

*A Journey To Ohio in 1810*

*As Recorded in The Journal*

*of*

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Milford Friday Eve. at Capt Pond's.

Shall I commence my journal, my dear Elizabeth, with a description of the pain I felt at taking leave of all my friends, or shall I leave you to imagine ?—The afternoon has been spent by me in the most painful reflections & in almost total silence by my companions— I have thought of a thousand things unsaid, a thousand kindnesses unpaid with thanks that I ought to have remembered more seasonably ; and the neglect of which causes me many uneasy feelings— my neglecting to take leave of Sally, has had the same effect— I hope she did not feel hurt by it, for it proceeded from no want of gratitude for her kindness to me. I did not imagine parting with any friend could be so distressing as I found leaving your Mama. I did not know till then, how much I loved her & could I at that moment have retraced my steps ! but it was too late to repent— Deacon Wolcott & his wife are very kind, obliging, people, & Miss Wolcott is a very pleasant companion, I do not know what I should do without her. We came on to Butler's this afternoon & I came immediately down to Uncle Pond's & drank tea. Miss W. came with me & both Uncle & Aunt invited her to stay and sleep with me, which she accordingly did. Cousin Patty has been with me, to say good bye, to all my friends, & tomorrow we proceed to Stamford.

Sat. night, D. Nash's Inn. Middlesex—

We had a cold, unsociable ride today, each one of us being occupied in thinking of the friends we had left behind & of the distance, which was every moment increasing, between them & us. Mrs W has left an aged father in the last stages of consumption, that was a sufficient excuse for silence on her part. Mr W. made several attempts to dispel & by kind words & *phebeish* looks but without success ; he appears to be a very fond husband. We stopt to *eat oats* at a Tavern in Fairfield, West Farms, an old Lady came into the room where Miss W. (whose name, by the way, is Susan, not Hannah, Sally, or Abby) & we were sitting. “ Well ! Gals where are you going ? ” “ To New Connecticut ” “ You bant tho— To New Connecticut ? Why what a long journey ! do you ever expect to get there ? How far is It ? ” “ Near 600 miles ” “ Well Gals, you Gals & your husbands with you ? ” “ No Ma'am ”— “ Not got your husbands ! Well I don't know— they say there's wild Indians there ! ” The poor woman was then call'd out to her daughter (the mistress of the house) who she told us has been ill five months with a swelling & she had come that afternoon to see it *launch'd* by the Physicians who were then in the house— She went out but soon return'd & told us they were “ cutting her poor child all to pieces ”— She did not know but she should as lieve see a wild Indian as to see

that scene over again— I felt very sorry for the poor old Lady— I could not help smiling at the comparison. The country we pass thro' till we are beyond N. York, I need not describe to you, nor indeed could I ; for I am attended by a very unpleasant tho' not uncommon, companion— one to whom I have bow'd in subjection ever since I left you—Pride—It has entirely prevented my seeing the country lest I should be known—You will cry “ for shame” & so did I but it did no good—I could neither shame nor reason it away, & so I suppose it will attend me to the mountains, then I am sure it will bid me adieu—“ for you know the proverb” ‘ pride dwelleth not among the mountains’— I don't certainly know where this proverb is to be found, but Julia can tell you— for if I mistake not it is on the next page to “ There is nothing sweet” &c— I do not find it so unpleasant riding in a waggon as I expected— nor am I very much fatigued with it— but four weeks to ride all the time, is fatiguing to think of— We came on to Nash's tavern where we found no company excepting one gentleman who looks like a Dr Susannah (Mr Nash's granddaughter) says he is a “ particular bit” one who likes good eating & a great deal of waiting upon, better than he likes to pay for it— Here we stay over the Sabbath.

Sunday eve—

This morning Susannah came & invited us to attend meeting— we at first refused but I afterwards chang'd my mind, & “ took a notion” (as Susannah told her friends to whom she did me the honour to introduce me) to go— so taking an apple to eat on the road we set out for the church— It was “ situated on an eminence” but was a small old wooden building— The minister ; who I found was brother to Mr Fisher, Susannah told me was not very well liked by some “ he hadn't so good a gait to deliver his sermons as some,” but she believ'd he was a very serious good man— She then gave me his history but I cannot spend time to give it to you —The sermon had nothing very striking in it but if I had time I would write you the text heads &c just to let you see I remember it, though I fear it has done me no good for I heard it like a stranger and did not realize that I was interested in it *at all*— I was entirely of Susannah's opinion respecting the preacher, for I thought his “ gait to deliver” was better than his voice, for he has a most terrible *nasal twang*—Before we got home at noon, I had found out the squire & half the parish, Susannah's history & many other interesting things which I have almost forgotten—I saw 4 or 5 well dress'd good looking girls, & as many young men answering the first part of the description, one of whom was chorister— & another, from the resemblance he bears them, I imagine must be brother to Miss Haines or the N York Sexton —I went all day to meeting & am now very tir'd, for our walk was a very long one, I should think almost 2 miles each way which would make almost 4 miles for one poor sermon—

