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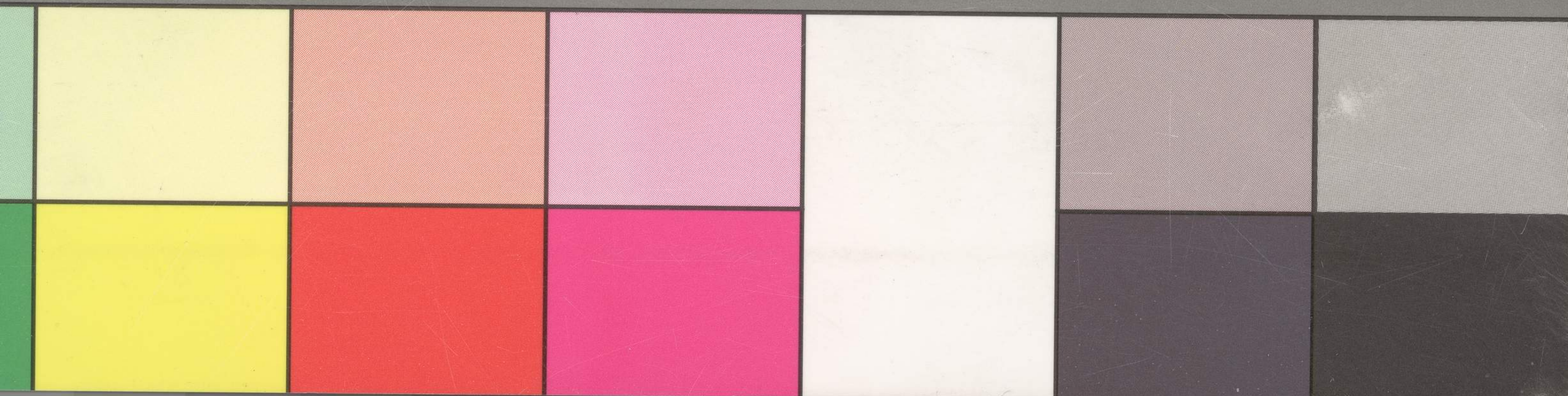
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ANTI-SLAVERY TRACTS. No. 20.

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A RIDE THROUGH KANZAS.

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

[The following letters were originally published, with the signature of Worcester, in the
New York Tribune.]

I.—NEBRASKA CITY.

NEBRASKA CITY, Sept. 12, 1856.

Nebraska City is a handful of one-story cabins, interspersed with an equal number of magnificent distances, all beautifully situated on a bluff overlooking the muddy Missouri. It has one or two groves of "timber" about it, and there are noble woods on the rich bottom-land across the river. The village itself, like other Western villages, has a tavern and three or four land offices, and the principal pursuit of the inhabitants consists in sitting on the doorsteps of these structures, waiting for real estate to rise. It does rise, however, very fast, and the name of the settlement may be more veracious at some future time. At present, in this region, if a place is tolerably large, it is called a town. If otherwise, something must be done for it, and it is christened Something City.

This is a good way into the Far West. From childhood I had learned by Worcester's Geography that Council Bluffs was the extreme verge of the imaginable horizon. When at last the stage rolled me in there, I felt as strangely as a little boy on the Canada Railway, who, as the conductor shouted the name of the little village of London, sprang up, half awake, behind me, exclaiming, "Do we really pass through LONDON, that great city!"

Set it down as a general rule that all statements of Iowa Kansas Committees in regard to stage routes are incorrect; and in fact those of everybody else, for the only fixed rule of the Western Stage Company is to do nothing to-day, as it was done yesterday. And as each driver goes but ten or fifteen miles, and knows nothing beyond his own route, and as the agent at each end hardly knows *that*, it is impossible to state at any given moment what will be done. When the stage ought to go, it stops, and when it should stop, it goes. No wonder, then, if Kansas Committees are wrong, when nobody is right. But it may save some disappointment if I say that there is not a single direct stage route across

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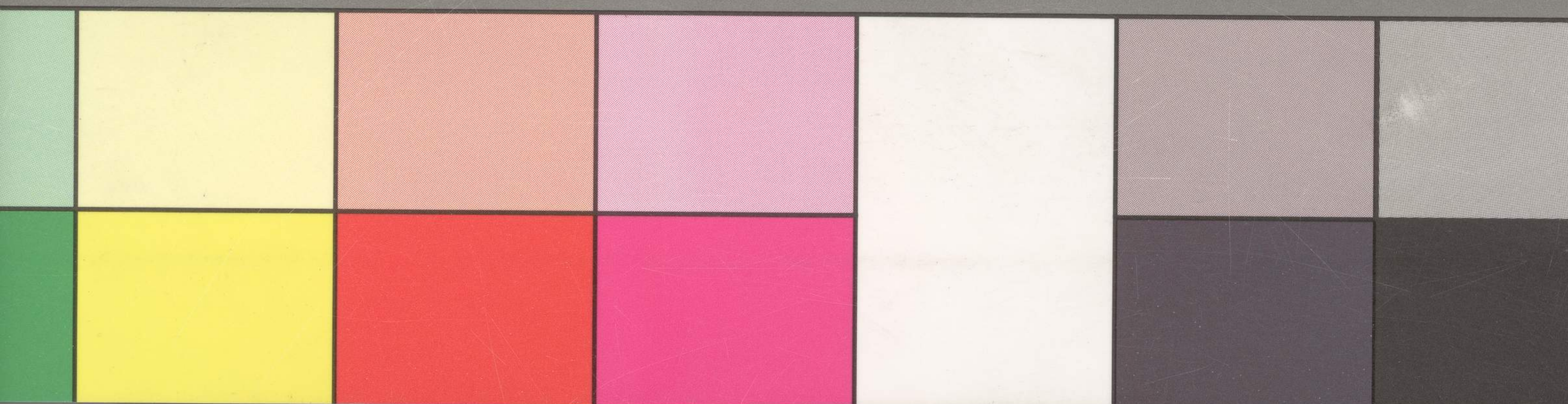
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Iowa to Nebraska City, of any sort, and that whether one starts from Iowa City or Mount Pleasant, it is equally necessary to bring up at Council Bluffs, and thence get down the river as one can, the best way being to take a stage which leaves twice a week for Sidney, at the convenient hour of midnight. Sidney is fifteen miles from this city, and one must choose between a private conveyance thence, and a hack which is *said* to run twice a week with the mails.

There is thus no stage line over the greater part of either route, and this is a great inconvenience. A route has been talked of in the newspapers, and even announced in handbills, running directly from Mount Pleasant to this place, through the second tier of Iowa counties, but I am satisfied that there is no prospect of its being opened. In the mean time, the one hope of Kansas emigration is the Burlington and Missouri Rivers Railroad. Let Eastern capitalists remember this.

At present no person, without actually travelling across Iowa, can appreciate the injury done by the closing of the Missouri River. Emigrants must toil, week after week, beneath a burning sun, over the parched and endless "rolling prairie," sometimes seeing no house for a day or two together, camping often without wood, and sometimes without water, and obliged to carry with them every eatable they use. It is no wonder that they often fall sick on the way; and when I consider how infinitely weary were even my four days and nights of staging, (after as many more of railroad travel,) I can only wonder at the patience and fortitude which the present emigrants have shown.

As soon as one approaches the Missouri River, even in Iowa and Nebraska, he begins to feel as if he were in France or Austria. Men are very cautious in defining their position, and wait to hear what others will say. Then, perhaps, their tongues are slightly loosed, if they think there are no spies about them. But it is no slight risk when a man may have to pay with his life, further down the river, for a free word, spoken at Council Bluffs or Sidney, both Pro-Slavery towns.

The first night I spent in this place, it seemed as if a symbolical pageant had been got up to remind me where I was. I sat writing by an open window in the beautiful moonlight. A party of boys in the street were shouting and screeching, playing "Border Ruffian," and "storming a fort." In a building beyond, two very inexperienced performers played martial tunes with a drum and fife. Within, the small tavern rocked with the music and dancing of a border ball. Thus I sat between tragedy and comedy.

But there is plenty of genuine tragedy. Coming from a land where millionaires think themselves generous in giving fifty dollars to Kansas, I converse daily with men who have sacrificed all their property in its

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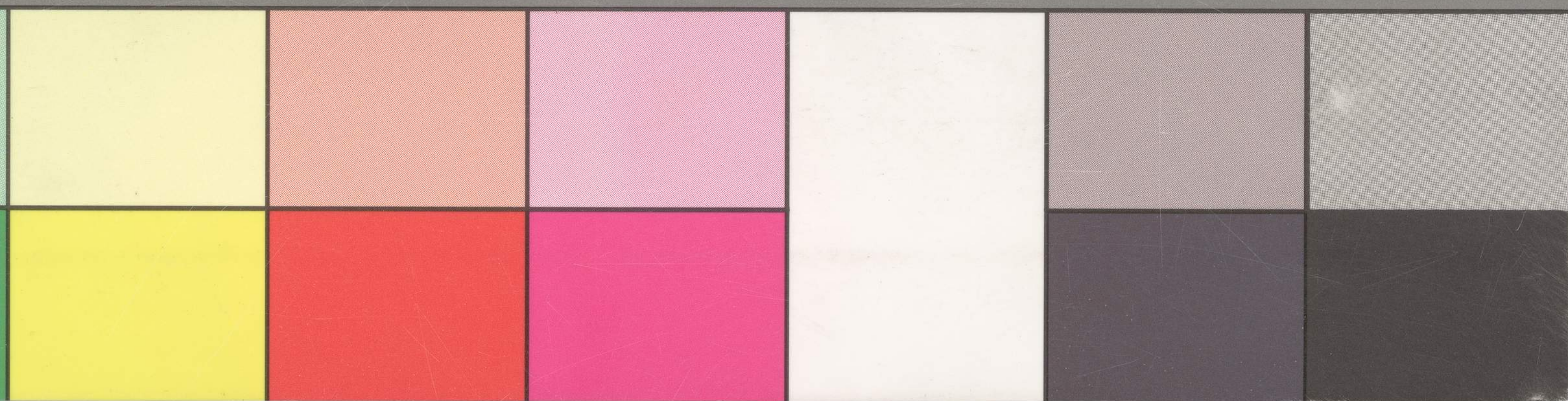
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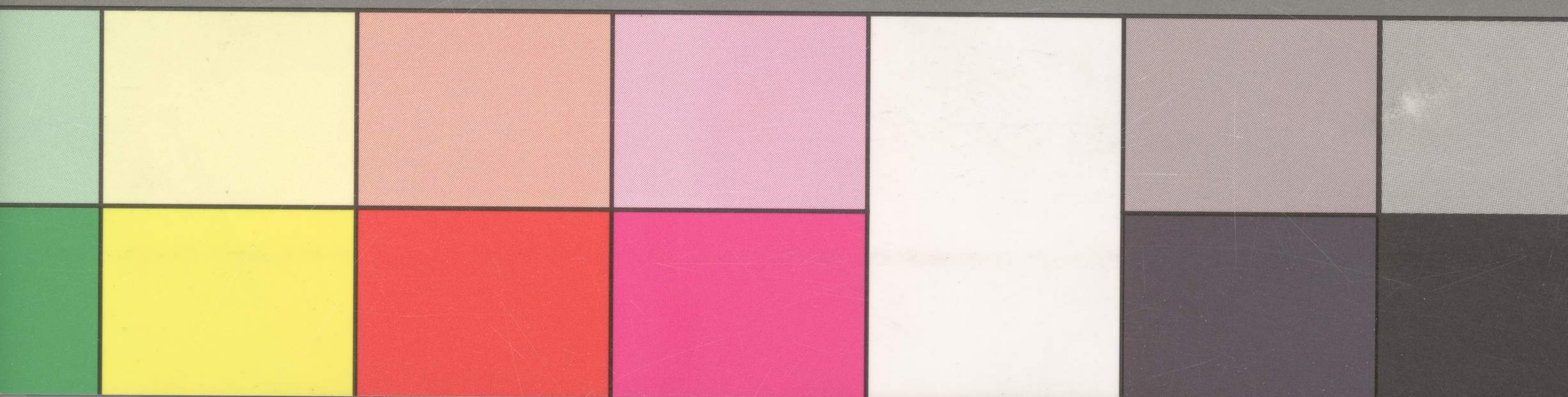
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service, and are ready at any hour to add their lives. Refugees come every few days from Leavenworth City, and tell, with a quiet desperation, of the wrongs and outrages there transacted. "Come, Uncle George," says the latest informant, "have a seat on this log, and I'll tell you all about it." So Uncle George sits down, takes out his long jack-knife, selects a convenient stick, and begins to whittle. The informant takes out his knife, and follows suit, and a few bystanders settle down and begin to whittle likewise. Then comes the story, "all which he saw, and part of which he was"—how the Missourians came over to vote, and voted—how enraged they were that the Free State men would not vote—how they collected in mobs at last, maddened by whiskey—how they went from house to house and shop to shop, while men took their wives and children to the fort, and fled themselves—how they tarred and feathered one of Uncle George's friends, and ran another out of town, and murdered another—how, like devils, they behaved inside his handsome house, destroying what they could not steal, and trying at last to set it on fire. "Your loss can't be less than \$6,000, old fellow," concludes his frank informant, who has himself lost that or more, "even if they did n't burn your block of stores, which they *allowed* to do after I left." Uncle George hears it all in silence, whittles faster or slower according to the excitement of the narrative, and quietly says at last, with a slight moisture in the corner of either eye, "Well, my old woman was out of it, anyhow."

