

conspired to put me in the best of humor with all the world. Even Col. Filibuster Truss, who came athwart my sight next morning, in full feather; inveigling sundry simpletons into his Nicaragua net, excited no worse emotions than pity—a feeling to which he, from all we know of his history, must be a stranger.

And now, these hasty notes being concluded, a few words as to their object. It has been mainly to give such as may contemplate this route to Kansas, an idea of its character, that they may count the cost beforehand, and to show the immense change in public sentiment in Missouri within a few months. The latter fact is noticeable to all who have an opportunity to observe it;—"he who runs may read." That a reaction has taken place in the public opinion of the State, I regard as certain. This border-ruffian *furor*, which has been the parent of so much violence and wrong, was one of those moral epidemics with which communities are sometimes afflicted, and its crisis has passed. Resulting from ignorance among the masses, and that jealousy of freedom which forms so admirable a material for the incendiarism of ATCHISON and JEFF. DAVIS, time has brought some enlightenment, and the people of Missouri now see that their unscrupulous frenzy has reacted on themselves, and that they and their blinded leaders are now all fallen together into the ditch. With these facts before us, and the certainty that DOUGLAS and the dominant politicians are afraid to allow Kansas to be made a Slave State, after all that has passed, with the great improvement in Kansas itself since the accession to power of Gov. GEARY, it seems to me an almost certainty that we shall have no repetition of these armed onslaughts of government mobs on the people, and that all that is now needed to secure the triumph of freedom is EMIGRATION OF NORTHERN CITIZENS AND INVESTMENT OF NORTHERN CAPITAL.

The whole distance from St. Louis to Kansas City by land is 300 miles; 125 to Jefferson City by railroad, and 175 from there to Kansas by stage. The railroad fare is \$5, and the stage fare \$15; the stage time (when they make it) three days and nights.

W.

## FROM KANSAS TO ST. LOUIS OVERLAND.

### A Stage Ride through Missouri.

NO. V.

FROM CALIFORNIA TO ST. LOUIS.

We had now two good coaches and one good team—the other, as we were advised beforehand, being balky. Luckily the good team was destined for the coach containing our original party, though part of our baggage had been transferred to the other one to equalize the loads. When the time arrived for starting, coach No. 2 stood still instead; the horses manifesting a disposition to accept any alternative rather than recommence their travels; but after some ten minutes of coaxing, whispering and hard swearing on the part of their masters, they thought better of it and dashed off in a highly indignant style.

Fortunately, the road was better and we began to believe in the possibility of getting somewhere. Our course lay through a country a good deal broken, and by no means equal to the Western part of the State. The improvements scarcely deserved the name, although we saw several indubitable evidences of long settlement. In fact, we everywhere discovered indications of the *curse*. No villages greeted our longing gaze as we rattled over the road; no thrifty, cheerful homes looked out upon us from surrounding groves. At one stopping place, we found a *Railroad Hotel*, a *horse saw-mill* and a *whisky-shop*, to compose the only important point within fifteen miles of *Jefferson City*. All that looked encouraging in the way of progress, was an occasional glimpse of the Pacific Railroad grade, which is slowly progressing westward, notwithstanding the unmarketable character of the Bonds of the Border-Ruffian States.

We changed teams within about ten miles of Jefferson, a little while before sunset, and got under way again without needless loss of time. But the drivers spoke ominously of the state of the road, and gave us no high opinion of their own confidence in their own skill. Within half an hour, our coach brought up suddenly in a mud-hole, which took in the front wheels and the hub, and from which the vehicle was extricated only by the old agency of rails and human sinews. Then we went down hills and up hills, and through sloughs; and finally were overtaken by darkness before we had made five miles.

At about this point, we stopped at the best-looking farm-house we had seen that day, located on a beautiful knoll, and bought some apples. I inquired of the negro who furnished them the value of land in that region. He stated that his master's farm, composed of several hundred acres of fine bottom-land, except the knoll where the house stood, could be bought for *eight dollars* an acre.

Away we went, again, and in about half a mile found ourselves in the worst mud-ruts we had seen at all. But, luckily, there were two, one for each set of wheels, so that the coach maintained its equilibrium, while the forward axle-tree lay bodily on the ground. Fortunately, though, in the timber, our unfailing rails were at hand, and a little labor again set the coach free. This was our last real delay; though most of us walked a good deal, and picked out the road for the drivers, yet we made constant progress, and about 9 o'clock were rewarded by a triumphant entry into *Jefferson City*, and tolerable quarters at the *Virginia Hotel*; said to be the best in town, and a very ordinary affair at that.

Here I was surprised to find acquaintances; Mr. S. of Lawrence and Mr. K. of Kansas City. The latter had, in September, made a purchase of real estate in Kansas City, (giving the seller a profit of some \$10,000 on an eighteen months' investment of about a third that sum,) and was now returning to look after his purchase, which, in the meantime, has about doubled in value; not a bad profit in such times, and characteristic of that region while we have anything like peace.

Jefferson City might be made a fine town. It is handsomely located on the south side of the Missouri, and contains some decent buildings, including the Capitol. It is being improved, too, of late, by the grading and macadamizing of several of its streets, a process much needed, and due, probably, to the impulse given by the Pacific Railroad, of which it is the present terminus.

There is in Winter but one train a day from Jefferson City to St. Louis, and this leaves at 2 o'clock P. M. So we had the forenoon for observation, though there was but little to repay it. All were as anxious to get out of town as they had been to arrive. I must not omit to say that we found our Vermont pedestrian at Jefferson City; he having, as usual, beat the stage! He was tempted to give the cars a trial!

We took the train about 2 o'clock, and reached St. Louis about 8 o'clock—making six hours going a hundred and twenty-five miles—about eighteen miles the hour! I have ridden two-thirds of this distance in an hour in an eastern stage-coach. But still, Missouri railroading is so vastly superior to Missouri stage-coaching, that we were well pleased with the change. The Pacific Road is not a good one, notwithstanding its great cost. It winds a great deal about among hills, going up and down steep grades and over a good many streams—some quite large. The bridges are, in general, poorly constructed, and the rails on the curves badly bent. But the cars are good and the trip not unpleasant. The fare between St. Louis and Jefferson is five dollars; just *four cents* a mile—double that of the New-York Central.

There is an instance of magnificent speculation in the history of the construction of this Road. The entire contract was taken by a St. Louis Company, who sub-let the sections at a profit of nearly *one hundred per cent.* Had the funds first provided for the building of the road been properly expended, they would have sufficed for its completion, and the locomotive might now bear us to the very border of Kansas.

It was not till my arrival at St. Louis, and at that most admirable of hotels—BARNUM'S—that I really felt myself again surrounded by the blessings of civilization—a good bath—a splendid supper—a glorious bed—with those little attentions on the part of mine hosts, BARNUM & FOOO, which make every guest feel their house his home—all