October 22— Monday— Cook's Inn—  
County West Chester—

I never will go to New Connecticut with a *Deacon* again, for we put up at every byeplace in the country to *save expence*— It is very grating to my pride to go into a tavern & furnish & cook my own provision— to ride in a wagon &c &c— but that I can possibly get along with— but to be obllg'd to pass the night in such a place as we are now in, just because it is a little cheaper, is more than I am willing to do— I should even rather drink clear rum out of the wooden bottle after the deacon has drank & wip'd it over with his hand, than to stay here another night—The house is very small & very dirty— it serves for a tavern, a store, & I should imagine hog's pen stable & everything else— The air is so impure I have scarcely been able to swallow since I enter'd the house— The landlady is a fat, dirty, ugly looking creature, yet I must confess very obliging— She has a very suspicious countenance & I am very afraid

of her— She seems to be master, as well as mistress & storekeeper, & from the great noise she has been making directly under me for this half hour, I suspect she has been “ stoning the raisins & watering the rum”— All the evening there has been a store full of noisy drunken fellows, yet Mr Wolcott could not be persuaded to bring in but a small part of the baggage, & has left it in the waggon before the door, as handy as possible— Miss W’s trunk is in the bar-room unlock’d the key being broken today— it contains a bag of money of her father’s, yet she could not persuade him to bring it up stairs—I feel so uneasy I cannot sleep & had there-fore rather write than not this hour— some one has just gone below stairs after being as I suppos’d in bed this some time— for what purpose I know not— unless to go to our trunks or waggon— the old woman, (for it was her who went down,) tells me I must put out my candle so good night—— Tuesday Morn —I went to bed last night with fear & trembling, & feel truly glad to wake up & find myself alive & well— if our property is all safe, we shall have double cause to be thankful—The old woman kept walking about after I was in bed, & I then heard her in close confab with her husband a long time—Our room is just large enough to contain a bed a chair & a very small stand— our bed has one brown sheet & one pillow— the sheet however appear’d to be clean, which was more than we got at Nash’s— there we were all oblig’d to sleep in the same room without curtains or any other screen— & our sheets there were so dirty I felt afraid to sleep in them— We were not much in favor at our first arrival there ; but before we left them, they appear’d quite to like us— & I don’t know why they should not, for we were all very clever, notwithstanding we rode in a waggon—Mrs Nash said she should reckon on’t to see us again (Miss W & me) so I told her that in 3 years she might expect to see me— She said I should never come back alone, that I would certainly be married in a little while— but I am now more than ever determin’d not to oblige myself to spend my days there, by marrying should I even have an oppority—I am oblig’d to write every way so you must not wonder at the badness of the writing— I am now in bed & writing in my lap— Susan has gone to see if our baggage is in order—I hear the old woman’s voice talking to the good deacon— & an “ I beg your pardon” comes out at every breath almost—Oh I cannot bear to see her again she is such a disgusting object—The men have been swearing & laughing in the store under me this hour— & the air of my room is so intolerable, that I must quit my writing to go in search of some that is *breathable*— I don’t know how far I shall be oblig’d to go for it— but there is none very near I am certain—Having a few moments more to spare before we set out, with my book still in my lap, I hasten to tell you we found every-thing perfectly safe, & I believe I wrong’d them all by suspicions—The house by day light looks worse then ever— every kind of thing in the room where they live— a chicken half pick’d hangs over the door— & pots, kettles, dirty dishes, potatoe barrels— & every thing else- & the old woman— it is beyond my power to describe her— but she & her husband & both very kind & obliging— it is as much as a body’s life is worth to go near them—The air has already had a medicinal effect upon me—I feel as if I had taken an emetic— & should stay till night I most certainly should be oblig’d to take my bed, & that would be certain death—I did not think I could eat in the house— but I did not dare refuse— the good deacon nor his wife did not mind it, so I thought I must not—The old creature sits by eating, & we are just going to my great joy so good bye, good bye till to night——

Tuesday Noon— Ferry House near  
State Prison—

It has been very cold & dusty riding to day— We have met with no adventure yet, of any kind— We are now waiting at the ferry house to cross the river as soon as wind & tide serve— The white waves foam terribly how we shall get across I know not, but I am in great fear— If we drown there will be an end of my journal——

Hobuck, Wednesday Morn—  
Buskirck's Inn—

After waiting 3 or 4 hours at the ferry house, we with great difficulty cross'd the ferry & I, standing brac'd against one side of the boat involuntarily endeavouring to balance it with my weight & groaning at every fresh breeze as I watch'd the side which almost dipt in the water— & the ferrymen swearing at every breath— Mr, Mrs & Miss Wolcott viewing the city and vainly wishing they had improv'd the time of our delay to take a nearer view—At length we reach'd this shore almost frozen— The Ferry is a mile & an half wide—I was too fatigued to write last night & soon after we came retired to bed— We were again oblig'd all to sleep in one room & in dirty sheets— but pass'd the night very comfortably—If good wishes have any influence, we shall reach our journey's end in peace— for we obtain them from everyone— The morning is pleasant & we are soon to ride Mrs Buskirck the landlady, I should imagine is about 60 years of age & she sits by with a three year old child in her lap— She wears a long ear'd cap & looks so old I thought she must be Grandmother till I enquir'd—

Springfield—New Jersey— Pierson's Inn—  
Wedy-PM 4 oclock—

“ What is every body's business is no body's” for instance— it is nobody's business where we are going, yet every body enquires— every toll gatherer & child that sees us— I am almost discouraged— we shall never get to New Connecticut or any where else, at the rate we go on— We went but eleven miles yesterday & 15 to day—Our Waggon wants repairing & we were oblig'd to put up for the night at about 3 oclock.— I think the country so far, much pleasanter than any part of Connecticut we pass'd thro'— but the Turnpike roads are not half as good— The Deacon & his family complain most bitterly of the gates & toll bridges— tho' the former is very good-natur'd with his complaints—Also the tavern expenses are a great trouble— As I said before I will never go with a Deacon again— for we go so slow & so cheap, that I am almost tir'd to death. The horses walk, walk hour after hour while Mr W sits *reckoning his expenses* & forgetting to drive till some of us ask when we shall get there ?— then he remembers the longer we are on the road the more *expensive* it will be, & whips up his horses—and when Erastus the son, drives, we go still slower for fear of hurting the horses— Since I left you I have conceived such an aversion for Doctors & the words, expense, expensive, cheap & expect, that I do not desire ever to see the one (at least to need them) or hear the others again, in my life—I have just found out that Elizabeth Town is but 5 miles off & have been to the landlord to enquire if I cannot possibly get there & he encourages me a little, I cannot write more till I am certain— Oh if I can but see my brother ! After a long crying spell, I once more take up my pen to tell you I cannot go,— there is no chair or side saddle to be got, & I will, by supposing him at New York, try to content myself— to describe my disappointment would be impossible—it is such an agravation of my pain, to know myself so near & then not see him—I have the greater part of the time till now, felt in better spirits than I expected— my journal has been of use to me in that respect— I did not know but I should meet with the same fate that a cousin of Mr Hall's did, who like me, was journeying to a new, if not a western country— She was married on her way & prevented from proceeding to her journey's end— There was a man to day in Camptown where we stopt to eat, not oats but gingerbread, who enquired, or rather *expected* we were going to the Hio— we told him yes & he at once concluded it was to get husbands— He said winter was coming on & he wanted a wife & believ'd he must go there to get him one— I concluded of course the next thing would be, a proposal to Miss W or me to stay behind to save trouble for us both ; but

