

A NIGHT RIDE IN KANSAS.

The following is an extract of a letter, dated Leavenworth, August 17th, from "C. W. O.," a Virginian, now in Kansas. It is a good illustration of "border fighting:"

On Friday evening, Gen. Clarke received a note from Col. Titus, requesting him to bring over as many mounted men as he could spare, to go over to assist Col. Treadwell in defending himself from an attack, which it was understood would be made on him that night. We left Col. Titus, that night with eighteen men; and, as we had not horses enough to mount them all, some had to double; but on the road we managed to mount most of the men by pressing horses into service. We continued on the road until we reached the house of Mr. Leahy, a pro-slavery man, who lives about eight miles from Leecompton, when we learned that we were too late, as Lane had attacked Treadwell's camp that day and driven him off. After resting ourselves and horses a few minutes, we started on the return, and had ridden about four miles without interruption, when it was suggested by Col. Titus, who was in command, that we should go by the house of a man by the name of Wakefield, who had figured to a considerable extent in the Kansas difficulties, and take his horses. After proceeding on the way about a quarter of a mile (Wakefield's house in full view before us, and the moon shining very brightly,) we observed about a dozen men at the house, and in a few moments we saw two mounted men start from the house in full gallop, on the road to Leecompton. The order was given to follow them, which we did in style, and as I happened to be mounted on a pretty fleet horse, with about three others, I led the pursuit, and continued to run them, occasionally firing on them, until we found ourselves slap in a party of about two hundred and fifty of the enemy, who were doubtless on their way to Leecompton, and until we had gotten up to them, had been hid from our view by a fence.

We hauled off, and joined the rest of our party, who had by that time, gotten up. We were ordered to form with a view of charging into them, but after taking a full survey of the party, it was decided best to return at once to Leecompton, and prepare for defence. By the time that decision had been come to, they commenced firing into us, and then commenced the race for life. They had more than double the number of horsemen we had, and had strung themselves all along the road for the distance of about three hundred yards, and as we passed them we received their volley which some of our men returned. Then we had it; we running from them and they after us; and for the distance of about three miles, I don't think Leecompton in his best days could have caught me. All of the party, however, were not so fortunate. When we pulled up and counted noses, we found two of our men missing and three wounded; one of them had a ball put through the calf of his leg as he was riding by my side, another had a ball through his hand, and the Colonel was slightly wounded in his finger, to say nothing of the horses shot, and hats shot off the heads of men. How any of us escaped is matter of surprise to me, and I can only account for it on the ground, that they were thrown into such consternation by our sudden appearance, that they could do nothing.