

able land are filling up with rank growths for want of cultivation, although at points and plantations where landings are made the crowds of laughing frolicsome negroes and groups of country whites, who come down to watch the boat, make the landing assist to form the idea that a vast amount of land is still being cultivated. The country here being very low, in the spring floods, and some times during the June rise, if there happens to be a crevasse in the levee, you can be landed at Chicot, on the second story of the hotel or residence, being carried by a dug-out to the platform of the cars of the L. R. M. R. and T. R. R., the speed of which road, bye-the-way, is only surpassed by Morgan's Line, from Victoria to Port Lavacca, Texas. The cars, being drawn by mules, average some 5 miles per hour.

70 miles from Chicot, lands us at Pine Bluff on the Arkansas River, thence, 90 miles further, and we arrive at the City of Roses, Little Rock, the capital of the State of Arkansas, then by the Iron Mountain road, 22 miles to Malvern, where change is made for the Hot Springs, 25 miles distant, the cars then being narrow gauge, or, as the road is familiarly called, "Diamond Joe's narrer gouge," and is certainly a gouge in fare, for the tickets are \$2.50 each way, so, as the Irishman observed, "If a man's in good health sure he'll save a day's wages by walkin," whilst "dat's so, dese ere keers ought to be busted up," came from the other end of the car. Although it is probably not the proper thing to do to smile at human misery, still the scenes on those diminutive cars are constantly inciting humor. When the change is made at Malvern, the suffering and ailing of humanity from all parts of the universe who are making or the renowned Hot Springs congregate in a seemingly harmonious democratic throng, each too much engrossed