

very like rain, but after a few drops falling, it cleared. We are driving through a very sandy region, with only the beautiful "Flint" River to redeem its monotony. We reached "Blue Spring," four miles from Albany, at half-past nine, a. m., and as it was a perfectly lovely spot, we concluded to remain till to-morrow to rest. On our morning's drive, we saw four comical little darkeys sitting on a fence, at the roadside. I called out, we have come for you, "chillens," their eyes were worth seeing, so big, and scared as they were, they jumped and ran as though they had wings; the mother came to the cabin door, with her hair combed out so that she looked like a "Zulu Chief," and gathered them in, and slammed the door. The children on their ponies attracted a great deal of attention. On the whole, we are apparently objects of dread to the "natives," In spite of a heavy rain, we slept well, though the mosquitoes were rather troublesome for the first time.

Thursday, May 2.—A lovely bright morning, the "Ark" requiring some repairs, we concluded to have it done, and start later on after breakfast. The girls and I had a delightful bath, in a swift running stream near the pool, and after coming out of the water, discovered about a dozen darkies sitting on a fence, overlooking our bathing place, interested spectators of the whole proceeding. "Blue Spring" is one of the most lovely spots I've ever seen; fancy a large well, about 100 yards round, the sides of white limestone, and the water, which is as blue as indigo, gushing up as from a great depth, and forming rapids for about as many yards, and then forming a swift running river, about thirty feet wide. The sides of the pool are covered with live oaks, and sweet gum, with vines and Spanish moss; there are a great many beautiful flowering shrubs, and here we saw the first snake, a large moccasin, it seemed rather stupid. Blue Spring is, I think, more beautiful than Florida's famed Spring of the same kind, "Wakulla." We stayed at this delightful spot all day, and I wrote some letters, the "Ark" not being done as early as we expected.

Friday, May 3.—We left early, and drove through "Albany," which is not much; it has good, wide, regular streets, but such sleepy looking people. We drove on ten miles to "Leesburg," and stopped for breakfast. This is a miserable, ugly little hamlet, in the heart of the piney woods. Left at half past twelve, and reached "Smithville," another small place, the people very uncivil, only one darkey has touched his hat to us since leaving Florida. We drove for about five miles and camped, two miles from "Ameriens." Our drive from "Smithville" to-day was through lovely country lanes, shaded with trees, the flowers are the same as those we have met all along, but to-day we have hardly seen any Spanish moss. Between here and Albany, we saw some lovely, graceful drooping trees, with leaves something like the English Hawthorn. There is no use asking the natives, either colored or white, the name of any tree or flower, for the answer is always, I dunno, never heard till it had any.

Saturday, May 4.—One week since we started. I can scarcely realize it, it has passed so quietly. We left Camp at half-past six, and at nine were in "Ameriens," the largest and nicest town we have met, some fine