



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.