

TRANSCRIPTION OF DIARY OF HENRIETTA FITZHUGH

P. 1, top of page: A Child's among ye taking notes

22 September 1827. This is the first day I have had an opportunity of writing in my Journal. We are now comfortably establishment half way up the ridge where the mountains are overhanging us. They are too near to be viewed with interest. This distance lends enchantment to the View. The day is raw & cold – We arrived at Am(?)ville very well & met with delightful accommodations and a very loquacious host & hostess who made up in kindness what they caused asking impertinent questions. Mr. Roberts gained the old ladies heart by praising her taste & patriotism in the distribution of her numerous [?] Mine host was quite an original. Edmund part with the cot to him – We traveled yesterday over a rough but pleasant road for we were perpetually changing [p. 2] the view of the mountains – We arrived at Thornton Hill to Dinner – We met with a kind reception from our poor afflicted aunt who was confined to her bed with the gout - & Frances in another room looking as if she had but a few day more trouble & pain to suffer before her pure spirit will take leave of this world. I never saw a human being better prepared. It was a heart rending sight to see her surrounded by her 6 lovely children & she so cheerfully resigning them in the hands of her maker – altogether it was a trying visit to the whole party – Edmund though would have his jokes as usual – I will advise all travelers to avoid Brandons at the west [p. 3] in Rockingham, 2 miles from New Market, a beautiful little village – Our host & hostess were kind primitive people – Eliza & myself have learned from her how to make good bread by the quantity. The night of the 23rd is the first frost we have had, it is succeeded (24th) by a sweet clear morning; we have been much favoured by good weather as yet, although the mornings and evenings are very cold at this season of the year. They keep fires all day. This is a very cultivated & open country & it appears to me wood must be an object with them.

24th We traveled through a very delightful country altho rocky, the road was tolerably good. We passed through Harrisonburg the county town of Rockingham, a very pretty village; some very handsome houses. We met a drove of Beeves from Kentucky, 419 in number, they were [p. 4] very lean. I suppose they were what the farmers buy up to fatten & sell. Just before we stopped for dinner, Rudolph & Mary were both taken very sick, he began to look very bleak on the occasion as we were fearful we would be detained some time on the road, however they look quite sprightly this evening. Mr. F says it was the limestone water that disagreed with them. This is the worst watered country I was ever in. I am told all this valley is badly watered & [of] course [fre]quently Sickly; occasionally you meet with immense large springs sufficiently sometimes to turn mills.

25th We are now at an old Dutchman by the name of Clyne [Cline or Kline], they talk Dutch to each other, live in Dutch stile [style], although quite well off; & of course quite dirty; but have the redeeming quality of kindness. [p. 5] Foot of the Blue Ridge we toiled to the top where Edmunds little grey fell down in a fit in the cariole. He was instantly taken out and Mr. F's sorrel horse put in his place. He has since recovered. The descent of the ridge in Shenandoah County is much more gradual than in Culpepper. Shenandoah is a poor county except a small strip along the Hawksbill. Luray is a pleasant little village about 9 miles from the ridge. We pitched our tents about a quarter of a mile out of town.

Edmund's family slept in it; after supper Mr. F, myself & Mr. Roberts walked to Luray & lodged more comfortably. We went early in the morning to the tent to Breakfast. [p. 6] 23rd We crossed the Massanutten Mountain & Shenandoah River between the Shenandoah & Massanutten. Its a miserable country. We met a few dutch families going to public worship, rather an uncouth looking people. We dined at the top of the Massanuetten at a very genteel old maids – immediately on descending the mountain we enter the most beautiful country I ever was in. Square fields covered with clover where we find large flocks of Beeves were grazing. The country was so well enclosed that we could find no ground to pitch our tents. We had, (rather to the joy of the female part of our party) to put in at a Inn. [p. 7] Their labourers (two men & a woman) eat with them a very mixed mass of boiled potatoes, apple butter, radishes, butter &c. Every society have their different amusements. They talk here of Apple Butter frolicks, spinning frolicks, &c of course all useful frolick, not like our card frolicks, Squirrel Barbacues &c. We have as yet uniformly met with comfortable beds & plenty of bedclothes. The old mother asked us if we chose woolen to sleep in as the weather was cold, we could not follow the dutch fashion in that respect so chose sheets. She showed us drawers full of nice linen & other Bedclothes all homemade – They all make their Blankets in this valley – Another charming morning. 26th, We traveled over a level, charming, highly cultivated & very thickly settled country. In the morning we crossed the north branch of the Shenandoah [p. 8] which divides Rockingham from Augusta. The lands in A—are rather more rolling than the adjoining county, particularly as you approach Staunton which will disappoint every traveler. It is situated in a disagreeable hollow, & looks confined & dirty; it appears as if the Dutch were too stingy to spare more ground than merely to build their houses on, for the streets are so narrow one carriage would find it difficult in passing another & the streets are very steep – however there are some very handsome Buildings, particularly the Hospital a little in the suburbs. On the road to Lexington we passed a Mr. McDowell's, a beautiful stylish dwelling. We came 2 miles out of town, & found it very difficult to obtain lodgings; at last a poor tailor by the name of Berry who is keeping a handsome mansion belonging to a Mr. Stribling, formerly very rich, but it [p. 9] seems there is some dispute in the court of Chancery about this property & he has left it & gone to Staunton. The house has no furniture & we made use of our own, and as we buy our own provision, we did very well for the people were kind & attentive. I find it uniformly the case. The women are loquacious and fond of asking impertinent questions. I some times feel disposed to give the some history of ourselves that Dr. Franklin always did whenever he traveled but after my fret is a little over, I frankly forgive them, for I am certain they think me quite as impertinent. Mr. F & Mr. Roberts went back to Staunton to sleep that they may have an opportunity of attending market. They returned this morning (26th) with a well replenished basket. Poor Edmund had a very bad night, he has the rheumatism in his shoulder. I am afraid he cannot go through the difficulties [p. 10] of traveling . We never use the tents for we find it quite as cheap & of course much more agreeable to go to some house of entertainment. Mr. Roberts saw an old acquaintance of his in Staunton. Augustine Smith of Alex[randra] 26th We mean to go farther than Greenville a little place about 8 miles from this, as Edmund seems so unwell; where we will have our clothes washed. Another good day, we traveled 26 miles yesterday. We are now 115 miles from our own dear home. The blue Bell, (one of our carriages) broke down yesterday & we have been detained all the morning having it mended; this the third time it has broke.

Eliza has given it up in despair, and she A[nn] Eliza & some of the children go in the Sun Flower; the remainder go with Hannah in the blue Bell. We have never been able yet to meet with another horse. We are very much in want of one for the side saddle. We were obliged to put [p. 12] another horse in the wagon as three were incompetent to the load, but it seems these Dutch never keep more of anything than they want; they are strict economists – We stopped 1 mile from Greenville at a comfortable place. The name of the owner, Logan from Staunton here, a very rough country resembling our own, only richer & better settled, though not as well settled as Rockingham; we met another drove of cattle, 264 in number, from Tennessee beyond Nashville. One of the drivers was from Bollivar; he says it is getting very fast but sickly, however we shall trust to no one's word, but be incredulous a judge for ourselves. Our Host is a very kind man; him & his Daughter sung some Psalms for us this evening, the old man accompanying his voice with the bass viol, which is a very excellent accompaniment to [?] how very happy [p. 13] these folks seem to be, they never have servants, they systematically do all their own business & cook so cheerful & independent. How they make us poor helpless slaveholders blush; however it is an evil we cannot avert & we had better wave reflection also if we could check the small still voice of conscience. I hate moralizing therefore I will close my journal for the night with this remark, that there is much more kindness & refinement among the lower class here than the other side of the Ridge. The good man of the house asked us if we would join him in family worship which we readily consented to so he gave us an excellent prayer, the family appear to be very pious, the old man evidently has the consumption -- the first frost in Augusta county this season was last night succeeded by another fine day.

27th I must retract what [p.13] I have said about the Psalmsinging Logan, for he is the greatest Jew in his Bile. We have yet to meet with --- ----- We are now at a small house 2 miles from Lexington, kept by Mrs. Ware. I will be rather more cautious in my praise than I was toward Logan & we will try her before I will say any thing more about her. We have traveled a very rough & uncultivated country & apparently very poor indeed. There has been gradually a falling off in the appearance of every thing ever since we left Staunton. We entered Rockbridge county (well named from the numberless bridges of rock that have impeded our rapid progress today). We occasionally have splendid views of the Ridge, but altogether it is a very uninteresting country as yet; "I hope I shall give it the praise" (quoted from Mr. Amos, one of our kind Hosts), when I see [p. 14] Lexington & the natural bridge. We passed two droves of cattle, the first containing 250 from Washington County, the last 350 from Lee County, all going to Pensievania [Pennsylvania] to fatten for the Philadelphia market. I have written a long letter to Lucy to night & do not feel in spirits to make any more remarks, even had I the materials. We have come 21 miles today.

28th We passed through Lexington early in the morning after crossing the north branch of the James River. It is a very smart town, situated in the roughest country I ever saw, the Arsenal is a very handsome building. The College a plain one. There are some very handsome buildings. It appears an old town. I understand this county was settled at an earlier period than any of the adjacent counties, from this circumstance, that our ancestors who first settled on the James ascended the River & made settlements on [p. 15] its Banks. From Lexington to the Natural Bridge Tavern (an uncommonly rough road, but rather better watered) we crossed Buffaloe creek, quite a large stream. When we arrived

at the Tavern we left the children & Servants & immediately went over a very steep & rocky road, to the Natural Bridge. I will not attempt to describe it as you will meet with so many more able descriptions than I can give but it is awfully grand beyond any thing I had an idea of. Near the bridge is a very intelligent coloured woman whom Mr. Jefferson fixed there & she supports herself by the contribution of the visitors. She keeps a register of all the names of the Visitors. We scribbled ours. We all gathered some of the beautiful Arbor Vitea (a kind of cedar) that grows on the steep cliffs of the Ridge. Indeed it seems peculiar to the cliffs of this country. The Woman told us the celebrated Rocks of Otter [now known as Peaks of Otter] once belonged to Mr. Jefferson. After satisfying our curiosity, we returned to the Tavern (an excellent one) kept by a Mr. Maybury, where we had an excellent supper. We traveled 16 miles.

29th We commenced our journey by light & came 12 miles to breakfast to a Mr. Van Meters. There is excellent accommodations in this Valley, although it is called Purgatory & the stream through it, the river of Purgatory. The roads are extremely rough & and hilly – Mountains on each side, we had a splendid view of the fogs rising up the sides of the Mountains. I am sure Paulding had not a more beautiful one on the top of Rock fish gap – Mr. Roberts left us this morning & his absence is universally regretted by our party. Mrs. Van Meter, a very genteel woman; has given us a delightful breakfast which we paid our united [p. 17] respects to. This house is about a quarter of a mile from Patronburg on the James. We are now in Botetourt County, all the country about here appears poor & broken but provisions cheap & plentiful. Probably it is an object to farmers at a distance to bring their produce to those taverns on the road as a market for them; for surely the land about them is too poor to support the custom they get; for this is the season the Carolinians are returning from the springs (we have met several handsome equipages) & also the season for people to move to the west – We have overtaken many families moving. A very dear bill from the genteel Mrs. Van meter, who I suppose, asked more than other folks of her line of life to keep at her cottie[?] plants. We cross the James at Patronsburg. The river is navigable 40 miles above that place. It is a beautiful [p. 18] river. Tobacco appears to be the staple of the country around for P. burg is only a few tobacco warehouses; as is Ruccan[?] now on the opposite side. The James river bottoms are narrow but extremely rich. There is a very considerable change in the appearance of the country on this side the river, The land's very good & cultivated more in our own manner; large fields tended by Negroes (which we have not seen in the other counties). I have not seen much tobacco but five fields of corn. Soon after quitting the river, the lands are very hilly, but free from rock & stone. We passed some very handsome establishments, one belonging to Judge Allen, very much improved & one belonging to Col. Bowie. But both of those handsome dwellings would be improved by a few trees about them. We have been much [p. 19] blessed in having fine weather. We have never been detained one hour on that account. The mornings & evenings are quite cold, the middle of the day very warm. We are much incommodated by the dust. Edmund purchased a little pony the other day that has afforded us much amusement – as he is rather an outlandish looking animal. He goes by the name of Bolns. We are staying at a man's house by the name of Brough. Decent sort of folks. I think travelers must lie intolerably when they complain of hard fare & inhospitality. I have never yet met with either. They must be more difficult to please than I am. I do not know what I may meet

with as we progress on our journey. There is a sweet little sprightly baby here that reminds one very much of my own little Darling. We traveled 22 miles to day.