nothing would suit him but a rich widow, so our hopes were soon at an end— Disappointment is the lot of man & we may as well bear them with a good grace— this thought restrain'd my tears at that time, but has not been able to since—What shall I do ? My companions say they shall insist upon seeing my journal & I certainly will not show it to them, so I told them I would bring it with me the first time I came to Henshaw (the place where they live) & read it to them ; but I shall do my utmost to send it to you before I go— that would be a sufficient excuse for not performing my promise which must be conditional—I will not insist upon your reading this thro' my dear Elizabeth & I suspect by this time you feel quite willing to leave it unread further— I wish I could make it more interesting—I write just as I feel & think at the moment & I feel as much in haste to write every thing that occurs, as if you could know it the moment it was written— I must now leave you to write to my brother, for if I cannot see him I will at least write him— I cannot bear the idea of leaving the state without once more seeing him—I hope next to write you from 30 miles hence at least— Poor Susan feels worse to night than me, & Mrs Wolcott to cheer us, tells us what we have yet to expect— this you may be sure has the desir'd effect & raises our spirits at once—

Friday morn— Chester N J.

We left Springfield yesterday about nine oclock & came on to Chester about 22 miles from Springd——Patience & perseverance will get us to N C in time— but I fear we shall winter on our way there, for instead of four weeks, I fear we shall be four times four——We found an excellent tavern here compar'd with any we have yet found, & we had for the first time clean sheets to sleep in— We pass'd thro' Morristown yesterday, & 3. small villages— one called Chatham I do not know the names of the others—It is very hilly in N Jersey, & what is very strange, we appear almost always to be going up hill, but like the squirrel, never rise 2 inches higher— The hills look very handsomely at a little distance,— but none of them are very high——Mr & Mrs Wolcott, after telling us every thing dreadful, they could think of, began encouraging us by changing sides & relating the good as well as the bad— They are sure I shall like Warren better than I expect & think I shall not regret going in the least——The weather yesterday was very pleasant, & is this morning also— We wish to reach Easton to day, but I am sure we shall not, for it is 32 miles distant— 5 or 600 hundred miles appears like a short journey to me now— indeed I feel as if I could go almost any distance— My courage & spirits & both very good—one week is already gone of the 4—I wish I could fly back to you a few minutes while we are waiting

Mansfield— N J—Sat-morn October 27—

We yesterday travell'd the worst road you can imagine— over mountains & thro' vallies— We have not I believe, had 20 rods of level ground the whole day— and the road some part of it so intolerably bad on every account, so rocky & so gullied, as to be almost impassable— 15 miles this side Morristown, we cross'd a mountain call'd Schyler or something like it— We walk'd up it, & Mrs W told us it was a little like some of the mountains only not half so bad —indeed every difficulty we meet with is compar'd to something worse that we have yet to expect— We found a house built in the heart of the mountain near some springs— in a romantic place— Whether the springs are medicinal or not, I do not know— but I suspect they are, & that the house is built for the accommodation of those who go to them— for no human creature, I am sure, would wish to live there— Opposite the house are stairs on the side of the mountain & a small house resembling a bathing house, at the head of them—Soon after we cross'd the mountain, we took a wrong road, owing to the neglect of those whose duty it is to erect guide boards, & to some awkward directions given—This gave us a great deal of trouble, for we

were oblig'd in order to get right again, to go across a field where the stones were so large & so thick that we scarcely touch'd the ground the whole distance— At last the road seem'd to end in a hogs pen, but we found it possible to get round it, & once more found ourselves right again— We met very few people, yet the road seem'd to have been a great deal travelled— One young man came along & caus'd us some diversion, for he eyed us very closely & then enter'd into conversation with Mr W who was walking a little forward— He told him he should himself set out next week for Pittsburg— & we expect to see him again before we get there—Erastus enquir'd the road of him & he said we must go the same way he did ; so we follow'd on till we put up for the night ; he walking his horse all the way & looking back at the waggon— As soon as we came to the inn he sat on his horse at the door till he saw us all quietly seated in the house & then rode off— Which of us made a conquest I know not, but I am sure one of us did—We have pass'd thro' but 2 towns in N J— but several small villages— Dutch valley, between some high hills & the Mountain— Batestown, where we stopt to *bait*— & some others— all too small to deserve a name— At last we stopt at Mansfield at an Inn kept by Philip fits (a little f). We found it kept by 2 young women, whom I thought *amazoons*— for they swore & flew about “ like *witches*” they talk & laugh'd about their sparks &c &c till it made us laugh so as almost to affront them— There was a young woman visiting them who reminded me of Lady Di Spanker— for sprung from the ground to her horse with as much agility as that Lady could have done—They all took their pipes before tea—one of them appears to be very unhappy— I believe she has a very cross husband if she is married— She has a baby & a pretty one—Their manners soften'd down after a while & the appear to be obliging & good natur'd—

