

passed from the domain of winter to that of summer. To an invalid just recovering from a serious illness it was a most delightful experience.

One of the most striking characteristics of the South is the ubiquitous presence of "our brother in black," and a very picturesque object he is. For "loopholed, windowed raggedness" he is not surpassed by the lazzaroni of Naples or beggars of Rome. As he stands in statuesque attitude, motionless in the blazing sunlight, he looks like a black bronze antique. There is an expression of infinite patience, almost of sadness, in his dark and lustrous eyes which one may easily fancy is the result of ages of bondage and oppression. When he speaks to you, which outside of the cities he seldom does unless first addressed, it is in a rich, velvety voice, in an obsequious, almost servile manner, and often in a rude and almost barbarous *patois*. But to see him at his best you should see him in animated conversation with his brother black. Then he is all life and energy. His gestures are emphatic, his white teeth gleam, his dark eyes flash, his jolly laugh pours forth peal on peal in an inexhaustible flood. A very small joke causes infinite mirth, and you realize, as perhaps not before, that "a jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that heareth it."

Pensacola, on the Gulf of Mexico, is the first Florida port at which we stop. It has a noble harbour, and sometimes floats more square-rigged shipping than any port in the United States. It is a favourite sail down the harbour to the historic Fort Pickens, Fort McRae, and the U. S. Navy-yard. The principal exports are timber and naval stores. All through Alabama and Northern Florida are vast "turpentine orchards" of the long-needed pitch pine. The trees are scarfed with chevron-shaped gashes through which exudes the resinous sap. This is collected and in rude forest stills is manufactured into turpentine, tar, and resin. A very picturesque and rather uncanny sight it is to see the night fires of these stills and the gnome-like figures of the blacks working amid the flames.

There are few more striking evidences of the growth of the Chautauqua movement than the existence of a successful Chautauqua Assembly in the heart of Florida. It was a genuine surprise to find such a well-equipped institution in what was till recently a primeval wilderness. The Louisville and Nashville