

Savannah, a broad stream opening into the ocean by several mouths or passages through the rice lands and salt marshes, which run up the river for fifteen miles, as far as the city of Savannah itself. With high tide we managed to cross the sandbar at the mouth without any delay, and for two hours followed the tortuous course of the stream, while damp, malarial odors coming up from the marshes made it prudent to remain within doors. Redolent, too, was the air with the peculiar odors from barges and docks, laden with guano, the make-shift and temporary fertilizer extensively used by the farmers on their cotton lands. Next morning we went ashore in the quaint old southern city, which escaped bombardment during the war, but still showed many evidences that something most serious has occurred to prevent its steady progress. There are remains of its early beauties; and it is only now that, with some degree of returning prosperity, the people are taking courage, and, works of improvement are being undertaken. A day was spent here and proved to be of more than ordinary interest, as a municipal election was in progress. It reminded me of the good old days in Canada when the people used to assemble in a crowd at the halls. The two parties both claiming to be democratic, divided on the lines of the "American party" of the clubs, and the "citizens' party," called by the other, the "German party," since its candidate was a rich German baker.

The younger men of the old south, who gave the complexion to the American party, are proud, slow to give up their supremacy in public affairs, so long theirs, and are imbued with an undying hatred of the negro and *his vote*. With much reason do these feelings arise, for about the booths it was only too patent, that it was the negro vote that each was bidding for. Street-fighting which was feared, fortunately did not amount to much, and the services of the medical contingent from the north were not called into requisition. It was noticeable that a physician was a candidate on the citizens' ticket and received general support. Why should they not always do so? A run on the belt-line around the city, showed its commencing expansion, and the suburban colored shanties on every side. Thereafter we walked down Bull Street, which is a continuation of parks and squares with imposing monuments in each. The Central Park is truly beautiful, even at this season

of the year, with fountains playing and here and there a rose or camelia in bloom. The houses are built after the ordinary southern pattern, usually square with two storeys, and built mostly of frame; although the stores and other buildings on the main business streets are brick. It was natural that notes should be made on the sanitary conditions of the city. The soil is mostly a white sand, covered with a thin mould, and almost no attempts have yet been made at paving. Yet there are in existence and in process of construction several pieces of asphalt. Although the streets are not more than a chain wide, there is running east and west in the rear of each lot a good wide lane, which is kept fairly clean. Here and there are paved gutters, and but few attempts at a further system of sewers have been made. Emptying at the foot of Main street, however, on the *quai*, is a small-sized sewer, the sewage from which trickles away over the *quai* to the red waters of the Savannah. Were the town not supplied with a pure water from artesian springs three or four miles to the west of the city, it would be in a sorry plight indeed; but this, with a soil which seems to have an almost infinite capacity for absorbing water, seems to allow the town to get along tolerably safely with privy pits. The lands at Savannah, while low, are nevertheless in the main portion of the city, probably fifty feet above the ordinary level of the river, so that constant filtration will prevent a permanent soakage of the soil. From this city our train took us for a hundred miles in a north westerly direction across a country, which from its flat character and the presence of the white sand everywhere, covered with small second-growth pine forests, may fairly be called a "barren." Almost no cultivation existed for seventy-five miles, till Millen was reached. Then the country became more rolling, with here and there a little clay, the whole reddened by oxide of iron, appearing quite like red ochre. Cotton fields were now and then to be seen, but runs for miles would show no cultivation, and not even a negro's cabin. As Augusta was approached, the general appearance somewhat improved, as this city of 45,000 came in sight. It is quite an enterprising place, having some six large cotton mills, supplied by a canal run from above the city along the side of the Savannah. Last autumn, however, floods rising some thirty feet, devastated a large portion