

Such was the new home of the exiled Acadians; here they grew and multiplied for generations, till their home in the far away cold North was forgotten. Their herds, the fish and the wild game, and rice, furnished them a living. Skins and pelts bought ammunition and clothing; so long as the roof did not leak they slept comfortably. Why should they work? Well, they did not work. They just lived, ate, drank, frolicked, married, got children and died, and the begotten reigned in their stead. And this land, the fairest that ever the sun shone on, remained undeveloped, a broad waste of hundreds of thousands of beautiful meadows supporting a sparse population of idle, thriftless, happy-go-lucky beings, who had no more conception of the meaning of the word progress than they had of Cordan's rule for Cubics.

But such a state of things could not last forever. There was only needed the man and the occasion to effect a revolution. The Acadian had depended upon Providence rice.<sup>1</sup> Now it occurred to a shrewd son of the Hoosier State, who had drifted to this country, to be a kind of Providence to himself; so finding an old engine and pump for sale cheap, he bought it, set it up on the bank of a bayou that bordered his little place of one hundred acres, and pumped water on his rice in July and August. The yield was enormous, as much as 1500 bags, worth \$3.25 a bag. This was the occasion, and the needed man was there taking notes. A revolution in the industrial affairs of this southern Acadia was impending. Give it water and it would average from eight to twelve bags of rice per acre, worth from three to four dollars per bag.

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I know of no section of the South so unique in its attractions, of such peculiar and unusual natural beauty. The broad expanse of perfectly level meadow, here and there intersected by streams bordered by a fringe of evergreen trees, fanned by balmy breezes,—where cattle live and thrive the year around, where peaches, apricots, oranges and figs will grow for any one who will merely set out the trees, where the rewards of agriculture almost surpass belief, and fill the mind with astonishment.

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<sup>1</sup> Providence rice—so called because if Providence sent rain the Acadian farmer made a crop, if Providence did not send rain he did not make a crop.