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Historical and Philosophical  
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Col. May's Journal and Letters,  
1788-'89.

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NEW SERIES—VOL. I.

*Committee of Publication.*

JULIUS DEXTER,  
ROBERT CLARKE.  
MANNING F. FORCE.



# JOURNAL AND LETTERS

OF

RELATIVE TO

## Two Journeys to the Ohio Country

IN 1787 AND 1789

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

BY REV. RICHARD A. EDGS

OF BOLTON, MASS

AND ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES

BY W. S. PARLINGTON

OF PITTSBURGH, PENN

CINCINNATI

ROBERT CLARKE & CO

FOR THE HISTORICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF OHIO

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## PREFACE.

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The Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio offers to its members and the public the Journal and Letters of Col. JOHN MAY as the first volume of a new series of publications. The old series was interrupted in 1854 and never renewed. The present volume describes a journey from Boston to Marietta in 1788, and the daily life of the first settlers of Ohio. As it is a record made at the time the events occurred which it describes, the book is a valuable contribution to the history of the State.

The Society is indebted to *Rev. Richard S. Edes*, of Bolton, Massachusetts, grandson of Col. MAY, for permission to publish the Journal. The same gentleman also kindly prepared the memoir which precedes the Journal itself. *William M. Darlington*, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, has added the notes. The Society returns thanks to both of these gentlemen for their kindness.



## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

# Colonel John May.

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JOHN MAY, the subject of our memoir, and writer of the *Journal and Letters*, was born in Pomfret, Connecticut, November 24, 1748. His parents were Eleazer and Dorothy, whose maiden family name was Davis (of Brookline, Massachusetts), married in 1735. The father was a man of great height and size, and from that circumstance unwieldy in his last years; while the mother was of a more fragile and delicate constitution, and died just as she was entering middle life.

John, our subject, was the youngest of a family of six children; two brothers, Eleazer and William, respectively ten and eight years older, preceding him, and three sisters. Of these sisters, Dorothy, the oldest, married Amariah Dana (the parents of Mrs. Nathaniel Goddard, of Boston,)—in early life, on the death of her own parents, adopted into the family of Colonel May; Mary, the next, Jonathan Sabin (progenitors of Mrs. Faith C. Hosmer, now of Springfield, Massachusetts); and Prudence, the third, Silas Sabin, brother of aforesaid Jonathan.

After the death of his first wife, who died in 1750, Eleazer May married again, taking for a second wife Abigail Sumner, and, by her, had two more children, Ithamar and Abigail. Lucy, who many years afterward married William Rufus, a son of Colonel John, was a descendant of said Ithamar.

As it is matter of interest to some who will probably read the pages which succeed, these statements are followed by others, condensed as much as possible, relative to the more remote ancestry which preceded, and the families which followed the subject of our notice.

John,<sup>1</sup> the immigrant ancestor, bearing the family name (spelt in the olden time also Mayes and Maies), is said to have come from Mayfield, County Sussex, England. He was born in 1590, landed at Plymouth in 1640, was admitted freeman 1641, and died in 1670.

Two sons, John and Samuel, came with him. We follow the line of John.<sup>2</sup> John<sup>2</sup> married the widow Bruce (*née* Brewer or Bruer). Their family consisted of three sons—John, Elisha, and Ephraim; and four daughters—Maria (or Mary), Sarah, Naomi, and Mehetabel. The John<sup>2</sup> of whom we are writing, settled in Roxbury, in the part then known as Woolmanpagm, where and elsewhere he owned considerable real estate, and died in 1671.

John,<sup>3</sup> eldest son of the above, also lived in Roxbury, married (1684) Prudence Bridge, and by her had a large family, as follows: John,<sup>4</sup> 1686,—removed to Woodstock, Connecticut; Samuel, 1689; Prudence, 1690; *Ebenezer* (whose name we put in italics for subsequent reference), 1692; Prudence, 1694; Hezekiah, 1696,—removed to Wethersfield, Connecticut; Sarah, 1698; Nehemiah, 1701; Mehetabel, 1703; *Eleazer* (whose name also we italicize), father of Colonel John, 1705, who removed to Pomfret, Connecticut; Benjamin, 1708.

*Ebenezer*<sup>4</sup> appears to have been the ancestor of most, if not all the May families that are now living in the city of Boston and vicinity. He lived in Roxbury, and married Abigail Gore. Not to go into detail respecting this family, it is sufficient to say, that of it were Samuel,<sup>5</sup> born 1723, father of Abigail, who, in

subsequent years, married Colonel John; and Ephraim (Colonel), with whom, in youth, he served an apprenticeship.

Samuel<sup>5</sup> married, for a first wife, Catharine Mears, and, she dying, for a second, Abigail Williams. Abigail,<sup>6</sup> a child of this pair last indicated, afterward the wife of Colonel John, was born in 1754, and died in 1824. She was the oldest sister of the late Colonel Joseph May, of Boston (who was the father of Rev. Samuel Joseph May, of Syracuse, New York), and sister also of the late Samuel May, Esq., of Boston, who died in 1870, at the advanced age of ninety-four.

