

vidual, he may at least console himself with the reflection that he has brought it upon himself.

To sum up his case briefly, I consider him a — Well, I'm not powerful in abusive language, and the individual in question will fill up the blank with any epithets which may appear to him best calculated to degrade him in the estimation of his fellow men; and then consider me personally responsible to the very fullest extent—if he be entitled to such consideration—for any exceptions which he may feel inclined to take to the tone of this somewhat hastily written letter.

As for the slur upon my recent book—*The War in Kansas*—it must speak for itself. I regard your correspondent's comments as being well calculated to assist the sale of the book at the South, and shall be particularly obliged to all Free-State correspondents who will, in this respect, "go and do likewise." 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good. I am, Sir, with respect, yours ever.

G. DOUGLAS BREWERTON.

Special Kansas Correspondent of the New-York Herald.

P. S.—My address is usually to be found at my publishers, Messrs. DEBBY & JACKSON, No. 119 Nassau-street, New-York City.

Letter from G. Douglas Brewerton—An Indignant Epistle.

We have received the following pleasant epistle from Mr. BREWERTON, in regard to a paragraph which one of our Kansas correspondents recently embodies in his letter, concerning Mr. B.'s reports of Kansas affairs. We publish it just as it stands—"Border Ruffianism" and all—because Mr. BREWERTON expresses a decided anxiety to relieve his mind in this way. We presume our correspondent will survive the bombardment and still send us prompt and reliable reports of Kansas affairs:

NEW-YORK, Friday, June 6, 1856.

To the Editor of the New-York Daily Times:

My attention has just been called to the following paragraph in the TIMES' "Kansas Correspondence," published in yesterday's issue of your paper:

"I cannot close without stating that there is one BREWERTON here, a professed reporter for the New-York Herald, whose outrageously malignant falsehoods, repeated with unflagging zeal, are doing more to keep up the excitement upon the border than any other agency within my knowledge. He is the author of that delectable book—*The History of the Kansas War*."

I have just returned from "the seat of war" in Kansas. I am the "one BREWERTON" thus pleasantly alluded to by your (to me) unknown correspondent. I cannot say that I am flattered by this allusion to so humble an individual as myself. In point of fact, I don't like it,—it is new, objectionable and disagreeable.

Permit me, furthermore, Mr. Editor, to express my surprise that so respectable a journal as the NEW-YORK DAILY TIMES should have permitted the publication of so foul a slander upon one whom they had known personally for a period of nearly three years,—who had been an old, and (as I had flattered myself, for we all have our little weaknesses,) esteemed correspondent of your sheet; and, moreover, been upon amicable, not to say friendly, terms with yourself. No, Sir, I cannot bring myself to believe that the paragraph in question could have come under the critical examination of any gentleman connected with your Editorial Department, who knows me either personally or by report, or, I am convinced that this unprovoked calumny, would never have seen the light—at least, without giving me an opportunity to exonerate myself from the sweeping charge of deliberate and intentional falsification.

In relation to the charge itself, without commenting upon the coarse vulgarity with which it is urged, and to which I defy its author to find any parallel in my own epistles, I simply plead—*not guilty*. I look upon the Kansas civil war, for such it is, with deep regret. I am no believer in fanaticism; I am a strong Union and conservative man. In what I have written of Kansas difficulties I have endeavored, "without fear, favor or affection" to speak the truth—to divide the lofty superstructure of falsehood from the narrow foundation of solid facts. I have endeavored to prove all things, but I lay no claim to infallibility. If I have ever erred it has not been my fault but the error of my informants; but this I will, in justice to myself, declare, that I do most solemnly affirm that I have never penned—either in my private correspondence, or letters for publication—one line which I did not honestly believe, and *do not now believe*, to be either true or well-founded. And for what I have thus written, "it is written," and I will hold myself responsible to man here and to our common God and Father hereafter, for my conduct in this cause. I am free to admit that I am a Pro-Slavery man, or if you prefer the term, what Free-State men call a Border Ruffian—but with all this, I am, I do assure you, utterly incapable of misrepresenting one word to serve this or any other cause. So much for myself, and now for your correspondent:

He has touched my honor—he has attacked one who never injured him—wantonly, basely in the dark—I don't know the fellow—I don't desire to know him—he is not in my way. The simple fact that he has, behind the shelter of an anonymous communication, charged me with falsehood, does not prove that I have lied. I do not desire to wage a war of words; I shall, therefore, limit myself to but few harsh expressions, but if the fellow should in the course of life's journey cross my track, and if I should discover his identity, and see fit to condescend so far as to kick or horsewhip that indi-