

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

No. perfume. On the whole, I've found this a sad depressing place, the memory of all the suffering here seems to cling around it.

Monday, May 6.—Left Camp early, and drove through a prettily wooded country, for six miles, to a small place of about a dozen houses, called "Oglethorpe," then a mile further we came to "Montesjuma," a lovely place, with fine wide streets, a prosperous town. About a mile further on, we crossed a ferry on a flat, our first experience of the kind. It is a most lovely spot, the river running swiftly, the banks densely wooded to the water's edge, with splendid oaks and other large trees, the blue sky and sun shining brightly over all. The ferryman was black, with the most terribly twisted legs; he seemed very strong, and got us over all right. Camped and had breakfast, and left at half past eleven, after two hours rest. We missed our way through the stupidity of a darkey; we climbed a steep hill, almost a precipice, very wild and rough all about, and had a deal of trouble to find our way again. Before we came to this bad place, the road went for a mile or so through a lovely lane, with high hedges of cypress on each side. After we found the right road, we camped for the night on a hill, a very beautiful spot, the moon shining brightly. Posted my letters at "Montesjuma"; Elsie lost her hat.

Tuesday, May 7.—A little after five a. m., we are just harnessed up, the morning lovely and bright. We are supposed to be seven miles from "Fort Valley," which we are told is a large place. About eight we reached it. A good sized place, with very little doing apparently, country hilly now and then, and very bad, narrow roads. Camped and left again at eleven, going down some very steep hills. On one the Capt. swerved to one side, where there was a deep gully, and J. and I were thrown under the horses' heels, the wagon went over on its side. My neck was under the wheel, and my clothes pinioned, so I could not move. The horses made another movement, and I managed to extricate myself and crawl under the wagon. My first thought was if J. and I are killed, what will become of the children? God was very good to us, for I managed also to get out without being hurt, and except for being black and blue, and feeling very shaky and nervous, we are none the worse, and very, very thankful. The poor Capt. is bruised a good deal, and his skin cut in places. We shall have to be more particular about the drag after this. We camped for the night in low lying piney woods, and were troubled with mosquitoes. The scenery is pretty much the same as that we have seen all along, since leaving Florida sand and hummock. The country is, however, much better cultivated around "Fort Valley" and Macon.

Wednesday, May 8.—Left our Camp early, and got into "Macon," about seven, a. m. It is a large and beautiful place, with a fine Court House (Grecian), of white marble; wide streets, that near the Post Office, having a square with fine statues of various celebrated people. The streets are filled with people, mostly darkeys, at this early hour. Bought May a saddle, and laid in provisions of various kinds, cakes and candy. We camped for breakfast near a pool, five miles out on the road to "Milledgeville." We have had good roads for miles, but are again in the sand, making it very heavy for the horses. The mocking bird is well. Jack, however, seems tired out. The last two days have been very hot. We have tried to make Jack ride in the wagon, which he does not like. Elsie not very well to-day. Got our first letters; one from Everard. Camped on the road side.