

hoary summits beautifully festooned with Florida moss. The cypress trees being deciduous, and this the winter season, they were almost leafless, but this, although in some respects a drawback, was not without its advantages, at it gave an opportunity of looking some distance into the dense wood, and among the tangled masses of vegetation which everywhere met the eye. Among the trees in foliage, the Cabbage Palm formed the most striking feature, growing from ten to thirty or forty feet high, with its huge clusters of leaves capping a beautiful columnar trunk bristling along the upper portion with the remnants of leaf-stalks not yet shed. The hanging moss, *Tillandsia usneoides*, grows everywhere and festoons everything, giving the whole scene a unique and fantastic appearance. Some of the palms had lovely clusters of ferns growing at their summits, rooted in the base of their leafstalks. There was a very luxuriant Aster in flower all along the water course, a plant of a semi-climbing habit, twining about among the shrubs until it attains a height of six or eight feet or more, a mass of bright bloom, festooning the bushes to the water's edge. There were a great variety of shrubs, many of them evergreen, such as Bays, Hollies, &c., also climbers, and plants in profusion, including Orchids, which were parasitic on the trees, growing all the way up their trunks to a great height. We saw many beautiful water plants in flower, among others the Star Lily, which is very pretty. There was an abundance of what appeared to be a species of *Tropæolum*, very like our common Nasturtium, also very many beautiful grasses.

All day long the sun shone out with a pleasant warmth, its brightness adding beauty to the ever changing panorama which was passing before our eyes. By sunset we had reached Silver Springs Run, and another hour brought us to the Silver Springs. These springs are marvellous for the abundance of their waters and their perfect transparency. A deep river, a hundred feet wide, is created and maintained by them, which after a course of seven miles forms a junction with the Ocklawaha. At the Springs the transparency of the water is so perfect that every object can be seen at the bottom of the water almost as distinctly as in the air. It was dark when we got there, but the water was so illuminated with fires of pine knots burning on the upper deck of our vessel and along the shore, that we could see quite clearly to the bottom—a depth of from fifty to seventy feet. There were large beds of white sand at the bottom, on which we could