Meantime, in regard to Topeka and Lawrence, the accounts are somewhat confused even here, only one hundred and twenty-five miles off. The last arrival left Topeka on Friday, Sept. 5. He reports the condition of affairs such as you have doubtless had narrated before now. The fortifications around Lawrence, and so on;—the people provided with beef and potatoes, but entirely out of flour and of *lead*. As to the road between here and there, he saw fewer Missourians than previous parties have seen; and there is reason to think that Richardson's bands have been drawn off for a time, to re-enter at a time agreed upon—probably when their spies report that our emigrant train is ready to set forth—though if it amounts to half their number, it is not likely that they will dare to attack it.

The train is passing through here piecemeal, on its way from a temporary encampment at Tabor to another at the Little Nemaha, twenty-five miles south of this place. The largest section of it is a party of some fifty Massachusetts and Maine men. Having personally assisted in organizing this party and starting them from Boston, I can testify to their character. Some of them own their own wagons and bring pecuniary means with them; others have only brave hearts and strong bodies;



and they complain of nothing but the long delay, as they left July 24. Beside these, there are smaller parties from Vermont, Ohio, Illinois, and Iowa, who bring much valuable property. When we are all collected on the Little Nemaha, I shall, perhaps, have time to write more definitely as to the numbers of the train, which will probably count up to several hundred.

Every one admits the fine appearance and excellent conduct of the whole party thus far. Even the mean editor of *The Nebraska News*, a little Administration paper published here, can find nothing against the emigrants, except that they look dusty and ragged. Probably he would prefer them if they had tramped across three hundred miles of prairie in ruffles and patent leather. But the article has been of use in the reaction which it has produced. Even Pro-Slavery men here see that it may injure the place, though not the emigrants, and the first citizens are signing a protest against it. The fact is, that an effort is already being made to turn the emigration through Plattsmouth, (where the ferry is better than here,) and the people of this village perceive where their interest lies. The train will spend some \$2,500 or more here, first and last, and not the slightest disorder has yet been charged on a single member of the company. If the market were larger, our purchases would be larger also. I have myself bought up for the emigrants all the cowhide boots to be found in town, (except extra sizes,) and nearly all the flannel shirts and blankets.

Missouri, however, expects to rule Iowa and Nebraska, as well as Kansas. It is openly threatened that the new steam ferry boat, now being built at St. Louis, shall never come up the river to be used in carrying emigrants; and this is fast converting the owner of the ferry, born in Missouri, and hitherto Pro-Slavery, into an Anti-Slavery man. The Missourians also threaten to attack Tabor, Iowa, which is only some twenty miles from the border, and which is an Anti-Slavery town. Indeed, the citizens of Tabor are entitled to everlasting gratitude for their unwearied kindness to our emigrants. The sick have been cared for, clothing has been made, and every house, stable, and melon-patch, has been common property. Let the Eastern States hold this thriving little village in grateful remembrance.

I am here as a sort of General Agent, to put the train through, and shall, of course, go in with it, to Kansas.

II.—NEBRASKA TO KANZAS.

TOPEKA, Sept. 25, 1856.

I wrote last from Nebraska City, just before the train of emigrants left that place for this. I reached here yesterday, a day or more in ad-

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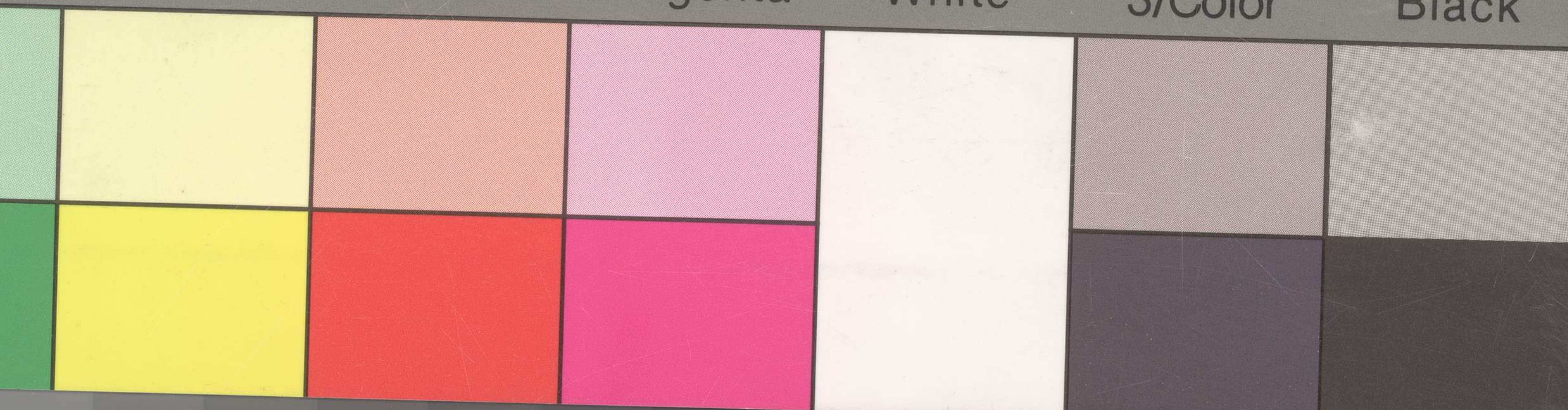
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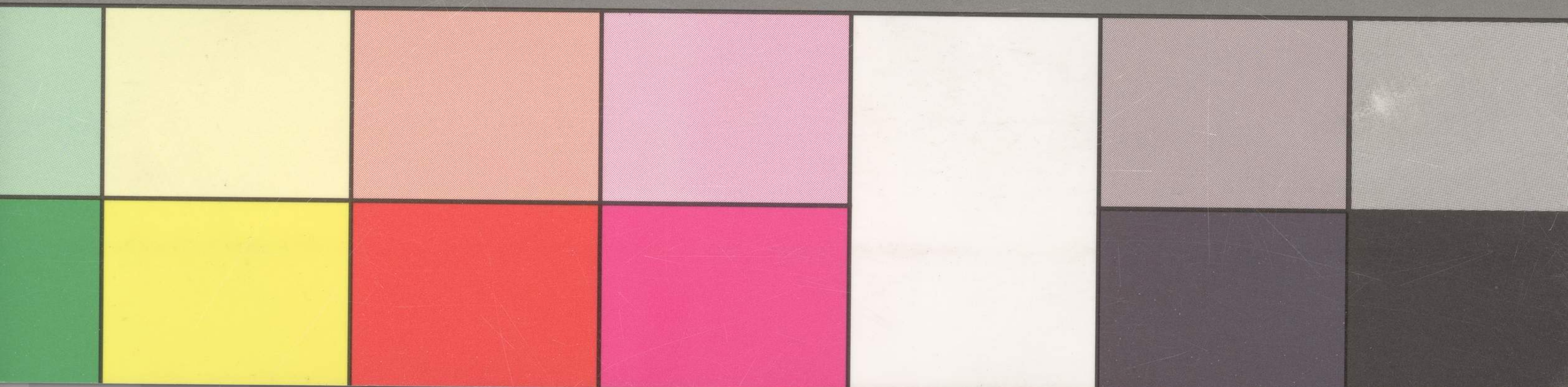
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vance of them, having pushed through, for the last two days, with a few companions. The distances on the route are about as follows:—To Camp Creek, or Worcester, twelve miles; thence to Little Nemaha River and Village, fifteen miles; to Archer, fifteen miles; to Plymouth, (Kansas,) twelve miles; to Lexington, ten miles; to Indian Village, thirty-five miles; to Topeka, fifteen miles. This would make the whole distance one hundred and fourteen miles, and it is variously estimated from that up to one hundred and forty. The route is also somewhat circuitous, and will be shortened hereafter. The road is uniformly a good prairie road, except where a creek is to be crossed, and there is a steep pitch on each side, with a slough between. No serious accident, however, occurred to any of our teams. Of the localities above-named, Nemaha and Archer are thriving little Nebraska settlements, each with lodging-house and store. Worcester, in Nebraska, is one log-house. Plymouth consists of an earthen redoubt on a hill, and two log-houses in the distance. Lexington is a log-fort in the centre of a prairie, where seven of our brave Worcester boys were laboriously digging the best well I have seen in this region—thirty-five feet deep and nine wide. Both Plymouth and Lexington, however, are very favorable town sites, and well laid out. The companies who settled them are now returning from the seat of war, and if they can only obtain food and clothing during the winter, (a doubtful prospect,) these will yet be flourishing towns. That well of water, at least, will be a clear gain to Kansas in all coming time.

Except these, there are no settlements over this long route till Indianola, a few miles from Topeka. There are occasional log-houses, however, and it is, on the whole, more inhabited than the western part of Iowa.

