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JOHN BROWN AMONG THE PEDEE QUAKERS.
BY FREDERICK LLOYD.

CHAPTER I

Thinking that whatever related to the actions of the remarkable man whose name stands at the beginning of this chapter, would have a fascinating interest, not only for his admirers but for his contemners also, we have been at some pains to glean from living witnesses the facts embraced in the following historical sketch, which having transpired within the borders of Iowa, and within a few miles of where the State Historical Society hold their sittings, makes their publication in this work exceedingly appropriate.

Fifteen miles east and a little north of Iowa City, sits the quiet little village of Springdale, the center of what is known abroad as the Pedee or Quaker settlement of Cedar County, though in point of fact the locality known in Cedar County as the Pedee Settlement proper, and which is in Iowa township, contains but a comparatively small number of Quakers, who abound more in the adjoining township of Springdale, in which the village of that name is situated. }five miles west of Springdale, in the same township, is West Branch, and two miles east, in Iowa township, Pedee Post Office and village— places in size and importance less pretending than Springdale, which, besides being supplied with a Post Office, supports a store devoted to general merchandise, a carriage and blacksmith shop, a school-house and a meeting- house, and has a population of about one hundred souls.

The Pedee Settlement so called, which derives its name from a small creek to which the earlier settlers who built their first log-cabins on its banks gave the name of Pedee, is largely composed of adherents to the Society of Friends, W}10, dwelling in comfortable houses, surrounded by their own teeming fields, and enjoying to the utmost the fruits of virtuous liberty and their own thrift, would gladly see all men in the possession of the same blessings God has showered upon them.

The traveler who, driving through Springdale of a hot summer's day, draws up at the delicious spring, refreshing himself from the tin dipper and his horse from the wooden bucket there confidently kept for the public benefit,—the Christian atmosphere of the place being a sufficient guarantee for their safety, does not see in the trim, well painted frame cottages, faced by neat blue- grass front yards, that line each side of the high-way, nor in the broad-brimmed hats and scuttle- shaped bonnets that bob about, nor in any other feature of this placid and orderly little place, the least ground for speculation that here might have been conceived and planned the wildest and boldest project that ever infatuated the mind of man, and which, under the providence of God, was ordained as the prelude to events which shook all the world and loosened the fetters of a whole race.

The persona who harbored, and with money and counsel, assisted John Brown on the several occasions he visited Iowa City and the Pedee Settlement, and to whom we are indebted for the facts of this imperfectly written narrative, are citizens of the highest respectability, and some of them of the most eminent standing, as will be seen when we come to mention their names in their appropriate order, and they all, though tar from approving the chief act of his life

which has made Brown's name historic, believe him to have been actuated by the highest and most disinterested motives. To some of 06 friends Brown confided the outline of 06 plan of operations, which finally culminated in the Harper's Ferry raid, but these disclosures were looked upon at the time as emanating from the transitory mental disturbances of an excited visionary, and as unworthy of more than passing attention. These gentlemen, in what they did toward assisting Brown and the fugitive slaves he piloted through Iowa to a land of freedom, took counsel of their consciences and God's command to "hide the outcast."

The personal appearance of Brown is sufficiently familiar to the public to relieve us from the necessity of giving a particular description of it. He was five feet ten inches in height, weighed about 150 pounds, was wiry and muscular, wore a home-spun coat and a long white beard. He had a stoop in his shoulders, and in general appearance resembled an old Pennsylvania Dutch farmer.