Pennsylvania— Saturday eve— 2 miles  
from Bethlehem— Hanover— Oct 27th

Before I write you anything I will tell you where & how we are— We are at a dutch tavern almost crazy— In one corner of the room are a set of dutchmen talking singin & laughing in dutch so loud, that my brain is almost turn'd— they one moment catch up a fiddle & I expect soon to be pulled up to dance— I am so afraid of them I dare hardly stay in the house one night ; much less over the sabbath— I cannot write so good night—

Sunday Morn—

I have hesitated a long time whether I ought to write or not, & have at length concluded I may as well write as anything else, for I cannot read or listen to Deacon W who is reading— for I am almost distracted. We have determin'd (or rather Mr W has & we must do as he says) to spend the Sabbath among these wicked wretches— It would not be against my conscience to ride to day rather than stay here, for we can do no good & get none— & how much harm they may do us I know not— but they look as If they had sufficient inclination to do us evil—

Sunday eve— Sundown—

I can wait no longer to write you, for I have a great deal to say— I should not have thought it possible to pass a Sabbath in our country among such a dissolute vicious set of wretches as we are now among—I believe at least 50 dutchmen have been here to day to smoke, drink, swear, pitch cents, almost dance, laugh & talk dutch & stare at us— They come in, in droves young & old— black & white— women & children— It is dreadful to see so many people that you cannot speak to or understand—They are all high dutch, but I hope not a true specimen of the Pennsylvanians generally—Just as we set down to tea, in came a dozen or two of

women, each with a child in her arms, & stood round the room— I did not know but they had come in a body to claim me as one of their kin, for they all resemble me— but as they said nothing to me, I concluded they came to see us *Yankees*, as they would a learned pig—The women dress in striped linsey woolsey petticoats & short gowns not 6 Inches in length— they look very strangely— The men dress much better— they put on their best cloaths on Sunday, which I suppose is their only holiday, & “ keep it up” as they call it—A stage came on from Bethlehem & stopt here, with 2 girls & a well dress’d *fellow* who sat between them an arm round each—They were probably going to the next town to a dance or a frolic of some kind— for the driver, who was very familiar with them, said he felt just right for a frolic— I suspect more liquor has been sold to day than all the week besides—The children have been calling us Yankees (which is the only english word they can speak) all day long— Whether it was meant as a term of derision or not, I neither know nor care— of this I am sure, they cannot feel more contempt for me than I do for them ;—tho’ I most sincerely pity their ignorance & folly— There seems to be no hope of their improvement as they will not attend to any means— After saying so much about the people, I will describe our yesterday’s ride— but first I will describe our last nights lodging— Susan & me ask’d to go to bed— & Mrs W spoke to Mr Riker the landlord— (for no woman was visible)— So he took up a candle to light us & we ask’d Mrs W to go up with us, for we did not dare go alone— when we got into a room he went to the bed & open’d it for us, while we were almost dying with laughter, & then stood waiting with the candle for us to get into bed— but Mrs W— as soon as she could speak, told him she would wait & bring down the candle & he then left us— I never laugh’d so heartily in my life— Our bed to sleep on was straw, & then a feather bed for covering— The pillows contain’d nearly a single handful of feathers, & were cover’d with the most curious & dirty patchwork, I ever saw— We had one bedquilt & one sheet— I did not undress at all, for I expected dutchmen in every moment & you may suppose slept very comfortably in that expectation—Mr & Mrs W, & another woman slept in the same room— When the latter came to bed, the man came in & open’d her bed also, after we were all in bed in the middle of the night, I was awaken’d by the entrance of three dutchmen, who were in search of a bed— I was almost frightened to death— but Mr W at length heard & stopt them before they had quite reach’d our bed— Before we were dress’d the men were at the door— which could not fasten, looking at us— I think *wild Indians* will be less terrible to me, than these creatures— Nothing vexes me more than to see them set & look at us & talk in dutch and laugh—Now for our ride— After we left Mansfield, we cross’d the longest hills, and the worst road, I ever saw— two or three times after riding a little distance on turnpike, we found it fenced across & were oblig’d to turn into a wood where it was almost impossible to proceed— large trees were across, not the road for there was none, but the only place we could possibly ride— It appear’d to me, we had come to an end of the habitable part of the globe— but all these difficulties were at last surmounted, & we reach’d the Delaware— The river where it is cross’d. is much smaller than I suppos’d— The bridge over it is elegant I think—It is covered & has 16 windows each side—As soon as we pass’d the bridge, we enter’d Easton, the first town in Pennsylvania— It is a small but pleasant town— the houses are chiefly small, & built of stone— very near together— The meeting house, Bank, & I think, market, are all of the same description— There are a few very handsome brick houses, & some wooden buildings—From Easton, we came to Bethlehem, which is 12 miles distant from it— Mr W. went a mile out of his way, that we might see the town— It contains almost entirely dutch people—The houses there are nearly all stone— but like Easton it contains some pretty brick houses— It has not half as many stores as Easton—The meeting house is a curious building— it looks like a castle— I suppose it is stone,— the outside is plaister’d— We left our waggon to view the town— we did not know whether the building was a church or the moravian school, so we enquir’d of 2 or 3 men who only answer’d in dutch— Mr & Mrs W were purchasing bread, & Susan & I walk’d

on to enquire— we next saw a little boy on horseback, & he could only say “ me cannot english” but he I believe, spoke to another, for a very pretty boy came near us & bow’d & expecting us to speak, which we soon did ; & he pointed out the school & explained the different buildings to us as well as he was able ; but we found it difficult to understand him, for he could but just “ english”— We felt very much oblig’d to him, though we neglected to tell him so— He is the only polite dutchman small or great, we have yet seen ; & I am unwilling to suppose him a *dutchman*. The school buildings are low, long stone houses— the stone houses are not at all handsome— but rather ugly—Where we stopt to bait yesterday, we found another waggon containing a widow Jackson, her 2 sons & a daughter in law— They enquir’d where we going & told us they were going to the same place & immediately join’d our party— We were sorry as we did not wish an addition to our party, & thought by not travelling on Sunday we should lose their company, but rather than lose ours, they wait till monday— They are very clever people apparently, & we may possibly be benefited by them before we end our journey—We now find the benefit of having our own provision— for I would not eat anything we could get here.

