

Letter From Kansas.

The following letter, from a former resident of Richmond, to a gentleman in this city, has been politely placed at our disposal. The friends of the writer will be gratified to learn that the report of his having been made prisoner by the abolitionists, was premature.

LEAVENWORTH CITY, August 17, 1856.

Dear —:—I write to inform you that the war has actually commenced. I reached here last night with Gen. Clarke's family, having to fly for our lives. I will briefly relate what has occurred. In my letter to you of the 12th inst., I stated I was then in camp on Col. Titus' farm. I remained there until Thursday last, when I went over to Gen. Clarke's, at his request, to assist in guarding his family and premises. 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. Lehoj, a pro-slavery man, who lives about eight miles from Lecompton, where 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 to return, and had travelled about four miles without interruption, when it was suggested by Col. Titus, our commander, that we should go by the house of a man who had figured to a considerable extent in the Kansas difficulties. After proceeding on the way a half mile, and when in full view of this man's house, the moon shining 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 Lecompton. The order was given by our commander to follow, which we did in style, and as I happened to be mounted on a pretty fleet horse, with three others we led the pursuit, and continued to run them, occasionally firing on them until we found ourselves slap into a party of about two hundred and fifty of Lane's men, who were doubtless on their way to Lecompton, 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 this 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 Lecompton, and prepare for defence. By the time that decision was made, the enemy commenced firing into us, and then commenced the race for life, they having about one hundred horsemen more than we had, and had strung themselves guerrilla fashion all along the road for a distance of about three hundred yards, and as we passed them we received their volley, and some of our men returned it. Then we had it; we retreating and they after us, for about three miles, when we pulled up and counted noses. We found two of our men missing, and three wounded—one of them shot through the leg while riding by my side—Col. Titus shot through the hand, to say nothing of the hats shot off our heads, and the horses killed. How any of us escaped is matter of surprise to me, and I can only account for it, on the ground that the enemy were thrown in such consternation by our sudden appearance into their midst that they could do nothing. About daybreak I lay down to snatch a few moments sleep, and was enjoying tired nature's sweet restorer finely, when I was aroused by the roar of cannon in the direction of Lecompton. Two men were immediately dispatched to find out the cause, who soon returned with the report that Col. Titus' house had been attacked, and after killing and wounding several of his men, he had been forced to surrender his whole force. They then fired his house. Woodson, who had moved to his farm near Col. T.'s, was next attacked and made prisoner.

Learning that Clarke's would be the next house attacked, and that a portion of Lane's force was then on their way to his house, Clarke determined to remove his family to this place—leaving every thing at the mercy of the *Marauders*. We had barely time to beat a hasty retreat, as news came in that Lecompton was taken by 10 o'clock—as for myself every thing that I had was in Lecompton, and I am now here without a second suit to my back, in fact without even a coat at all, as I was dressed in company style—red shirt outside.

This has been written in great haste to take advantage of a runner to Kansas city. Yours truly,

CHARLES W. OTEY.

18th—Col. Titus, I have just learned, has died of his wounds.

O. W. O.