Some have attributed insanity to Brown, but we must recollect that Gallileo, Columbus and General Sherman had the credit of being crazy. There can be no doubt that Brown sincerely and religiously believed it to be 06 mission to make war upon slavery. It may do in our day to say that he was infatuated, but a later generation will say that he was inspired. He frequently said that he had a commission from the Almighty to free slaves. To the Hon. J. B. Grinnell, (one of those who afforded to Brown and his fugitive parties shelter and food,) he spoke in a prophetic way of great events in the future. When asked to be specific, he said, "time will tellit." In his early years Brown had become a member of the masonic order, and had studied for the Presbyterian ministry, but for thirty years before 06 death, he had been studying the art of war, and for this purpose had traveled over Europe examining the different systems of fortification there. He had also been a careful reader of history, and had paused with satisfaction at the name of Leonidas and the story of the pass of Thermopyle. He was generally silent except with those who had his entire confidence, with whom he talked freely. Stevens and Kagi were the only ones of his immediate party to whom he confided, usually, his intended movements. His men had the fullest confidence in him, and were always willing, without question, to perform his bidding. He always disclaimed the desire to shed blood, but thought that by making frequent raids into the heart of the slave territory, he would in time awaken the people of the South to a sense of the insecurity of their favorite institution, and thus induce them to abolish it. He was not cruel, and the story of his compelling prisoners to go down on their knees to him, we are assured, on the best authority, is a sheer fabrication. In religious views, he was very tolerant as is shown by the fact of nearly all his band differing from him in religious sentiment. He only asked his men to do what they knew to be right. He urged none to join his standard—only saving that if any believed as he did, he would be glad to have their assistance in freeing slaves. The key to Brown's actions must probably be looked for in his excessive benevolence, which led him to desire to see all men enjoy the same blessings he himself possessed, united to a combative disposition, which impelled him to attempt an enforcement of his wish.

It was about the close of the Presidential campaign in 1856, that Brown first visited Iowa City and the Pedee Settlement. He was then on his way east from Kansas, and was accompanied by one of his sons. The Hon. W. Penn. Clarke, (now Colonel and Paymaster in the army,) was the member of the :Kansas National committee for Iowa, and his residence being at Iowa City, made this town the chief headquarters west of the Mississippi for those who sympathized with the Free State men of Kansas. To this point, money, arms, clothing and other supplies were forwarded for distribution to those who were fighting for the freedom of Kansas. Brown was thus brought in contact with Col. Clarke, Dr. Jesse Bowen, and other residents of Iowa City,

who were in active sympathy with the Free State pioneers of Kansas

On his journeys through Iowa, Brown was generally accompanied by fugitive slaves from Missouri, whom he and his armed band escorted through our State to a haven of freedom beyond Lake Michigan. On such occasions Brown could always count on finding at the residence of Hon. J. B. Grinnell, in Grinnell, Poweshiek County, not only rest, food and shelter for himself and his party, white and black, but money and words of cheer besides. After leaving Grinnell, his next ark of safety was the Pedee Settlement, where he would quarter his men—passing through Iowa City in the night time to avoid molestation—and then retrace his steps to the State Capital, which Iowa City had not ceased to be yet, to consult with Clarke and other friends of the Free State movement in Kansas. On such occasions Brown generally required the benefit of a clear head and cool hundred, both of which he never failed to find at the office of Clarke, who often made up any deficiencies there might be in funds, or contributed the whole amount himself. But there were many others who gave of their means for this purpose, and even democrats, while denouncing abolitionists, were contributing their funds toward the escape of fugitive slaves.

It was then, as indicated above, in the autumn of 1856, that John Brown first visited the Pedee Settlement of Cedar County. As he alighted from his mule, (one he had captured at the battle of Black Jack, on the borders of Kansas and Missouri,) in front of the "Traveler's Rest," which was the name of the little frame tavern kept by Mr. James Townsend, in West Branch, the old man asked the landlord if he had ever heard of John Brown of Kansas notoriety,—a simple instruction, from which sprung an intimacy the closest and most confiding. The Quaker landlord thereupon proceeded to chalk John Brown's hat and mule, and both John and his beast were ever after on the free list at the "Traveler's Rest," and it would have been difficult to say who was the better entertained, the guest disposing of the buckwheat cakes and sorghum of the jolly red-faced Quaker, or the host devouring the thrilling incidents of the Kansas war related by Brown. As for the mule, he liked his treatment there so well, that he continues to reside in the Pedee Settlement to this day, being now an *attache* of the household of Mr. John H. Painter of Springdale, and having declined, despite his former warlike employment, the tender of an eligible position in an army wagon, during the war, with five half-breed companions. The writer, having met this lucky animal in the lanes of Springdale, and noted the frisk of his tail, the flap of his ears, and his general sleek appearance, and more than all, having listened to the melodious tones of his voice, is prepared to set down as a fact in these veracious pages, that he is the most prized, petted and pampered mule in that settlement—for happiness, ease and contentment, the envy of all his fellows.

Brown was in Iowa City and the Pedee Settlement several times between his first visit in 1856 and his last in 1859, but as the objects and incidents of these visits were similar, we omit a particular description of each, and shall confine ourselves to a somewhat minute detail of his proceedings and associations on the last two occasions he was in Iowa.

