

was balmy, and unusually warm, even for Georgia in the first week of January. We saw several butterflies, one of a bright yellow colour, and bats flying about in the evening. The croaking of the frog and the chirping of the cricket were again heard. They had been silent a few days before, when the air was cooler. The sheep, which remain out in these woods all the winter, are now followed by lambs about three weeks old. I saw many black squirrels here, but only heard of the opossum, racoon, bear, and alligator, without seeing any. A few days ago, an alligator was shot fourteen feet long, in the act of carrying off a pig; and the sportsmen complain to me that they devour their dogs when they follow the deer, which, on the first alarm, usually take to the Savannah river.

I frequently observed the holes of the gopher, a kind of land-tortoise, which burrows in the sand, and is now hybernating below ground. Four or five inhabit one hole; their eggs are rather smaller than a hen's. They are gregarious, and in summer are seen feeding ten or twelve together on the low shrubs. They are said to be very strong for their size, and a negro-woman assured a lady of our party that she was so light that she might be "toted by a gopher." We also saw small hillocks, such as are thrown up by our moles, made by a very singular animal, which they call a salamander, because, I believe, it is often seen to appear when the woods are burnt. It is not a reptile, but a species of rat (*Pseudostoma pinetorum*), with pouches on its cheeks.

On quitting Millhaven, instead of continuing my voyage down the river, I hired a carriage to convey us to the town of Savannah, a distance of nearly one hun-