

soldier won the battle of Chancellorsville that cost him his life. We crossed the Rappahannock River at the quaint town of Fredericksburg, near which George Washington was born, and at Guinea, a few miles southward, passed the house where Stonewall Jackson died in May, 1863, his last words dreamily spoken, being, "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees." Then, swiftly moving over the poorly cultivated but, nevertheless, "sacred soil" of old Virginia, we passed the little settlements where the negroes were sunning themselves alongside the fences as they watched the trains go by, and saw a few "razor-backed" and very hungry-looking hogs dart through the scrubby pine woods—almost the only animal life. The white inhabitants of this region, who are the present representatives of the "first families of Virginia," vary their always generous hospitality by a close devotion to politics; and at present are earnestly debating the question which engrosses the chief attention of the State Legislature—a resolution requesting the "Readjuster," Senator Mahone, to resign. As Mahone's Democratic opponents have the majority, the resolution will probably pass, but none of them have much expectation that the plucky little Senator will obey, as they know that a cardinal doctrine of the American office-holder's creed is that "few die, and none resign."

A brief journey—passing the little village of Ashland, where the American Protectionist apostle, Henry Clay, was born—brought us to the attractive valley of the James River at Richmond, the stream being slowly crossed on a high bridge, with Hollywood Cemetery and its white tombs beautifully nestling above the bank to the westward, and the bubbling cascade made by the swiftly flowing river just below. This flourishing city is the capital of the State, and was the headquarters of the Southern Confederacy. Nature has given Richmond a position as impregnable as it is beautiful, and it was the object of years of Northern strategy that produced an awful carnage before the fortress succumbed at the close of the rebellion in 1865. The hills and vales and bordering river banks near Richmond