Generally these visits to Pedee had a two-fold object—the promotions of the Kansas Free-State cause and the concealment of negroes, but his last sojourns there were made chiefly with a view to perfecting his plans, accumulating arms, drilling, disciplining and recruiting his band, and taking measures for making Pedee a sort of base of operations for the raid against Harper's Ferry.

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CHAPTER II.

In the beginning of the winter of 1857-8 Brown, for the fifth time, visited the Quaker settlement of Cedar County, determined, as now appears, to spend the winter there in preparation for his Harper's Ferry raid, the plan of which he no disclosed to some of his confidants at Pedee—Jas. Townsend, John H. Painter and Dr. H. C. Gill. On this occasion he was accompanied by his band, consisting of his son Owen, Aaron D. Stevens, John Kagi, John E. Cook, Richard Realf; Charles W. Moffitt, Luke J. Parsons, Charles H. Tidd, William Leeman and Richard Richardson, the latter a colored man, who, with his wife and three children, had made his escape from slavery in Missouri.

Stevens had been an enlisted man in the United States army, and being stationed at Fort Leavenworth, one day while drilling a squad of men at the Fort, got into an altercation with a commissioned officer at whom he fired, and for which a court-martial condemned him to be shot; but he escaped, and joined his fortunes to those of Brown in Kansas. Kagi, Brown's favorite, was about thirty years old and a native of Virginia; he had a tolerable education, was a fluent speaker, and an excellent stenographer. Realf was a fair scholar, of fluent speech, and a ladies' man, having left one sweetheart in Kansas and won the heart of another at Springdale. He represented himself as having been an amanuensis to Lady Byron, the poet's widow and confessed to having been obliged to leave England on account of his participation in the Chartist riots of London in 1848. During the Kansas war, he was a correspondent from that turbulent Territory for the New York Tribune. For some reason or other, he failed to come to time at Harper's Ferry. Tidd hailed from the western part of Iowa. Just alter the Harper's Ferry fight, he made his escape with Cook and, more fortunate than the latter, succeeded in eluding his pursuers. He enlisted in the navy, during the war, under an assumed name, and died in the service, at Roanoke Island, of typhoid fever. Just before his death, he discovered to a comrade his real name and history.

William Leeman was a youth from Massachusetts. He was slaughtered at Harper's Ferry, while begging for mercy. There is nothing sufficiently striking in the history of the others, except what is familiar to the public, to require recording here.

Besides those named above, who accompanied Brown from Kansas to Cedar bounty, he had accessions to his company in the persons of some of the young men resident in the Pedee Settlement. Among these were George B. Gill, the two Coppic brothers, and Stewart Taylor. Mr. Gill, who held a high position in Brown's confidence, having been the secretary of the treasury of his provisional government, was detached from the party in Canada, previous to the Harper's Ferry affair, after which he returned home and married; since which his issues have been more quoted and have borne a higher premium than formerly. We never heard that he had any trouble in accounting for the contents of his portfolio. If the provisional government, of which he was a cabinet officer, ever issued bonds, they probably had the same value a like quantity of ant other *Brown* paper had. Edwin Coppic was hung, as will be recollected, while his brother Barclay escaped and returned to his home in Springdale, where his mother still resides, to be the subject of a requisition by the Governor to Virginia on the Executive of Iowa, and a test for much controversy in the spitfire press. He finally fell a victim to the barbarous

warfare of the Missouri bushwhackers, who partially burned the supports of a railroad bridge, and the next train attempting to pass thereover, and on which Coppic chanced to be, was precipitated many feet into the stream below, and a large number of Union soldiers, Barclay Coppic among the number, instantly killed.