[p. 20] 30th Another fine morning --- We passed through Amsterdam this morning where Mr. Fitzhugh found several of his relations living, Doctor Digges, Mr. John H. Digges & son Gordon; who had his horse saddled & accompanied us as far as Tayloes' Iron Works. We stopped for a short time at Mr. Ludwell Digges's who is very comfortably fixed. The country we passed through in the morning is hilly but free from stone, and rich. From the Iron works to Johnson's springs very rough & from that place to Salemstill. More so -- very well wooded on approaching Salem (a long string of dirty looking houses) the land becomes very level between the two branches of the North Mountains & I understand there is an immense body of extremely rich land in this valley. I had forgot to describe the Bottetourt Springs, a beautiful place more improved than any place we have passed -- an elegant taste displayed in the arrangements of the buildings & the Spring which is White sulphur beautifully done up with flag stones & brick work -- but it is lamentable that enterprising men do not always succeed for I am told before he improved the place he had an inundation of company & once he has been at the expense & trouble of making arrangements to entertain them, he has had none. The stage stops there (we are at a genteel tavern kept by a man by the name of Johnson, a mile from Salem). We found a family by the name of Mein there, just from Abington. His wife is a little, sickly, ugly skeleton of a woman, that looks sour & jealous for he is very handsome & agreeable. I would almost swear he is a young adventurer who has [p. 22] married some rich old maid & is ashamed of her. He was once a clerk of Gillinghams in Alex_a [Alexandria]. He moves in very handsome stile. They are from Lynchburg. 23 miles today.

1st October A cold raw morning. We have come 7 miles to breakfast to Strathean's. The land level & very rich -- Tobacco the staple. We wind round the base of the North mountain. This place is on the bank of the Roanoke which we shall cross 6 times in 8 miles but it is not navigable -- The middle of the day is always very warm. I learnt at this place how to make floor cloths out of elm bark. In this valley I have seen beautiful carpets & bed covers. We have witnessed the most enchanting scenery to day; the Roanoke meandering through a beautiful but narrow valley between two high Ridges of mountains that in places rise pre[p.23]cipitally above us; the trees in those remote mountains begin to assume the hues of fall & look like a highly coloured picture. This valley is very rich and the meadows in beautiful order. We stopped about dinner time at a very neat tavern kept by Mr. Mays; the store belongs to a Mr. Hancock who has opened establishment on the hill above. I am told he wishes (& in fact is obliged) to sell it. I suppose he looks forward to some office under government as he married a Miss Heart, a relation of Mr. Clays. We found out that Mrs. Mays was a Miss Lightfoot (sister of Walker Lightfoot). The old lady & another sister were there. Mr. F was so pleased with the old Dame that I believe he was about claiming kin, but we put a stop to their family chat by moving off. Immediately after getting there, we began to ascend the Allegany mountains which is the best [p. 24] mountain pass I ever crossed. Half way to the top was a shed where cakes, cheese & whiskey was sold; a miserable half built thing that was filled with cheerful folks. They kept their bacon on the top of the house. Edmund remarked it must be a plentiful country where they shingled their houses with Hams & shoulders & divided their fields with corn walls; for it seems the custom in the counties we have passed through to gather their corn and stack it each side of fences round the

fields which has a very pretty effect. The toll gate is on the top of the mountain. We are at a house kept by a man named Craig who seems a personage of some importance in this part of the world. He owns all the land that Christianburg is built on. Christianburg is the county town of Montgomery. I had forgot to mention we entered Montgomery immediately after quitting Salem. [p. 25] The Allegany is 7 miles wide on the top level – good grazing land. The county town on the top – The mountains about the Roanoke were much infested 2 years since by wolves which destroyed all the inhabitants sheep. They made great exertions to destroy them & have nearly effected this purpose. You would scarcely believe that Yeaman is at Christianburg & has a circus there. I suppose he is progressing to the Bottetourt Springs as the races commence there to day. We met a splendid equipage & four horses yesterday belonging to Col. Preston of Abington. The gentleman in an elegant gig. This country is not half as much out of the world as I imagined -- ---

2d [October] It seems we shall travel through Virginia without one drop of rain. The Eastern & Western waters divide on the tops of these mountains. I feel melancholy at bidding farewell to the streams that [p. 26] roll by our native home. The Roanoke is a beautiful river & seems to promise the pride & grandeur with which John Randolph speaks of it. The growth on its banks, the Buck eye & a number of trees we did not know. The descent of the Allegany very gradual; a poor miserable looking country until you reach the Kenawa, a bold rapid & wide stream. The bottom looked so clear & we saw a wagon ford it that Mr. F drove me over in the gig but we repented it for we found it rocky & the current so rapid the horse could scarcely walk. The rest of the party crossed in the boat. I would advise no stranger to attempt fording it. There is a beautiful farm at the ferry belonging to a Mr. Ingle. The land rather better this side the Kenawa but very thinly settled. We stopped at night at Newbern, a miserable dirty village. The most unaccommodating dirty [p. 27] hostess I ever saw. Her name promises great nicety – Tiffany. The taverns along this road seem to be kept generally by females; their husbands, I presume, following some other employment. This Inn seems to be a vocary[?] of Baccus for her. [She] returned last night quite drunk & him & his great overgrown dirty spouse immediately commenced a matrimonial dialogue – We have had a dirty supper, dirty beds & I presume we shall have a dirty breakfast for we are detained by Mr. F being a little unwell. He has caught a cold & has taken some salts. The Blue Bell is undergoing another repair. She will be quite new again when we reach our journeys end.

3rd. Another fine morning – The Engineers have been in this country seeing if it could be practicable to unite the Kenhawa with the James & Roanoke. When we stopped at dinner at J. Grahams, Mr. F was so unwell he did not like to [p. 28] proceed & we staid all night, the rest of the party proceeded to Mr. Gauvachs [at] Fort Russell; one of the old forts they made use of in the Revolutionary War to defend themselves from the Indians, but there appears no remains of it at present.

4th A hilly road, but Mr. F says a rich country – Peach trees (the only ones we have seen since we crossed the Ridge) thrive remarkably well in this country. We dined at Evansham (Wythe Ct. House) a dirty but thickly built village, a very pretty Ct. House that our host (Johnson) seemed quite proud of. I got a pr. Leather shoes & paid an enormous price for them. There are 6 taverns & 6 stores at that little place; all the houses on the road are Houses of entertainment. We met several droves of cattle & horses. I have not

noticed all the droves I have met. Many persons in carioles, wagons, horseback & a foot [p. 29] traveling to West Tennessee. We did not overtake our party until night at Gordons' Mt. Airy (which is in a valley) a very good house. We were much amused at supper at listening to a Kentuckian & Tennessean travelers conveying the merits of their respective countries. The Tennessean, an independent hardy fellow; seemed to get the better of the Kentuckian, a sort of half refined man (who thought he would conquer by bragging) but the T... n [Tennessean] are such a ludicrous description of Clay County & Ct. House (called after the pride of Kentucky) as completely quieted his opponent.

[written on side] Our host played on the dulcimer, an instrument salivated[?] for sacred music. It is shaped like a coffin.

5th Cloudy & windy, seems to threaten rain. I was sick this morning which has detained us a little. Dined at the Royal Oak (=to hide aristocracy in) kept by J. Thomas, a very indifferent house. We are now in Washington County, the last county we shall pass through in Virginia, about 30 miles from Abingdon. We saw a little broom straw to day, the only broom straw we have seen since we crossed the Ridge. [p. 30] The growth of the woods large & no undergrowth. The woods present a beautiful aspect in this mountainous country, the foliage is smartly bitten by the frosts & display all the varied hues of autumn. We are said to have crossed a small branch of the Holston to day. This evening we traveled over the rockiest road I ever rode over to a Wm. Bates, 7 mile ford, on the banks of the Holston. A traveler by the name of Burks from N. Carolina with his family on their way to Dyer County W. Tennessee, got there just before us. He gave such a description of the mosquitoes, buffaloe, fly and earthquakes as rather appalled us; however as we are so far on our way, we had as well proceed and judge for ourselves. A little rain in the evening, though not enough to settle the dust.

6th A fine morning. We left our friends at 7 mile ford to ride on to Abingdon 20 miles off that. We [p. 31] have an opportunity of writing to our family. They will reach here this evening. A most beautiful road though a waving but rather poor country. The first orchards I ever saw, particularly peach, which is really a different tree from ours, it is so luxuriant. We have left the mountains behind us skirting the Holston which renders the scene less romantic. We are just from dinner. I have had a conversation with "mine Host" he says there are many wealthy families live about here. We met two of them going in elegant stile to Richmond a few days since. Gen. Smith who married the widow of the enterprising Wm. King. & Gen. Preston's family. We are now in the last town in Virginia. It is also one of the oldest & I can with truth, assert that is not to compare with our own Warrenton; it is a dirty dull place, selected by a blind man who passed over all the beautiful level ground, the first hill he stumbled at fixed [p. 32] on as a foundation for the town, for fear if he met with any more level country he might slip along too easily; for these kind of half Dutch are very cautious. There are, however, several good Taverns & stores. I have also passed through what is called the beautiful valley of Virginia and I have seen no place I would exchange my own wild hills for. 'Tis true most of the lands are rich but the habits of the people could not suit us. They all appear to be formed for pains taking saving, Tavern keepers. Every house we saw as a public house. Every town was dull & dirty and the people stared at us as we passed as if we were a parcel of wild Hearts for show or what is perhaps a great a show to them, a company of gentlemen & ladies. Tomorrow we enter Tennessee. I hope I may like it better or I [will] never move from Fauquier. This is a musical tour. The Abingdon band barbecued music until [p. 33]

a late hour. Then the servants took up the tune and the Dogs wound up the chorus for the remaining part of the night.

7th Another fine day, traveled a very fine road to a Mr. Shoemaker's to dinner about 3 miles from the Tennessee line. We crossed it in the evening, nothing uncommon to mark the division between two great states; at the end of a lane, a few oaks much chopped & the letters V & T roughly cut on them, points out the dividing line. I think there ought to be some natural & great division between countries. They make a stronger impression and will accord more with our feelings; for say what we will about being united in one great government, we all have our strong local prejudices in favor of our native state. We remained at Tipton last night, the happiest, most independent half Dutch folks I have met with; they [p. 34] keep an excellent house without any servants except an Ostler. They are too busily engaged ever to be unhappy & they see such a variety of company from their occupation, that they are quite intelligent – happy race of people. We may truly say we have traveled though Virginia without as much rain as would wet a person, we were in hopes a few drops would have been shed at our parting with our beloved state but the clouds were as hardened as our hearts. There is a Presbytery at Blountsville which seems to be drawing all the country together. I heard there were 500 persons at meeting yesterday & 10 preachers.

8th Another fine day. I must say this in praise of traveling. It increases the appetite so much that everything that is to eat appears good. Mr. F & A ...E [Ann Eliza] can make hearty suppers on pickled beets & preserves made of molasses, with the addition of fried beef, [p. 35] fried bacon, fried bread, fried chicken, &c for they fry about anything in this country. Sometimes we met with bread a week old that crumbles in your mouth like saw dust, yet it all eats sweet. Ever since we left home we have met with sweetmeats, pickles & honey on the Breakfast & supper tables and the dessert always set with the meat at dinner. We are now in Sullivan county. The country very rough, some rich land. Today we crossed quite a mountain called Chesnut Ridge. The county town is called Berentsville. We did not go through it although it is the stage road, it was out of our direct way & we left it. 2 miles on our left, some of the largest poplar trees in this country I ever saw; indeed the growth of the timber very tall & straight. The crops are miserable; they have never had rain enough to wet their corn well since it [p. 36] was planted. So that their fields present a miserable appearance. They are generally obliged to cart their drinking water from a distance. A very thin population. The country appears very little cleared. Arrived at a Mr. Alexander's in the evening. We crossed the Holston at the boat yard over a beautiful covered bridge, the idea of a boat yard at such an inland place is quite amusing. & the folks speak with as much pomp of a flat bottomed shapeless boat as the Eastern people would of a 74; yet this pride is useful. It helps a nation on. The road runs for several miles on its banks. It is a large romantic stream; on the side is a splendid building owned by one Ross, a coloured man, natural son of David Ross of Richmond. He owns the bridge and greater part of the town; he is very rich, charitable & what seems to add a greater luster to his character, in the eyes of those folks, he is a Presbyterian Minister – [p. 37] We were told we passed him & his wife, a beautiful lady, yesterday returning from Meeting – The road was filled with people returning from Preaching yesterday. I understand for two days they had a congregation of a thousand persons & a great many preachers. The Presbyterians have tents built of peach logs in some open place like the Methodists & met at 4 stated periods in the year to preach. At those

meetings, they make many converts. I have heard of some congregating having 500 communicants. They are all Presbyterians and Methodists; no Episcopalians or Baptists. In this part of the world they are half crazy about religion. They attend to nothing else, of course you meet with bad fare and (sometimes though rare) a good Prayer – Our Presbyterians will not believe me, but their descriptions answer the Methodist camp meeting exactly –

As the blue cariole ascended a sideling hill leading immediately to Alexander's doom. [p. 38] The Horse appeared to choke, he fell & rolled down the hill, the cariole, of course, followed. Words fail me in describing such a sight for we were all frantic to see the cariole dashed to pieces and the dear little children thrown out in every direction, 4 of them rode in there with Hannah to take care of them. When we arrived to their assistance we thought we should find them all killed or worse than killed, mangled or deprived of their senses for life, but when their fright was a little subsided, we found none of them materially hurt. Anne received a little flesh wound and Hannah's knee & arm a little hurt. Can we ever be thankful enough to the Almighty for protecting us through this imminent danger---

9th A rainy day enables us to have the cariole repaired & treat the children. However, we are not at the most pleasant place we have stopped at on our travels.—We are in [p. 39] Hawkins county. This neighborhood is very sickly. Our hostess is a gossiping old lady that keeps our hair constantly on end by narrating horrid accidents & death bed scenes. Although the family are lazy, they have the redeeming quality of feeling hearts.

