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Mrs. Tresper formerly lived in a very comfortable house. Clay Landing was used during the Confederate war as a place of deposit for blockade goods. Archer, a railroad station, is but twenty miles distant, and to it over rough roads the contraband imports were hauled by mule teams, after having been landed from the fleet blockade-runner.

As the sun was sinking to rest, and the tree-shadows grew long on the wide river's bosom, we tasted the saltiness in the air as the briny breezes were wafted to us over the forests from the Gulf of Mexico. After darkness had cast its sombre mantle upon us, we left the "East Pass" entrance to the left, and our boats hurried on the rapidly ebbing tide down the broad "West Pass" into the great marshes of the coast. An hour later we emerged from the dark forest into the smooth savannas. The freshness of the sea-air was exhilarating. The stars were shining softly, and the ripple of the tide, the call of the heron, or the whirr of the frightened duck, and the leaping of fishes from the water, were the only sounds nature offered us. It was like entering another world. In these lowlands, near the mouth of the river, there seemed to be but one place above the high-tide level. It was a little hammock, covered by a few trees, called Bradford's Island, and rose like an oasis in the desert. The swift tide hurried along its shores, and a