

Notes to and from the Siege of Lawrence.

(CONTINUED.)

May 19.—All get up very early to answer to muster roll; after which we proceed to elect a Commissariat. This being done, we resume our former messes, and commence to cook our breakfast. Rumors are flying amongst us of a lot of Sharpe's rifles in the possession of the enemy, and after breakfast a company is formed for the purpose of entering into negotiations with the owners of the same for their possession.

March in single file to the place where the supposed rifles are, which locality is a saw-mill. Find the saw-mill in active operation, and men about at work. The Captain politely asks the information we require from the apparent owner of the mill, who evinces an unaccountable ignorance of every thing. After a vain endeavor to elicit facts or rifles, we proceed to examine around, and find several Sharpe's rifles stored securely away.—Think upon a cursory examination of one of them, that they are rather a ticklish weapon; but think also a good old shot-gun has its merits. How soon will the Yankees invent a rifle to fire at Border Ruffians from Boston, and thus carry on a war? I think for them this would be a consummation most devoutly to be wished for, as the tendency of their improvements in firearms seems based upon the fact that distance lends enchantment to the scene.

After scouring the vicinity we master several rifles, and are constrained to make prisoners of two dangerous Abolitionists, who proclaim openly their hostility to law and order, and are satisfied completely with Beecher's *higher-lawism*. After completing our mission, with our prisoners in our midst, we form a line for camp. Our Captain, first delivering a lecture to the individuals in whose possession the Sharpe's rifles were found, that ought to effectually quell any symptoms of higher-lawism that may exist amongst them—the word is given, and we march to our camping place. Our prisoners and rifles disposed of, we consume our time until drill in the afternoon the best way we can.

After drilling with our usual ability, an election for non-commissioned officers occurs. The candidates are numerous, but the platforms unvarious. I find to my horror that I figure myself as a candidate, some sanguine individual having proposed me as a suitable person to fill the high and important position of Fourth Sergeant. Being a modest man, I excused myself, and deigned to withdraw, find it is of no use, and at the desire of "many friends" (as all candidates in the political world say) consent to run. The result, which is a unanimous election, and a vote of thanks upon my acceptance of the position, almost prove too much for my equilibrium. Impressed with the dignity of my station, I endeavor to look and act authoritatively with the men, but upon being informed that it would not be healthy for me to "put on airs," I sink myself into my original mildness of deportment. It now being nearly night, our supper proceeded with, and after an amicable discussion of it, guards are posted around, as usual. My guard not occurring until morning, I go to bed, hoping that I may have the felicity of enjoying a night's rest without any more attempts at military distinction.

May 20.—Am up with the sun, having watched the same tardily rising while on my morning watch. All hands having been thoroughly aroused, we proceed to receive our portion of whisky, which the U. S. Marshal has in his kindness made one of the emollients of our position.—Said liquor has the credit of being very old, but is decidedly diminutive for its age, and when in our tin pannikins, a fly can with little danger feed from one side to the other of said pannikin. It having been all discussed, the only comments made on it being in regard to its scarcity, we proceed to our breakfast, and hastily consume it. After the consumption of which the men moodily resolved themselves into knots, and deprecate the tardiness of our proceedings—being but a few miles from Lawrence. Feel indeed that we are in a state of inglorious inactivity, and our commanders come in for their share of heartfelt condemnation. At this stage of the proceedings, and while mutiny in its most insidious form is spreading itself amongst us, good news arrives, and by good authority we are informed, that but a few circumstances prevent our meeting the Abolitionists—the greatest circumstance being, in my humble opinion, the fact that they studiously avoid us.—We are also informed that we soon will have the opportunity of testing ourselves, and them as well, at the gates of Lawrence. This announcement gives us a good deal of satisfaction, and confident that all will be right we resign ourselves to our predicament, and play poker generally until night, when we mount guard as usual.

May 21.—To-day the joyful tidings came that we must march onward. We immediately make our arrangements to proceed, and about the middle of the afternoon start for Coon Point. Our wagon has in it a miscellaneous assortment of dry goods, groceries and hardware, and perched upon the summit is an invalid with rheumatism of the direst nature.—This wagon with its valuable contents is entrusted to an amateur ox driver, who to casual inquiries in regard to his abilities assures us that he can drive "to h—l in about a minute." He succeeds in convincing us of the aptness of his remark, by upsetting in the creek, the first on our road. The rheumatic individual displays more agility than he had credit for, and in his choice of a landing place evinces considerable ingenuity—think an upset a great remedy for any disease affecting the limbs.

Dry goods, groceries, and hardwares, find themselves in the creek; sugar, flour &c., at a discount. Altogether we come to the conclusion that we are the most unfortunate set of individuals that circumstances ever got together. Not feeling a great amount of interest in the wagon, and coming to the conclusion not to wait for it—being uncertain whether I should get a ride if I did—I with others, make for Coon Point, which at last we reach.—Am particularly struck with the military appearance of this place, and the vast amount of red shirts. Report ourselves as the Leavenworth detachment, and receive cordial invitations to sup with the gentlemen composing the camp. Remembering the situation of our groceries, and their distance from us, we joyfully accept. Toward night our wagon comes along with the balance of our men, hungry and tired, who, after appeasing their appetites, turn in, breathing a few curses audibly against things and individuals generally.

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