Our train included about one hundred and forty men and some twenty women and children. There were twenty-eight wagons—all but eight being horse-teams. Our nightly tents made quite a little colony, and presented a busy scene. While some watered and fed the stock, others brought wood for the fires; others prepared the tents and wagons for sleeping; others reloaded pistols or rifles, and the leaders arranged the nightly watch or planned the affairs of the morrow. Meanwhile, the cooks fried pork, made coffee, and baked bread, and a gaping crowd, wrapped in blankets, sat around the fire. Women brought their babes, and took the best places they could find, and one worthy saddler brought out his board and leather every night and made belts and holsters for the men. We slept soundly in spite of the cold and of the scarcity of wood, and each kept watch for an hour, striding in thick boots through the grass, heavy with frost. Danger always seemed before us, though



we never actually got into it, and we were never far from our rifles and revolvers. Truth compels the admission that my rifle was never pointed at anything more formidable than a superb hawk, which it brought down, and even that shot was disputed by a comrade, who fired at the same time. However, I have the wings.

We came through without attack from the Missourians, as General Lane assured us that we should; we had had their spies among us, but they had seen that we were well armed, and that our men, though quiet, were determined.

The one thing that discouraged our party, however, was to meet other parties, day after day, returning. Men on horseback and on foot, with wagons and without, came along in ominous numbers. All told the same story. "What the Missourians have been trying for two years to do, Governor Geary has done in two weeks at last," said one man; "*the Free State men are driven out.*" It was like entering Hungary just after the treachery of Görgey. Each had his story to tell of arrests and tyrannies; how a Pro-Slavery witness had only to point at a man as identified with any measure of public defense, and he was seized at once. Several whom we met had been arrested in person, herded with a hundred others, like cattle, on the bare prairie, been scantily fed once a day, and escaped by rolling half a mile through the grass while the sentinels' backs were turned. The bravest young men of Lawrence were put under arrest, charged with treason, murder, arson, robbery, and what not; while not a Pro-Slavery man was seized. This was the penalty they had to pay for defending themselves vigorously at last, and clearing their own soil from the invading Missourians. "The worst enemy Kansas had ever had," they pronounced Governor Geary to be; and they were going into Iowa to wait for better times. "Will you give up Kansas?" I asked. "Never!" was the reply from bronzed and bearded lips, stern and terrible as the weapons that hung to the saddle-bow. "We are scattered, starved, hunted, half-naked, but we are not conquered yet."

Some of these were young men, whom I had seen go from prosperous homes, well clothed and cared for. I had since heard of them performing acts of heroic courage in this summer's battles. Lane had praised them to me, and declared that there never was such courage in the world as that of the Free State men of Kansas. "I saw one of them," said he, "ride up alone within thirty yards of a body of a hundred and fifty men, during an engagement, take deliberate aim, and bring one down." I now saw that very man — that boy rather, a Worcester boy — retreating from his adopted country, hungry, ragged, and almost barefooted, walking wearily on, with others hunted like himself, while some, who had been less scrupulous, rode by on horses which they had plundered from the Missourians, who had first plundered them.

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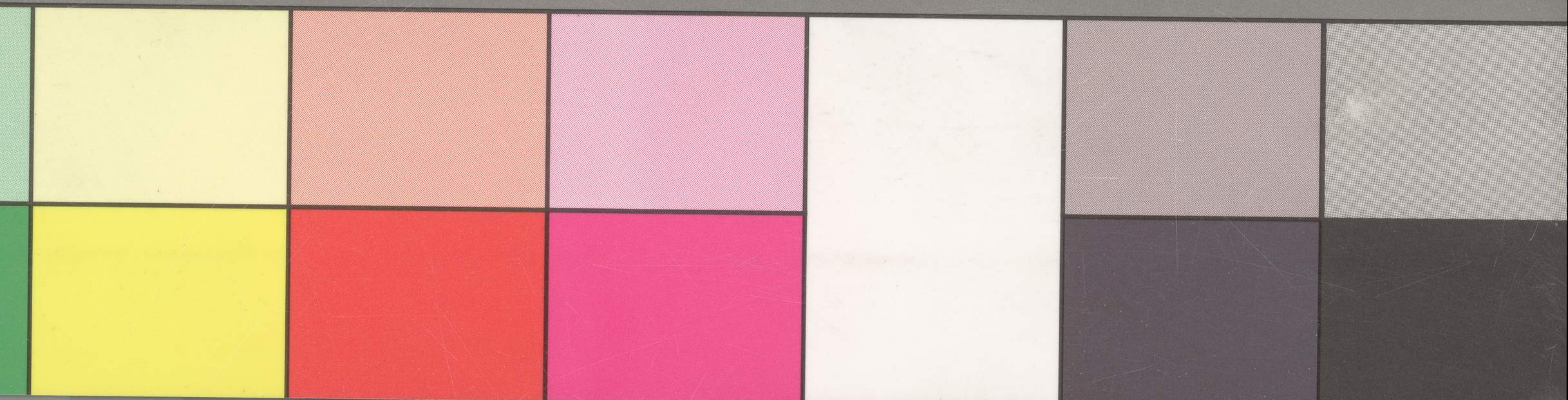
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A RIDE THROUGH KANZAS.

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It was such processions as this which welcomed us to unhappy Kansas. And when we reached the muddy banks of the world-famous river, we found not less than nineteen wagons of emigrants, fleeing with heavy hearts from the land of promise they sought so eagerly two years ago; a sad greeting for the families we brought in. "Truly," said our informant, again, "The Free State men are leaving Kansas at last; Governor Geary has conquered them."

As Hungary, having successfully resisted her natural enemy, Austria, yielded at length to the added strength of Russia; so the Kossuths of Kansas, just as they had cleared her borders of Missourians, are subdued by the troops of the United States at last.

III.—AN ARREST.

LAWRENCE, Kansas, Sept. 28, 1856.

It produces a singular effect upon the mind to awake in the morning, before daybreak, and find the house surrounded by a cordon of dragoons, each sitting silent on his horse. This was my experience this morning, followed by the information that they intended at daylight to search the house for the leaders of the party of immigrants of which I had been one of the conductors. Sallying forth and inquiring for the commanding officer, I was astonished at being accosted by name and discerning an old acquaintance. I then ascertained that the man chiefly aimed at was our common friend Redpath. Then appeared a gentlemanly young Virginian, Colonel Preston, who introduced himself to me as the marshal who was to make the arrest, and gave further elucidation.

I must go back and say that, as the emigrant train was arriving on the previous day, one hundred and forty United States dragoons had come riding through the town, followed by baggage wagons enough for a winter's campaign. They passed us with such unconcern that we regarded them with much the same indifference; but Colonel Preston explained all that. It seems that the vigilant Governor had sent him in pursuit of an armed force of terrific numbers, said to be entering the Territory from Nebraska, under the most ferocious leaders. Therefore a special marshal was sent, clothed with almost unlimited powers, which he showed me, to arrest any or all of this party, and by all means to secure the leaders, especially Redpath. So the marshal rode past our peaceful train, looking for the warlike one, and happening to inquire at the last wagon, found that we, and none but we, were the expected army. Either the bird had flown, or it was a dove, and not a hawk. True, the dove carried a Sharp's rifle under his wing, but it was for defensive purposes only. So Colonel Preston and Captain Walker halted their force, unloaded their baggage wagons, camped uncomfortably on the prairie, and waked sadder and wiser men next morning.



True, they still wished to arrest Redpath, but after some courteous debate with Governor Robinson and myself, it was finally agreed, especially as the victim could not be found, that he should be amicably *invited* to drive down to Lecompton with us, and call on the Governor. This seemed very natural and proper to me, as I had been twice arrested myself, in the same amicable manner, in the Bay State region. (Being brought before potentates in that manner suggests the same criticism made on the sedan chair with no bottom to it—“If it were not for the name of it, it is very much like walking.”)

So we four rode down behind the Governor's pair of horses (respectable, but not dashing steeds, well worked); and the traitor and the captor rode on the back seat together, and they interchanged cigars, and Redpath, who would be on easy terms with the Great Mogul at the second whiff, joked the young Colonel rather closely, and put in little keen questions about the decay of Virginia, and the good, generous, manly Governor Robinson had always a sensible word to add; and we told our guest that we didn't approve of stealing horses, but approved particularly of “stealing niggers,” and I really was pleased with his exemplary courtesy. I must, however, put in the brief Yankee criticism of Captain W., a staunch Free State man, on my praising these attributes in the young Virginian: “Confound him, *does the manners well*; so they all do, and shoot you the next minute, if they dare.”

We rode into the little village of Lecompton, caught a glimpse of the prisoners (whom I shall visit to-morrow), and found the Governor in a house pleasantly situated by the river. Poor man, there is nothing else that is pleasant in his situation.

There is much more harmony in the opinions held here about the Governor than appears to have existed a week or two ago. It does not take long to see through him. When you see that a man *makes an effort* to be dignified and commanding, it is all over with him. The new Governor's eyes look at you, as a certain poet once described somebody's to me, “with a very intensified *nothing* in them.” He impressed me as a man who intends to do the right thing, and is profoundly convinced that he has the full ability to do it, and is profoundly mistaken in that belief. He appears to have energy of will, without real energy of character; can do single acts of decision, and has done them already; but has neither the mental ability to understand the condition of Kansas, nor the moral power to carry out any systematic plan for its benefit. His present plan, to coerce both parties and play a little Napoleon at Lecompton, will inevitably fail, and is failing already. Both sides will cease to respect him as soon as they understand him, and it is mere chance which he will fall out with first. But he will be the last person in the Territory to discover his own failure.

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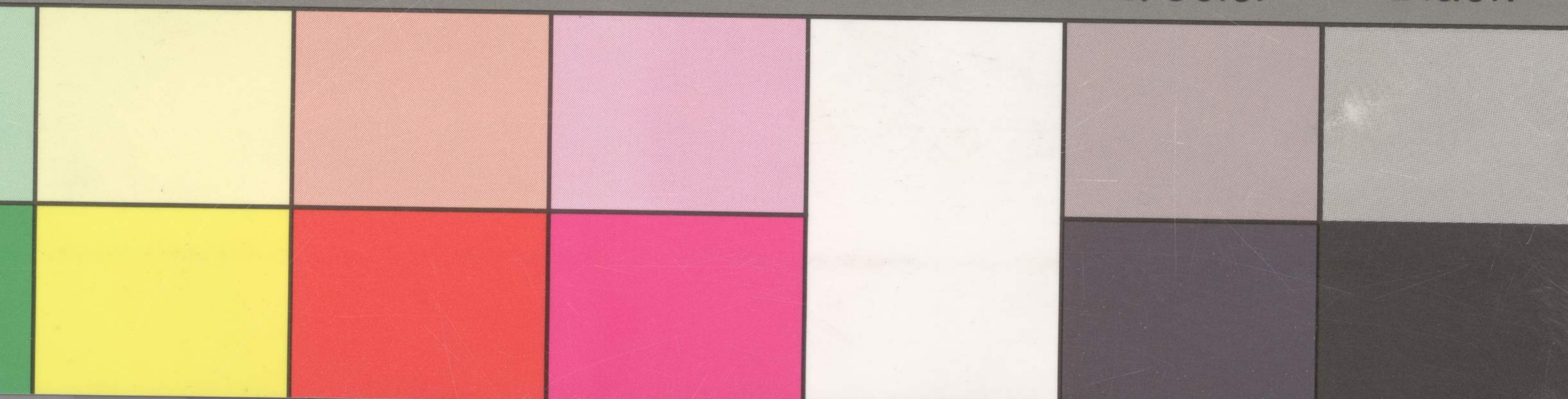
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He thinks he has plenary power, commits the most despotic acts without apparently understanding what he does, sets aside the Territorial laws at pleasure, and the United States laws, and all other laws, and yet cannot be made to see that he does so. He puts Pro-Slavery militia over Free State men, and is organizing bodies of Free State men to keep down Pro-Slavery men, and all without law or precedent. So far, he has only arrested Free State men; but I shall not be at all surprised if he arrests others. Still, the Free State men cannot consistently make complaints under the Territorial laws, and they do not; and as they keep aloof from him, and are learning to despise him, he is almost wholly under the influence of the other party.

