

war, is now fast rivalling New England with its manufactures and industries. Remaining over at the Kimball house, we took advantage of the opportunity to hear that sensational preacher, Talmage, who was to lecture in the evening. Although having heard him on several former occasions in Brooklyn, both on his Chinese Question, the Night Side of New York, &c., the idea was formed that he would be both liberal and eloquent, but his lecture proved very tame and uninteresting, until his final peroration of his prayer, winding up as follows: "Oh Lord, when in that day we all assemble before thee, may each of these Georgians wear upon his head a crown of glory, and hold in his right hand a star." "That's taffy," said an old farmer close by, "to give these goober grabblers a little crown for a cent is all right, if it fits well, but, fancy, a man must have a hand like the hand of Providence, and a back like the back of Atlas to support the smallest star in the orrory. I reckon they would soon be sick of toting that star around."

Hurrying on we reach Chattanooga, the Mountain City of Tennessee, and there were treated to an unusual sight for a citizen of the sunny South. A first-class snow storm was in progress, and the mountains surrounding the city were covered with the fleecy white crystals. Lookout Mountain looked especially grand and majestic, clothed in her winter drapery, but the transition from summer to winter was so short, twelve hours only, that it seemed hardly realistic, and, but for the sensation of cold experienced, we could hardly reconcile ourselves to the fact.

From Chattanooga we were fortunate enough to embark on the first passenger train on the New Cincinnati Southern Railroad, at that time under the manage-