

(A TRIP ON WHEELS ACROSS THE STATES.—CONTINUED.)

halt, the whiffletree broke, and we got out and walked on to his place. The men carried the tongue back to the smith's for repairs, which took two hours. When the "Ark" hove in sight, our friend gave us a quantity of delicious large strawberries, and we started off again, with good wishes and good byes from our friend and our colored men. A few miles further on, we stopped to say good-bye to our Scotch friends at "Ivanhoe," the MacNichols, and drove on a most lovely country road, for fifteen miles; we camped in grove by the road side, and made tea on our coal oil stove, fed the horses, and started again after two hours rest. The children overheard two old darkeys discussing us, one said, "Certain sho deys gipseys," the other said, "Ain't yo neber gwine to have no sense, why, deys Crackers, sho as youse bawn." It took us a good while to get started again, we are all so new to this kind of life, and the harnessing was a work of time. About four o'clock, p. m., we forded Lake Samonia Slough, which was rather alarming, we have not seen or experienced anything of the kind before. The water came up to the horses breasts. Edwin on Tom took the lead, Norman on Gipsey, followed bravely, whistling to keep up his courage; his feet were in the water and got quite wet. I thought of all the stories which have been told me about Florida sinks, and did not breathe freely till we were over. We were a long time finding a suitable place to camp, there are so many settlers cabins, and the colored race are not proverbial for honesty. At last, when it was almost sundown, we came to a delightful hilly slope, near water, and after pitching the tent and making our beds, and having tea, it was quite dark. We found it quite troublesome preparing for rest in the dark, the odor of our pine beds was very pleasant, but the novelty of our surroundings kept us long awake.

Sunday, 28.—We were up early, and as our camping place was not a desirable one to linger in, after breakfast and prayers we started again, the road good and the country peaceful and lovely. After a few miles, we stopped at a darkey's house to water our horses, at the foot of a steep hill, and were told that we were on the wrong road. After climbing the hill again, we found it was the right road, and had to go down the hill, the horses were very restive and almost ran away, the wagon is so heavy to hold back. We drove, and at half-past ten, a. m., crossed the boundary, and were in the State of Georgia, the country still very lovely, and the innumerable china berry trees in full bloom, add to its beauty. In one place the ground was covered with verbenas, purple, white and red; quantities of phlox, of a purple color, and a pretty yellow flower, growing in clusters of bell shaped blossoms. We are camped near a pretty brook to rest the horses, and hope to camp for the rest of the day near Thomasville, ten miles further on. Norman is delighted, because he says, "His prophecy is correct, every one takes us for Crackers," and he was sure they would. At four o'clock we camped in a pine grove, and I wrote a short letter to Everard. We passed a tumble down darkey church in the woods. The congregation were assembling, among them a young darkey, with high white collar, cuffs and kid gloves, quite a dude. The darkeys are not nearly as polite as those in Tallahassee.

Monday, 29.—Bright and beautiful, we are just starting, at half-past eight, a. m. We slept pretty well, and feel rested, and hope nothing may occur to make it necessary to travel again on Sunday. Got into Thomasville in about an hour, and found it a very pretty, prosperous place, with