

Yellow

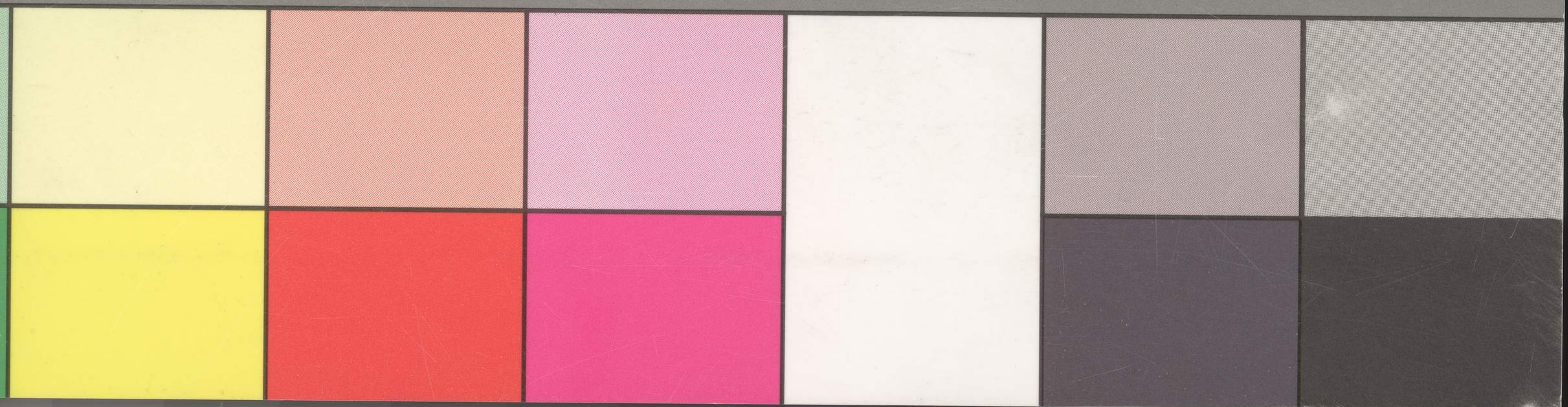
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A RIDE THROUGH KANZAS.

15

fort a mere earthen redoubt, of no pretensions — for the only fort worth the name is on the hill above the town, and was at this time useless. And yet (here comes the point) I was assured by Governor Robinson and a dozen others, that among this devoted handful the highest spirits prevailed; they were laughing and joking as usual, and only intent on selling their lives as dearly as possible.

They had no regular commander, any more than at Bunker Hill; but the famous "Old Captain Brown" moved about among them, saying, "Fire low, boys; be sure to bring down your eye to the hinder sight of your rifle, and aim at the feet rather than the head."

A few women were in the fort that day — all who could be armed. Others spent the whole Sunday making cartridges. I asked one of these how she felt: "Well, I can't remember that I felt any way different from usual," answered the quiet housekeeper, after due reflection. So they all say. One young girl sat at her door, reading, a mile or so from the scene of action. "Once in a while I looked up," she said, "when there was a louder shot than usual."

The chief fighting was among skirmishers, and there was no actual attack on the fort. The newspapers have had the particulars before, and I only mention the affair to show the spirit of buoyant courage which almost universally prevails. It must be remembered, also, that even now these people are poorly armed, and still worse off for ammunition. On this occasion they had but a few rounds apiece.

Persons at the North who grudge their small subscriptions to Kansas, should remember that a few dollars may sometimes save a thousand. Osawatamie was sacrificed, after one of the most heroic defences in history, for want of ammunition. Brown and twenty-seven others resisted two hundred, killing thirty-three and wounding forty-nine, (eighty-two in all, by the Pro-Slavery statement,) and then retreated through these, with the loss of but one man, shot as he was swimming the creek. A hundred dollars worth of ammunition would have prevented, on that occasion, the destruction of \$60,000 worth of property.

I walked out yesterday to the scene of the last fight at Franklin, and heard the narrative from one of the Pro-Slavery men who had defended the fort. He said "he did n't like those d—d Sharp's rifles; did n't mind the ball so much, but hated the *whizzing* of them" — just, I suppose, as the hum of a mosquito is more annoying than the bite. He said also: "As soon as they shoved up the wagon-load of hay, and set it on fire, we boys cried for quarter, and *then we all ran.*" I saw where the hay was taken from, a very exposed place, and where the door had been burned by it. He showed also the narrow space through which the defenders fired, and I observed that nearly all the rifle balls of the assail-