Colonel John,<sup>5</sup> our subject (as appears from the foregoing statements), son of Eleazer,<sup>4</sup> married in February, 1773, Abigail,<sup>6</sup> grand-daughter of Ebenezer<sup>4</sup> and daughter of Samuel.<sup>5</sup> The names of their children, with brief notes indicating the course of family descent, follow :

I. Frederick, born November, 1773 (H. U. 1792); M. D.; afterward of Washington, D. C.; died January, 1847; married Julia M. Slacum, of Alexandria, D. C. Their posterity were Dr. John Frederick, of Washington; the late George, of New York; the late William, Commandant U. S. N.; the late Colonel Charles Augustus, U. S. A.; the late Hon. Henry, of Baltimore; Mrs. Julia M. Oelrichs, of New York; the late Mrs. Laura Wise, of Baltimore; and the late Julian, U. S. A.; and children of the above-named.

II. Abigail, born November, 1775; died September, 1800.

III. John, born May, 1778; died March, 1823; married Ann Gordon Reed, but left no children. A considerable portion of his life spent at Cape Town, Southern Africa.

IV. Henry Knox, born May, 1780; died March, 1865; married Maria R. Cracroft, of Alexandria, D. C., and lived in Boston. He is represented in his son, Edward T., and in the

children and grandchildren of his sons-in-law, Henry F. Edes and George William Bond.

V. Catharine Cravath, born 1782; died 1856; married Henry Edes (H. U. 1799), D. D.,—many years minister of the First Congregational Society in Providence, Rhode Island. She is represented in her sons, Henry F. and Richard S., their children and grandchildren.

VI. Sophia, born September, 1784; died February, 1870; married (his second wife) the late Edward Tuckerman, of Boston. Represented in her sons Prof. Edward, of Amherst College; Samuel P., Doctor of Music; the late Frederick G.; and her daughter, Mrs. Sophia May Eckley.

VII. William Rufus, born December, 1786; died February, 1844; married Lucy May (descendant of Ithamar), but left no children. They lived in Pomfret.

VIII. George Washington, born October, 1789; died 1845 (H. U. 1810); M. D.; married Catharine F. Lee, of Virginia, and lived in Washington, D. C. Represented in his daughters, Sophia, Catharine, and Juliana Gales.

IX. Charles Augustus, born April, 1792; died an infant.

X. Mary Davenport, born August, 1793; died July, 1869.

XI. Charlotte Augusta, born January, 1795, and is living at No. 1 Decatur street, Boston.

To these add Lucretia Dana, child of a sister of Colonel May, afterward Mrs. Nathaniel Goddard, of Boston—a most excellent woman, who died almost a centenarian, and who is represented in numerous descendants.

Abigail, the wife of Colonel John, was, according to tradition, a person of much personal beauty in her youth, and of great loveliness of character and disposition; idolized by her children, and much esteemed and respected wherever known. A notice of her may be found in “Reminiscences of the Boston



Female Asylum" (of which she was one of the early directresses), published from Eastburn's Press, in 1844.

Among the papers of Colonel John were found two poetical effusions, doubtless by some Quaker friend of his: one signed "A FRIEND," and dated 3d day of 10th month, 1769; and the other, in the same handwriting, addressed "TO MR. JOHN MAY, ON HIS MARRIAGE WITH THE AMIABLE MISS A. MAY," dated (another handwriting) February 16, 1773. They are both more worthy of preservation on account of the good counsel and good sense they contain, than for their poetical merits. As a specimen of the style of thought and expression of the time, we copy a few verses from the last referred to:

Reverse the scene, and view the pair  
Whom Heaven propitious makes its care:  
Their hearts are joined in bands of love;  
Their bliss resembles joys above;  
Discord and passion's endless strife  
Are strangers to their happy life;  
But hand in hand with friendly heart  
They strive to act the virtuous part;

While love their golden time employs,  
And friendship heightens all their joys.  
This bliss, O May, I hope you'll find  
While blest with first of womankind.  
The loveliest fair e'er Boston knew  
Resigns unnumbered charms for you;  
That heavenly form, that angel mind  
Who envies not is more than blind.

How pleasing is our soul's surprise,  
Whene'er we contemplate those eyes,  
Where heavenly goodness sparkles through,  
And brings a spotless soul to view!  
While you deserve this lovely fair,  
Her happiness will be your care;  
And Heaven will shower its blessings down,  
Till you put on a starry crown.

But since this life is compassed round  
With ills whose number can't be found,  
'T is wise to keep, in every state,  
A mind prepared for turns of fate ;  
And never raise our hopes too high  
Of bliss for things below the sky ;  
For 't is a truth by all confess'd  
No mortal e'er was fully blest.

Of the life of Colonel May only the general course is known, and preserved to memory by family tradition. Of his probably numerous papers (for he wrote much and was rather fond of using the pen) but few remain. He came to Boston from Pomfret, his native home, when quite a lad, and was apprenticed to Colonel Ephraim May, with whom he "served out his time," according to the usage of those days. In 1773 he married Abigail (as above). When Boston was besieged in 1775, he went, with his family and other relatives, back to Pomfret, returning when the British army evacuated the town, and the intercourse of Boston with the adjoining towns was restored. He did not leave the town, however, till the siege had been some time established, and then (as his children often told) in a boat, on a very dark night, and through the connivance of a British naval officer, with whom he was friendly. At what time he became connected with military affairs is not known ; this only, that October 11, 1778, he was commissioned as adjutant, with the rank of captain, in "the Boston Regiment of Militia," and—after passing through the successive grades of Major and Lieutenant-Colonel—as Colonel, January 19, 1787, his commission signed by JAMES BOWDOIN, Governor, and JOHN AVERY, Secretary.