10th A sweet day after the rain. Our cariole detains us longer than we wish, we shall not be able to set off until 10 O'clock. The most unconscionable price we ever paid, \$16.98, at one of the most uncomfortable houses. They charge generally for diets and they are literally so for you are not tempted to a change of different kinds of meats and vegetables. I have always remarked where people pretend to much religion they are lazy & dictatorial & make their customers pay for their [?] lives. I hate an affectation of Religion where people perpetually annoy others with a kind of half sermon in a sing song tone of voice. Whereas every person will pay a due reverence to [p. 40] the reality. We passed over a very rough road and a miserably poor country – Ravensworth is a paradise to it in every respect. We coasted along the Holston, every now & then it would burst on the view & cheer the gloomy prospect. We passed through a miserable village called Legionsville where as usual we saw some carioles mending for we have uniformly remarked where ever there is a Blacksmith shop on the road, a broken cariole is before the door. I make this note to remind us hereafter that carioles are not strong enough for traveling carriages. We only traveled 15 miles to day to a Mr. Russell's near Rogersville, the county town of Hawkins. We have remarked the Tennessee Tavern keepers are the most uncivil folks I have ever seen in my life. The women are deemed savages. They uniformly complain of the trouble the children give them & of their making dirt and we find all their Houses like pig styes. It seems the custom in this half [p. 41] civilized country, to sheet beds every Saturday and love nor money cannot obtain a pr. Clean sheets in the middle of the week. Their Bills are enormous & they think that they confir a favor by admitting us in and that nothing is due from them. A poor Indian came while we were at our breakfast, the gentlemen tried his skill with the bow and arrow by putting up money as a mark for him to shoot at but he was not as expert as I expected. We had some fine fish for supper &

breakfast out of the Holston. This is so miserable a country & traveling so high that Mr. H.Cn – shewed his wisdom in straining through the country.

11th. A very sweet day. We traveled over a very rough country until we descended a precipitous hill when suddenly the Holston burst upon our view meandering on one side at the base of the Clinch Mountains, on the other side is a beautiful but narrow flat. If it was in as high a state of cultivation it would resemble the Rappahanock Some good land about the Clinch [p. 42] but altogether a poor country. I could not recommend persons to locate themselves in Sullivan or Hawkins Counties. We never crossed the Clinch Mountains, but will “wear them out” about 40 miles from this place near Knoxville. I wish they were of so frail a texture as to be worn out immediately, for I expect it will be up one hill, down another, until we lose sight of them altogether. That is as the Tennesseans term it, “wearing them out”. We are at a man’s by the name of Moore; he promises but little. I hope he will perform the more. They appear to be kind people, rather an indifferent house. The Children were much delighted today to see a number of soldiers marching to a large field to a general muster.

12th. A beautiful level road between the Clinch Mountains so that I was rather too quick in passing sentence on the road. [p. 43] About 12 o’clock the Blue Cariole, as usual, gave way and detained us at a Mr. Williams about 4 hours until it could be mended. Our host, no doubt, was a great man in his own conceit, for he is nephew to D. R. Williams in Congress and he makes himself out to have been a favorite soldier of Gen. Jackson’s. He set up pompously to talk politics with Edmund & Mr. F. until they nearly fell asleep & then he roused them by telling enormous lies about Rattle snakes. I found out that his wife was not a Devotee, by her indiscriminately abusing both Presbyterian & Methodist camp meetings. In the Evening we passed through a miserable dirty village called Rutledge, the county town of Grainger. I could not tell which was the Ct. House, all the houses were equally bad. But the roads made us amends for our disappointment in the appearance of the town, for more beautiful roads I never [p. 44] traveled. We arrived at our destined place (Myers) so early in the evening, we thought we might go a few miles further but we bitterly repented it for we got to a Mr. Shirly so late we were obliged to remain there during the night. They were thoughnough Dutch, of course our fare may be guessed at. Our beds had curtain calico pillow cases fringed. We had one sheet only (Thank heaven it was a clean one) and instead of another, we had a white counterpane, & then the usual covering of a blanket and coloured counterpanes. They waited on us themselves, they had no servants.

13—We came 8 miles to a Mr. Journeygene to breakfast. There we witnessed a very cheerful scene. A number of girls were gathered round a quilting frame as hard at work as they could be, which the good woman was busily engaged preparing her [p. 45] hotch potch breakfast of black preserves, apple butter, pickles, tarts &c. To do her justice, she had some very good things on her table besides – and we made an excellent breakfast. She seemed to be a kind good hearted woman, for she gave me her receipt to dye Blue. Some of the largest Pride of china trees I ever saw before the door. The road hilly, & through a miserably poor, rather sandy country to Knoxville. We caught a view of the Holston a few miles from Knoxville. The town is built on the side of a very steep hill and looks something like George Town in miniature. It is larger than any of the towns we have passed through and the streets more regularly laid off and passed in the middle but all these western towns seem to be dull and dirty. Indeed their towns are the dirtiest

places I ever was in. We are at Boyds where the stage [p. 46] puts up and we presume the best tavern in the place and a miserable dirty place it is. Several panes of glass broken out of our chamber windows and the floors look as if they never saw sand and water since they were laid. One of our dishes for supper was cucumbers a dish I never before saw for supper & never even for dinner in the month of October but people must travel to learn new fashions. We were much disappointed at not receiving letters from our dear friends at this place. We calculated so strongly on it. I will try to bear the disappointment as well as I can. Heaven help the poor soul who has to sleep in a Tennessee bed in the first place. Their bedsteads are not wide enough for one person, they put on that a bed half filled with straw that is a harbour for bugs & fleas and a bed on that that contains about 5 lbs. feathers, the bolster [p. 47] and pillows resemble childrens' baby beds and to crown all, sheets once a week. No wonder they sell so many feathers from this part of the world, they use so few themselves -- Miserable, miserable country; lazy men – sour women – bad living – many bills -- & every thing to disconcert a poor traveler. The land does not appear so very bad but the habits of the people, lazy & dirty – if those are the manners & customs of the West, generally, I had rather bring my children up where they are, for what is any country without good habits.

14th Our Friends got here to Breakfast from a place 7 miles from Knoxville, they went on to Campbell station – 15 miles off. We remained at K. [Knoxville] and went to the Presbyterian meeting to hear a Mr. Nelson, one of their favorite Preachers, who canted as much in the Pulpit as one of our Methodists would have done & [p. 48] mangled the Kings English most barbarously; but our hostess carried me there “because he was well educated as were all the Presbyterian Ministers”. Knoxville will not answer the expectation of strangers not a striking building in the place although it is laid out in squares, there is not that air of neatness a person would attach to a place regularly laid out. We had some excellent young corn for Dinner & after Dinner some fine October peaches. A young pert Carolinian attacked the sermon most unmercifully; I felt quite sorry for the Hostess, Mrs. Boyd, who could only defend it by saying the Preacher was a most excellent man. We are at a very good House kept by one Bell (cousin of Baldwin Days and very much like him); at a place called Campbell station. Those stations are frequently to be met with in this state where great roads cross each other. [p. 49] We passed one 60 miles from this, in Hawkins County, called Bear Station, where people in former times would meet from all quarters of the state & go in large companies to Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana &c or Georgia, N. & S. Carolina, to protect each other against the Indians. The great roads leading from that place. Mr. F. saw in K[noxville]. Mr. McIvor from the neighborhood of Nashville, he also saw a gentleman, Judge Pick, from Bolivar who gives a very flattering description of that place. We received a welcome letter this morning from our Dear Mary. Oh how grateful to a parents heart to hear their dear children were well.

Mr. F. does not think this country is as poor as it is represented, but the people miserable cultivators – to me it has no attractions whatever.

15th. We came 6 miles to breakfast to a Col. Meridiths, quite a smart man who has a Daughter living in Boliver, [p. 50] he has given us a very satisfactory description of all that country – We traveled over a very hilly country to day to Kingston, the County town of Roan on the banks of the Clinch River. A miserable little town; we had to go a little out of town to get to a good Tavern; we are at a very good one, kept by quite a polished

gentleman by the name of Clark. I think as we progress on our journey, people seem to get more polished; perhaps by the time we reach Nashville, the inhabitants will be too refined for us. Beds have improved in proportion. Clinch river is quite a wide and deep river, about 400 yds. Wide, filled with fine fish. People are said to be always sickly on the banks of those western rivers and the drinking water bad. We shall cross it tomorrow on a boat.

16th. We crossed the river early this morning, a very thick fog over it; the sun through the fog looked as it did when [p. 51] there were so many spots over its disk. A hilly road, indeed we begin to ascend the spurs of the Cumberland Mountain. We breakfasted at a Col. Kindman 7 miles from the river. When we arrived there, we found Thaddeus had purchased a Buffaloe fish weighing 16 lbs. at the river. It was too late to dress it and we kept it for our supper – a very fatiguing load; we could not make much of a journey. Arrived at McPhersons, a very indifferent house. Cooked our fish & found it very fine.

17th. Descended Spencers Hill before breakfast. It is part of the Cumberland, a tremendous hill – it received its name from a man who was shot on its top by Indians. I am told passengers in the stage constantly ascend and descend in the stage at night. They must have more temerity than I possess – of course we all walked. Breakfasted at the Crab [p. 52] Orchard on the Top of the Mountain. I am told we shall have tolerable good roads for 20 miles before we descend the mountain. The land about here very poor unlike most mountains. People seem to tend the valleys at a distance from their habitations. We found it the case last night – our hostess' husband was securing his crop in some distant valley while his dame was attending the customers. She says she never sees him but once a week. So it seems people have to labor hard every where. Those folks could obtain bread on easier terms in our reputed poor country. A very miserable country; nothing for man or beast to live on, the poorest Black Jack land and brown sedge fields; no wonder people should ask such high prices for their possessions, 50 cents for oats, \$2 for corn meal. People seem to hang their heads & seem ashamed to ask such enormous prices but they never [p. 53] abate a cent. Arrived at night at a Mr. Dawsons, the house full. Most miserable accommodation, forced to use our own beds. A Mrs. Green & her family from Kentucky on their way to Fauquier & Alexa [Alexandria] to see their friends. They are related to the Peytons of Alex[andra] – smart second rate people, the young lady a pert girl just let loose from a Nashville Boarding school. Mrs. Walker & her son from Mississippi; the banks of the Tombeckbe. A sister of Gen. Wingfield Scott's on her way to Dinwiddy County Virginia, quite an intelligent woman and very agreeable. She was so kind as to offer Ann Eliza part of her bed. She gives rather an unfavourable account of Mississippi but a very favorable one of that part of Tennessee we are going to. It would be to the advantage of some good Tavern Keepers to settle on the top of Cumberland Mountain, they could not fail making [p. 54] fortunes. I have an idea of recommending it to Mr. Thompson.

18th We are at a Mr. Miller's, the house and good countenance of the hostess promises a good breakfast; it is 6 miles from Dawsons – still on the top of the mountain. The descent of the mountain [is] a very safe good road, the dividing line between east and west Tennessee, across the Cumberland M[ountain]. The road winds round the mountain passing some of the most immense piles of sand stone rocks I ever beheld; they look like the ruins of some ancient fortifications. They are most romantically grand. I wonder travelers never have remarked them for I think them nearly as attractive as the Natural

Bridge and those Travelers we staid with at Dawsons, made no mention of them whatever. Arrived at night at a pretty village at the foot of the mountain called Sparta, the county town of White. By the bye I omitted mentioning we passed through a part of Bledsoe City that corners on the Cumberland. The country on [p. 55] the top of the Cumberland is so poor & thinly settled that the Tavern keepers are the greatest extortioners we have ever met with – that miserable place, Dawsons, is so situated that a Traveller cannot avoid it; several roads meet up to it, that travelers are caught in it like a trap and they find a merciless cat to deal with. The appearance of country changes immediately on descending the mountain, a beautiful level country, rich land & of course thicker settled; the country about here sandstone, of course delightful water but Sparta is said to be sickly occasioned by some mill ponds near.

19th Crossed a very pretty rocky stream by the name of Calf killer, a number of miles & a gorge. We crossed it on a bridge – traveled 7 miles to breakfast – a very pretty country. Edmund's boy, Henry, quite sick, we are very much alarmed as the country is said to be generally sickly. Crossed another stream in a boat called Carry Fork, a pretty romantic [p. 56] creek, famed I am told for wild geese alighting on it – a rough & very poor country to McMinnville, the county town of Warren; like all the other villages, dirty & dull, we remained there all night.

20th. Traveled the greater part of the day though a wretched country, called the Barrens – no inhabitants – no timber (although covered with a scrubby growth like our Black jack country); and no grass – although we are in West Tennessee & they will tell you the land is as rich as cream, yet we meet with this kind of land frequently. We traveled some miles on the top of a Ridge with the steepest declivity on each side I ever saw. The Ridge just wide enough to admit a road. The growth of timber on it immensely fine. The largest chestnuts an[d] beach trees I ever saw – large shell barks [hickory] and buckeye (I thought of Lucy when I eat some of the delightful shell barks this evening); indeed my own dear family is never absent [p. 57] from my thoughts. I relish nothing for the uneasiness I suffer on their accounts. Were I to gain every foot of Tennessee it would not repay one for my unhappy feelings. A truce with such reflections, what have they to do with a journal --- -- We arrived in the evening at a Mr. Woods, about 20 miles from McMinnville; it has been threatening all day to rain but the appearances seem to be wearing off. I trust we shall perform our journey without wet weather for it would be dreadful on us. There has been no frost in this part of the world yet but the woods have assumed the hues of autumn, occasioned by the dry season; the weather is very warm for the time of the year.

