

desires, gave a verdict in accordance with the charge of the Judge.

I have remarked, that in this trial our friends were not so careful in the selection of jurors as in the first. Had there been no other cause, this alone might have been sufficient to account for the difference in the termination of the two trials. But I shall write you again on Tuesday, giving you a piece of information of the most shocking character, and which does not concern Kansas alone. I have not time to give it now.

All the other Hickory Point boys have obtained a change of venue to Tecumseh. I think they will be cleared there; but if they remained here, all would be certain of being convicted.

Upperruff and Dolman have gone out on bail. Haines and Lewis, whose names by some mistake were not included in the Hickory Point indictment, were discharged this morning, immediately after the adjournment of the grand jury. The Governor, who had returned Thursday night, gave Haines his Sharpe's rifle, but refused Lewis his musket, on the ground that none but United States troops had a right to carry one. Lewis brought the musket from Iowa, and had owned it for years. Of the hundred rifles and fifty or more revolvers, scarcely one remains: all have been stolen by the militia or their friends, or given to them. Judge Lecompte has declared his intention to confiscate the arms of all the prisoners, whether convicted or not.

Marshall Davis, arrested for contempt of court, has been discharged. Isaac Davis was to-day taken up to court, and informed that he would not be further prosecuted on the charge of arson, but was told there was another indictment against him, the character of which he could not ascertain. Beside this, one man from Topeka, four from Pleasant Hill, and four more from Prairie City, are kept here after the adjournment of court, although no indictment has been read to them, and several are not aware of charges against them. There is probably no charge at all against Mr. Sexton, of Topeka.

It is rumored that the twenty two already convicted will be separated and put at work next Monday. This seems almost impossible, as the twenty have given notice of an appeal. But a Lecompte administers the "laws of Kansas," which relieves all surprise.

A Pro-Slavery man, named Hay, was arrested day before yesterday, charged with the murder of Buffum. Your readers, perhaps, already know the particulars of that murder, but I will repeat them, to show that the language used by Geary in reference to it was not inapplicable. After Gov. Geary had ordered the two thousand seven hundred Missourians before Lawrence to leave the place, the greater portion returned to Missouri; and a small portion—one or two hundred—came up to Leecompton to join the militia. Between these two places, they passed the house of Buffum. One of the Missourians took a liking to Buffum's horse, and went into the field to get it: and being remonstrated with by Buffum, he deliberately raised his gun and shot him. The Governor came along a few minutes after, and wrote down the dying words of poor Buffum, and pronounced it the most base and cowardly murder of which he had ever known. This was the same company that afterwards passed by us while we were prisoners in the dragoons' camp, flying over them the flag of pirates. Well, a man said to be this same base and cowardly murderer was arrested, as I have told you. He was kept with us until this morning, when HE WAS RELEASED ON BAIL. Let this be contrasted with the cases of Ritchey, Mitchell, and Kagi. When the latter was held on nothing but a false charge of robbery, the same court refused to admit him to bail. Ritchey and Mitchell are now held on charges of robbery, and of assault with intent to kill, and the same Judge (Lecompte) declares they shall NOT BE RELEASED ON BAIL. HE CARES NOT HOW LARGE PRO-SLAVERY VINDICTIVES ARE SET LOOSE UPON PEOPLE, while all prominent Free State men, against whom any petty charge, however false, can be trumped up, are to be confined INDEFINITELY in this loathsome, death generating prison.

These things are producing a great disaffection among the Government's troops: indeed, such has existed among them for a long time, but it has increased of late to a great extent. When the Prairie City boys were in the custody of the troops, the officer who had command of the detachment several times told them to go home, and the guards did the same thing.

At one time, when they stopped for the night, they gave the prisoners revolvers and guns, and sent them out alone to kill chickens and get other game. The prisoners did not leave, simply because they had committed no crime, and therefore expected to get an acquittal upon an immediate examination, and then return to their homes, without fear of a re-arrest or further molestation. But in this they were sadly mistaken, as the sequel has shown. Some of the militia even have caught a passing streak of virtue, and swear terribly about the "one-sided" business of arresting.

Last Wednesday, I spoke of the representation of the various trades and professions. Since then, I have looked around among my fellow prisoners, and find that there is not one among us who cannot both read and write. There is scarcely a man who has not an excellent common school education: *fourteen are graduates of colleges.* What more is wanting to show the high character of the "Hundred Free State prisoners?" Among us, there is a boy only fifteen years old. His name is Walter Florentine. Several times he has been offered his liberty if he would give evidence against the rest, but each time he re-iterated the proposition as an insult. He has a brother who is one of the chief musicians at Fort Riley. On the Governor's recent visit to that place, this brother implored him in tears for the release of Walter. On the Governor's return, his private secretary, Mr. McAlister, visited the prison, and asked Walter if he wished to be released. He replied that, desiring as he loved liberty, he asked no favors which would not be given to the others. Noble boy!

He has fought bravely beside his fellow prisoners, and now if necessary he can die with them like a man, as he is, despite his age!

