

Passing through the Smithsonian grounds on the way to the Institute, one could not help being impressed with the beauty and majesty of many of the trees and larger shrubs, which, time, supplemented by care, has developed into the most ample proportions.

Leaving Washington in the morning, journeying southward, the country is very flat and uninteresting to the eye; but associated as it is with so many stirring incidents during the late war, a peculiar interest is attached to it. We soon crossed the Rappahannock, and after a time passed through Fredericksburgh, where there was some very severe fighting; in one burial ground visible from the cars there are interred the bodies of ten thousand of the Union soldiers. There seems to be but little improvement in this section of the country; the proportion of land under crop is very small, the untilled acreage must be something wonderful; and it is a rare thing to see a new house anywhere along the road.

Richmond, the city of seven hills, was reached about noon. The view from the high bridge crossing the James River is very beautiful; the city itself is prettily situated, with the advantage of an immense amount of water power adjacent, and seems to be in a thriving condition. But our train hurries on, and passing rapidly through the southern part of Virginia to Danville, the State of North Carolina was entered and the town of Greensboro' reached about 8 p. m., where we lodged for the night.

Early next morning we took train for Atlanta. The portions of North Carolina and South Carolina through which we passed were rather flat, most of the land poor, the soil being of a reddish color, and covered with scrubby undergrowth or small trees. There is a very small proportion of the land under cultivation, and well cultivated farms are "few and far between." The rude log cabins of the negroes are everywhere seen, but there is not much evidence of industry or thrift. Approaching the borders of Georgia, cotton fields were frequently passed, with the negroes here and there engaged in gathering in the third and final picking. The unpicked fields presented a very novel appearance, every plant being decorated with many pure white masses of cotton, which, contrasting with the dark back-ground of the soil, looked as if a snow storm had swept over it, leaving the snow in countless patches. The cotton plant grows from one and a half to two feet or more in height; the seed is planted in rows, the young