21st. Oh woeful! Woeful! It has been raining all night and all the morning and to be confined to one of those Tennessee Taverns where there is no resource whatever against ennui is more dreadful than any of you can imagine. These are good tempered kind people [p. 58] enough but extremely ignorant and not a book in the house. They are quite rich although no one would suppose it from the appearances around, for with us they would not pass for comfortably fixed and they live exceedingly coarse and dirty; a miserable bed but I have written so many Phillipics against the lodging that I will refrain this time although I could not sleep a wink, suffice it that it was a Tennessee bed. They seem to think of nothing in the world but accumulating wealth & it really seems to avail them little. This man is living on extremely rich land with scarcely a comfort around him; his house an open half finished log Barn – he a lazy, opinionated red faced fellow, who

twists his legs round the Porch bench, barbecues the Kings English, and sets up to entertain his customers with a dish of Politics and leaves all the work for his wife to do. I am thus long winded in my description because it answers the description of all the [p. 59] Tennessee tavern keepers I have seen. I could not help smiling at a remark made by the Hostess (a fat good humoured Dame). She observed to me, “you had better persuade your Husband not to move to this country”, why? “because all the men become lazy, they set down all day long and talk of accumulating wealth and leave all the work for the women to do. They will promise to fix you wonderfully well but never will get beyond a half built log house”. I shall act according to her advise for it appears to be very correct. It held up a little in the evening & we rode 9 miles to a Squire Readys – “Readyville” only one single house. The road was a very rough one and we had a very small stream called Stony river, to ford 3 times, and it was so swelled by the rain that the last time we crossed it we were very near being drowned from our ignorance of the ford and swiftness of the stream; but thank Heavens we all got over safe and shortly after arrived [p.60] at most comfortable lodgings.

22nd. Rained all night and day; my clothes got wringing wet in my carpet bag behind the gig; I have been employed all day drying them. Blue cariote was half full of water and the poor frightened children thought they were drowning a half hour after they were quite safe –(that is an unfortunate carriage). Our host & hostess quite respectable people. We met with all the newspapers & the Philadelphia Album that entertained us very much.

23d. A fine morning. Travelled though a rough level country, said to be very rich, but I should judge the reverse from its being so thinly settled; not a half a dozen mean log cabins from Readyville to Murphresburrough, a very pretty village, some handsome looking stores, and many handsome brick buildings, handsome large Ct. House, two churches – a small but neat market house. No doubt the town would improve very [p. 61] fast if the seat of government was permanently fixed there but it appears they have not decided whether it is to be fixed there. A rough limestone road – many very large Cedar Trees; Beech and many other kinds of trees that mark a rich country – shell barks and the largest Hickory Nuts I ever saw – but still a very thin population. We passed some large fields of cotton but the quality did not answer my expectation. I have seen very few negroes yet in this country. Their farms seem small and managed by themselves. We saw about a dozen negroes with very large hampers gathering cotton. The country is so little cleared I can give no description of it. We are at Jefferson, a small village, formerly the county town of Rutherford, but I suppose it may be literally called a rotten borough as all consequence is taken from it, and transferred to Murfeesburrough; the Ct. House is tumbling into ruins, it is a pity the inhabitants have not enterprise enough to convert it [p. 62] into some use by turning it into a schoolhouse or church. I omitted mentioning a lamentable sight that met our eyes Sunday evening, 21st. We passed a good looking house situated in a low swampy place and remarked 11 fresh made graves in one place; when we spoke of the circumstance at Mr. Readys, they said it was customary when they buried a person to do up all the old graves (a singular custom). The inhabitants cannot bear their country should be thought sickly but I have never seen a place yet but they say it is quite healthy, “nothing but the fever”, and that Fever kills them in a few days.

24th. Arrived in Nashville, a very pretty country, rich but thinly settled owing the country being held by large landholders and they will not part with their land. About 60 miles before you get to Nashville, the land is very fine, but it stands greatly in need of

improvement. The roads are [p. 63] very rocky, not unlike John Loves paved road between Centreville & Buckland. Some immense Cedar Trees. They seem to make use of Cedar for all the common purposes of life – build log houses of it, make fencing with it, use it for fire wood &c. The country about Nashville not at all improved until you arrive within a mile or two then the buildings are very handsome, a number of brick kilns. The town breaks beautifully on your view as you are descending a very rough hill. It is built on a solid rock & it has a very handsome effect with its splendid buildings, Buildings intermixed with Cedar trees, and the Cumberland river with the handsomest covered bridge built on very high piers of rock I ever saw. On the opposite side of the river is a large mill worked by steam. The town built around a very large square containing an old indifferent Ct. House and market. Two splendid Inns, the one we [p. 64] stayed at (the city hotel) contains upwards of 60 rooms & rents for \$2,500. The furniture splendid. We went to the theatre that night (a pretty neat building) & saw Richard 3rd performed. There were not many ladies present but great many gentlemen; a very genteel audience. The Belle of the town Miss Hays was there quite a pretty girl.

25th. After breakfast we sallied out with Maj. & Mrs. Graham to view the town. Many splendid private dwellings but there was not that appearance of business I expected to see, but no doubt it is caused by the Cumberland being too low for steam boats to come up to the town. The legislature is setting in the Masonic Hall; a large handsome building. We dined at Maj. Grahams. My old acquaintance Mrs. J. W. Campbell waited on us, she insisted on our accompanying her home and remaining with her for a few days, that we [p. 65] could not do, but waited on her in the evening – a splendid establishment, the furniture & entertainment rivaled Washington. Her husband is said to be one of the richest men in Tennessee but rather haughty. We saw Gen. Jackson the evening we arrived at N[Ashville]. He regretted very much it was not in his power to entertain us as he was obliged to go to Alabama the next day. We were all pleased with N. in spite of its rough streets. A heavy frost.

26 --- Quite a cold morning, indeed the weather has been cold ever since the rain & I am in hopes will presage good weather until we reach our Journeys end.

We traveled over a very rough limestone ridgy country – hilly and the road not half as good as the stage road, perfectly uncultivated, and nothing to interest the traveler. We came about 20 miles to a most uncomfortable place. The people are as kind as they know how to be, but the [p. 66] fare very coarse. Our tent would have been quite as close as the house and we had to use our own beds & bedclothes. However their wills are good and we must make allowances for uncomfortable fare. They say a tight house is not considered healthy in this country, that is accounting for so many fatal fevers.

27th. A fine frosty morning. I expect to have but few interesting incidents to relate as we are now in a new country. We had five fish for supper. A very poor country, although it is West Tennessee.

We are at Charlotte, the county town of Dickson 40 miles from Nashville; the road has been rough, over a very poor country; no rich land except a narrow strip on a small river, I did not learn the name, and it is not material. The country we should call mountains, but the people do not call it so. This county is filled with Iron ore, and has [p. 67] a number of Furnaces & Forges. The hostess of the Charlotte hotel has frequently been at Bolivar. She is delighted with it. I wish we may [be] as much pleased. She says Mr. Charles Fitzhugh is a bone of contention among the bells of the place. I received letters from our

Dear friends while at Nashville. Saw our old friend ,Mr. G Pickett who is in search of a home in that neighborhood. He says Alabama is dreadfully sickly – he eschues it. 28th. Looks like rain, a miserably poor country. No rich land but little narrow strips on the water courses many of those dried up but we crossed two smart creeks yellow C__m[?] and Trace. We are at an old Dutchman’s by the name of Waggoner, 28 miles from Charlotte. He is one of the truest philosophers I have ever met with. He is 77 & his wife 67, yet they remind me of the old song --- [p. 68]

My wife shall dance & I will sing
So merry we’ll pass the day.
For I deem it one of the wisest things
To drive dull care away—

Begone dull care &c &c

They are the happiest, most independent people I have ever seen. The old lady has cooked us an excellent supper, waited on us – entertained us with her cheerful conversation, sheeted our beds and does every thing with as much activity as a girl. The old man is a great joker, and is very amusing. I always see it the case where people have to do their own manual labour – A heavy Bill for a Dutchman always knows how to charge –

29th All our horses appear with one accord to be taken sick; they are foundered on new corn. I hope they may get us along. A poor country to Tennessee River, rather mountainous; we do not go through Reynoldsbough, the county town of Humphreys- [p. 69] the Tennessee river a bold navigable river for steam boats at high water to the muscle shoals 180 miles from Ross’s ferry. A badly kept ferry, only one indifferent boat. It appears as if the situation would sanction more at high water, the river is very wide. It runs over its Eastern bank owing to the bend in the river at that place. A very cheap ferryage and accommodating ferryman. No public house on either side the river so that travellers would suffer in bad weather. The wind rather high when we crossed and the weather threatening. Some very fine land on the western bank about 2 miles in width. We then ascend a hill and then the country might support camileans[?] but not human beings. We are at Osborns 4 miles from the river; a very open double cabin, and it is raining very hard. I expect we shall be wringing wet before the morning. We came 20 miles to day, & the horses [p. 70] performed better than we expected. I hope they may be well by the morning & that it may clear up, for it would be dreadful to be detained at such a house as this in a rain.

30th Everything happens for the best; had we been the other side Tennessee river, probably we could not have crossed this morning without being in danger. The low grounds I am told are impassible for a short time after every rain. Those who have remarked our indifferent Negroe cabins, can imagine what sort of a night we all spent but the people did everything in their power to make us comfortable by keeping up large fires. They are very careless about comforts in this country, except in their towns. You seldom meet with a close house unless it is owned by a Dutchman. They seem to turn their attention pretty much to fruit. We see a number of [p.71] flourishing young Apple orchards & splendid Peach trees though we never meet with good apples. They appear to be seedlings.

31st. If we complained of an indifferent house last night; we are more justified in our complaints to night for we can view the Heavens in all its splendour above our heads; I

have no doubt myself that causes the greater part of the ill health of the inhabitants for the dews are extremely heavy. It will scarcely be believed when I say I have never seen so poor a country in my life; it cannot support a population and the Inhabitants on the road live by fleecing travelers but they tell us the road passes over the worst part of the country – that may be, but Providence has been very good to make this poor ridge so very straight to suit travelers. Arrived at night at a very decent house kept by Williamson on the north fork of Forked Deer about 16 miles from Jackson. I omitted [p. 72] mentioning the different counties we have passed through since we have crossed the T... [Tennessee] River, because they are unremarkable for nothing but civility, bad accommodations, high bills & sickly mean looking people. We did not pass through any of the towns. We came through Humphreys grant & am now in Henderson, on the borders of Madison, our most direct road would be by Lexington, the county town of Henderson but the road is bad, & difficult to find and we prefer making an angle by Jackson.

Nov. 1st. the clouds look rather threatening after a very cold night and hard frost. The road very fine and the country much more interesting than any we have come through – more thickly settled and as Charles (one of the black boys) says “gentlefolks houses” – some very large cotton & corn fields – passed through Jackson, the county town of Madison. We were disappointed in the appearance of the town as we expected to see a very [p. 73] flourishing place from the accounts we have heard of it back. We eat our dinner on the Forked Deer after crossing it on a bridge about a mile south of Jackson. The low grounds about 2 miles wide – as rich as land could be but too swampy ever to be of any use; the river constantly overflows every rain – immense cypress & every kind of large tree & the undergrowth, the cane. The river is narrow and deep and must be cleaned out before it can be navigable. After passing these low grounds we again encounter poor ridges and good roads --- We traveled about 12 miles after dinner to a Mr. Willborns – a tolerable log house – very kind people – and the cheapest bill we have paid.

2nd. A fine morning & we set off in high spirits for Bolivar about 16 miles. A beautiful road if it was not quite so stumpy. The Hatchy was not as wide as I expected – however the waters are unusually low. We were ferried over. The banks of the [p. 74] river very steep. The cane looks beautiful growing up its sides and dipping in the water. The growth on the low grounds like the Forked Deer. I suppose all those rivers resemble one another. Low grounds rather narrower than the F. D. They call it only one mile from the Hatchy to Bolivar but it appeared to be three after passing the low grounds we ascend a sandy high land – very thickly wooded – The town breaks beautifully on you as you emerge from this wood. It is a very pretty flourishing looking place, far superior to Jackson in appearance although we had to drive with the utmost caution to avoid the stumps in the streets – some very pretty buildings – Directly we entered town we espied Charles mounted on Jackson. He looked very well and happy, although he has been sick and his negroes, particularly the children have been very sick. We immediately accompanied him to his house, which is about 2 miles from Bolivar – a beautiful road [p. 75] through a thick wood. A tolerable good cabin, and much better fixed than we expected. The Negroes were all delighted to see us. I will not attempt to describe this country until I see more of it – It is said to be very productive in the two staples, cotton & corn; and not more sickly than all new countries. The inhabitants think nothing of the sickness; a few nights since we spent the night in company with a man from Fayette City & he said it was the healthiest country in the world, only a little yellow fever sometimes.