Monday morn— October 29—

It rains & we shall have a dismal day I am afraid— Mr W’s harness last night was very much injur’d by being chew’d to pieces by a cow— I have broken my parasol handle a little, but it will not much injure it— I have a bad cold to day— which I know not how I have taken— I more than ever wish to reach Warren—

Pennsylvania— Monday—eve— A Dutchman’s  
inn— I dont know where. Palks County—  
or some thing like it—

We have only pass’d thro’ 2 small towns to day, Allenstown & Kluztown— The former is about 3 miles from Hannover, where we spent the sabbath, & 6 from Bethlehem— Before we enter’d the town, we cross’d the Lehi in 2 places— It was not deep, & we forded it to save time & *expence*— It runs I believe through Bethlehem or at the side of it & is a very small river— Allenstown is not a pleasant place— The houses are almost all stone— It contains 2 small stone churches— We went into a store, where I bought me a coarse tooth comb for 15 cents— I should never get accustom’d to the Pensylvania currency— It diverts me to hear them talk of their fippenny bits (as they pronounce it) & their eleven penny bits— Kluztown is but a few miles from Allenstown— It has but one short street which is very thickly built with Stone & log houses—It is rather a dirty street & not more pleasant than the others— Stone is used for everything in this state— The barns & houses are almost entirely built of it— I imagine the dutch pride themselves on building good barns, for a great many of them are very elegant— they are 3 & 4 stories high, have windows & one or 2. I saw with blinds— They are larger & handsomer than most of the houses— The dutch women are all out as we pass, dress-ing flax, picking up apples &c &c— The dress of the women grows worse & worse— We find them now with very short petticoats, no short gown & barefoot—The country is not pleasant, at least does not appear so as we ride thro’ it at all— I should think the land must be good as we see large fields of grain very frequently— There does not appear to be as much fruit as in N Y & N J—We saw Immense quantities of apples in each of those states, particularly N J— there would be thousands of bushels at the cider presses, & still the trees would be borne down with them—The roads in this state are pretty good, where, dame Nature has not under-taken to pave them— but she has so much other business on hand that she has never learn’d to pave, & makes a wretched hand at it— I wish she could be persuaded to leave it to Art for the future;



for we are very great sufferers for her work— It is quite amusing to see the variety of paintings on the inn-keeper's signs— I saw one in N J with Thos Jeff's head & shoulders & his name above it— to day I saw Gen G Washington— his name underneath— Gen Putnam riding down the steps at Horseneck— one sign was merely 3 little kegs hanging down one after the other— They have the sun rising, setting, & at Meridian, here a full moon, a new moon, the moon & 7 stars around her, the Lion & Unicorn “ fighting &c”, & every thing else that a dutchman has ever seen or heard of— I do not believe one of them has wit enough to invent any thing, even for a sign—— Several of these creatures sit by Jabbering dutch so fast, that my brain is turn'd & my thoughts distracted, & I wonder I have been able to write a word— If you find it unintelligible you must not wonder or blame me— A dozen will talk at once & it is really intolerable— I wish Uncle Porter was here— How can I live among them 3 weeks ? We have come about 24 miles to day— it rain'd a very little this morning & the rest of the day has been quite pleasant tho' somewhat cold— Tomorrow we pass thro' Reading —

Wednesday October 31st Highdleburg— Penn—

We pass'd through Reading yesterday which is one of the largest & prettiest towns I have seen— We stopt about 2 hours in the town, & I Improved my time in walking about to see it— I went into the stores enquiring for a scissor case— Almost every one could talk english— but I believe the greatest part of them were dutch people— As soon as we left Reading, we cross'd the Schuylkill— It was not deeper than the Lehi, & we rode thro' it in our waggon. A bridge was begun over it, but the man broke & was unable to finish it— It would have been an excellent one had it been completed— It is now grown over with grass & serves as a walk for the ladies— We put up for the night at Leonard Shaver's tavern— He is a dutchman, but has one of the most agreeable women for his wife I have seen in this State— I was extremely tir'd when we stopt, & went immediately to bed after tea— & for the first time for a long while, undress'd me & had a comfortable nights rest— We are oblig'd to sleep every & any way— at most of the inns now my companions were all disturb'd by the waggoners who put up here & were all night in the room below us, eating, drinking, talking, laughing & swearing— Poor Mr W— was so disturb'd that he is not well this morning, & what is more unpleasant to us, is not good natur'd, & Mrs W has been urging him this half hour, to eat some breakfast— he would only answer “ I shan't eat any”— but at length swallow'd some in sullen silence— but is in a different way preparing to ride— If I were going to be married I would give my *intended*, a gentle emetic, or some such thing to see how he would bear being sick a little— for I could not coax a husband as I would a child, only because he was a little sick & a great deal cross— I trust I shall never have the trial— I am sure I should never bear it with temper & patience. Mr W is I believe a very pious good man, but not naturally pleasant temper'd— religion how-ever, has corrected it in a great degree, but not wholly overcome it— Mrs W is an amiable sweet temper'd woman, as I ever saw ; the more I know her, the better I love her— Susan is a charming girl— but Erastus is rather an obstinate boy— he feels superiour to his father & every one else, in wisdom— Mrs Jackson is a clever woman I believe, but I have a prejudice against her which I cannot overcome— She is very inquisitive and very communicative— She resembles Moll Lyman or rather crazy Moll of Northampton in her looks— She has considerable property & feels it very sensibly— Her youngest son is almost eighteen & has his wife with him, who is not quite as old— They have been married 2 months, & are a most loving couple— I cannot help thinking whenever I see them together, of “ love I Sophia ?” &c— Her name is Eliza & his, John— The other son is a very obliging but not a very polish'd young man— I like them all better than at first——

