

A TRIP ON WHEELS ACROSS THE STATES.

had a fine view of the town, which is quite large, and surrounded on all sides by mountains, which look quite blue in the distance.

Sunday, July 21st.—A fine, bright, sunny day. All of us awoke with bad colds from sleeping again under a roof, proving Mr. Ed. Jack is correct. He says "no one ever caught cold from sleeping out of doors, sleeping in a room always gives colds." No one of us have had the least cold while Camping. J. and children went to church, I staid home and rested.

Monday, July 22.—Left "Martinsburg" at seven, and crossed the "Potomac" on a ferry, the immensely strong iron bridge having been carried some distance down stream by the flood. The River is quite wide and beautiful at this point. We reached "Harrisburg" at noon, a very fine station and good refreshment rooms. The town is large, and has fine buildings, and looks more modern than any we have seen. It is on the "Susquehanna," a noble, wide River, the scenery bold and very beautiful. The railway runs close to the right bank of the river, and we had it in sight all the afternoon. We saw traces of the flood all along till we came to "Williamsport," where we began to realize how terrible the floods must have been. There were many lives lost here. The valley is narrow, and we saw houses and barns, and about twenty bridges, wrecked and broken up, in the course of oneday's journey. We left the "Susquehanna" just when it turns round the base of a high mountain and turns east, and crossed a bridge very slowly, which was under repair, having been badly wrecked or shattered by the flood. The road wound in and out among mountains, the valley very narrow, with a small river called the "Lycoming." One can hardly realise how such a small, shallow stream could have done so much damage everywhere; one could step across it, and nowhere does it deserve the name of river. But it swept the valley, and in some places carrying houses, bridges, trees, stones and logs, and all sorts of rubbish. At "Williamsport" the debris was piled as high as thirty feet in one place. Towards evening the valley widened out, and reminded us of the "Shenandoah," from Canton to Troy and Elmira. The country has the same features between Williamsport and Canton. We passed through many small thriving villages, then it became more wild and hilly. At Watkins, and all along Lake Seneca, the scenery is very beautiful, and many steam pleasure yachts were on the Lake. Reached "Rochester" late, and left at midnight for Syracuse. Got there at two, a. m. The conductor told us the train went right on, but not so, we had to sit up the rest of the night in the station, the poor children tired and worn out, but very good and patient. I made them as comfortable as I could on an old sofa in the waiting room, and in two minutes they were fast asleep, while I occupied a crazy old rocking chair, and kept guard.

Monday, July 23rd.—We had a comfortable breakfast, and left Syracuse at seven, a. m., and after changing cars several times, reached Cape Vincent at eleven, a. m. We had to wait a long time for the Ferry. All this trouble and delay was caused by the conductor misdirecting us and causing us to take the wrong train. After getting on the ferry boat, it grounded several times, and we did not reach Kingston till after four, p. m. And so ends our long trip, began in April 26th, and ending on August 23rd, 1889.