

# Herald of Freedom.

BY G. W. BROWN & CO.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1856.

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## Choice Poetry.

From the Lowell Daily News.  
An Item.

(The following lines were returned on the back of one of the subscription papers circulated among the operatives of a Corporation.)

Three pence a pound on tea,  
Charged by John Bull, Esquire,  
Kicked up a row in earlier days,  
And kindled freedom's fire.

In later times the self-same wrong  
Makes freeman's heart's blood boil,  
We claim the right for black or white,  
To squelch on Kansas soil.

And settling there, to make their land,  
As freemen do, by vote;  
And not have Border Rascals force,  
By threats and curses, loud and coarse,  
Their bannings down their throats.

Take then our mite, ye Kansas men,  
Our hearts are warm and true,  
And let it help the holy cause,  
Embodied now in you.

Fair girls here add from honest toil  
Their tribute for your aid—  
"Strike for the right, the right is yours,"  
Cries many a lovely maid.

"We'll share your homes, ye Yankee boys,  
When Kansas shall be free,  
And add some cord of sympathy,  
To uphold Liberty."

## Practical Information.

### A Word to Settlers in Kansas.

We apprehend that one of the greatest difficulties that settlers will have to meet with in Kansas, will be the want of buildings suitable for shelter for themselves and domestic animals. Among nearly all of the emigrants from the Eastern States, there will be found a very great want of knowledge how to build cheap houses for new settlers. Not that there is any lack of workmen who are cunning artisans, but there must be few who are skilled in the art of putting up a "balloon frame," or making a comfortable house out of logs, poles and split stuff, a hundred miles beyond the last saw-mill. To such, and in fact to all new settlers in an uncultivated country, we can probably offer some useful hints.

First, with regard to selecting a locality for building. As a general rule, a building site on the prairie, or among scattering trees, will be found the most healthy. On account of health, always avoid sheltered nooks, where the woods are dense; and above all, keep away from the banks of all water-courses. Never build in a hollow, because it is near a spring; and be careful not to choose the south side of a grove, unless you know there is no swampy land near on the south, since the miasma will be blown up by a south wind, and will bank up against the grove, giving you a wet blanket every morning, at a season of the year when you are most likely to contract the universal malady of all new countries—the fever and ague.

Next, as to water. The best water is not that that looks the most pure, or is the most cool and palatable, as is the case with nearly all the limestone springs, streams and wells of the Western country. The sweetest, healthiest, safest water for all new settlers, comes from the clouds; therefore, let one of your first cares be to provide materials for a cistern, to be put in use the moment you get a roof. Wherever the ground is compact and hard, as it is in all clay lands, the way to make a cistern is to excavate a hole and plaster the cement immediately upon the earth. Don't use over one bushel of cement to four of sand, which should be coarse and sharp. A cistern is cheaper and better than a hard-water well. The water is more wholesome, and decidedly more pleasant on washing days.

We now come to the log-cabin. There is no more comfortable house for a family than a log-cabin, though space is sometimes so limited as to make the inhabitants acquainted with strange bed-fellows. We have known a family of sixteen persons, however, find room enough to live very comfortably in a log-cabin sixteen feet square, but we do not recommend stowing quite so close, particularly in places where it will be necessary to take in occasional lodgers. On building a cabin, if you can get some flat stones to lay under the foundation log, it will save trouble in after years. Unless you have stones, the lower log should be a large one, of durable wood. Lay the floor sleepers high from the ground, so as to give a free circulation of air under the floor through the summer, but be careful to bank up all round two or three feet high before winter. Block the sleepers in the center, so there will be no spring to them when the floor is laid, which, if made of puncheons, should be put down before the walls are raised. A puncheon floor is made by splitting straight-grained logs into halves or quarters, and hewing one side and splicing them down upon the sleepers. The edges are hewn straight, so as not to leave any cracks big enough to put your foot in. Such floors are a little rough, but very solid and durable.