3rd. We have been very busy this morning arranging our things. Eliza's youngest child is quite unwell, has a very sore eye. Edmund a good deal dissatisfied as yet but in my opinion Charles is an excellent manager and as a proof of it; the people all look cheerful & happy. He is said to have an excellent crop of cotton & is very busy securing it. He calls his people up by day with a horn, that [p. 76] made us all start up for we thought it was one of those tremendous earthquakes. Two very gentlemanly men have waited on us today, Col. Hart from South Carolina who has come out here on a similar expedition with Mr. F. – and wants land adjoining Charles. He has brought out a great number of Negroes & means to move out when he can purchase land that will suit him. He has left his family at home. He is quite an intelligent gentleman. Doctor Colliers from Charlotte Cty Virginia (bye the bye we have seen more people from Charlotte than any other county in Virginia which is an argument against John Randolph as a representative) He married a widow lady in this part of the world. I suppose for her fortune – very much of a gentleman. If all Charles's neighbors resemble them he must be agreeably situated. This is a very thickly settled neighbourhood.

[p. 77] 4th Sunday no preaching or we would have employed our time much better than we have done. Col. Hart dined with us. We were commenting there was no public worship for us to attend. The Col. Remarked far from regarding the Sabbath as they ought they were trying a man that day at Bolivar for murdering his wife. There are no schools or churches in this "section" of the country. The good folks seem to think much more of amusements and making money than educating their children & bringing them up with religious & moral habits – Balls, horse races &c are common. They have had a dancing school at B.[Bolivar] and no other school. My journal will not be interesting while I remain stationary, therefore I shall discontinue it unless something occurs that is worthy of notice until I am moving again. This country does not answer our expectation The land produces astonishingly for the appearance of it for it is a thin sandy soil with [p.78] a scrubby growth of timber and must in a short time wear out but the people will tell you the deeper you go the better the soil – but then it should produce immensely heavy timber which I do not see and cannot be argued out of my own reasoning faculties. It is as thickly settled in this neighborhood as a village. There are several neighbors and good ones, too, within less than a quarter of a mile. Squire & Mrs. Hardiman are very good and kind people – what is a term of derision. With us is really a title of respect here. I heard of Squire Harris Squire Hardiman &c so different are the customs of different places. This county is called after Squire Hardiman's Father. We have never been out except to Bolivar one day owing to Eliza's indisposition. She has the prevailing complaint. The flux god grant she may have it favorably & that the remaining part of the family may escape. Charles has two Negroes with it but his people are [p. 79] generally very healthy. We were greatly disappointed Wednesday at not receiving letters from our dear Friends owing to a failure in the Eastern Mail Col. Hart, Mr. F., Edmund & Charles are going to Randolph in Tipton county at the mouth of the Hatchy next Thursday to see the lands in that part of the Western District as the people call it and to attend the sale of some lots in the town of Randolph. They will visit Memphis before their return and view the lands on the Mississippi. Mr. F & Edmund are not yet decided where they will locate themselves. The Mississippi seems preferred by men of judgement but the want of health will always be a serious objection to that River. However we are told healthy spots are occasionally to be found on its banks. I should like much to

accompany them but they are to take the carioles and sleep in them like soldiers and cook their own provisions. Therefore a Lady will be in the way.

[p. 80] November 14th. My birthday & wedding day. It is a vain wish but it will obtrude in spite of my reasoning faculties that my beloved children could have been with me or I with them on this day. After a gloomy day I am cheered this evening with most welcome intelligence from that home that will be dear to my heart in whatever clime I may be in. Eliza has been extremely ill. We began to fear the worst for her. Her husband and poor little children have occupied my thoughts incessantly when not engaged by my own. Ann Eliza has this horrid disorder slightly. Mr. F has been quite unwell but thank heaven they are all getting better. Edmund has had a slight attack of the Rheumatism from exposing himself in attending his wife. The children keep well as yet – poor encouragement to like this new country for the house to be quite a hospital as late as the middle of November, [p. 81] and although the weather is uncommonly warm at present, it has been very cold and some severe frosts. There is extremely heavy dews in this country – although the season has been uncommonly dry, yet the earth is kept so moist that where it is not tended (in the woods for instance) there is always a green mould to be found; but do not mistake it for grass for I have never seen a sprig of that article in the Western “District”. I will suspend further remarks until I see more of the country. I have been so much confined by the sickness of the family that I have seen nothing or heard nothing – And we are so surrounded by sickness that it depresses our spirits and makes us blind to the good qualities of the country.

16th. Mr. F... Col. Hart & Charles commenced their trip to Randolph late in the evening after a world of fixing. The next morning we were surprised to see the Cariole returning [p. 82] driven by Charles. Imagine my horror when I saw Mr. F extended in it. Col. Hart’s horse had kicked him the evening before on his shin & disabled him from using his leg. It was very much bruised and a small piece of skin kicked off. The evening before was a chapter of accidents for they got lost & when they encamped for the night on the banks of the Hatchie they discovered they were only 2 miles from their homes. Col. Hart seems not to like being laughed at on the occasion for he braged so much of his Pioneering qualities – so did Charles – The trip is abandoned for the present – And this confinement that Mr. F is obliged to endure reminds him still more forcibly of our own dear home & our darling children –

18- One of the most unpleasant days I ever saw – so very dark that Mr. F. was obliged to have a candle light [p. 83] to write to Mary. We thought the sun was eclipsed but on consulting the Almanack we saw no mention of an event of the kind at this time. The inhabitants say the great fog and smoke is caused by the Indian Prairies in Arkansas and the Chickasaw nation being on fire. Not at all cold as wind in the evening has blown much of it off.

19—Fine clear mild day –

20 – One of the deepest snows I have seen for several winters – snowed all day and very cold. The nights are bitter cold in these open cabins – I think it is quite as cold as with us at this season of the year and no one seems to provide against the inclemency of the weather. Poor Negroes are very much neglected in this moneymaking country. They really are but on a level with the Beasts of burden. They say cotton clothes are quite warm enough for them here although we are uncomfortable with [p. 84] Flannel up to the chin – and they are not very provident in their scant clothing for this snow seems

generally to remind them. They want shoes and a slight covering for their backs – their cabins are miserably open – but their own are not much better. It certainly is not a land of plenty or comfort.

21st Disappointed in our expectations of letters from home. God grant they may all be well.

December 2nd. Left home for Memphis. A very level country nothing to interest the Traveler, not at all cleared except at intervals of many miles where you will occasionally meet with a settlement of log cabins – we saw a number of Indian mounds; in one place there were six arranged in a circle, some nearly as high as a house. They are supposed to be the repositories of their dead. We crossed a miserable stream [p. 85] called the Loose Hatchie – and a pretty river with an excellent bridge over it named Wolf, both tributary to the great Mississippi, the low grounds of the Wolf resemble all the lands on the banks of these western waters, deep irreclaimable swamps. The growth the cane, cypress, Holly &c – directly you quit the low grounds you ascend a miserable Black Jack ridge that the people have the imprudence to represent as rich, but reason will have their sway over thinking minds & they give the preference to lands of an opposite description – however there is more good land in Fayette County than Hardiman & has indications of being as healthy. We are at a very good house half way between Memphis & Bolivar kept by a Mr. Michelle, it is immediately on the line between Tennessee & Mississippi states. A man from Arkansas spent the night there also. His description of that country would deter any one from wishing to cross the Mississippi River;. I think he excels [p. 86] our Friend of ancient memory, Mr. Musquitoe in descriptions of the horrific nature.

3rd. Our road occasionally meanders a few miles into the Indian nation but not an Indian have I seen since I have been in the Country, although I hear of their trading constantly to Bolivar. We passed a place where we were told the Indians had a few days previous set the woods on fire in a large circle, which the natives call ring fire; they take their stand in the center and shoot the deer as they are forced in the middle by their fear of the fire; they killed 10 --- The lands and appearances of the country improve every mile you approach to the River; suffice it to say it is the only country I would agree to leave my own for, and if we owned a fine estate here, I think the advantages are such as would induce me to move.—The inhabitants look quite as healthy as those we have passed and it appears to me when the country is more cleared [p. 87] and the decayed wood is burnt up, it must become a healthy country; indeed for the east 20 miles the country is wavy & broken, differing from the dead levels we have passed – although much richer land – the only objection is the want of water, although that deficiency can easily be supplied by digging wells; they arrive at water in about 20 or 30 feet, and very pure water running through sand; for there is a great deal of sand mixed with the black rich soil.

We overtook an elephant near Memphis, and recognized it as the one we saw at Warrenton. The keeper and myself claimed an acquaintance. Memphis is quite a smart place, built on a bluff immediately on the Banks of the River. I will describe it when I see more of it tomorrow, also the river.—The proprietor of the Inn is a Virginian from Albemarle by the name of Anderson, we were introduced at supper to another Virginian from the same place, by the name of Dabney. Col. Hart and Edmund are of our party – 4th. Just returned from a walk on the banks of the River although it rains a little; the most beautiful view I ever saw, as far as your eye can reach. The river meanders most beautifully, studded with Islands; below, is the Presidents Island, one of the largest in the

River, above is Paddys Hen and Chickens, a clump of pretty little islands. None of them are cleared and inhabited. Wolf river falls into the M ---- (author's dash) just above Memphis. We saw four boats descending the River. A steamboat left this yesterday for Cincinnati. Boats are continually passing and repassing, the river presents a very busy scene. On the Tennessee side the banks are very high. The Arkansas side very flat and the country for some distance overflows at high water, consequently cannot be settled. Memphis is built on a beautiful level and the climate so mild, the grass is quite green at this late season, for it is unlike the other portions of the Western District, the earth is clad in [p. 89] grass instead of moss – from my chamber window, the view down the river and the plain on which the town is built, reminds me forcibly of the mall in Alexandria [Alexandria]. However every place has its disadvantages. They have no water, they say the river water is not fit to drink, it is always muddy and tastes very bad. Last summer was so dry their wells failed and where we are staying, they haul their drinking water more than a mile, and have to send nearly half mile to a Baio (a pool of standing water) for cooking water – Mosquitoes worry human beings to death in the summer months, they cannot exist without the House smothered in smoke in the day and every bed must be enclosed with nets at night. The buffaloe fly really kills Horses and cattle. The country about is said to be as healthy as any other part of the District, but diseases are liable to be brought to Memphis from Orleans; and other parts of the Union, for there appears to be a trade carried on through the means of steam boats with almost every state [p.90] in the Union. This must be a great place, in spite of the disadvantages I have mentioned (and we know the invention and industry of man can overcome those disadvantages) for it seems to be a place of deposit for all the cotton made in the Western Countries, to be conveyed to Orleans as the Steam Boats come up and in return they get all the necessaries and luxuries that the world affords; and they are gradually diffused over the Western part of Tennessee. The agent for the company to improve the navigation of the Mississippi, was here a few days. Since he carries his family about with him in the steam boat while he is at work, he says the navigation above this will be as easily accomplished as below, in less than a year. As it is, the number of snags renders it dangerous at present; there are frequent instances of Boats being lost, but they are more rare in their occurrence from here to Orleans. The inhabitants from Ohio bring their produce down in small [p. 91] flat bottomed boats, they are frequently accompanied by their families – like true Yankees, they bring down every thing you can name from a fat beef to an insignificant broom. They bring the finest Apples I ever saw. They sell very high in Bolivar, 4 cts a piece. “Mine host” has just sent me 3 delightful oranges and the “Fortunes of Nigel” to read and as I have grown drowsy over it once before, I believe I prefer scribbling in my journal --- A judge by the name of Ellis from Alabama and his Father, both curiously draped in Buckskin Hunting shirts, trimmed with fur and fringe, breakfasted with us this morning. They have been eleven months from their Families, traveling through Arkansas, Texas, &c. Mr. F & Edmund think they tell some uncommon lies about their narrow escapes from the Indians. The manner in which Indians eat Human beings, and many such stories, that may be true for ought we know to the contrary – but sound rather strange to our ears. They rode mules, indeed you [p. 92] frequently see very genteel persons riding mules in this country. They do better for this country than Horses. They are so hardy, they can do with very little grass and water and take my word for it, there is a scarcity of those necessary articles in all this country. People can never keep more than 2 or 3 cows which

they must feed on corn from early in the Fall, 'til spring. Therefore milk & butter is scarce; they depend on Ohio for Butter. – When they buy all those articles, such as Bacon, Butter, Negroes clothes, their own Clothes, Groceries and a number of etcetera's too numerous to mention with their cotton where will be the money left? – We rode this Evening to Fort Pickering, built in John Adams administration, to keep off the Indians and Spaniards; 2 miles below Memphis, a beautiful road on the bank of the River. The land not at all cleared below the town, no doubt owing to its being so sickly, the opposite bank being so low will always render [p.93] this side more or less sickly. The Fort is composed of a few buildings sinking in ruins – some gentleman owns a fine farm there. We have become acquainted with several very intelligent gentlemen to day. – Doctor Russell and another Doctor from Alabama, I do not recollect his name, accompanied us to the Fort. I will scarcely be believed when I say I saw several flocks of Parrots in the woods on our way to the Fort. I made Thaddeus cut me two Rattan walking canes to carry to two of my sons—

5th. A lady by the name of Thomas, waited on me to day; a very intelligent fashionable woman. She has been a great traveler and has lived in several parts of Louisiana, particularly Orleans, she gives a more horrid description of the want of morals among the People than Doctor Clarkson did ---

This evening we crossed the Mississippi River, and walked about an hour on the Arkansaw shore in Critterdon County; We gathered some Pecan nuts, I mean to carry them home and [p. 94] plant them, I picked up a peach stone which I mean to plant also. We were ferried over by a Mrs. T. Wilcox, who attends to her Husbands business while he is rambling. She is one of those original characters that would become great in the hands of a Walter Scott or Cooper. I had a great deal of conversation with her and was delighted with her perfectly independent sentiments; she is by no means disgustingly masculine. A person by the name of Foil[?] lives on the opposite bank, a widow; her husband and herself have been living where no other human beings would live, for 20 years. The old man died lately – There House is placed on rollers, so that they can have it moved out of way of the Freshes of the river and they go back to the shore as the river falls. Old Foil bought his wife when a child from the Choctaw Indians; she is half Indian; they were about to kill her because she was a most incorrigibly bad child, he felt a commiseration for her, [p. 95] and purchased her of her cruel Friends, raised her to be a woman and married her. This is the account M.T. Wilcox gives of them.

