

## THE LAND SALES—ANOTHER SOUTHERN BLUNDER—HOW THE FREE-STATE SETTLERS CAME TO GET THEIR CLAIMS

Correspondence of The Cincinnati Gazette.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, Thursday, Nov. 27, 1856.

Shortly after the day of sale of the Delaware lands was announced, Gov. Robinson of Kansas went east. These Delaware lands were to be sold to the highest bidder—had never been opened to preemptions were allowed, and through men had settled on them, yet they had notice from Government that they were trespassers and could acquire no title by settling there. The reason for this was that Government had made a treaty with the Delaware Indians to sell this land in an open market to the highest bidder. The Delaware had refused the usual Government price for this land, and made the treaty with the expectation that if thus sold it would bring more.

Many of the settlers did not expect protection in their claims. They supposed strangers would come and bid against them, but they wanted the land suited them, and they said they could afford to bid high for it as anybody else. They supposed, to be being on the claims they would have an advantage over strangers, in being fully acquainted with the land.

The Pro-Slavery party had warned the Free State settlers off—telling them that if they did not leave their claims up out of their reach. The Free State settlers were ready alarmed at this, and applied to Gov. Robinson, and others in the Territory, to use their influence to induce Eastern capitalists to come to their aid.

When Gov. Robinson went east, it was reported among the Pro-Slavery men in the Southern papers that a scheme was on foot to raise money in Boston (place which many Southern men think is paved with silver dollars) to buy out the entire tract, giving to Free State men their claims at cost, and refusing to do so to Pro-Slavery men at any price.

The South was alarmed; for most of the money to compete with the North could not be raised without a good deal of trouble. They had, however, the Government on their side. They applied to President Pierce for help. He assured them that the Pro-Slavery settlers should be protected. That if necessary, he would even violate the treaty with the Indians to save their claims. And President Pierce kept his word.

One purpose of Gov. Robinson in going East was to raise money to protect these settlers, but he failed partly because of the excitement of the Presidential election, and partly because everybody in Boston thought that it was not necessary, for Fremont would surely be elected. The Governor felt that the Leavenworth of the Delaware lands must be given up to the Pro-Slavery men. He then ceased invoking the patriotism of the Yankees, but appealed to their pocket. He showed the importance of a Free-State town on the river and told them what "heaps" of money they could make by buying a suitable tract of land, and laying out and building up a Free-State city. He had a special site in view, explained his plan of operations, and the thing took wonderfully. The Governor returned to Kansas with letters of credit to any amount, to purchase a site for the new city, but with no gold to purchase Delaware trust lands. The Missourians saw Dr. Robinson has got back with lots of gold, but we fixed it. They were in high glee, but the Free-State men felt gloomy enough.

On Monday morning, the 17th, the sales opened when, to the surprise of all the Free-State men, the Commissioner announced that "the Government is satisfied that all settlers should have their claims at 'appraised value,' and that no bids would be received for such land unless the settler declined to purchase.

Loud cheers and wild shouting followed this announcement. The Free-State settlers cheered because their homes were saved. The Pro-Slavery men shouted because they supposed they had foiled the great Yankee scheme.

This is the way the settlers on the Delaware lands came to be protected in their claims. They had but a small amount of means, and the Missourians could easily have bid above their "pile." The result is that more than half of this important tract falls into the hands of Free-State men.

## A VISIT TO THE FREE-STATE PRISONERS

Correspondence of The Cincinnati Gazette.

LECOMPTON, K. T., Nov. 28, 1856.

It is hardly possible to conceive a more wretched dilapidated building than the plank house in which the Free-State prisoners are kept. Like a shed in a farmer's barn-yard, it is expected only to answer the purpose of a shelter to sleep under and retire to when the sentinels are stationed around it, and form a part of barn-yard wall, to prevent escape. Two pieces of cannon are planted on elevated ground at some distance and commanding the prison, designed, I suppose, if the soldiers should all escape, to spite them by firing into the tottering buildings.

The filth and dirt in which they are compelled to live are almost indescribable, and to speak of the vermin would be sickening, yet some of them are very intelligent men, and it seemed strange to hear men so looked so bad talk as well. I found one phonographic reporter and five printers among them. Poor type—there has hardly been a scrape since the trouble between Faust and the Devil that printers have not been reduced into. Forced to toil all night by gas-light if eyes ache and brain reels, that the merchant and professional man may be served with late news with the hot coffee; at cock-crow, when ghosts vanish into the graves, they leave their labor and crawl to their homes—sometimes to sleep, and sometimes to substitute at that unreasonable hour stimulants and dissipation for the rest and recreation nature requires. Intelligent and conversant with all the stirring events of the day—excitable and unsteady from the nature of the business, it is no wonder they embrace every opportunity to escape from wearisome toil to unappreciated danger, and to gratify their love of excitement whenever a chance offers by fighting and filibustering. I happened to have Pitman's last Phonographic Magazine in my pocket. The reporter received it with eagerness. He had not seen any of that kind of literature for months.

I met to-day one of the prisoners that escaped last night, but did not recognize him because he was well dressed. He remarked with truth that these prisoners could not be more completely disguised than by being dressed decently. The Government seems disposed to afford them, by the manner in which they are kept there, ample opportunity for a most effectual disguise should they be fortunate enough to escape.

## ESCAPE OF NINE MORE OF THE FREE-STATE PRISONERS—THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

Nine more of the Free-State prisoners escaped from Leocompton last night, and one was let out to-day by Col. Titus, on condition that he would meet him at Louisiana on the 10th of December, and enlist for Ninety days. Capt. Mitchell was among the nine who escaped. The guard got drunk, and the prisoners walked off.

Gov. Geary seems to have repented that he ever let these men arrested, and would have been glad if he could have found some plausible way of getting rid of them before now. His policy now seems to be to permit them to escape in small parties at intervals, and presume that in two or three weeks more the "prison of the hundred" will be without a single occupant.

An old soldier by the name of Davis, in Capt. Davidson's company (Kansas militia) died on Tuesday and was buried "with military honors." He was seventy years old—had been in the Texas war, and was a genuine pioneer, having been on the frontiers so long that he had lost all trace of his friends and relatives. A fellow-soldier who had been his comrade in the Texas war, dug his grave carefully and superintended the arrangements of his funeral. He stood over the grave when the coffin was lowered, and then called for the boards to cover it and protect it from the dirt. The boards were not forthcoming, and after a long parleying Colonel Titus commanded him to shove upon his spade, and the big tears started from his eyes. Before commencing to shovel, however, he raised himself and gave vent to his feelings, and the big tears rolled down his rough cheeks, by which he indiscriminately those standing around the grave. He then assisted to fill up the grave, muttering curses as he shoveled in the dirt. He remained at the grave after the soldiers marched off, and I went up and spoke to him. He gave me a history of his dead comrade, and told me that, as he had no other friend in the world, he determined to see him decently buried. Said he: "I know they care no more about a dead soldier than about a dead dog. I've been in the army long enough to appreciate their feelings on this subject, but d—n them, I wanted them to go through the motions anyhow."

EDUCATION.