What can be expected from a man who proclaims in presence of a dozen people, as I heard him, in the most grandiloquent manner, "Gentlemen, rely upon it that I watch over you always; my information extends everywhere; my spies are everywhere; I shall spend \$10,000, if necessary, in obtaining information; two men cannot talk together in the streets of Kansas without my knowing the subject of their machinations; in fact, a man can scarcely *think*, without my knowing the subject of his thoughts." Yet these are almost his precise words, not in private conversation, but delivered in an almost public manner, and written down by me directly after.

I give this description of the new Governor of Kansas, because there is no public man in the United States whose blunders or errors may be more destructive. Of his private life I have nothing to say, and indeed know nothing; but he has undertaken a position so inconsistent and difficult that the wisest man could not fill it; and he is a great way from being the wisest.

As to Redpath's case it was soon dismissed, but not till his keen wit had had ample play upon the lofty Governor, who did not for some time discover whom he had to deal with; and when they finally parted, Redpath assured the Governor that he need not apologise for his treatment of him, and if their positions were ever reversed, he would certainly treat him with the same generosity. It was impossible not to laugh, and his Excellency bowed us out, looking a little puzzled, and I closed the door, feeling that pity one entertains for a man not without good intentions, but who has undertaken a task utterly out of proportion to his calibre.

We came down to Lawrence that night in the Governor's carriage, (the *real* Governor, who by the way made a noble speech to our emigrants, the day before, in his own simple way,) and it was through the most tremendous, sudden storm I was ever out in. It was just after sunset, and in an instant all was absolute darkness around us, and the lightning came in such intensity that we could see no more than we saw

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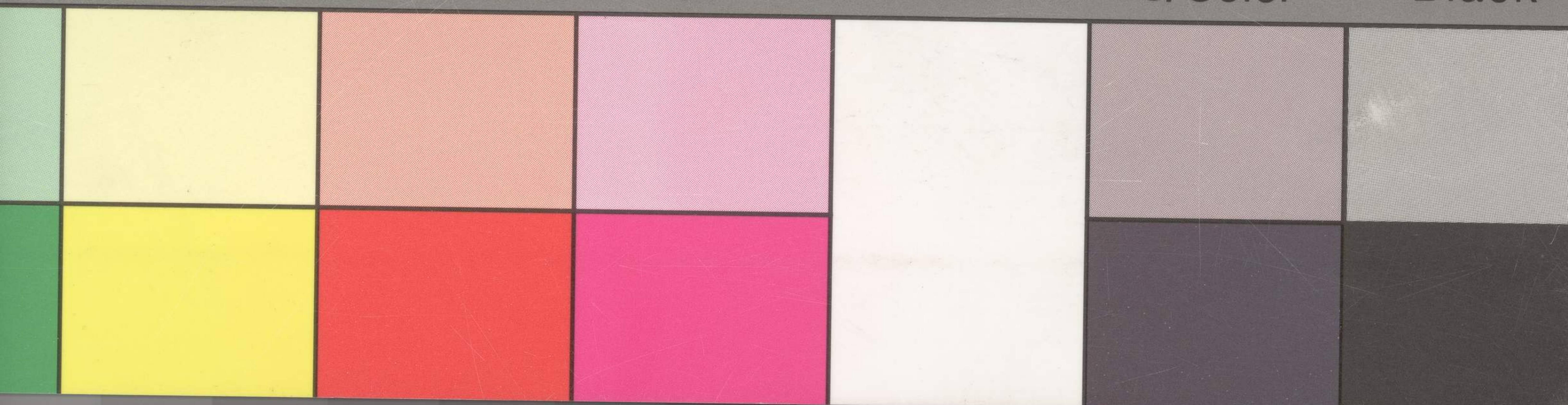
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without it. The hail came in sheets upon the roof of the vehicle, then the rain saturated even its interior; the horses had to be held in their fright; it was uncomfortable. But I reflected that I had come to Kansas expecting adventures, and here was one; and then I was being driven by a Governor, in his own carriage, moist though it might be. And we arrived safely at last.

Lawrence is three times the size of Topeka, and delightfully situated; hills, river, and "timber" in plenty; more in this vicinity than I have seen anywhere else. Things look less utterly paralyzed than in Topeka, where I counted forty-four occupied buildings, and nineteen on which work had been begun and abandoned. Here there seems to be some employment, but the ruins of the large hotel, and the bare spot where Governor Robinson's house stood, and the fortifications across some of the principal streets, tell a tale about as sad. There has also been far more suffering here. Flour has just arrived in abundance, and sells at \$5.00 per sack of 100 lbs., but, where to get the money!

Never have I been in such a community as this; never seen such courage, such patience, such mutual generosity, such perfect buoyancy of spirit. Not a man nor a woman seems bent or depressed by all that they have suffered; and they speak of the attack upon the town, a fortnight ago to-day, with two thousand eight hundred Missourians outside and two hundred and fifty fighting men inside, as lightly as I can now speak of the prairie tempest last night.

IV.—THE PRISONERS.

TOPEKA, Sept. 30, 1856.

Yesterday I visited the prisoners of State, now under confinement at Lecompton. It was my second visit to that forlorn little Virginia town. I call it thus because the whole sensation is that of the Old Dominion. Instead of the rising school-houses and churches of Lawrence, the little street is lined with bar-rooms, whereof the chief is the "Virginia Saloon." The tavern is true Virginia—bacon, corn-bread, and dirty negro boys and girls to wait at table. Southern provincialisms strike one's ear at every moment, and the town is garrisoned by Colonel Titus's militia, re-enforced yesterday by twenty-five precious youths from Georgia, in a high state of whiskey.

The Governor disavows all control over the prisoners, but Marshal Donelson was very ready to admit me to see them. In fact, they were very visible, being allowed an area of a square rod or so before their prison door, guarded by a few young Missourians, who paced up and down with loaded muskets. I met one of the poor fellows, allowed for some reason to cross the street, pursued by an evil-looking scoundrel

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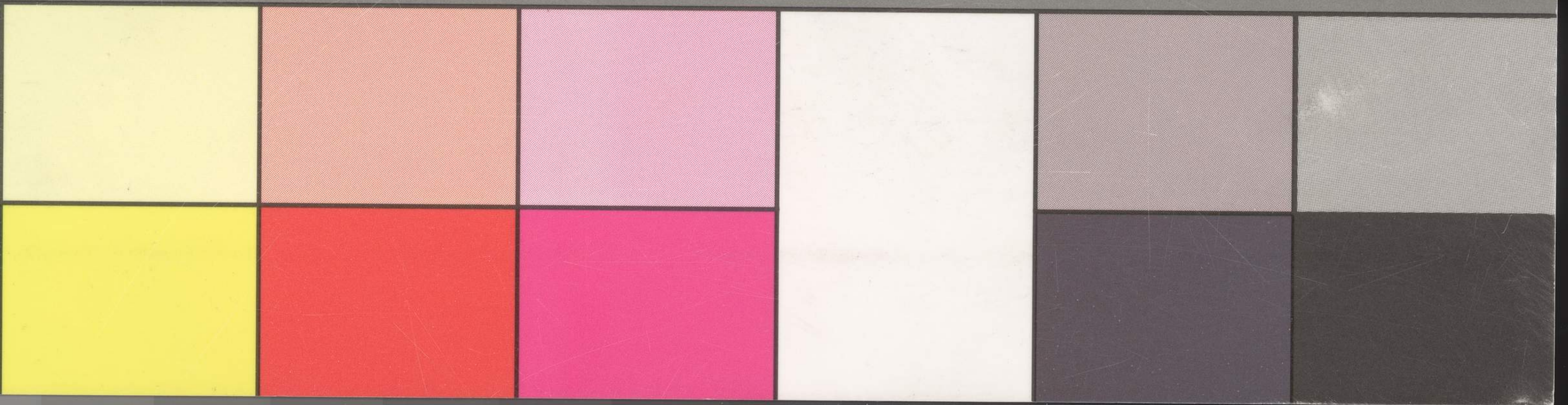
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with fixed bayonet. It is singular how much alike all Slavery's officials look. I saw half a dozen times repeated the familiar features of my Boston friend, Mr. Asa O. Butman.

The hundred and five prisoners lounged about, looking as prisoners everywhere do. They are kept in a large unfinished wooden building, without an atom of furniture of any description. They do their own cooking, with very scanty utensils, and such provisions as I shall hereafter describe. They have obtained with great difficulty fifteen straw pallets for the whole company. Some have no blankets; but the majority possess the luxury of one apiece. It was an exceedingly cold, windy day, when I was there; the exposed side of the house was unfinished, and about half its superficial extent consisted of great gaps through which the wind whistled. A few of the men lay about on the floor sick with fever and ague.

Most of them are young men, the flower of the youth of Lawrence. They are a light-hearted set of boys, and are resolved to avenge themselves on their captors by perfect indifference to captivity. It comes hard, however, on some fathers of families and owners of farms, which are alike suffering from their absence. Three weeks labor of a hundred men, all lost, in the busiest season of the year, for it is the only time to get in the hay for the Winter's supply.

One man had left six children, all sick, and his wife accidentally absent from home; he said he *supposed* some of the neighbors would look after them! Another carried in his arms a child, who was, I was told, the first child born in Lawrence, and was christened with the name of the town. The poor little thing looked rather forlorn, as its pallid father carried it up and down the bare prison room; an early initiation into the sorrows of Kansas.

Among the crowd I found two of the best emigrants whom Worcester had sent, and others who belonged to companies which I had organized. Not one of these seemed depressed, but all appeared proud of being there. At first, they said, while in the care of the United States troops, and encamped on the prairie, there were many escapes; now the guard was so close that it was almost impossible. Colonel Titus, who has charge of these men, is the head of one division of Kansas militia, his force being chiefly from Missouri and other Southern States; he is the man whose life was humanely spared by the Free State men when they broke up his camp of outlaws. He showed his gratitude by informing his Free State prisoners that if one of them attempted to escape, he should blow the building to atoms. I looked and saw the cannon actually pointed, not upon the entrance, but so as to command the main portion of the building. There stood the emblem of despotism, with its conical pile of

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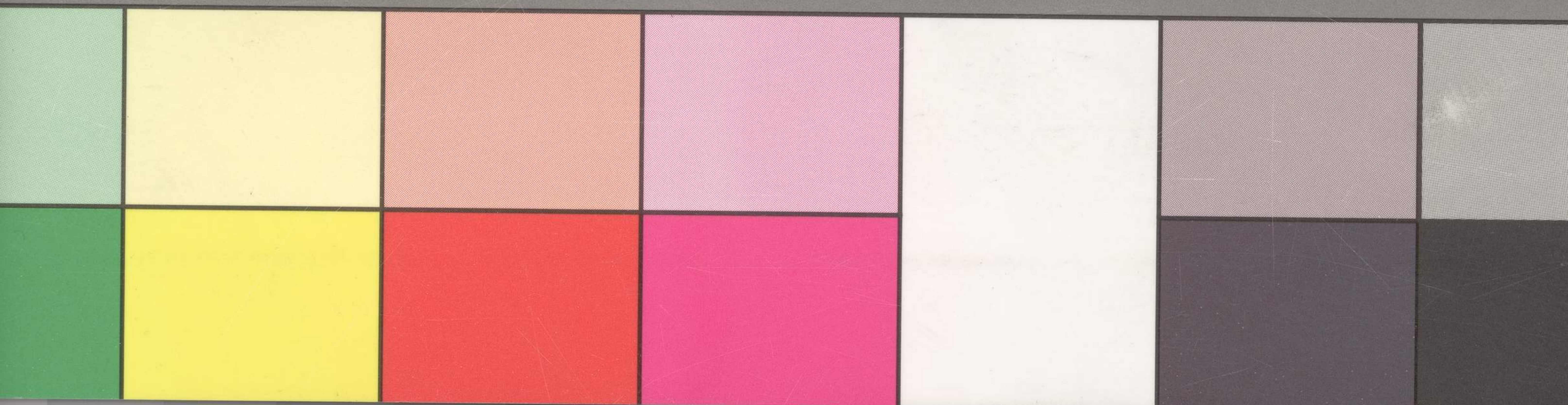
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balls beside it. I never saw but one cannon, before, that looked so detestable. That was employed in the same cause, but in Boston instead of Lecompton.

