

Readers Herald of Freedom: I left Alton on Wednesday morning last, and arrived in this city at half-past ten the same night, and have domiciled myself, while I remain here, at the Briggs House, a very excellent hotel, by the way.

It is astonishing to see the vast amount of business which is transacted in the Western cities. St. Louis was so thronged with drays and merchandise it was almost impossible to pass through the streets, or even along the side-walks. The streets of Chicago are more than twice as wide, and the streets are always full of vehicles rushing through—Jehulike—to arrive at their destination. The horses in Chicago, I observe, partake of the general anxiety to hurry matters, and although attached to drays, they hurry on as if they had a great work to do, and life was too short to accomplish it in the ordinary way.

Our movement for a line of steamers on the Missouri will succeed, so far as to get the requisite number of boats from St. Louis to call at Alton, both on their upward and downward trip, and to pledge protection to persons, baggage and freight. This is all our people can desire. The people of Alton took hold of the work with alacrity, and pushed it through, so far as they were concerned, with commendable zeal. They have a fine point, and nature seems to have surrounded them with every advantage.

Besides other advantages which I have not previously noted, I observe they are but a short distance below the mouth of the Illinois river, where it connects with the Mississippi. Besides this, Heaven has shown her disposition to help them, during the last two years, by cutting a new channel for the Missouri at its mouth, by which it has approached two miles nearer Alton than formerly, and is now but three miles above the mouth of the Missouri, while St. Louis is twenty-two miles below. There is evidently an intention to favor our friends at Alton still further, as it is said there is a bend in the Missouri which brings it within one and a half miles of the Mississippi a few miles above Alton, and that nothing but low lands intervene. The immutable laws of attrition will soon cut a channel through this point, without any particular interposition of Providence in its favor. A flood like that of 1844 would no doubt succeed in bringing about so desirable a result.

I am glad to learn that our friends at Alton are alive to the importance of doing justice to the remains and memory of Rev. R. P. Lovvick. I saw the brother of the deceased in the city on yesterday, and was introduced to him by Mr. VAUGHN, of the Chicago Tribune. The brother occupies the political position of the murdered Lovvick,—is unflinching in his advocacy of the right, and succumbs to no demands of the tools of slavery. While in Alton, I read his speech made a year ago in the Legislature of Illinois, of which he was a member. It told powerfully for freedom, and has made a deep impression throughout the State.

The Chicago Tribune and the Democratic Press seem to be the leading papers here, and have a wide circulation. Having a leisure hour, I passed through the office of the Press, and found it a larger establishment than I supposed existed in the West. They have numerous power presses, and all the best of their kind, and all constantly employed. Mr. Vaughn, of the Tribune, was formerly connected with the Leader, at Cleveland, where I had the honor, several years ago, to make his acquaintance. He is a South Carolinian by birth, but he has long since become disgusted with the workings of slavery, and is laboring with might and main to prevent its extension.

I shall leave here on Saturday night for Rockford, Ill., to return here on Tuesday, and attend a meeting called for that evening. I will write again as soon as I have anything to communicate.

Very truly, G. W. BROWN.

Panorama of Kansas.

C. PRICK, of Chicago, Ill., proposes to paint a panorama of Kansas, sketching from nature her principal places of note, and have it ready for exhibition by autumn. He is the artist who painted the panorama of California, as sketched there, and which attracted so much interest wherever exhibited. We commend him and his enterprise to the favorable consideration of the public.

The Heroic vs. Non-Resistant. In this age of struggle and strife, in this land of beauty, treachery and blood, it is not wonderful that character should be rapidly developed. Men living in old, quiet communities, listening, weekly, to long and prosy sermons, on the duty of loving our enemies, and forgiving injuries, yield an easy and gentle acquiescence, and pass through life with a full belief that they are successful imitators of Christ—real or nominal non-resistants.

Gentlemen who wear kid gloves, and patent leather boots, who tread daintily on Brussels carpets, sleep on down, and sip their tea and coffee night and morning, in the midst of a group of rosy children, with an affectionate mother to watch over and educate them, are, naturally, real or nominal non-resistants. And so we might enumerate many classes of men whose interest and inclinations are so strongly for peace that they are willing to sacrifice even liberty that they may enjoy it.

