

Episodes from

SKETCHES OF HISTORY, LIFE, AND MANNERS IN THE UNITED STATES

by

ANNE NEWPORT ROYALL (1769—1854)

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## JOURNEY FROM HUNTSVILLE TO VIRGINIA.

*HAVING been advised to try the mineral waters in Virginia for my health, I set out on horseback from St Stephens, in Alabama, July the 1st, 1823, intending to take the stage at Huntsville. With a view to divert my mind from melancholy reflections, to which it was disposed from ill health, I resolved to note everything during my journey, worthy of remark, and commit it to writing, and to draw amusement and instruction from every source. In doing this, I shall not imitate most journalists, in such remarks as "cloudy, or fair morning," and where we stop, dates, &c. This is all the preface I deem necessary.*

Upon my arrival at Huntsville, I was told that the stage left there at daylight next morning. Huntsville is well known to be one of the largest towns in the state: it is on the north side of Tennessee river, about ten miles distant. It is handsomely situated on an eminence, has a commodious square in the center, as have all the towns in the state. On this square is an elegant brick court house, a market house, and two fire-engine houses. The town is principally built of brick. Around the square, several wealthy merchants have drawn themselves, and do much business. There are four churches, one for Presbyterians, one for Methodists, and two for blacks, two female academies, and one for young men. The land in the neighborhood of Huntsville, yields considerably in fertility, to the land on the south side of Tennessee river, though it maintains the same beautiful, undulative surface, with large fields of cotton.

After resting a few hours, I sallied out to refresh myself with a walk, and meeting with Col. Pope, accepted an invitation to spend the night with him. Col. Pope is amongst the wealthiest men in the state of Alabama, and lives in princely style. If any man is to be envied on account of wealth, it is he. His house is separated from Huntsville, by a deep ravine, and from an eminence overlooks the town from the west; on the east lies his beautiful plantation, on a level with the house. Although the ascent to it is considerable, yet when you are there, it is a perfect plane. He has, however, injured the beauty of his situation by surrounding it with the Lombardy poplar. If I admired the exterior, I was amazed at the taste and elegance displayed in every part of the interior; massy plate, cut glass, china ware, vases, sofas, and mahogany furniture of the newest fashion, decorated the inside.

To those unacquainted with the wealth of this new country, the superb style of the inhabitants, generally, will appear incredible. Mrs. Pope is one of your plain, undisguised, house-keeping looking females, no ways elated by their vast possessions, which, I am told, are the joint acquisition of her and her husband's industry. Report says she is benevolent and charitable, and her looks confirm it. Next morning found me in one of my splenetic<sup>1</sup> fits: I resolved to shake it off in the stage, and set off in it, accordingly, for the sweet springs.

Three passengers besides myself. This consoled me a little, as it afforded an opportunity of indulging observations on the variety of character which now presented itself, in the persons of the strangers. One was a young gentleman from Abington, Virginia. Another was from East Tennessee, and the third was of Huntsville, and an Irishman. Travelers in stages are (at least in this part of the country,) not long in making up their acquaintance. The young man of Abington, whose name is B., was one of your noble, fine looking men, and though stout, possessed of much personal beauty, and grace of manner. He was good natured, moderately improved, yet still enough so for his age, being very young: he was, shortly after this, married to the young and beautiful Mrs. Trigg, of Wythe. Our Irishman was a comical, gay, lively man, of about thirty, a little crazed when sober, a good deal so when tipsy. The Tennessean was a middle-aged man, of the inferior order, he was ugly, ignorant and, in short, he was a complete boor, if it be good English. Clown, as he is too surely, he must have the back seat, the only one with a back belonging to the stage, which was nothing but an old rattletrap. However, this made no difference: I was prejudiced against him at first sight. Meantime I was relieved by the driver, who informed me, we would soon meet the Nashville line, which was more comfortable.

