

Bidding adieu to New Orleans, we are soon passing its summer resorts of Biloxi and Mississippi City. In the spring a journey through the Southern States is most delightful and invigorating, and, with the hearty welcome the traveller receives at each new stopping-place, the anxiety of the citizens for news, both political and general, from other States, stamp the people as being both hospitable and highly intelligent. Stopping respectively at Mobile, the coming seaport of the Gulf; then again at Montgomery—the first capital of the Southern Confederacy and the prettiest laid out town in Alabama—at present containing some 25,000 inhabitants, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Alabama river. In its streets are several artesian wells, that supply clear cold water even in the hottest weather, whilst the country surrounding is excellent for farming. What a contrast is the present aspect of the city to that presented in the fall of 1860, when Jefferson Davis was nominated as the president of the new-born Confederacy, representing 6 millions of Southern people; and how many changes has it seen from those wild, stirring and heated scenes that took place on the raising of the flag until the time when force decreed the banner should be forever laid aside.

“Furl that banner! True 'tis gory,
But 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;

For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages,—
Furl its folds, for now we must.”

Again a few hours' run, and we arrive at the flourishing Gate City in Georgia, which, in spite of the havoc made by