The logs for the wall should be cut as nearly of a size as possible, eight or ten inches in diameter. In raising, be careful to put all the heaviest logs nearest the ground, as the lightest ones will go up hard enough. Be sure to get the walls eight feet high before you put on the upper floor. In carrying up the gable ends, some care must be used to have the logs all the way of a size, and both gables made to match, so that the ribs which

support the "shakes," or clapboards, will be level. These shakes are like thin staves, three or four feet long, split out of free rift timber, generally white oak, held in place on the roof by weight poles. Although they make a rough looking roof, it is a good one to shed water. It is not quite so good for keeping out a fine, drifting snow, and we have seen the beds of a morning with an extra sheet of indisputable whiteness.

In laying up the walls of a log cabin, experienced hands should be employed, if possible, as corner-men. If that is not practicable, observe the following rules: Firstly, cut "saddles" upon each end of the sills; that is, bring a space into the form of a peaked roof, and then roll on the end logs and spot one side and let it rest on the saddle. Now a man stands upon each end and cuts a notch about half through, as though he was going to cut off the end, and then the log is turned down, and these notches fitted firmly on the saddles, and then the upper side of that log is saddled for the next side-log, and so on, taking care not to cut so deep that the logs will touch, nor so shallow that the cracks will be too wide, as it will then be difficult to fill them up in the orthodox manner with "chinking and daubing." Be careful to carry up the corners plumb, and that your building is square and level, and that it fronts something or somewhere. You need not pay any attention while raising it to places for doors and windows, as you can cut out the upper log with an axe and the others with a cross-cut saw whenever you wish, after the roof is on. So you can saw down the corners ship-shape, or you may butt off the logs as you lay them up. We would never build a cabin over eighteen feet square, and never but one story high. Unless in unusually dry soil, never dig a cellar under your cabin. Let that useful room be made above ground, or under some other building.

Making a fire-place without brick, mortar or stone is what puzzles emigrants most. It is, however, a very easy operation. It is done in two ways—by packing moist earth in a form made of boards the shape of the intended fire-place, upon which is laid a wooden mantle, and sticks like coarse lath, cob-house fashion, which are plastered with clay mortar; or else by mixing a stiff mortar and forming that into "cats"—that is, lumps about the size and shape of a cat's body, which are piled up with sticks from the ground to the top, and suffered to dry into one great adobe, forming the fire-place and chimney. Built either way, such a chimney lasts a good number of years. Though a little unsightly, it is best to build it on the outside of the house, as it saves room, and is more safe from fire. If badly built, or the clay suffered to drop off of the sticks, the chimney sometimes takes fire, without danger to the house.

The inside of a log cabin is often hewed down so as to make a tolerably straight wall. This can be done by one day's work after the building is raised. If peeled logs, such as hickory, poplar, or basswood can be obtained, they make much the neatest house, outside and in. The chinking is done by driving split-stuff, like flat rails, into the cracks. Then, on the outside, take well-mixed clay mortar, a handful at a time, and throw it forcibly into the cracks, so as to fill out the cavity nearly flush, when it should be smoothed off with a trowel. Go over this when you bank up for winter, and fill up all the cracks, and you will have a warm house, unless your windows and doors are out of order.

One of the most common faults among all new country settlers is a neglect to provide comfortable winter shelter for the poor dumb beasts confided to their care. Stables can be made warm and very comfortable in the same way as the house, and excellent winter shelter can be provided in a prairie country for large herds for a trifling expense, in the following manner: Take common fence rails and lay them up about a foot apart, by using cross-ties, until you get a wall six feet high, and as long as you desire, by extending course after course in the same way. Then fill this wall with sods, manure, or fine brush or weeds—anything that cattle will not eat out—and lay rails from the top to a pole resting upon posts at a proper distance.

