

We were pleased to find that he accepted the moral with his usual good humour,

Yesterday (Sunday) morning early, we left Natchez. We passed during the day the mouth of Red River. Its flow into the Mississippi is accomplished in the grandest solitude—a dense forest of cotton wood covering the entire scene of the confluence. The only animal life present is the flock of wild geese and ducks, that take flight at every beautiful bend of the river; and its “curve and flow” is perpetually changing, so that in the course of a day’s progress we move to almost every possible point of the compass. The passenger who lands at the intersecting points to pursue his journey up these vast tributaries (as the White, the Arkansas, and the Red rivers) tells you that his farm is 300 or 700 miles up those streams, and that the fertility of the soil increases as you ascend, which you think hardly possible,—and you get a new idea of the vast extent of land that remains to be possessed. What room is here for the surplus millions of Europe, and for ages to come, and waiting for occupation! Is it not worth the consideration of that friend of the Irish, who has proposed so costly a scheme for supplying them with farms that present no greater quality of productiveness and so much less breadth? We notice, occasionally, the enterprising trader, accompanied by his family and his boxes of goods, landing to wend his way into the interior, that he has, perhaps, never yet explored. The dusky forms of a small band of negroes are also to be seen emerging from the main deck of the vessel, where they have been stowed away high on cotton bales or sacks of corn; they, too, are engaged to labour in these new fields. We halted at the city of “Bayou Sara,” which occupies a pretty site on the river bank and (partly) on a ridge rising at a little distance; but the portion nearest the river must have harboured unsoundness, for it was purged with fire. We are now in the land of the sugar cane, and passing occasion-

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