As Major, he was serving in Rhode Island under the COUNT DE ROCHAMBEAU, when the last named was in command in that section, and so acquitted himself as to be complimented for his "good behavior ;" and when he came to com-

mand the regiment, was thought to have advanced its appearance and discipline. Whether he was ever under the discipline of the French drill-sergeants or not, he took pride in always carrying himself in an erect and military manner, and was accustomed to say that no one, whether standing in a crowd or anywhere else, need to feel tired, if he would only poise himself properly on his feet. Sometimes, when attending the Quarterly Charity Lecture (as it was called), at the Old South Church—where the services were usually long and the attendance crowded—he would, after repeatedly giving up his seat to ladies, take his stand in the aisle, remaining erect and motionless, as if on duty, during the remainder of the service, remarking afterward that he felt no fatigue, because he stood properly. Various little plans and sketches which appear in the original manuscript, but which must be omitted in the printed copy, as well as observations which occur along throughout the Journal, show that he was a keen observer, and possessed something of the natural skill at drawing which appeared in his daughter, Mrs. Tuckerman, and which, with better opportunities, might have made him a good draughtsman. During his vigorous days, he was, for twenty years or so, one of the *Fire-wardens* (an office half-military, half-civil, requiring always the exercise of authority, and often the taking of much responsibility); and at the time of his death, and for eight years previously, one of the *Selectmen*.

Colonel May, at different times, resided in two, if not in three, different sections and streets of Boston. In early life on Orange (now Washington) street, and later, at the "*North End*," on a street first styled Fish, then Anne, and now North street—a locality at this date surrendered up entirely to sailor boarding-houses and warehouses. Of this last residence (a large house, of somewhat imposing appearance for the day of it), he took the deed November 9, 1795. [See Drake's "Old

Landmarks of Boston," p. 171.] Here in the exercise of a generous hospitality he passed the remainder of his days; here his daughters were married; and here, in July, 1812, he died; having previously, with his family\* (at what date can not now be precisely ascertained) passed a year, or year or two, in Portland, Maine. It was his own wish to remove to the land which he claimed at *Muskingum, Ohio*; but, his wife's parents persistently opposing that measure, it was never accomplished. He died of apoplexy, being found in a semi-unconscious state, on the floor of his counting-room (on what is now Union wharf), and surviving but a day or two afterward. The funeral was numerously attended; his minister, the Rev. Dr. Lathrop, of the Hanover Street Society officiating in the usual service, and the *Ancient and Honorabel Artillery Company*, with other organizations to which he belonged, being present. The remains were interred in a family tomb in the burying-ground on Boston Common.

That he was a man of much force of character and executive ability, abundant proof is furnished in the Journal which follows, as well as elsewhere; as in the exertions he made—though at the time entirely unsuccessful—to procure a marginal road from the North End to Roxbury line. Though of a hasty and choleric temper, no doubt, he possessed great warmth of heart also, and abounded in acts of neighborly kindness and friendship. If his children stood in great awe of him—as all their stories and traditions about him showed—they also loved him quite as dearly. If oftentimes, by his roughness and bluntness of speech, he made enemies, he constantly drew friends toward him “as with hooks of steel.” A hater of cant and de-

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\* The writer is informed that Charles Augustus, born April 28, 1792, and Mary D., born August 11, 1793, children of Colonel John May, were born in Portland. His (the writer's) mother well remembered the Portland days, and often spoke of them with pleasure. The house Colonel May occupied was on High street.

spiser of hypocrisy, he was a lover of good men, wherever found, in the garb of whatever sect or communion; and a constant and firm supporter of those institutions of religion in which he believed, and in some of the observances of which he greatly rejoiced. Psalm-singing was his delight, for which he was fitted by the endowment of a bass voice of more than usual depth, and by a keen musical susceptibility, the emotions arising from which were often of an overpowering nature. He delighted, too, in the exercise of hospitality, and nothing gave him more pleasure than to see his table surrounded with the faces of friends whom he loved,—a pleasure to which, at his house at the “North End,” he regaled himself on a set day, regularly every week, when fried cod or boiled halibut formed the standard dishes, and “Brother Joe” and other friends and brothers-in-law had a standing invitation to be present. His temperament, though of such a nature that fits of inaction alternated with others of excessive exertion, was, on the whole, one which made too great demands on the vital powers. He doubtless shortened his days by attempts at doing too much, and by the worry and anxiety attendant thereon. Owing to the times in which his life was passed, the unsettled state of the country and of business generally—owing, too, to losses at sea, the unfaithfulness of *employés*, and other causes we do not recapitulate, he died—leaving his affairs in a somewhat entangled condition; but so that his widow, who survived him several years, and whose memory is fragrant with all tender thoughts, almost with an odor of sanctity, was at length made comfortable. She lived with her two maiden daughters, much of an invalid, all but worshiped by her children, and fondly cherished by a large circle of friends, about a dozen years longer, and died in Derne street, Boston, A. D. 1824.

