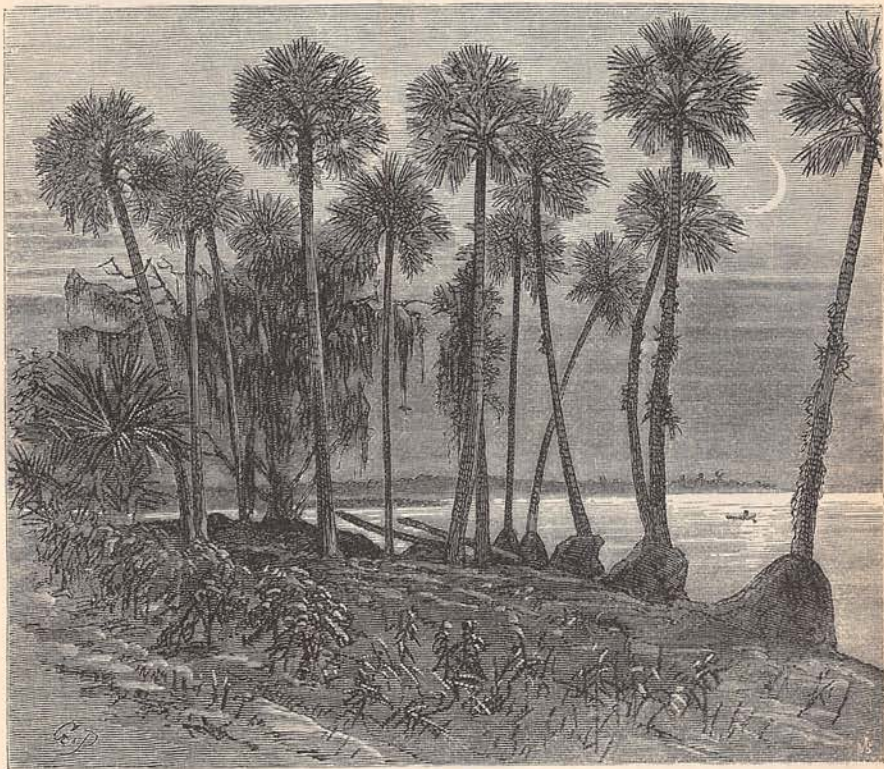


# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCVIII.—JANUARY, 1876.—Vol. LII.

## THE OKLAWAHA.



PALMS ON THE ST. JOHNS.

“GOVERNOR?” said Iris—“Governor? But I thought Governors were—” She paused.

“Old?” I added, smiling. “Not in this case, child. He was our ardent young war Governor, a title that stands by itself.”

But Iris was still doubtful.

“Let me tell you something else, then,” said Ermine. “When we were in Virginia last year, the fancy came to us to go and see a certain ruined Gothic tower by moonlight. The usual objections were made, of course: first, no one ever went to the tower by moonlight; second, no one ever went to the tower any way; third, there wasn’t any

tower. But the Governor calmly marshaled us to the very spot; bright moonlight all ready, field-glasses, chocolate-creams, diagrams of the country drawn on the bricks, poetical quotations, descriptions of colonial times, the loveliest compliments, and safe home again—all in two hours.”

“Charming!” said Iris. “I love such people.”

The Duke regarded her with gravity. It was necessary, then, to climb up Gothic towers, armed with poetical quotations and chocolate-creams. He had not thought of that. But he reflected that there were no Gothic towers on the Oklawaha, at any rate,

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OUR BOAT.

and postponed the consideration of the subject for the present.

For we were sailing up the St. Johns River, bound for the mouth of the Oklawaha, a wild tributary with an Indian name, which flows into the broader stream a hundred miles above the ocean bar, the desolate sand village of the pilots, and the two light-houses, so familiar to Florida travelers. Our comical little steamer, not unlike a dwarfed two-storied canal-boat, had started boldly out from the Pilatka dock that morning with its full quota of twenty passengers on board, six feet by three of shelf having been carefully engaged in advance by letter or telegram for each person. Our "accommodations," whatever that may mean, consisted of this shelf and—nothing more. Our fellow-travelers were, besides ourselves, a naturalist, the mother of a family and the family, a general who fought in the Seminole war, two school-girls, two anxious-eyed ladies voluminous in trimmings, Miss Treshington (Greek draperies) and maid,

and two grave Baptist brothers from Georgia. With our party, in addition to Vanderlyne Banyer (whom we had nicknamed the Young Duke) and the Governor—both chance accretions—was George, our generalizer, so called from his habit of generalizing every thing, throwing unimportant details to the right and the left, and presenting you with a succinct statement on the spot: one day of George would have driven Mr. Casaubon (eternal portraiture!) mad. Our little steamer was full—nay, more than full; we fairly swarmed over her miniature decks, crowded her wee cabin, and almost, I was about to say, hung on behind, so entirely did we fill every inch of her space. Every body heard what every body said; we dined in detachments, not being able to get into the cabin all at once; and when we were folded up on our shelves for the night, we could hear each other breathe all down the row: one dream, I am sure, would have sufficed for all of us.

The St. Johns is a tropical river of the dreamy kind; its beauty does not—to use

the expressive assaulting term—strike you, but rather steals over your senses slowly, as moonlight steals over the summer night. Palms stand along the shore in groups, outlined against the sky, which has here a softness unknown at the North, even June mornings and August afternoons seeming hard in comparison; the strength of the giant live-oaks is veiled by the sweeping tresses of the silvery moss that clings to their great branches and caresses them into slumber; and farther inland rise the single feathery pine-trees of the South, which, in the absence of hills and mountains, always seem so purple and so far away. Vanderlyne Banyer regarded all this beauty in silence, his slow-moving blue eyes fixed upon the shore. If you had asked him what he saw, he would have promptly replied, "Trees." They were trees, weren't they? Then why should a man bother himself about kinds?

"How beautiful it must be away over there—farther on, I mean, where the pine-trees are," said Iris.

"It is always beautiful beyond," remarked the Governor. "Don't you know how, in walking, the shady places are always 'farther on?'"

"But I would not give up the fancy, if fancy it is, for all the realities you can muster," said Ermine, who always tried her lance against the Governor's. "Beyond—beautiful beyond! Human nature journeys hopefully in that—"

"Delusion," said our generalizer; "like the horse that went fifty miles on a run to get the bag of oats fastened one foot in front of his own head."

"No! Did he, though?" said the Duke, laughing.

In the mean time the Governor was quoting to Iris George Eliot's grand Positivist hymn:

"O may I join the choir invisible  
Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence: live  
In pulses stirred to generosity,  
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
For miserable aims that end with self.  
.... This is the life to come,  
Which martyred men have made more glorious  
For us who strive to follow."

"Oh no, Governor," I said; "that is too hard doctrine for our little Iris. This longing for the beyond, of which we were talking, must have a warmer coloring in her case."

"Very well. How will this do, Miss Iris?—another land of beyond, which is near you, I think:

"O land, sweet land! new world, my world!  
No mortal knows what seas I sail  
With hope and faith which never fail,  
With heart and will which never quail.  
The sea is swift, the sky is flame;  
My low song sings thy nameless name.  
Lovers who love, ye understand  
This sweetest world, this sweetest land!"



VANDERLYNE BANYER.

Iris blushed charmingly under the gaze of the handsome brown eyes; but Ermine charged down the lists with, "No, not so. We must arrive some time in that lovely land, we can not be always on the way; and then—what do we find? Listen to this:

"Where art thou, beloved To-morrow,  
Whom young and old, and strong and weak,  
Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow  
Ever seek?

In thy place, ah! well-a-day,  
We always find, alas, To-day!"

During this conversation the trimmed ladies sat near and listened, that is, in the intervals of scanning the Greek draperies of Miss Treshington. Were they wrong? was she right? they anxiously wondered. The Greek, meanwhile, having discovered that a Banyer was on board, bestowed upon him a modicum of well-regulated smiles. The mother of a family marshaled her brood on the little unguarded deck below, where they had a series of the most thrilling and narrow escapes; the school-girls giggled together over the deeply mysterious jokes of their age; and the Baptist brothers had rather the best of it, after all, sitting on the roof with their feet hanging over. So passed the summer afternoon; for although it was March, the heat was like our July. Toward sunset our little craft turned suddenly in toward the shore, and ran her low bow into a mass of floating green.

"The bonnet-leaf, a species of lotus," announced the naturalist. "It lives in the dead water where two currents meet; when

you see it along shore you may know some creek comes in there."

