

To escape these men, Jones dismounted and entered the store, into which they followed, and there abused him. He again mounted his horse and left for home, the others following, and swearing that the d—d Abolitionist should not escape. When near the bridge, they leveled their guns (United States muskets,) and fired. Jones fell mortally wounded, and soon expired.

On the following morning, the 20th, several young men hearing of this transaction, left Lawrence to visit the scene of the tragedy. One of these was named Stewart, who had but recently arrived from the State of New York. They had gone about a mile and a half when they met two men armed with Sharpe's rifles. Some words passed between them, when the two strangers raised their rifles and taking deliberate aim at Stewart fired. One of the balls entered his temple. The work of death was instantly accomplished, and another accusing spirit stood before the bar of God.

Soon after sunrise, on the morning of the 21st, an advanced guard of the Marshal's army, consisting of about two hundred horsemen, appeared on the top of Mount Oread, on the outskirts of the town of Lawrence, where their cannon had been stationed late on the preceding night. The town was quiet, and the citizens had resolved to submit without resistance to any outrages which might be perpetrated. About seven o'clock, Dr. Robinson's house, which stood on the side hill, was taken possession of and used as the headquarters of the invaders. At 8 o'clock the body of the army posted themselves on the outer edge of the town. Deputy Marshal Fain, with ten men, entered Lawrence, and without molestation, served the writs in his possession, and arrested Judge G. W. Smith and G. W. Deitzler. Fain and his companions dined at the Free State Hotel, and afterwards returned to the army on Mount Oread. The Marshal then dismissed his monster posse, telling them he had no further use for them.

It was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon, when suddenly another actor appeared upon the stage. The "dead" and "dying"—the immortal Sheriff Jones—rode rapidly into Lawrence, at the head of twenty-five mounted men; and as he passed along the line of the troops, he was received with deafening shouts of applause. His presence was the signal for action, and a sanction for the outrages that ensued.

Atchison then addressed his forces, in language not sufficiently well selected for ears polite, and then marched the whole column to within a short distance of the hotel, where they halted. Jones now informed Col. Eldridge the proprietor, that the hotel must be destroyed; he was acting under orders; he had writs issued by the First District Court of the United States to destroy the Free State hotel and the offices of the Herald of Freedom and Free State. The Grand Jury at Leecompton had indicted them as nuisances and the Court had ordered them to be destroyed. He gave Colonel Eldridge an hour and a half to remove his family and furniture, after which time the demolition commenced, and was prosecuted with an earnestness that would have done credit to a better cause.

In the meantime the newspaper offices had been assailed, the presses broken to pieces, and these, with the type and other material, thrown into the Kansas river. The following extract from the report of these transactions, given in the columns of the Leecompton Union, the most rabid pro-slavery paper in Kansas, the Squatter Sovereign excepted, is too significant not to be read with interest:

"During this time appeals were made to Sheriff Jones to save the Aid Society's Hotel. This news reached the company's ears, and was received with one universal cry of 'No, no, blow it up!'

About this time a banner was seen fluttering in the breeze over the office of the Herald of Freedom. Its color was a blood-red, with a lone star in the center, and South Carolina above. This banner was placed there by the Carolinians—Messrs. Wright and a Mr. Cross. The effect was prodigious. One tremendous and long-continued shout burst from the ranks. Thus floated in triumph the banner of South Carolina—that single white star, so emblematic of her course in the early history of our sectional disturbances. When every Southern State stood almost upon the verge of ceding the dearest right to the North, Carolina stood boldly out, the firm and unwavering advocate of Southern institutions.

Thus floated victoriously the first banner of Southern rights over the abolition town of Lawrence, unfurled by the noble sons of Carolina, and every whip of its folds seemed a death stroke to Beecher propagandism and the fanatics of the east. O, that its red folds could have been seen by every southern eye!

Mr. Jones listened to the many entreaties, and finally replied that it was beyond his power to do anything, and gave the occupants so long to remove all their property from it. He ordered two companies into each printing office to destroy the presses. Both presses were broken up and thrown into the river,

and all the material belonging to each office destroyed."

