

indeed waited from six o'clock, and it was now near their dinner time! The young German, originally from near Strasburg, a man of simple manners, regarded himself as belonging to a different station in society, and would have acted as waiter till we had finished our repast, had not his wife, a native-born American, from the State of Indiana, insisted on his sitting down to table. They were so poor, that they had no servants, not even a negro boy or girl, and two children to look after. The fare was of the humblest kind, bread of Indian corn, bacon, and thick coffee. Some of the indispensable articles of the breakfast table equipage had been purchased, as we afterward discovered, expressly for our use that morning. The lodger, "Uncle John," was an old bachelor in easy circumstances, fond of fishing, who had come here to indulge in that sport. He was an old pilot, who had visited half the ports in the Mediterranean, as well as Great Britain, and was quite a character. He could tell many a good story of his adventures, and, like many natives of Louisiana, could bear to be contradicted on any point rather than hear the healthiness of New Orleans called in question. His manners, and those of our host and hostess toward each other and to us, were very polite, and never approached undue familiarity. Uncle John assured me that the Mississippi is now flowing where New Madrid stood in 1811, and that the old grave-yard has traveled over from the State of Missouri into Kentucky. How this had happened, it was easy for me to divine when I went out after breakfast to look at the place by daylight.

The river bank is now about twenty-five feet high, and would be forty-five feet at the lowest water level. It is giving way rapidly, three houses having fallen in during the last week, and some proprietors are in the act of shifting their quarters half a mile inland. At the bottom of the wasting bank, there is a semi-fluid quick-sand, which greatly accelerates the process of destruction. Yesterday, the ruins of a house, with the wooden fence of a garden, were precipitated into the river, and some of the wreck has formed a talus, up which I saw some hogs, after several unsuccessful attempts, clamber at last into a garden, where they began to uproot the flowers. The steamboats, which are now sailing