"But here is no creek—" I began, when the steamer sharply turned the corner of a live-oak, and, behold, we were in a river, a majestic expanse of twenty-eight feet, with the trees on the dark banks nearly meeting overhead; but a river none the less, navigable for two hundred and fifty miles, and—"The famous Oklawaha in person!"

Ermine was glad it began so classically with the lotus, but denied that it was famous—yet.

"Oh yes, it is!"

"Oh no!"

"Yes."

"No."

"We will take the sense of the meeting," said our generalizer, promptly. "Mr. Ban-  
yer, what do you say?"

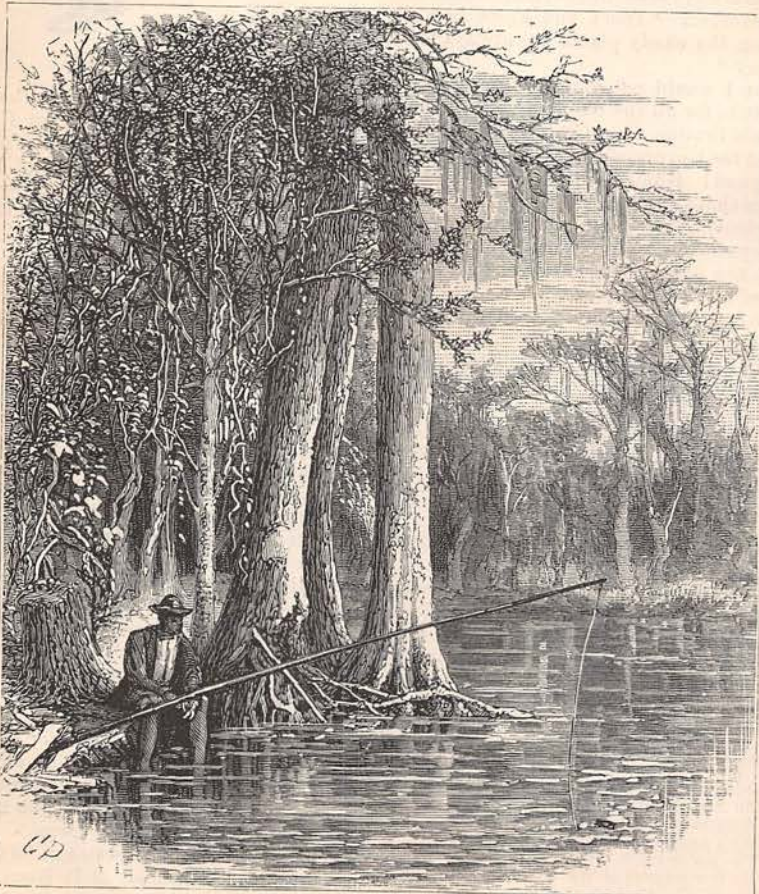
The Duke had never heard of it until he came South.

Miss Treshington ditto. "If it had been the Arno, now, or the dear Garonne! But here—" (a shrug).

The General thought that if not known, it ought to be. "An important treaty with the Indians was drawn up on its banks; hundreds of our soldiers were afterward picked off along the same banks by the same Indians. In the fastnesses near by lived the celebrated Hallak Tustenugge—"

"In short, the Seminole war," interrupted the generalizer, summing up. The General agreed, but slowly. He had several other items to produce, but the conversation had already swept by, and left him on the shore.

The school-girls had heard of it—"Oh yes, lots of times!" and the trimmed ladies specified with precision that they had "heard of it at the Grand National Hotel, Jacksonville." They liked "the Grand National." The Baptist brethren had read "a very spiritual description" by a fellow-worker who had taken the trip the previous year; but the naturalist had known of it from his "earliest childhood" (with scorn). We were rather cast down by this from the naturalist: none of us had known of it in our earliest childhood, whatever may have happen-



ON THE OKLAWAHA.

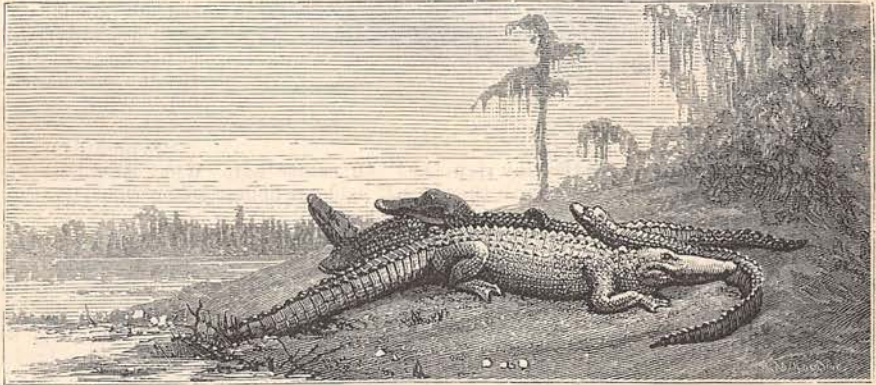
ed in our latest. But Ermine brought up re-enforcements in the shape of a sketch of the river by Dyer, whose "Interior of St. Mark's, Venice," was, she said, one of the lovely pictures of last spring's exhibition at the Academy. "This little sketch of the river was so poetically beautiful in the arrangement of the tropical foliage, so full of the very spirit of untamed Florida, that the moment I saw it I resolved to come here before the wild wood gods were driven from their last hiding-places," she said.

"Wood gods?" asked the school-girls.

"Alligators, of course," replied the generalizer; and at that moment we saw one, a huge fellow at least fifteen feet long, which came up from the swamp alongside, climbed slowly over a log, and lay there eyeing us, his head and tail in the water, but a hill of back exposed over the log, tempting us, had we been disposed to shoot. But, thank Fortune, we were not. By some remarkable chance we were without the inevitable boy

The effect was strange, for the glow was as brilliant as though a conflagration raged outside, and yet, above, the darkness of the cypresses loomed heavier than ever; the water sparkled, and the little ripples made by the steamer curled goldenly against the near shore, where the wild flowers felt a passing glory for a moment as the brilliant light swept over them.

It was now night, and the steamer had stopped. The great trees towered above on each side, no longer distinct, but walls of darkness, like the sides of a well to the little earth grub that has fallen in and vainly looks aloft, clinging to his bit of twig as he floats. No one spoke; we sat in silence, awed by the darkness and the wild forest, which seemed all the more wild because we could not see it. Suddenly flared out a red light from above, and, as if by magic, the woods grew red, and showed us their vistas and glimmering pools again. Birds cried from their near nests and flew past our



ALLIGATORS.

with a pistol, who may be called the nuisance of the Oklawaha, and also without the complacent man with a shot-gun, who wounds uselessly and cruelly all the beautiful birds and wild creatures of the forest alongside that have not yet learned to fear him, and leaves them to die slowly on the banks, he himself shooting meanwhile safely from the deck of the steamer—the last man, probably, to venture on a real Florida hunting expedition, where there is danger, a fair field, and hunger to justify the destruction.

As the sun sank low in the west the red glow, which we could not see in the sky above through the dense umbrella-like tops of the cypresses, penetrated the open spaces below, and rested on the claret-colored water, as though the sun had stooped and shot under the trees, determined that the dark river, which he could not reach through the day with all his shining, should yet feel his power ere he stepped below the horizon.

faces; the steamer started on, carrying the magic with her. Pitch-pine fires had been started in braziers on the top of the boat to light the way, and, tended by a negro boy, they burned brilliantly all night, sending a red glow over the dark waters ahead, showing the sudden turns, the narrow passes, the bent trees, and a lonely little landing, where we left a barrel for a solemn old mule which came down and inspected us as the steamer ran her bow on shore—the ordinary way of landing on the Oklawaha.

"I suppose the barrel is for the mule," said Iris; "at least, there is no one else to receive it."

After a time, as the boat moved onward, she began whistling at intervals—a long melancholy call with a silence after it, as though waiting for an answer. "Orpheus on his way to Hades, calling 'Eurydice!' 'Eurydice!'" I suggested.

"Do you remember that musical little poem of Jean Ingelow's called 'Divided,'



A LONELY LANDING.

where one in sport steps over the tiny rivulet, which grows wider and wider until they can no longer call across, and finally lose even sight of each other entirely?" said the Governor.

Iris remembered it, and very sweetly, at his request, repeated the closing verses, the words of the one left on the far shore, walking "desolate day by day:"

"And yet I know past all doubting, truly—  
A knowledge greater than grief can dim—  
I know, as he loved, he will love me duly,  
Yea, better, e'en better, than I love him.

"And as I walk by the vast calm river,  
The awful river so dread to see,  
I say, "Thy breadth and thy depth forever  
Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."'"