The Journal of Colonel May which follows, as a whole, now first sees the light; but extracts from it have already appeared

in the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, for January, 1873. Hidden under masses of old accounts, letters, and other papers, which were stored away in bundles in attic rooms or dark closets, its bare existence was hardly remembered, and then only by his last two surviving children. Some months before her own death, it was handed to the writer by his aunt, Miss Mary D. May, with permission to copy it, and otherwise do with it as he pleased, provided only the book containing it (on account of other matters in its pages which she did not wish to have preserved) was ultimately destroyed. He has obeyed her wishes and fulfilled his own promises faithfully. Stained, torn, yellow with age,—the ink in places faded out, and the chirography from haste often almost unreadable,—the work of deciphering (though the handwriting was generally neat, in places even handsome) was difficult; and, in the case of proper names especially, it was sometimes next to impossible to make out what the words were. In such cases, where they occur, the editor has indicated his doubts by a note of interrogation [?]; in other places where they appear to have been omitted, supplying words or short sentences necessary to fill out the sense, in all cases correcting the orthography of common words, wherever he has noticed misspellings. Otherwise he has not interfered with the expressions or style of the original writer, and he now leaves the Journal and letters to tell their own story.

R. S. E.

Bolton, Mass., May 14th, 1873.

## Journal, 1788.

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ON Monday, the 14th day of April, 1788, having arranged my matters at home [Boston] in the best manner I was able, I left them in the immediate care of my brother, Joseph May. At 6 o'clock in the morning I set out from home [on horseback] in company with Lieut. Rice and Walter Tufts, who is my orderly, on a tour to the Ohio country, and about sunset arrived safe at Providence. Lodged at Daggett's tavern.

Tuesday, 15th. Mounted our horses at 6 o'clock in the morning, and with great industry reached Windham at 8 o'clock in the evening. Were obliged to cross the Quinnebogue\* in a scow, the bridge having been carried away.

Wednesday, 16th. Left Windham at a quarter before 6 o'clock in the morning, and, after traveling through a tremendous hilly country, viz., Lebanon Creek, Boulton, etc., arrived at 3 o'clock at Hartford. Found the Connecticut river exceedingly high, which hindered us an hour. Dined at Bull's, then went on

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\* The spelling of proper names will be left unaltered, as found, as possibly it may indicate the pronunciation of the time.

and slept at Fuller's, \*—a very good house, but the landlord has more tongue than brains. After I went to bed he stood over me with three lighted candles in his right hand, near twenty minutes, telling a story of no consequence.

Thursday, 17th. Mounted our horses at 6 o'clock. Rode twelve miles to breakfast, through a very pleasant country. After breakfast met numbers of people going to meeting, in their old clothes, it being fast-day. We were accosted by some sort of Sunday officer with, "*What makes you ride fast-days?*" Which I returned with a look that told him it was none of his business, and kept my horse under way. Dined at New Haven. Stopt at Fairfield this afternoon. We crossed an arm of the sea on a bridge nearly as long as the Charlestown, and within two miles crossed another nearly the same length. We had to ride in the evening, and met with many difficulties, by reason of cross-roads and the ignorance of the people. We at last arrived at Penfield.†

Friday, 18th. It began to rain about 1 o'clock this morning, and continued to rain exceedingly hard till 9, when it held up a little, and we set out, but it proved a rainy forenoon. I observed my horse to be lame when I first mounted him, which increased, and it was

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\* President Washington, returning to New York from an eastern tour, in 1789, notices this place in his diary: "November 10th, breakfasted at Washington, in the township of Berlin, at the house of one Fuller," thirteen miles from Hartford.

† *Penfield's Tavern*, at Fairfield.



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with difficulty that I reached Horse Neck.\* The lameness was evidently in his off hind-foot; but what was the occasion, none could divine. Some said he was *hipped*, others *spavined*, but most agreed though he was positively *stifled*.

Fairfield is a pretty village on the Sound. Eighty houses and the meeting-house were burnt by the British; but the meeting-house and many other houses are rebuilt in an elegant manner. This night we slept at Knapp's.† Went to bed early, but slept poorly; partly owing to my drinking tea at supper, and partly owing to the insufferable noise of the family, till 12 o'clock. About this time the noise ceased in the house, but began in the elements; first by small flashes of lightning, but soon became a formidable thundergust, which kept me awake the rest of the night.

Saturday, 19th. Set out from Knapp's at 6 o'clock. Breakfasted at Hoyt's inn. Dined at Kingsbridge. Here my horse was so exceeding lame that I was obliged to take a stage, and Mr. Tufts led my horse into the city, where I arrived about sunset. I took quarters

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\* Now West Greenwich, Fairfield county, Connecticut, on the old Boston post-road. Washington's diary, page 21, mentions: "October 16. After passing Horse Neck, six miles distant from Rye, the road through which is hilly and immensely stony, and trying to wheels and carriages."

† Knapp's Inn was at Horse Neck; thence to *Horton's*, at Marmar Neck, ten miles, and thence twelve miles to Kingsbridge.

at Capt. Harding's, where I was so happy as to meet Brother Davenport.

Sunday, 20th. Brother Davenport set sail for Newport at 6 o'clock. A number of passengers aboard, amongst them a daughter of Capt. Gustavus Fellows. They had an excellent wind up the Sound. No doubt they arrived at the desired haven that night. My business crowded me so hard that, although it was Sunday, I thought it my duty to write all day, and arrange my papers. I also felt myself necessitated to swap away my lame horse for one that was sound. However, my conscience upbraided me about sunset, to appease which I went to church in the evening, at the New Brick Church. I found an amazing concourse of people assembled; and every man, woman, and child, according to custom, put a copper into the box, as a donation for preaching—some said, for the poor.

