

wheel had collapsed completely. Edwin rode off to look for a blacksmith and heard that the nearest was four miles. J. rode the eight miles to find the smith, a miserable, useless creature. The other smith was six miles further on. J. came back tired and discouraged, and said he would try again in the morning. After looking around, found a good Camping place, across a field, (all the time the children and myself were sitting on the roadside), and got two colored men to carry our traps across. After a time we got the tents up and our beds made, just as the moon rose brightly. We had our tea on the roadside, which had red sloping banks, covered with trailing vines of smilax, which looked beautiful in contrast with the red earth. At the top of the bank was a fringe of scrub oaks.

Thursday, May 16.—J. after our usual cup of coffee, rode twelve miles to get the smith to work at the wheel, which may take till to-morrow. There is nothing to be done but wait patiently, and be thankful that the break did not occur in a swamp, instead of this nice, dry, high land. The day is very hot, the flies very troublesome. The mocking bird has been singing since early morning, (steadily.) There are several darkey's houses. Near one the mother has gone to work, having a tiny little woolly headed girl of three, to mind, two children, one of two years and the other an infant. She sings and rocks the infant, almost incessantly, and keeps an eye on the other child. The girls and I tried to make friends with her, by giving her cake, but she seemed terrified; her eyes were like saucers, and her knots of wool stood upright. As soon as she could get away from us, she went in the house and shut herself in, and there she has stayed all day. We have not been able to buy a drop of milk, though butter is plentiful, at ten cents per pound. Fortunately for us we have plenty of condensed milk.

Friday, May 17.—The wheel arrived at five, a. m., and we are all in a bustle breaking up Camp. This part I dislike most of all our experience in Camp life. All the rest comes easy, things which at first were very irksome, do not give any trouble now, it's such a busy life, and we awake feeling so fresh every morning, and ready for anything the future has in store for us. There is no time for reading or writing, the days seem to fly. It is a lovely bright morning, and looks as if it would be very hot later. I don't care much for starting on Friday, but have discovered an old rusty horse shoe, which I shall take along for "good luck." There is superstition for you. At nine we crossed the river on a flat boat. The "Broad" is quite a wide river, running very fast; the banks are covered with trees, to the water's edge, some of them in the water. Like all Southern rivers I've seen, it's very muddy. The "Suwanne" and St. Mark's are excepted, they run over limestone ledges, and the water is so clear you can see the bottom quite distinctly. We are resting, and the children are bathing in a small stream; the Oxalis, and a great many lovely flowers and vines are around us. The air is full of their perfume, and the shade of some very magnificent trees, very retreshing. A peculiarity of Southern foliage is that nearly all the trees have shiny, waxy looking leaves. We shall soon reach "Elberton," where we expect to get our letters and papers. I am anxious occasionally about our boy, letters are so uncertain. We are nearly out of "Georgia," and I hope shall soon be rid of this sand. My letters tell me of poor Katie W——s death. It is terrible, so young, and with all that makes life pleasant, to be taken from her husband and children. I am quite heart broken over it.