But not so with the true heroic. The brave man resists the wrong wherever he finds it, and never, from timidity or fear, shrinks from the performance of a dangerous duty. Our ideal of the truly heroic may be found in George Fox and William Penn—always speaking in terms of rebuke against the follies and vices of the King and the Court—always testifying against oppression, in open and manly terms, and taking, courageously and firmly, the punishment of corrupt and wicked rulers. Martin Luther, John Calvin, and John Knox, also belong to this class of the old heroic. So do Washington, Hancock, Patrick Henry, and others of the revolution. Some resisted oppression in one way and some in another—but all conscientiously. Under the then existing circumstances, whatever conscience dictated as the most noble, self-sacrificing course, they invariably followed. When numbers warranted an armed resistance, they resorted to that. When one attempted to resist a giant wrong, he resisted only mentally, but with equal courage. While there are laws governing the moral universe, and while right must ever stand in front of those laws, and wrong as its opposite, we must not confound right and wrong with guilt and innocence. Intention constitutes innocence or guilt. But if our intention to produce happiness fails, and instead thereof we produce misery, the action is wrong, but we may not be guilty of sin, because our intention was good. The confusion of these ideas has been productive of much wrangling, dispute and animosity. Yet the distinction is as clear as sunlight. Desiring, as we do, to promote the best interests of the people of Kansas, and secure for them and their posterity the inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, we advise every one to resist the oppressor, and to resist efficiently. And if, in the discharge of this most sacred of all trusts—the protection of civil and religious liberty, and in resisting the oppressor—our own hand should, perhaps, transfer a brother man to another sphere of existence, we are innocent of crime, and do it in the fear of God and love to man. By so doing, we advance the race and honor the truth. If, on the other hand, any one feels called upon to endure and to resist, mentally and by word only, let him stand by his convictions, come what may. His resistance is an honor, also, to the race. Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God, always and everywhere.

These remarks have been called out by seeing, in the Liberator, Wm. Lloyd Garrison's paper, frequent allusions to men and things in Kansas, quite contrary to our views. How can a man, a thousand miles away from danger, surrounded by friends, in comfort and in safety, know how he would act and speak in our circumstances? Kansas produces a rapid development of the lower faculties, as well as the higher. No government, no religion, no women and children to restrain—men are not only left without these usual checks to vice, but they are aggravated by privations, hardships and wrongs. Accumulated incentives to revenge are piling up monthly, weekly, daily. While we are struggling for shelter and subsistence, we are struggling also to maintain the rights appertaining to every human being. And while we are thus struggling, who turns upon us the cold shoulder? Let the newspapers of the day answer. But we intend to go through, and we intend to triumph. We know that God and justice are on our side—and under this conviction we resist and shall resist successfully.

A party of the Kickapoo Rangers have been hanging around Lawrence the past week. They encamped in the woods across the river, from the city. The heavy rains gave them such a thorough drenching, that they were right glad to ramose the ranches. Their purpose, no doubt, was to commit petty outrages upon isolated citizens. A strict watch was kept upon all their movements.

Read the communication of Mr. H. S. CLARK, in to-day's paper, of the Octagon and Vegetarian Companies.

The Character of Our Struggles. "Truth crushed to earth will rise again, The eternal years of God are hers; While error, wounded, writhes in pain, And dies amidst her worshippers." The Senate and Executive of the United States, taking their cue from David Atchison and the Border Ruffians, have commenced the process of crushing out freedom in Kansas. Liberty is under foot, the tyrant is on her neck. Human rights are a hissing and a by-word. The right of self-government is ignored. The slave power is triumphant. We are like the Poles crushed by Russia, or like Hungary ground down by the Austrian despot.

Slaveholding minions are here with their dogs of war, hunting down our peaceable citizens. Men who have committed no offences are put under arrest by an ignorant usurper, called "deputy sheriff." This fellow, who can scarcely read a writ, drags our unsuspecting citizens from their homes, and taking them to a distant town, finds no court or judge, himself requires them to give bonds of \$500 to appear at some future time for a trial. These men consider themselves the same as condemned, whenever their names are mentioned in a writ. The slave power is one and indivisible. To be accused is to be condemned; to be arrested is to be punished. So well do our people understand this, that many of our enterprising men leave the State rather than fall into the hands of this slaveholding inquisition. When the sheriff was recently informed that a man had left the State, for whom he had a writ, he replied, that was all he wanted. If he could make them all leave, then they could make it a Slave State. We have no doubt but what all these writs, arrests and harassments are entered into now simultaneously over the State for the purpose of preventing improvement, and so far as possible, of driving out Free State men. The people of the country are astounded at this state of things—They are taken by surprise, when they see the pro-slavery party armed and equipped at every point, and ready for war. The peaceable citizens of Kansas are equally surprised. Where they expected to find countrymen and friends, they have found enemies and ruffians—Where they expected to spend their time in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture and improvements, they have been called to leave their homes, and assemble at central points of defence to save themselves from outrage and death. To them, the use of arms was an uncommon thing—Most of our young men had never fired a pistol, and few had ever contemplated the necessity of resisting by arms. Our enemy, the slave-power, on the other hand, always in a state of war, is always armed, always watchful, always ready to offer up on its bloody Molock, whatever victims are necessary to secure its triumph. So, here in Kansas, the dearest rights of American citizens have been sacrificed. The elective franchise has been stricken down; the ballot box destroyed; the sanctity of private dwellings invaded; the right to hold and bear arms denied; the right to life and liberty sacrilegiously outraged by murders and imprisonment. But, thank Heaven, there is a sequel.

