



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.