

After remaining some time, and not hearing or seeing any thing of the wagons we returned to the camp, expecting to be attacked by a strong force of men from Lawrence, but they did not come. We kept near the Timber Land, intending if attacked to "take trees"—that is fire from behind them. In the morning we had sent a detachment of ten mounted men as a guard over G. W. Brown, Editor of the Herald of Freedom, to carry him as a state prisoner to Leecompton. In the afternoon, as two of these were on their way back, they were attacked about a mile and a half from Lawrence by five men with Sharp's rifles. One of our men was shot in the arm; the other returned the fire and shot the man dead; they fled and were fired at by the balance, the balls whistling in every direction. We expected an attack last night and prepared for them on their approach. I intended to welcome them with a little more grape than would have been agreeable. In a day or two we will visit Lawrence and demand certain arms and men. The fortifications and stone hotel (built as a fort) are to be demolished, and the printing offices destroyed; private property will be protected. I will give you more particulars in a few days. At present I am writing under disagreeable circumstances, and interrupted every minute; writing on a box on the ground, with the noise and bustle of camp life around me, a miserable pen and worse ink.

As regards the country, it is beautiful; but as I have not seen much of the land or its resources, I will not attempt to describe it at present.

Respectfully,
E. B. BELL.

P. S. I subjoin the following slip which may amuse some of your readers.

Kansas has been the theme and called into requisition the energies and abilities of pulpit orators. Politicians have made it the subject for inflammatory speeches from the stump. Congress is full of it, and now we have to record a poetic imitation, inspired by the all-absorbing topic. Genius belongs to no particular locality, and poetry is the offspring of inspiration, immediate, and without any labor. As an evidence of this, we give place to the following "lines," written on a steamboat, surrounded by the clank of machinery, and no outside objects to excite sentiment, other than Mississippi sawyers, huge sand bars, and cotton wood bottoms. These lines were written on the Aleck Scott, by one of the boys bound for Kansas, and sung by all on board to the "chune" of Billy Barlow.

Composed by R. T. T., and Dedicated to the Southern
Kansas: ii p.

Air—BILLY BARLOW.

SONG.

We've met here together, a brotherly band,
United in heart and united in hand,
And though we're surrounded by foes there's no fear,
We'll yet win this battle, so be of good cheer.
Up, up with our banner, and let it unfold
To the free winds of heaven, its motto unsold,
We'll rally around it, and sing as we go,
Success to this party called Southern Rights, oh!

FARMERS.

We're yeomen that live by the sweat of the brow,
Our coilers the soil, our key is the plow,
And though the Beechers call us harder ruffians raw,
We're true to our motto, God, country and law.
We'll flock round this banner and loudly invoke
All Southrons to draw at the end of the yoke;
And blithely we'll sing as we hoe out our row,
Success to this party called Southern Rights, oh!

MECHANICS.

We're hard working men, by our labors we strive,
And with prudence and industry ever can thrive;
We've a little laid up of true Southern gold,
That we may live easy and happy when old.
We'll flock round this banner and wish to remain
With our friends of the sledge, needle, brush, awl and
plane,
And blithely we'll sing as we push, stitch and blow
Success to the party call Southern Rights, oh!

BOATMEN.

We've plowed the tough river through many a storm,
But as we near home our hearts have grown warm.
And thrilled with the ecstasy patriots feel,
For the land of the South, we now look for its weal.
We'll flock round its banner though many or few,
For the true Southern men have faith in this crew.
And loudly and longly we'll sing yo heave ho!
Success to this party called Southern Rights, oh!

LABORER.

We've heard the Freesoilers call us an ignorant class,
But no matter, so long as the muster we pass;
We all know one thing, though we wear no fine coats,
They've not enough money to purchase our votes.
We'll flock round this banner, the true Southern flag,
(brave)
And as long as the winds blow so long may it wag
(wave)
O'er the laborer's head. We are ragged we know,
But belong to this party call Southern Rights, oh!

FOREIGNER.

From the land of oppression and monarchy's slaves
We've fled where the banner of liberty waves,
And here in the sanctum sanctorum of rest
We'll join heart and hand with the sons of the West.
So, here's a full health to the true Southern cause,
Down with Abolitionists and up with the laws;
And the way the Freesoilers will have for to go,
Is no body's business but Southern Rights, oh!

ALL SING.

Huzzah then, O Mountain! huzzah then, O Plain!
The South will never be caught napping again;
We've oft whipped our foemen with powder and ball,
And are ready again at Uncle Sam's call.
So, we'll flock round this banner of stripes and of stars,
While the Beechers make heroes without any scars;
There's enough who'll stand by us through weal and
through woe,
To vote for this party called Southern Rights, oh!

Kansas Correspondence.

CAMP FRANKLIN, (K. T.) MAY 20, 1856.—

Messrs. Editors.—Yesterday the first blood in the "Kansas war was shed and the war fairly commenced." Being in command of the company that drew that blood, I will give a true statement of the difficulty. We had intercepted, some few nights back, a wagon loaded with guns, sabres and balls on its way to Lawrence. Since then wagons for Lawrence keep another road, and cross at a bridge nearer Lawrence and about five miles from us. Yesterday morning an express arrived notifying me that from from eighty to one hundred armed men, with three heavily loaded wagons, were on the other side the creek making for Lawrence. I immediately took volunteers from the four companies encamped here, and proceeded on foot, through mud and water, to the bridge. We numbered thirty-six foot and five mounted men. I sent them to the front as scouts, and ordered them to guard the bridge. On their arrival some three or four men living by the bridge retired, and one fired a signal gun. (This bridge is a hot Free State bed.) A minute after a man (one of the same party) on horse back attempted to cross.—The guard ordered him to halt; he asked by what authority he was stopped. The reply was, "we are ordered by the United States Marshal." He said, I do not recognize that authority, and drew a Colt's repeater, aiming it at one of the guard and then the other. They told him if he did not give up the pistol they would shoot him. He said he would return it to the man he borrowed it from, and returned it to keep on his way. The guard ordered him to halt or they would shoot. He paid no attention. Three times distinctly the command was given, and he refused to halt. The guard fired. Hearing the report of the gun we marched rapidly to the bridge, but before we could get there men had started off in a hurry on horses, for Lawrence, distant some two miles. I placed my men ready for any attack, threw out sentries, and then visited the wounded man. I conversed with him, and his testimony corresponded with the guards who I had examined.—