

DESTRUCTION OF THE NEWSPAPER OFFICES.

While this "law and orderly" proceeding was going on, other gangs of law-abiding citizens, broke up the presses, and removed everything they found in the newspaper offices.

The type, presses and typographical "furniture" of the *Herald of Freedom* and of the Free State newspapers, were thrown in the river by the "legally organized militia."

The "cases" were broken and pitched into the street. The paper in store was burned or destroyed.

THE CANNONADING BEGINS.

As soon as the Hotel was rifled, Sheriff Jones planted four pieces of cannon, loaded with ball, about one hundred feet distant from it—their muzzles, of course, directed to the building.

He ordered the men, who had charge of them to fire!

Simultaneously, the roar of an eighteen, a twelve and two six pounders was heard afar off and near, followed by the savage yells of the infuriated and drunken, but "legally organized militia." They yelled and acted like wild beasts.

Every ball went through the walls—but, as the building was "composite," no other injury was done to it.

Fifty rounds in rapid succession were fired at it, but still the building remained unshaken.

Sheriff Jones despaired of leveling it by artillery.

THE WOMEN OF LAWRENCE.

Where were the women of Lawrence? They feared a worse fate than death, and hastily fled in every direction. Some of them, however, ran over the ravine, which bounds Lawrence on the West, and remained there and witnessed the conduct of the posse.

When they returned, they entered empty homes.

SHERIFF JONES TALKS.

A woman of Lawrence went up to Sheriff Jones and asked him—

"Mr. Jones, have you a mother?"

"Yes," said Jones.

"Have you sisters or a brother?"

"I have."

"Have you a wife?"

"Yes," said the Sheriff.

"Well, then," said the lady, have you no humanity? Can you feel no pity for the sufferings you have caused?"

"The laws must be executed," said the ice-eyed Sheriff.

She spoke no more.

"Gentlemen," said the Sheriff Jones, to a party of ruffians who stood around his horse; "gentlemen, this is the happiest day of my life, I assure you. I determined to make the fanatics bow before me in the dust and kiss the Territorial laws." He looked at the hotel as another round was fired, and added, with a cold, hard sneer, "I've done it, by God—I've done it."

THE HOTEL IN FLAMES.

The cannonading ceased for a time, and another experiment was tried. Three kegs of powder were placed in the cellar of the Hotel. Only one of them ignited.

The building still stood unmoved.

A party then entered the Hotel and fired it.—It was soon wrapped in flames. This morning it was a heap of smouldering ashes.

Three attempts were made to burn down the *Herald of Freedom* office, but the flames were extinguished by the citizens. The building was unfinished, and there was very little wood about it.

At night the house of Gov. Robinson was fired and totally consumed.

LEGALLY ORGANIZED PLENDRE.

As soon as the presses were destroyed and the hotel burned down, Sheriff Jones turned round to his posse and coolly said:—

"You are dismissed. The writs have been executed."

This was the signal for plundering to begin.—The drunken semi savages rushed into the stores and private houses and plundering them of everything they took a fancy to, and cut up, or destroyed what they could not carry away.

Thousands of dollars' worth of goods and private property have been stolen.

CASUALTIES.

Two Russians were killed in the course of the day. Two others broke their legs.

A brick thrown from the top of the Free State Hotel, by a "law and order" man, who was trying to tear down the chimney, struck a young Missourian on the head and killed him instantly.

One man shot himself accidentally.

"There's Reeder trying to escape!"

This cry was raised by some one while the hotel was burning, as he pointed to a man running down the river bank.

Three Lawrence boys immediately ran after him to defend him.

Six mounted Russians pursued them.

One of them fell from his horse and broke his leg in trying to "draw a lead" on the flying man, while his steed was galloping.

It was not Gov. Reeder.

Another man broke his leg by falling under his horse, in running down Mount Orient. He saw two or three unarmed citizens running out of town, and in his anxiety to intercept them ran down hill faster than his horse could go without stumbling.

Verily, they all had their reward!

NO PEACE ON ANY TERM.

I have forgotten to state that the cowardly Committee of Safety—the phrase is harsh, perhaps, but it is deserved—offered, in writing, before the militia entered the town, to pledge themselves to aid the Sheriff in making arrests under Territorial as well as Federal writs. But it would not do. Lawrence was already doomed by the Blue Lodge; and Atchison and his followers were resolved not to be balked of their prey again.

Curses loud and deep were uttered by the Free State boys when they heard of this humiliating offer. It was the work of the Committee, not of the People—thank Heaven for that!

Never, while the blood of the Revolutionary patriots flows in the veins of Northern emigrants—never, while the thrilling words of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty, or give me death," are remembered by the Americans—never, while the memory of the Puritan's is honored, or the Fourth of July is celebrated as a Jubilee of Freedom—never shall the gallant sons of the mighty North obey the Draconian enactments of the Slave Power—never, by the God of Justice, never! Mangled corpses they may become, but never cowering slaves!