

which hang funereal plumes of Spanish moss, waving like tattered banners in the air. It is an utter solitude, save when a single crane or heron, or a flock of snowy-winged curlews flit across the forest vista.

The chief excitement of the tourist is watching for alligators. They lie basking in the sun till disturbed by the approaching steamer,

river is at night. Then on the top of the pilot house is kindled in an iron vessel a fire of pitch-pine knots which throws a lurid glare far ahead on the river and into the abysmal depths of darkness on either side. The cypress trees thrust their spectral arms, draped with the melancholy moss, out into midstream, as if grasping at the little steamer as we pass. Anything



CYPRESS SWAMP, FLORIDA.

when they quickly "wink their tails" and glide into the water. The pilot at the wheel ever and anon calls out "'Gator on the right," "Turtle on the left," "Snake on a log," as the case may be. The mud turtles are of huge proportions, and in numbers so great that one might suppose that a grand convention of all the turtles in the country was being held.

The most wonderful aspect of the

more weird and awesome it is hard to conceive. Then the coloured deck hands and waiters gather at the bow of the boat and chant their strange, wild camp-meeting hymns and plantation songs, and one's memories of a night's sail on the Ocklawaha become among the most strange of a lifetime.

Amid such surroundings in the great Dismal Swamp, the fugitives from bondage