Monday, 21st. Early this morning I waited on Col. Richard Hatt (or Hyatt), treasurer of the Ohio Company. Found him agreeable and attentive. By close application completed my business, much to my satisfaction. I have been so wrapt up in business since I came here that I have seen little of the city, excepting that the men are exceeding busy, and mind their own business, and the boys extremely noisy.

Tuesday, 22d. This day, having a little more leisure, took a ramble about the city. Went to the Congress Chamber. The greatest curiosity I saw was pic-

tures of their majesties the King and Queen of France,\*—their appearance truly elegant and noble. No painting can excel these. The frames that contain the pictures are magnificent—twelve feet high by about six wide,—superbly grand. But the hall is not high enough to receive their crowns (perhaps a presage of their doom). From thence I went to St. Paul's Church, and there viewed the monument erected in honor of that gallant officer, Richard Montgomery—a fine piece of work, in red, white, and black marble; in form a pyramid, about fifteen feet high. From thence went to see a pile of new buildings, nearly completed, belonging to a Mr. McComb, by far the finest buildings my eyes ever beheld, and I believe they excel any on the continent. In one of the entries I traveled up five flights of stairs—the rail continuous from bottom to top. I still left one flight unexplored. Then visited Mrs. St. John, Mr. Temple, General Knox, and went home to my quarters.

Wednesday, 23d. At 9 o'clock this morning mounted my horse, and put myself under way for Philadelphia. Had a rough time in crossing the river at Powell's

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\* These portraits were of full size. They were presented to Congress by Louis XVI, in 1784. When the seat of government was removed to Washington City, in 1800, they were taken there, and were probably burned with the library and other valuables by the British troops on the 24th of August, 1814. (See Watson's *Annals of Philadelphia*, 2d ed., vol. 2, p. 498; *Hist. Mag.*, Jan. 1860, p. 317; *Hist. Mag.*, Jan. 1861, p. 29.)

Hook. Having safely got across, were obliged to dismount often. Crossed Passaic and Hackinsac rivers in traveling about five miles. Nothing extraordinary happened this day. Made a tolerable day's work, and lodged ten miles from Princetown, in a small village.

Thursday, 24th. Rose early and rode fifteen miles to breakfast at Maidenhead.\* This is a small and pretty village. The land excellent and good, and the inhabitants industrious. Perhaps the place is not badly named, as it appears to be the most fertile spot of any in the Jerseys. Crossed the Delaware a little above Trenton. Dined at Bristol, and lodged in Philadelphia, at the sign of the Connastago Wagon.† This city is much enlarged by building, but the trade is diminished. The people are proud and extravagant, but grumble about the times. There are two sets of ladies in this city: one that is sensible, and dresses neatly; and one of fools, who show it in their dress. I have seen a head-dress in this city at least three feet across. Their hair frizzed in a frightful manner. I stayed here only one night.

Friday, 25th. Left Philadelphia at 9 o'clock in the morning, and without any misfortune arrived at Christiana,† where we slept, excepting my horse. Great politeness in entering this place. A little before I came to the tavern there sat a gentleman and lady on a stoop. I

\* Now Lawrenceville, midway between Trenton and Princeton.

† Nine miles southwest of Wilmington, Delaware.

*Handwritten note:* The "Connastago Wagon" Tavern is now the South side of the road from Trenton to Philadelphia.

began to put myself in a posture to salute, when my horse, confound him! began to take the hint, and to bow and stumble. I recovered for some rods, till at length we both came down together, by which means I was lamed in my right knee.

Saturday, 26th. This morning I feel the effects of complimenting, especially with a tired and untrained horse; shall avoid it in future. After riding awhile, felt better. Rode to Hollensworth, at the head of\* (illegible), to breakfast. From thence crossed the Susquehannah, and dined at Havre de Grace. Just as we got on the west side the people came on shore with the seine, and as many as a 100,000 alewives. Slept at Bushtown.†

Sunday, 27th. About the middle of last night it began to rain hard, and continued to do so the remainder of the night. We rose at 4 in the morning, it continuing to rain hard; but we ordered up our horses, and at 5 set out for Baltimore. Made stage of ten miles‡ to where old\* Chimes used to live; but he and his wife are both gone to rest. At this place we had a good breakfast. Meantime the clouds scattered, and the sun shone out; but the fair weather was of short

\*At the "head of Elk river," now Elkton, Maryland.

† Now Harford, at the head of Bush river, twenty-four miles from Baltimore.

‡ There seems to be a hint in this passage, and in others to be found elsewhere, that Colonel May had been over this road before.

x H. Belles —  
 White Port Sep 1788

duration. It soon thickened and rained again. We, however, kept on our course, and arrived at Baltimore at 1 o'clock; put up at Staruk's (or Starrick's?), the sign of the Indian Queen. This is a good tavern and superb house. There are twenty-seven bells of different sound hanging in the bar-room, all numbered, and belonging to twenty-seven different rooms. This Mr. Starrick(?) keeps tavern in high style. Baltimore is becoming a large, handsome place, and appears to do a great deal of business. However, the people complain of the badness of the times, want of business, and scarcity of money. I am inclined to think they live up to their income at least.

Monday, 28th. Early this morning I was out inquiring for one Ambrose Trott, associate to F——n. On my arrival here yesterday, I was informed that he was here in a brig, supposed, some part of her at least, to belong to F——; but no doubt he heard of my arrival, and made his escape, for he sailed early this morning. I attended to some particular business, which I settled to my mind, and went to rest.

