

A TRIP ON WHEELS ACROSS THE STATES.

to stick to the wagon and drive. The wheels were locked, but even with that the horses seemed to hold back with the greatest difficulty our heavy wagon. There were quantities of Phlox and red sweet Williams among the ferns. I was nearly frantic all the way down, fearing some accident to J. Turning a sharp bend in the road, we came to a wide River, rushing over boulders, and very muddy. It looked very alarming for a ford. But after looking around to see if there was a boat or any way to get over, Edwin jumped on Tim, and found that though very rough and rocky, the water was not higher than Tim's breast. So commending ourselves to the kind providence, who has watched over us through our wanderings, we got over all right, though many times the wheels going over large stones, which we could not see, nearly upset the wagon, and tried it and the harness severely. The view of rocks and river from the opposite side was enchanting. This River is called the "Big Ivey." The scenery from this point to beyond "Marshall," on the "Frach Broad," which place we reached in two hours, is simply indescribably grand. Hills, rocks and river, make a picture impossible to forget. We drove till nearly six without finding a spot we could camp in, and came to a store, and the man allowed us to camp in his field. We slept well. We bought delicious strawberries here, and the woman (quite young and good looking), in making change, turned out a pocket which was full of tobacco. I asked if she smoked? When she said, in a shocked tone of voice: No, I chew. All the women here we have met, chew and smoke, and we see numbers of tobacco drying houses, and fields of young tobacco.

Wednesday, May 29.—A bright, clear morning. We are waiting for our tent to-day, after the heavy dew of last night. We have had delicious new milk, for twenty-five cents per gallon, and strawberries at ten cents per quart, from the woman who lives near. These wild strawberries are large and delicious in flavor. We have had them every day since leaving "Ashville." Our horses are very spirited, and these awful roads make me dreadfully nervous. I'm sure my hair must be white by this time. I've not looked in a glass for weeks, since the Dr. broke ours. We have been driving over rough, dangerous roads all day. All day we have been steadily descending the mountain, for over an hour, and at last came to a level, but very narrow and rough road, just on the edge of "Laurel Creek," a small, rocky, muddy River, which we have to ford twice. We were almost over the second, which is extremely rocky, when the wheel struck a large stone and broke the cross bar. Fortunately only the hind wheels are in the water. The bank is high, and there is barely room enough to tie up the horses. The tent has to be pitched on an angle of forty-five degrees, and the ground is very rough and stony. Edwin rode off on Tim, and about two miles off succeeded in finding a blacksmith, who is to be on hand in the morning, and we suppose it will take all the morning to repair damages. We are most fortunate, for it's the best place for an accident (if we're to have one), in all the miles we have traversed to-day. It looks very like rain, and we have prepared for it. The girls and I will have to sleep partly in "Laurel Creek" to-night, and have had the wagon chained to a large tree on the bank, in case those dreadful stories we have been hearing about, the rapid rising of these Creeks may be true. We are just at the junction of the "Big and Little Laurel" Rivers, which makes it safer for us. The scenery to-day has been very grand. The