

the last two hundred and forty miles, we have seen nothing but cotton and corn crops. In the afternoon our horses stampeded for Florida, and were only caught after a mile's chase. "All's well that ends well."

Monday, May 13.—We got into "Sparta" about seven, a. m., a most miserable little place. Could get no bread, there is no bakery, no hay or fodder for the horses. The roads delightfully smooth; we made thirteen miles before camping at nine for breakfast. It looks cloudy, like rain, wind rather high. Have seen no flowers in the last fifty miles. The blackberry is here in great quantities, and in fruit, while the other side of Macon, it was only in blossom. We have seen the cherokee and multiflora roses in bloom, between here and "Milledgeville." Cotton, corn crops, still in view everywhere. "Powdstorm" is our next town. A thunder storm came on, and we went into Camp, on the brow of a hill, where there are some magnificent trees. Scenery pretty much alike ever since we left. The roads around here simply abominable, rough and full of stones. We had just finished tea when the rain came down in torrents. We are dry and comfortable, and it's delightful to hear the rain pelting down on canvas roof, and listening, I fell asleep. All slept well.

Tuesday, May 14.—A bright morning, everything glistening with rain drops, which look like diamonds in the sunlight. Several colored women, neatly dressed, passed while we were at breakfast, and bowed to us. A young swell drove by with umbrella over his head, kid gloves, etc., and stared rudely. They have taken the horses some distance to a spring to water them. We start late owing to the rain. The tent is too wet to pack, it's a great bother. The people tell us it's very unhealthy to camp near water, and if we camp on a hill the water is always scarce. We have to use the settlers' wells. About three, p. m., we came upon an awfully stony road, and broke the wheel of the wagon. A man directed us to a blacksmith's shop to have it repaired. We have had to unload, and go into Camp. It's very cool, and threatens rain. We shall all sleep in the tent to-night.

Wednesday, May 15.—Dear little May's birth-day; I hope it may be a happy one; the day is as bright as her little self now, at five, a. m. We are waiting for the wagon. There has been a very heavy dew, which makes moving about rather uncomfortable. We slept well, and feel fresh and ready for anything. The country is rolling and pretty, but two hundred and fifty miles of it has become rather monotonous. There are no nice houses, nothing but log cabins, without windows, and dilapidated old rookeries. The negroes are better looking and cleaner all through this State. The whites are a miserable, dirty looking set of people. The darkeys are aristocrats compared with them. We are only three miles from "Washington," (Georgia), said by our Southern friend, Jule Bitton, to be the centre of culture and refinement in this part of the world. These words cover a large piece of ground. We find Washington a really beautiful place, fine large houses, with extensive well kept grounds, and streets shaded with lovely large trees. It is apparently a very wealthy place. The stores, very old fashioned, with small windows. The people here, as elsewhere, very curious about us. It's fortunate that we can close in our wagon, and see without being seen, and Jack keeps all comers at a distance. The country highly cultivated. We were driving along merrily, singing, and speculating upon how soon we should reach Baker's Ferry, and Camp. All at once came a crash, and we found the hind