

WANLIKE SPIRIT AND INDICATIONS—
UNCLE SAM'S DRAGOONS SUFFER—
MORE GUERRILLA WORK.

From Our Own Correspondent.

LAWRENCE, K. T., June 1, 1856.

It is by slow degrees that an enlightened people become familiar and reconciled to the horrors of warfare. A hiring soldier, weeded from the pariah of society, can be got to butcher and plunder his fellow men without much compunction, especially through the scientific process of military maneuver; but it is a hard thing to make a quiet and retired people raise their hand to strike remorselessly and successfully—to plunder and to urge the bitter antagonism of warfare, until the mere delicate sentiment suited to more delicate times, is blotted out and forgotten. I say this is hard, but it can be done, and has been done for weeks and months back, in Kansas and for all its horrors Pro-Slavery propagandism and a corrupt Administration are responsible. I almost tremble when I see the spirit of both parties here. Hitherto the Free-State men have evinced their Christian charity by "suffering long." Every other outrage committed upon them has been like a stone dropped in the water, bubbling up and ebbing away in circles of feeling; but now that water has been lashed into a ferment, and many of them who have been so often written are now resolved to strike. In every party there are a few who rarely take much trouble to enter into nice specialties; and while I, as yet, know of no act of Free-State men in which there was not at least sufficient immediate cause to make their action in itself honorable, still I fear we are on the verge of a guerrilla warfare, in which nice distinctions may be overlooked.

Every day and every hour brings us news of some fresh attack. Yesterday there was an interesting affair at the house of Mr. Storr, on Washington Creek, some nine miles off. Some men, said to be Georgians, a party of whom have been camped on that creek since the sacking of Lawrence, came in the morning to the house of Mr. Storr and drove his family out, taking a horse and proceeding to plunder the house. A woman who lives there got a horse and galloped to Lawrence for help. At first some of the boys were for starting up, but Col. Topliff went up to the camp of the United States dragoons on the hill above Lawrence, and after stating the case the officers in command gave him two dragoons and a sergeant to go and examine into the affair. This examination nearly proved fatal to the parties. They had approached within one hundred yards of the house, when they were fired on by a large body of men in it. The foremost dragoon fell, and his horse rolled over twice with him. The dragoon lay still where he fell, and his horse, which was shot through the jaw, and had a fresh wound on the shoulder, went galloping wildly over the prairie. The other dragoon also fell. His horse was shot through the foot, and tumbled over with him. He was not wounded, but his saber was thrown out, and his scabbard bent double. The Sergeant, Col. Topliff, and two other Free-State men, who were with them, wheeled about, and, as the bullets were whistling about pretty freely, left the spot as expeditiously as possible, to report progress. The dismounted dragoon also made himself scarce. The sergeant remained in a grove, two miles up, so that he could return for his comrade, and Col. Topliff galloped back to Lawrence, and soon the whole company of dragoons was on the way to the spot. On reaching it they found the house deserted, and evidences that the property in it had been injured and taken. The dragoon who had first fallen was found to be alive. He had two bullet wounds, one on his hip and one in his arm, but neither are very serious, and he will likely recover. He was brought into the camp near Lawrence last night, and attended by the physicians of this town. The poor fellow takes it very good-humoredly, only cursing the rascals for their bad shooting. The Captain of the troop took some affidavits from some men in the neighborhood, which go to prove that the Georgians are one or two Pro-Slavery men in the neighborhood were the guilty parties. The dragoon who escaped avows it was Pro-Slavery men who fired on them, and that he knew one of them, having seen him before. These facts have been reported by the officer to Gov. Shannon: the whole beginning, middle and end of this affair having come off without that high functionary's special directions. That he will heartily disapprove of the conduct of the dragoons in going at all, I have no doubt; but I would not be at all surprised if he was coolly to accuse the Free-State men of it. Of one thing you may be certain—the matter will drop; the Georgians will have no writs issued against them.

Yesterday and day before yesterday, Shannon was particularly busy, going about the country in the neighborhood of Bloomington; entering the houses of Free-State men, and rummaging for Sharp's rifles. They got three or four as a reward for their labors and their works. Among other houses they entered that belonging to the widow of the murdered Barber. Mrs. Barber has returned to Ohio. A brother of Barber was there and another man; two workmen were in the field. All of these men had got Sharp's rifles, which they kept about, as an attack might be expected any moment with the Southern guerrilla parties. When they saw Shannon and the troops coming they hid the four Sharp's rifles in a box. Every other trunk and box was opened, and this would have been, but Mr. Barber brought it out and told the Governor that this was a box Mrs. Barber had locked up when she had left, but he would try and get it open for them. They said, "No, never mind," and went off. Thus were they saved from being disarmed. A just appreciation of this search for arms may be made when it is known that the Governor has been instrumental in arming the Southern Guerrilla parties, who are committing outrages and devastations on the Free-State men through the Territory.

Writs have been issued for the arrest of the men who were concerned in the defense of Capt. Walker's house a few nights ago. They have been hunting Judge Wakefield and his boys, together with Capt. Walker and others known to be there. I learned more particulars of the occurrence. The house of Capt. Walker is situated between Lawrence and Leecompton. Threats that it should be burned have been made on more than one occasion, and on the evening when the attack was made, reliable information was received that it would be burned. There were about a dozen men in the house and a large number in an out-house close by. A party of twelve men came down from the neighborhood of Leecompton; when they got to Capt. Walker's house it was nearly midnight. It is now known that a son of Gov. Shannon, and a Deputy United States Marshal, a son of Dr. Rodriguez, were of the party. One-half of them got off their horses and were hitching them to the paling when Capt. Walker and several of his friends fired. There was a great scattering about that time. One man was severely, perhaps mortally wounded; a horse was shot dead in the gateway. Several bow-knives that had been drawn were found in the yard. A couple of Sharp's rifles that had been stolen from Lawrence during the sack, were found; two or three hats; and one man who had been inside of the door-yard tore his coat-shirt in leaving the fence, and left it, with a bottle of whiskey in the pocket, hanging to the paling. As the men called off, they ran into the other company, which had orders not to fire, and two of them were taken prisoners. They tell several astonishing stories about their being there, but finally admitted that they had been down to burn the house.