Brown quartered his men during this winter at the house of Mr. William Maxson, three miles north-east of Springdale. There is an additional historic interest attaching to this house — it being the first cement or gravel house ever built in this State. The farm on which it stands was bought by Mr. Maxson at the first government land sale held in Dubuque in 1839, and the house, which is of cottage-style in architecture, 32 by 25 feet in the main part, was built in 1849. Here Brown's men were trained for the projected raid—assiduously drilling with wooden swords Brown himself had his quarters at the home of Mr. John H. Painter, about a mile distant, and the men were under the immediate command of Stevens, who was the drillmaster. Considerable attention was paid to discipline. Each hour of the twenty-four had its allotted duty. The men were required to rise in the morning at five o'clock, and drill and study alternately occupied the hour of daylight. With the exception that Tuesday and Friday evening were set apart for regular debates, which all were required to attend, their vesper hours were generally spent according to inclination. Singing, chatting and flirting with the fair young Friend of the neighborhood, a pastime which began at early candlelight, absorbed a good portion of the time of each of the party, but especially of Cook and Realf; who were considered by the simple-minded young Quaker ladies great critics in all that pertained to etiquette and polite manners. Maxson, the host, being an enthusiast in spiritual doctrine, as promulgated by the cunning Fox girls, soon converted most of his guests to a like belief, and when the weather forbid out-door enterprises, recourse was had to spirit-rapping. Beside these occupations, Realf gave occasional lectures in the neighboring villages, Cook visited the schools and made addresses to the scholars, while other less intellectual members of the party chopped wood, husked corn, and engaged in such other useful occupation as commended them to the settlers.

On Thursday, April 22, 1858, Brown, having returned from the east. (whither he had gone to arrange some preliminaries,) bid his men prepare for the grand movement. The parting from their friend, which took place on the 27th of April, is described as having been affecting in the extreme,— not an eye was dry except the two that belonged to the imperturbable Brown, and in the confusion Cook kissed a very handsome young school teacher, Miss Blake, probably in mistake for one of the old grandams of the place. It must be recollected that they left with the full expectation of striking the blow immediately, which, however, was ordered to be postponed by a convention which shortly afterwards met at Chatham, Canada West. to which point they went directly from Pedee. This convention also framed a constitution and elected provisional officers.

Postponement having been decided upon, Brown again returned to Kansas, and on the evening of February- 4th, 1859, we once more find him on his way to Pedee, crossing the Missouri river at Nebraska City, accompanied by a few of his party, together with twelve Negroes—one of the latter but a few weeks old, and born while the party were at Dr. (now General). After crossing the river, they marched rapidly to Mount Tabor, stopping one night on the way at Dr. Blanchard's. After resting a week at Mount Tabor, they pushed for Des Moines, putting up at night successively at the houses of Mr. Tool, Mr. Mills, and Mr. Murray, the latter's place being a little east of Irishtown. On February 18th, they crossed the Des Moines and entered the present State capital. Mr. John Teesdale, then editor of the Register, paid their ferriage. Teesdale and Brown had been old personal friends in Ohio, but until now Teesdale was

not aware that Ossawatimie Brown and his Brown were one and the same. On February 20th, he reached Grinnell, and became the temporary guest of the present representative of the Fourth District in Congress, who was at home then much sooner than on the 14th of June when Gen. Rousseau paid his respects to him, and who delivered a discourse in the church at Grinnell to Brown and his party, besides many of the citizens of the town who were attracted by the novelty of the occasion, and contributed a generous sum to help them on their way.

On the 25th of February, Brown, with his party, for the last time, gained the hospital hamlets of Pedee, having passed through Iowa City the night previous.

It immediately became street talk in Iowa City that Brown, with a large party of fugitive slaves, was in the vicinity; and, as a reward of three thousand dollars had been offered by the authorities of Missouri for the arrest of the negroes, the disinterested advocates of the rigid enforcement of the fugitive slave law, who cared nothing particular about other laws, began to discuss the propriety of collecting a mob, marching on Peed and capturing Brown and his party. Sam Workman, then Postmaster at Iowa City, was the captain of the gang organized for this purpose, but Brown having returned a reply breathing quiet defiance to Workman's threat of capturing him, the Postmaster, after consulting his friend Capt. Kelly, an Irish gentleman of great eminence, that is to say, six feet and seven inches tall, deferred the undertaking.