For the distance of a mile, after leaving Huntsville, the road is causewayed<sup>2</sup> with huge logs, and so soon as the stage was on it, we were sadly jolted. Our Irishman acted the Merry-Andrew<sup>3</sup> to perfection, uttering as many "*Oh laws*" as Sancho<sup>4</sup> after his discomfiture by the mule-drivers. "*Oh Lord, sir! do speak to your horses, and tell them to go more softly; Oh law, O! they are the most uncivil horses ever I saw.*" The horses were actually the best of their kind, and seemed to understand every word of their master perfectly. After we were clear of the causeway, the road, though level, was narrow and crooked, often interrupted with stumps of

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<sup>1</sup> Splenetic — Melancholic

<sup>2</sup> Causewayed — Raised above wet ground or water (i.e. a corduroy road)

<sup>3</sup> Merry-Andrew — Person who clowns publicly (per Webster; archaic)

<sup>4</sup> Sancho Panza — squire of Don Quixote in Cervantes' *Don Quixote*

trees: going at the rate we went, it required the utmost skill to avoid them. When the driver would see danger before him, he would address his horses with "*look sharp,*" or "*take care;*" [at] that moment the animals would be seen looking up the road, and would avoid the danger, with all the caution of reasonable beings.

The first day brought us to Winchester in Tennessee. Winchester is the seat of justice for Franklin county; it is a handsome village, many of the buildings are well built, of brick. It contains a court-house, a church, a post office, an academy and other schools. The land is beautiful and fertile. From Huntsville to this place, forty miles, the soil and its productions are the same, viz. rich and level. Here we change our driver, as is the practice; I dislike the practice.

Next morning before day, all on the road again, in health and good spirits. Our Irishman having invigorated his spirits with a portion of the spirits of corn, was doubly amusing; his tongue outwent the wheels of the stage, and his countenance defied description. It was ludicrous enough to see him earnestly rummaging his pocket-book, while some dowdy fat woman endeavored to keep up with the stage, to "*get the letter from her father, mother, or acquaintance,*" whilst he vociferated the driver for not stopping his horses till he gave the lady the letter. Anon he has some awkward boy or girl by the wayside staring at "*has Jim come from mill yet?*" When he could make us laugh no other way, he would insist upon drinking out of the horse-bucket, and that after the horses had done, for which he was sometimes censured by the driver, with "*sir, why didn't you drink before I watered my horses.*" What a happy knack some people have! I have often wondered whether it affords such characters the same amusement it does others, as their aim appears solely to amuse the company. This man of happy disposition, once independent (as I have since understood,) well reared and educated, is now not worth a cent, and yet how merry he is! Is not a disposition like his a fortune.

*McMinville.* The second day brought us to McMinville, the seat of justice for Warren county. The land is low and flat. After leaving Winchester, you see no more cotton fields. The soil, though equally rich gradually changes from a reddish to a black color, presenting a flat, even surface, from thence to Cumberland mountain, which occasions bad water, and sickness, but produces Indian corn in abundance. Here the Huntsville stage-line ends, and the Nashville stage takes in the travelers. But if it be too full, as is sometimes the case, the Huntsville stage passengers have to remain at McMinville till the next stage. The

Nashville stage brought but three passengers, and our Irishman going no farther, we got a seat, as it happened. I was gratified that our Tennessee boor had to give up the back seat, which was the exclusive privilege of those first in the stage. I had much rather have dropped the Tennessean, as we were now nearly laden with the baggage of the strangers, he being very heavy, and had not three ideas in his head.

Our new fellow travelers were, a young Doctor who lived in Knoxville, a Mr. Mager (or Major,) who lived in Philadelphia, to which city he was returning, after a three years residence in New Orleans, as agent for his father. He was modest, genteel, and communicative, with a countenance glowing with benevolence and good humor. I don't know when I was more disappointed; I had always understood that the young men of Philadelphia were inanimate, ignorant, reserved, and unsociable; a greater contrast, perhaps, never existed than the present. The charms of this amiable stranger left a lasting impression on my memory. Our third and last stranger, was, I believe a merchant, clerk, or something like that, direct from Nashville, but where his place of residence, I never learned; for although two days in company, he did not in that time, speak more than half a dozen words. He was one of your close calculating, suspicious, distant, contracted men, his countenance a complete contrast to the openness and candor of our Philadelphian. The young Dr. of Knoxville, in few words, was a pert little fop, and an ignoramus besides. Such are the travelers that now joined us.