Wednesday Eve— Miller's town— Penn— Oct—31st

We have come 24 miles to day, & just begin to shorten the distance between Pittsburgh & us, & to increase it between Philadelphia (as the Dutchmen call it,) & us— It has for a long time been 250 miles to Pittsg & 60 to Philia— but is now 218 to one & more than 80 to the other— It began snowing this morning which rendered our ride more unpleasant than before— Mr W has continued just as he was in the morning— scarcely a word has been spoken by any of us— I never felt more low spirited & discouraged in my life— We have pass'd through 2 little towns to day— Moyerstown & the other I don't know the name of— We also pass'd thro Lebanon which appear'd to be a town of considerable size & pleasant— we did not stop at all in it— The other towns were merely one short dirty street— this town is one street only, but a tolerably pretty one— There are a number of good houses in it— We have once more got among people of our own nation & language— & they appear very clever—

Harrisburg— P— Thursday— Eve—  
November—1st 1810—

It has been snowing fast all the afternoon & we found it very difficult travelling & were oblig'd to put up just in the edge of the town— It was Mr W's Intention to cross the Susquehanna which is the other side the town— we shall not pass thro' it— We cross'd the Sweet Arrow, a little river about 8 miles from the Susquehanna— we cross'd it in our waggon— Mr Jeremiah Rees is our landlord— his wife is sick with a fever arising from the Hives at first— He has a sister who seems to take the direction of the female part of the business— She is a strange creature—

Friday morn— I have been very much diverted at hearing some part of her history which she told last night, after drinking a little too much I suppose— She says she has property if she is not married— she had her fortune told a short time since— & was told to think of a certain gentleman living about 300 miles off— which she did, & thought so hard that a drop of blood fell from her nose— She was telling Mrs Jackson of this & ask'd how far she was going— being told about 300 miles— well she said she really believ'd her oldest son was the young man she was to have, for he looks just like the one she thought of— The young man will be quite flatter'd no doubt— We are all in tolerably good spirits notwithstanding we are unable to proceed on our journey— It still continues snowing, & we shall stay here till tomorrow morning & how much longer I do not know— There was a cockfighting in the house last night & a great many of the “ finest young men in the town” got so intoxicated as to be unable to get home without assistance— M. V. D,

Sunday eve— East pensboro' township— P—

We left Mr Rees' yesterday ten o'clock— & after waiting some time at the ferry house, cross'd the Susquehanna with considerable difficulty— The river is a mile wide & so shallow that the boat would scrape across the large stones so as almost to prevent it from proceeding— We only came 8 miles— the riding was awful— & the weather so cold that I thought I should perish riding 4 miles— This will do well for us, 8 miles in 3 days— We were to have seen the mountains yesterday, but are 50 miles from it— I should like to have staid at Mr Rees' till we reach home if it was possible, notwithstanding we had like to have all lost our characters there— While we were at breakfast, the black wench miss'd nearly 4 dollars of money, & very impudently accused us with taking it, in rather an indirect manner— I felt at first very angry, but anger soon gave place to pity for the poor girls loss— It was money she had been saving

for a long time that she might get enough to buy her a dress— but she left it about very carelessly in the closet where any one might have taken it who was so disposed—But had I been inclined to steal, I could not have stolen from a poor black girl— I would rather have given her as much—I never felt so queerly in my life— To be suspected of theft was so new & unexpected to me, that I was wholly unprepar'd for it—We went to Mr Rees & begg'd him to take some method to satisfy the girl we were innocent but we could not prevail on him to, tho' we really wish'd it— He gave the girl a severe scolding & desir'd us not to remember it against them, or to suffer ourselves to be made a moment uneasy by it, & both himself and Mrs Rees were extremely sorry any thing of the kind had happen'd— The girl continued crying & assuring us her money had been safe all summer till then & nobody had been near it but us— I, nor any of us had any doubt that the landlord's sister, whom I before mention'd, had taken it— She had the day before 2 or 3 ninepences in her shoes, & when Mr W ventur'd to ask her if she had not taken it to tease the wench, she swore by every thing she had not touch'd it— She said it was fashionable for ladies to carry money in their shoes— I suppose she had long been eyeing it, & thought then would be a good opperty to take it but did not intend it should be discover'd till we were gone & unable to defend ourselves from the charge which she then meant to make against us—She is so worthless a character in every respect, that I am certain she could be guilty of stealing upon occasion—She was very fond of telling what ladies, like *her & me*, did & wore—She is between 30 & 40 yrs of age— It was an honour I was not very tenacious of, to be rank'd with her ladyship— The money was not found before we left there & I suppose the poor girl feels as certain some one of us have it, as that she has lost it— Should I ever return this way I would call & enquire about it— I hope it will be found with Babby (for that is the creatures name)—

