

## A Raid of Roughs on the Janesville Gazette.

Special Dispatch to the Milwaukee Sentinel.

JANESVILLE, July 9.

A mob was formed, this afternoon, headed by one Anson Rogers, an Alderman of the city, composed of gamblers, drunkards and saloon-loafers, who had taken offense at a little paragraph which had appeared in the *Gazette* a few evenings since, for the purpose of "cleaning out" the daily *Gazette* office. This mob met the business manager at the door of the office, which is on the first floor, and without any ceremony, William Buckingham, who keeps a groggery just north of the office, struck Mr. Colvin. They clinched, when Rogers and his roughs formed a ring, for the purpose of keeping Colvin's friends away, but in this they failed, and the printers in the office, with sleeves rolled up, waded in. Colvin came out of this matinee first best, having disfigured the face of Buckingham considerably. At this, Anson Rogers bristled up to Gen. Bintliff, editor-in-chief of the *Gazette*, and threatened to shoot him at sight. The General coolly replied to him, "to fire away, I am your man." This man Rogers is the champion black-guard of the State. He is a loafer, and there is nothing too foul for his mouth. During the war, he was a notorious copperhead, and, at one time, narrowly escaped being lynched by the people for his vituperative language against the Government and the boys in the field. There is more fun ahead, as the people are bound to clean out Rogers and his gang of roughs. The *Gazette* is on the side of the people—that is what ails them. The mob now threaten to thrash the entire office. Buckingham's saloon is the headquarters of the Rogers' roughs. The *Gazette* force are "ready and waiting" for the next visit, and Anson Rogers may depend on being warmly received.