We set out from McMinville<sup>5</sup> long before day, and long before we reached Sparta, a little village, where we were to change horses, and breakfast, it rained excessively. At length we reached Sparta, at the foot of Cumberland mountain. Sparta is the seat of justice for White county, it has some very neatly built houses of brick, contains a church, a court house, a post office, and unfortunately for us, two taverns. My friend of Abington proposed to take breakfast at one of these, a different one from that at which the stages were wont to stop; the fare, he said, was much better, and withal, cheaper: this however, would have had but little weight with us, but the proprietor was a worthy man, and a new beginner. We therefore closed with his proposal. But this circumstance put it out of our heads to enter our names, at the stage office, which was kept at the other tavern, and here the new driver, a huge, rough, red

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<sup>5</sup> Footnote in original: "*A village, called after M'Min, Governor of Tennessee. It is growing fast.*"

headed fellow, comes posting upon us in a violent passion, swearing he would leave us, and in fact he was very near it; he did wait, however, until some of our party ran to enter our names on the way-bill. While they were absent, he and our tavern-keeper had nearly come to blows, because he did not apprise us of our duty. But as the tavern-keeper waxed warm, the other grew cool, and, upon the interference of the travelers, the storm blew over. I suspected, what I afterwards found true, that the mighty offence was that we gave the preference to the new tavern. This was the meanest driver I met with on the route.

Near Sparta they have found salt water, from which they already make a considerable quantity of salt. Within a few miles, also, there is a spacious cave, called the Arch Cave, a great natural curiosity, having an archway underground, the distance of a mile in length, through which persons may walk upright, from one end to the other, an opening being at each end, sufficiently wide to admit one person. Some saltpeter has been made at this cave, and a great quantity, I am told, might be made were it properly attended to. At Sparta, and at the new tavern too, we met several members of the Legislature on their way from East Tennessee, going on to Murfreesboro, to hold their session. We were sorry to impart bad news to them, but it was little less than our duty to do so. Their house in which they intended to convene, viz. the state-house, was just burnt to the foundation, only two nights before; the gentlemen who joined us at McMinnville saw its remains smoking on the morning of the succeeding day. Respecting this dreadful business, different opinions prevail; some suspected the people of Nashville, and some the people of Jefferson, in order, as was supposed, that the seat of Government would be moved, at least the approaching session. But in this, if this was the view, they were disappointed, as I have since learned, they convened in a church.

*Cumberland Mountain.* This was an unlucky day throughout, we were so heavily laden, the mountain to ascend, and the rain had rendered the road deep and difficult. Such being the case, we had to walk on foot a great part of the way up the mountain, all but our Tennessee clown, who feigned himself sick; but I shall ever think he was anything else than sick, and worse than all this, we have to travel all night. The Cumberland mountain, where we cross it, is sixty miles wide. About day-light we arrived at the foot of "*Spencer's Hill*," by far the steepest part of the mountain. When you are on the summit of this part of Cumberland, you have a grand view of this stupendous pile. The eye ranges over the whole, without control, to an immense distance, the mountain throwing itself into a thousand different shapes and curvatures, assuming different hues,

as they are near or remote. I was much pleased at the enthusiastic effusions of our Philadelphian, to whom the sight was new, he having never witnessed a scene like this. I was glad that it afforded him pleasure, but for myself, I have little partiality for mountains; I have suffered too much amongst mountains; they are splendid objects to look at, and sound well in theories, but nothing wears worse than mountains, when you take up your abode amongst them. True, you can have a delicious pheasant, a venison, or a trout now and then, but these delicacies are greatly overbalanced by the cold blasts of the winter, killing your lambs and calves by dozens, chilling vegetation, overwhelming everything with snow, and a thousand other inconveniences, killing up your horses clambering over them, to bring you from a distance articles of necessity, rewarding your hard labor with a scanty bundle or two of buckwheat perhaps, or rye, and a few Irish potatoes. I confess I cannot admire mountains as I hear many do.

