

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe spends her winters; Green Cove Spring, a place noted for the efficacy of its mineral waters; Picolata, one of the earliest Spanish settlements in America; and Tocoí, the terminus of the railway leading to the ancient city of St. Augustine.

The number of cattle constantly in the river along the shores attracted our attention, and we soon learned that their business there was to feed on the succulent growth at the bottom, as the land along the shores was too poor to furnish them with sufficient sustenance. It was a novel sight to see them standing hour after hour in the water, dipping their heads and necks underneath, and tearing up the weeds at the bottom. As might be expected where fodder is so scarce, milk is also very scarce and dear; we were told that a quart per day from each cow in the herd was a good average yield. Pigs also were frequently seen in the water on the same errand, sometimes so deeply engaged that nothing but the ridge on their backs could be seen above water, excepting when they lifted their heads to breathe. The river banks were wooded chiefly with live oaks and pines.

It was dark before we reached Pilatka. Here we entered another smaller boat, the *Tuscarvilla*, in which we were to ascend the Ocklawaha river. Having taken in a good supply of oranges and other necessities for our three days trip, we steamed up the St. Johns about 10 p. m., and a little before midnight entered the mouth of the Ocklawaha. At daylight we were up watching the ever changing weird-like scenery—it was perfectly delightful, and must be seen to be fully understood. Here is a river without banks, its course being through the middle of an immense swamp, which frequently extends for miles along each side of the current. The channel is narrow and wonderfully tortuous; and so abrupt are the angles turned by the little boat, that with the most skilful management she often comes thumping against the cypress trees, and occasionally runs aground in spite of the efforts of the deck hands, who with long poles endeavor to force the little craft to keep within the limits of the stream. Frequently the branches of trees would sweep fiercely along the sides, and over portions of the deck, sometimes breaking the windows of our state rooms. Travel here is necessarily slow, but it matters not since no one is in a hurry.

The air was balmy and delicious; the trees and tropical undergrowth charming. Here is the home of the gigantic Cypress, *Taxodium deciduum*, where they grow from sixty to eighty feet high, with their