

I have resided in the City of Lawrence, Kansas Territory, about one year. I was in that city on the 21st day of May, A. D. 1856.

In the morning, about 4 o'clock, I saw stationed on the hill commanding the town, about one hundred mounted men, drawn up in line of battle; the number was increased by addition of two Companies from Platte County, Mo.; one artillery and the other rifle. A Company commanded by Major Buford, numbering some three hundred; a company composed of citizens of Westport, and Independence, Mo., numbering some two hundred. These men, amounting in all to some seven or eight hundred, were claimed by the United States Marshal to be his posse, summoned to assist in the service of certain writs which he held against persons in Lawrence.

About 11 o'clock two Deputy Marshals, with a small posse of unarmed men, came into the streets of that city. I inquired of the Deputies if the entire posse were to enter town. In reply to which they gave every assurance that if there was no resistance to the arrests they were about to make, their posse should not enter the town. They proceeded to the Free-State Hotel, and made the arrests of G. W. Deitzler and G. W. Smith. The Marshal, with his posse, dined by invitation with the Messrs. Eldridges in the hotel. After dinner, the Deputies said in front of the hotel, that their duty was done and their posse dismissed. At the same time there was a signal given to the men on the hill, and they marched into town, placing four cannon at one end of the main street, so as to command the entire street. S. J. Jones then rode into town to the front of the hotel, and asked for Gen. Pomeroy. Gen. P. soon came, and Jones demanded the surrender of all the arms and ammunition that there was in town, or he would storm the town in an hour. Jones was informed by him that the only arms he knew anything about were a small howitzer and some small pieces of cannon, which he was willing to give up by Jones' receipting. As they went for the arms, I went back to the posse, and David R. Atchison was making a speech to them. I was prevented from hearing his entire speech by the continued cheers and yells of the crowd, ("posse.") A few sentences I heard distinctly, which were as follows:

"This day I am a Kickapoo Ranger; this day is the most glorious of my long life; this day have we entered Lawrence, and the Yankees have not dared to shoot a gun; a glorious victory, boys, by God! Boys, the Emigrant Aid hotel, with her port holes, must this day be tested, and it blown to hell. The damned Abolition presses must go into Kaw River, and there soak out some of their darky love.— If the men or women undertake to stop us, we'll hang them, by God! A lady is entitled to the protection of every gentleman, but when a woman takes upon herself the garb of manhood, she is no more worthy of your protection than a savage brute." At this time Mr. Jones rode out among them, and Atchison, turning to his company, said; "Rangers, I now give you into the hands of Sheriff Jones, to become his posse, to assist him to enforce the laws of Kansas Territory. Do your duty faithfully, as I know you will." Sheriff Jones then placed two companies to carry the type of *The Free State and Herald of Freedom* to the river, and break the presses to pieces.—

About this time he (Jones) rode in front of the hotel and notified the proprietors that they must leave that house, for he was going to tear it down. Being well acquainted with Mr. Jones, I stopped forward and asked him by what authority he destroyed the printing press and the hotel. His answer was unequivocal and distinct. "The grand jury have presented the hotel and the two printing presses as nuisances, and I hold an order from the Court to abate them, and I shall do it."— He then had the four cannon placed about 105 feet from the front of the hotel. They fired thirty shots at the front side and could not damage it much. So the order was given by Col. Titus, who was the military commander, to set the building on fire. The order was obeyed, and the house was burned to the ground. While they were firing upon the hotel, I went to the Post Office and found that they had just run the clerk out because he had a "Sharp's rifle." While there, there was a party of the posse came into the office; some one of them kicked the door open leading into the Post Office, it being an apartment in a store. They went in, looked about until their curiosity was satisfied, then came out. Dr. Stringfellow was one of the number.

Dr. Stringfellow looked about, and said,— "What can I take for plunder?" His eye fell upon some cigars; so he took two boxes, put them under his arm, and said, as he walked off, "This will do for me." I left the Post Office and went to the store of G. W. & W. Hutchinson & Co. The store was locked. Col. Titus said, "I think there are Sharp's rifles in there; stave her in boys, if she is locked." They obeyed him by breaking in the front window with the butts of their guns, and then crawling in some ten of them. I then left that place for my boarding-house. On my way there I saw a party of men who seemed to be overjoyed at some prize they had obtained. I walked up to them and found it to be the trunk of A. H. Reeder. They had broken the lid off and were emptying the contents on the ground—each selecting some article of clothing, some letter, some paper, that pleased their fancy. I proceeded to my boarding-house, and found that it was guarded, and that men were inside. They had burst in the window, and went in and came out there. As soon as they left, I went into the house, and found that they had broken open all the trunks in the house, and all the drawers to the secretary, rifled everything, in fact, in the house. I found they had taken all my clothing, many of my private letters, and \$538 in money from my trunk; that they had taken all the clothing of Mr. Burdett, the gentleman with whom I board. I saw them pass across the street and break the window in, in the house of B. Johnson, and quite a number pass in through the window. After some time they came out shouting triumphantly, with their arms full of clothing, and two or three common guns. I then returned to the place where we had taken the women and children for safety, and watched the burning of the hotel. The posse began to go homeward. While they were passing the house of Gov. Charles Robinson, three times it was set on fire, and as often extinguished. We thought they had all left town and began to come to our homes again, when there came back some fifty mounted men, and rode around the ruins of the hotel, and gave three cheers for the ruins. On their return to their camp, the house of Gov. Chas. Robinson was set on fire and burned. Thus ended the abatement of the nuisances which the Court ordered Sheriff Jones to abate.

On the day above mentioned, while I was in the crowd of persons who were destroying the hotel, some six of them came to me and inquired if my name was Legate. I told them it was. The most officious of the number then said; "Do you, Sir, know," hesitating a moment, then turning face from me, he pulled something from his pocket which had the appearance of a letter—having only a glimpse of it, couldn't tell for certainty—turning back to me, said: "John M. Earle, of Worcester, Massachusetts?" I replied that I knew him as an editor. "A d—d Abolition editor that you write to, is it? G—d d—n you!" He then repeated several sentences in a letter which I had written to the above named editor, which led me to conclude that they had the said letter in their possession. They made threats of hanging me, showing me the beauties of hemp, &c. To which I replied, they could hang me no younger.

I then told them they must have robbed the mail to have obtained my letter to Mr. Earle. His reply was, that there was a place between Lawrence and Westport where your d—d abolition letters can be read, if you do put them in the mail; and if we ever see any more of your letters, we'll hang you, by G—d. I told him I should write to whom I pleased, and thus we separated. JAS. F. LEGATE.

Lawrence, K. T., June 7, 1856.