At this stage of the proceedings, Mr. Grinnell, fearing trouble, proceeded to Chicago to endeavor to secure a box car, in order that the negroes might be removed quietly. Mr. Tracy, the superintendent, refused to allow the negroes to pass over the railroad, being afraid of a prosecution under the fugitive slave law. Tracy, however, gave Grinnell his draft for fifty dollars, and this draft Grinnell handed to Brown on his return from Chicago. While this was going on the United States Marshal, Summers, was at Davenport, alleging that he had a warrant for the arrest of Brown and his party. At this juncture, W. Penn. Clarke, who had been absent, returned home, apprehending difficulty and even the loss of life, as he knew Brown would fight rather than be taken. Shortly after Clarke's return, Brown visited Iowa City, (as he frequently did while stopping at Pedee). Hearing of Clarke's return, Brown sent to request Clarke to visit him at Dr. Bowen's, where he was to stay over night. Here Clarke learned of the effort Grinnell had made, and of its failure. After some discussion, Clarke undertook to obtain a close box car in which to run the negroes through to Chicago. Accordingly, Clarke set out by the early train next morning, and Brown was to be ready next day with his entire party, at West Liberty, a station on the railroad fifteen miles east of Iowa City, and ten miles south of Springdale. It was finally agreed that Clarke should send some one to pilot Brown out of the city, and that the latter should leave in the night, and avoid the main road till he got some distance from town. Accordingly, Col. Clarke, in company with Major L. C. Duncan, (now the editor of the Miles, Michigan, Times, then of the Iowa City Republican,) knocked at the door of Col. S. C. Trowbridge, who had been selected for this delicate duty. It being by this time midnight, the Colonel was well into his first slumber, but immediately awoke, and hastily put himself in such light marching order as to go to the door. He readily promised to perform the duty assigned him, merely stipulating that he should do it in his own way. Therefore Trowbridge, by four o'clock, was at Dr. Bowen's, where Brown and Kagi slept. One of Sam Workman's men was keeping watch over Brown's horse in Bowen's stable. The early movements of Brown were probably not contemplated in Workman's strategy, which undoubtedly was to take Brown in town that morning, and then make an easy conquest of his party, deprived of its head, at Pedee. That as it may, Brown and Trowbridge, each on his proper horse, and Kagi on foot, were soon floundering in the darkness and mud of the "upper Muscatine road," bound for Pedee, among whose quiet cottages Trowbridge parted for

all time from the adventurers, in the morning gray.

The most difficult part of the plan was to procure the car from the railroad company, but this difficulty soon melted before the commendable finesse of Clarke, who called on Hon. Hiram Price, then Secretary of the railroad company, to whom he confided his business. Price had no control over the cars, but gave Clarke a note of introduction to Mr. Moak, the Deputy Superintendent. With this note from Price, and Tracy's draft, which he had got from Brown, Clarke retraced his steps to West Liberty, where he found Brown waiting, his party being concealed in Keith's Steam mill. As the train bound east would soon be along, dispatch was all important. The agent, Miller, had just gone to dinner, about a quarter of a mile off. Enoch Lewis, an old man, volunteered to bring him. The agent was soon at the hotel, where by this time Clarke and Brown had made a junction. To obtain the car, it was necessary for Clarke to make the agent believe the railroad officers knew and connived at what was being done. So Clarke showed him the note from Price introducing him to Moak, and asked him if he knew the signature. Of course he recognized it as the sign manual of the Secretary of the road. In the same manner was exhibited to him the draft from Tracy, which he likewise knew to be in the handwriting of the Superintendent. Clarke then asked him if he had a close box car, and the cost of running it to Chicago. He answered that he had such a car, and that the price would be fifty dollars. Thereupon he was handed Tracy's check, and Clarke told him he wanted the car at once down at the mill, and that it was not his (Miller's) business to know what was going to be put into it. The car was accordingly run down the track in front of Keith's mill, and the fugitives, with the white men Brown had with him, were loaded in as freight—Stevens being at one end of the car and Kagi at the other. All of the men, both white and black, were heavily armed. Clarke, Brown and Kagi dined at the hotel together. During this repast, Clarke gave Brown ten dollars to help him on his way, and advised him to go home and take some rest, which he promised to do.

When the passenger train came along, Brown got into the car with the negroes. By this time it was noised abroad what was going on, and the whole town of West Liberty was out, all being in sympathy with Brown and his fugitives. Clarke's freight car soon formed a link in the chain of coaches. Clarke and Kagi got into the passenger car to be prepared for emergencies, and with a shout of approval and sympathy from the people of West Liberty, off the train started for Davenport.

Brown and his party arrived without molestation at Chicago, where they changed cars, taking another branch of the underground railroad for Canada, where they all arrived in due time. Tracy, the Superintendent swore some, when the negroes were unloaded at the Chicago depot. A short time after, Clarke apologized to Mr. Farnum, the President of the road, for the harmless imposition he had practiced on the agent at West Liberty, so that he did not lose his place.