Next cover these rails with brush, or, if that is not convenient, with straw or very coarse grass, and stack the hay on top for winter use. This is not an expensive mode of fencing a stock, and if the sheds are made to face the south, and in some well protected spot, the cattle will be very well sheltered from many a cold winter storm. As the hay is fed off, the waste of the yard may be pitched up daily, so as still to form a tolerable shelter after the stacks are consumed. By adopting this course, immense herds of bullocks and large flocks of sheep may be taken charge of at once by Kansas settlers, and that they will find by experience the most profitable business they can enter upon. It is a business, too, that can be commenced with moderate capital, and what is more important, with few hired laborers. In good locations for stock, if the emigrant makes early arrangements this summer, he may winter a goodly herd, and be in a fair way to make money next year, much faster and easier than the man who devotes his energies to raising grain.—N. Y. Tribune.

Children tell in the street what they hear in the house.

### Saw-Mills and Liberty.

The facts which we have published in the Advertiser of Saturday and Monday on the number and character of the present inhabitants of Kansas, and emigration now entering that Territory, sufficiently explain how it is that intelligent lovers of Freedom there make "Saw-mills and Liberty" a sort of confession of faith. Where a saw-mill is planted there grows up a town. Where a town grows up, made out of the great north western emigration, it is a Free State town. It converts all settlers to the Free State doctrine, by that irresistible logic which asks, "Will you have your claims worth what land is worth in Iowa, or shall they sell for ninepence an acre, as in Missouri?"

If Kansas is to have 150,000 people next summer, as her true friends desire, and she may if those who go there stay there—she must have the means of making homes, though they be shanties, for these 150 thousand people. The experience of a year has proved that the economist's fancied law of "supply and demand" will not furnish fast enough the mills which must make their homes. So little is this to be relied upon, that at this very moment, with their immense crop of corn harvested, the settlers have not one grist mill to grind it.

Kansas appeals, therefore, to her real friends, to furnish homes for her new people, by furnishing saw-mills. It is thus that she cries, "Saw-mills and Liberty." We could wish that any suggestions of ours might give further extension to this cry.

We could wish that some of our enterprising machinists—the Taunton, Lowell, Lawrence, Worcester and Bridgewater men, who read these lines, would be tempted as individuals, to try the investment, which is so simply made in Kansas, and to send thither a steam engine, with saws attached, in the charge of some of their able young coadjutors. Such an engine would not only yield an annual rent of some 30 or 40 per cent., but be an asset for freedom such as no man in Massachusetts is. We have the public statement of Mr. Eli Thayer, whose genius and energy have stayered the enterprise which has saved Kansas, "that there is not the public man in Massachusetts worth so much to the cause of freedom, as one fifty-horse steam-engine in Kansas is." We cannot conceive a feeling of pride more honorable than such a manufacturer of machinery would have, when he found thriving towns and villages growing up in the prairie where he had placed his mills—bearing down to all time his name as one of those who acted while others talked, in making Kansas free.

Such investments, however, do not rush into Kansas. But Kansas cannot wait, and therefore it is that the only apparent resource for furnishing houses to the men and women now moving there, is in the operations of the Emigrant Aid Company. We should be very glad to create private rivals to the enterprise of this Company. It is a cause in which the more rivals the better. Meanwhile, let the reader of these words remember that if he have a dollar to give for the future freedom of the Western Valleys, now is the time, and Kansas is the place for it. Five thousand dollars placed in a large steam saw-mill, and builds a town. Around that town, within eighteen months, will be a population of near five thousand people. This is the temptation offered when Kansas appeals for mills to make houses for her pioneers.—Boston Ez.

