

"Stranger, if you have no objections I will place your gun outside of my cabin;" which he did without waiting for a reply, and then invited the stranger to "*sit up and eat.*" Towards the close of his days, he was afflicted with a painful, lingering disease, which he knew was to terminate his life, and on one occasion, while brooding over the certainty of his never again being able to hunt, he expressed to us with much feeling his regret at never having killed a panther; he seemed unwilling to die before he had added this achievement to the many victories he had obtained over the animals of the forest. He was our earliest, nearest neighbor, and many have been the pleasant wintry evenings that we have sat by the huge log fire of his cabin and listened to the thrilling details of his hunting adventures.

Directly opposite Peck's Branch, flowing from the north, is a small stream known as "*Price's Branch.*" This stream takes its name from the writer of this article, who settled here in 1835, and who afterwards located at the source of the stream upon the highland prairie. As there is nothing in the history of this person that is not common to other men, we pass on to the "*Carlin Creek,*" distant about one mile further up the river. This stream, flowing from the south, takes its name from William Carlin, who located here in 1836, and soon after abandoned the place. Mr. Carlin was born and raised upon the frontier, and was a hunter by profession; he could neither read nor write, and was a nephew of Gov. Carlin, of Illinois. He died a number of years since.

[To be Continued.]

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## JOHN BROWN AMONG THE PEDEE QUAKERS.

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### CHAPTER III.

Shortly before Brown's last departure from Pedee, he effected a sale of such plunder as had been necessarily employed in the transportation of negroes and arms from Missouri and Kansas, such as mules, wagons, stoves and cooking utensils, and tents and other camp equipage, by which he realized a

considerable sum. In all business of this kind, his trusty and judicious friend, Squire Painter, was invariably made available. Painter at that time was a Justice of the Peace, and signalized his term of office by uniting in wedlock, "like white folks," (including possibly the usual labial salutations,) a colored couple of Brown's party from Missouri, who sought refuge and matrimony at Pedee. It was Painter also, who, after Brown had gone, boxed up the latter's Sharp's rifles and revolvers,—196 of each—marked "*carpenter's tools*," hauled them to the railroad station at West Liberty, and from thence shipped them by rail to Brown at Harper's Ferry, directed to a fictitious consignee, as previously agreed upon between him and Brown. In this way the arms "*carried well*," as they also did after they had reached their destination.

Before their final adieu to Pedee, Brown's men, who affectionately designated their commander as "Uncle," all inscribed their names in one of the bed-chambers of Mr. Maxson's house under the caption of "*Captain Brown's Little Band*," as may be seen to this day; for although this "handwriting on the wall," was simply done with a common lead pencil, such is the reverence in which the memory of Brown and his martyr band is held in that vicinity, where they were so well known and so greatly loved, that every memento of their sojourn at Pedee is preserved as jealously as were the two tables by the Israelites.

Pending the affair at Harper's Ferry, their Pedee confidants were kept well informed by one and another of Brown's party of their intended movements. Barclay Coppic, writing to Painter from "Parts Unknown, Aug. 29th, 1859," says enigmatically, "Our boss has got quite a number of hands on the job, and he talks of getting a few more, so as to shove things right through. Everything seems to be working along smoothly, and if all goes well a few days more, you will hear from us again."

Realf, as early as April 30th, 1858, writes to Dr. Gill from Chatham, Canada West: "Here we intend to remain till we have perfected our plans, which will be in about ten days or

two weeks, after which we start immediately for *China*. Yesterday and this morning we have been very busy in writing to Gerrit Smith, Wendell Phillips and others of like kin, to meet us in this place on Saturday the 8th of May, to adopt our constitution, decide a few matters, and bid us good-bye. *Then we start.* We are in good spirits. The sorrow has gone, and now we have nerved our pulses like steel. \* \* \* The signals and mode of writing are (the old man informs me,) all arranged. \* \* \* Remember me to all who know our business, but to all others be dumb as death."

The following letter from Cook, written in a strain of prophetic and poetic melancholy, has its margins covered with cypher characters, doubtless bearing to the initiated more particular information than the body of the letter contains, but any who would sigh for their meaning should be better at figures than we.

