

Yellow

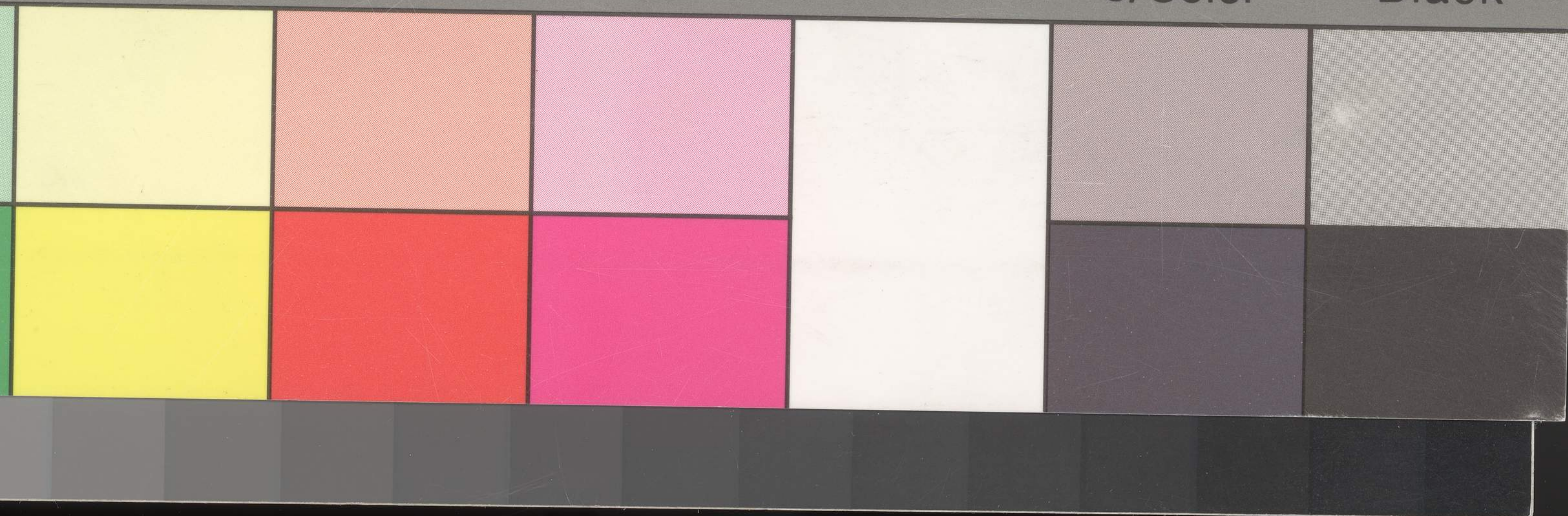
Red

Magenta

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A RIDE THROUGH KANZAS.

19

LAW AND ORDER TICKET.

For Congress.

Gen. J. W. WHITFIELD.

For Convention.

Legislature.

No Regular Nomination.

Four to be elected.

W. G. MATHIAS,
J. W. MARTIN,
MAT. WALKER,
L. F. HOLLINGSWORTH,
S. J. KOOKOGY,

A. PAYNE,
D. J. JOHNSTON,
A. R. KELLUM,
E. M. KENNEDY,
MOSES YOUNG.

There are local interests and jealousies for particular candidates, four only out of ten being eligible, but the Slavery question is not raised. The favorite candidate, Martin, is captain of the atrocious Kickapoo Rangers, and the character of the whole may be easily inferred.

As for the voting, nothing can be more free and easy. Strangers are pressed to take a share in it, as if it were something to drink. Nothing seems necessary except to hand in a ticket at a small office window, and announce one's name; no questions appeared to be asked. I was urged to do this by bystanders, in spite of my assurances that I was merely a traveller, not a resident; they assured me it made no difference. I saw the same persuasions succeed with persons who obviously did not come in for the purpose. But many openly proclaimed that as the only object of their visit, and coolly debated the most available points to throw Pro-Slavery votes, just as a knot of country merchants might debate whether to go to New York or Boston for their purchases.

Indeed, there is a delightful absence of hypocrisy in all this region. They leave all that to Eastern politicians, editors, and clergymen. There is very little dispute about the main facts of the case. Every Pro-Slavery man admits the important ones, and defends them. "The end (i. e. Slavery) justifies the means." I wish some of our beclouded and befogged Democratic brethren could sit for an hour or two on McCarty's door steps, of an evening. For instance, last night there was general applause when a leading man said, "By —, I wish the Abolitionists would just kill one or two of our men, moderate men, you know, not good for much, but just enough to let us claim them as ours — *anything to give us a handle.*" And yet the political allies of this worthy personage are every day declaring that the whole excitement is only kept up to make capital for the Fremont party.

Once the conversation began to grow rather personal. Said one man, just from Lecompton, "Tell you what, we've found out one thing, there's a preacher going about here preaching politics." "Fact?" and "is that so?" was echoed with virtuous indignation on all sides. "That's so," continued he, "and he fixes it this way; first, he has his text and preaches religion; then he drops that and pitches into politics; and then he drops that, too, and begins about the sufferin' niggers" (with ineffable contempt); "and what's more, he's here in Leavenworth now." "What's his name?" exclaimed several, eagerly. "Just what I don't know," was the sorrowful reply, "and I should n't know him if I saw him, but he's here, boys, and in a day or two there'll be some gentlemen here that know him." (N. B. At my last speech in