Even now, the men say that some could escape by killing a few sentinels; but this they will not do, for a true Kansas reason — they would lose their rifles; whereas, if liberated, Governor Geary assures them that they shall be restored. I doubt this prospect, however, from the fact that out of fourteen horses, possessed by different individuals of the number when captured, only three can now be found; and a horse ranks second to a Sharp's rifle in the affections of a Kansas man.

All these prisoners are bound over for trial in October, on the charge of murder in the first degree. You are aware of the brilliant series of engagements in which the freemen of Kansas had driven the invaders from their borders before Governor Geary appeared. In most of these a few Missourians were killed. In return for this, every Free State man who is accused by anybody of having taken part in those engagements is in danger of arrest. The greater part, however, were taken after the battle at Hickory Point, while of the Pro-Slavery men, who still had the black flag flying when these were taken, not one was captured.

If each of these prisoners had, in broad daylight, deliberately murdered a man, they could have been placed in no worse position than they are now, for simply defending the liberties of their country under most fearful provocation.

For instance, in the attack on Osawkee, the Free State men, on entering the Pro-Slavery fort, found a man *chained to the floor*, by a heavy log chain, about eight feet long, which was riveted to his leg. In this position he had been kept for six weeks, on the charge of stealing a horse. In all the exasperation produced by this discovery, no man was killed; but the Missourians were compelled to perform the labor of detaching the chain from the leg. My informant saw it done. For this affair, some of those whom I saw at Lecompton were imprisoned, and others in this place are hiding from arrest, or working on their farms with a horse ready saddled for instantaneous escape from any suspicious visitors.

All these arrests have been made by the United States troops, whom it is the present policy of the people not to resist. But this patience cannot last forever; and I only repeat, what I have every day asserted, when I say that the election of Fremont is the only thing that can avert a bloodier conflict than has ever yet stained this soil. For myself, I do not believe that even that will do it. When not a single Pro-Slavery man is arrested, how can men help seeing that the power of the Union is sustaining Missouri?

Yellow

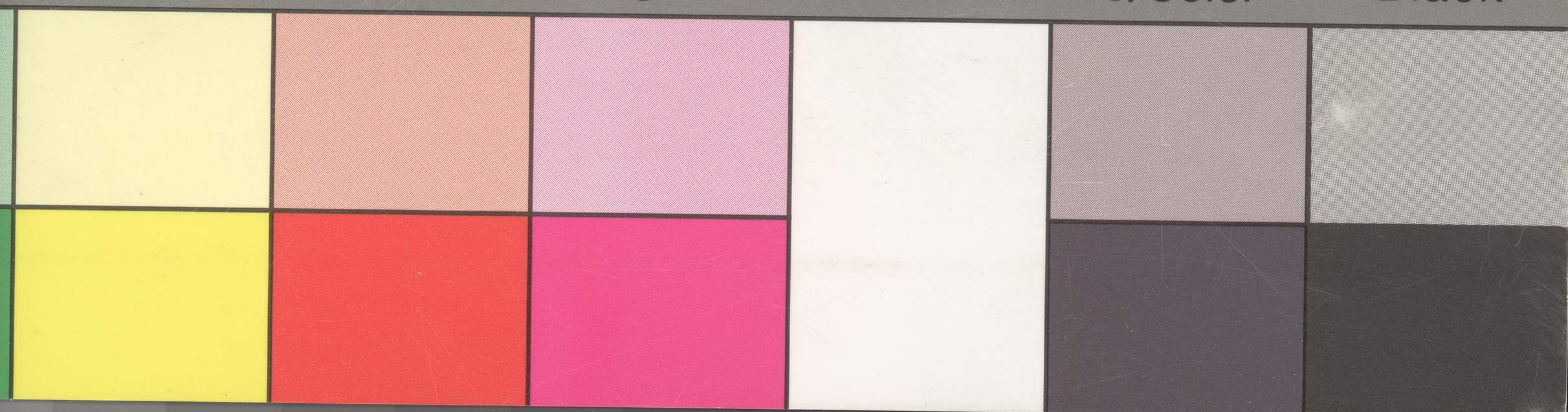
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A RIDE THROUGH KANZAS.

13

The Governor excuses himself by saying that the Free State men make no complaints. But he does not wait for complaints on the other side, and he admitted to me that he sent up to arrest the leaders of our train of emigrants without an affidavit from any one. He has been repeatedly informed of the reason why the Free State men do not make complaints—namely, that they repudiate the bogus laws and despise the Judges. But he never will understand it, if it is stated to him every day during his stay in Kansas.

I think he *means* to be kind to the prisoners, and he readily consented to order some additional blankets for them, and to suggest some improvement in their fare; he also, on being requested, directed the Marshal to close up the chinks in the building above referred to.

I took down a list of the prisoners. They came from the following States: Maine three, New Hampshire one, Vermont three, Massachusetts twelve, Rhode Island two, Connecticut one, New York thirteen, Ohio twelve, Michigan five, Indiana twelve, Illinois twenty-three, Wisconsin five, Iowa nine, Missouri six; total, one hundred and seven. I took pains to collect their names and origin, from their own lips, that we of the Free States may see that these are our own fellow-citizens.

The first prisoners were captured September 10, kept by the United States troops ten days, (having on one occasion but one biscuit each for thirty-six hours,) and then transferred to their present position, of which I add a further illustration from another source.

STATEMENT OF PROVISIONS FURNISHED THE PRISONERS FOR THEIR FIRST WEEK AT LECOMPTON.

"Monday, Sept. 20.—Received no rations from United States Camp. Moved to Lecompton. Received at 5 o'clock, 1 sack of 'shorts,' baked into bread—1 do. not baked; 75 lbs. of bacon; 6 candles. 103 men. No coffee or sugar.

"Tuesday Evening.—1 sack of shorts, 103 lbs. of bacon, 4 lbs. of coffee, 6 lbs. of sugar, 8 or 10 lbs. of salt, 1 lb. of saleratus, 1 gallon of molasses. 103 men.

"Wednesday Evening.—1 sack of shorts, 5 lbs. of coffee, 5 lbs. of sugar, 1 gallon of molasses, 1 lb. of saleratus. 105 men.

"Thursday Evening.—1 sack of flour, 50 lbs. of bacon, 6 lbs. of coffee, no sugar, 1 lb. of saleratus, 1 gallon of vinegar, 3 candles, 1 gallon of molasses. Provisions brought after dark. 105 men.

"Friday, 2 o'clock.—Called on Sergeant of the Guard for provisions: was informed that he had spoken to the Marshal and that we were curtailed to two meals per day. Half past 4, Marshal came, brought 50 lbs. of bacon, fore-quarter of beef, about 110 lbs., 125 lbs. of flour, 1 bushel of green beans in the pod, 6 lbs. of coffee, no sugar, no salt; we got about 1 quart of salt from a neighbor. 7 o'clock, fresh arrival of nine prisoners. Marshal brought 3 candles for the whole amount of us, 111 men; furnished 15 mattresses to sleep on.

Yellow

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"Saturday. — Received 25 lbs. of beef, 125 lbs. of flour, one small sack of salt, one gallon of molasses, 6 lbs. of coffee. [111 men.] Spoke to Marshal in behalf of nine men brought here yesterday, who had no blankets, and was told that it was impossible to furnish any for them. He afterwards brought three quilts for them.

"Sunday. — About 100 lbs. of beef, much damaged, 125 lbs. of flour, 6 lbs. of coffee, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. saleratus, 1 peck of beans, 3 candles, 4 lbs. of sugar.

"We give the above as the amount of provisions received by the prisoners since coming to Lecompton, and are willing to make oath to the same.

"E. R. FALLEY,

"ARTEMAS H. PARKER,

"Commissaries for the prisoners to distribute their provisions."

N. B. — Mr. Parker is well known to me as a worthy citizen of Clinton, Mass., who emigrated this Spring.

V. — THE PEOPLE.

LAWRENCE, October 4, 1856.

Ever since the rendition of Anthony Burns, in Boston, I have been looking for *men*. I have found them in Kansas. The virtue of courage (for although these two words originally meant the same thing, they have become separated now) has not died out of the Anglo-American race, as some have hastily supposed. It needs only circumstances to bring it out. A single day in Kansas makes the American Revolution more intelligible than all Sparks or Hildreth can do. The same event is still in progress here.

I have always wondered whether, in the midst of war, tumult, and death, the same daily current of life went on, and men's hearts accommodated themselves to the occasion. In heroic races, I now see that it is so. In Kansas, nobody talks of courage, for every one is expected to exhibit it.

Take, for instance, the Sunday attack on Lawrence, a fortnight ago. The army which approached it consisted of 2,800 by the estimate here — 3,000 by Governor Geary's estimate, and 3,200 by the statement of *The Missouri Republican*, in a singular article, which described the capture of the town, although it never happened. This force was in sight the greater part of the day, and though Governor Geary's aid was invoked, it was known that it could not arrive till evening; thus allowing time for the destruction of everything.

Against this force, the number at first counted upon was *one hundred*; that being the supposed number of fighting men left, after the arrest of the hundred about whom I wrote to you, as prisoners. To the surprise of all, however, more than two hundred rallied to the fort. The lame came on crutches, and the sick in blankets.