Mrs. Anderson has been giving me a very interesting account of the celebrated Miss Frances & Miss Camilla Wright. They live about 10 miles from this place, their avowed object is to emliorate the state of the poor Blacks; but I expect like all institutions of the kind, it will fail and render them more wretched by making them more enlightened. They are said to be uncommonly masculine in their habits, they will not deign to associate with our sex, they do not believe in religion --- that every thing happens by chance, and many such things that are a thousand times more disgusting in our sex, than in the male sex. Along the banks of the Mississippi next Memphis, is really like a Fare – Boats from every place. We saw one from Kenhawa, Virginia, loaded with salt, one from the Ohio filled with hogs which were in styes, fattening [p. 96]. Many filled with a mixed merchandize. The inhabitants are making a straight and direct road down the Bluff to the Ferry. We had to go very near the mouth of Wolf River before we could descend; after getting in the middle of the River – the little Islands (Paddys Hen and chickens) look very

beautiful and the bluff on which Memphis is built is very pretty. It is said this Bluff extends 5 miles below the town. The Arkansaw side is not as flat as it appears from Memphis.

Our party consisted of Mr. & Mrs. Anderson, Doctor Russell who is remarkably agreeable, Col. Hart, Edmund, Mr. F and self. Mr. F saw a farm this morning that pleased him more than any he has seen for sale in this country. He is to see the owner tomorrow. I hope he may be able to get a place for I am anxious beyond description to be returning home.

[p. 97] 6th A very close rainy day – in the evening a great deal of thunder and lightening, by no means an unusual circumstance in this southern climate. They say they have quite as much in the winter as summer. I have been very anxious to see a steam boat on the Mississippi, it seems fated I should not see one for every night since I have been here one has passed but none in the day. A lady and her son are staying here from Alabama on their way to Little Rock, the capital of Arkansaw where they mean to reside. Restless man is never satisfied but is perpetually pushing westwardly until their progress will be stopped by the Pacific.

7th. Another rainy day. It has given me the glooms. We can do nothing. Mr. F cannot look at the country and we are fearful when we commence our journey home, we shall have swim part of the way and plunge through the mud the remaining [p. 98] part. I am confined to my chamber a great deal, for I occasionally get tired of my kind hostess & her children and the ignorant Howdy from Alabama “as she calls it – And the fortunes of Nigel have forced themselves on my attention until I have become quite interested in them. Any thing to dissipate the too painful anxiety I feel about my beloved children and every thing attached to my dear home. Mrs. Anderson has just brought me a bag of pecan nuts to carry to my dear little ones.

8th Another rainy day, indeed it rains harder than I have seen it for a long time, occasionally severe thunder & lightening. I have been introduced to an eminent Lawyer by the name of Pleasant Miller – he is very well acquainted with Chancellor Bland and Mr. Townshend Dade when they were in East Tennessee.

[p. 99] Has ceased raining but is very cloudy & wet. There is something in this soil that it prevents it from being muddy. The Water either sinks or runs off ----

Just returned from a ride with Mr. F, Edmund, Col. Hart and Mr. Anderson to view a small tract of land Mr. F. has purchased of Mr. A. I am much pleased with it & think it quite a comfortable little establishment much more so than this western country generally affords.-

Mr. P. Miller has been amusing me very much for I find he has a very appropriate name. We have been on board the Patriot this evening, a very handsome steam boat from Louisville freighted for N. Orleans, a beautiful boat filled with genteel passengers. I was introduced to a Mr. Lynch of Lynchburg, Virginia. There have been several boats here but it rained so hard we could not go on board. We saw another coming up called [p. 100] the Robert Burns. The elephant, Lion, Tiger, Monkeys and their whole tribe of attendants and horses have just gone aboard a Tow Boat called the Hercules. They will go as far as Natchez and coast along the banks as far as N. Orleans. This is a very lively place every person busy – no doubt it will be a place of great business hereafter when the country is more improved.

Note by a Mr. Winchester of Memphis – Water can be procured with a great deal of ease and every thing else for a small con-si-der-a-tion as old Trapbois would say.

10th We intend leaving this day for Bolivar. I shall bid this busy scene adieu with reluctance. The Inhabitants are the most polite I have ever met with. Mr. Dabney has sent my children a peck of pecan nuts. We went as far as Mr. Bostic's about a mile from Raleigh, the county town of Shelby; we were obliged to return another [p. 101] route, as we heard the bridge was washed away on the road we went to Memphis. There were great many men came in late in the evening from Raleigh, Court is sitting there; I was obliged to be confined to a chamber with no light but the fire, therefore have not a very enviable time.

11th. Crossed the Wolf in a Boat early this morning, the expanse of water very great for so narrow a stream usually; we had to paddle more than a quarter of a mile among Cypress Trees and tall thick cane before we arrived at the river. I did not feel very safe. The town of Raleigh immediately on the bank above the river; a miserable little place of log cabins. The town is not more than 9 months old. We heard there were several streams impassible between Raleigh & Tommerville[?] and were forced to remain at R--- until the next day; much against our inclination. My time was occasionally rendered tolerable by the amusing sallies of Pleasant Miller [p. 102] who took me out in the evening to show me a slip that frequently occurs in this country, it is the most wonderful looking chasm I ever saw and made my head giddy to look down it. It is called Taps Hole.

I was introduced to Judge Hieskill, one of those genteel Yankees who thinks he is in duty bound to compliment the Ladies; however he was in reality very polite and insisted on our visiting him and he would give me a Ball that I may have an opportunity of seeing the inhabitants of Jackson.

12th. Travelled through one of the most uninteresting country's I ever saw, not a house or clearing of any kind (except what was occasioned by the Prairies) for 25 miles. Edmund was driving me and was not attending much to the road. He drove over a stump and was pitched out of the gig; I thought at first from his turning extremely pale that the wheel had run over him, [p. 103] but he was very little hurt and it made him more careful afterwards. We crossed a small creek by the name of Cypress Creek that was so much swelled by the rain we had to cross it on a log. Thaddeus drove the gig over and my clothes, the second time, this trip [they] got wet; the horses had to swim a short distance. These little creeks are immensely steep and are easily raised by rains past fording. Oh how much I dread those water courses in returning home – however “sufficient for the day is the evil thereof” and we must arm ourselves with patience and perseverance. We staid all night at a comfortable cabin about 6 miles from Somerville.

13th Passed through Somerville, a right smart place considering there were no inhabitants in the surrounding country to support it. The country we have passed through on our return, far inferior to the [p.104] country we traveled through going to Memphis. Fayette appears to be a very poor county at all events it is very thinly settled. We crossed a beautiful Prairie in Hardiman County. H County is the thickest settled county in the Western District and said to be the healthiest that probably is the cause of its settling so fast, for surely the counties on the banks of the Mississippi possess advantages those middle counties never can for the inhabitants are obliged to wait the rise of the Hatchie before they can send their produce to market; whereas on the banks of the M --- pi [Mississippi] you can send your cotton at any time when the Orleans market is at the

highest. We arrived home safe in the evening, and found the family well and anxiously expecting us. – And a letter from my beloved Daughter to cheer her mothers heart. [p.105] Thursday, 20th December. Commenced our journey home by Memphis that we may have an opportunity of taking the steam boat and returning by Cincinnati. Rather a strange coincidence of circumstance that we should have left home, Thursday, September 20th, and return back exactly that day 3 months [later]. Oh what an unconscionable long absence and at least one more month before we reach our beloved Family – The parting with our Dear Friends was a severe trial but I never mean to make my own individual feelings the subject on which I shall discuss in my Journal. Charles & Ann Eliza have accompanied us as far as Memphis. After a disagreeable ride over a very bad road, we arrived late in the evening at Mr. Mitchell's the half way house between Bolivar & Memphis.

21st Arrived at Memphis, and to our sorrow found that several steam boats left Memphis the night before and probably we [p. 106] shall be detained here several days waiting for some return Boat from N. Orleans. We are told the Philadelphia, a very fine boat, is expected daily.

22nd No boat yet. We have walked about the bluff and A. E. is much pleased with the situation as myself. We waited for Mrs. Thomas to while away the time. The poor unfortunate nation of Creek Indians (that is McIntosh's Tribe) is stationed on the opposite shore. They are conducted by the U. States Agent, Major Bradley who is to escort them to some part of Arkdansas, no doubt some very sterile miserable spot, for if it was worth settling, the U. States never would let the poor persecuted race have it and probably they will have to contend with some tribe of hostile Indians when they get there and be nearly all destroyed. How much do I feel for this exiled race; but they appear very cheerful, if we [p. 107] may judge from the noise they make, we can hear their shouts very distinctly. They seem to be amusing themselves shooting at marks. I should like much to see them, I wish we had arrived here before they crossed the river.

23rd. Still no boat. Mr. F. is getting so impatient, he says if none arrives in the course of to day, we will return tomorrow with Charles and Ann Eliza and trust to the bad roads by land; he is fearful it is getting so late in the season, that the Ohio will be frozen up. I am so anxious to return to my family, I am willing to encounter any difficulty so it leads only to my beloved home.--- We saw two Chickasaw Indians and became very much interested in them; two of the servants of the Inn could speak their language and we made them talk and those servants explained every word they said to us. Their motions are extremely graceful. We asked them if they had gone over to see [p. 108] their Creek bretheran, They were evidently displeased and shook their heads and replied "Chickasaw belong to Mississippi, Creek to Tallahassee" intimative they were unfriendly. The manner in which they throw their blanket around them, twisting their left arm in its folds leaving the right at liberty, has a graceful easy effect.

24th. My Dear Ann Eliza & Charles left us early this morning to return to Hardeman. My feelings may well be imagined at the idea of leaving a beloved sister in a strange land, but it is a subject I will not comment on as those feelings ought to have no place in these pages. I hope we shall not remain long after them.

25th The good folks have been firing guns all the morning, that is the only way they have kept Xmas except drinking a due allowance of egg nogg --- no steam boat yet – [p. 109] About 12 O'clock the joyful intelligence was brought me that the Philadelphia was

heaving in sight. Oh what pleasurable sensations I felt, for it seems this Boat is to bear me nearer my dear dear Home. We took leave of our kind acquaintances of Memphis who seemed to part from us with regret, and got on board just before Dinner. I am the only lady on board, which renders it very unpleasant, and my time very lonely, as I do not wish to be a restraint on the gentlemen. I stay a good deal in my cabin, which is a delightful one. A stranger has just given me two fine oranges – and Mr. F has brought me a Novel by Madam de Stael Holstein- Delphine. A Mr. Foster from Cincinnati who has been at Memphis for several days past is returning in the same boat, he is one of your old conceited Beaus like Jacob Morgan. We stood on the outside of the boat some time watching the beautiful little Islands [p. 109A] and the shore, which is so flat and thickly wooded that it affords a very uninteresting view. I saw only one settlement of log cabins on the Tennessee bank, more on the Arkansaw side. The river overflows its banks on both sides at high water – it is very high now but it is said to be much safer when the water is raised, for then the boats pass over the snags, however many of them are cleared out --- The weather is so mild in this climate that a fire is scarcely necessary and vegetation is quite green at Memphis. But there is more cloudy weather than I ever knew since we have been in this country (nearly two months) I really think we have not had a half a dozen bright sunny days.

26th. I must retract what I have said concerning the want of settlements for every 5 or 6 miles there are little log cabins inhabited by wood cutters who make a living by [p. 109B] supplying the steam boats with fuel. We passed the 3rd 2nd & 1st Chickasaw Bluffs. The 3rd is in the interior – the 2nd is at the mouth of Hatchie River, the town of Randolph is laid out on the Bluff, but at present there is only a log warehouse and a few cabins – The town of Fulton is laid out on the 1st which is at the mouth of Forked Deer River. They vary the scene a little for really the shore is so flat a person can see nothing. We are passing Flat bottomed boats continually. A very fine steam boat called Neptune passed us on her voyage to N. Orleans. We passed another very large called the Amazon that had put in on the Arkansaw shore to have some of her machinery repaired. The Mississippi is filled with Islands, some of them apparently just forming, probably from the land that washes from the adjacent shore, they are very pretty but look as if a foot never had trodden on them. At night the [p. 110] boate was hailed from Arkansaw shore, she sent her small boat and received on board a Lady and her child. I have not seen them yet.

