

A TRIP ON WHEELS ACROSS THE SOUTHERN STATES, 1839.

Wednesday, April 24.—We are all ready, and the horses are to be tried in the Camping Wagon, which has six springs, a water-proof cover, 12 feet long, with a high seat in front for the driver; under the seat is a large, long basket, the width of the wagon, and contains our groceries, tinned meats, bread, &c. etc. Our cooking utensils are frying-pan, coffee-pot, tea-kettle, and sundry tin pails with covers. We have also a leather trunk, which fits in at the back of the seat, and contains 3 changes of under-clothing each, stockings and boots, we can only take a thick and one thin dress each, and a lot of wraps and water-proofs. Our dressing things are contained in bags, to hang also a small mirror. The gaiters, habits and saddle are also taken. The party comprises my husband, self and two daughters, and two sons. We have a tent, a large mastiff for protection, a gun and revolver; 2 ponies for the children; 2 good riding, and 2 good carriage horses, young and spirited. The horses on being put in the "Ark," as the children have dubbed our tourist wagon, stampeded, and but for the quickness of our two colored men, would have smashed everything. As it is, they have taken so long to calm down, we have decided to wait and start to-morrow, and leave a good many things behind, and take tinware instead of crockery, and only one knife and fork and spoon to each person. We must leave everything except it is necessary, 2 barrels have been packed, of various articles, and we start so much the lighter to-morrow. I forgot to say we each have a blanket and feather pillow, and 2 large, heavy comfortables; we have a folding table also, and my mocking bird.

Friday, 25.—A pouring rain, and no chance of clearing off. It's a fortunate thing for us the horses made that attempt to run away, or we should have been out in it. We are not very comfortable, having to sleep on the hard floors, as all our furniture, except our Camp things, have left for Canada.

Friday, 26.—We are ready, but my husband not feeling very well, and I not caring to start on Friday, we are resting, and preparing many forgotten tasks. The weather is lovely, and I've never seen Highwood look more beautiful, the honey-suckles, red, white and yellow, roses of all kinds and colors, red and white lillies, verbenas, the bananas and myrtles are beautiful, and Judge Gwynn's magnolia is in full bloom. The perfume is almost overpowering to me, sitting on our verandah. The mocking birds are singing everywhere, and an orange tree is in bloom close to the house. We have said good-bye to all our friends, and I am feeling content nothing has been forgotten.

Saturday 27.—A beautiful, bright, sunny morning, 5, a. m. We are just starting on our long drive to Canada, from Tallahassee, which has been our home for four years. I have never seen the country look more lovely than this morning; the dew is shining like diamonds on each leaf and blade of grass; my mocking bird sang a farewell to his native land just as I placed his cage in the Ark. We are off with May and Edwin on the ponies, Alfred and Jones, our colored men, driving, and the rest of the party walking down the steep hill to the station. Very few people are about; we get through the town nicely, but not far from Capt. Hare's, our English friend where we are to

(to be continued)