

thought the matter and manner of his discourse deserving of his high reputation for pulpit eloquence.

One morning we rose early to visit the market of the First Municipality, and found the air on the bank of the Mississippi filled with mist as dense as a London fog, but of a pure white instead of yellow color. Through this atmosphere the innumerable masts of the ships alongside the wharf, were dimly seen. Among other fruits in the market we observed abundance of bananas, and good pine-apples, for 25 cents (or a shilling) each, from the West Indies. There were stalls where hot coffee was selling in white china cups, reminding us of Paris. Among other articles exposed for sale, were brooms made of palmetto leaves, and wagon-loads of the dried Spanish moss, or *Tillandsia*. The quantity of this plant hanging from the trees in the swamps surrounding New Orleans, and every where in the delta of the Mississippi, might suffice to stuff all the mattresses in the world. The Indians formerly used it for another purpose—to give porosity or lightness to their building materials. When at Natchez, Dr. Dickeson showed me some bricks dug out of an old Indian mound, in which the tough woody fiber of the *Tillandsia* was still preserved. When passing through the stalls, we were surrounded by a population of negroes, mulattoes, and quadroons, some talking French, others a patois of Spanish and French, others a mixture of French and English, or English translated from French, and with the French accent. They seemed very merry, especially those who were jet black. Some of the creoles also, both of French and Spanish extraction, like many natives of the south of Europe, were very dark.

Amid this motley group, sprung from so many races, we encountered a young man and woman, arm-in-arm, of fair complexion, evidently Anglo-Saxon, and who looked as if they had recently come from the north. The Indians, Spaniards, and French standing round them, seemed as if placed there to remind us of the successive races whose power in Louisiana had passed away, while this fair couple were the representatives of a people whose dominion carries the imagination far into the future. However much the moralist may satirize the spirit of conquest, or the foreigner