*Spencer's Hill.* This hill took its name (as the story goes) from a man by the name of Spencer, who with his family was travelling westwardly, and encamped for the night on this hill, that having built his fire over a snake den, the snakes, annoyed by the heat, came out in the night and bit him in such numbers, that he died immediately. In the pangs of death, he awoke, called his wife and bid her get up quickly, and save herself by flight, which she did. It appears incredible that the snakes should wreak their vengeance on the man, whilst the woman escaped unhurt. A number of legendary tales are related of this memorable mountain, such as people being frozen to death in the snow, killed by the Indians, &c. Though there are several houses and farms on it, the land is thin, and the accommodation is wretched, hardly fit for waggoneers.

When you gain the eastern limit of Cumberland, you have an extensive view of East Tennessee, Clinch River, Kingston, and Campbell's Fort; all are present at once, to view. It was truly grand and picturesque. The Fort rises conspicuous above the rest, it being situated on a high hill, descending rapidly at all points. What a scene this for the fancy and pen of a poet! while I have neither leisure nor talents to exhibit it in simple prose.

The Cumberland mountain leaves you on the bank of Clinch River, a beautiful smooth-flowing stream, about 250 yards wide, navigable its whole length) which is a little less than 200 miles. While crossing Clinch (which you do in a boat) you witness another display of the rich and beautiful scenery which abounds in this country. Kingston lies before you — the majestic Tennessee

shows itself below, having just joined Clinch river, while Campbell's Fort appears at the same time looking down upon the junction of these noble streams, from its lofty eminence to the right, decorated with fruit trees and shrubberies, like the guardian genius of the place.

Kingston, the seat of justice for Rowan county, E. Tennessee, is built on that point of land formed by the junction of Holston and Clinch rivers. It is a handsome little town, of about forty houses; a post-office and a fine spring are all the objects of notice within it. Having travelled forty-four hours without sleep, we arrived at an inn a few miles west of Knoxville, at 10 o'clock at night, where, more dead than alive, I threw myself on a bed, without undressing, to await the hour of starting. We arrived at Knoxville to breakfast, and my friend of Abington and myself resolved to stop till the next stage, to refresh ourselves with sleep, for the want of which we were almost exhausted. I must not forget to mention that we passed Campbell's station a few miles below Knoxville, and the pleasure I had in seeing and talking with Col. Campbell, who gives name to it and to the Fort mentioned before. I had a message to him from his daughter, Mrs. Col. Wright, of Alabama. The good old man came out to meet me with a smiling countenance. He appeared to be between sixty and seventy, hale and active, tall and straight as an Indian. Happy should I have been to have spent some time with him, but the stage drove on, and we parted. I ought to have mentioned too, that we set down our Tennessean in the road, the preceding night, being near his home.

*Knoxville.* Here our fellow travelers of Nashville parted from us, the one who belonged to Knoxville having arrived at the end of his journey — Mr. Major and his friend pursuing theirs to the north. I never shall forget the former, particularly an expression of his, on a dispute which took place between the passengers: "*Let us have peace.*" He spoke with such persuasive sweetness that harmony was soon restored. I never was more struck by so few words, and from so young a man.

Knoxville is the largest town we have seen since we left Huntsville. It is situated on the Holston river, below its junction with French Broad. It contains four churches, for as many denominations, a court house, offices, a prison, two printing offices, a bank, a college, an academy, and several schools. It has twelve stores and 300 houses, several of which are of brick, besides barracks for 500 men. They have a watch, but the town is not lighted. The college is handsomely endowed by Congress, and is in a flourishing condition. The manners of the

citizens are very pleasing, and much more refined than those of Huntsville, though with not half their éclat. The ladies are easy and artless, very much so, — and what is highly honorable to the citizens, and what I never met with before, the different sects of Christians unite in worship! These must be Christians indeed! The land near the town is very poor pine land, though I am told that large bodies of good land lie on the river.

We put up at Boyd's — a man who in every respect deserves the patronage of the public. He keeps a table spread with plenty and variety, and what was our bill? 50 cents per day, including extra charges.

