

A TRIP ON WHEELS ACROSS THE SOUTHERN STATES.—CONTINUED

place. J. and the boys slept in the Church, instead of pitching the tent. There was a platform with steps for ladies to mount their horses, and we see the convenience at every store and meeting house, people ride much. We bought cherries at 15 cents per gallon to-day. We found "Carey Breckenridge," one of the Gamble family names, written on the walls six miles from "Pineaster," is the distance marked on the mile post. We passed through "Holland Institute," a village where there is a Bible School, for boys of the better class. There is near the road, which is very good, the remains of a fine stone bridge, and traces of a railway. A high mountain range surrounds the village. J. counted fifty high mountain peaks in sight at one time.

Thursday, June 20.—One of the finest and brightest mornings we have had for some time. We drove thirty miles yesterday, and are now weary and tired. "Buchanan" is in the very heart of the mountains, and the town lies at the foot of a grand mountain called "Purgatory," which seems to consist of limestone ledges, and trees here and there, looking very lovely in the bright sunshine. At Buchanan, no good drinking water can be had, so at a small tavern J. brought me a glass of ale, which I drank in the full view of the loafers, to the intense disgust of the children. The "James," a lovely, wide, clear River, runs through the town. An awful poor place as regards shops, they have positively nothing in them. After leaving the town, we drove over frightfully rough and stony roads, and looking back at the town from a high hill, the view was perfectly magnificent. Roads very, very stony. We are two miles from the "Natural Bridge," and are camped in a fine large grove, on the hill side. The country is more cultivated, and the mountains look blue in the distance. Some fine brick farm houses are below us. Several people came and talked to J. and the boys.

Friday, June 21.—Bright and very warm. We had vivid lightning last night, but no rain. The view is delightful to the west of us, hills and mountains, in endless numbers, rising one above the other, till they appear faint and blue in the distance. The oaks under which we are camped are enormous. I am dreadfully tired to-day, more so than I've been any day since we began our journey. All the rest are well, and the boys and girls seem to enjoy their days in the saddle. One girl and boy riding every morning till lunch, the other two in the afternoon. These children have ridden from ten to fifteen miles each every day since we started. Edwin and Norman more than that, as they have had to ride in advance to see if the road was clear, then return and tell us. The drive seems short to the "Bridge," and we asked a man where it was. He said "Stranger, your thar," and so we were. It is just wide enough for a wagon and a footpath, and seems to connect two mountains by one large arch; there are trees each side of the roadway, and one can't see well. A low stone wall is on each side, the trees are red cedars. We got out of the wagon, and went down to Pulpit Rock, and saw it from different points of view. It's perfectly wonderful, and the mountain gorge through which the streams flow under the bridge is very wild and beautiful. The height is great, and some people walking under the Bridge, looked from Pulpit Rock like pilgrims. The mountains are all around, and are magnificent, Mount Jefferson the highest. They are all well wooded here and there dense masses of pine and maples, with the sun shining on their tops, lower down in deep shadow. There are several very fine, large