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[Communicated]

The Carencro Region

I did not imagine there was so lovely a spot in Louisiana as this beautiful region. The name is in strange contrast to its beauty—certainly a misnomer.

Ascending the summit of one of the first hillocks, just a few acres from "Pont des Moutons," I gazed on the peaceful scene, and my eyes rested joyfully upon a landscape that proved to me as grateful as the sight of the land of Canaan to the weary pilgrims of Israel.

What an Elysium! the myriads of hillocks; the magnificent meadows; the shadowy aisles; the sloping fields,
receiving, at this time, the husbandman's tillage; the road serpentineally ruminating up and down—apparently in a mad freak; the numerous farm houses, dotted here and there, on the peaks; the cattle grazing in the luxuriant grass, all focussed, tended together; the view decidedly picturesque, if not truly majestic. And "the sacred col. 4 fountains of feeling," glowed with rapturous delight at this most wonderful splendor, which far excel the "quirks of a blazoning pen" to even faintly portray.

My way wound through this rich valley—for valley it certainly is—full of beauty, amid a succession of happy-looking farm-houses. And, as my pony was swiftly speeding through these elysian fields, seemingly enjoying the beauty of this princely domain I was lost in meditative contemplation, and only the reaching of my destination
could awaken me from a delicious reverie.

Standing on the broad veranda of the magnificent residence of Mr. Armas Guilbeau, and looking upon the environs of Eden beauty, I felt for once the elevating influence of nature.

As I drove homeward, through this wonderfully beautiful country—here along the borders of a small lagoon, there up a steep acclivity—this, I thought to myself, is very like the abode of happiness and is a condition of life not irrational to envy. Vividly to my mind, came the graphic lines of Scott, which seem almost written for this scene:

"And there soft swept in velvet green,
The plain with many a glade between,
Whose tangled alleys far invade
The depths of the brown forest shade;
There, tufted close with copee-wood green,
Was many a swelling hillock seen."