



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 Leecompton. 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