Patience friends! The human heart Every where shall take our part; Every where for us shall pray; On our side are nature's laws, And God's life is in the cause That we suffer for to-day." True courage will often endure, for a time, what rashness would instantly resist with blood. Coolness, in the midst of danger, firmness when assailed, and forbearance, when insulted, have so far characterized our party in Kansas. With but one exception, the firing upon Jones, we have done no indiscretion or hasty act. We do not know who did that, but we presume it was some one whose rashness had overcome his patience. We do not wish for even the beginning of strife, on our part. We dread a civil war, and shall use every means in our power to avert it; and so far as patience and endurance go, will inculcate them till they cease to be virtues. At present, we see that we must suffer yet awhile longer.—We do not yield, but rather strengthen our manhood by this unwavering and peaceful opposition. We not only increase our own power by this patient suffering, but we do what is equally important on the other hand—we cause slavery to throw off her mask and show her true character. The people of this country do not begin to know the enemy they have been so long cherishing in their midst. States have been so long nursing fathers, and churches nursing mothers to this giant evil, that it has outgrown and overgrown all things else; and now, in its early strength, it stalks abroad with thunder voice and earthquake tread, demanding obedience; and finding no obedience here, it selects its victim for death. Those who have been sacrificed might truly say, "We have fought a good fight, we have finished our course, we have kept the faith." And many others may also say, "We are ready to be offered and the time of our departure is at hand."—The giant power that now rules, recognizes nothing but submission. Unbending integrity must be stricken down; upright manhood must be imprisoned; love of liberty be quenched in blood, and political freedom buried in the grave.—When all this is accomplished, then will Gov. Shannon be able to make the expressive report, "Order reigns in Kansas."

The Paupers of Kansas. We estimate that the paupers of Kansas, as our amiable neighbors call us, paid to the State of Missouri, last year, for freight, goods, produce, cattle, wagons, &c., not less than one million of dollars. This year we shall pay them nearly as much more. The settlement of Kansas has kept the price of produce up to double what it has ever been before. Notwithstanding we are Missouri's best customers—having always done a cash business—have never meddled, in any manner, with her "peculiar institution"—have never, in any degree, violated her laws, or the laws of the United States, we are, nevertheless, persecuted, proscribed and vilified, as though we were the greatest villains and rogues that walked the earth unhung. It is time these things were stopped—and we intend to do what we can to stop them—not by war, but by industry. We hope our farmers will exert themselves to feed us all this year. Break prairie, plant corn, beans, potatoes, and everything that we can eat, particularly garden vegetables, in abundance. Prepare for sowing turnips in the right season, and also wheat. Winter wheat looks remarkably well this spring. Sod wheat is generally considered the safest crop that can be put in. It will do to plow for this crop as long as the grass grows. By another year, we must have plow shops to manufacture our own plows. What do our friends think of \$40 for a good breaking plow. That is the price in Westport. Heavy wagons, \$175. At these prices, we think mechanics will live. We hope everybody who has a claim will try and put in all the crops he possibly can; for mechanics will come where farmers thrive. In another year our freights will come cheaper. If we do not get an independent line of boats immediately, which will do a safe and honorable business, by another year, we will commence a railroad from Iowa to Lawrence, on this side of the Missouri river. We are bound to deal with safe, honest, honorable men—men who will not take our money one week and the next hire ruffians to assassinate us.

Paupers as we are, we are able to improve the country, build steamboats and railroads, if necessary; and do a business independent of Missouri. If she chooses to patronize a few demagogues, and join in persecutions against our citizens, she can do so; but by so doing, she drives every honorable man of Kansas from her trade.

