

en

Yellow

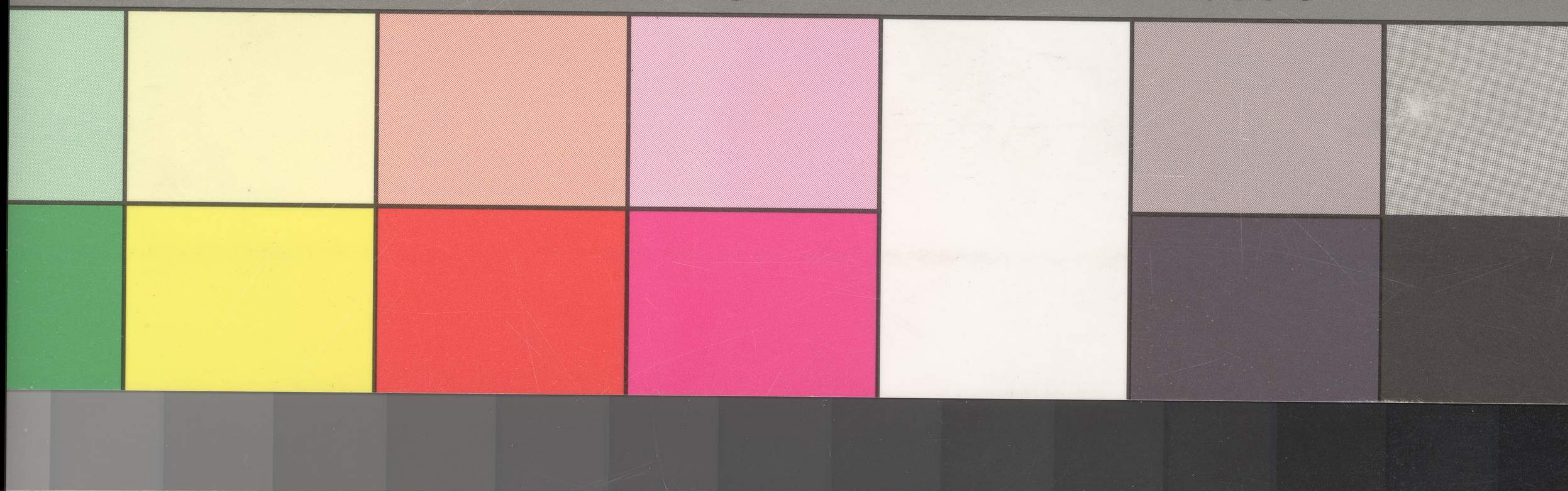
Red

Magenta

White

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Black



## VI.—A KANZAS ELECTION.

LEAVENWORTH, K. T., Oct. 6, 1856.

I have come over to see the election. The road from Lawrence runs thirty-three miles through the most beautiful region of Kansas, the Delaware Reserve. It is mostly well wooded, and all the soil is luxuriant. There are only a few Indian cabins on the way, but some points of the road have a sad celebrity. In the hospital, at Lawrence, I saw two men recovering from terrible wounds in the head, inflicted, not by P. S. Brooks, M. C., but by his humbler imitators in Missouri. The case was this. Three men were riding, unarmed, from Lawrence to Leavenworth. They were captured by a small posse of the enemy, and shot in cold blood the next morning. One had his jaw terribly broken, and was left for dead. Another lay wounded and the wretches felt his pulse, as is their practice, and finding it still beating, knocked him on the head with their guns, till life seemed extinct. These were the two I saw; the third was killed; and amid those lovely woods and fields, a pile of earth and a roadside stake are his only memorial.

We passed also the spot where Mr. Hops was murdered and scalped, for a bet of a pair of boots. Now the road is comparatively safe, or what the stage-driver calls safe; "last week there was only *one* man taken off the stage, who has n't since been heard from." But I rode across with an old farmer and his boy, unmolested, though we met a few small parties of Missourians on horseback, some of them riding double, as they occasionally do.

The Free State hotels in Leavenworth are broken up. (Do n't be surprised to hear of a "Free State hotel" in regions where men distinguish between a Pro-Slavery and an Anti-Slavery *cow*.) The chief tavern at present is kept by a man named McCarty, who is building a large new brick one. He is desperately Pro-Slavery, and in conjunction with Majors and Russell, the great Government contractors, originated the late riots in the town.

Leavenworth is twice as large as Lawrence, has a fine situation on the river and fine scenery around. The landing is good, and with New England enterprise it would be destined to greatness, and by the aid of Government business it may yet attain it. But never did I see such universal drinking. There must be more than fifty liquor shops for some two thousand inhabitants; the doors of the Leavenworth Hotel are adorned with a row of whiskey casks and of barrels full of empty bottles; and the bar-room is crowded all day.

Despite this, it is said to be the quietest election-day ever known. None of the Anti-Slavery men vote, very properly declining to recognize the validity of an election under the bogus laws, and there is but one ticket running, which I send.