

and also smoking, sat very much at his ease, a stout, rough-looking man, whom I set down for the overseer or "factor," as Madame Trollope is pleased to christen them. The sun was warm—it was after dinner—the smoke curled lazily over their heads—the dog was asleep—no one was moving about, and altogether, there was an air of Mississippi ease and comfort in the scene, which was remarkably characteristic; an indolent female slave coming out to hand her master a glass of water upon a small waiter as we were going past, completed the picture.

We have passed several steamboats to-day, some laden with cotton, on their way to New Orleans, the bales piled up so high on the guards, that the boats were almost entirely hid; the whole mass presenting a shape that challenges comparison, resembling a steamboat as much as a cloud resembles a camel or a whale.

About an hour ago I was standing on the forward deck, about to level my rifle at a duck seated upon the water, a good long shot ahead, when some one cried out, a man overboard. We hastened aft, but he had sunk, and the boat was not stopped; perhaps not twenty out of two hundred deck and cabin passengers, knew the circumstance, and in five minutes it was entirely forgotten. He was a deck passenger, without name or friend. In endeavoring to get forward, he had lost his balance, and fell off, not over the guards, for there is no balustrade from stem to stern of the lower guard; if there had been, the poor fellow might have still been safe on board. "By George," said one of the hands, renewing his quid, "Dutchmen and sejoers are always tumbling overboard. I was one time on a steamer, and we had half a regiment of sejoers aboard. Well, such Jonny Raws you never seen. Drunk all the time, an' when they wa'n't drunk, fighting. The first day, eighteen of 'um fell overboard, and not one sinner of 'um was drowned, sink 'um; they had so much liquor aboard, no water could get in. The next day, twenty more tumbled *pitch!* into the water like so many clumsy alligators, and only one of 'em was drowned; and that was cause as how he hadn't got his morning grog in his skin, seeing 'twas just at daybreak. But by Golly, I never knowed a Dutchman fall overboard yet, that want drowned dead as a herring." This was the only commentary I heard upon this accident.

We arrived at Grand Gulf about two hours before sunset. The appearance of this place from the river, as it is approached from the south, is extremely picturesque, if not romantic. It is situated on a plain of something more than a mile square, which is nearly surrounded by verdant hills, finely wooded. It is a place of great business, and in five years, from an unimportant landing-place, it has arisen to be a powerful rival to Natchez. This town is rapidly growing in wealth and importance, and already exercises a great influence over the commercial and financial affairs of the state. The community is wealthy and intelligent, and in the spirit of enterprise is not behind any town in the State of Mississippi. A rail-road will soon connect it with Port Gibson, and an extensive cotton region. When this medium of communication is completed, its commercial facilities will be equal to those of any other place above New Orleans. Natchez, Grand

Gulf and Vicksburg, all three are at present facilitating the intercourse with their markets from the cotton regions in their vicinities. Three years ago, a railroad was a chimera not to be thought of here. Now, with the Nashville and New Orleans road, there are seven constructing in the State. At the landing, the steamer Rocky Mountain was unloading railroad cars and iron tracks. The whole front street was stirring with busy people, and every thing wore an appearance of prosperity. The town of Grand Gulf, like most of those on the Mississippi, displays an assemblage of white painted stores fronting the river, and a collection of dwellings scattered over an area back. The stores are generally two stories high, with square fronts, so as to give them, when viewed from the river, the appearance of having flat roofs; the houses are in cottage form, painted white, with little ornamental yards and vegetable-gardens around them. The population of Grand Gulf is less than one thousand.

Original.

THE FLOWER OF INNOCENCE;
HEUSTONIA CERULEA.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

THERE is a flower, a simple thing—

But dear, most dear to me—

And midst a thousand gay flowers,

That fairest still will be.

It dots the ground with star-like gems

About my place of birth—

And there, where'er the sod is green,

'Tis smiling from the earth.

It comes when wakes the pleasant spring—

When first the earth is green—

Four white, or pale blue leaves it hath,

With yellow heart between.

It loves to deck the grassy bank,

That slopes a-down the brook;

For there, it takes a deeper blue,

And there, a gayest look.

But when it grows on sod exposed,

Its leaves are small and white—

As if the modest flower grew pale

Amidst the glare of light.

It grows about a heap of stones,

For there the dew will stay—

It springs beside the dusty road,

Where children are at play.

Yes, every where about the fields,

Is seen the pretty thing—

And always shall I think of it,

When wakes the smiling spring.

And now, though I may see it not,

When spring-time is at hand—

I bless thee, loved, and natal flower,

E'en from a distant strand.

We call thee Innocence, sweet gem,

And well it thee befits,

For thou wilt ever cherish'd be,

With childhood's sinless dreams.