"I made a new ending once in place of that," said Ermine; "it is much more true to nature, as I should tell Miss Ingelow if I knew her:

"Ah, no, sweet poet, not this the ending:  
The love of man ne'er rests in the past;  
With thoughts of thee soon new love was blending,  
Grew, budded, and blossomed, and conquered at last.

"Dream not, dream not, with pale lips that quiver,  
He's thinking of thee as he walks afar:  
"I loved her once, but—widened the river!"—  
And he wafts thee away with his evening cigar.

"Thou art but the ghost of a love departed—  
Ils ne peuvent revenir, ces pauvres morts;  
Remember, no man ever died broken-hearted;  
Remember, les absents ont toujours tort!"

"Ermine," I said, "you are a cynic."

"Not at all, Miss Martha. I appeal to Mr. Banyer if I am not right."

But the Duke confessed frankly that he had no idea what we were talking about. He had been watching those remarkable long-legged birds that kept flying up alongside and shrieking at us—limpkins, he believed they were called.

The generalizer immediately laid before him an abstract of the case: "Poetry, you know—Jean Ingelow's 'Divided.' Two lovers separated for good; girl sure he will think of her forever; Miss Ermine sure he will not. What do you say?"

"Separated forever? Of course not. What would be the use?" said our honest young Duke, lighting a fresh cigar.

At this moment we heard in the distance a far sound in answer to our doleful cry. "The other steamer," said the Baptist brethren on the roof, who passed down bulletins gathered from the pilot. "They have to warn each other in order to find a broad place to pass in."

We soon saw a gleam up the river high above the trees, glancing from side to side in the air, for the boat was still some distance off, and the course of the stream tortuous. In the mean time our little craft had crowded herself ignominiously so close to the shore that one side was tilted up like a buggy turning out for another on a narrow mountain road. She clawed the bank so desperately that involuntarily we drew our very skirts back, as if to make more room in the channel, thereby, as the generalizer said, affording a lovely example of that feminine desire to help which makes a woman always hold back when the horses are going down hill. At length the light darting and flickering above the tree-tops disappeared, and a sudden glare shot out over the river in front of us. Round a curve came the other steamer, her pitch-pine fires blazing high on top, and the little decks below crowded with passengers. "Effeté blasé travelers who have seen it all," said George. "Let us give them a cheer to wake them up." So we cheered lustily, answered by the effeté

ones with a sort of a roar which was much more impressive than our effort. "They learned that from Hallak Tustenugge," said George, kindly accounting for our defeat.

In the mean time the two boats were passing each other gingerly, scraping the shores on each side, the respective cooks exchanging a few whispered confidences from their little windows as their black faces were carried slowly past each other only a few inches apart. Then we watched the glare glide on down the river. First the whole forest lighted up, then a gleaming through the white trunks of the cypresses, then the same high-up flickering light over the tree-tops, and finally nothing save darkness. That was behind, however. In front we had our own glow, and journeyed onward into stranger and stranger regions, the hours shortened by the songs of the negro crew, who, assembled on the little deck below, gave us, one after another, those wild unwritten melodies, the despair of routine musicians in their violation of all rule, yet as wildly sweet and natural as the songs of a bird.

"In a char-riote ob fire  
Elijah he went up to die,  
Ole Moses he took de hire,  
An' de wind blew 'em up in de sky,"

sang our sable-faced choir in their rich voices, the words floated by the melody, which we could not catch on account of the unexpected pauses, long minor cadences, and sudden beginnings again with which it was filled. Just as we thought we had it, off it flew, floating along in a time peculiar to itself, as wild as the wild forest alongside. Miss Treshington, who never descended from the heights, musical or otherwise, found nothing to admire in this untutored singing, and went inside to play cribbage with the Duke on a beautiful inlaid board brought out by the maid; the trimmed ones followed, fascinated still; the family retired for the night; the school-girls began to eat candy, and the brethren to read religious weeklies; the naturalist and the General remembered that it was damp; and finally, our five were left alone outside. When the singing ceased we sat almost in silence, watching the lights stretch forward, gleam through the forest, fill it with radiance for a moment, then leave it to blackness again while it reddened new vistas ever opening ahead. We seemed to have grown into a new fellowship when at last we separated. Our quiet "good-nights" were gentle and sweet. It was as though we had passed through an experience of which the others inside knew nothing. "Good-night," said the Governor, almost in a whisper, as Iris slowly left her seat beside him to follow us. The light from the open door fell upon his face. Iris saw the expression of his eyes. And so did I.

"Brown eyes," I announced to Ermine, "ought, for the general good of mankind, to be suppressed." (We were in our tiny state-room, and I had the floor.) "When they deepen and darken and soften, they mean really no more than the calmest blue or the coldest gray, and yet I defy you to pass unmoved under their glances."

"You needn't defy," said Ermine; "we like it."

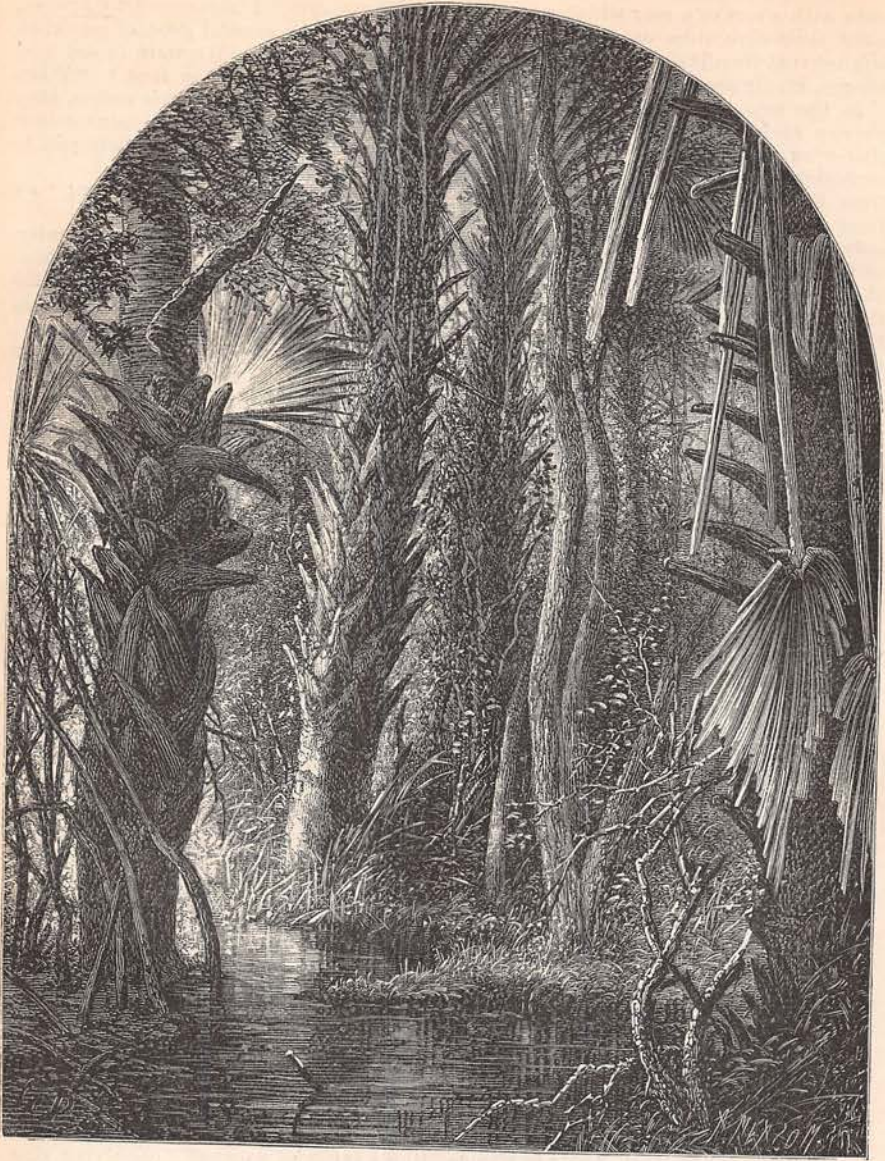
"To be so deceived?" I said, indignantly.

"Not so much deceived as you think, Miss Martha. But we like to feel the depths stirred once in a while, even if it is, as you say, only a stir."

