

Interesting from Kansas.

Correspondence of the New York Daily Times:

Leocompton, K. T., Saturday, Nov. 8, 1856.

After a ride of ten miles I reached this place: on my way stopped at a house on the California Road, four and a half miles from Lawrence, near the spot where the lamented Barbour fell, murdered by an officer of the Government, nearly a year ago.

The house was once the property of David Buffum, who, you may remember, was cowardly assassinated by a company of over five hundred Missourians: a few weeks since, in the presence of his Excellency Governor Geary. Near the house fell mortally wounded as brave a man as ever shouldered a rifle on the plains of Kansas: a young man, one of the earliest settlers in this Territory. I knew him well. After being shot, he crawled to the house of a neighbor, and, there with friends the brave man died, another victim to the hellish spirit of American Slavery.

During our December war he was dangerously wounded by the accidental discharge of a rifle, rendering him a cripple for life.

Mr. Buffum saw the party coming towards his house, and anticipating their object to steal his horses, he went out and caught one of them and attempted to lead him off; but a ruffian came up and commanded him to leave or he would kill him. The cripple prostrated and begged, but it was of no use; others of the party were coming towards him shouting like wolves. Mr. Buffum retreated into his corn field, followed by one of the Missourians, who shot him. He fell, the murderer came up and caught him by the throat and commanded him to tell where his rifle was or he would kill him. Buffum said he had no rifle, and that he had been killed already by him. The cowardly assassin clutched him harder at the throat, and holding a pistol at his head said, "if he did not tell where his rifle was he would blow his brains out."

The only answer was that he had none — The ruffian left him with a curse, and saying, "that he thought he was shot enough, and would die anyhow." The dying man hobbled towards Captain Thom's, a neighbor, and he was taken in, died the next morning, saying, "he was ready and willing to die; that he was not afraid to meet death." He lingered in agony for hours, and then his spirit took its flight to another world.

The Governor and Judge Cato were present and took the testimony of the dying man.

The five hundred assassins passed on, unheeding his cries for help, and escaped. — The Governor allowed them to escape without trying to bring them to Justice. They were members of the "Law-and-Order Party," and privileged from arrest. Some time afterwards, however, he offered a reward for the apprehension of the cowardly assassins and that is the end of it as far as Geary is concerned.

Slavery exists in Kansas. In this city alone there are several slaves; all of the servants at the only hotel in town are, marketable property.

The Gubernatorial mansion is presided over by one of the unfortunates, a colored woman, said to be the slave of Col. Titus. — She is hired by the Governor to superintend the woman's department, and is known "as the Governor's nigger."

In Leavenworth and other towns on the Missouri river there are several slaves. — Some are held by settlers on claims, many by the Shawnees, and others by the officers in the United States Army. The exact number is not known.

The busiest portion of the residents of this city are the rum sellers and the rascals of the Territory. Making people drunk and arresting Free-State men is the principal business.

Nearly, if not all, of the Pro-Slavery men, have their hands in Uncle Sam's deep pocket, drawing therefrom the gold to pay them for services rendered in subduing Kansas. The number of United States Marshals and Deputies in the little "Virginia" town is not known. I am acquainted with half a dozen who write U. S. Marshals after their name, and I understand there are several more. — One sees but few females here. "heaps of men," with nothing particular to do except hang around the three or four groceries, playing cards, drinking whisky, smoking, and denouncing Free-State men.

This is Court week, however, and there are many in from the surrounding country. With the aid of Col. Titus' company, who intend to leave as soon as their term of enlistment expires the Pro-Slavery Party can poll about 450 votes.

At the last election Whitfield received every ballot for "Delegate to Congress."

One paper, Pro-Slavery of course, is published here, (the Leocompton Union,) by Jones & Ferris.

The Court was adjourned until the next regular term. The balance of the prisoners are to be examined and tried before Judge Cato, of the Second Judicial District, held at Tecumseh, and commences on Monday next.

SIGMA.

Leocompton, K. T. Saturday, Nov. 9, 1856.

Eighteen of the prisoners at Leocompton were convicted of manslaughter yesterday, and sentenced to five years imprisonment at hard labor. Two received a similar sentence for contempt of Court. The others have not yet been tried, but the Court is still in session, and no one can foretell the end of the inquisition. There will be a terrible reckoning some day for such a judge, and in the annals of burning execration, Judge Leocompton will hold the first rank. In that category, he will never need to repeat the supplication of Dickens:

"— Lor! keep my memory green."

I will try to visit Leocompton in a day or two, and give you a chapter from "first view."

HIGH PRICES OF PROVISIONS IN MINNESOTA

We learn from Capt. Hillhouse, just down from Hastings, (30 miles below St. Paul,) that the river at that point closed one week ago yesterday and in consequence thereof, provisions had advanced very much. He informs us that flour was selling at Hastings at \$10 per barrel; pork \$30 per barrel; butter 50 cents per pound, and every other article in proportion, and it was thought by all that prices would be much higher during the winter. Capt. Hillhouse further informs us that the river is falling all the way down, and that they found considerable ice as far as Lake Pipin. — [Iowa State Gazette.