"HARPERS' FERRY, Aug. 10, 1859.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I have been waiting for a long, long time in this land of darkness. The longest night must have its morrow, and if Egyptian darkness has made the gloom still darker, the brighter will the dawning be. A light is breaking in this southern sky, and my glad eyes are gazing on its beams; for well I know that they are heralds fair of the bright glories of the coming day; that my hours of watching and of waiting now are o'er, and my glad heart is thrilling with the joy which morning light has brought. Like sacred messengers they speak to me, and tell me those fair beams proclaim the birth of a better, brighter era. And though the dawn will usher in the day, and though the day will bring its labor and its care, yet gladly shall I hail its coming. Yes, gladly shall I greet the labors and the cares which day will bring. Though sometimes day is clouded at the dawn, and oft, I know, it is ushered in mid tempest and mid storms, yet though the lightnings flash and thunders roll along the sky's blue dome, yet when those storms are o'er, a purer air and brighter sky await us.

We see the gathering tempest in the sky;  
 We see the black clouds as along they roll;  
 We see from out the gloom the lightning fly,  
 O'erthrowing all who would their course control.  
 We see their flashes as they light the gloom,  
 Which o'er the morning's deep blue sky was cast,  
 We hear the deep thunder's echoing boom,  
 That tells the death-descending bolt has past;  
 We see the sunlight pierce the gloom of night,  
 Which those dark clouds o'er morning's light had cast,  
 And roll them back upon their rapid flight,  
 That we may hail the rainbow's beam at last."

And I, though clouds should shroud the coming morn, will gaze with joy upon their darkened frowns, or hail the lightning as it speeds along, as a bright gleam which whispers to my soul of peace and love. And the loud thunder with its echoing roll, *will be so to me*, a thrilling tone of freedom and of God. For, oh, I

know those clouds will break—the storm will pass—the sunshine beam again, and men, rejoicing, gaze upon its golden light.

I have been sick, and still am weak in body, though my soul is strong and firm in the eternal truth which God has written on my heart, and breathed upon the winds which sweep along the fields. I feel a glorious reverence for the future hours; a holy joy that makes me sometimes think I almost stand in the bright reality of my hopes. My spirit seems to drink the inspiration of the scene, and I scarcely feel the weakness of my body. I am ready, waiting for my task. *I shall not have long to wait.* The harvest is ripe, and the husbandman is almost ready. *He has gazed over the field, and found that all was good.* I but await his mandate. How I want to see you now. I have no words to tell my yearning after friends and home. Oh, I would love to gaze upon them now; to hear the tones that taught my infant lips to utter father, mother, sister, brother. But this may not be. God be with and bless them. As I cannot see *you*, please accept, in these brief lines, the love and affection of a son and brother. When next I write, I shall have news of more importance. Good-bye, and may God bless and prosper you, one and all, now and ever, is the wish and prayer of him who here subscribes himself.

Your friend and brother,

J. EDWIN BYRON."

#### CHAPTER IV.

There was weeping and sore trouble at Pedee when the news came from Harper's Ferry of Brown's battle and surrender. At first, the brief statement was made by telegraph that a crazy man, supposed to be "Ossawatimie Brown," had captured the Government Arsenal, and with less than twenty men, white and black, was holding his assailants, Virginia chivalry and United States marines, at bay. The public *supposed* who this rash raider was, but many at Pedee *knew* it to be Brown, and anticipated the catastrophe, next day announced, that Brown had been captured, with nearly all his men who were not slain in the fight. Painter, Maxson, Gill, Townsend and their families, as well as many others, mourned the inevitable doom of their friend Brown, in whose character, glowing with purity of intention, self-abnegation and christian heroism, they saw not a flaw; while several youthful maidens of grace and refinement, sorrowed for betrothed ones butchered at the Ford, groaning under wounds in the cells of Charlestown jail, or flying outlaws, with every man's hand against them.

But while these lamented, the Pharisees of Pedee took early steps to clear their skirts of all complicity with Brown. Accordingly, a public meeting was called in Pedee township, which "resolved," with more zeal for appearances than for

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