That night I was wakened by a sharp blow on the little shuttered window, followed by a long scrape down the side of the boat. This was repeated again and again, and at last I recognized the sound of branches. We were brushing the trees as we passed. It was two o'clock. Wrapping myself in my cloak, I peeped into the cabin: no one was there, and I ventured out on the forward deck. We were moving slowly onward. The fires on top were burning brightly. The river had grown very narrow, and as we passed the curves we seemed to be plunging into the thickets alongside, the bent tree branches making the sounds I had heard. We had come to the region of palms. Their tall slender trunks shot upward, leaning slightly forward over the river, and below on the bushes bloomed a maze of flowers, standing out clearly for a moment as the light fell upon them, then vanishing into darkness again. Vines ran up the trees and swung downward in fantastic coils, and the air was heavy with fragrance. Every now and then a white crane flew up from the green thicket and slowly sailed away up stream, flapping his great wings, while the brown bird we had noticed, the ever-present limpkin, multiplied himself, and made sarcastic remarks about us from the bushes as we passed, ending in a shrill hoot of derision as we left him behind. Save the bird cries there was no sound. Onward we glided through the still forest, the light ever reddening in front and fading behind, like a series of wonderful dissolving views set up by some wizard of the wilderness. After a while I went back to my shelf, and the sweep of the branches against the sides of the boat grew into a familiar sound, and lulled me to sleep. But it was never safe for us to stand near our open window: Ab-salom's fate might have been ours.

"Payne's Landing," said George, the next morning, as we passed a landing, "and the General knows all about it. Come, General."

Thus adjured, the General began the story of a war whose memory has faded in the redder struggles that came after, but whose characteristics were perhaps more peculiar



PALMETTO THICKET.

and distinct than the broader later contests—like fine old sketches to which we turn again after a surfeit of fiery paintings ablaze with color.

"Payne's Landing was named after King Payne, a Seminole chief—" began the General.

"Seminoles—name signifying wild wanderers—were originally runaways from the Creeks of Georgia," commented the generalizer, rapidly. "In 1750 a number of them settled in Florida under a chief named Se-coffee. They were never very numerous,

but occupied a vast extent of country. Se-coffee left two sons; one of them was called Payne. Go on, General."

"Payne, a Seminole chief," said the General, going back and beginning over again. "He seems to have been possessed of more wisdom than belongs usually to the Indian character, for he labored to unite all the separated bands into one tribe under one head. He lived here upon the Oklawaha (which took its name from the Oklawaha Indians, who were a darker-skinned race, descended from the Yemasces), and he was



called king, the title and accompanying power descending to his son and grandson, the latter the Micanope of the Seminole war, who also lived in the Oklawaha country, northwest of Orange Lake. The Seminole war began—or rather I should say the Seminole war was caused by—”

“One moment. Uncle Sam bought Florida from Spain, you know, in 1821,” said the generalizer. “The Spanish settlements had never extended far from the coast, and the Indians had the whole interior to themselves. But of course the new American settlers were not going to stand that. ‘Go down to the everglades and stay there, or else emigrate,’ they said. Lo wouldn’t; result, a row. Take it up at the treaty, General; you know all about that.”

The General, not quite sure now that he knew all about any thing, rallied his forces, and began again at the desired point: “The second treaty with the Indians—the first having been disregarded—was made at Payne’s Landing, which we are now passing, in May, 1832. In it the Indians agreed to exchange their Florida lands for an equal amount west of the Mississippi, together with a certain sum of money, a certain number of blankets, and a fair price for their cattle. They were to remove within three years, and in the mean time a committee of their own chiefs was to explore the new country and report upon it.”

“They went, were absent six months, found the climate cold, no pitch-pine, and Arkansas generally a delusion and a snare,” interpolated the generalizer. “The treaty, however, had been signed by fifteen undoubted Seminole cross-marks, and the United States prepared herself to execute it. Time up; not a red-skin ready; troops sent; war.”

While the General was transporting himself to this new starting-point, Ermine remarked: “My history consists of a series of statues and tableaux—statues of the great men, tableaux of the great events; I refuse to know more. Were there any such in the Seminole war?”

The General not having arrived yet, the generalizer was happy to reply: “Yes; one tableau and two statues—the former the Dade Massacre, the latter Hallak Tustenugge and ‘the gallant Worth.’”

Simultaneously the whole twenty of us, glad to touch bottom somewhere, hastened to announce that we knew of “the gallant Worth,” and I gained an additional lustre by bringing forward the item that he was the eighth commander sent out to close the war.

“And he succeeded—the only one who did. But the whole business was a terrible wandering through swamps, voyaging up unknown rivers, and cutting paths into far-away hamaks after Indians who were never



THE GENERAL.

there, for six long years,” said the generalizer, bringing the war down another four hundred pages at a jump. “Come, General, give the ladies an idea of the life—something that you saw, now.”

The General, however, had given up all idea of any thing that he saw. But he had a retentive memory, and after some consideration (allowed him by the generalizer’s having been called off to look at a moccasin snake on the bank) he now favored us with two quotations on the subject. “My first,” he said, beginning like a charade, “is as follows: ‘Fruitless expeditions marched out and returned, and failed to find the enemy. The work of surprise and massacre still went on by invisible bands, who struck the blow and disappeared. The country was discouraged, the troops disheartened, and the Indians unmolested.’” A pause. “My second: ‘Their duties were divested of all the attributes of a soldier, but they went resolutely to work with one incentive—to do their duty. The officer and his command of thirty or forty men resembled more a banditti than a body of soldiers in the service of their country. He, at the head of his little band, without shoes or stockings, his pantaloons sustained by a belt, in which was thrust a brace of pistols, without vest or coat, his cap with a leathern flap behind to divert the rain from coursing down his back—in this manner he led his detachment through bog and water, day after day, dependent for food upon the contents of his haversack strapped to his back. The only stars above his head were the stars of heaven, the only stripes those on his lacerated feet, and the only sound to welcome him after his toils



EUREKA LANDING.

was the abuse and fault-finding of the ignorant and vindictive."

We received these quotations with applause; and then Ermine asked for the remaining statue and the tablean.

"The Dade Massacre is reserved for future use," said our generalizer, "and Hallak Tustenugge belongs to Orange Lake, which we have not yet reached. We passed Iola some time ago. All hands ready now for Eureka Landing!"

Of all the wild spots on the Oklawaha there is not one so hidden away, so like nothing but itself, as Eureka Landing. No wonder they called it Eureka, after such a chase to find it. Our steamer turned out of the Oklawaha into a little thread of a stream, deep, no doubt, but only just wide enough to hold her. Through this narrow ribbon of water she slowly advanced, running ashore at curves, and poled off by the boatmen, wedged between cypresses, keeled up on logs, scraped, caught in the branches, and wrecked, as we supposed, a dozen times in that flower-bordered ditch. Yet she always managed to start on again, and, thus progressing, we came at last to a solitary little shanty with a padlocked door, and one man sitting on the step, with dog and gun, gazing at us like Rip Van Winkle when he awoke in the forest. We put ashore several boxes and bales here, but Rip never stirred; evidently they were not for him. In a moment or two we steamed away again, not turning around—for that would have been impossible, unless we had all gotten out and

lifted the boat around bodily—but following the accommodating ribbon, which flowed into the Oklawaha again a few miles above, having only been off making a little loop, as it were, for its own amusement. As we turned a curve I looked back. Eureka may grow into a metropolis if it likes, but I shall never think of it save as a wild forest, a ribbon of a river, a solitary shanty, and Rip Van Winkle sitting on the step gazing after us, his dog and gun beside him.

"Far and few, far and few, are the lands where the jumbles live,"

quoted Ermine. "I have always wanted to go, and now here we are, in our sieve."

The naturalist, not catching this exactly, asked what it was.

"It belongs, Sir, to the same period of art as the classic ballad of the 'Owl and the Pussy Cat,' which you have probably heard," said Ermine. But the naturalist had not; and Ermine, who loved pure nonsense once in a while, and always declared that only a high order of mind could appreciate it, began gravely and repeated the whole ballad of the "Owl," followed by the "Jumbles," which, she said, was peculiarly appropriate to our case, our steamer being a sieve, our heads green, our veils blue, and the "Lakes and the Terrible Zone" just ahead of us. She closed with the last verse, as follows:

"And in twenty years they all came back,  
In twenty years or more,  
And every one said, "How tall they've grown,  
For they've been to the Lakes and the Terrible  
Zone,  
And the hills of the Chunkley Bore."  
Far and few, far and few, are the lands where the  
jumbles live;  
Their heads are green and their veils are blue, and  
they went to sea in a sieve."

The naturalist listened, at first gravely, then somewhat confused, and finally utterly bewildered, as Ermine sweetly rolled out the verses with her most delicate accentuation.