Tuesday, 29th. Tarried in town until half-past 11 o'clock A. M., and then stood for the wilderness of the Western World. I was much urged to tarry until Thursday, to celebrate the adoption of the new federal constitution for the State of Maryland. This was agreed to by the delegates at Annapolis, on Saturday last. Missed my road soon after I left Baltimore, which put me in a

fret. However, in about one and a half hours I got right again. I lodged this night thirty miles from Baltimore; the accommodation poor, the provision worse.

Wednesday, 30th. Left this hotel at 5 o'clock, without regret, and rode ten miles to breakfast. Made out pretty well. Then twenty-five miles to dinner, through a beautiful country, and well settled, the farmers appearing to understand their business, and pleasant to deal with. Their houses cheaply made of logs. Now and then they are interspersed with a handsome brick house and mills. After dinner we began to ascend the South or Blue Mountain, which, at a distance, has a terrible appearance to a stranger tired and worn down by constant fatigue. But the nearer we approach it the less formidable it appears. Instead of climbing this son of Alleghana, we steal in imperceptibly between two monstrous hills for a number of miles; but finally have to climb stoutly ere we reach the top. While we are between these hills just referred to, we advance by the side of a swift running rivulet for a considerable distance, and cross the same stream, in a distance of two miles, twelve times. The mountain is thirteen miles from one side to the other; but, upon the whole, is not worse to cross than some in the county of Berkshire, Mass. We got over before sunset, and put up at a miserable place. The landlord wanted money, but had nothing to procure it with, and did not seem glad

to see us, though, under the circumstances, we were not sorry to see him, even such as he was. For the first time, we drank some whisky-grog, ate some eggs and bacon, and went to bed in a dog-hole in the garret, where the air was insufferable,\* and that had no light except what came through the cracks in the roof. Such accommodations could not tempt me long. So at half-past 3, I arose, and, with great difficulty, found my way down into the lower region. I had previously called Tufts; but where to find Mr. Rice and a Mr. Bentley, a stranger going our way, was more than I could tell. I thumped and called, but in vain, for deep sleep had fallen on them all. At length I roused the host, who, in coarse Dutch brogue, told me they were locked up in the bar. However, I quickly procured a jail delivery for them, paid the reckoning, and we remounted our steeds. At two miles distance we met a gentleman (this, by the way, is the first day of May) who had ridden in company with us the afternoon of yesterday. He brought a case-bottle in his hand filled with Hollands, of which each of us took a sling, to carry away the fumes of the abominable whisky we drank over night. Such is the sympathy between man and beast, this seemed to give our horses more life, and we rode merrily through a delightful country called

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\* Colonel May suffered much at times from an asthmatic difficulty.



Conegogigg.\* Breakfasted at Greencastle,† twelve miles from where we lodged. Had good entertainment for ourselves and horses. From thence to Mercersburg,† where we baited. This is a clever village at the foot of the North Mountain. The buildings are made of hewn logs, the chinks filled in with stones, and plastered over with lime-mortar. Having taken suitable refreshment, mounted our horses in order to mount the mountain. When we had ascended about four miles, the village was in plain sight, and did not appear to be more than a mile off. I believe, in a straight line, it was not more than two. This mountain is ten miles over. It took us three hours and a half to cross it. It is, I can truly say, the hardest to climb we have yet attempted, and makes one of the four capital ranges of mountains which belong to the family of Alleghana, and the sight of which generally strikes such terror into travelers. This, with his father and mother, separate the Eastern from the Western world. The names of this ancient family are: Alleghana, North Mountain, South Mountain, Sideling Ridge, Laurel Mountain, and Chestnut Ridge; besides, a number of large hills (spurs, some call them) which

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\* The Conococheague settlement was the name by which Franklin county, Pennsylvania, was known prior to and for many years after its organization in 1784. The name is taken from the Conococheague creek, a considerable stream, emptying into the Potomac, at Williamsport, Maryland.

† In Franklin county, Pennsylvania.

serve as wings or supports, while others are mounted on their backs in a sportive manner. When we were on the Blue Mountain, it was enchanting to see mountain beyond mountain, hills riding on hills, till the tops were lost in the clouds. The day being extremely hot, multitudes of clouds gathered, all heavily charged with electric fluid and rain. The spectacle was a grand one. Being close at hand, we could plainly see the origin of many of them. We were fortunate enough to escape most of the showers. The lightning struck all around us, and the thunder rolled over our heads; and once in awhile we got a little sprinkling—hardly enough to drown a flea, however.

In the course of this day's travel, we crossed many creeks and rivulets, some of them emptying into the Potomac and some into Susquehannah. All of them—bridges not being in fashion—we were obliged to ford. After a tedious march, from 4 in the morning till 8 in the evening, we arrived at Sideling Hill,\* in the midst of a thunder-gust, having fasted from 7 in the morning to 8 at night.

May 2d. Our keeping and lodging poor. I rose at 4, had the horses up, and mounted a little after 5, and pursued a southwestern course, but up a disagreeable, rocky hill. In the road, for a considerable distance, is a flood of water: there is no other way to pass but through it. This little rivulet is dry only in

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\* In Fulton county, Pennsylvania.

wet seasons! This Sideling Hill is nearly as bad to cross as the Blue or North Mountain; but it is not reckoned in the four ranges. After we have attained the height of this mountain, we ride on the top over a considerable level country for a number of miles, something rising, and now and then climb a sharp hill, for near—say, thirty miles; when we come to the foot of the father of them all. At the base of this mountain we rest for the night.

