

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

cipice most of the way up, and was only wide enough for one wagon. I do not know what would have become of us, if we had met a vehicle of any kind on these steep grades. The children on the ponies acted as scouts. There appear to be very few negroes in these mountains. We passed some very pretty houses, and well tilled farms, to-day. The boys watered the horses, not allowing them to cool sufficiently. We had hardly finished our lunch, when the Dr. began to tremble violently, so we had to hurry, and tackle up, and start and drive as quickly as possible. The poor beast had hard work to get along at first, but after an hour he recovered, and seemed all right. It was a very narrow escape. We met to-day some magnificent specimens of flame colored Azaleas, about fifteen feet high, also some beautiful clusters of pink and white cup shaped flowers, growing on a tall, and small trees, with shiny green leaves; in one spot there was a perfect forest of them. We are now on a sort of table-land, the country very wide and uncultivated. Towards evening, we are approaching the "Blue Hills," and are seven miles from "Hendersonville." Met a pedlar with his wagon, covered like our own. He advised us to Camp at the foot, as we shall have a very steep climb, and the horses should be fresh. We passed the boundary of the two States, and found a gate through which we had to pass, into North Carolina. This gate was on top of a high hill, the country very wild and uncultivated. At the foot of the hill on the Carolina side, we came upon a curious old Inn, front of which was an old spring stone coming, and on a stone pillar the date 1818, and the name "Poinsett Spring."

Friday, May 24.—Bright and glorious, and the Queen's Birth-day. The sun is shining on the trees far above us, we are so far down in the valley, we do not feel any of its rays up early. There are lovely ferns about our Camp ground, and exquisite flowering shrubs; one has long pointed leaves, and sprays, of waxy white bells, very tiny and set close together; and the flame colored Azalea, which looks at a short distance, as if the tree were on fire. We are up very high now, having been steadily ascending since leaving "Greenville," forty miles away. Still climbing, we reached the top of "Blue Ridge," through a gap, the mountains towering all around us. We found a spring of water gushing out of the rocks, and drank the Queen's health with three cheers for Her, which made the rocks ring. The scene was most beautiful, the magnificent trees, with the sun shining through the branches, and glittering on the tree tops below us, was on every side. Still descending, we reached "Flat-Rock," a summer resort for wealthy Southerners. It lies in a valley surrounded by mountains, and has an immense number of very fine, large residences, some of them quite like castles, with large and well kept grounds, and parks. The trees are magnificent, so large and beautiful, maples, birches and ashes, and immense weeping willows. "Hendersonville," quite a large town, wide streets, and good stores, and a great air of prosperity lacking in the other towns farther south. Our drive to-day was over a very pretty road. Saw quantities of purple Phlox, and a beautiful scarlet, star shaped flower by the road sides. We have gone into Camp five miles from "Ashville."

Saturday, May 25.—Dull and rainy looking, the sun trying to shine a bit. We have a pretty fair Camp ground, and slept very well. It's rather a late start, being nearly eight, a. m. All are well, though terribly dusty;