

A TRIP ON WHEELS ACROSS THE STATES.

and a good rest, and had an early start, and reached "Christiansburg," a very poor, insignificant sort of place. As usual, we are much annoyed by the curiosity of all the loafers in the place, who crowd around us, while J. is laying in supplies. Our way this morning has been through a narrow valley, with a rapid rushing little brook, beside the road, most of our way, very high hills rising on each hand. We bought cherries. Cherry trees abound on the road side, mostly black ones. The scenery to-day is beautiful, roads bad. At a small village near "Shawsville" the mountain views are grand, beyond description, and have been for miles, quite repay us for all the discomforts of the last week. To-day we met two of the loveliest young quadroons I ever saw, features beautifully regular. One had very reddish brown hair, and the other black; they had clear olive skins; they were about fourteen I should think, bare legs, and scant cotton gowns appeared to be all they had on. Towards evening we passed a small log cabin among the hills, in a very rough, lonely place, the first sign of human habitation we had seen for miles. Two children, a boy and girl, were crying bitterly, and stopped to look after us with sad, sad faces. A woman came to the door, wiping her eyes with her apron. It made me feel as if death, or some terrible trouble had come to that lonely home.

After passing "Shawsville" we descended a very steep hill, both brakes and chains on, and crossed the "Roanoke" on a good bridge, and drove through the lovely Roanoke Valley, with the river on our left, which we could see now and again. We came to "Big Spring," a summer resort, which smelt horribly of sulphur. It is quite a good-sized village. About a mile further on, we forded the "Roanoke," over a very rough and rocky ford, and camped under an immense tree on its margin. We saw the most beautiful rainbow clouds over the mountain tops, as we came through this perfectly beautiful valley.

Wednesday, June 19.—Nine, a. m., the fog has been thick all morning. It shows signs of clearing, though the fog is still clinging to the mountain tops. We had a delightful bath in the river before retiring, and a man at a farm house near gave us several quarts of milk, and would not accept any payment. This is the first piece of generosity we have met in all our long journey. I measured with my tape an immense sycamore, under which we have camped. As high as I could reach, it was twenty-three feet ten inches round. We had a most delightful drive through a lovely valley to "Salem," on each side other valleys opened into view, as we drove along, and grand mountain ranges. Just before going into "Salem" we passed an immense spring, gushing up out the ground; water very blue, and tasted very well; no trace of sulphur. It seems a very pretty town, with pretty villas, and fine well-kept gardens. We have seen in profusion yuccas in bloom, all through this valley, wild and in gardens. Harvest has commenced, and we constantly see reapers and binders at work, and raspberries in great abundance. Three, p. m., we are just off again after lunch, the afternoon fine and pleasant. "Buchannan," thirty miles off, our next town. We have got a plentiful supply of everything, including cakes and candy. We were obliged to drive till after seven, p. m., and were almost in despair before we found a spot suitable for a Camp ground. We were obliged to leave the main road, and drove up some distance to a church. It proved to be a very nice