

Yellow

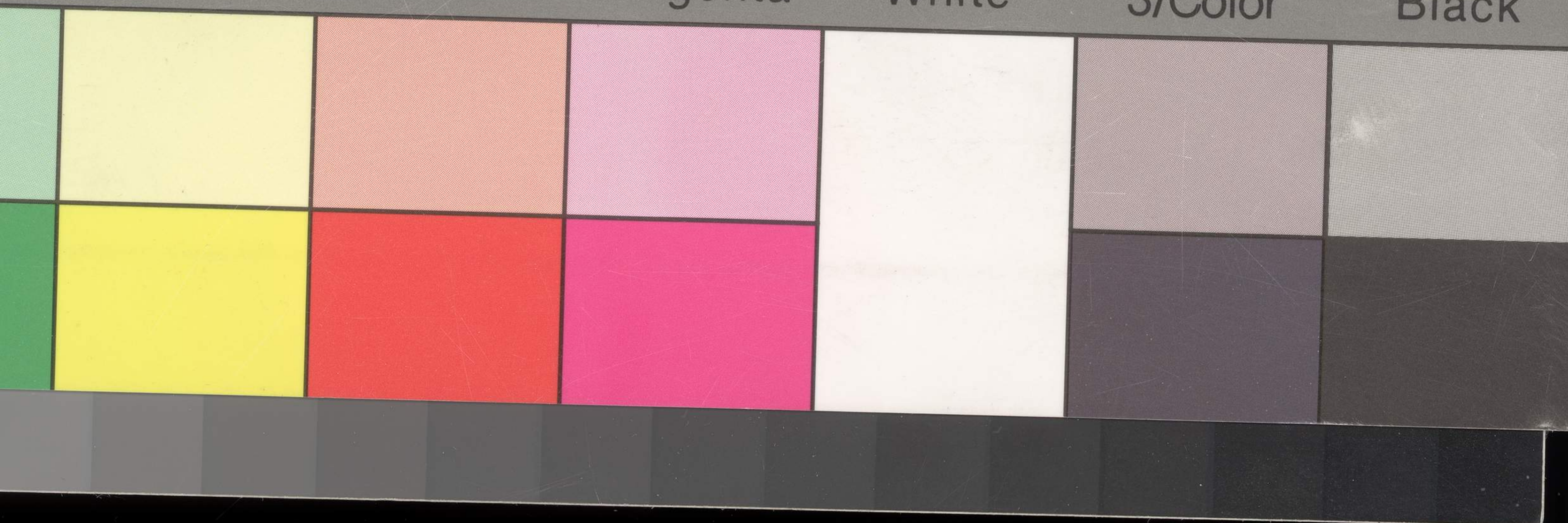
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## A RIDE THROUGH KANZAS.

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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