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During our stay at Knoxville, a beautiful female from the Northern States, accompanied by her husband and two beautiful children, passed through the town. Her husband has an interest in the salt works, already mentioned, near Sparta; he is a man of some wealth, and although a Yankee, had purchased several slaves as he came through Maryland, with a view of making his fortune at the salt works. Poor simpleton! he will lose his children, and very probably his wife, the first year, and the next he will break — the place being generally fatal to foreigners. This day's stage (I mean the fourth) brings one passenger, and with him we pursue our journey.

Our new fellow traveler was by far the best company we had had yet; he was all frolic, fun, life and spirits that never flagged. He was different from our Irishman in this, he never drank a drop of spirits. He was not long in our company, before he imparted to us three of his maxims, one was "*that he never drank,*" the second, "*that he never played cards,*" and the third, "*that he never gave or took paper money.*" All this was well. He, I soon discovered, would keep me from the hypo,<sup>6</sup> so long as we remained together. He had been accustomed to travelling, and that too in a stage: he had never learned to ride on horseback. He was a Yankee, he said, but I do not believe him hardly yet; neither his conversation nor manners had any appearance of the Yankee. If he really was a Yankee, he was the most gentlemanly of the country I had ever seen. I hinted this to him. "*I hope,*" said he, "*you wouldn't judge us all by the d— n little Yankee peddlers that go through the country.*" He was about twenty-three years of age, well made, his complexion dark, his features handsome, and countenance all expression. He

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<sup>6</sup> Hypo — hypochondria

had what is called a "*laughing*" black eye. He was a merchant from Demopolis, going on to New York, to purchase goods. Demopolis is a town in Alabama, in that part of it that was ceded conditionally to the French. I was glad to hear this; I had heard much of those emigrants, and now I had an opportunity (so far as I chose to rely) of hearing the truth.

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We laughed enough at his droll description of the French, hardly sensible of the jolting and swiftness of the stage. He had purchased a tremendous watermelon at Knoxville, and after we had done laughing he sat the melon in the driver's water-bucket. It was so large that he could only get a part of it endways into the bucket; setting it therefore between his knees, he began to slice it into pieces, which he distributed liberally between us and the driver, and commenced eating himself, and singing alternately. Somewhere on the road, he had inquired for melons; the man of whom he had inquired, desired his daughter (a woman grown) to go to such a place, and she would find one. The girl was not long in finding the melon, and in the eagerness of her joy she exclaimed, before she was near the house, "*Oh law, daddy, it's a roarer.*" The humor of the thing struck him at the moment, and he and my friend of Abington began to sing, "*A bucket full of watermelon, we're neither drunk nor mad nor felon,*" and the chorus, "*my daddy is a roarer O,*" as loud as a trumpet, the horses going almost at full speed. I was really deafened with them, but could not refrain from laughter to see the doors and windows fly open, and crowded with amazed spectators, while the dogs barked, and the stage flew on, without giving them time to gratify curiosity. When I remonstrated with them, the Alabamian said, "*O, never mind, it will be a new epoch; the people on the road will say hereafter, 'the year (or as the case may be) after the roarers went along.'*"

Upon gaining Virginia, the country is principally settled with Germans and their descendants; therefore, as soon as you are in Washington county, Va. you have Dutch (as they are called) drivers, Dutch inns, and Dutch everything. These mischievous plagues still kept up the roaring, and our Dutch driver, to whom this roaring was a new thing, would look round, with evident signs of amazement. Sometimes he would mutter to himself, sometimes go slow, and then put his horses to their best speed, as if he would outstride the noise, or by that means bring about a cessation. But all in vain — the faster he drove the louder they sang, till their voices were exhausted. After making inquiry where we were to sleep that night, and the driver, pleased to find they were rational

beings, had satisfied them on that point, they agreed between themselves to rest until they came within hearing of the house. Accordingly, they raised the roaring, and continued until the horses stopped at the gate. Meanwhile some dozen Dutch men and women, the brothers and sisters of the driver, with the father and mother, attracted by the noise, were paraded in the yard, with looks of terror and amazement; and the moment the horses stopped, the old man accosts him — “*Vy Shake (Jake) vot sot ov beebles is you cot, is it ta tifle, oder mat beebles?*” Jake muttered something, as I replied, “*yes, we had one poor fellow, whom we were taking on to the lunatic hospital.*” The old man had just time to say “*which is he,*” when seeing none but well-dressed, genteel looking people jump out of the stage, his terror gave way to joy. The next day I was rid of the roarers, as Mr. B. of Abington arrived at his place of residence, and his friend, of Alabama, wishing to rest, accepted an invitation from him, to spend a day or two at Abington, I pursuing my journey alone.