We put up for the Sabbath at a tavern where none but the servants deign to look at us— When I am with such people, my proud spirit rises & I feel superior to them all—I believe no regard is paid to the sabbath any where in this State— It is only made a holiday of—So much swearing as I have heard amongst the Pensylvanians both men & women I have never heard before during my whole life— I feel afraid I shall become so accustom'd to hearing it, as to feel no uneasiness at it. Harrisburgh is a most dissipated place I am sure— & the small towns seem to partake of the vice & dissipation of the great ones—I believe Mrs Jackson has cast her eyes on Susan or me for a daughter in law— for my part, though I feel very well disposed toward the young man, I had not thought of *making a bargain* with him, but I have jolted off most of my high notions, & perhaps I may be willing to descend from a judge to a blacksmith— I shall not absolutely determine with respect to him till I get to Warren & have time to look about me & compare him with the judges Dobson & Stephenson— It is clever to have two or three strings to ones bow—But in spite of my prejudices, they are *very clever*— Among my list of *cast offs*, I would rank Dutchmen, a Pensylvania waggoner, ditto gentlemen— for their prophanity— & a Slut— The words. Landlord & lady, terrible,— get married,— get a husband—&c &c—I do not find it as easy to write a journal as I had hoped— for we are seldom favour'd with any more than the barroom, & there is always as many men as the room will hold besides our party, & there is nine of us— so you may judge whether I find it difficult or not— I frequently begin a sentence & forget how to finish it,— for the conversation grows so loud, that I am oblig'd to listen to it & write between whiles— I sometimes get quite discouraged & think I will not try again, but I take too much pleasure in writing, to give it up willingly—

10 miles West of Carlisle— Penn—  
Monday Nov—5th—

We came but a little peice as the Dutchmen say, to day, & are in a most curious place to night— If possible I will describe it— It is a log hut built across the road from the tavern, for *movers*— that the landlord need not be *bother'd* with them—Had it been possible for our horses to have reached another inn we should not have staid with the cross old dutch fellow— we have a good fire, a long dirty table, a few boards nailed up for a closet, a dozen long boards in one side & as many barrels in the other— 2 benches to sit on, two bottomless chairs, & a floor containing dirt enough to plant potatoes—The man says he has been so bother'd with movers, that he has taken down his sign, for he does not need his tavern to live—If we had a mind to stay we might but if we chose to go on he had no objection—Cross old witch— I had rather have walk'd 10 miles than stay, but the poor horses could not—We are going to sleep on the floor all in a room together in the old stile without bothering the old Scamp, for any thing— Mrs Jackson has beds—If I did not feel provok'd with the wretch I should rest comfortably—

Tues— morn— The old man I believe feels a little asham'd of his treatment of us & was going to make some apology, but concluded by saying with a forced laugh, that if we ever came there again, he would treat us just so— He may if has oppority—

Tuesday night— Nov—6th—

We have only counted 17 miles to day although the riding has been much better than for several days past— We stopt in Shippenburgh at noon— The town contains only one street a mile & a half in length & very thickly built— The street is some part of it pleasant, & some part dirty—I saw in it a handsome young gentleman who was both a dutchman & Pennsylvanian, yet in an hour & half I did not hear him make use of a single oath or prophane word— It was a remarkable instance, the only one I have known, & I could not but remark it— Prophanity Is the characteristic of a Pennsylvanian We are 4 miles from Strasburgh & the mountains, & one of our horses is ill, owing to Erastus giving him too many oats— Erastus is master rather than his father, & will do as he pleases for all any one— He is a stubborn fellow, & so impudent to his mother & sister, that I have no patience with him We are not as bless'd as the Israelites were, for our shoes wax old & our cloaths wear out—I don't know that mine will last till I get there ——— ——— ——— ——— ———

Wed— morn— Last night Susan & I went to bed early, as we slept ill the night before— we expected to get good beds & were never so disappointed— We were put in an old garret that had holes in the roof big enough to crawl through— Our bed was on the floor, harder it appear'd to me, than boards could be— & dirty as possible— a dirty feather bed our only covering— After lying an hour or two, we complain'd to Mrs Wolcott who applied to the landlady for a bedstead, but could only obtain leave for us to sleep on one bed with another over us— I slept wretchedly & feel very little like climbing a mountain—Mr & Mrs W could not sleep at all & got up at about eleven oclock—She had good beds in the house or I would not have complained so much—

Jennyauter—P—Wednesday 2 oclock P M—  
between 2 brothers—

This morning we cross'd the first mountain call'd first brother, & are in an inn between the first & second brother ; the latter we are soon to ascend— The first m-n is 3 1-2 miles over,— better road than we expected— but bad enough to tire the horses almost to death— We met & were overtaken by a number of people—We all walk'd the whole distance over— I did not stop at all to rest till I reach'd the top— I was then oblig'd to wait for some of them to overtake me, as I had outwalk'd them all. It is not a little fatiguing to walk up a long mountain I find—When we had nearly reach'd the foot of it, we heard some music in the valey below, & not one of us could imagine from what it proceeded; but soon found it was from the bells of a waggoner— He had twelve bells on the collars of his horses, (not sleigh bells) & they made a great variety of sounds which were really musical at a distance—We found at the tavern where we are now, or rather they came after us, a Mr Beach, & his wife who was confin'd nine days after she set out on her journey, with a little son— It Is just a fortnight since she was confin'd, & this morning she ventur'd to set out on her journey again— They came from Morristown— N J— & are going to some part of the Ohio, much farther than we are going. Mrs B— appears to be a very pretty woman & quite a lady— Her father & mother, a sister & 3 little children, set out with them, but were oblig'd to leave them & go on, as soon as Mrs B was confin'd— I feel afraid she will catch her death, tho' every care is taken to render her journey safe & comfortable—She & babe are both very well now —

Fannitsburg— Penn— McAllen's Inn—  
Wednesday night— Nov— 6th—

We have over come 2 mountains to day— & are between the 2d & 3d brothers— We walked over it— I have walked about 8 miles to day & feel as much fatigued as I have almost ever been in my life— It was 4 *long* miles over— We met a number of waggons on it— but no other travellers— This is a very small but pretty place— The 3 first m-ns are very near each other— the 4th is 40 or 50 miles distant—They are higher than I expected, & make a formidable appearance— It has been very smoky all day— I am so tir'd I can neither think or write, so good night—

Thursday morn— We had a good nights rest, but I am so lame I can scarcely walk this morning— I have a mountain to walk over, notwithstanding—Mr W's horses grow so dull that he expects to be oblig'd to put up for a few days, & we are all almost discouraged—The weather looks stormy & where we shall get to or what we shall do, I cannot imagine—The Jacksons enquire about the road & the mountains &c &c, of every one they see, & get such different & contradictory answers from each one, that it perplexes & discourages us all— I wish they would be contented to wait patiently till time & experience inform them what they cannot find out any other way— Mr W says I have now an oppority to experience the truth of a text of scripture which says “ all men are liars”— I found that out long ago— & this journey confirms the truth of it.