### Route to Kansas.

The *Alton Courier* gives an extended account of an interview with the Committee who have come on from Kansas with a view of establishing a line of steamers from that city up the Missouri—thus avoiding Border Ruffianism as much as practicable. Alton, as a terminus for a line of packets to Kansas, possesses advantages second to no other point, from the fact it is only three miles from the mouth of the Missouri River, while St. Louis is twenty miles below. Alton is the terminus of two railroads, having direct communication with the East. It is the head of navigation for New Orleans boats, and is accessible at all times by water when St. Louis is. It is one of the best markets for pine lumber on the Mississippi River, and its whole sale business in all other articles necessary for supplying a new country is already large, and daily increasing. Steamers can be run from Alton to Kansas cheaper than from St. Louis, as coal can be had at one half its cost in St. Louis. Emigrants coming by the Ohio River could contract through to Alton without extra charge, and on their arrival there would find temporary accommodations for themselves, their stock and other movables, at much less rates than at St. Louis. A public meeting was held on the 9th, at which the whole subject was elaborately discussed. The project finds much favor in Alton, and we see no reason why it may not succeed.

Two members of the committee are now in this city, and will consult with our business men, and others, in relation to the matter. The movement should meet with encouragement from those who feel an interest in peopling Kansas with freemen, instead of slavery's slaves.—Chicago Democrat.

He that dares does sometimes be wicked for his own advantage, will always be so if his interest requires it.

## The Commercial Question.

### Steamers between Alton and Kansas.

The following article from Mr. Brown, we clip from the columns of the Chicago Democratic Press, of the 19th inst. It shows that he is busy in pushing forward the work our citizens have undertaken with so much unanimity:

CHICAGO, Ill., April 18, 1856.

Editors of the Democratic Press:—I observed a leading editorial in your Daily a few days ago, in which you seemed to discourage the movement of the people of Kansas to establish a public communication direct between that Territory and the Free States. You claim that such a line, if established from Alton to Kansas City, Mo., or Leavenworth, in Kansas, would be subject to petty annoyance along the river, and that more actual injury would result from such a movement than benefit.

I am satisfied that you could not have given full consideration to the subject, or you may not have fully understood the project. It is not expected that a line wholly independent shall be established. The most we desire is to induce steamers Kansas-bound to touch at Alton, both on their upward and downward trips, and to receive on board and discharge at this point passengers and freight.

Alton is but three miles from the mouth of the Missouri River, while St. Louis is about twenty-two miles below. Every passenger and every pound of freight making its way to Kansas from the Northern States, which passes up the Missouri River, now passes down to St. Louis, directly off from the direct line of travel, to the great sacrifice of time and money. If boats would get in a habit of calling at Alton, or if a few boats would do so, the time would be but brief when every steamer on the Missouri river would do so, unless it was fully laden at St. Louis.

Commerce goes where it can do the best; and persons engaged in the carrying trade—observing of this law—pass from the river to another, as inducements are held out for money making. If better rates are paid on the Missouri river for freights than on the Ohio, and the prospects are favorable for making more money in a given time, we find a transfer of steamers from the Ohio or Mississippi to the Missouri, and vice versa. The steamers on the Missouri are capable of carrying from three hundred to seven hundred tons of goods each trip. There are thirty steamers plying regularly on the Missouri. These make one trip each two weeks, or about seventeen trips per year. Allowing they average five hundred tons a trip, then there is 255,000 tons of goods annually shipped up the Missouri. In consequence of the heavy Western emigration for the last two years, during which it is estimated 70,000 persons have passed up that river to Western Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas, and the very large amount of goods passing thro' the same channel, the price of freight has been greatly increased. In many instances it has equalled \$2 per hundred pounds; and seldom, or never, has been below fifty cents per hundred pounds.—Taking \$1 as the average cost per hundred, and \$11 as the average cost of passengers, then we find the receipts to the thirty Missouri steamers during the last two years, to equal \$10,970,000, a little more than one-third of a million of dollars to each steamer.

When we take into account the very heavy immigration during the last two years from the Northern States to Kansas, it is but reasonable to suppose that two-thirds of the entire amount has been drawn from the pockets of Northern men. This enormous patronage ought to have secured to our people and their property immunity from injury while on shipboard. Instead of this being the case, the facts show innumerable outrages both to passengers and goods, while on the Missouri, and these cases continue to increase in number and enormity, until it is felt there is no security to persons and property on that river.