Whilst the work of destruction was going on at the printing offices, the bombardment of the hotel, a strongly constructed three-story building, commenced. Kegs of gunpowder had been placed inside, and the house fired in numerous places; and whilst the flames were doing their work within, heavy cannon were battering against the walls without; and amid the crackling of the conflagration, the noise of falling walls and timbers, and the roar of the artillery, were mingled the most frantic yells of satisfaction that constantly burst from the "law and order" lovers of Kansas Territory. Jones was in ecstasies. He sat upon his horse, contemplating the havoc he was making, and rubbing his hands with wild delight, exclaimed: "This is the happiest day of my life. I determined to make the fanatics bow before me in the dust, and kiss the Territorial laws; and I have done it—by God I have done it!"

And then followed scenes of reckless pillage and wanton destruction in all parts of that ill-fated town. Stores were broken into and plundered of their contents. Bolts and bars were no obstacles to the entrance of drunken and infuriated men into private dwellings, from which most of the inhabitants fled in terror. From these everything of value was stolen, and much that was useless to the marauders was destroyed.

The closing act of this frightful drama was the burning of the house of Dr. Robinson, on the brow of Mount Oread. This was set on fire after the sun had gone down, and the bright light which its flames shed over the country illuminated the paths of the retreating army, as they proceeded to their home, pillaging houses, stealing horses, and violating the persons of defenseless women. All these dreadful deeds were done by human authority. There is yet an account to render to a Higher Power.

During the perpetration of these atrocities one of the pro-slavery intruders accidentally shot himself on Mount Oread, another was killed by the falling of a brick from the Free State Hotel, and a third had his leg crushed and broken by falling from his horse, when galloping in pursuit of an offending man, whom he had mistaken for Gov. Reeder.

Kansas—Sacking of Lawrence.

The following interesting statement of the destruction of the Free State hotel and printing office at Lawrence, is extracted from the forthcoming "History of Kansas," by J. H. Gibon, late Private Secretary of Governor Geary.

In the meantime preparations were going forward, and vigorously prosecuted for the sacking of Lawrence. The pro-slavery people were to "wipe out" this ill-fated town under authority of law.—They had received the countenance of the President—the approbation of the Chief Justice—the favorable presentment of the Grand Jury—the concurrence of the Governor—the orders of the Marshal—and were prepared to consummate their purpose with the arms of the government in the hands of a militia force gathered from the remotest section of the Union.

They concentrated their troops in large numbers around the doomed city, stealing, or as they termed it, "pressing into the service," all the horses they could find belonging to Free State men, whose cattle were also slaughtered, without remuneration, to feed the Marshal's forces; and their stores and dwellings broken open and robbed—all this under the presence of "law and order," and in the name and under the sanction of the government of the United States.

The Marshal's army had a gallant host of commanders. There was General Atchison with the Missouri Platte County Rifles, and two pieces of artillery; Capt. Dunn, with the Kickapoo Rangers; General Stringfellow, and Col. Abel, his law-partner, aided by Doctor John H. Stringfellow and Robert J. Kelly, editor of the Squatter Sovereign, with the forces from Doniphan, Atchinson and Leavenworth; Col. Boone with sundry aids at the head of Companies from Westport, Liberty and Independence; Colonels Wilkes and Buford, with the Carolinians, Georgians and Missisippians; Colonel H. T. Titus, in command of the Douglas County militia; and many others too numerous to mention.

The heart of the Marshal must have swelled with triumphant pride, when he looked upon this posse comitatus, comprising not less than eight hundred warlike men. Governor Shannon must have reviewed them with that satisfaction which Governors only can feel when about to accomplish a mighty undertaking, with the certainty of success. This patriotic host was about to engage in an enterprise that was to redound to their everlasting glory—one of the most noble actions that ever called warriors to the field of battle. But where, all this time, was Sheriff Jones, the life and spirit of all this chivalric host? Why had he not made his appearance, to encourage with his presence, and cheer with voice and smiles, these patriotic forces? By some it was supposed that he was either dead or dying of the wound in his back. The time for his appearance upon the stage had not arrived, and he patiently waited his proper cue.

On the 19th of May, while these forces were collecting for the destruction of Lawrence, a young man from Illinois, named Jones, had been to a store near Blanton's Bridge to purchase flour, when he was attacked by two of the Marshall's party, who were out as scouts—