"Ah, yes; very, very fine," he murmured at the close; and then retreated hastily to the upper deck, where he spent the rest of the day in the more congenial pursuit of collecting specimens from the flowers and vines as we passed, and catching flying things, or rather trying to catch them, in a little hand-net. I caught him once or twice looking dubiously over at Ermine; but he did not venture down again.

The woods through which we sailed all day were wilder than a Northerner's wildest dream of tropic forests; the great trees towered above us one hundred and thirty feet high, often meeting over our heads, so that we journeyed through a mighty arbor; along shore and in the dark pools within stood the singular "knees;" vines and flowers, air-plants and flitting brilliant birds, filled the intervening space. Vegetation fairly rioted, and we almost expected to see moving

about some of those strange forms of life which belonged to the age when ferns were trees, and the whole land a tropic jungle. "I see faces and green dragons peeping out every where," said Iris. "It is like Doré's pictures."

That night a thunder-storm struck us in a narrow stretch of river. I woke. The rain sounded on the little roof like hail-stones; behind us and alongside the darkness of the forest was intense, the blackest darkness I have ever seen. But in front our faithful pitch-pine fires burned steadily, and lighted up the dark water, the wet trunks of the trees, and the pouring rain with a distinctness that only made me feel all the more strongly how strange it was, and how lost we seemed away up that wild, far-away river on our little steamer in the midnight storm.

I praised the pitch-pine fires the next morning with all my heart. "The Indian's friend," said the Governor. "In their new Western homes they missed more than any thing else, so they said, their favorite 'light-wood,' the pitch-pine, an ever-ready hearth in the wilderness, burning cheerily on through storm and rain."

We passed landings here and there, swamp-ways where rafts of cypress logs were waiting, towed aside to give us the channel, and at last we came to the fair waters of which we had heard. Silver Spring, beautiful enchanted pool, who can describe thee! About one hundred miles from the mouth of the Oklawaha, a silvery stream enters the river; we turn out of our chocolate-colored tide, and sail up this crystal channel, which carries us along between open savannas covered with flowers, as different as possible from the dark tangled forest where we have journeyed. This stream, or run, as it is called, has a rapid current, and, although twenty feet deep, the bottom is distinctly visible as we pass over, so clear is the water. Nine miles of this, and we come to the spring-head, a basin one hundred feet wide, fifty yards long, and forty feet deep, a fairy lakelet surrounded by tropical foliage more beautiful than any thing we had yet seen, the *Magnolia grandiflora* mixing with the palms and moss-draped live-oaks, wild grape-vines clambering every where, the pennons of the yellow jasmine floating from the trees, and solid banks of Cherokee roses walling up the spaces between the low myrtles, as if fortifying the spring with blossoms. The water was so transparent that we could see a pin on the bottom distinctly, and objects there were coated, fringed, and edged with brilliant rainbow tints, the smallest spray of moss taking to itself the hues of a prism, and a fragment of china, dropped in by some visitor, shining like an opal: all this is the effect of refraction. Our steamer was



A FLORIDA CABIN.

to lie here some hours, and now it was that the Governor came to the front again. "Cross in canoes, and lunch on the opposite shore," he said.

Nobody saw any canoes, only muddy flat-bottomed boats; and nobody knew how or where to get any lunch, or any body to row. But the Governor put his shoulder to the wheel, and things moved. Result: the eight of us found ourselves in two light canoes, with boys to row; a charming shady place appeared on the far side of the lake; lunch sprang up there as if by magic—delicious sandwiches, little cakes, Champagne on ice; the very flowers we wanted grew there; the very glasses out of which we drank were Bohemian (in glass, not in spirit), and like nothing but themselves. Iris had given up her little oppositions long ago; she looked at every thing through the fringes of her long eyelashes, and assented when Ermine remarked, in an under-tone, that the only thing you could do with such a man as the Governor was to sit down and admire him.

While our canoe was passing the centre of the lake we seemed to be floating in mid-space, for the water was so clear that one could scarcely tell where it ended and the air began; the trees were reflected like realities; the fish swimming about were as distinct as though we had them in our hands; in short, with the prism-tinted fringes every where along the bottom, it was enchantment. The spring water bubbles

up from little silver and green sand hillocks here and there, but the main supply comes from under a limestone ledge at the north-eastern end. The generalizer had the statistics all ready: "Three hundred million gallons every twenty-four hours, or more than twenty times the amount consumed daily by New York city."

"How it wells up into its beautiful rainbow bowl!" said Ermine, leaning over the side.

"I must tell you a story connected with Silver Spring," said the generalizer. "To begin with, however, you must know that I've been studying up the Seminole war—eh, General?"

The General looked a little as though somebody had been stealing his thunder, but he said nothing, and George went on. "In all the histories and correspondence connected with this war there is frequent mention of a chief named Jones—Sam Jones—who for a number of years lived here at Silver Spring. Jones was apparently a person of high importance among the Seminoles, a prophet and a medicine-man. Jones is here, Jones is there, on the pages of the histories, now turning up as far north as our old friend the Suwanee River, now lurking in 'the Cretan labyrinth of the Cove,' now hopelessly escaped to the 'watery fastnesses of the stretching everglades;' but no one explains how he came by his name. My curiosity is roused. Certainly it is not a Seminole name. Once the title of 'fisherman' is added, and only stimulates my ardor. But it was only the other day, after all my searching, that by chance I learned the comic origin of the title borne

by this grave chieftain. Before the war broke out he had supplied one of our garrisons with fish for some time, and the sutler, being of a musical turn, and given to chanting the ballads of the day, named the solemn warrior 'Sam Jones,' in a jocular mood, after 'Sam Jones, the fisherman,' the hero of a song then in vogue in New York—a parody on 'Dunoiis, the young and brave.'"

"It was Dunoiis, the young and brave,  
Was bound for Palestine,

But first he paid his orisons

Before Saint Mary's shrine—

"And grant, almighty Queen of Heaven,"

Was still the soldier's prayer,

"That I may be the bravest knight,

And love the fairest fair,""

chanted Iris. "Mother used to sing it."

"Yes," said George; "and this was the parody:

'It was Sam Jones, the fisherman,

Was bound for Sandy Hook,

But first upon his almanac

A solemn oath he took—

"And grant a streak of fishing luck"—

So ran this prayer of Sam's—

"That I may have good sport to-night,

And catch a load of clams."

Thus the chance fancy of a musical sutler bestowed a name which has become historic, and which will go gravely down in American history forever."

Miss Treshington was charmed with Silver Spring, with the lunch, with every thing; she regarded the Governor with something almost like interest in her serene eyes, but finally fell back upon the undoubted Bayner, who sat comfortably eating sandwiches by her side. "What do you think of our host?" she asked, in an under-tone.

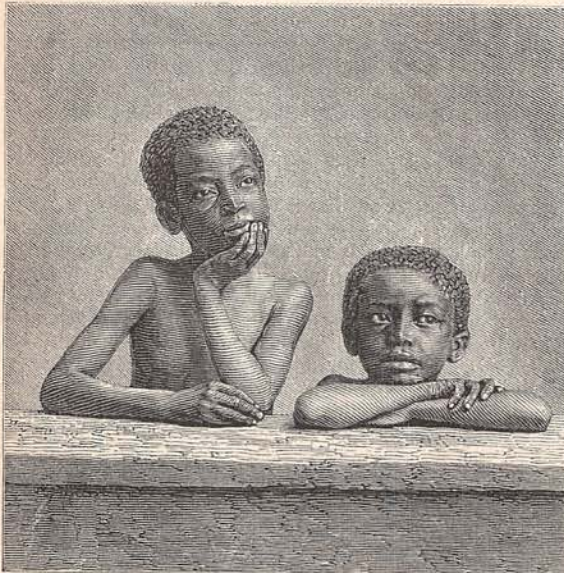
"Fine fellow," said the Duke, abstractedly. "But I wish—I wish he had brought some olives."

At this moment olives made their appearance at the other end of the table-cloth, followed by a charming little mustard-pot of the most aristocratic ugliness.

"A first-rate fellow—a capital fellow, I declare," said the Duke, with enthusiasm. "Give me a man who knows how to live. What mustard!—superb!"

Miss Treshington relapsed into thought.

At Silver Spring we found several houses; a stage runs back to the town of Ocala, some miles distant. Eventually the beautiful lakelet must be a resort, and no doubt wonderful virtues will be discovered in its silver waters. We saw an express cart starting into the interior, and the generalizer, hav-



CHERUBS—AN OKLAWAHA ART STUDY.

ing discovered a wandering photographer, came back with an Oklawaha art study, designed and arranged by himself *à la* Sistine.

