

# Notes to and from the Siege of

## Lawrence.

(Continued.)

May 15.—Having been up all night, am consequently up very early in the morning, and proceed to the breakfast ground, anxious to eat something. Find that a bottle of whiskey was going its rounds with unusual vigor; take my station that it might find me in its circle of acquaintances. Whiskey being all drunk, the more important matter of breakfast claims our attention, and each has some office to do in this respect. Grinding coffee requiring less culinary talent than any thing else, the job is assigned to me. All are very jolly and dirty, and the conversation very lively; some form plans for the future, based upon the eminent glory that may ensue to them in this campaign; others more moderate wish they were at Ki's or Charley's drinking a mint julee; for myself I only wish I had another shirt, as then I would have two, which number would enable me to present a more human appearance. Breakfast at last being ready, all hands attack it; observe that the longer we are out the less polite towards each other do we become. This is peculiarly apparent at our meals; our maxim is now first come, first served.

After breakfast, good natured Ordeley Sergeant gets us into as near a straight line as he can, and proceeds to drill us again, with, if possible, less success than the previous evening. At the command right wheel most of us wheel the wrong way; and the nearest approach to a hollow square that we can attain to is an imperfect oval. Our muskets are seldom, if ever, in their proper position, and prove for an inanimate subject very hard to manage.

After coursing up and down the prairie to our disgust, and to the acceleration of our digestion, we are dismissed with the melancholy conviction that we are but poorly drilled, although we feel awfully bored. At last we are under way, and from our proximity to the enemy are cautious in our movements. Careful of a surprise, with muskets on our shoulders, we surround the wagons in the most advantageous positions. Am a rear guard myself, and keep my eye on one of the hind wheels. But Providence or the enemy spares us for Buck Creek, which we are fast approaching and which threatens to be more fatal to us than a number of engagements.

Nothing occurs to distract us from our monotonous snail's pace, or attracts our attention save two dogs who join us more from interest than glory. At last Buck Creek appears; we think how gladly would we "pass" the Buck as at "Polar," but we are not playing that game now, although before getting through we got to "all fours." Buck Creek is a succession of ugly hills and gloomy hollows. We get down the hills and cross the creek, but to ascend the other side requires a little more exertion. We had not gone far when we succeed in sticking admirably. By common consent, we all sit down to ruminate. Few men could have blamed the oxen, as they seldom did probabilities, and of course would not attempt impossibilities. Providence at this juncture turns on what superabundant water there was immediately above us, so as to render it still more impressive—instead of solid earth, we have now to cope with pure mud, and we stand grimly looking on, wishing that Buck Creek was on the confines of the bottomless pit—for if it was, few of our crowd could go to that same pit if it was necessary to cross the creek to get there. Thunder peals over our heads, and is traced to a masterly account by a gallant Colonel, who assures us the fight is now raging at Lawrence, and what we suppose to be thunder is the distant booming of cannon. This assurance, coupled with the timely application of the elixir of life from a well known stone jar, restores our saturated energies and drooping spirits, and we attack our difficulties to conquer them or die.

All the oxen are hitched to the wagon that is mired, and all the company turn out, each one selecting a beast to "pour into" and to receive his unmitigated attention. The word is given and the oxen get Jacob, nor do we cease, until overcome with our exertions we give up the useless job. Some sanguine individuals seize axes and attempt to cut down some trees, and several are cut down that were originally no hindrance to us. At last comes the order to unload, which was effected; unloading flour, muskets, sugar, ham &c., in such mud and such weather has a rather deleterious effect upon my enthusiasm. Once unloaded, the oxen get along to the top of the other hill with the upward conviction that Buck Creek is "one of 'em," sure. The same operation, and same effect is produced on the other wagon—but here our difficulties are but commenced—to get all our freight up to the wagons is now the task.

This is done by the use of certain vehicles, constructed more for use than ornament, called "skids," upon which we stow all we can safely, and with our oxen get along pretty well.—Mud being about one foot deep, men fall in it with perfect impunity; seldom going far with a load before they are immersed. That day there were but few of us but deserved the euphonious title of "stuck-in-the-mud." While stuck in the mud we are met by several gentlemen, who read to us Marshal Donaldson's Proclamation, calling upon us to aid in support of the laws, &c. The Proclamation is received with great glee, and our threats give signal of our hearts' joy. Retire to a little distance to do some shouting on my own hook, and sit immediately behind a horse to gratify my exhilaration. The horse rather unceremoniously kicks me in the midst of a most glorious yell, and on a portion of my frame that for several days after rendered it a matter of impossibility for me to take a seat. Limping from the scene of my disgraceful kicking, and breathing curses against all horses in general, and this individual in particular, I wend my way slowly to the top of the hill. On my way thither meet a Chief Justice proceeding homeward; Chief Justice greets us kindly, and after we assist him to catch a runaway steer, he bids us adieu, thinking that we are a very irregular looking portion of the regular militia.

After a variety of ludicrous circumstances we arrive at the top of the hill, bag and baggage, very much relieved indeed. Considering what we had overcome, and come over, speeches are volunteered by several, and are received with universal applause. After a little our wagons are re-loaded and we start onward, after having been seven hours getting over Buck Creek—and only one mile of road accomplished in that time.

(To be Continued.)