

was a novel and curious scene, especially when we approached Beaufort, a picturesque town composed of an assemblage of villas, the summer residences of numerous planters, who retire here during the hot season, when the interior of South Carolina is unhealthy for the whites. Each villa is shaded by a verandah, surrounded by beautiful live oaks and orange trees laden with fruit, though with leaves slightly tinged by the late severe frost. It is hoped that these orange trees will not suffer as they did in February, 1835, for then the cold attacked them much later in the season, and after the sap had risen. The Pride-of-India tree, with its berries now ripe, is an exotic much in favor here. A crowd of negroes, in their gay Sunday clothes, came down to look at our steamboat, grinning and chattering, and looking, as usual, perfectly free from care, but so ugly, that although they added to the singularity and foreign aspect of the scene, they detracted greatly from its charms.

Had it not been for the dense beds of oysters between high and low water mark, hundreds of which adhere to the timbers of the pier at Beaufort, as barnacles do in our English ports, I might have supposed the channel to be really what it is called, a river.

An old Spanish fort, south of Beaufort, reminded me that this region had once belonged to the Spaniards, who built St. Augustine, still farther to the south, the oldest city in the United States, and I began to muse on the wonderful history of the Anglo-Saxon race in settling these southern states. To have overcome and driven out in so short a time Indians, Spaniards, and French, and yet, after all, to be doomed to share the territory with three millions of negroes!

Of this latter race, we had not a few passengers on board. Going into the steerage to converse with some of them, my curiosity was particularly attracted to a group of three, who were standing by themselves. The two younger, a girl and a lad, were very frank, and willing to talk with me, but I was immediately joined by a young white man, not ill-looking, but who struck me as having a very determined countenance for his age. "These colored people," he said, "whom you have been speaking to, belong to me, and they have probably told you that I have