Peach Orchard, P— Thursday night—  
Phelps' Tavern—

I do not feel to night, my dear Elizabeth, as if I should ever see you again— 3 mountains & more hundreds of miles part us ; & tho' I cannot give up the idea of returning, I cannot think of traversing this road again— If I live to return I will wait till the new turnpike is finished— We cross'd the last brother this morning, & found the greater part of it, better than the other

two— but about 60 rods near the top it was excessively steep—We found a house at the foot of the steepest part— A woman & her 2 sons live there & keep cakes & beer—The woman told us she had no husband at *present*—I suppose she has one in expectation—On the first mountain, I found some sweet Williams—We stopt at noon, at a dismal looking log hut tavern— The landlady (I hate the word but I must use it,) talk'd about bigotry, bigotted notions, liberty of conscience &c— She did not look as if she knew the meaning of conscience, much less of bigotry—All this afternoon we have been walking over young mountains, distant relations of the 3 brothers, but not half as clever— I was so lame & so tir'd that for an hour I did not know but I must set down & die— I could not ride— the road was so bad, it was worse than walking— I would not tell you all this, if you were to receive this before it is all over—It rain'd a very little all day, but just at night it began to rain very fast, & I expected we should all catch our death, walking thro' mud & mire, with no umbrella, or but one that would not cover us all— We were wet thro before we reach'd this dreadful place where we now are—The Woman is cross & the Man sick

Friday night— It rain'd all day yesterday, & such a shocking place as this is, I never saw— A dozen Waggoners are here, some half drunk & no place for us to stay in but our waggons or a little chamber with 3 squares of glass in it— with scarcely room to sit or stand—

Saturday morn—I am now in despair, it continues raining faster than ever— The house full of drunken prophane wretches, the old woman cross as a witch— We have nothing to eat & can get nothing but some slapjacks at a baker's some distance off, & so stormy we cannot get there—Mrs Jackson frets all the time, I wish they would go on & leave us, we should do as well again—Mr Beach & his wife & child & the woman who is with them, are here, & the house is full— Mrs Beach rode in all the rain Thursday, but took no cold & bears it well as any one— It rains most dreadfully & they say it is the clearing off shower— Oh, If it only proves so “ Oh had I the wings of a dove, how soon would I meet you again” — We have never found the wretches indelicate till last evening, but while we were at tea, they began talking & singing in a most dreadful manner—We are 4 miles from Sidling hill, the next mountain, & a mile & a half from this, there is a creek which we must cross, that is so rais'd by the rain, as to render it impossible to pass it

Saturday night— Our “ clearing up shower” has lasted all day with unabated violence,— Just at sunset we had a pretty hard thunder shower, & at dusk there was clear sky visible & the evening star shone bright as possible, but now it is raining fast again—After giving an emetic I would take a long journey with my *intended*, to try his patience—mine is try'd sorely now— I wish you could just take a peep at me— my frock is wet & dirty a quarter of a yard high, only walking about the house— I have been in my chamber almost the whole day, but was oblig'd to go down just at night to eat, & look at the sky— I was very much frighten'd by a drunken waggoner, who came up to me as I stood by the door waiting for a candle, he put his arm round my neck, & said something which I was too frighten'd to hear— It is the first time the least insult has been offer'd to any of us— One waggoner very civilly offer'd to take Susan or me, on to Pittsg in his waggon if we were not like to get there till spring— It Is not yet determin'd which shall go with him—One waggon in crossing the creek this afternoon, got turn'd over & very much injur'd—We have concluded the reason so few are willing to return from the Western country, is not that the country is so good, but because the journey is so bad—Mr W, has gone to & from there, 5 times, but thinks this will be the last time— Poor Susan groans & sighs & now then sheds a few tears— I think I exceed her in patience & fortitude—Mrs Wolcott is a woman of the most perfect equanimity I ever saw— She is a woman of great feeling & tenderness, but has the most perfect command over her

feelings— She is not *own* mother to these children, but she is a very good one——I have learn'd Elizabeth, to eat raw *pork* & drink whisky— dont you think I shall do for a new country ? I shall not know how to do either when I end my journey, however— We have almost got out of the land of dutchmen, but the waggoners are worse——The people here talk curiously, they all reckon instead of expect—Youns Is a word I have heard used several times, but what it means I don't know, they use it so strangely—Mr Rees used to exclaim at any thing wonderful, “ Only look at that now”—“ I reckon you are going into the back countries” is now our usual salutation from every one Susan is In bed for want of some employment & I will join her, after telling you, It has really clear'd off now, & the moon Is shining in full splendor— I hope to-morrows sun will deign to smile upon us— It is long since we have seen it——I expect to be obllg'd to go thro' a process of fire & brimstone at my journeys end & shall feel thankful. If that will remedy all the evils arising from dirty beds &c ——I find no necessity for even that yet, but I fear I shall soon——good night

A journey to Ohio in 1810 as recorded in the journal of Margaret Van Horn Dwight ; (1914)  
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