We found the trimmed ladies enjoying themselves on deck when we returned to the steamer; the belles of Silver Spring had gathered on the wharf, openly (eyes and mouth) overcome by the voluminous ruffles. It was pleasant to be appreciated even here. But no sooner had Miss Treshington stepped on board than they fell back into their old perplexity.

"They seem to me to be standing always on tiptoe on the outside walls," said Ermine, "calling out, anxiously, 'Watchman, what of the night? Are puffs to be worn, or bias folds?'"

Leaving Silver Spring at sunset, the steamer carried us back through the lovely savannas to the Oklawaha, and turned her bows southward again, bound for the lakes at the head. That evening, as we sat on the deck, willing to rest after the crowding sights of the day, we heard the tale of the Dade Massacre. The General told it, and told it well, for George was inside talking to the school-girls, and had no idea what was going on until it was all over.

"On the 28th of December, 1835, General Thompson and a lieutenant left Fort King, near the present site of the town of Ocala, south of Silver Spring, for an afternoon stroll. They were walking along, chatting and smoking, going toward the sutler's store, when suddenly, all unsuspecting of danger, they received in their breasts the fire of Osceola's band, who were hidden in the thicket near by. General Thompson fell dead, pierced with twenty-four balls, Lieutenant Smith with thirteen. This massacre may be called the opening of the long Florida war. The little garrison in the fort, hearing the firing, prepared hastily for defense. They congratulated themselves upon the reinforcements they were hourly expecting—two companies of troops from Fort Brooke, Tampa. That very day, the 28th, these two expected companies, under the command of Major Francis L. Dade, of the Fourth Infantry, were marching northward along the road which led from Brooke to King, when, as they were advancing carelessly and in perfect security, they were attacked by a large body of Indians posted in the thickets not thirty yards from the road. Major Dade and the advance-guard fell dead at the first fire; indeed, half of the command were killed. The remaining officers rallied their men, fired blindly back into the thicket, and fought desperately for an hour, when the Indians retired for a consultation. With the energy of a desperate purpose the forlorn band began to build a breastwork of logs, but before it was knee-high—that poor little unfinished breastwork that mutely told us such a story of despair—the Indians

returned over the ridge with a yell, and recommenced firing, having almost certain aim, so near were they, and gradually closing in around the little fortification, until, when all had fallen, they entered it in triumph. An eye-witness, a negro who had followed the Indians, told us that as they entered, a handsome young officer dressed in a blue frock-coat, the only man who was not either dead or mortally wounded, stepped forward to meet them, and offered his sword in token of surrender; but the Indian to whom he offered it shot him dead on the spot." (Here Iris's pretty eyes became suffused with tears.) "This young officer was Lieutenant Basinger. Another poor fellow, one of the officers, with both arms broken early in the fight, had sat, so the negro said, propped against the tree, with his head bent, and minding nothing that went on around him, until at last a stray shot killed him; and a third, with one arm disabled, had continued to load and fire until he, too, was killed. After taking the arms and some of the clothing from the troops, the Indians went off to meet the band of Osceola, who had the same day accomplished the massacre at Fort King. Great rejoicings went on in the Indian camp that night. On the 20th of February following General Gaines passed over the same road on his way from Brooke to King, and came upon the scene of the massacre. I was with him, and we found the advance-guard lying where they fell, with the bodies of Major Dade and Captain Fraser, the oxen attached to the cart, with the yoke still on them as if asleep; and there stood the forlorn little breastwork, thickly studded with balls, and within it our men, kneeling or lying upon their breasts just as they were when they fired their last shot. In the dry air of the Florida winter they were but little changed; we recognized all the poor dear fellows, and buried them, with moistened eyes; the detachment moved round the little breastwork to slow music, and the cannon which the Indians had thrown into the swamp was recovered and placed vertically at the head of the mound. But I shall never forget the sight of the men lying there in their blue clothing, so still and silent, under the lovely Florida sky."

"After the war was over they were re-interred in the military cemetery at St. Augustine, where there is a handsome monument to their memory," resumed the General, after a long pause, which no one seemed disposed to break. We sat in silence some time longer. It came to us with power, there on that wild dark river, a realization of the weary marches, the sudden shots, the little detachments cut off in just such places as those on shore.

"I feel," said Iris, slowly—"I feel some-way as if we had not thought enough about them, the poor soldiers who died here."



LAKE HARRIS.

"It would not do them any good," I said.  
 "No; but still I wish—I wish we had thought more about them."

"Miss Iris means, I think, that it would have done *us* good," said the Governor.

"Yes," murmured Iris, "that is what I meant. Thank you." And thoughtfully she looked out over the dark water.

The next day we came to the region of the lakes, having worked our way with difficulty through floating islands of the *Pistia spathulata*, which in places covered the river, obstructing the channel with its tough, rope-like roots. "Sometimes they have to get out and saw them apart, and tie the ends back to the trees along shore," said George. But this time the naturalist was ahead of him, having already delivered the following, from Bartram, to a select audience composed of Ermine, Iris, and myself:

"A singular aquatic plant, associating in large communities or islands, sometimes several miles in length and a quarter of a mile in breadth, on large rivers or bays. These islands are nourished and kept in place by long fibrous roots, and are often alive with alligators, snakes, frogs, otters, heron, and curlew, until they seem like communities, needing only wigwams and a canoe to complete the scene. In storms and high water they are driven from their moorings, and float about until they secure a footing again, when they flourish and spread themselves until again broken up and dispersed. They are often adorned with flowers, as the seeds of other plants are dropped upon them by the birds, and spring up on the matted green, bearing blossoms as composedly as though dry land was beneath them instead of a near and rapid current."

"Never mind," said George, when Iris informed him that he was too late with his weed information; "I still have Hallak Tus-tenugge. Promise me that you will be audience, Miss Iris, when I deliver my lecture upon the warrior of the Oklawaha."



The tone was light, but the young man would have his answer, nevertheless; and a very sweet little audience our Iris made—when she felt like it.

The lakes were Griffin, Eustis, Harris, and Dora, Eustis having been named from General Eustis, and the rest from no man knoweth what.

"We have come to 'the lakes and the Terrible Zone,'" said Ermine. "Dora, at least, presageth a romance of some kind."

"What is romance?" I remarked, comprehensively.

Whereat Miss Treshington cast down her eyes and turned sweetly into a statue of Melancholy at the deck railing (Miss Treshington's profile, hair, and draperies were such that, give her a background, and irresistibly your thoughts turned at once to the Palmer marbles); and then the Duke, noticing after a while the very obvious pathos of her attitude, jumped up with concern, saying, "There! I was afraid the smoke of my cigar would annoy you; pray pardon it;" and went below.

"No use," said Ermine, in a low tone; "he does not comprehend Greek art at all."

"Nor any other art," I answered. "For my part, I like the simple-hearted, blue-eyed, burly young man; he says what he means, and he knows what he wants, and all the eloquence in the world, Greek or otherwise, could not move him. When he marries, he will marry some one whom he really loves in his own—"

"Slow way," said Ermine.

"Very well; slow if you like; but isn't that better than fast?"

We were approaching the head of navigation on our wild river, and, contrary to the custom of travelers, we felicitated ourselves on the necessity of returning over the same route. "Even then I shall not have seen half the wonders," said Iris, discontentedly.

Immediately all the gentlemen rallied to her assistance. What had she not seen? An alligator? the whooping-crane? the roseate curlew? a gopher? or the limpkin? they anxiously suggested. But Iris had seen two large alligators, giants, in fact, and any number of small ones; she had seen the roseate curlew, most beautiful bird of Florida; she had seen a whooping-crane six feet in length; the gopher, however, she had not seen.

"A land tortoise," said George; "the great gopher. We saw one at the last landing. They are about fifteen inches long by twelve in breadth, and, used for soup, are said to be equal to green turtle."

"They have, for their size, enormous strength," said the General; "I remember seeing one walk off easily with a large man standing on his back."

"For a native Oklawahian *pur et simple*, however, give me the limpkin," said the Governor, laughing. "With what shrill delight doth he hoot into our windows at night; how scornfully he ignores us by day, standing on a near bough until we can almost touch him, and then taking flight, his legs trailing behind him, laughing at us—yes, fairly shrieking with derisive laughter, as he flies up stream! Limpkin, unreasonable, irrepressible, long-legged, vociferous limpkin, beyond all others thou art the legendary bird of the Oklawaha!"

Our river had now broadened and shallowed out into a sea of lilies, and finally we lost it in the Florida prairies, its birth-place.

"I should like to go to its very beginning, its very first little drop," said Iris, standing on tiptoe, as if to see over into the Gulf of Mexico.

