

A TRIP ON WHEELS ACROSS THE SOUTHERN STATES.—CONTINUED.

man had misled us. After many enquiries, and being told always it was a mile ahead, after what seemed to us ten miles, and seeing no chance of any camping place, we tried if we could get shelter for the night, as it still rained heavily. After many failures, at seven, p. m., a man at the roadside condescended to let us drive into his yard, and have the horses stabled, poor creatures, they have had a hard day the very worst of our journey. Wednesday is always an unlucky day for us, it was the day we first attempted to start.

Thursday, June 12.—The Virginian by way of showing the vaunted hospitality of the South, offered us a room to sleep in. We thankfully accepted, and the girls and I found it to be his kitchen floor, and dirty at that. J. and the boys slept in the wagon. We spread our rugs and wraps on the floor. The children slept, but I could not, my head and bones ached, and the floor seemed so hard. However, we were glad to be out of the rain, and I hoped J. and the boys would get a rest. We arose early, and left at seven, the ground and everything wet and horrid. About a mile further on, we came to a bit of woodland, and managed to find some dry bits of wood, and cooked our breakfast, which we all needed, and the sun shining out made things more pleasant. Our "hospitable Virginian" wanted to charge for the accommodation, and J. gave twenty-five cents. I should like to have kicked him instead. Twelve, m., we are resting on the roadside, while Edwin is trying to gain permission to drive into a field for shade, to rest the horses. They are quite done. We have come through a sea of mud all morning, and are taking along more of the soil of Ole Virginny than we care for. The Valley is lovely and prosperous looking. We see numerous fine brick and wood mansions, with well, gardens and fine hedges. We have picked quantities of fine wild strawberries on the roadside, the fields seem to be full of them. We passed through "Old Glade Spring," a small hamlet, with a post office and store combined, and "Marion," our next town. About a half an hour after we had started again, the clouds began to gather, and we had hardly found a Camp ground, a place where the road widened out, and there was an enormous oak. We drove under this, and had just got the tent up when the rain began, with thunder and a very high wind. We were well sheltered and comfortable. It cleared about seven, p. m., and we managed to boil the kettle, and have tea, poor Edwin had to go fully half a mile for water. Water is very scarce all through this valley, no springs or brooks any where near the roads, which are well fenced close up to the roadside.

Friday, June 14.—Cloudy and wet in the early morning, but at eight the sun came out brightly, and the mud is drying up. Scenery very pretty and rolling, reminding us of Leon County, Florida, a great deal, only more fertile and better cultivated, the roads dreadful, mud sticking like glue, it is impossible for us to walk. We crossed the "Holstein" again, the "South Branch," and on a bridge this time. The River is very much swollen, and the rain seems to have been more than ordinarily heavy, fences having been swept away by the mountain torrents. At Seven Mile Ford the whole country seems to have been swept, large trees and drift of all kinds lying around. A blacksmith said everything had been swept out of his shop but his anvil. There was a Store here, and I bought some provisions. The children and I were amused by the country people.