

FROM KANZAS. The *Transcript* publishes a letter from Rev. Mr. Nute of Lawrence, Kansas, dated August 20, which gives the particulars of the murder of another Massachusetts man. It says:

"Words are wanting to convey to you an idea of the grief and horror that chills my blood. The fiendish doings of our enemies have come so near to me and mine, as to render me incapable of writing a cool narration of the events of the last two weeks.

My brother-in-law, Mr. William Hobbs, lately from Illinois, and formerly of Somerville, Mass., was murdered yesterday near Leavenworth city. He left our house in the morning, to return to Leavenworth, having made us a visit, leaving his wife with us sick. But an hour since and the sad tidings reached us. He was shot as he was riding in, and then scalped. On the approach of a team from this direction, the murderer fled, went to Leavenworth, and exhibited with savage exultation, the scalp, exclaiming, 'I went out for the scalp of a d—d abolitionist, and I have got one.' This new victim was a quiet, kind hearted young man. He had chosen his home in Leavenworth because of his reluctance to take part in the contest. He was averse to bearing arms, and was utterly defenceless at the time. This is the third man who has gone out from under our roof during the last week, straight to his death, by the hands of these brutal hounds of slavery.

I have no heart or time for comments. I am about to start with a small volunteer company to attempt the recovery of my friend and his property. I have no scruples against borrowing a Sharp's rifle, and I pray to God to give me calmness and skill to use it effectively if we are attacked, notwithstanding the sneers of those who desire that we should be left without any protection against these butcheries.

Last night we sent a messenger to the camp of the United States dragoons near Leecompton, with a request for a detachment to escort a train of our teams over this road to Leavenworth, to bring down provisions and other goods, and *we were refused*, and told that all the United States forces in the territory are ordered to repair immediately to that headquarters of all pro-slavery ruffianism, Leecompton.

The *Springfield Republican* also publishes two letters from the same gentleman, one of which (dated Aug. 22) refers to the above melancholy event and the other to the movements of the Free State men. We make some extracts:

There is not a single sack of flour or a bushel of meal for sale in this vicinity, and we have at least 2000 men, women and children to be fed. What shall we do—what *can* we do, but to fight our way through, with the desperation of men who know themselves surrounded by merciless savages?—*This we are determined to do.* You will have the reports of bloody work before this reaches you. It may be that nothing short of a massacre of the suffering people of Kansas will arouse this nation to a sense of the inconceivable wickedness of the men who are at the head of affairs.

You may imagine the feelings with which I read the cold-blooded sneers, the diabolical sport, which is made of our sufferings in the *Boston Post*, which I have just received. Are all the feelings of humanity, is all sense of decency dead in the souls of the men who uphold this infamous administration? \* \* \* \* \*

We are having war in earnest—four fights within the last five days, in all of which the Free State men were the assailants, and the victors; four lives lost on our side, and some eight or ten badly wounded. Twice we have heard the booming cannon and rattle of muskets and rifles, and seen the flame and smoke of burning forts and cabins.—Two nights ago, and my nearest neighbor was visited by a scouting party of the enemy, and two horses stolen. Every night we bring ours, (we have two fine ones, I and the man who works for me,) close to the house, keep our Sharp's rifles in readiness, and take turns in standing guard.

One night we had four men and a sick woman with us in our little cabin. We have got to the closest place I hope, and I believe, with God's help, we shall force our way through. The fiendishness of these wretches is a tax on credulity.—Poor Hoyt went from our house but an hour or two before he was murdered.

Another man by the name of Williams, from Massachusetts, was taken that day and also shot; both bodies have been recovered. Do you wonder that our men turned out *en masse* to route that fort, and also the den of Col. Titus next day, and that some clamor to day for the hanging of this wretch Titus?

But this is horrible business, and I feel the influence that makes fierce tigers of the mildest men. When I looked on Titus, and thought of his part in the proceedings of last May, and the murders of Hoyt and Williams, I came very near joining in the cry, "Hang him on the spot." But, on second thought, I gave my voice for mercy. The wretch cowered and plead for his life, promising to leave the territory."