

I ever saw. Not a feature or a trace of grim-visaged war meets the eye of the stranger. Even its long-continued use as a great distributing post for the numerous forts and stations scattered over the far-reaching "plains" is about ceasing, and ere long it will probably be sold, including the rich and magnificent reservation attached to it. It is very valuable property, and Congress should be well advised of that value before it passes into private hands. Visions of a large fortune are probably looming up before the minds of some sharp operators even now in connection with Fort Leavenworth.

Some of the business streets of Leavenworth have much of the aspect of our old and substantial commercial cities. Statistics of its business would be both interesting and surprising; but it was not my object to collect such things. I was through almost every part of the city, and one thing impressed me strongly — the almost total absence of apparent poverty and squalidity. Most of the buildings are brick, and have a neat, fresh, and comfortable aspect. Outside there are many elegant suburban residences which would do credit to any city. And the trees! — nothing can surpass them for thrift and beauty.

But Leavenworth is somewhat in jeopardy commercially; for unless they bring a branch road from the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad at Cameron to the east bank of the Missouri, opposite this city, and throw a bridge across the river, so as to connect their branch of the Union Pacific road, which runs to Lawrence, with the great systems of railroads east of the Mississippi, Kansas City — which has a bridge and a branch road to Cameron already made sure — will bear away the palm. But let both have bridges, and both have branch roads to Cameron, and I see no reason why Leavenworth may not maintain the ascendancy. To bridge the Missouri at Leavenworth, however, will be a much more difficult work than at Kansas City; but the people of the former place say it can be done, and *that they will do it*. In my opinion they must do it, or be content to be thrown off the line.

LAWRENCE.

On my return from Fort Harker I stopped a little more than two days in this historic, almost classical little city, around whose annals, although brief in duration as the life of childhood, cluster so many memories of stern devotion to principle, of heroic daring, of patient endurance, of carnage and devastation, of horrid cruelties and fiendish murders, at the calm recital of which, even yet, while standing on the spot, the ears tingle and the heart grows sick. Twice given to the flames by ruthless enemies, and its streets drenched in the blood of its citizens, it has risen in superior beauty, and now stands before