Two hundred men against fourteen times their number! And the

Yellow

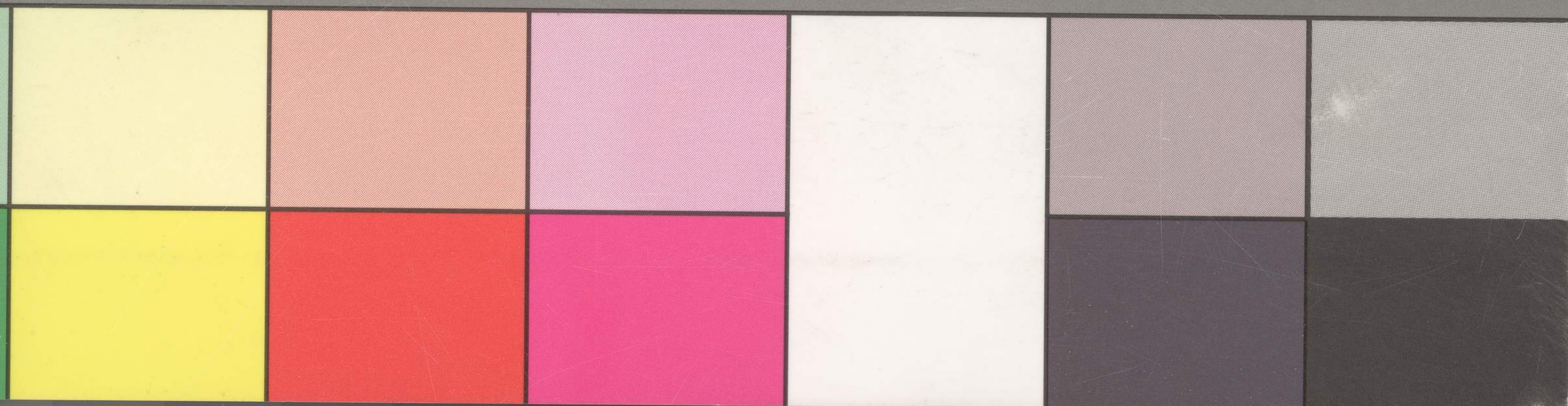
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A RIDE THROUGH KANZAS.

15

fort a mere earthen redoubt, of no pretensions — for the only fort worth the name is on the hill above the town, and was at this time useless. And yet (here comes the point) I was assured by Governor Robinson and a dozen others, that among this devoted handful the highest spirits prevailed; they were laughing and joking as usual, and only intent on selling their lives as dearly as possible.

They had no regular commander, any more than at Bunker Hill; but the famous "Old Captain Brown" moved about among them, saying, "Fire low, boys; be sure to bring down your eye to the hinder sight of your rifle, and aim at the feet rather than the head."

A few women were in the fort that day — all who could be armed. Others spent the whole Sunday making cartridges. I asked one of these how she felt: "Well, I can't remember that I felt any way different from usual," answered the quiet housekeeper, after due reflection. So they all say. One young girl sat at her door, reading, a mile or so from the scene of action. "Once in a while I looked up," she said, "when there was a louder shot than usual."

The chief fighting was among skirmishers, and there was no actual attack on the fort. The newspapers have had the particulars before, and I only mention the affair to show the spirit of buoyant courage which almost universally prevails. It must be remembered, also, that even now these people are poorly armed, and still worse off for ammunition. On this occasion they had but a few rounds apiece.

Persons at the North who grudge their small subscriptions to Kansas, should remember that a few dollars may sometimes save a thousand. Osawatamie was sacrificed, after one of the most heroic defences in history, for want of ammunition. Brown and twenty-seven others resisted two hundred, killing thirty-three and wounding forty-nine, (eighty-two in all, by the Pro-Slavery statement,) and then retreated through these, with the loss of but one man, shot as he was swimming the creek. A hundred dollars worth of ammunition would have prevented, on that occasion, the destruction of \$60,000 worth of property.

I walked out yesterday to the scene of the last fight at Franklin, and heard the narrative from one of the Pro-Slavery men who had defended the fort. He said "he did n't like those d—d Sharp's rifles; did n't mind the ball so much, but hated the *whizzing* of them" — just, I suppose, as the hum of a mosquito is more annoying than the bite. He said also: "As soon as they shoved up the wagon-load of hay, and set it on fire, we boys cried for quarter, and *then we all ran.*" I saw where the hay was taken from, a very exposed place, and where the door had been burned by it. He showed also the narrow space through which the defenders fired, and I observed that nearly all the rifle balls of the assail-



ants went above it, the tendency of Sharp's rifles in inexperienced hands. My Pro-Slavery friend dug out one of these for me, as a memorial.

Franklin was the place where the Free State men were charged with plundering the letters from the Post-Office. I suppose it will not have the smallest effect on the Democratic newspapers when I say that this young man, the postmaster's son, entirely denied this story. He only charged them with stealing sixty dollars worth of stamps. But as the village of Franklin consists of less than a dozen houses, and as I have found it hard to buy a dollar's worth of stamps at much larger places in this region, I must doubt the precise accuracy of these figures, and I told him so.

Since breaking up this den of thieves, the vicinity has been quiet, except when the noble army of two thousand eight hundred, on returning, burnt a large mill close by, on which the whole neighborhood depended for meal and lumber. It is not far from here to Blanton's Bridge, which the Grand Jury declared a nuisance, because it gave aid and comfort to Free State men. I suppose that this mill was a nuisance for the same reason. The heaps of sawdust of the building were still in flames as I stood before them.

The owner of this mill was a Pennsylvanian, named Straub. We saw his daughter, a noble looking girl of 20, but rather unnecessarily saucy and spirited in her replies, I at first thought. Presently she said, with surprise, "Why, I thought you were Missourians, and I was resolved that you should hear the truth." This was a piece of genuine Kansas pluck, as it was a lonely place, and we were three to one. Afterward, we found that this girl had walked alone into the midst of the Missourians, while the house and mill were burning, and demanded her horse from one of them with such spirit that the others compelled him to dismount. She mounted it and rode away—he presently followed and attempted to get the halter from her hand. She held on. He took his bowie-knife and threatened to cut her hand off; she told him to do it if he dared; he cut the rope close to her hand, and led the horse away. She slipped off, and presently two of the man's companions rode up and brought her the horse once more. A horse is worth more than a life in this region, and you can estimate the extent of such a triumph.

As for Lawrence, it has one of the most beautiful situations I ever looked upon. It stands on a bank above a bend in the river; across the river are miles of woods, while behind the town rise two beautiful hills, which *are* hills, and not merely the endless swells of rolling prairie of which my Eastern eyes have grown so tired. Indeed, this whole region far surpasses, in respect to hills and forest, both Iowa and Nebraska, and even Northern Kansas, while the prairies are richer, and coal and stone are interspersed. Give it freedom, and a few years will make Kansas

Yellow

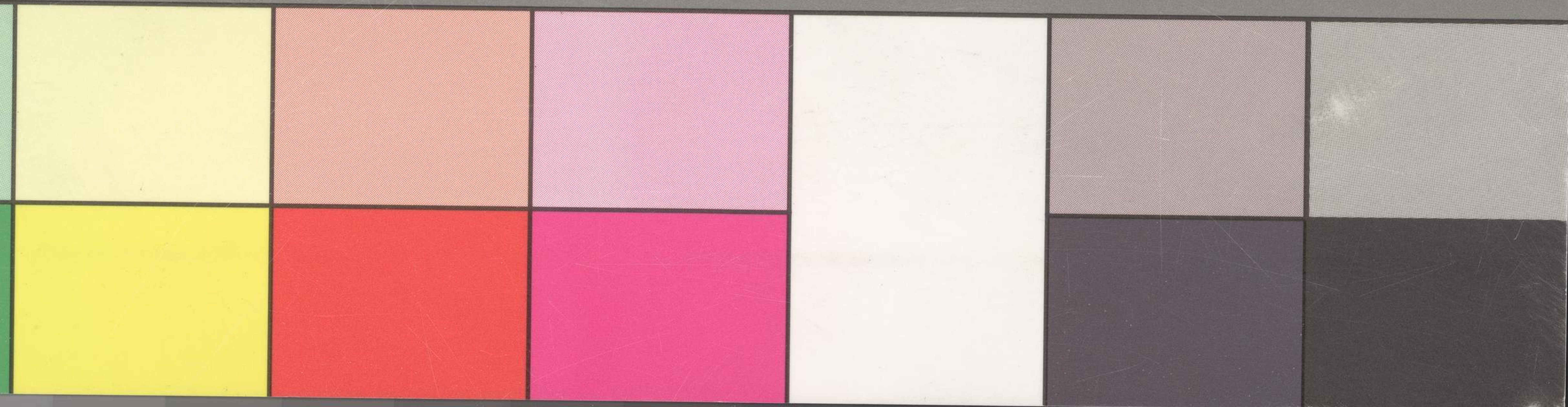
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A RIDE THROUGH KANZAS.

17

the garden of America. This year the Missourians have almost ruined the corn; but never have I seen such luxuriance of melons, squashes, and pumpkins. I have seen some fine stock, too, on the more favored farms; but that kind of riches soon takes to itself legs, more dangerous, in the present state of Kansas, than the proverbial wings.

Lawrence is three times as large as Topeka, and at present much more busy. It has, however, suffered much more from want of food. For instance, I have just talked with a man whom I knew at the East. "I came out here," said he, "with \$1,500 in money. I have served through the whole war. My wife and nine children have lived more than two weeks on green corn and squash. I have in my house no meat, no flour, no meal, no potatoes, no money to buy them, no prospect of a dollar; but *I'll live or die in Kansas!*"

Afterwards this man's wife wrote to me in almost the same words.

Such is the spirit of multitudes, many of whom are as badly off as this man. There is the greatest generosity, and men share with each other while anything is left; but after that, what then?

The State Committee works with energy and system to relieve distress, and may be entirely relied upon, but its funds are also exhausted. The expense of sending emigrants, arms, and ammunition, through Iowa and Nebraska, has been so enormous, that but little has yet reached Kansas in any other form; and the cost of supporting the army here has been also enormous — some \$300 per day. At the very time when farm labor was most needed, all the able-bodied men have been obliged to live for weeks in camp, at the public expense — they themselves being the principal public.

This discourages and drives out the timid and lukewarm, and educates the remainder to endurance. People in Kansas are like Indians — they eat what they can, and sleep where they can; and when they have no house and no food they wait awhile till something turns up. I can see that this state of things brings out some bad qualities, but far more good ones.

Last Sunday I preached in this place (though I must say that I am commonly known here by a title which is elsewhere considered incompatible with even the Church Militant.) It was quite an occasion; and I took for my text the one employed by the Rev. John Martin the Sunday after he fought at Bunker Hill — Neh. iv: 14; "Be not ye afraid of them; remember the Lord, which is great and terrible, and fight for your brethren, your sons and your daughters, your wives and your houses."

To-night I speak again, and leave to-morrow for Leavenworth, there to witness a Border Ruffian election, as there is to be no voting at Lawrence.

en

Yellow

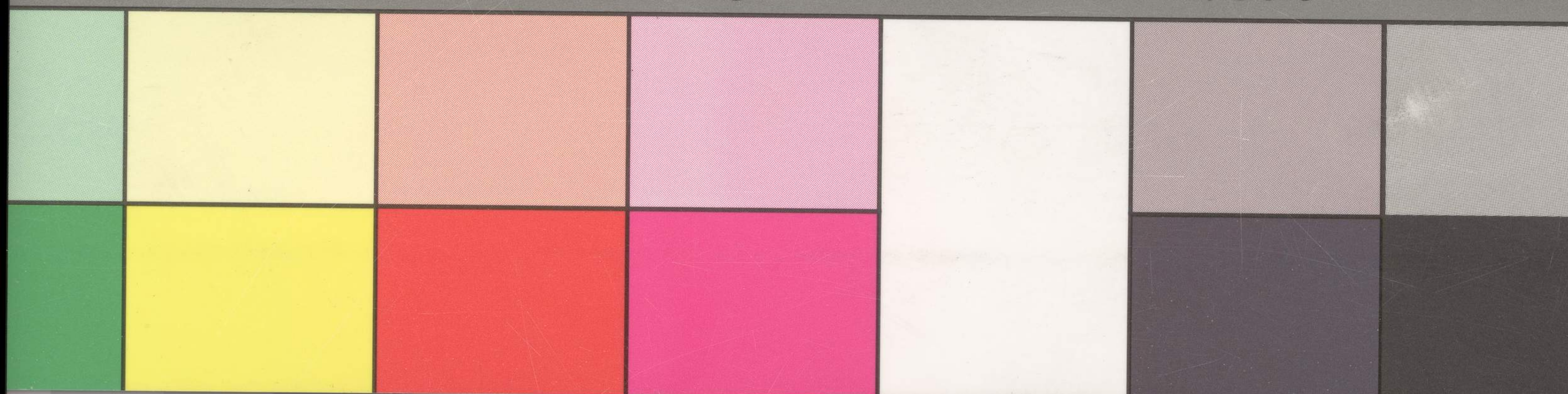
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VI.—A KANZAS ELECTION.

