

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

Saturday, May 18.—Three weeks to-day since we started on our journey. The wagon has gone into "Elberton" for new wheels, the old ones being unsafe. We are Camped a little outside the town. It seems a thriving place, smaller than Washington. The stores, like the other Southern towns we see, have small windows and doors; only a glimpse can be got of the goods inside. The streets are very narrow, but in good repair. The country around, hilly and rocky. We drove over a good hard road, leaving "Elberton" by way of "Possum Trot," a collection of small negro huts, to "Craft's Ferry," and crossed the "Sabannah" River, on a flat boat. The River here is quite wide, but shallow in places, showing the rocks and ledges here and there. The flat grounded on a rock in the middle of the River. For a while we were in great danger, and I was awfully frightened lest the horses should move, but they remained perfectly quiet and our Ferryman jumped overboard, nearly up to his neck, and putting his shoulder to the flat, managed to shove it off. Part of the time, it had a pretty dangerous cant, and things looked badly. However, we landed at last on "South Carolina" side. The bank was very steep, and there is never the slightest attempt to make a roadway, and one has to scramble up the best way one can. This Bank was of soft sand, in which the wheels sank to the hubs. The horses got the wagon nearly to the top, when there was a crash, and the whiffletree broke short off and several men standing by rushed up and caught the wheels, and saved the wagon and horses from running back into the River. After some trouble, the wagon was got to the top of the Bank, and we Camped close to the River. The Ferryman sent a Smith to make repairs. There seems to be immense quantities of mica all through the part of "Georgia" we have come to-day, also soap-stone. A man told us of a soap mine, which the natives use instead of soap, for sundry purposes.

Sunday, May 19.—We are so glad to be out of "Georgia" at last, we are so tired of the sun and the deadly sameness of the scenery. James is quite ill, he has been all day. I think the driving and attending to the horses has been too much for him. I wish he could see a doctor. This is neither a public place, all day the Ferryman has been busy. Elsie and I went to the top of a high hill near us. The view is lovely, the river wide and very winding in its course, the banks high and well wooded, hardly a dwelling to be seen. All through this region, the family comb, and wash basin, and towel, hang by a string near the door.

Monday, May 20.—The blacksmith, after working all Sunday, finished before dark, and at seven, a. m., we left, and drove over a most lovely road, and through a well tilled country. The people we meet are better and neater looking, and evidently of a better class than those of Georgia. The negroes are also more polite, all bow to us. Since crossing the border, we have met two pretty girls. We are resting seven miles out of "Anderson." Easier, at one, p. m. We are just starting again. "Anderson" is a fine, large town, good stores, and a very grand Court House. J. called up a doctor, who says his symptoms are caused by some poisonous insect's bite, a scorpion spider, most likely. He suffered a good deal from inflammation and irritation; if he is not better, we must stay over at "Greenville" a day or two. Edwin and I do the driving, J. lying low all the time. We got into Camp all right. The roads are most beautiful. In