The Governor came down next morning, to arrest the men for defending the place. Warrants have since been issued against Walker, and his friends. It is rumored that horses have been stolen on both sides, and perhaps it is true. One camp of Missourians down on the Osawatomie, who were on their way up into the Territory, was attacked the night before last. The men were killed, and all the horses, wagons and tents were

taken. I have no further particulars. I suppose it must have been a Free-State Guerrilla party.

APPEARANCE OF THE SACKED CITY.

From Our Own Correspondent.

LAWRENCE, K. T., Saturday, May 31, 1856.

Lawrence wore a changed aspect when I entered it yesterday, to what it used to wear as the citadel of Freedom in Kansas. It was not only in the blackened ruins of the buildings that had been burned, or in the destruction and loss that had been sustained by the inhabitants, but it no longer wore the look of stagnancy and stagnant prosperity. Dragoons could be seen in the streets, clustered in little knots here and there, having come down from their camp over the ravine. Some of the officers were riding slowly about, scanning matters and things with a curious eye, as if they would detect incipient revolution in some larger cluster of the citizens, or watch for every change of indication. Were these soldiers here to protect the citizens? No. I had just fled from Leavenworth from a bloodthirsty mob, who were threatening my life, and for the last three days that city has been in the power of a Pro-Slavery mob, armed with United States muskets and bayonets which had come through the hands of Shannon. That mob has thrown a guard around Leavenworth to prevent the escape of those who would flee into the interior of the Territory. They presented a list of names, between forty and fifty—including the best men of the Free-State party in Leavenworth—men who have been highly useful business men. This list they presented to the Committee yesterday, and told them that if they had any witnesses on that list, they must get through with them immediately, as they had been ordered to leave and must quit the Territory in three days for their lives.

On the evening of the 28th these men promenaded the streets in military company, making arrests of all persons they did not like, without the shadow of legal authority. Like bungling block-heads as they were, however, they took so many prisoners that they were unable to keep them, and it would hardly do to lynch so many. They huddled up some thirty prisoners in a building in the city, and when they got that many began to reflect, what they should have contemplated before, what they would do with them. It was going to be expensive work to keep them, and, besides, would require nearly all the force they had got, which would leave them in rather an awkward position in case they were attacked. Under these circumstances they liberated all who would promise to leave the Territory within three days. Those who would give no promise of the kind were liberated finally under threat of death or severe penalty, if they had not left the Territory within three days. Where is Governor Shannon with his troops during all these outrages? Does he make the slightest demonstration toward protecting those men who are thus persecuted by a Pro-Slavery mob that he has been instrumental in arming? They are driven from home, business and property, without time to save what they have from loss, or from falling into the hands of such men; and Shannon and all the judicial officers stand by to see them go it, or help—for there was at least one Deputy United States Marshal in the Leavenworth mob. That work of lawless violence can go on unmolested, but should the Free-State men of Leavenworth indignantly rise and defend themselves from such horrid abuses, then the troops will pounce upon them—to preserve order! They are now about Lawrence to prevent any rising of the people here. I expect that Lawrence will be again attacked by a mob from Missouri, aided by those of the young Southerners who are in the Territory, and before it happens, the troops will be removed. Yesterday evening one of the two companies at this point left for Leecompton, and those remaining form a small company of twenty five or thirty men.

Yesterday Gov. Robinson was taken under guard to Leecompton. He is to be examined there in a day or two. It was first intended to keep him in Leavenworth, but this determination has been changed, I think because it has been found to be too expensive. The other prisoners, Messrs. Deitzler, G. W. Smith, G. W. Brown, and Jenkins are there, and the prisoners will all be kept together. Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jenkins, when their husbands were taken to Westport, went down there, and have since followed their husbands wherever they have been taken, and refused to be separated. Those who had Brown and Jenkins in charge tried every means to get rid of their ladies, but they did not succeed; they are still with their husbands, and are determined to remain with them.

I can hear nothing reliable from the Potawatamie country. Nothing has transpired there yet. I suppose, except what I have narrated. The report I gave as a rumor is, I believe, substantially correct. Three companies of United States dragoons have gone down there. What particular action they may take I cannot guess.

The night before last there was another skirmish at Capt. Walker's, some six miles from this. Capt. Walker heard that his house was to be burned, and gathered in some of his neighbors. After night, a company of the Pro-Slavery men from Leecompton, or the neighborhood of it, came to the house. They came inside of the yard, and commenced to dismount, when Walker's people did not wait for any further hostile demonstration, but fired on them. One horse was killed, and it is said that several men are wounded, one of them, a Mr. Donaldson, severely. The party fled, Walker and his friends taking some prisoners, whom they afterward released. Last evening the troops that left the place went to the neighborhood of Walker's and dispersed some Free-State men who were assembled there. The Governor was with these troops in person. There had been another rumor that Walker's house was to be burned down last night, and the neighbors had again gathered to prevent it.

The Commission have adjourned. They will likely return immediately to Washington, as it will be impossible to carry on their examination under the present state of things.