Saturday, 3d. We rose early, and began to ascend Alleghana. We had such an idea from what we had heard, that the reality did not seem as bad as we expected. I have always remarked that it is best to begin a tedious job in the morning, when man and beast are fresh. At 10 o'clock to-day we were on the ridge-pole, and, Noah-like, could look into the old world and new. These mountains I consider as the backbone of the continent—this tremendous range reaching from Cape Horn to the North Pole; and so high is it, that it is itself fixed on the top of the everlasting hills. In rising to this height, we crossed several rivers, which I did not put down in place, amongst which is Antaheta,\* rising in the Alleghana; and where I crossed it in a ferry-boat, not ten miles from the mountain, it is navigable for sloops. It empties into the Susquehannah. Another, called Juniata, of about the same size, and empties, they say, into the Susquehannah

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\* The Antietam empties into the Potomac.

also. Near the top of the Alleghana is a beautiful spring, on the east side; and, within a half mile, is another, on the west side. One of these is the head of the Juniata, the other of the Yohogany.\* Slept this night at a farm-house; had good entertainment, and rested well.

Sunday, 4th. Rainy, bad weather, and abominable roads, It being the day of rest in New England, we were in no hurry, but tarried to breakfast; but as there are no meetings in this quarter—breakfast being under our jackets—we thought it best to jog on, though both horses and men were worn out with constant fatigue. We found the roads as bad as could be, from the effect of the constant rains. I can not help mentioning in this place, that we were very fortunate in falling in with a Mr. Bentley,† a worthy, clever man, and thoroughly acquainted with the way, having traveled these roads, such as they are, a number of times. This gentleman lives on the Monongahela, fifteen miles from Pittsburg. He made himself very serviceable to me, and was able to answer many questions which I asked, as we traversed the country. I found him an agreeable companion. He said he never crossed the mountains before when the roads were so bad.

This day we crossed the Laurel mountain and Chest-

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\* About four miles east of Berlin, Somerset county, Pennsylvania.

† Sheshbazzar Bentley, Sen., an early settler of Washington county.

nut Ridge, and at night fell in with Colonel Battelle, H. H. Williams, and my hired men ; found them in good health and spirits ; slept in the same house with them, but a miserable place it was.

I rose early on the morning of Monday, 5th ; left the people and wagon behind, and advanced as fast as possible to finish my land tacks ; dined at Simmerell's,\* on the Yohogana, and slept at Clarke's, on the Monongahela. While I was at Simmerel's, they used every stratagem to detain us all night, and perhaps as long as was General Putnam, who tarried at this place two months. They said it was better boating from this river than from the Monongahela ; but they are Irish palaverers, and the truth is not in them. Clarke keeps a tolerable house where it is called Elizabeth's town,† fourteen miles from Pittsburg by land, twenty-two by water. The town is laid out in house-lots, and now settling ; he intends to make a city of it, but I

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\* John Sumrall was one of the earliest settlers in this part of Westmoreland county. This point on his plantation was long known as Sumrall's ferry, afterwards Robbstown, and now West Newton. General Rufus Putnam, with forty-seven pioneers of the Ohio Company, embarked from this place for the Muskingum, in the Adventure galley or Mayflower, on the preceding April 2.

† This town was laid out the previous year (1787), by the proprietor, Colonel Stephen Bayard, a soldier of the Revolution and resident of Pittsburg. He named it for his wife Elizabeth. It became a noted place for the building of Kentucky boats, sea-going vessels, and steamboats.

think he will have his match. This day was raised here a large shed for building boats. Almost all the Kentucky boats from the east pass this place; near two hundred have passed this spring.

Tuesday, 6th. I am now waiting for the wagon, which, no doubt, will be here to-night; went a gunning this afternoon, and killed some gray and black squirrels; got my linen and stockings washed, etc. At 10 o'clock in the evening, the wagon and people came in; but here is an end of wagoning. The river abounds in fish, such as cat, perch, pike, buffalo, sturgeon, etc. I crossed the Monongahela at 11 o'clock to-day, and went on foot two and a half miles to Ker-kindall's mills, where I bought four barrels of best fine flour at 11s. 8d. per barrel, and one barrel of whisky, thirty gallons, at 2s. 6d. per gallon, all to be landed free of charge at the river this evening. The landlord tried his skill at fishing, but caught nothing except a terrible fish, if such it may be called, named an alligator\*. It was about eighteen inches long; as big as a man's wrist; with large flat head, something like a bull-frog. He had four legs of the bigness of a gray squirrel's, and a tail five inches long, near two inches wide; and was of a sickly ash-color, and as spiteful as the devil.