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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 then 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 s`, 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," save 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 (tile 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 tile 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.

HARPER'S 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 over, 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 lightning's dash and thunder roll along the sky's blue dome; yet when those storms are over 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,
Overthrowing 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' a 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' a 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 amid thunder with its echoing roll, will be so to me, a thrilling tone of freedom and of God. For, oh, I know those bonds 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 herds. 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, its tile wish and prayer of him who here subscribe 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 geographical truth, that Maxson did not live in Pedee township, and that the odium of harboring Brown's men, while training for Harper's Ferry, did not rest on the shoulders of that township. Thus, ere the Democratic rooster crew thrice, or even once, over the alleged responsibility of the anti-slavery party for Brown's misadventure, (which the leaders of that party, by the way, falsely, cowardly and sneakily denied,) he had been denied by some, if not the chief of his disciples. Maxson, whose farm was situated partly in Springdale and partly in Pedee, but whose house was in the latter township, was astonished to hear how easy a landslide his premises had made, and in his subsequent communications with the spirit of John Brown, which he avers he constantly holds, he has dated his missives to tile spirit-land from Springdale, instead of Pedee.

As soon as it became known that Barclay Coppic had escaped from Harper's Ferry to his home at Pedee, Gov. Wise, of Virginia, made a requisition on Gov. Kirkwood for the return of Coppic to Virginia. This requisition was defective in form and in substance, probably intentionally made so, in order that a warrant should be refused, and then a clamor made over it, for the purpose of "firing the Southern heart." At all events, Coppic was not surrendered under it to the Virginia authorities. On the contrary, the young men of Pedee formed themselves into a military company for Coppic's protection, which numbered seventy-five active member, not including those who were ready to act, but did not attend its meetings. This company, the members of which were all well armed, had its ramifications in various parts of the surrounding country, and a sharp look-out was kept on the movements of Mr. Camp, (the Virginia officer charged with Coppic's capture,) who was evidently a placid gentleman, worried by no passion for seeing strange and noted places, for he never as much as made his appearance within ten miles of Pedee, though that settlement then, next to Harper's Ferry and Charlestown, engaged public attention more than any other.

As soon as the requisition for Coppic reached the Governor at Des Moines, the following despatch was sent, post-haste, to Pedee:

"DES MOINES, Jan. 24, 1860.

MR. PAINTER:—There is an application for young Coppic from the Governor of

Virginia, and the Governor here will be compelled to surrender him. If he S in your neighborhood, tell him to make his escape from tile United States.

YOUR FRIEND.'

Who despatched the courier with the above advice, (which Coppic followed so far as to leave Pedee soon after,) is not positively known to the writer, but probably Col. Ed. Wright and Hon. J. W. Cattell knew something about it, and it was said that Mr. Grinnell had his best horse lamed on the occasion.

Before their execution, Cook and Coppic each communicated with their friends at Pedee. Coppic's letter, which is quite long, is dated Dec. 10th, 1809, six days before his execution. It contains no evidence of fear on the part of its writer, but is devoted to the correction of false statements and impressions made by the newspapers, his wishes as to the final disposition of his body, apologies to friends for not writing to them individually, commendations of the sheriff and jailer who had him in custody, and allusions to the bounteous fare provided for him and his fellow-prisoners, chiefly by sympathizing friends at a distance. He says, "To-day we have received a box of nick-nacks from Philadelphia, and some of the citizens here send us in a pie now and then; so you may know we live fat, but it is only fattening us up for the gallows,— rather poor consolation."

Cook's letter is written the day before his execution, and is as follows:

CHARLESTOWN JAIL, VA., Dec. 15, 1859
Mr. and Mrs. *James Townsend and family*

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I have time only to scratch a few words of remembrance as a token that the happy past—your generous friendship and your love—is not forgotten by the stranger to whom your affection gave the endearing name of son and brother,—that the memory of all your kindness is still fresh and green upon the page of his memory.

We struck a blow, for the freedom of the slave. We failed, and those who are not already dead, must die, and that upon the scaffold. One more day, and the scenes of life for me will close forever.

Remember me kindly, when I have passed the vale of shadows, where I hope in a few years to meet you. accept my love, my God-speed and my last farewell. In the soul's affection, now and ever yours, JOHN E. COOK."