

aloft, and such feeding appliances as are common in these parts ; and we have the prospect of being able to find ourselves at regular intervals with plain but tolerably honest food. We left Cairo only at noon to day. If that modern city ever comes to greatness, it must overcome serious natural difficulties ; its dreary expanse of mud and sand, as it stretches into the fork of the Mississippi and the Ohio rivers, is unbroken by any glimpse of country, or indeed of and living growth. Apart from the general feature of magnificence, the appearance of land and water is rather dismal. The Father of Waters presents the same indication as many of the bipeds here—that of a plentiful lack of clean water to wash withal. In fact the old gentleman appears as if he had kept but indifferently good hours lately, and had been very negligent of his toilet. Approaching Columbus (about 30 miles from Cairo) we got fairly packed in ice, the confluence of the Mississippi and Ohio at Cairo having carried it down in too great volume for the passage of a narrow gorge at this point. By the consumption, however, of much fuel, our vessel “worried” through, and the night being dark, we are lying over at Hickman, Ky., about 50 miles on our voyage.

Sunday, Jan. 20.

We left soon after daylight, and have been for the last two hours (now 11 a.m.) fast to a tree on the Missouri shore, while the swarm of colored men that form the crew of the steamer are engaged, under the hoarse direction of the mate, in tumbling firewood down the cliff of clay, and carrying it on board on their backs. A soft snow is falling, and it is what sailors call “dirty weather.” The woods about New Madrid, Mo., were scenes of fierce contest during the war, and there was also some fighting in the neighbourhood of Hickman. In the former we noticed some broken trees, and in the latter place some ruins of earthworks that were