East Tennessee, resembles the western part of Virginia, being nothing but alternate mountains and rivers. We cross no mountain, however, but the Cumberland, our road following the Holston river, which appears and disappears at intervals. The land on those rivers, however, is fertile, and yields hemp, corn, tobacco, wheat, rye, oats, flax, sweet and Irish potatoes, fruit such as apples, pears and peaches, all sorts of garden vegetables, particularly melons, that exceed those of any country I have seen, both in size and flavor. East Tennessee exports flour, Indian corn, Irish potatoes, whiskey, bacon, cider, apples, cider-royal, Tennessee-royal, hemp, tobacco, iron, beef, butter, cheese, beeswax, lard, feathers, Indian-meal, onions, and great quantities of plank, scantling, and other timber. These articles they exchange mostly for cotton, either in Alabama or New Orleans, and this they again exchange for merchandise. The merchants have to wagon their goods from Philadelphia, as they cannot ascend the river without great difficulty. We met a number of those wagons every day, ten and twelve teams together. They were so heavily laden, and the weather so warm, that they never travelled more than ten and twelve miles per day. The poor horses, I was sorry for them; the skin, in many instances, being rubbed off with the gear. The road is wretchedly bad, too, particularly after you get in Virginia: and here the stage passes six times every week, carrying the U. S. Mail; that is, three go to Nashville, and three return in one week, and yet, no one repairs the road. I should think it nothing but right, and just, that government should improve this miserable road, or make a better.

Notwithstanding the great advantages derived from increasing demand for its produce, East Tennessee is at a stand. In many places, improvement has ceased, the houses going to decay, and many of them tumbling down. Their little towns have a melancholy appearance, and evidently show that they are no longer the residence of industry or enterprise. Even in Knoxville, although some new buildings are erected, yet many others are moldering into dust.

I passed the head of Holston, yesterday, after tracing it from the shoals, where it is three miles in width, to a small creek, and finally to its source, which is two small springs, one on each side of the road, in Washington County, Virginia. Tennessee river waters five States,<sup>7</sup> Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, and Kentucky. A gentleman related to me a singular anecdote of this river, which I never heard or read of, until I went to Alabama. One, upon whose veracity we may rely, says that there is a place called the Painted Rock, which is not far above (if I mistake not,) where it passes through Cumberland mountain. This rock presents toward the river a perpendicular surface of great height from the water's edge, with written characters in red paint, equally distant, both from the top and the bottom, and far beyond the reach of any person, either from above or below; nor can they from the distance, ascertain in what language the characters are written. This phenomenon has given rise to various conjectures: some imagine that a part of the rock has been broken off by some shock of nature, upon which some adventurous individual might have once stood and left this memento of his temerity. Others think it has been done by means of a long pole. The Indians who live near the place can give no account of it.

*Newbern.* Here I turn to the left, my way to the Springs lying through Giles county, Va. And here too I had the pleasure of once more meeting my friend of Demopolis, and I hope it will not be the last. I shall never forget this agreeable and pleasant stranger.

