

Yellow

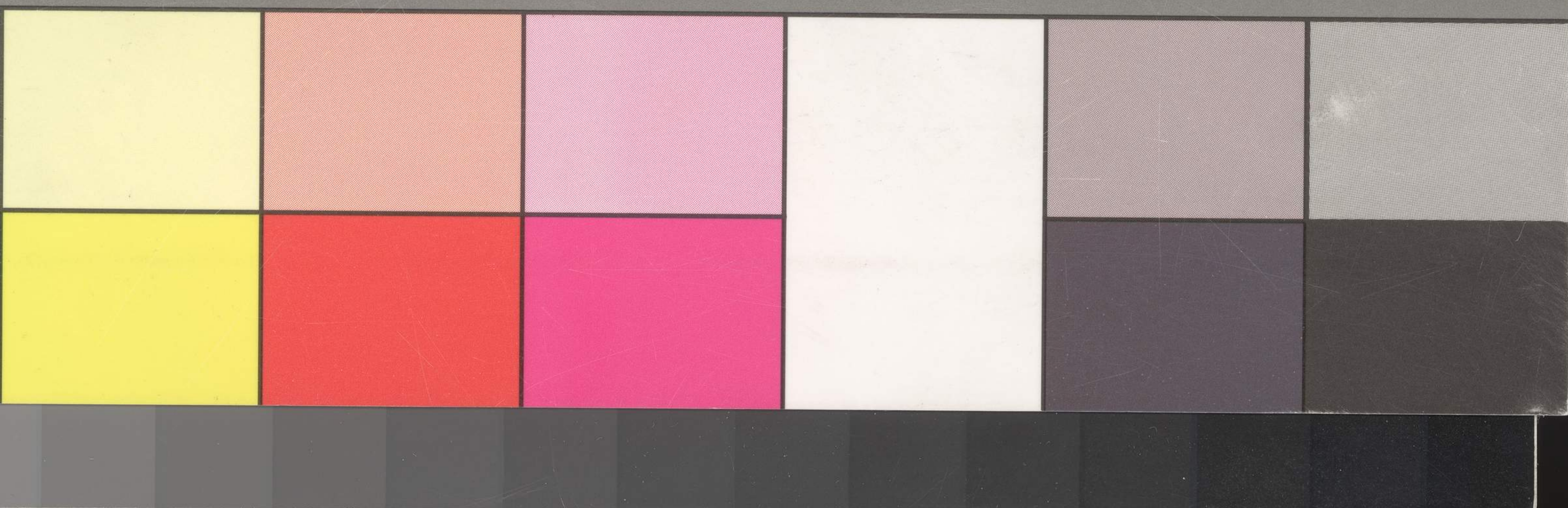
Red

Magenta

White

3/Color

Black



## A RIDE THROUGH KANZAS.

11

with fixed bayonet. It is singular how much alike all Slavery's officials look. I saw half a dozen times repeated the familiar features of my Boston friend, Mr. Asa O. Butman.

The hundred and five prisoners lounged about, looking as prisoners everywhere do. They are kept in a large unfinished wooden building, without an atom of furniture of any description. They do their own cooking, with very scanty utensils, and such provisions as I shall hereafter describe. They have obtained with great difficulty fifteen straw pallets for the whole company. Some have no blankets; but the majority possess the luxury of one apiece. It was an exceedingly cold, windy day, when I was there; the exposed side of the house was unfinished, and about half its superficial extent consisted of great gaps through which the wind whistled. A few of the men lay about on the floor sick with fever and ague.

Most of them are young men, the flower of the youth of Lawrence. They are a light-hearted set of boys, and are resolved to avenge themselves on their captors by perfect indifference to captivity. It comes hard, however, on some fathers of families and owners of farms, which are alike suffering from their absence. Three weeks labor of a hundred men, all lost, in the busiest season of the year, for it is the only time to get in the hay for the Winter's supply.

One man had left six children, all sick, and his wife accidentally absent from home; he said he *supposed* some of the neighbors would look after them! Another carried in his arms a child, who was, I was told, the first child born in Lawrence, and was christened with the name of the town. The poor little thing looked rather forlorn, as its pallid father carried it up and down the bare prison room; an early initiation into the sorrows of Kansas.

Among the crowd I found two of the best emigrants whom Worcester had sent, and others who belonged to companies which I had organized. Not one of these seemed depressed, but all appeared proud of being there. At first, they said, while in the care of the United States troops, and encamped on the prairie, there were many escapes; now the guard was so close that it was almost impossible. Colonel Titus, who has charge of these men, is the head of one division of Kansas militia, his force being chiefly from Missouri and other Southern States; he is the man whose life was humanely spared by the Free State men when they broke up his camp of outlaws. He showed his gratitude by informing his Free State prisoners that if one of them attempted to escape, he should blow the building to atoms. I looked and saw the cannon actually pointed, not upon the entrance, but so as to command the main portion of the building. There stood the emblem of despotism, with its conical pile of