LEAVENWORTH, K. T., Oct. 6, 1856.

I have come over to see the election. The road from Lawrence runs thirty-three miles through the most beautiful region of Kansas, the Delaware Reserve. It is mostly well wooded, and all the soil is luxuriant. There are only a few Indian cabins on the way, but some points of the road have a sad celebrity. In the hospital, at Lawrence, I saw two men recovering from terrible wounds in the head, inflicted, not by P. S. Brooks, M. C., but by his humbler imitators in Missouri. The case was this. Three men were riding, unarmed, from Lawrence to Leavenworth. They were captured by a small posse of the enemy, and shot in cold blood the next morning. One had his jaw terribly broken, and was left for dead. Another lay wounded and the wretches felt his pulse, as is their practice, and finding it still beating, knocked him on the head with their guns, till life seemed extinct. These were the two I saw; the third was killed; and amid those lovely woods and fields, a pile of earth and a roadside stake are his only memorial.

We passed also the spot where Mr. Hops was murdered and scalped, for a bet of a pair of boots. Now the road is comparatively safe, or what the stage-driver calls safe; "last week there was only *one* man taken off the stage, who has n't since been heard from." But I rode across with an old farmer and his boy, unmolested, though we met a few small parties of Missourians on horseback, some of them riding double, as they occasionally do.

The Free State hotels in Leavenworth are broken up. (Do n't be surprised to hear of a "Free State hotel" in regions where men distinguish between a Pro-Slavery and an Anti-Slavery *cow*.) The chief tavern at present is kept by a man named McCarty, who is building a large new brick one. He is desperately Pro-Slavery, and in conjunction with Majors and Russell, the great Government contractors, originated the late riots in the town.

Leavenworth is twice as large as Lawrence, has a fine situation on the river and fine scenery around. The landing is good, and with New England enterprise it would be destined to greatness, and by the aid of Government business it may yet attain it. But never did I see such universal drinking. There must be more than fifty liquor shops for some two thousand inhabitants; the doors of the Leavenworth Hotel are adorned with a row of whiskey casks and of barrels full of empty bottles; and the bar-room is crowded all day.

Despite this, it is said to be the quietest election-day ever known. None of the Anti-Slavery men vote, very properly declining to recognize the validity of an election under the bogus laws, and there is but one ticket running, which I send.

Yellow

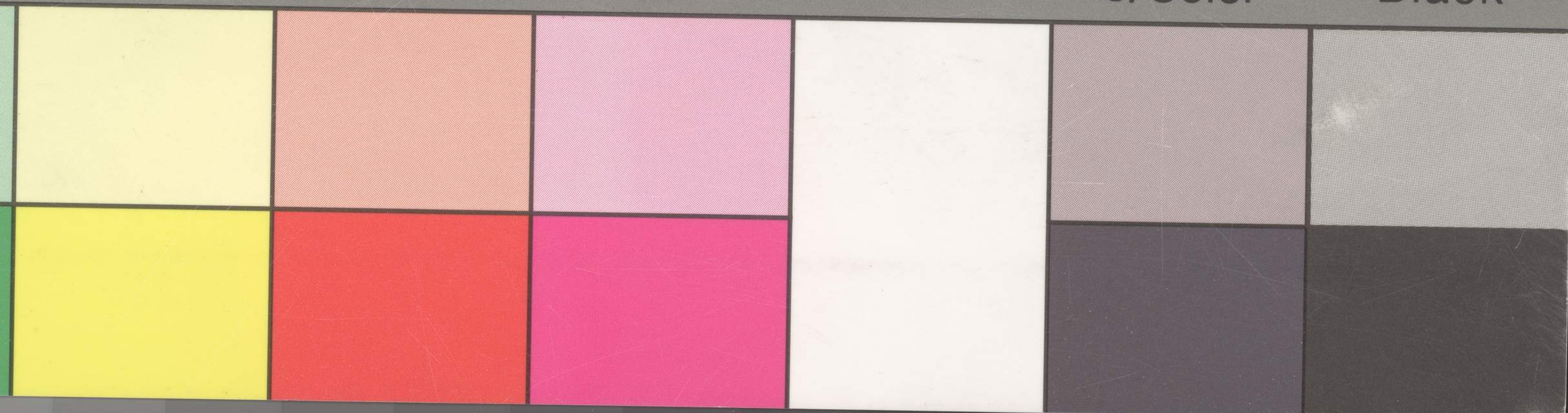
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A RIDE THROUGH KANZAS.

19

LAW AND ORDER TICKET.

For Congress.

Gen. J. W. WHITFIELD.

For Convention.

Legislature.

No Regular Nomination.

Four to be elected.

W. G. MATHIAS,
J. W. MARTIN,
MAT. WALKER,
L. F. HOLLINGSWORTH,
S. J. KOOKOGY,

A. PAYNE,
D. J. JOHNSTON,
A. R. KELLUM,
E. M. KENNEDY,
MOSES YOUNG.

There are local interests and jealousies for particular candidates, four only out of ten being eligible, but the Slavery question is not raised. The favorite candidate, Martin, is captain of the atrocious Kickapoo Rangers, and the character of the whole may be easily inferred.

As for the voting, nothing can be more free and easy. Strangers are pressed to take a share in it, as if it were something to drink. Nothing seems necessary except to hand in a ticket at a small office window, and announce one's name; no questions appeared to be asked. I was urged to do this by bystanders, in spite of my assurances that I was merely a traveller, not a resident; they assured me it made no difference. I saw the same persuasions succeed with persons who obviously did not come in for the purpose. But many openly proclaimed that as the only object of their visit, and coolly debated the most available points to throw Pro-Slavery votes, just as a knot of country merchants might debate whether to go to New York or Boston for their purchases.

Indeed, there is a delightful absence of hypocrisy in all this region. They leave all that to Eastern politicians, editors, and clergymen. There is very little dispute about the main facts of the case. Every Pro-Slavery man admits the important ones, and defends them. "The end (i. e. Slavery) justifies the means." I wish some of our beclouded and befogged Democratic brethren could sit for an hour or two on McCarty's door steps, of an evening. For instance, last night there was general applause when a leading man said, "By —, I wish the Abolitionists would just kill one or two of our men, moderate men, you know, not good for much, but just enough to let us claim them as ours — *anything to give us a handle.*" And yet the political allies of this worthy personage are every day declaring that the whole excitement is only kept up to make capital for the Fremont party.

Once the conversation began to grow rather personal. Said one man, just from Lecompton, "Tell you what, we've found out one thing, there's a preacher going about here preaching politics." "Fact?" and "is that so?" was echoed with virtuous indignation on all sides. "That's so," continued he, "and he fixes it this way; first, he has his text and preaches religion; then he drops that and pitches into politics; and then he drops that, too, and begins about the sufferin' niggers" (with ineffable contempt); "and what's more, he's here in Leavenworth now." "What's his name?" exclaimed several, eagerly. "Just what I don't know," was the sorrowful reply, "and I should n't know him if I saw him, but he's here, boys, and in a day or two there'll be some gentlemen here that know him." (N. B. At my last speech in

Yellow

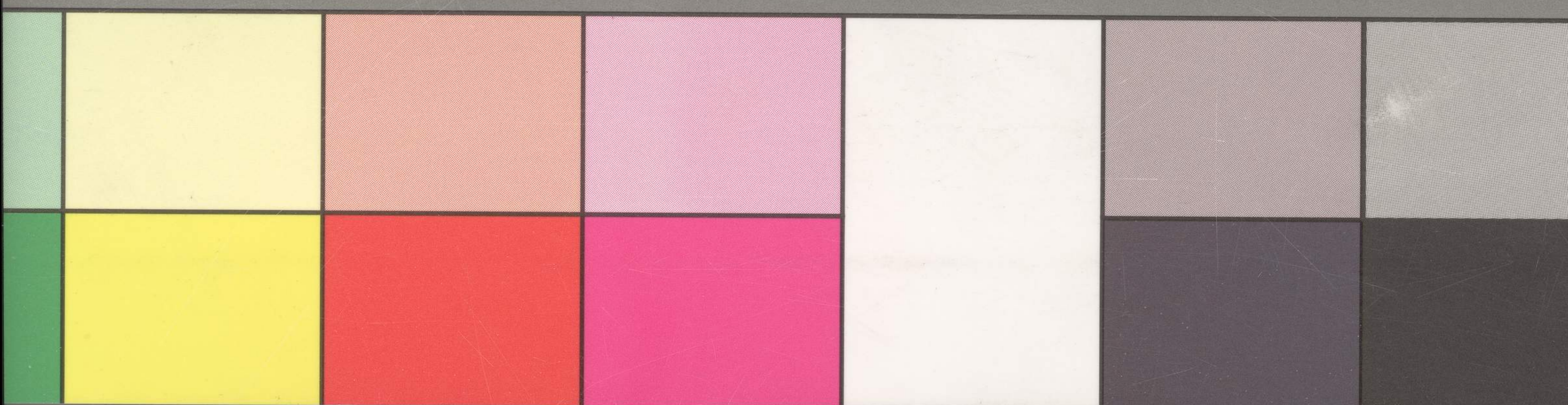
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Lawrence, I was warned that three Missouri spies were present.) "It's well we've got him here, to take care of him," said one. "Wont our boys enjoy running him out of town?" added another, affectionately; while I listened with pleased attention, thinking that I might, perhaps, afford useful information. But the "gentlemen" have not yet appeared, or else are in search of higher game.

The causes of the quiet which reigns to-day are apparently the presence of a few United States troops, and the absence of provocation from the non-voting party. That the latter cause would not be alone sufficient is manifest from the fact that the last riots were produced merely by a similar refusal to vote.

I observe here a large class of young men who are evidently not Missourians, but from other Southern States — a slender, puny race, with good manners and bloated faces. One of them, a Virginian, bearing the appropriate name of Stringfellow, has apparently felt called upon, in a drunken fit, to vindicate the character of the peculiar institution, and has, therefore, just summoned before him his slave, a neat-looking boy of sixteen. "B-B-Bill," says the representative of chivalry, "do you know me?" "Yes, mas'r," returns Bill, respectfully. "Have you ever been in chains, Bill?" stammers out the specimen of the superior race, with the impressive seriousness of inebriation. "Never, sir." "Ever expect to be in chains, Bill?" "Never, sir." "G-g-good boy, Bill, take something to drink, Bill?" Which offer Bill declines, rather to my surprise, and is dismissed with a slight contempt as being after all a poor creature, chains or no chains.

