

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

more Court House than anything else. A countryman tells us that the road between here and "Bristol" is a "right respectable road." We have, however, learned not to put the least faith in anything the "Natives" tell us about the roads. "Bristol" is a miserable place; we were much disappointed in it; half the town lies in "Tennessee," the other in "Virginia" East; part has its own mayor and officers. There are apparently a great many Jews in the place. In a few moments we were surrounded by the most whiskey sodden, dirty lot of loafers, we have yet encountered. Jack is evidently too tired to bother himself to make them keep their distance. The town is in a valley. We had to go down a very steep long hill to enter, and strange to say we had to go down another, equally long and steep, to leave. We crossed two fords, and Camped by a small river or creek, as they call it. There is not much shade, but there is a nice clean sward. There is a prospect of rain.

Sunday, June 9th.—Rained through the night, and though looking cloudy and rainy, it is now fine. We shall have to remain here to-morrow to have some repairs done to the wagon, and have some washing done. It has been very quiet. I have been reading, writing, J. sleeping. We were excited by the rescue of a horse, which got into the river, among some reeds, and sank up to his back in the mud. Some men came to us for a rope, and after a good deal of time and trouble, managed to extricate him. The afternoon has been very hot; with occasional showers, and the night—a fine moonlight one—hot also. A man here, close to us, has given us all the wood we want to burn, and it's black walnut. The fence rails are black walnut all about us. A woman is to come for our soiled clothes to-morrow.

Monday, June 10.—Rainy, with heavy black clouds rushing madly across the sky. Cleared about eleven, a. m., and J. and Edwin went into town to get the wagon mended. The sun is hotter than in "Florida." The woman has promised our things by evening. I am making a cotton dress for myself, which I need sadly; it's rather difficult without a pattern, and no glass to see how it looks. This is really the first occasion upon which I have missed the mirror. J. can even shave without it. J. came back about one, p. m., thoroughly tired and exhausted, with his hot walk of three miles, leaving the horses in town. About four, a heavy thunder storm came up and lasted all evening. We miss the wagon so much, as we are all crowded into the tent, and have not much room. The Camp ground is very wet, the creek rising a good deal. There is a dam close to us, and the water thundered over it, so we could hardly hear ourselves speak. We all had to sleep in the tent, and Jack had to be tied a short distance away. He howled and barked the live long night, he was so lonely, I fancy. I could not sleep, the howling of the dog, the rushing of the water, and the beating of rain on our tent, made me feel as if it were some horrid dream. The others slept, or seemed to.

Tuesday, June 11.—Raining still, but evidently trying to clear off. Sent off to the woman, whose cabin is in sight on the other side of the Creek, for the clothes. She said they were not ready; she had forgotten to bring them in before the rain yesterday. She has children, ranging from nineteen to six months; very pretty, the young girls and the little ones are. She has two big boys, of seventeen and sixteen, who sit on the fence and chew tobacco, while she and the girls have to drag and split the wood. I went to see about our clothes, and such a miserable place,

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