We, of Kansas, have considered the project of an overland emigration thro' Iowa; but we find it wholly impracticable for the vast amount of emigration now setting Kansasward; and this must be the case until the capital and energy of Chicago shall push on her lines of railroads and bind the people of Kansas to those of your State by connecting links of iron.

Our inquiry, then, is, how can we best secure a free and uninterrupted transit up the Missouri? Is it not by only patronizing the steamers on that river which shall give us protection while on the passage, and will secure our goods "from unjust searches and seizures?" This agreed to, and with the heavy amount of business now being done with the North, is it asking too much that those steamers should visit Alton to receive us and our freight on board?

The idea of annoyance along the river may seem probable at first; but when we remember that the Missouri is the property of the nation, and that the Federal Government is bound to protect vessels in its free navigation, I think we have nothing to apprehend. Besides this, it is designed that regular St. Louis steamers shall be employed, and that they shall partly land in St. Louis, and then pass on to Alton for the balance of their lading. Pro-slavery owners of steamers will en-

gage as readily and cheerfully in this arrangement as any other, and when it is seen that there is money in the movement they will engage in a competition to see which can hold out the best inducements to secure this trade. I am happy to state that one steamer, whose officers and crew are pro-slavery, has volunteered its services in this capacity, and the captain pledges full immunity from injury to passengers and freight on board. Others will do the same thing as soon as they are solicited to do so. Your correspondent is sanguine that but a few weeks at farthest, and probably but a few days will elapse until the movement is fully inaugurated. The people of Alton have appointed a committee to act in conjunction with the Kansas committee on this subject. The Kansas committee are now stopping at the Briggs House in this city to enlist the sympathies of the people in favor of the enterprise, and would be glad to have an interview with your leading men on the subject.

Very truly yours,

G. W. BROWN.

## The Pro-Slavery Side.

### What the Border Press Say.

Having given what is universally conceded to be a correct statement of our recent trouble, we herewith lay before our readers several extracts from different journals of the pro-slavery class, published in Missouri and Kansas.

The Border Times, published at Westport, Mo., issued an extra the next morning after Jones was shot, in which the most incendiary language was used. It received the news through a letter sent by Gen. WHITFIELD, who was in Lawrence at the time, to Col. BOONE, of that place. It is, perhaps, well enough to remark, that the Missourians were anticipating a fuss in Lawrence. They knew what was going to take place long before the event occurred, and consequently the blood and thunder tone of their public papers was only intended to produce an outside impression that they were really excited to an alarming pitch. We copy the following from the Times of the 26th:

FROM LAWRENCE—SHERIFF JONES ASSASSINATED!—Through the politeness of Col. Boone, we have been furnished with the following letter from General Whitfield:

LAWRENCE, April 23, '56,

11 o'clock, P. M.  
DEAR COL.:—We are here with the Committee. Sheriff Jones, with a small party of U. S. Dragoons, made some arrests here this evening, and while guarding the prisoners, some cowardly assassin shot him in the back. This occurred only a few moments ago. The physicians think him very dangerously wounded. Send his wife to see him right off.

Who are the ruffians now? Who are the inoffensive, peaceable citizens of Lawrence? The treacherous midnight assassins should be made to pay dearly for this base and cowardly act.

The news from Lawrence, as will be seen from the above, is of a startling character. Sheriff Jones! of Douglas County, K. T., whilst in the discharge of his duty, and in the tent of a U. S. officer, has been basely assassinated! How long shall the South be trampled upon by these Northern traitors? How long will President Pierce permit the bungling diplomacy and "masterly inactivity" of Gov. Shannon to weigh upon Southern interests and endanger the Union? Is there no redress? Or must the South quietly yield her dearest rights?

But one course remains, the South must protect herself. She is able. We counsel no violence. The watchword should be "Beecher's Bibles!"

