



ants went above it, the tendency of Sharp's rifles in inexperienced hands. My Pro-Slavery friend dug out one of these for me, as a memorial.

Franklin was the place where the Free State men were charged with plundering the letters from the Post-Office. I suppose it will not have the smallest effect on the Democratic newspapers when I say that this young man, the postmaster's son, entirely denied this story. He only charged them with stealing sixty dollars worth of stamps. But as the village of Franklin consists of less than a dozen houses, and as I have found it hard to buy a dollar's worth of stamps at much larger places in this region, I must doubt the precise accuracy of these figures, and I told him so.

Since breaking up this den of thieves, the vicinity has been quiet, except when the noble army of two thousand eight hundred, on returning, burnt a large mill close by, on which the whole neighborhood depended for meal and lumber. It is not far from here to Blanton's Bridge, which the Grand Jury declared a nuisance, because it gave aid and comfort to Free State men. I suppose that this mill was a nuisance for the same reason. The heaps of sawdust of the building were still in flames as I stood before them.

The owner of this mill was a Pennsylvanian, named Straub. We saw his daughter, a noble looking girl of 20, but rather unnecessarily saucy and spirited in her replies, I at first thought. Presently she said, with surprise, "Why, I thought you were Missourians, and I was resolved that you should hear the truth." This was a piece of genuine Kansas pluck, as it was a lonely place, and we were three to one. Afterward, we found that this girl had walked alone into the midst of the Missourians, while the house and mill were burning, and demanded her horse from one of them with such spirit that the others compelled him to dismount. She mounted it and rode away—he presently followed and attempted to get the halter from her hand. She held on. He took his bowie-knife and threatened to cut her hand off; she told him to do it if he dared; he cut the rope close to her hand, and led the horse away. She slipped off, and presently two of the man's companions rode up and brought her the horse once more. A horse is worth more than a life in this region, and you can estimate the extent of such a triumph.

As for Lawrence, it has one of the most beautiful situations I ever looked upon. It stands on a bank above a bend in the river; across the river are miles of woods, while behind the town rise two beautiful hills, which *are* hills, and not merely the endless swells of rolling prairie of which my Eastern eyes have grown so tired. Indeed, this whole region far surpasses, in respect to hills and forest, both Iowa and Nebraska, and even Northern Kansas, while the prairies are richer, and coal and stone are interspersed. Give it freedom, and a few years will make Kansas