

When the time came for my departure, I was dragged through the quagmire about a mile in a coach to the railway station, set down with no shelter from the sky on a rainy day, and placed in a train that managed to accomplish 88 miles in about eight hours. Down poured the rain during these eight hours, and, except occasional clearings of cotton fields, all that could be seen was pine forest and swamp, and the blue mist that had settled down upon them. On arriving at our journey's end, West Point, we were again set down in the rain, and had to make the best of our way through the mud to a wooden shed near, denominated the Hotel, where we slept. The afternoon was so warm, that windows were thrown open, and people were sitting outside the house, smoking (17th January).

The next morning we had to pass over $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles of common road, the condition of which may be best conceived by explaining that we were full three hours in accomplishing this arduous task, though but three passengers were in the coach, which was drawn by four horses. On arriving at the railway, the terminus of which was in the middle of a field, without any shelter near, we again deposited with our baggage in the mud and there we remained about half an hour, when a train came up and took us on. Again we advanced another 87 miles, at about the same rate of going as yesterday. The country became more undulating and hilly as we proceeded. We still passed through cuttings of red and variegated marl, but here it more clearly betrayed its origin, being accompanied by granite blocks in every stage of decomposition, which are in some parts so continuous, that it may be