Southern Paupers. We learn from a gentleman of the strictest integrity, who came from Kansas City a few days since, that a party of Southerners had arrived there, the day before he started, and after stopping at the American Hotel, were unable to pay their bills. The party numbered fifty, or thereabouts. Stringfellow, however, was on hand, and after canvassing awhile among his friends, was able to "raise the dirt," and so the Southern Emigrant Aid Company of paupers were relieved. Now what can you say, Messrs. Chivalry? Where are your paupers? We also learn that these men belonged to the so-much talked-of party of Alabamians, under charge of Major Buford. If they are mechanics, disposed to be civil, industrious, and really stand in need of assistance, we are not so sure but the Massachusetts paupers, of Lawrence, will give them a job! They have houses to build, streets to grade, wells to dig, tools to make, &c., &c.—enough to furnish employment to almost any number of able-bodied, well-disposed laborers.

We venture the prediction that eight of every ten of these "Southern poor men who stay in this State permanently, will, in less than one year, act heartily with the Free State party.

The Massacre of Brown. As time passes on, incidents attending the butchery of R. P. Brown, which have been kept carefully secret, begin to be developed. The whole proceeding will doubtless undergo a strict investigation before the Committee, and the horrible details be made public. Then will the demons who participated in that heinous crime be scorned and shunned by a community outraged by their presence, and sooner or later meet with that punishment which they so richly deserve. Recently the semblance of a trial was gone through with, in the case of one of the men who participated in the affair, before Chief Justice LeCompt, at Leavenworth. Three men were on the Jury who also were engaged in the massacre and were equally involved with the man whose innocence or guilt they were to pass upon. They could find no bill of indictment against him! and he was set at liberty! The deputy sheriff, who selected the Jury, was the fiend who kicked poor Brown just before he expired.—After cutting him with his hatchets and knives, they threw him into a wagon and hauled him to a grocery, ten miles distant. Here, this deputy sheriff went up to him and gave him a brutal kick.—"Don't kick me, I am dying!" faintly said the heroic martyr. "God damn you, I want to see you gasp your last before I leave you!" was the reply of this inhuman monster.

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Original Correspondence.

A Few Falsehoods Exposed. EDITOR OF HERALD OF FREEDOM.—The following letter is written for the Providence Post; but as the post-office department in Missouri sometimes swallows up the contents of the mail bags, or at least those contents do not always reach their destination, I offer it to you for publication, thinking it will thus more readily reach Providence. Yours, &c., C. R.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PROVIDENCE POST.—Sir:—In the Lowell Advertiser, of April 11th, I find a letter, said to be taken from your paper, and signed A. A. Hazard. The editor of the Advertiser says that Mr. Hazard "has been long and intimately acquainted" with "Charles Robinson," the "Governor elect," as he is now styled, of "Kansas," and further states that "the letter gives a faithful picture of the man who is now put forward as the defender of liberty and the champion of human rights." Let it be supposed that I am the person referred to by the Advertiser and Mr. Hazard, I purpose to give some reasons why some other person than myself must be the "Charles Robinson" in question.

In the first place, I never knew any such man in California as A. A. Hazard, and I cannot see how he could be "intimately acquainted" with me, and I do not know him. Mr. Hazard also says the Dr. Robinson he refers to was "a root and herb" doctor, while I belong to the regular school of Allopathy. Also, he says, his doctor practiced medicine, and he was often called upon to visit Dr. R.'s patients; while I did not practice medicine, and have no recollection of ever having seen such a man as A. A. Hazard. Not only must Dr. Hazard refer to some other man, but he has no reference to the Sacramento in which I lived, nor to the transactions in which I participated. He says "Capt. Sutter had sold off two miles square from his Mexican grant, to some thirty or forty of the wealthiest men in California. This locality received the name of Sacramento," &c. Now, the Sacramento where I lived was not within Captain Sutter's Mexican grant, but fifteen or twenty miles south of it. The boundaries of his grant were as follows: "On the north, the three peaks and latitude 38° 41' 45" north; on the east, the margins of the river De los Plumas, (Feather river); on the south, latitude 38° 49' 32" north; and on the west the river Sacramento."

