

tlers could be made to throw up the undigested milk of Liberty, as easily as they do who disgrace New England in the chief places of Government at Washington. But the men of Kansas were men of stomach. They had digested every crumb of Liberty. It had gone into their blood and bones. It had fashioned their heart and conscience. It had made men and Christians of them.

When the ill-gathered rabble drew near to Lawrence, threatening to raze it to the ground unless they would yield up every sentiment of honor, and fall down before Satan and worship him, the men of Lawrence raised their defences, took their arms, determined to beat off violence by force.

That courage saved them. The rifle brought peace. Had they been unarmed, had they been pusillanimous, had they had such Christians as infest the North, who justify arms for tyrants, but inveigh against self-defence on the side of Freedom, we should have had a monstrous tragedy of violence and blood.

The storm was held back, but not dispersed. The same men are still in Kansas, face to face. The same ruthless assault from the South will be renewed. The same manly breasts will meet the war. Already we hear the muttering in the clouds of those thunder voices which will yet roll over the prairies and reverberate along the Alleghanies! There is but little time, but that little may save us from civil war! It is a spark now. A foot may tread it out. But if it kindles, it will sweep the prairies in sheets of flame. The foot that should tread it out was bred among the New Hampshire hills. But the shadow of the Government, black as midnight, falls upon Free State men; its lurid smile is with the aggressor. When God stood among the oppressed, Egypt was dark, and Goshen was light. In our day, Rulers cast the blaze of full favor upon Egypt, and the scorn and blackness of their wrath upon the land of Goshen!

Who, then, are these armed men, that already confront each other, and between whom this whole land is called to decide? How have they come into this Territory, and what are their errands? On the one side are the representatives of civilization; on the other, of barbarism. On the one side, stand men of Liberty, Christianity, industry, arts, and of universal prosperity; on the other, are the waste and refuse materials of a worn-out Slave State population—men whose ideas of society and civilization are comprised in the terms, a rifle, a horse, a hound, a slave, tobacco, and whisky; beyond these there is nothing but an annual uproarious camp-meeting, where they get just enough religion to enable them to find out that the Bible justifies all the immeasurable vices and wrongs of Slavery. The Free State men come hither with books, with newspapers, with free schools, with