27th. The Lady did not make her appearance at Breakfast but hers & her child's meal sent to her – what a piece of affectation. I wonder if she supposed a parcel of gentlemen would stare her out of countenance; I would rather [be] among them, than punish myself & child so much by confining myself to these small cabins altogether; I expect I have not lost much by not having her society, I rather suppose she is some poor narrow minded creature. I regret the child's absence for I am fond of children. Like all my hasty opinions I must change it. She is a poor woman who was on board the Amazon with her Husband who is one of the Pilots. They were returning from NO [New Orleans] where the wheels gave way to the boat, & she [p. 111] and her child are come on board to go as far as Louisville, her child is very unruly & to keep it from getting into mischief, she confines herself almost entirely to her room, she is quite a soft pleasant woman from her description of the extravagance of N O [New Orleans]. I should never wish to live there and provisions are unconscionably dear but perhaps like most descriptions, it is exaggerated by distance. I might find it different, for I have never found the description

of any place exactly came up to my expectations --- We are now opposite the shores of Kentucky & Missouri – We have passed the mouth of several Rivers. The Boat shakes my hand so much I can scarcely write – We passed a small but old looking town on the Missouri shore called New Madrid, part of it was sunk a few years since by an Earthquake; at the same convulsion, a large track of country in Abion County, W. Tennessee [p. 112] was also sunk and is now a lake of water, the tops of the trees are still discernable in it. Those convulsions of nature renders it awful to live in those countries.

28th. We entered the Ohio River some time in the night; it has turned very cold, but is still cloudy, whenever a fine clear sunny day occurs, I will surely mention it, for the rarity of the thing. We have passed a small village named Trinity, a number of boats were lying at its shore, different from the steam boats, and much better finished than the flat bottomed and keel boats; some of them were masted; they run this river when it is too low for steam boats. We passed another small town called America, beautifully situated on a high bank, both of those towns were on the Illinois side, whose shore is much higher and more beautiful than the Kentucky shore. I have not seen a dwelling of any [p. 113] description on the K--- [Kentucky] side, but we may pass many without my being aware of it; as the window of my cabin faces the opposite shore; and it is too cold for me to walk often on the guards to look at the prospect. The banks of Illinois are covered with pecan trees. My fingers are so cold, that I am fearful my writing is not legible but still I feel disposed to discharge this duty I owe my beloved children, and if there are any deficiencies their ingenuity must make them out. We have passed the mouth of Tennessee River and Cumberland; a small town named Smithland is situated at the mouth of the latter river.

29th. We have passed a small town called Shawnee, at the mouth of the Wabash – We passed several steam boats. A most perceptible difference in the climate as we advance up the Ohio. We have passed several towns – Henderson, Mt. Vernon, Troy &c. [p. 114] It has been too cold for me to remark them – the banks begin to be much higher.

30th. We are now opposite the Indiana shore – It is Sunday and it is painful to me to relate the mode in which most of the gentlemen spend it on board this steam boat. My dear children will be shocked when I inform them they are gaming. Oh may my dear sons have strength of mind sufficient to resist the pernicious example of society; it is not so dreadful even in the eyes of that world we all prize too highly, to offend man as it is to offend God. May they resist gaming in all its fascinating forms. I well know these reflections do not properly belong to these pages but I am necessarily confined to my room for I will not sanction by my presence so monstrous a practice on this Holy Day and as those reflections naturally present themselves, I needs must give vent to them. Your [p.115] Father and myself are confined to a little room not large enough for us to turn around. It is a great privation to me who wish to walk on the guards to view the scenery which is becoming much more interesting. The country appears to be more broken and much thicker settled – it is a very sweet day. Passed a very pretty village called Rome, opposite is one called Stephensport. The Banks very picturesque.

31st. Passed a High Bank where they Quarry stone to build the canal at Louisville. We soon came in sight of a very pretty village called New Albany; there are three towns very near to each other on the Indiana side, New Albany, Clarksville & Jeffersonville, and three on the Kentucky side. Portland, where large steam boats land at low water, shipping port where they land at high water and Louisville above the Falls, where large steam boats cannot go unless the River is [p. 116] very high. The Ohio is unusually high at this

time, and the Captain (Beckwith) thinks he can go up to Cincinnati, he landed us at Louisville until he unloads part of his freight which he will leave here. There is a canal round those Falls nearly finished that will render the navigation safe for large steam boats at all times they can run. We have dined at Louisville at the Tavern kept by Allan. A very handsome, large, well built, well paved town, very nearly as large as Alexandria [Alexandra] and much more populous. We have just returned from walking through some of the streets. The stores as gay as those in Washington. Many fine draped ladies. There is a very great intercourse kept up between this place and N Orleans – some very handsome churches, a Roman Catholic Chapel and a Theatre. A favorite tragedian by the name of Booth is to have his benefit tonight, I am told all the boxes have [p. 117] been engaged ever since before breakfast. We have just been told the Philadelphia is fearful of going up as high as Cincinnati, therefore we will have to change the Boat. We shall go up in the Benjamin Franklin which will go about 8 tonight. If it would remain until after the Play, I should like to go, we would see all the smart folks of Louisville. An uncommonly mild sweet day for the season. We got on board the Ben Franklin early in the evening. The accommodations not near as good as the other Boat; there are more ladies, however, which renders it more agreeable. They are foreigners, one is an English lady, Mrs. Grey, who has two sweet little boys, the other is an Irish lady, Mrs. Coles. The latter related a very interesting anecdote relating to Genl Lafayette while in Cincinnati. During one of his morning levees, an old, meanly dressed Dutch woman, demanded admission to his presence, and was refused, she became so [p. 118] importunate they were obliged at last to admit her. When she got near enough to Lafayette, she revealed herself to him as an old woman who used to deal milk and other provisions in to him while he was confined in the Prison of Olmertz. The Genl was immediately overcome, the tears trickled down his cheeks, and he embraced the old woman and when he left there, gave the old woman sufficient sum of money to place her above want. Our servant is an Irish woman and the greatest talker I ever met with; she has an assistant, a native of New York, and it is a source of great amusement to us to set the two servants talking at each other, for neither will stop to listen. Mrs. Grey has been a great traveler and she says the pleasantest place to live at she ever was, it was in Macon county, Virginia – hurra for our land! I can scarcely believe her. We have passed several villages, some of [p. 119] them, Madison for instance, very handsome. The scenery uncommonly beautiful; some times steep hills rising precipitously from the river, sometimes have beautiful meadows at their base reaching to the waters edge; very seldom a flat country now. Some of those hills inhabited and tended nearly to their tops and remind me very much of the idea I have formed of the Swiss goatherds among the Alps. By the bye we shall pass a Swiss settlement called Vevay, where they tend the vine; when I come to it I will describe it. A very intelligent French gentleman remarked to me this morning that the early French settlers formerly called this – “La Belle Riviere” . The beautiful River.

Jan. 1st. I have written without remarking the difference of the time – Vevay is a flourishing well built village; the vineyards have a very pretty effect at the back of the town. We have passed the mouth of Kentucky [p.120] River. Port William is built at its mouth. We have passed several villages the names I have forgotten, indeed every two or three miles we pass a pretty little town. The country is very thick settled and picturesque. A Mrs. Holmes and two children, wife of an Indiana Judge, came on the Boat just before Dinner; I find her quite an agreeable acquisition. She is very intelligent and amusing in

her descriptions of the manners and customs of Indiana. She left us about midnight and went on shore at a town called Aurora.

2nd. We arrived at Cincinnati about daybreak and went immediately on shore to a Mr. Watsons the most genteel hotel. We found our acquaintances, Mr. & Mrs. Curry, at the same Tavern and were delighted to meet with them. It rains so hard I cannot walk about to look at the town, but Mr. and Mrs. Curry give a most [p. 121] flattering description; no doubt I shall be pleased with it. Mr. Foster has sent Mr. F and myself an invitation to a Ball at this house to night. We shall go and at night I will describe the fine Ladies and Beaux. Opposite Cincinnati is the mouth of Licking River and each side B – River is a very pretty town, Covington and New Port. The Arsenal is at Newport. Mr. Morgan Nevill, one of my earliest acquaintances, has waited on us, he is still the polished elegant gentleman, but very much broken. No doubt he thought the same of me but his politeness prevented his saying so.

3rd. We were delighted with the company we met with at the Ball. Mr. Foster seemed to conceive it a duty incumbent on him to patronize us and he brought up all the Ladies and gentlemen to introduce them to us, and I feel much indebted to him [p. 122] Those Ladies who pleased me most were Mrs. Kilgore to gained my heart by praising my dear Lucy; Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Bakewell, Benson & several equally intelligent Ladies; they appeared generally to be Philadelphians; they were dressed with a great deal of taste and elegance, and danced beautifully. The music was delightful. I was introduced to a son of Doctor Worthington and we soon felt acquainted. The next morning

3rd Mrs. Kilgore called on one in her carriage and we rode all over town; although my time was limited, she would take me into the Roman Chapel. Catholics are always proud of their religious Buildings – a beautiful building in the gothic stile. I shall not attempt to describe Cincinnati as our good friend Mr. Foster has made me a parting present of a Book giving an ample description – I shall only mention the surrounding scenery in ex- [p. 123] ceedingly beautiful; the hills are very high, some of them peaked. They are cleared and tended to their summits, interspersed with beautiful light looking buildings. The summer retreats of the wealthy inhabitants. The views reminded me forcibly of the description Mr. Radclif gives of Italian scenery among the Apperines.

Mr. Kilgore has a splendid establishment. We went on board the Pioneer in the evening, and was introduced to a Mr. Chilton a representative in Congress from Kentucky, he appears very intelligent and agreeable, and we shall enjoy his society quite to Washington. Many of the polite gentlemen of Cincinnati came on board to take leave of us, one of them, Mr. Jones, brought me the east papers, which I mean to take care of for Lucy.

4th. We passed Maysville formerly Limestone in the night, indeed I lost [p. 124] many handsome views by going in the night but I am not willing to be detained a moment on that account. The scenery is beautiful each side of the River, rather more mountainous the Kentucky side – very thickly settled. I am longing to hail the mountains of our native state, which I hope we shall do before night. The Boat jars so much I can scarcely write, but that shall not deter me for I feel as if I was conversing with my beloved children while writing for them – We passed several pretty villages, Portsmouth, Guisenne, &c. I am sorry we passed Galliopolis and Point Pleasant and the mouths of Big Sandy and the great Kenhawa, in the night, a person loses a great deal by sailing in the night.

5th. Early this morning I went out and hailed my native shore; I could not help realizing those beautiful [p. 125] lines of Walter Scott – “Breathes there a Man with soul so dear” &c. It is not as grand and mountainous as I expected – I suppose the mountains begin to swell a little off the river. My dear children who have never been from home can scarcely imagine my feelings at the sight of my own wild hills the land of gracious hospitality. I am well aware you cannot read this but the Boat jars more this morning than usual owing to some of its freight being taken out. We have passed the little Sandy also. The Boat has stopped to take in wood, and I have just been on Deck to view the surrounding Country which is beautiful indeed on each side of the river. The country rather level, but sufficiently undulating and some prettily improved fields on the Ohio shore. I cannot see very well on the Virginia side as [p. 126] the Boat is too near the shore and under the Bank. We have a gentleman from New York, a sprightly agreeable man, we shall have his company also to Washington; his name is Weldon – he was raised in the neighbourhood of Coopers Town and is well acquainted with Judge Cooper and our great American Novelist. He has been relating me some interesting anecdotes respecting the family. The Author stands rather lower in my estimation from hearing he does not make a good husband to a very amiable wife—It is a lamentable fact that great geniuses do not always make the kindest husbands. An interesting account was related to me in Cincinnati to that effect, respecting a Mr. & Mrs. Caldwell; the gentleman is a Professor in the Transylvania University in Lexington Kentucky. We have been much amused this evening with a Swiss girl. [p. 127] Mr. F. got her to read French to him and she sang several songs and Hymns in French. She is a good tempered poor girl who seems to have no protection, she has left her brother in Cincinnati and expects to meet with another Brother in Wheeling who will conduct her to Baltimore; in case he should not have arrived, Mr. F has promised to take a seat in the stage for her and attend to her as long as we travel together and she is so grateful I believe she will do any thing for us. A steam Boat is not a proper place for a young female to be without a protector, there are generally too many gentlemen on board but they behave with great respect to Ladies.

6th This is the eleventh day we have been on board of a steam boat. The scenery is beautiful beyond my descriptive powers. The mountains sometimes rise precipitously from the banks of the river. Sometimes they are more sloping; where that [p. 128] is the case they are always very thickly settled at their base, and occasionally tended nearly to their summits – occasionally a beautiful valley will break on our view Thickly inhabited – wherever people can find sufficient ground to tend on the banks of this river. You will find comfortable dwellings. We have passed almost all the towns in the night, I regret much we could not see Marietta and Blannerpassets[?] Island although I am told the latter place has no remains of its enchanting beauty. The splendid dwelling houses was burnt down some years since, and the garden & pleasure grounds are destroyed. As this was the last Evening we are to spend on board the steam boat, the gentlemen amused themselves by drinking toasts displaying their respective feelings and taste; I set a short time at table to listen to them. Mr. Waldo commenced, by addressing the Captain “Captain Smith [p. 129] we will drink to that land of rock where there is but one road through it, and after traveling to the end of that, you have to turn around & return the same way back”. “That must be the end of the world, Mr. Waldo”. I pondered over in my own mind what could be the meaning of this string of nonsense and pitied the captain for being obliged to repeat it. I believe the captain perceived the smile that played round my mouth in sight

of my endeavours to restrain it for he immediately observed “He has given the land of my nativity Mrs. Fitzhugh, Marblehead.” He then described the place & I understood the toast. I reminded the gentlemen among their numerous toasts they must not forget old Virginia; they immediately complimented it and gave me credit for my Patriotism. Late in the evening we landed at Wheeling. Much of my anticipated pleasure was the idea of being once more on our own native shore was destroyed first by my [p. 130] jumping out of the boat in a mud puddle, next at hearing the stage will not leave this place until tomorrow evening at 4 o’clock – but I have learned to bear disappointments with considerable fortitude. This day Sunday has not been as shamefully profaned as last Sunday was – we have had a spell of uncommonly damp warm weather. I am now sitting comfortably without a fire. I dread encountering the bad roads.