"Latitude 38° 49' 32" north," according to the United States official chart of the Sacramento river, crosses said river at or very near the mouth of Feather river fifteen miles north of Sacramento. But to say nothing of the latitude, how can his grant extend below the junction of the Feather and Sacramento rivers, when they respectively form the eastern and western boundaries? Besides, Mr. Sutter published in April, 1849, in the Placer Times, a "Notice to Squatters," in which he says, "All persons are hereby cautioned not to settle, without my permission, on any land of mine in this territory." Said land is bounded as follows: "The southern boundary, as given in the notice, is latitude 38° 41' 32", while, according to Col. Fremont's official report, the land upon which Sacramento is built, lies south of 38° 35' north, making Capt. Sutter's southern boundary several miles north of the Sacramento in which I lived.

Again, he says that his Sacramento contained from three to five thousand inhabitants when his "root and herb" doctor acquaintance came into the city, while my Sacramento contained but three buildings when I reached it. Also, the land was at that time regarded as public land, and no one pretended to claim any title to it except as squatters on public land. At length, however, a few speculators, seeing that a good thing might be made of it, provided they could make it work, concluded to obtain some kind of a paper from Capt. Sutter, and set up a claim under it. Accordingly, report says, they got the Captain drunk, and obtained his signature to such paper as they wanted. Then they commenced driving the settlers from their houses, and committing all kinds of outrages upon them. The squatters answered in the courts, but the inferior courts refused to grant an appeal to the higher courts. A justice of the peace decided a land title of eleven leagues in extent; the county court confirmed the decision, and also decided that the cases should not go into any higher court. Such an outrage of course fell stillborn. Nobody regarded any such action as final, and the question remained in abeyance till some legal decision could be had.

Mr. Hazard says his doctor's band "pitched their tents on the property of others, which the owners paid from one to twenty thousand dollars for." I certainly was never connected with any such band.

"This infringement," he says, "upon the rights of others, led to their arrest, trial, condemnation and imprisonment in the 'Prison Brig,' anchored off in the river."

That, of course, does not mean me, for I was never tried nor condemned for any offence in California, but was honorably discharged from an indictment by the court, without a trial, as Dr. Hazard can ascertain by looking at the court records at Benicia.

"His speeches continued highly inflammatory. He paid no attention to the city authorities, but pursued his suicidal course."

How could a man continue his inflammatory speeches when tried, condemned and imprisoned on the "Prison Brig"? or how could he pay any attention to the city authorities? "After several months' continuation of these nightly harangues, upon the Sacramento levee, he secured fifty-six followers." How could he continue these harangues on the levee when he was anchored

off in the river, "tried and condemned"? But then he can have no reference to me, as I was only imprisoned ten weeks, and that was before a trial and condemnation." Besides, those who belonged to the squatters numbered thousands instead of fifty-six.

"They met—the fifty-six—on a lot belonging to Governor Burnett, which they had taken possession of by force of arms," &c.

"I never did anything of that kind, so this 'root doctor' must be some other person."

"Fifty-six—I counted—took the oath, brandishing their weapons in the air, and they were drilled by a non-commissioned Irish officer in the Mexican war."

"I never was in a crowd of fifty-six, or any other number, that 'took the oath' in Sacramento, and our officer had been a commissioned officer, and was not an Irishman."

"Dr. Robinson was Captain, and Malloy was Lieutenant in this case."

"I was never Captain nor any other officer in the Sacramento troubles in which I was engaged, neither was Malloy our Lieutenant."

"They were going, first, to let the prisoners out of the 'Prison Brig.'"

"Our party of fifteen—for that was all that were with me when the mob attacked us—never thought of going to the 'Prison Brig,' and I do not see how this 'root doctor' and his band could take possession, by force and arms, of Gov. Burnett's lot, and themselves take the oath, brandish their weapons, and go to the 'Prison Brig,' when they were already there, having previously been 'tried and condemned.'"

"The Mayor read the riot act to them, but they paid no attention to it."

"No Mayor ever read a riot act to me, or to any persons with whom I acted in California or elsewhere."

"Several thousands came out and formed in solid columns."

"I never heard of that before. What kind of solid columns did they form?"

"Robinson marched his men up Fourth street, and the Mayor marched his forces down Seventh street, and they met, face to face, at the corner of Fourth and Seventh streets."

"In the Sacramento where I lived, the Fourth and Seventh streets are parallel with each other, and two streets distant, and how they can intersect and make a corner, is more than my geometry can explain; or how two parties, marching up and down these streets, as described, can meet face to face, is equally a mystery. It must be that Dr. Hazard's Sacramento is not one with which I am acquainted, and his 'root doctor' can be no relation of mine."

"The Mayor ordered Robinson to lay down his arms and give himself up as prisoner."

"No Mayor ever gave any such order to me."

