

what is not present with us. \* \* This great Western country is to a fearful extent under the control of mere excitement and mob law—the ruling sentiment being self, and whatever opposes this, they repel with most bitter and malignant violence. They will not listen to reason—cannot brook opposition. It is we who say it. Hence it must be so, and no person should or will be allowed to dispute it. Such is the condition of the Slave States and the Far West. This condition of the country arises from the manner, in which the West has been settled, and the prerogative, which the institution of slavery gives over a certain portion of its population.”

“10th, Sabbath.—This morning arrived at Lexington. Here the mob seized the rifles and took them on shore. When the steamer arrived, there was a crowd of desperadoes on shore ready to do any acts of personal violence to the owner, as well as his property, which their wicked hearts might suggest, and they should be permitted to do. But through the influence of some of the more respectable (of the party) they were prevented from injuring him.

“The whole scene was one of cursing, swearing and awful threats of vengeance on their supposed foes. The Arabia was so full of these characters, that I could scarcely crowd my way through them. When they got the rifles on shore, there was as great rejoicing as when the ark arrived in the camp of the Hebrews. Their shouts of joy were full of oaths and profanity. No Nova Scotian could ever suppose that it was the Sabbath. On board the Arabia all day, the only evidence of its existence or respect shown to it, was a cessation of card playing, to which they had faithfully devoted themselves previously.

“At 10 o'clock, A. M., the pro-slavery party had a most fiendish row among themselves. A prominent individual, on account of his moderation and want of wild fanaticism, was by them suspected of insincerity to their cause. The great Congress of legislators organized, and proceeded to take his conduct into consideration. The result was a real *hellish* fight between him and another prominent legislator, which nearly ended fatally. The next act of Congress was a vote of want of confidence in Mr. B. and exclusion from their party. The next act was to put him off the boat, but the captain interfered and Congress adjourned.

“At 12 o'clock, Congress was again called to order by the venerable President. It appeared that in the meantime a reconciliation had been effected between the enemies. Act first was repealed, and a vote of confidence passed, and B. restored to his former position. Congress adjourned again.

“Then came drinking, &c. Great joy was excited by the reconciliation of such prominent men, which also appeared to cause a cloud of oblivion to pass over all their pro-slavery feelings, and the rifle man was called to drink with the head man of Congress, and those of his party who were known were also treated. Monstrous pledges of friendship and fair dealing were made by pro-slavery men to Free State men. Thus ended this horrible scene.” \* \* \*

“As to the character of the pro-slavery men, they are generally almost without exception, so far as I saw, drinkers, swearers, governed by the impulse of the moment—have little deep felt regard for the law—go for mob law, and have little *real* intelligence.” \* \* \*

“I have taken more lengthy notes on this rifle mob, because it is just a sample of what is constantly to be met with in this West. It will give a good idea of the manner in which this country is governed, and also of its inhabitants.”

“11th.—Arrived early in the morning at Kansas city, a new but rapidly progressive town. At 5 o'clock, P. M., reached Leavenworth city, a town growing as it were by magic. At 6 o'clock arrived at Fort Leavenworth, and at 7 o'clock reached Weston. We had. Long have I looked for this desired haven. Cabs, omnibuses, &c., are at hand, and their drivers come bustling around anxiously soliciting employment. The little Nova Scotian is unnoticed among the crowd. I scramble into an omnibus, and am driven to a hotel in the town. It is full of travellers and loafers, plenty of whom we always find in a slave town. The news of the capture of the rifles, has produced quite a sensation. All seem engaged in cursing Free State men, and speak of shooting them just as they would part-ridges. I pass up and down among them, listening to what is said, but say nothing. Prospects look dark and gloomy. Still I can say that I do not fear