

Yellow

Red

Magenta

White

3/Color

Black

Lawrence, I was warned that three Missouri spies were present.) "It's well we've got him here, to take care of him," said one. "Wont our boys enjoy running him out of town?" added another, affectionately; while I listened with pleased attention, thinking that I might, perhaps, afford useful information. But the "gentlemen" have not yet appeared, or else are in search of higher game.

The causes of the quiet which reigns to-day are apparently the presence of a few United States troops, and the absence of provocation from the non-voting party. That the latter cause would not be alone sufficient is manifest from the fact that the last riots were produced merely by a similar refusal to vote.

I observe here a large class of young men who are evidently not Missourians, but from other Southern States — a slender, puny race, with good manners and bloated faces. One of them, a Virginian, bearing the appropriate name of Stringfellow, has apparently felt called upon, in a drunken fit, to vindicate the character of the peculiar institution, and has, therefore, just summoned before him his slave, a neat-looking boy of sixteen. "B-B-Bill," says the representative of chivalry, "do you know me?" "Yes, mas'r," returns Bill, respectfully. "Have you ever been in chains, Bill?" stammers out the specimen of the superior race, with the impressive seriousness of inebriation. "Never, sir." "Ever expect to be in chains, Bill?" "Never, sir." "G-g-good boy, Bill, take something to drink, Bill?" Which offer Bill declines, rather to my surprise, and is dismissed with a slight contempt as being after all a poor creature, chains or no chains.

A party of these gentry leave with me, to-night, in the boat for St. Louis, and I shall make further acquaintance with them.

VII. — DOWN THE RIVER.

STEAMBOAT CATARACT, MISSOURI RIVER, Oct. 9, 1856.

We have left Kansas behind, and my last association with it is of three pistol-shots which killed, in a drunken row, one of the self same company of Virginia and South Carolina youths who were swaggering in our cabin when I went to bed. I did not, however, know of the catastrophe till the next morning. I am told that the remains of the poor young man were taken into a gambling-room and laid upon a table, after which the gambling went on as before.

We are gliding down the rapid Missouri, now shouldering over a sandbank, now shuddering over a snag; while the endless woods look dewy and beautiful in early morning or moonlight, and very hot at noon. The yellow dust drifts over the bare islands which the shrinking water has left, and buzzards and wild geese shriek and soar away through its midst.

The tumultuous steamboat dinner is despatched with that rushing rapidity which is usual on such occasions, where people, having nothing to do afterward, are in a proportionate hurry to do it. As I look up and down the long table, and at the row of guests who sit with their glasses of Missouri water like tumblers of lemonade before them, it is sad to think that among those sixty men there are not half a dozen who belong to the same nation with myself. For what constitutes a common nationality except common ideas, principles, habits, and purposes? and in all these I find myself more alone than I should be among English, French, or Russians.

The majority are young men from various Southern States — Virginia,