"Save me from my friends!" Gov. Shannon can now exclaim. The same paper also publishes a long "statement of facts," authenticated by Messrs. Matthias, Yates, and Bellah, pro-slavery gentlemen who were in Lawrence at the time. It is, in the main, correct, tho' in some of its details there is a wide deviation from truth. We shall not stop to point out or correct these misstatements. The intelligent reader will, at a glance, perceive the discrepancies between their account and those published by us.

The following paragraphs, selected from their statement, will be sufficient to make clear what we have said:

"After these arrests were made, prisoners were lodged or quartered in a small house near the river bank, where Lieut. McIntosh's command were encamped, and a guard placed around the house. During the afternoon, and the early part of the night, groups of persons were standing about on the streets near where the prisoners were lodged, talking in a boisterous and threatening manner, insulting all those who were connected with the Committee of Investigation, which was then in session, in pursuance of a resolution passed by the House of Representatives of the United States, who appeared on the side of the

pro-slavery party; and after all things became quiet, and almost all had retired, Sheriff Jones, who was quartered in a tent of the U. S. Government, with Lieut. McIntosh, were attacked by midnight assassins, who fired at them whilst they were drawing water from a barrel outside the tent. Lieut. McIntosh immediately exerted all diligence to discover the assassins, but in vain. About 10 or 20 minutes afterwards, Sheriff Jones and several other gentlemen were quietly sitting in the tent of Lieut. McIntosh, when a report of a pistol was heard, and Jones fell to the ground, having been shot from the rear of the tent. The ball entered his back at the upper part of the spine, which produced a very dangerous wound. He is yet alive, but in a critical condition.

Thus the Territorial laws have not only been disregarded, the officers resisted, but the U. S. Government troops have been attacked by those free state outlaws, whilst quietly encamped for the night.

During the remainder of the night the excitement ran high amongst those who were stirring about but no further violence was offered. However, in the morning, threats of violence were made by many of the citizens, and many of them were heard to regret that the assassination had not already proved fatal, and it became dangerous for any one of Jones' friends or Gen. Whitfield's attaches to remain longer in Lawrence, and besides, the witnesses on the part of Gen. Whitfield and in behalf of the territorial Government, whilst on the street were insulted and intimidated, so that it was rendered impossible to have a full and fair statement of facts on the side of law and order.

True, there were some of the Free State party who expressed deep sorrow and disclaimed any knowledge of whom the assassins might be, and consequently they are yet running at large. The Free State party held a public meeting this morning, as we understood, to pass some resolutions condemning the villainous and cowardly act; and, although a reward of five hundred dollars was offered for the apprehension of the assassin, still, Gov. Robinson declared in a speech at the meeting, that he believed this, like the affair of last November, was gotten up for an excuse to demolish the town of Lawrence. But little sympathy is felt by the multitude for the dying man."

The Kansas City Enterprise, after giving the news from Lawrence, says:

Thus has the wild fanaticism of such men as Beecher and his allies, and the wicked schemes of such designing men as Reeder, and his abettors, borne their legitimate fruit. An officer of the Territory bearing the process of the Territorial Courts, issued by the Judges appointed by the President, and confirmed by the Senate, foully murdered, while in the discharge of his sworn duty under the law. Where are these things to end?

We forbear comment upon this transaction, until we learn further particulars. The feeling among our people is deep and strong, but silent. Each man speaks to his neighbor in subdued tones, and every one seems to know and feel that the crisis has come. There is no violence manifested—no threats. The people of Missouri have given their pledge that the authorities of the Territory shall be left to settle all difficulties, and they were never known to break their pledged honor. Jones has troops of warm and devoted friends among his old associates in Missouri—his noble qualities of heart have endeared him to all who made his acquaintance. They will bide their time—out the blood of Jones will not soon be forgotten.

