

pletely cover the trunks and lower limbs, loaded with buds and blossoms flinging their fragrance far and wide. As far as eye can reach may be seen great fields of sugar-cane with long ribbon-like leaves gently swayed by the evening breeze like pennons gaily fluttering. Farther to the right are broad fields of cotton, its white wealth showing everywhere amid the green of its leaves, as though impatient for the harvest. As the breeze sighs among its swaying stalks and the little click of its bursting covering is heard, a feeling of weirdness steals over one; they seem to beckon slyly, and with many little nods and winks say: "I will replenish your jewel case; it is I that will paint the old buildings, and care for the poor and helpless;" and thus one might easily imagine them a people whispering together, and exulting in their wealth; and when the stalks bend beneath their weight, they are like an army, bubbling with laughter which they are barely able to suppress. All along the hedges and among the trees are strewn flowers of the most gorgeous hues, those which denizens of colder climes find it hard to cultivate, except in hot-houses; scattered everywhere over all the landscape are clumps of lemon and orange trees, the gold of their fruit gleaming amid their small, glossy leaves of darkest green. As our travelers are lost in admiration of this wonderful scene, they make a movement as if to return the way they have come. "I am perfectly mystified. I remember the last time I was here I came by this very path, and drew rein just here, to admire the scene. The house was plainly visible around that hill, showing white amid the surrounding trees."

"And yet, papa, we were told in Beaufort that Mr. Montgomery still lived here."