

Yellow

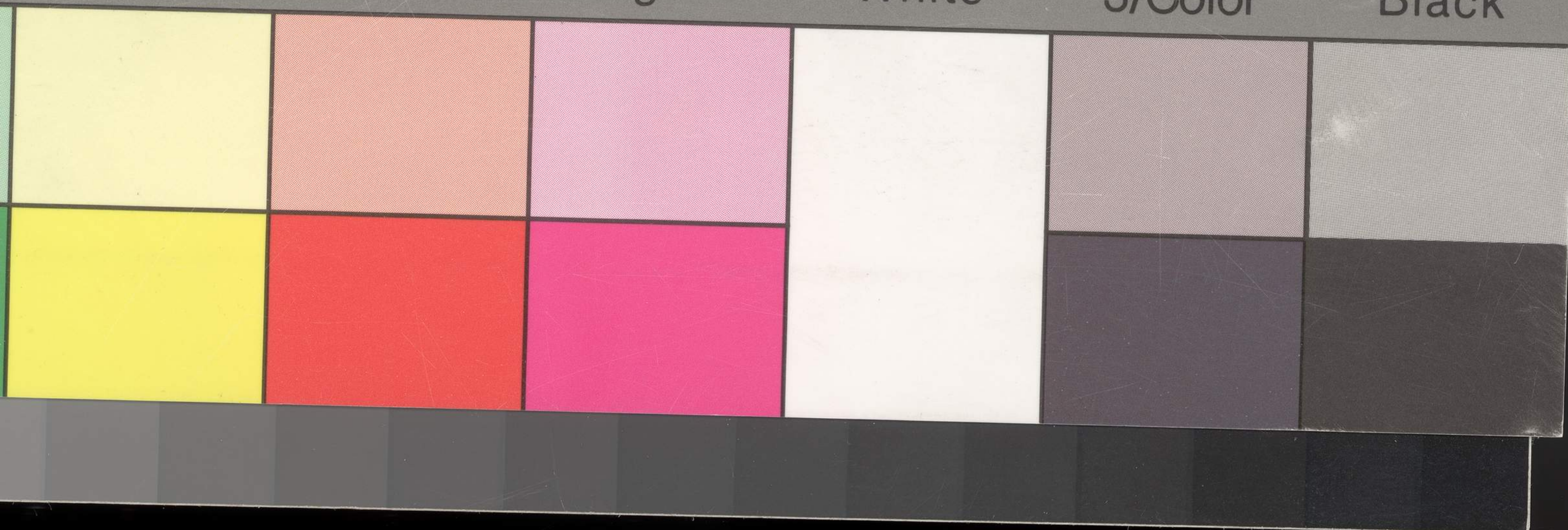
Red

Magenta

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A RIDE THROUGH KANZAS.

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Kentucky, the Carolinas, and Georgia — who have been to Kansas expressly to fight men from Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, New York, Michigan, Illinois, and so on. And yet people speak of civil war as only a thing that may be, when there is scarcely a State in the Union which has not been already involved in civil war, through its representatives here. The simple fact is, that slaveholders and freemen are always two nations. I could speak my whole thoughts more safely in Berlin or St. Petersburg than here, except indeed that these enemies are more susceptible of fear.

By their own account, indeed, they show a poor record in this respect. Yesterday they were declared by their lieutenant, who alone wears a military coat, to be a pack of cowards; and he further asserted that in the point of danger they had been accustomed to take a vote whether to fight or run, and always ran!

Most of them are quite young and slender, with a dull, profligate look, while a few have open, simple faces, that seem strangely out of place. They have an easy, natural politeness, and swear, chew, and play cards enormously.

They are not in the least hypocrites or doughfaces; too uninstructed for that. One of them said, naively, in my hearing, with a sort of tender regret, "Do n't you remember when we went up the river, we were all of us drunk all the time?" "So we were," replied another, himself not far from that condition, "and so we should be now, only we've got no money."

They proclaim openly that they went to Kansas to fight and vote for Slavery. All finally voted at Leavenworth; and, having done that, are going home. But they complain bitterly of Atchison and others, who induced them to go; they say they were promised support for a year and fifty dollars in money, and yet they have had to support themselves almost entirely; and now very few have more than enough to take them to St. Louis, and some were unable to leave Leavenworth for want of even that. "Let me once get home," said the same youth who made the above confession, "and I'll stay at home, sure. It's cost me the price of one good nigger, just for board and liquor, since I left home."

"Wo unto them, for they have cast lots for my people and sold a girl for wine, that I may drink." Let me confess that this apt bit of Scripture I obtain not from memory but from "Dred," of which I bought an early copy at Lawrence. Several of the passengers have borrowed and examined it, with various comments, but no threatening ones. I could easily fill the margin of the book with sketches of illustrative faces, especially those of Ben Dakin, Jim Stokes, and the unfortunate Cripps. The romance reads well in the midst of the reality, though to be sure we have no actual slaves on board, except one young Topsy in a yellow apron, who stands as patiently as her nature permits, behind the chair of a stout lady, in the consecrated upper end of the long cabin. (I never saw the æsthetic inequality of the sexes so fully recognised as in a Missouri River steamboat.)

OCTOBER 11. — Yesterday we spent on a sand-bank, till at nightfall the steamer F. X. Aubry came along and pulled us off. We proceeded in company till at another difficult place the two boat-loads were disembarked, and we all walked half a mile along the shore. Then came out a startling story; how H. Miles Moore, Esq., Secretary of the Kansas State Committee, had taken passage on board the other boat — after being released from a malicious arrest at Kansas City; how the South