*Washington, Wythe, and Montgomery.* These counties of Virginia meet the traveler in succession upon leaving the state of Tennessee. Industry marks the face of the country, and in many parts, opulence and taste; great part of them, however, as before observed, are settled by Germans. In these three counties three things are peculiar to them, viz: more natural children and more fleas —

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<sup>7</sup> Footnote in original: "*I might say six, as it touches Mississippi.*"

I'll venture to say — than can be found in any ten. The third peculiarity is their "*sweet melodious voices*;" their accent is distinguished by a sonorous, smooth-flowing sound, which is actually enchanting — it is music. They do not themselves appear conscious of this endowment of nature, which is free from affectation. I remarked this peculiarity in them when I formerly passed through this part of Virginia some years since; also, in those who visit our country for the purpose of traffic. I have travelled through several of the states, and never witnessed anything equal to this natural excellence. They likewise surpass in personal beauty; they are handsome fine-looking men, very much in appearance like the Kentuckians, though they excel even these in expression of countenance. In addition to all this, they are a well-informed, hospitable and polite people.

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After spending several days at Newbern, I bid my kind and worthy friend, Mr. Tiffany, adieu.

*Giles County.* Giles is a poor, hilly, broken, thinly settled county. I was agreeably surprised at the passage of New River through Peter's Mountain: the scenery it presents is truly romantic — the only thing worthy remark on the road to the Salt Sulphur, where I arrived very much fatigued. And here I have the fleas again, notwithstanding the neatness of the landlady, who is an excellent housekeeper. They certainly must delight in a cold climate, the whole of this country, and particularly this, (Monroe,) being elevated almost to the clouds. Here are people from almost every state in the Union, going to, and coming from the different mineral springs, which abound in these everlasting mountains. Some come for health, and some for pleasure. In Paulding's "*Letters from the South*," you have a very correct portrait of these watering places; a better description could not be given. In this county (Monroe) are no less than four different mineral springs. Here are the Salt Sulphur and the Sweet Sulphur within a mile of each other — the Red Sulphur, which is said to be the most efficacious of them all, within eighteen miles, and the Sweet Spring within twenty. Besides these, there are the White Sulphur and the Blue Sulphur in the adjoining county of Greenbriar, and in the county of Bath, about forty miles north-east of this place, are the Hot Springs and Warm Spring, about four miles distant one from the other. How admirably has Providence provided resources for every part of the globe. This bleak, inhospitable, and dreary country, remote from commerce and navigation, destitute of arts, taste, or refinement, derives

great advantages from these springs. Thousands of dollars are left here annually by those wealthy visitors; and in the meantime, as they are mostly people of taste and refinement, they bring a fund of amusement and instruction home to the doors of its inhabitants. The northern people are reserved and distant; the Virginians frank, open and sociable, and their ladies are very agreeable; the South Carolinians still more so. Of all people I have met with, they are the most pleasing in their manners; they are however annoyed with the cold and the fleas. It is not uncommon to see a South Carolinian wrapped up in a cloak, in the middle of August.

Although I was myself perplexed, between the fleas and the cold together, I could not forbear smiling at the other sufferers, particularly a French gentleman. Sitting in my chamber one day, and these insects the topic, he would close his eyes to personate sleep, and then pass his hands with flippant motion over different parts of his body, dare, and dare, and dare; according to him, they missed no part of his body. [...] One of the servants happened to be present, while he was execrating them in his way, and observed, "*you get them at the stables sir, if you would refrain from visiting the stables, you would be free from them;*" "*you go in h — l,*" said he to the servant, "*da are congenial to all place.*"

Meeting with my old friend D., I rode out with him through the country a few miles and, having letters to write, we called at a little town near the spring, where I was told that a post office was kept. Unluckily for me, it was the quarterly term of their court, which was held at this town. One tavern only in the place, and every room engaged by the lawyers and whatnots of the country; all but one, which no one would have, as it was immediately over the bar room, and which necessity compelled me to accept. Goldsmith says, a tavern is the true picture of human infirmity. In history we find only one side of the age exhibited to our view, but in the accounts of a tavern, we see every age equally absurd, and equally vicious. Several men were assembled in the room beneath me. They were talking, singing, laughing, drinking, and swearing, all at the same instant of time. Being compelled to write, I, like the countryman who sat down on the bank of the river, in the pleasing expectation that the rapidity of the current would soon exhaust the stream, by which means he might pursue his journey, sat with the pen in my hand, and the paper before me, waiting for some fortunate intermission in the noise below, or that they would finally close and disperse to their respective homes, — all in vain!