It is fortunate that the Committee of Congress is present in the Territory at this juncture. No more triumphant vindication of the character of the people of Missouri could have been presented to them—they can now see who it is that is ready to sacrifice life and resist the law in their miserable madness, and fanatical hatred.

That "it is fortunate that the Committee of Congress is present at this juncture," we certainly agree in saying with the Enterprise. If the committee had not been present, there would have been no attempt to make arrests. You set a trap to catch the Free State men, but have fallen into it yourselves. But the following "still later" news, which the same enterprising journal gives, is assuredly very late news not only to outsiders but to the Committee itself:

"We learn from a gentleman just from Lawrence, that Jones was not expected to live from one hour to another."

"He also informs us that Jones was acting under the authority of the Investigating Committee, sent out by Congress. Wood had imbezzled some important papers connected with the Border case, and refused to appear before the committee. An attachment was issued and placed in Jones' hands, who with a Detachment of Dragoons made the arrest, and it was while in the Dragoon tent he was shot."

"Thus it will be seen that it makes no difference whether it is the Territorial authorities or the General Government these fanatics are determined to resist all

And the next paragraph, considering the source from which it comes, is so unusually candid that we publish it in order to give the Enterprise some credit for fairness:

"A large meeting was held in Lawrence Thursday night, which denounced the assassination of Jones, and pledged every effort to bring the murder or to justice. This meeting embraced a large number of the Free State party, and all the best citizens of the town."

The Independence Messenger gives as correct an account of the occurrences, no doubt, as it could get hold of. We copy the closing paragraphs of its article.

"Gov. Shannon, it is said, is determined to have the laws executed, and has full power from the President, to use a sufficient number of the regular troops to effect that object."

"Excitement is running high in the Territory. Bodies of armed men are arriving daily from both the North and the South, and unless the Governor exercises firmness, a general collision will ensue, the end of which will be disastrous, let it terminate as it may."

And now we turn to the Lecompton Union Extra, a document emanating from Lecompton, the Territorial capital. We suggest that the writer turn his attention to tragedy writing—he has, evidently, talents for becoming distinguished in that line:

"Oh, murder most foul!—cold-blooded assassination, blacker than hell! A public officer in discharge of his official duties to be shot down in cold blood.—An assassination under the cover of night. A heartless, soulless, dark-hearted murder! Who is the scoundrel? Who are the originators? Where lies the origin of this affair? Who? Where? Answer! thunders every just voice. Tell us! demands every justice-loving, conservative citizen of America! Speak and their lives, their all, upon the stake of revenge. Listen—I speak—others speak—all speak—we will discover to the world this outrage—this clan of assassins—this sworn secret organization, against law, against order, against the true pillar of our government, against every code of moral principle, against the interests, the lives of our law-abiding citizens. Hear us, all, and let the news be spread to the world. This midnight lurking devil is not the man, his companions in crime are not the men, they are only accessories, the tools, the hired barbarians of darker employers. They are to do the work of crime, plotted by their chiefs. Their names are to go forth to the world, whilst behind the veil of secrecy are concealed the names of the great principals in this tragedy.—But hoist the curtain, slip the scenes and Andrew H. Reeder, Charles H. Robinson, J. H. Lane and S. N. Woods are discovered to the world. These are the men that the country must hold accountable for our difficulties. These are the men who have engaged hired hands to excite civil war in our midst—to shoot our citizens. These are the men who wish to establish independent governments—to place an indelible stain upon Republic America, to jeopardize our best interests, even at the sacrifice of human blood. How long shall we stand this? Is an appeal needed? Will the people not discharge their duty? Methinks I hear a low murmur beginning in the West, waxing louder and louder, till the South, the East and North, join with one universal cry of treason! TREASON!! TREASON!! We date our difficulties from their arrival here. Officers could serve writs before. All obeyed the laws before their foul tread polluted the soil of Kansas. Never, until the present time—never, until the coming of these men with their hordes of murderers, had we such a state of things. No one had ever before, by public declamation, excited to rebellion an unprincipled populace. Never had they been told before to disregard and resist, even unto death, our laws.

