

THE OUTRAGE AT LAWRENCE, IN KANSAS.

The following Letter from the Camp of the Marshal's posse, and written by the correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, gives some particulars of the destruction of the town of Lawrence, in Kansas, which were not contained in the statement heretofore published in this journal:

IN CAMP ON THE WAKARUSA,

Nine o'clock, May 23, 1856.

You will have heard rumors of the movements of the United States Marshal and forces, and will be surprised that I have not posted your readers better. That they were not better posted is explained by the fact that I am captain of one of the companies under the Marshal, and have made forced marches and been on picket duty, as well as having charge of the camp; and for these reasons it will be easy to explain any apparent neglect. For five days and nights I have scarcely slept an hour at a time; indeed, at this moment it is very hard to keep from going to sleep.

You will see by the manner in which the Abolitionists gave up their guns and ran away how much good their Sharpe's rifles do them. They waited until we were almost persuaded to believe that they would fight. Every means, honorable and dishonorable, was resorted to by them to make the impression that they were stronger than they really were. A letter was placed so as to be found by us, stating that the forces in Lawrence amounted to 2,760 men, and that they were strong enough to resist for four months. This letter was directed to Robinson.

The forces received orders on the evening of Tuesday, the 21st instant, to be in readiness to march at daylight and occupy the heights near Lawrence, which are a branch of what is called the "Back-bone."

The troops were divided into two divisions; those encamped above Lawrence, in and around Lecompton, were the upper division, and those encamped in and around Franklin the lower. Col. Buford temporarily commanded the latter. Col. T. Titus, late of Florida and now of Lecompton, had charge of the cavalry, amounting to at least two hundred men, mounted on fine horses, while the U. S. Marshal controlled the whole. Dr J. H. Stringfellow acted as a colonel of a regiment. Among the cavalry I noticed Gen. G. W. Clark's company, the Doniphan Tigers, and the Kickapoo Rangers. It was regretted on all sides that Capt. Martin, of the latter company, was absent on account of the sickness of his wife.

The company from Fort Leavenworth made a good show in the lines. I regret that the names of all the companies and those of their captains are not in my possession.

When the lower division arrived on the heights they found them occupied by the cavalry, which had taken possession of them at 3 o'clock in the morning. They were relieved by the infantry and marched to breakfast. When they returned, which was about 12 o'clock, the United States Marshal detailed a posse, who were sent with his deputy into Lawrence to make some arrests. Had they been resisted as formerly the army present would have been called upon for assistance; but they did not resist, as on a previous occasion.

As soon as the deputy and posse returned with the prisoners, (some four or five,) the troops were dismissed by Col. Adie, acting for Major Donaldson, and were immediately summoned by him for Sheriff Jones to assist in carrying out an order of the United States Court. The Emigrant Aid Hotel and the two printing offices in Lawrence (the Herald of Freedom and Free State) had been indicted for being nuisances and the sheriff ordered to remove them.

It was near four in the afternoon when Jones, though quite weak and much bent from the fatal effects of his wound, entered the town with twenty-five soldiers as an escort. Going up to the Aid Hotel, Gen. Pomeroy was called for, and, appearing, Jones told him that he came to demand the arms in town, and to destroy the hotel and printing offices, saying that he had five minutes to answer if he would give up the arms and submit to the destruction mentioned; which was saying "you have five minutes to give up or fight." He yielded without much hesitation, and what, he said, were all the arms they had of which he knew anything. They were a twelve pounder howitzer and three swivels. That these were all is a lie, no doubt, the rest being concealed. Two hours were then given the proprietors to remove the furniture from the hotel; they refused, and it was taken out by our men. Meanwhile the sheriff proceeded to demolish the two printing offices, which was effectually done in a very short time. Most of the type was thrown in Kansas river and the cases and presses smashed. This was done with less excitement than could have been expected. Indeed, few excesses were committed. Private property was ordered to be respected, and it was respected. There was no liquor in the ranks, and that accounts for the coolness of the citizen-soldiers. It is true that Robinson's house was burnt; but it was contrary to express orders, and was done by irresponsible men. Other things were also done, but they were fewer far than it was reasonable to expect.

At the expiration of two hours the artillery was drawn up in front of the public entrance to the hotel, and a dozen or fifteen shots fired into it, completely riddling the inside and breaking holes in the wall; and, after shaking the walls with two or three blasts, the structure was fired, and before the sun went down all that remained of the Aid Hotel was a solitary wall, holding itself up as a warning to the law-breakers, and seeming to say "look at me and beware!"

Not a life of the Abolitionists was lost; but two of the pro slavery ranks lost theirs accidentally. A young man by the name of Kirget shot himself accidentally through the shoulder, and another from Hickory Point was hurt by the falling of brick from a chimney, so that he died. This case was singular. The South Carolina company, whose flag was blood-red with a single star, had planted it on one of the small chimneys on the top of the hotel; the breeze being brisk, the banner whipped off a brick, which fell on the poor young man's head, breaking the skull. He died that night in our camp.

The day, Wednesday, the 21st of May, was truly a May day. The sun scarcely ever shone more brilliantly, and all save Lawrence looked fresh with life and glory. But that ill-fated town appeared deserted, doomed. The women and children had been removed for safety and the men had run away for cowardice.

H. C. P.