

the eyes of the admiring stranger, the bright centre of matchless surroundings, the very image and embodiment of security, peace, and prosperity.

The main part of the city lies on the south side of the Kansas, or the Kaw, as it is more frequently called. The ground rises with a gentle ascent from the river. The streets running in one direction are named after the several States; those in the other are numbered. The population is variously given at from seven to eight thousand, and is rapidly increasing. Lawrence is a place of considerable commerce, especially with the fine district lying south of it, which is settling up with great rapidity, and through which they are building a railroad. (Of all these I shall speak more particularly in another letter.) Manufacturing of various kinds is prosecuted largely, especially of household furniture, agricultural implements, and woollen goods. I visited the woollen factory in company with Major Smith, son of the Hon. George W. Smith, formerly of Butler, Pa., and was astonished at the excellent variety of goods I saw. I shall show you, when I return, a few small samples which I know you will pronounce equal to anything of the kind made in the United States.

But it is impossible to convey to the mind of one who has never been west of the Missouri an idea of the marvellous beauty of a city set in such natural surroundings. From College Hill you take in a range of miles in extent of which the eye could never weary — such a singular blending of variety without blemish, of intense life, and yet of profound repose.

The history of Lawrence is written, and will never be forgotten. But I cannot forbear to touch upon two or three incidents connected with the Quantrell raid which affected me deeply. John Speer, Esq., editor of the *Lawrence Daily Tribune*, whose father was my neighbor in Armstrong county, and whom I knew well in his boyhood, lost two sons — lads of sixteen and eighteen. One perished in the flames of a store in which he slept; the other escaped from his father's office, and was shot through the body in the street. He fell near a small frame building. An officer ordered the building to be fired. Young Speer begged one of the raiders to draw him away from the building, so that he should not be roasted. He promised to do so, and crossed the street to get a comrade to help him. Two came. One of them, after looking at him attentively for a moment, drew his revolver and shot him through the head. A third son, aged fourteen, saved his life by giving a feigned name. The active part the father had taken in the cause of freedom during the border troubles, rendered him and all