"These and innumerable other treasonable acts stand registered upon the book of crime, against these men. Let it go forth to the world and never cease sounding till they have received their dues. Our laws demand it. Justice cries for it. The ghost of poor murdered Jones shrieks from the earth in heart-rending tones for it."

If the ghost of Lindley Murray doesn't haunt the illiterate squint who got off the above, our belief in hobgoblins will be seriously shaken. Such a mess of nonsensical nonsense we have never before seen in the columns of a newspaper, and hope, for the credit of the craft, we never shall again. If this is a sample of the language the gossamer editor of the Lecompton Union is to employ in speaking of small matters, what are we to expect from him on great occasions? Verily, he will be choked with the thick-coming anathemas, and "oaves in," from sheer exhaustion.

The Squatter Sovereign, Leavenworth Herald, and a thumb paper printed at Kickapoo, have not resorted to since the occurrence of the Jones affair. If they contain anything rich, we shall give them the benefit of inside columns.



# The Herald of Freedom.

G. W. BROWN, Editor,  
J. H. GREENE, Associate Editor.

Lawrence, Saturday, May 3, 1856.

TERMS:  
\$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

FOR PRESIDENT,  
JOHN C. FREMONT,

SUBJECT TO THE DECISION OF THE NATIONAL  
REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

Editorial Correspondence.  
BRIGGS HOUSE, CHICAGO, ILL.,  
April 18, 1856.

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. Jehu-like—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. Lovejoy. 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 Lovejoy,—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.

Portrait of Kansas.

O. 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 dear 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 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. This 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 side.

**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 Alabama, 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 hellish 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 fellow who kicked poor Brown just before he expired. After cutting him with their 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 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 felt 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, while 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 Maloney was Lieutenant in this case." I was neither Captain nor any other officer in the Sacramento troubles in which I was engaged, neither was Maloney 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 thousand 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." "It lasted about twenty or thirty minutes, or until their leaders were both killed or wounded, and the rest routed."

From what has gone before, the Mayor was one of the leaders and Robinson the other—and which was killed? Not the Mayor, for he died of the cholera some time after, and surely it could not have been me, for the Border Ruffians will swear that I am not dead yet. It must have been the "root doctor." The mob that assailed me in Sacramento did not fight two minutes; consequently it could not have been the same battle that Dr. H. describes.

"The Mayor stood and took about forty shots, seven or eight taking effect, one of which passed through his body; but he died of the cholera, induced by his long sufferings from his wounds."

Those fifteen squatters, if it was the party I was with, must have been skillful fighters to have given the Mayor forty shots, while the "several thousands" in "solid columns" were killing one man. No wonder the Mayor died of the cholera, with seven or eight bullet-holes in his body!

"Robinson was shot, to all external appearances, directly through the heart." "Four of us carried him to the banks of the Sacramento, with a party of well-armed men, to keep off the excited populace, who were crying, 'Let us hang him on the first tree!'"

I was not carried to the banks of the Sacramento, but of the American river, and the armed men were to prevent my rescue, and not to prevent me from being hung. If Dr. Hazard was one of my bearers I never knew it before, and will tender him my acknowledgments, although I thought, at the time, the way I was handled, was enough to make a dead man groan.

"The remainder fled, but rallied again at Brighton, six miles up the river, where the city authorities pursued them, and had another engagement with them. Here several more were killed on both sides—among them were the sheriff and other officers of the government. The city assessor fell by my side, and died in about ten minutes."

The assault upon the squatters in Sacramento, when I made one of the party assailed, was on the 14th of August. The city assessor was killed that day in the city. The squatters, fifteen in number, remained until all opposition disappeared, when they quietly went to their several houses. Some were afterwards arrested and confined, but none went to Brighton. The next day, in the even-

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-writing, 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