We have at last got a small room, between the guard room and the prison, for a hospital. Only four are now confined in it, although there is scarcely a well one among us. I am barely able to walk, and many others are in the same way. The four who are in the hospital are afflicted with the consumption, which they have contracted here in prison. One of these, a copper, Mr. Fisher, from Pleasant Hill, knows not the charge against him. He lay so long on the floor before he was taken to the hospital, that the skin became worn from the joints, so that the bones now protrude through the flesh, presenting an aspect truly deathlike. Away up the Graes hopper, on whose beautiful banks he had commenced what he thought a happy home, suffer his wife and child, for he is a poor man, and his daily labor, now robbed from him by the minions of Pierce, is the only recourse he has for the support of those "loved ones at home." His wife is sick, her cabin neither chinked nor daubed, and his only Free State neighbors—wifely—as destitute as herself. This is life in Kansas, under Geary's rule.

The family of Mr. Hicks is in a similar situation. Mr. Hicks has no family. The other is S. J. Pratt, a piano forte maker, formerly from Boston.

He was one of the founders of Lawrence. The fight at Hickory Point is the only one in which he has been engaged in Kansas. He was always known as one of the most peaceable, conservative men in town, and went on that expedition only because he thought the safety of Lawrence and the liberties of Kansas demanded it. An affecting incident took place last Sunday, on the visit of his wife and their four lovely children. It was the only time she had been able to visit him, for she too had been marked by consumption for a victim, and is now in the last stages of that disease. Both husband and wife will soon meet in another world. They will there, in each other's love, enjoy that happiness which this Government has driven from them by the sword, and consumed by fire. As they parted, he kissed his almost orphan children, as if then they embraced. "Ah, Stanford," said his wife, "we shall never meet again on earth; and none could doubt, who witnessed the sorrowful night. The Governor was implored to let him be carried home, that he and his wife might die together. But of what use are our implorations? Whatever may be the medium, tyranny has no leniency. It is time for the people of Kansas and of the country to know this.

We have had but one opportunity to bathe since our imprisonment, that was six weeks ago. We had a large tub of our own when taken at Hickory Point, which we might have used for this purpose: but this too has been stolen by those who have taken our rifles. They will neither return it nor give us another. Do your own cooking our own food, we have also to do

our own washing. This we have been compelled to do in small buckets—the same we kept our water in for drinking, until a day or two since, when Mr. Caldwell obtained leave to loan us a tub. Mr. Caldwell is the same man spoken of in our memorial a few weeks ago. By an error of the compositor, the name Marshall was connected with his. Mr. Caldwell is city marshal. He is about the only *human* man in Leecompton.

No one is allowed to see the convicted prisoners. Mr. Hard, of Lawrence, a brother of one of them, was here this morning, but could not obtain admission; nor was he allowed to speak to him from the street, or send in a message.

I am closely watched, and will hereafter have greater difficulty than ever in getting out communications. My becoming known was the only cause of the eight or ten last indictments found against me. Let this work. I shall still do my duty, notwithstanding their threats. There is a good time coming, I yet hope, for it's a long Lane that has no turning. x.

WHOLESALE PRISON, LEICOMPTON,
Saturday, November 8, 1856.
To the Editor of the National Era:

I have already written you of the trial and acquittal of the first fifteen of the Hickory Point boys, and I believe told you that twenty more would go to trial on Thursday morning. At any rate, such was the case. As I feared, little care, or much less than was taken in the former case, was used in the selection of a jury. This was owing to too great confidence, inspired by the success in the former one. In other respects, the trial was a more repetition of the first—the same counsel on each side, the same witnesses, and all the same evidence. The prosecution tried hard to get additional evidence, but were unsuccessful. Bribes and threats in profusion were offered to many of the prisoners, in order to induce them to turn State's evidence—offers being made to enter a *nolo prosequi* in their cases, as an additional bribe. Only one accepted the offer, but he was not there for the purpose of fighting. He was one of the men who waited on the Governor, and afterwards went in advance of Harvey's party, with a copy of the Governor's proclamation to the enemy, hoping that they would disperse upon reading it, so that no fighting would be done. But they had already received it. He then left for Harvey's camp, engaged in the battle, and became too busily engaged to make acquaintances: and leaving the company before their capture by the United States troops that night for Lome, where he was arrested several days afterwards, he was unable to swear that these were, to his own knowledge, the same men on trial. So nothing was gained through him. I stated that those who were acquitted at the other trial, but retained on new charges, were all subpoenaed as witnesses in this. Well, they were taken up to court, Friday morning, but refused to be sworn. After considerable parleying, to no purpose, the Judge (Lecompte) ordered that they should be separated from the rest of the prisoners, and placed in a tent out on the prairie, where they should remain without food, water, or fire, until they would be sworn and testify. One of them (Mr. Folley) nobly replied, "Well, Judge, you may put me down for about ten years." A second snow had fallen, and the day was the coldest of any we have yet had. Their sufferings must have been extreme, but they hung out till late at night, and until the case went to the jury, when they were brought back. Every one of them would sooner have died than give testimony against their comrades. The jury hung out until day light next morning. The verdict returned was for manslaughter. All had been indicted for murder in the first degree, but the Judge charged the jury, that if there were no evidence to show that the prisoners had been in the fight, they could not find them guilty of murder. Yet, if they really thought the prisoners were there, they could not find them guilty of manslaughter. Of course, the jury had an idea that they were there, and, agreeing with their own