

Communications.

Another Letter from Judge Schuyler.

COUNCIL CITY, K. T.,

Jan. 16, 1857.

EDITORS HERALD OF FREEDOM:—I am forced to ask another favor. I will thank you for space in the *Herald* to correct the statements of G. W. Deitzler, Esq., in his letter of the 5th inst.

For Mr. Deitzler I have entertained high respect, and believe that he would make no statement wilfully aside from the truth. In this instance he speaks from "recollection." To this fact I impute the many errors in giving the particulars of our incidental conversation.

I shall speak from notes, made of what was principally said at that interview but a few hours after it took place; and as Mr. Deitzler seems to court, and has pretended to give it to the public, and as my own rights and the rights of our common cause demand their publicity, I shall no longer "withhold them;" and in doing so I commit no impropriety or breach of confidence, as there was nothing said at the time but what had before been said publicly, as I thought.

To my inquiring why the Governor charged me with peculation, Mr. Deitzler promptly replied, "I know no other reason, Mr. Schuyler, but he wishes to cover his own *defalcations* by charging *fraud* on you. I have been shut up with him for the last few months, and am greatly disappointed in the man; have found him to be one of the most *vindictive* creatures I ever knew, and things must be established against him in the future much to his