"You could never find it: there is always something beyond," said Ermine. "I have never yet been able in all my life to get to the beginning of any thing, or, for that matter, to the end either. Show me a single ocean beach, will you, from Maine to Florida, where there is not a sand-bar outside? You may not see it, but some one is sure to come along and spoil every thing by telling you it is there."

On the lakes we found settlements—Leesburg, Okahumkee, and others—and we said, with regret, "Florida is growing."

"Why with regret?" asked the sterner sex.

"Because Florida has always been a far-away land, a beautiful trackless tropical

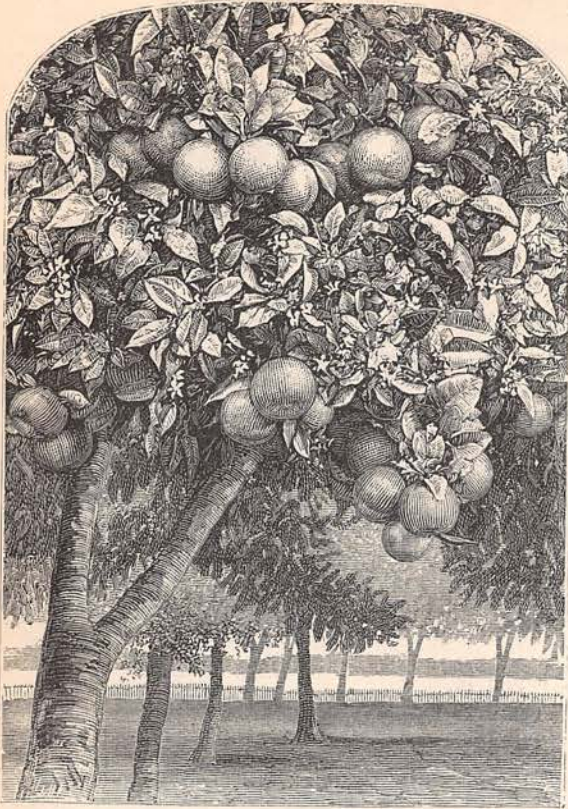


GREEK DRAPERIES.

wilderness, washed by southern seas down all its slender length. It never has had that 'enterprising population,' those 'thriving towns,' that 'vigorous public spirit,' with which we are all so familiar; but lying at ease in the balmy air, it has laughed at the mere idea of exertion. O lovely, lazy Florida! can it be that Northern men have at last forced you forward into the ranks of prosaic progress?"

The sterner sex thought it could.

On the way back we did not go to Silver Spring, but we did go to Orange Lake. Every body said we could not, as even our wee steamer did not attempt the narrow creek; but a pole-barge had come down with the mail, and in that barge we went back, piloted, of course, by the Governor, who arranged every thing, prevailed upon the captain to wait for us, and took us "where man" (or rather steamer passengers) "never trod before." Orange Lake is eighteen miles long by three or four wide, entirely surrounded by orange groves extending back for miles. Most of these trees were originally the wild orange, or bitter-sweet, as it is called, and in former times the Indians resorted here once a year to eat the oranges, which were so numerous that they did not take the trouble to gather them from the branches, but simply cut down a tree and filled their blankets, often roasting the fruit before eating it. The Indians were not the only pilgrims to this lovely lake: opossums and alligators came



FRUIT AND FLOWERS.

also in great numbers at certain seasons to feed upon the fruit.

We landed on the shore in a beautiful grove, and immediately called upon the generalizer for "Hallak Tustenugge," that bold warrior of the Oklawaha, who had been kept saved up all this time until we should stand on Orange Lake, where his light moccasined foot formerly trod. The Governor proposed first a bowl of orangeade in honor of the chieftain, and the Duke and Miss Treshington assisted in making it. "I think," said the Duke, slowly—"I think it will be good;" and gallantly he pledged the draperies.

"I have a fancy, Ermine, that our Greek has conquered after all," I said, in an undertone.

The orangeade *was* good; it was iced, it was sweet, it was fragrant, it was delicately strong, and each glass had an orange blossom floating in it. We drank to the memory of Hallak with much ceremony, and the generalizer, withdrawn behind a tree, studied his note-book assiduously. At length, when the last dregs were gone, we called him forth. He came, but his face fell. That perfidious little Iris—or was it that perfidious Governor? At any rate, there they were half a mile

down the shore, strolling under the blossoming trees. "The General can do it better than I can," said George, moodily, sitting down on a stump and drawing his hat over his eyes.

And the General, who really could do it better, but seldom had the chance, nothing loath, began: "Hallak Tustenugge, one of the younger chiefs of the Seminole war, and the master-spirit of its close, was a remarkable specimen of Indian beauty. He was six feet two inches in height, slender and graceful, with brilliant eyes, delicate features, and a smile of soft sweetness, like a woman's. When the older chieftains gradually yielded, and either emigrated to Arkansas or retreated southward to the everglades, he proudly refused to give up his hunting grounds or his independence, and by his own personal influence prolonged the war for several years, keeping the whole country, from St. Augustine to forts King and Drane here in the Oklawaha country, in a state of constant alarm. After every defeat it was Hallak who rallied the Indians, Hallak who led them forward

again; it was Hallak who appeared in the most unexpected places, now hidden in some inaccessible hamak, now shouting at their very gates—Hallak, whom they could never find, never conquer. Young, clear-headed, resolute, with his small band of tried warriors, he presented the spectacle of one Indian keeping the whole army at bay. His favorite home was here on the shores of Orange Lake, and he had hidden retreats in the neighborhood to which no track led; for the Indian way is to decoy you past by a broad, plain trail; then, at some distance, the foremost of the band makes a high, long step over the tall grass alongside, alighting on the tip of the toe, and carefully smoothing out the brushed blades behind him. In this manner, step by step, he reaches the hiding-place. The rest of the band go on some hundred yards farther, and then the next one makes his exit in the same way; and so until all have reached the hiding-place, with no trail left behind them. Many times our troops made long night marches on what they considered certain information, and rushed into some hamak at dawn to find—what? Nothing. Sometimes signs of occupancy, sometimes a fire burning, but never



Hallak. Once he came quietly into Fort King, and professing himself tired of the war, opened negotiations for peace. He remained several days, impressing all the officers by the good sense he showed in the negotiation, and the feeling with which he spoke of all the blood that had been shed; and then, having obtained some powder and supplies, he suddenly disappeared in the night, he and his twenty men, leaving not so much as a hair's track behind him. Gradually the other chiefs yielded; not so Hallak. 'Talk' after 'talk' was sent to him, offer after offer; then the troops would plunge into the hamaks again, and flounder through another useless campaign. His answer was always the same: 'This is my country; here I hunted when a boy with my bow and arrows; here my father lies buried, and here I too wish to die.' He killed his own sister without the hesitation of an instant because she spoke of surrender. At last he was taken, but not openly; we secured him by stratagem. Having in one of our attacks captured his father-in-law, who lived in the lake country at the head of the Oklawaha, and was called the Old Man of the Lakes, we sent him to Hallak with a request for an interview. In a few days Hallak came in for a talk, accompanied by his wives and children. He gracefully saluted the officers, who had gathered in a body to see the man who, all alone, had kept their whole force at bay for nine months, and then went on to head-quarters. But negotiations failed; he would not emigrate. He was then invited to visit Fort King; and during his absence his band, a small number at best, was enticed in by ball plays and dances, and captured. An express was sent immediately to the fort announcing the capture. Hallak was sitting with the commanding officer in front of the quarters when the haggard, excited messenger appeared. He asked the tidings, and was told that his people were all captured, and he himself a prisoner. He sank to the ground, a broken-hearted man from that hour. In July

he was removed to Arkansas, and the next month the long Florida war was announced closed by official proclamation. 'The end must justify the means in this case,' wrote one of our officers in relation to the taking of Hallak; 'he has made fools of us too often.'

"But, in spite of that, I do not like it at all," said Ermine; "no, not at all."

"Women never do—about Indians, I mean," said George, morosely, "unless they live on the border, and then they would rather shoot an Indian than not. They fairly love it."

We had not any of us lived on the border, and so we could not refute this sanguinary statement of the generalizer; but Miss Treshington asked the Duke if he had ever seen an Indian.

Yes, the Duke had seen two; they were selling baskets.

Couldn't he make a sketch of one—just a little sketch? It would do for a *souvenir* of Hallak.

