

who bore his name objects of special vengeance. Mr. Speer's residence being out of town, he himself escaped.

A gentleman whose name was on the list of the doomed, a bookseller, was called to the door, shot dead, and fell inside of the hall. His wife, a young lady, was called out, and the house fired. She begged hard to be permitted to remove the body of her husband from the burning building, but this was rudely denied. One of the miscreants observed that she had something in her hand. It was her husband's ambrotype, which she had snatched up as she came out. He took it from her, looked at it, and then threw it into the flames.

Nearly two hundred dead bodies strewed the streets, and an almost universal conflagration had laid the town in ruins. No resistance was or could be made. A small military force had been there a few days before, but their commander, in spite of the remonstrances and entreaties of the citizens, sent them away, assuring them that there was no danger. Poor man! he remained himself; but his house was surrounded, and, in a vain attempt to save himself, climbed down into his own well, which was under his roof. His house was fired and he was smothered.

A strange fatality seemed to attend this lamentable affair on all hands. A messenger was coming full speed to apprise the people of the approach of the invaders. His horse stumbled and fell, and he was killed. But for this he would have arrived in time to have had the men of the town organized, and it could have been successfully defended and saved.

I now come to what I believe to be unwritten history. I have it from a gentleman of St. Louis, of great intelligence and probity. Having done their work, the raiders, who were mounted men, rapidly retreated towards the Missouri border. It appears that they divided into two or three parties or squads. A swift messenger bore the tidings of what they had done at Lawrence to the brave and determined leader of a company or band of loyal Missourians. Believing that one of these squads must necessarily cross the Osage river at a certain ford, he posted his men — some under the dark shadow of the opposite bank, and some in a corn-field on a road close by — and awaited their approach. About one o'clock in the morning they heard them coming. The men under the bank lay still until the raiders were nearly across the river; then one simultaneous volley emptied twenty saddles, and dead and wounded were alike swept down the strong current of the Osage. Twelve only cleared the ford, to meet a similar fate at the hands of the men in the corn-field. Not one escaped.

“What was done with the wounded among the twelve?” asked