

A TRIP ON WHEELS ACROSS THE STATES.

no table, no chairs, two miserable dirty beds, on which the husband was lying on his back, reading "Ayer's Almanac." I asked what ailed him? He said, "back ache," and resumed his reading. Outside the boys sat on the fence, and chewed and grinned. Presently I saw the woman and her daughter dragging a large tree across the field. I could stand it no longer. My temper was at the boiling point, and I told the boys they were a disgrace to civilization, to allow women to drag that heavy tree. Why did they not help their mother? I said everything I could think of about their laziness and dirt, but they seemed inclined to go off into fits of laughter, and evidently thought I was not quite sane. After a lot of promises we left, and presently saw one of the girls coming from the neighbor's with irons. The day before, we saw them with tubs and wash-board, and they had to get money in advance from me for soap and starch. Such a depth of poverty, and contentment with themselves, and their vile surroundings, I had no conception of. These Southern women are lazier and far dirtier than the negroes. It's no wonder that the darkeys in the South have such a contempt for the poor whites. They are altogether beneath contempt, too degraded ever to become anything else. The negroes are far more intelligent. It is too bad altogether that this woman, and her two strong, big daughters, should keep us here too long. We have had showers to-day, and they have let the clothes get wet twice. It's too aggravating altogether. It cleared off brightly about four, p. m., and J. and the horses came from "Bristol," and too late to start, the woman and the clothes also. It still looks cloudy. We are ready for a start in the morning. Our experience here has been most unpleasant. The sodden ground, and the dread of the River rising with the constant rain. Last night I got up many times, and looked to see if we were not in danger of being swept away, everything is so damp and horrid.

Wednesday, June 12.—Poured all night. We slept in the wagon, and I had a good rest. A most miserable cloudy morning for a start. We are all anxious to get away from this wretched place, where we have had rain every day, for four days. We started, and forded a deep, swollen Creek, very muddy, and crossed the railway, and going down a steep hill, the pole broke. Nothing very serious, I am glad to say, and they can repair it themselves. This sort of life makes us very independent. We had to get down in the mud, which was simply awful, and sticks like glue. The women here about, and in the "Tennessee" Valley, all smoke. This morning we passed several cottages looking rather well to do, with two or three women smoking long pipes, and rocking furiously on each veranda, or piazza, as they call them all over the South. We have travelled miles and miles since last we saw a woman at work. This morning the wagon broke where J. had mended it again; fortunately, they succeeded in mending it. We are within four miles of "Abington." It has been raining, off and on, all morning, and we have been wading through a perfect sea of mud. Beginning to pour. We took shelter under an immense oak, and are quite dry and comfortable. The morning was unpleasantly warm, is now cool. At two p. m., we drove into "Abington," one long wide street, with several quaint looking houses and shops, not much however. We managed to replenish our larder, though the rain is pouring in torrents. We heard of a fine Camp ground, three miles beyond the town. The boys donned their waterproofs, and we drove over a hard road, through an undulating country, for several miles, and found the