7th. The weather is so bad and the streets so muddy, we cannot walk to view the town. It appears quite large. The inhabitants burn coal altogether; indeed it is the common fuel along this River. The mountains along its banks are filled with it. All the factories in Pittsburg are worked with it; I am told the town is rendered dark and dirty from the smoke and dust. We formed several agreeable acquaintances on board the steam boat who appeared to part from us with regret. One was a Mr. Smith from Philadelphia who is returning [p.131] to his family after traveling through most of the Western Country. A passenger in the stage from Baltimore who arrived this morning says the roads are not as bad as we seem to imagine. I wish we may not be detained, for my anxiety is almost beyond my own endurance.

10th. We have been obliged to stop at Hancock in Maryland one night that we may obtain a little rest. Mr. Fitzhugh was very sick and I almost exhausted when we arrived here last night. We have scarcely been allowed time to eat our meals since we have left Wheeling, much less time to sleep and change our clothes.

We left Wheeling at 4 o’clock Monday evening and we have been traveling Day and night ever since. A stage is the most unpleasant mode of traveling I have ever tried; it has only one recommendation its expedition for next to a steam boat; it certainly is the quickest mode of proceeding on your journey. They only take 3 days and a half including nights from [p. 132] Wheeling to Washington a distance of [blank] miles. As to the face of the country through Pennsylvania, I had no opportunity of seeing it (the curtains of the stage being down) therefore cannot describe it. We passed through a number of handsome towns, crossed many streams of water, some of them with fine Bridges over them, others we were ferried over in boats. The Monogahela is a fine River, the Yohagany and Allegany rather narrower – fine bridges over the latter streams. All of those bridges are covered. We crossed a number of mountains, Laurel Hills, Chesnut ridge, Allegany, Cumberland and many others; and although some of them were very high, you can scarcely imagine with what ease and expedition we ascended and descended them even in the night. The road is so fine and we changed horses every 10 miles. They must have been at great expense in making such a road, for in some places it was made along some of the [p. 133] most tremendous precipices I ever saw and the mountains occasionally overhanging us. The effect of a fine moonlight night was like enchantment. The road was not unfrequently cut out of the rock, which to an imagination rendered vivid by continual agitation, the appearance of ancient castles and fortifications tumbling in ruins. Sometimes we imagined we saw steam boats (for you may well imagine steam boats were running in our heads) sailing along the mist – but we could

only catch those fine views at intervals; we were too closely confined to enjoy the scenery but I could well see it was splendid beyond description, particularly on the top and descent of the Cumberland. Our party in the stage was genteel and agreeable with the exception of one man by the name of Cagwell; a kind of upstart, who annoyed us extremely by his rudeness. They [p. 134] seemed to leave us with regret last night, particularly Mr. Chitton, and Waldo; who apparently have formed quite a friendship for us, and I can with truth say it is reciprocated. Left Hancock late in the Evening, passed through several towns; stoped at Hagers Town about 12 o'clock at night, and slept til 2. Commenced traveling and arrived at Frederick town at 9 o'clock to Breakfast next morning.

11th We understood the road from F. [Frederick] Town to Washington was almost impassable (not being paved); that Mr. F. concluded to go by Baltimore. The road very good but the country not near as improved as a person would imagine so near a large city as Baltimore certainly is – Our stage party was not as agreeable or genteel as the one we parted from. The tedium was little relieved by occasional sallies of wit from a raw lad from Arkansas, that his companions called Little Rock; indeed it seems customary in the stage to [p. 135] call each other after their particular state. Arrived in Baltimore about 8 o'clock at night, spent the night at Barnums Hotel, a splendid establishment. Had a delightful oyster supper, the first we had seen this year, except some pickled at Cincinnati.

12th. Went to Mr. Skinners after Breakfast and received a most cordial welcome from our kind friends and spent a very agreeable day – and saw several strangers although the weather is so thick and foggy you can scarcely discern your hand before you.

13th. Went to the Episcopal Church and heard a very indifferent discourse delivered in a cold unimpressive manner. All the fashionables of the city were there, dressed in a great deal of finery. The Pillars of the Church had crape wound round them as mourning for Bishop Kenafer[?] We spent the evening at Mr. Norris's in company with more Fitzhughs than I have seen for a long time. Mrs. Norris is a sweet [p.136] intelligent woman, her husband is gone to England on business. A Mrs. Fitzhugh, a widow lady is staying with her, a very interesting woman. Miss C. Norris, a niece of Mr. Norris appears to be a considerable Belle. Mr. William Gordon, his wife and her sister were there from Fredericksburgh.

14th. Mrs. Skinner sent for a hack and took me to some of the most fashionable stores. The Jewellers' shops are quite dazzling. Baltimore is so much improved I should never have recollected it. I visited my old friend Mrs. Generes, and received one of the warmest embraces; she is a woman endowed with the most generous feelings, combined with truly polished manners. In the evening we went to see the celebrated Miss Fisher, I was somewhat disappointed in her, she is a good actress, but rather overrated, however she was not supported, for a worst set of performers except herself, I never saw. [p. 137] The Theatre was crowded to overflowing. Mr. Skinner had a fox hunt to day on Mr. F.s account. He was too unwell to enjoy it.

15th. Went to Annapolis by water, the steam boat was very full of ladies and gentlemen from Baltimore who were going down the Bay to see one of the finest ships in the American navy, called the Delaware – anchored opposite Annapolis. We did not go on board with them as a party was to go from A --- in a few days. The secretary of the Navy and several gentlemen in attendance on him, were of the party, and all the guns were fired

at once as a salute, as the secretary went on board and a most stunning salute it was, it nearly deafened me for the remainder of the day. Our relations received us with the [p. 138] most cordial welcome, they seemed scarcely to believe their own eyes. We were the last persons in the world they expected to see as they thought we were still in the Western Country. A large company spent the evening at the Chancellors'. Mr. F. and Mr. Skinner spent an hour or two at the governors, who had a large Dinner and Evening company for Secretary Southard, and Prince and Princess Bonaparte, who are going to Europe in the Delaware, which is to sail in a few days. We were all invited to the governor's but we seemed to be enjoying ourselves so much where we were, that none of us expressed the least desire to go.

16th. We spent the day in rambling over the ancient City, for it bears marks of greater antiquity than any place I have seen. The Houses are the most unsightly disproportioned buildings with uncommonly steep roofs. The State [p. 139] House excepted, which is a very handsome Building covered with Tin. A splendid view of the Bay and the adjacent country, and opposite shore from the top and the windows of the council chamber. We set a short time in both Houses of Delegates and heard a speech from a Doctor Symms and a very good one from a Mr. Nelson in the Senate. I saw my old acquaintance Mr. John C. Herbert who waited on us in the evening, indeed my head has been quite bewildered with the number of strangers I have seen.

17th. Went to a Ball given by the citizens to the members of the Legislature. All the officers from the Delaware were there. I made several agreeable acquaintances particularly Mrs. Ballard, the celebrated Miss McKubbin, who had wealth, beauty, engaging manners, nay every thing to make her happy – yet it seems [p. 140] she is not so, while single, she had all the Beaux in love with her. She fixed her affections on one who jilted her; her feelings were wounded in the tenderest point, and she gave her hand to the most indifferent of her Lovers. She is a sweet attractive woman, but I thought she looked unhappy, or imagined she ought to be so. Gov. Kent[?] was well acquainted with my beloved Father, and gratified me extremely by talking to me about him and recounting his many excellent qualities. The room is large and has a fine portrait of Lord Baltimore in his old fashioned costume, hanging over the fire place. The Ladies were dressed splendidly, and danced very handsomely – of course an elegant supper.

18th. Went in company with between 5 or 600 ladies and gentlemen to see this great ship, a fine band of music on board the steam boat, playing the [p. 141] whole time. After we got on board the ship, several salutes fired, which nearly knocked me down. I was much gratified, for the Captain (Down) accompanied Chancellor Beard, his lady and myself all over the ship, and explained every part to us. I think I know rather more of a ship than I did before. Indeed it is a wonderful piece of mechanism. When we returned to Annapolis, our good friends Mr. and Mrs. Skinner took leave of us, and returned to Baltimore in the steam boat. I parted from them with much regret.

19th. Set off at 6 o'clock in the morning in the stage to return home. The road miserably bad, we traveled in fear and trembling for it is not paved – early in the morning we crossed a very pretty river with a Bridge over it, call South River. About 9 o'clock we reached Queen Ann, a miserable dirty village, and had to [p.142] wait until our Breakfast was cooked. The consequence was when it was ready, the driver was hurrying us so, we had scarcely time to swallow a mouthful, very different from the fare on the Cumberland Road, we always found our meals on the table. We had then to eat and run, we were

scarcely allowed time to wash our hands and faces and never time to change your apparel. Arrived in Washington to Dinner, saw our friend Chilton, partook of a hasty Dinner, got to Alexandria in the Evening, went to the Theatre and saw "Douglas" murdered by the Thespians.

20th. We understood the stage was to leave A.[lexandra] about 11 o'clock and eagerly engaged our seats; many of our acquaintances, waited on us this morning. Our Friend Mr. A. Marshall came up with us in the stage, we were all so engrossed with our anticipated [p. 143] meeting with beloved objects (for Mr. Marshall had been 10 Days from his young wife) that we were not very companionable. About 9 o'clock at night we reached Warrenton, and after a great deal of difficulty, procured Horses. When we reached Fenton, my Dear Children and sisters were buried in sleep, but we soon awakened them to happiness.

Finis

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[p. 156] To make gumbo soup

Fry two chickens. Slice one quart of gumbo. Fry it brown. Season it with parsley, onion, pepper & salt. Have a pint of boiling water put those things in let it stew a short time. Add as much boiling water as will make your soup. Put it on very early in the morning and let it simmer until Dinner is ready.

Mrs. Andersons Receipt
Memphis

[p.157] To dye deep blue.

Have a pot that contains 10 or 12 gallons. Fill it with water break a pound of indigo & put it in the water. Sprinkle a madder? In beat about 5 handsfull red oak bark & put in 5 handsful wheat bran. A qusert? Strong driped lie With a paddle stir all up together. Put a quart yeast in the first thing. Have your dye rather warmer than milk. Warm & when the bloom rises blow it on one side & if the die looks green it is read for dying. Dip 8 hanks in at a time & every time you dip fresh hanks in add a pint of strong cider?

Mrs. Journeygens Receipt
East Tennessee

On front flyleaf:

	<i>miles</i>
Greenville to Fairfield.....	12
Lexington	11
Donnohoes.....	7
Welshes.....	1
Natural B[ridge].....	5
Neacles.....	6
Nittons B.....	6
Robertsons.....	6
Amsterdam.....	9
Botetourt.....	6
Salem.....	8
Johnsons.....	1
Whites.....	4
Mays.....	9
Kents.....	2
Craigs.....	9
Christianburg.....	1
Charleston.....	1
Havin.....	5
Ferry.....	2

New bern	7
Gilbreath.....	8
Grayham.....	9
McGavoch.....	2
Kents.....	2
Sprinkle.....	2
Croquets.....	2
Wythe Ct. House.....	3
Straws.....	7
Staly's.....	5
Davies's.....	3
Atkinson's.....	2
Widow Byers's.....	6
7 mile ford.....	4
Widow Summer.....	4
Smith.....	3
Talbots.....	3
Col. Byers.....	2
P. Smith.....	2
W. Carpenter.....	5
Abbington.....	<u>3</u>

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From Wythe Ct. House to Nashville Ten.

Wiselys	2	Abingdon	2 -- 55
Straws	5	Majr. Bradleys	1
Hamilton	2	Bakers	3
Stalys	4	Capt. Goodsons	8
Johnsons	1	Shoemakers	2
Davises	3	Stafles	3
Snarceleys?	1	Curtains	4
Adkins	2	Holleys	8
Kullops	2	Gains	2
J. Adkins	2	Bectorr	3
Killingers or Thomas's ..	2	Boatyard	4
Widow Byers	4	North Fork	1
Thompsons	1	Col. McMinns	2
Seven mile ford	3	Bradleys	9
John Saunders	1	Armstrongs	4
Widow Saunders	1	Forgeys	2
J. Meeks or Smith's	3	Russells	5
Talbots	3	Rogersvill	5
Col. Byers	2	Nalls?	11
P. Smith	2	Moors	4
Widow Meek	1	Boyds	4
Thurman	1	Lipcums	3
Wm Carpenter	3	Bear station	1 Marietta
Young	1	Rutledge	10
		Clays	4 Wheeling
		Lees	8
		Marklands	5
		Armstrong	1
		Keans	8
		Knoxville	8 ---- } 188
		Cox	10
		Cambell station	5