A party of these gentry leave with me, to-night, in the boat for St. Louis, and I shall make further acquaintance with them.

VII. — DOWN THE RIVER.

STEAMBOAT CATARACT, MISSOURI RIVER, Oct. 9, 1856.

We have left Kansas behind, and my last association with it is of three pistol-shots which killed, in a drunken row, one of the self same company of Virginia and South Carolina youths who were swaggering in our cabin when I went to bed. I did not, however, know of the catastrophe till the next morning. I am told that the remains of the poor young man were taken into a gambling-room and laid upon a table, after which the gambling went on as before.

We are gliding down the rapid Missouri, now shouldering over a sandbank, now shuddering over a snag; while the endless woods look dewy and beautiful in early morning or moonlight, and very hot at noon. The yellow dust drifts over the bare islands which the shrinking water has left, and buzzards and wild geese shriek and soar away through its midst.

The tumultuous steamboat dinner is despatched with that rushing rapidity which is usual on such occasions, where people, having nothing to do afterward, are in a proportionate hurry to do it. As I look up and down the long table, and at the row of guests who sit with their glasses of Missouri water like tumblers of lemonade before them, it is sad to think that among those sixty men there are not half a dozen who belong to the same nation with myself. For what constitutes a common nationality except common ideas, principles, habits, and purposes? and in all these I find myself more alone than I should be among English, French, or Russians.

The majority are young men from various Southern States — Virginia,

Yellow

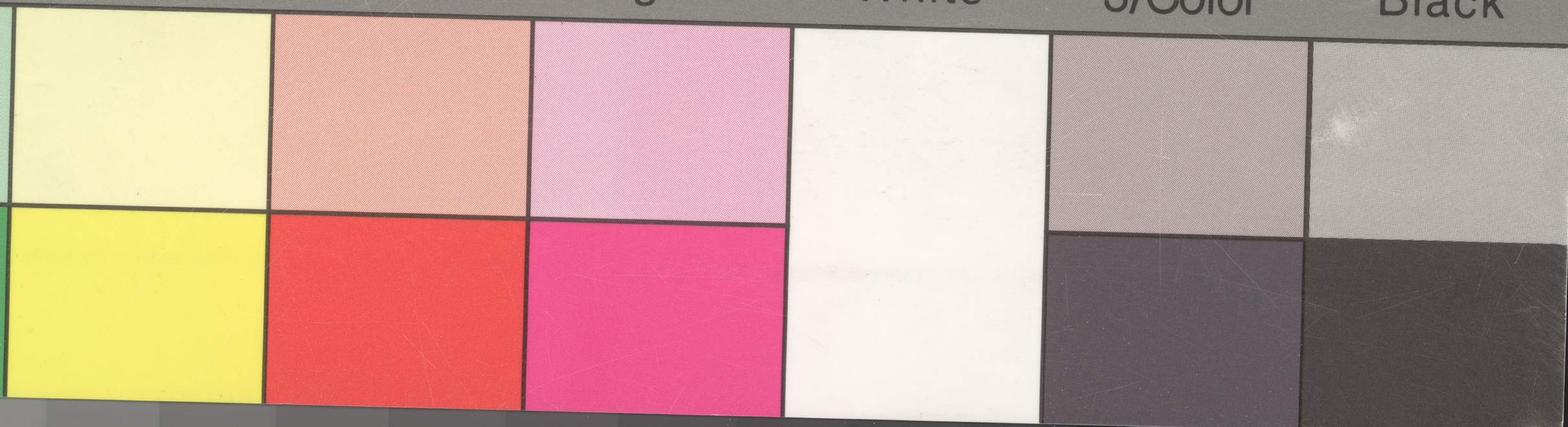
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A RIDE THROUGH KANZAS.

21

Kentucky, the Carolinas, and Georgia — who have been to Kansas expressly to fight men from Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, New York, Michigan, Illinois, and so on. And yet people speak of civil war as only a thing that may be, when there is scarcely a State in the Union which has not been already involved in civil war, through its representatives here. The simple fact is, that slaveholders and freemen are always two nations. I could speak my whole thoughts more safely in Berlin or St. Petersburg than here, except indeed that these enemies are more susceptible of fear.

By their own account, indeed, they show a poor record in this respect. Yesterday they were declared by their lieutenant, who alone wears a military coat, to be a pack of cowards; and he further asserted that in the point of danger they had been accustomed to take a vote whether to fight or run, and always ran!

Most of them are quite young and slender, with a dull, profligate look, while a few have open, simple faces, that seem strangely out of place. They have an easy, natural politeness, and swear, chew, and play cards enormously.

They are not in the least hypocrites or doughfaces; too uninstructed for that. One of them said, naively, in my hearing, with a sort of tender regret, "Do n't you remember when we went up the river, we were all of us drunk all the time?" "So we were," replied another, himself not far from that condition, "and so we should be now, only we've got no money."

They proclaim openly that they went to Kansas to fight and vote for Slavery. All finally voted at Leavenworth; and, having done that, are going home. But they complain bitterly of Atchison and others, who induced them to go; they say they were promised support for a year and fifty dollars in money, and yet they have had to support themselves almost entirely; and now very few have more than enough to take them to St. Louis, and some were unable to leave Leavenworth for want of even that. "Let me once get home," said the same youth who made the above confession, "and I'll stay at home, sure. It's cost me the price of one good nigger, just for board and liquor, since I left home."

"Wo unto them, for they have cast lots for my people and sold a girl for wine, that I may drink." Let me confess that this apt bit of Scripture I obtain not from memory but from "Dred," of which I bought an early copy at Lawrence. Several of the passengers have borrowed and examined it, with various comments, but no threatening ones. I could easily fill the margin of the book with sketches of illustrative faces, especially those of Ben Dakin, Jim Stokes, and the unfortunate Cripps. The romance reads well in the midst of the reality, though to be sure we have no actual slaves on board, except one young Topsy in a yellow apron, who stands as patiently as her nature permits, behind the chair of a stout lady, in the consecrated upper end of the long cabin. (I never saw the æsthetic inequality of the sexes so fully recognised as in a Missouri River steamboat.)

OCTOBER 11. — Yesterday we spent on a sand-bank, till at nightfall the steamer F. X. Aubry came along and pulled us off. We proceeded in company till at another difficult place the two boat-loads were disembarked, and we all walked half a mile along the shore. Then came out a startling story; how H. Miles Moore, Esq., Secretary of the Kansas State Committee, had taken passage on board the other boat — after being released from a malicious arrest at Kansas City; how the South

Green

Yellow

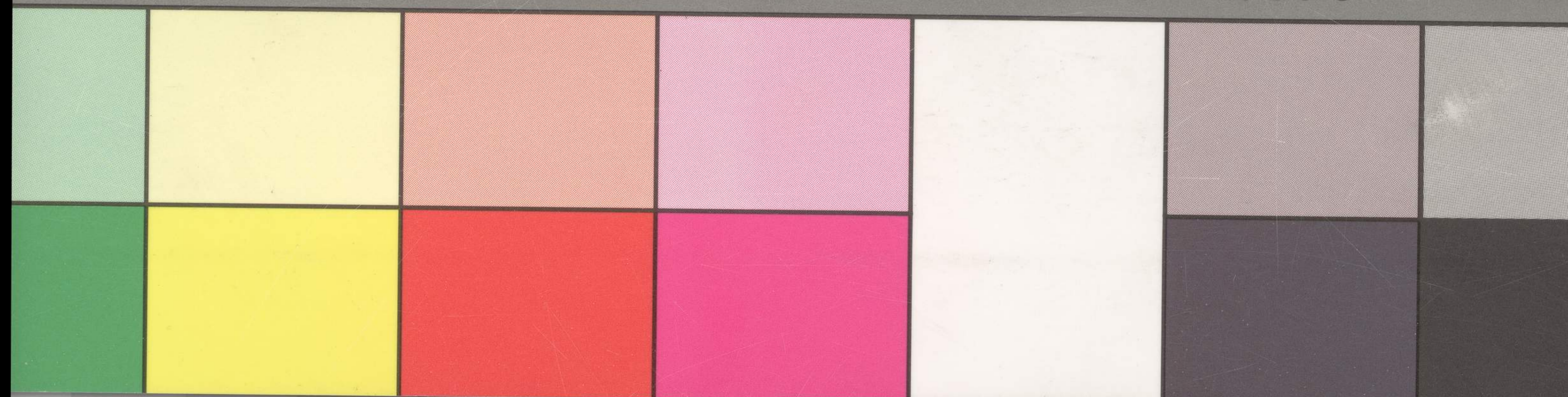
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Carolina and Virginia rowdies on the boat, finding him alone and unarmed, had threatened to hang him, and were proceeding to actual violence, when Governor Cobb, of Alabama, and the captain interfered and put him, for protection, in a state-room in the ladies' cabin; and how all thought he actually owed his life to them. Seeking him out, I found that it was all true; although the "honor" of Governor Cobb and some of the rowdies themselves was now pledged for his safety. It appeared to me, however, that a transfer to our boat and the loan of a revolver would be a better security; and that night he availed himself of it, there being fortunately a vacant berth in my state-room. The men on our boat were quite as far gone with whiskey as those on the other, and made common cause with them; but these were fewer in number, and we had three or four very reliable New England men, who kept a good lookout. And caution was needed, for the excitement rose again as we lay at Jefferson City over night, and inquiry began to be made as to the whereabouts of Moore. But Governor Cobb got up a visit to Governor Price, on the part of the passengers; and then there was a dance in the other boat; and when, about 10½ o'clock, the ringleaders began to whisper mischief again, part of their men were asleep and part in a worse condition, and the noble design fell through and we were undisturbed. I was glad to have him there, for I could not bear that he should owe his safety to the protection of a slaveholder.

We reached St. Louis this afternoon, four days and a half from Leavenworth, a trip which usually takes less than three. Kansas and its perils lie behind, and there is no excitement but elections. Well, one does feel a little homesick for Kansas, I can assure you, and at some future day The Tribune may hear again from its correspondent.

I did not, however, go out as a settler, but simply to see the country for myself. Yet if I did not live in Massachusetts, I would live in Kansas.

VIII. THE FUTURE.

WORCESTER, Mass., October 20, 1856.

I find that my letters from Kansas seem incomplete without a final appendix, in regard to the immediate future of that region. Perhaps the observation of a visitor to the Territory may have seen some things in a different light from that of its residents, or from that of those who have never been there.

Moreover, I have observed for many years that the more thorough an Abolitionist any man is, the more correct are his prophecies as to American affairs; and in this respect, at least, the present writer is pretty well qualified. I will therefore give the reasons which lead me to think, contrary to the opinions of many at the East, that the present comparative quiet of Kansas is only the prelude to a severer struggle than any she has yet seen; that this struggle will occur soon after the Presidential election; and that it will be almost equally certain to occur, whether Fremont or Buchanan be elected.

The foundation for these opinions can be made very intelligible.

1. The real question at issue is, not the invasions of Missourians, nor the blockading of the river, but the enforcing of the bogus laws. The laws still exist, the Courts are still controlled by Missouri, and this is the real root of the difficulty, over which neither Governor Geary nor any one else (except Congress) has any legitimate control. The essential trouble, therefore, must either remain unsettled till Congress meets again, or be settled by force.