

#### A TRIP ON WHEELS ACROSS THE STATES.

One young girl, who evidently thought herself a great swell, had on the first hat and feathers we have seen, red and green feathers, and blue ribbon on the hat, her hair tied with white sash ribbon, a yellowish dress, and large bustle, and very high heels. She certainly attracted a great deal of attention, and her airs and graces were too funny for anything. Her companions were two women in sunbonnets, and dresses of blue homespun. After crossing the "Holstein," we came upon the macadamized road, such a relief to the poor horses, after wading through mud for the last three days. We see high mountains every now and then. The road is wide and well fenced, too much so to suit us, for while driving till one, p. m., without finding a place to Camp, we were obliged to drive up close under the shelter of a blacksmith's shop, tie our horses and eat a dry lunch, as nothing liquid could be got, except from the clouds, the rain coming down heavily all the time. We hope it may clear, however, before camping to-night. "Marion" seems quite a nice place, evidently a summer resort, judging from the number of boarding houses we see. I counted no less than seven lawyers' offices on the one main street. People must have amusement of some kind. There is a fine large Lunatic Asylum, of red brick, just outside the town, on a very high hill. We had just left the town when it began to rain again, and kept it up all the afternoon. We drove miles over a lovely and picturesque road, even through the rain, before we could find a Camp ground. Nearly night we came to a lonely schoolhouse, and as it was still raining, we camped, and instead of pitching the tent, J. and the boys took possession after tea, which we just managed to get between showers. We just finished tea when the storm began, and we are so thankful for the shelter, the girls and J. stuck to the wagon.

Saturday, June 15.—Rained all night, and though cloudy and threatening, we are just starting, at eight, a. m., having had our breakfast comfortably, and hoping for a fine day. About eleven, we came to a lovely road, passed Green River, (which has a very oily look), and Cedar Run, one of the most beautiful of small rivers. It is bordered on each bank by northern cedars, the first we have met. There was also a curious old mill, of stone, with a very large wheel. We crossed the creek on a bridge above the mill, and saw several pretty houses. We came upon a pretty piece of woodland, and concluded to stop for lunch. The children went to a house for milk, and I proceeded to hang the wet garments to dry. J. had just fed the horses, and saw the rain coming, called to the children to come back, while I gathered the dry goods together. We all scampered for the wagon, when the rain came down like a flood. One has to know the South to be able to understand how it can rain. The rain continued for nearly three hours, and it was with the greatest difficulty we could keep dry. We had our lunch, and drove into "Weytheville." Raining still, but we could see that it was a fine, large, prosperous place, with some rather nice residences, and a very large negro population. For eight miles we drove through the rain, over a good road, the gutters at each side looking like brooks, and in many places the road was quite overflowed. At five, p. m., it began to clear, the country looked very pretty through the mist.

Sunday, June 16.—The sun shone out bright and warm, after a whole week's rain. We breakfasted, and at half-past ten, as the clouds were