

Yellow

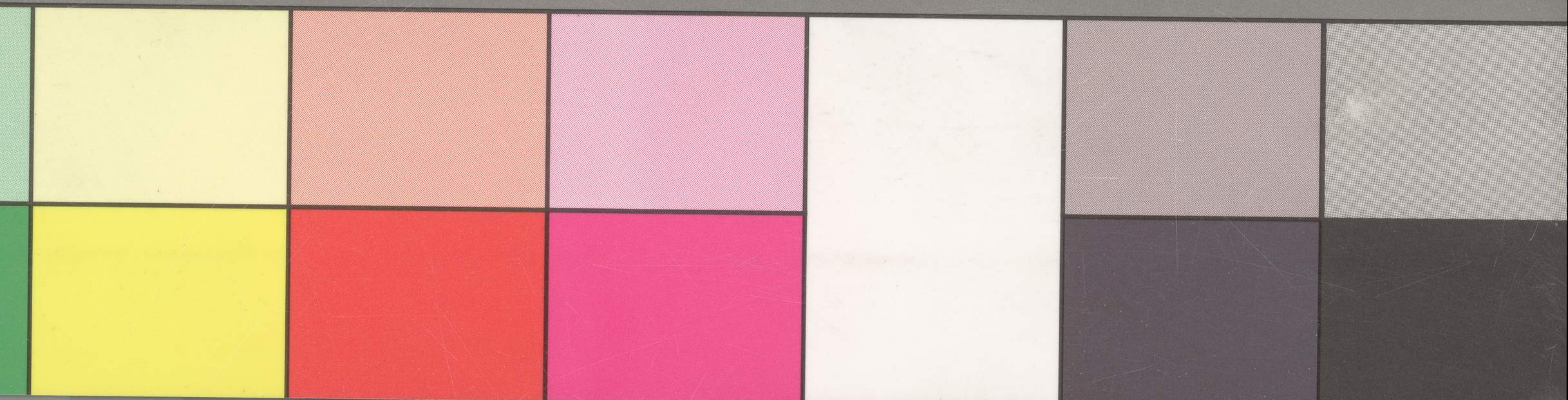
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A RIDE THROUGH KANZAS.

7

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.