"Robinson made no reply, but fired one round."

"How many times must a man fire to make a 'round'?"

"The Mayor then ordered his men to fire, and they did, one round of cartridge."

"Did all the 'solid columns' fire, and did they use blank or ball cartridges? and how many rounds from the 'several thousands' would it take to kill fifteen men?"

"Robinson sat on his horse, as did the Mayor, giving orders, coolly and regularly, 'load,' 'take aim,' and 'fire.'"

"I was on no horse when I was assailed by a mob in California, neither did I give any orders whatever. It must have been the root doctor."

"By this time the action had fairly commenced."

ing, a party, with the sheriff at their head, went to Brighton and attacked a house belonging to a man by the name of Allen, who had formerly been somewhat prominent in Missouri, and went by the name of "horse Allen," and had been an Anti-Benton candidate for Governor of that State, I think. Some travelers were stopping with Allen for the night, and they were killed, and Allen's wife died during the melee. Allen himself was severely wounded, but made his escape to the river, after killing the sheriff. When all in the house were dead, the party amused themselves by shooting the dead bodies of the travelers. The assessor, being killed the day before, of course was not killed at this time—neither was any other officer, except the sheriff.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have done with your hazardous letter-writer, and will only add, if he has any reference to my course in California, or if he pretends to give an account of the disturbance in Sacramento on the 14th of August, 1850, he could not well have stated more falsehoods in the same number of words, had he studied a month for the purpose. The truth is, the squatters were acting on the defensive throughout, and I challenge Mr. Hazard or any one else to prove to the contrary. We had violated no law, but were brutally assailed while passing through the streets, as we had a perfect right to do. And the facts that I was afterwards elected to the Legislature—that both Houses passed a bill requiring the district attorney to enter a *note prosequi* in our cases—that we appeared for trial and were discharged by the court without trial—all go to show that we were not the criminals, in the estimation of the people of California, that some people seem now disposed to make us. The squatters of California are ready to compare notes, at any time, with their opponents, and will not shrink from a rigid, truthful investigation of their conduct.

The charges made by Senator Jones, the Washington Star, and other papers, of bribery, corruption, running away, &c., &c., are all false, of course, as those who know the facts can testify. And those who make these charges know them to be false; but they have nothing else to say against the Free State government of Kansas, and hence they manufacture falsehoods against our citizens. One thing is certain: If I am guilty of crime for the part I acted, then is Mr. Allen, the Atchison, Anti-Benton Missourian, still more guilty; for his opponent was killed on the spot, while mine died of cholera, several months after the collision. Also, if I was bribed on the "water lot" vote, it is a little singular that I should vote against the bill throughout. And if I was bribed on the Capital vote, that vote was in accordance with the instructions of my constituents. And if I ran away from justice, it was not till July, several months after the Legislature had adjourned, and after the Court had discharged me, there being no one to proceed against me. My vote for Col. Fremont, for Senator, was for the reason that he was not only ready to do more for us as squatters than either of the other candidates, but he was the only candidate who would take an open and decided position in favor of keeping California a Free State. Col. Fremont made no concealment of his Free State sentiments, and my vote was satisfactory to all Free State squatters who had an interview with him.

These charges preferred against me by the enemies of Freedom in Kansas, are harmless, except as they indirectly prejudice the Free State cause. Our enemies are so pure and immaculate that they notice the smallest blemish in the Free State men, and it is to prevent them from having their fine sensibilities shocked with the thought that even one humble Free State man in Kansas is not just what he should be, that this letter is written. Trusting that some people will sleep more soundly in consequence of learning the truth in regard to a very small matter, I subscribe myself, yours truly,

C. ROBINSON. LAWRENCE, April 27, 1856.

For the Herald of Freedom. The Kansas Fund.

MR. EDITOR.—I notice in the Free State an enquiry after the funds raised for protection purposes. In answer, I wish to state that the funds, as soon as they are received, are given over to the Financial Secretary of the Committee, and he enters them in a book. A strict account is kept of all receipts and expenditures, and any person interested can examine the books at any time. Receipts are forwarded by return mail for all moneys contributed, and at a proper time a statement of all the receipts and expenditures will be published. It is proper to state that the eastern papers publish accounts of money said to be raised, which has never been received. Truly yours,

C. ROBINSON.

Among the officers of the Congressional Investigating committee is Mr. JOHN UPTON, the Sergeant-at-Arms, and who, we suppose, was selected for his well known fidelity, integrity and energy of character. Mr. U