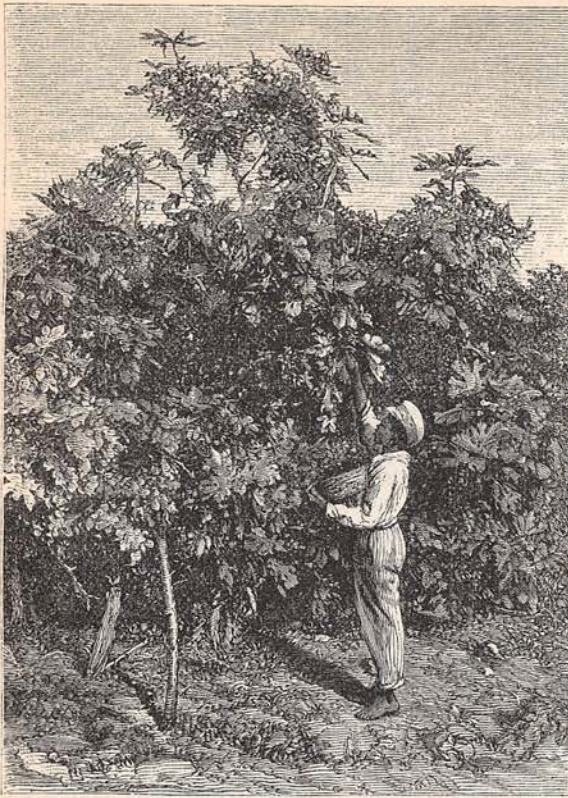
No, the Duke was afraid he could not; but he thought he had one of the baskets at home. He would look it up and send it to her.

Miss Treshington was so much obliged.

Returning to the steamer, we resumed our journey down the river, passing the landing called Fort Brooke, a lonely, peaceful spot. "There is nothing to indicate the hard fighting that took place here," said the General, looking around involuntarily for



GATHERING ORANGES.



PICKING FIGS.

George; but that young man was gloomily smoking cigars on the roof, unmindful of historic fame or any thing else. "There were three forts named Brooke in Florida," said the General, resuming; "one at Tampa, one northward on the same coast near Dead-man's Bay, and this one on the Oklawaha. In March, 1841, Hallak and his band came down the river and attacked this little post, killing a corporal who had been out hunting. Lieutenant Alburdis, the commanding officer, who had only seventeen men in all, boldly sallied out and attacked the Indians, three times his number, driving them to the barrens. His ammunition being exhausted, Alburdis returned to the fort; but as he was expecting a provision train with supplies, he sallied out again, intending to meet it and bring it in safely if possible. It was a hazardous undertaking, but the little band did not shrink. As they were crossing Orange Creek bridge the Indians fired upon them again; they took to the trees, and returned the fire and the taunts with interest for an hour, when the provision train appeared, and they conducted it in safety to the fort. Of this fight General Worth himself reported, 'If asked for an opinion, I should say, The handsomest affair during the war.'"

"That was high praise, when you consider that the war lasted seven years and covered the whole of Florida," I remarked.

"Oh, I am so glad it happened here, right on the banks of the Oklawaha!" said Iris. "Every thing almost always happens somewhere else."

"But there is a pathos on the Indian side, after all," said the Governor. "Poor hard-pressed, long-hunted Seminoles, fighting and dying, carried off struggling to the cold West, or fleeing to that last refuge of the despairing savage, the Great Cypress Swamp, of which one of our soldiers wrote: 'We have passed one or two of their camps. But what a sad reflection their appearance called up! To what extremities must the poor wretches have been driven when they sought as a refuge such a country as this—the alligator, sometimes a crane, and the cabbage-tree, as was apparent from the relics that remained of last night's supper, their only food!'"

That night we met the incoming steamer. And now it was her turn to claw the bank, while we sailed majestically on down stream, with our fires proudly burning on top. They gave us a cheer as we passed, and we returned it with vigor. However silent any where else, on the Oklawaha you are expected to shout. Even Miss Treshington waved her handkerchief to people in whom she felt about as much interest as Mark Twain did in "our friends the Bermudians." But the Duke stood up, held on to the railing, and cheered manfully. I liked him all the better for the hearty noise he made.

We all sat up to see the last of our river. It was after midnight when we reached the mouth and felt ourselves carried out on to the broad St. Johns. The moon was rising, and the scene fair and lovely; but our pitch-pine fires no longer burned on top, and, looking back, we could not even see the lotus leaves that masked the entrance of our wild river.

At Pilatka a graceful New York yacht was anchored off the town, waiting for somebody, and looking very metropolitan indeed on the forest-bordered river. A trim little boat put off for our steamer as soon as she came into view.

"Who can it be for?" said Miss Treshing-

ton, the Duke having already declared that he expected nobody.

At that moment the Governor appeared on the little lower deck, giving directions to the servants.

"It must be for the Governor," we exclaimed, with surprise.

"Well," said Iris, involuntarily, "I had no idea—" The rest she stifled.

We all bade our friend good-by with real regret, and watched the little boat carry him to the yacht, the sails fly up and open to the breeze, and the graceful craft glide away to the northward as we, left behind, slowly steam up to the Pilatka dock.

Iris was very silent. But Ermine summed up as follows: "The beauty of such a man as the Governor is that he carries about with him a large atmosphere. You do not entirely lose your heart, in spite of his captivating manner, because, just as you reach the brink, you always catch a saving glimpse

of that same afore-mentioned 'large atmosphere'—other hearts to whom he is equally devoted; and no one likes to be—"

"One of a crowd," said the generalizer, briskly.

Miss Treshington followed the yacht with her fine eyes—eyes that were beginning to discern some things in life they had not suspected before—but they came quickly back to reality in the little by-play that followed. For Iris, having now nothing else to do, bore down upon the Duke, and, with three remarks and one smile, swept him off captive in her train. The last we saw of him he was going on an excursion, still in her train: accessories—Florida carts, deep sand, and thermometer at ninety.

Our party separated. Their idle words and deeds will soon fade from my mind forever, but not the memory of the wild narrow river flowing on, on, through the dark tropic forests of far Florida.

### A QUAKER'S CHRISTMAS-EVE.

How slow and soft the snow-dress falls  
Upon the vine-deserted walls,  
As if some gracious soul, intent  
Upon the one sweet deed it meant,  
Since in its grace such bounty lay,  
Should wrap each bare thing on the way,  
Till all things white and whiter grow,  
Except the shadows Earth must throw.  
The tender gray, the peaceful white,  
A Quaker setting make to-night;  
And so this moonshine, which is shade  
Only a little lighter laid,  
Into my heart-still mood has crept,  
With such a glow as sunrise kept  
When youth and Benjamin were mine.  
Ah! swift the slowest years incline,  
And sunrise has no story now  
To move me like the night and snow.

If those unquiet bells would cease  
Clashing their peals across this peace,  
It seems the hour's rare silentness  
E'en worldly hearts might chide and bless,  
And lift the lowest heavenward  
To greet the birthday of the Lord.  
I can not think the loudest bells  
Can utter what a pure voice tells:  
The Spirit needs no brazen tone  
To whisper triumph to His own;  
The blessed healing falls to them  
Who touch unseen the garment's hem;  
And hidden deeds are wafted higher  
Than chantings of an angel choir.  
Hosanna still the mad lips cry,  
While still the mad hands crucify;  
But angels watch and women weep,  
And theirs the Rising after sleep.

How careth He for Christmas song  
To whom all days and songs belong?

Only an ebbing love has need  
Its high-tide reachings thus to heed.  
Always the willing angels sing  
To worn-out workers listening;  
Always our Christ is in the earth,  
Always His love has human birth,—  
In joy that crowns our later morn  
As in Judean Christmas born.

And yet I mind how every year,  
When my ripe birthdays draw anear,  
Dear Ruth, from out her gayer life,  
With worldly hope and wisdom rife,  
Comes to the quiet nest once more,  
Bringing the smile her father wore,  
And little gracious gifts, to tell  
She keeps by some high miracle  
The simple heart 'neath costly lace,  
That needs a double grant of grace.  
Though all the year Ruth's tender eyes  
To mine are openings of the skies,  
Though love unsaid be love complete,  
I find the special service sweet.

And so, perhaps, these louder chimes,  
Smoothing the prose-told hours to rhymes,  
Like some rare voice God sets to round  
The jarring ones of shriller sound;  
These spires with grand and silly art,  
Climbing to reach the Central Heart;  
These broken lilies, and the rush  
Of feet where leaning-angels hush—  
May be to clearer eyes than mine  
Fresh spellings of a tale divine.  
And He whose birthday knew no bliss  
Except a woman's troubled kiss,  
May still forgive the foolish art,  
And hide the meaning in His heart.

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