Wednesday, 7th. This morning I stopped a boat for New Orleans, which appeared to be light, and

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\* The *Menepoma Alleghaniensis*, abundant in the upper Ohio, Monongahela, and Allegheny rivers. It is quite harmless.

agreed with the principal to carry me, my people and effects, to Pittsburg for five dollars. I agreed to detain him only three hours, and for every hour after that to pay him a dollar. The river runs very strong at this place, so that the boat stopped a quarter of a mile below the landing, for which reason I was obliged to put my stores and baggage on board a small ferry-boat in order to put them on board the Kentucky man. In the course of an hour I had got nearly all my things on board the ferry-man, when the people in the Kentucky boat grew so weary that they would not wait. The gentleman felt sorry, but the people were not under command, and he was obliged to go on board. [The next sentence the compiler finds it impossible to make out. He gives it, as it appears to read, thus: "My things left in the ferry-boat; the banks of the river so high that it was impossible to get him up."] I therefore bargained with the ferry-man to take my things to Pittsburg, for which I paid him five dollars. When all my things were on board—the flour, the whisky, the people—there were not more than two inches of the scow above water. I felt concerned for them; I myself traveled on by land; arrived at Hulen's,\* opposite Pittsburg; I procured a supper of fish, and waited for the boat; waited in a good deal of anxiety till after 10

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\* The tavern and ferry-house of Marcus Huling's, afterward and for more than fifty years known as Jones', stood opposite the foot of Liberty street.

P. M., when they arrived. The boat was leaking so badly, we were obliged to unlade her at once, put the things on the bank, and keep sentry over them all night.

A very agreeable pleasant situation where I have taken quarters. I have a room, with a bed to myself, a large store for the baggage, and the people to lodge in, together with a kitchen to cook in: all for the very moderate price of 1s. 6d. per day. They find milk and candle. Had I taken lodgings at Pittsburg, which is within call, it would have cost me seven times the money. Such is the odds between the counties of Westmoreland and Washington.\* I am situated on the banks of the Monongahela, opposite the garrison Fort Pitt, right where this river, with the Alleghana, forms the Ohio. In going a few rods from the house where I am, I can look down the Ohio two miles, up the Alleghana three miles, and up the Monongahela more than four miles. Within ten rods of the house we catch any quantity of fish, and of a considerable variety of kinds—bass of two sorts, sturgeon of two sorts, and others. Joseph is our fisherman. There has been a fish caught here which weighed one hundred and twenty pounds, and the story goes that he drowned the man who caught him.

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\* At that time the Monongahela river divided Washington from Westmoreland county. Pittsburg was in the latter. Allegheny county was formed in September, 1788.



Pittsburg is in plain sight, at half a mile distance. It is an irregular, poorly built place. The number of houses, mostly built of logs, about one hundred and fifty. The inhabitants (perhaps because they lead too easy a life) incline to be extravagant and lazy. They are subject, however, to frequent alarms from the savages of the wilderness. The situation is agreeable, and the soil good. The gentlemen directors of the Ohio Company, whom I expected to see here, are gone on a small tour into the county of Washington. It being necessary that I should see them, this will detain me here a few days.

[We interrupt the course of the narrative as it is in the Journal, to insert here a letter of Colonel May's of this date, which has been preserved.—COMPILER.]

PITTSBURG, 7th May, 1788.

MY DEAR:—After a tedious and fatiguing journey of twenty-two days, of which my horse rested at New York and Baltimore six, I arrived with all the men, baggage, etc., safe at this place, which appears to be very much such a place as I expected. The buildings are by no means elegant; the people not so industrious as I have seen. Where I now sit to write, I look up the Monongahela, or Alleghana, or down the Ohio. This is the most magnificent situation of waters my eyes ever beheld. . . . What has been said of the fish in these quarters, I am certain must be true, from what I have seen and experienced in the

short time I have been here—only twenty-four hours. Within fifteen rods of where I now sit, they are all day, and I believe I may say all night, catching fish of various kinds. Some do not weigh more than one pound, but I have seen others that weighed eleven pounds. Within ten minutes after I put up at this house, a little boy of ten years old, fetched a perch alive that weighed five and one-half pounds. These are things I have seen, and I have dwelt on the subject somewhat, because it strikes me agreeably.

Many things have turned up in the course of this journey, which, could I see you, I would gladly tell you of, but I can not do it with the pen; but I hope to have the pleasing opportunity of giving you a history from my own mouth, assisted by the journal I am keeping while in this wonderful country.

The gentlemen I expected to see at this place, viz , Gov. St. Clair, Generals Parsons\* and Varnum,† and Major Sargent,‡ are gone a little way into the country,

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\* † ‡ Samuel Holden Parsons, one of the original directors of the Ohio Company. He was an eminent lawyer of Connecticut, major-general in the army of the Revolution. In 1785 Congress appointed General Parsons, General George Rodgers Clarke, of Kentucky, and General Richard Butler, of Pittsburg, commissioners to negotiate a treaty with the Western Indians. They concluded a treaty with the Shawnese, at Fort Finney, at the mouth of the Big Miami, on the 31st of January, 1786, by which that tribe relinquished to the United States all claim to lands now within the southern half of the State of Ohio. (Journal of Gen.

as it is called here, and there is necessity for my seeing them. Therefore, I may tarry here a day or two, after which I hope to have a pleasant tour down the stream of the Ohio. Nine large boats, from twenty to thirty tons, filled with people, stock, and furniture, have passed this place in the daytime since the 5th instant; and the man where I lodge says he has kept account of two hundred and fifty boats of this kind gone down the river this spring,—and he has not been at home but a part of the time. It is also allowed there are as many go down in the night as in the day. In fact the immigration is immense.

May 12th, Monday. I am still in quarters oppo-

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Butler, in Craig's *Olden Time*, vol. 2; *Journals of Congress*, vol. 11, p. 53.) On October 16, 1787, he was elected by Congress one of the three judges for the Western Territory. (*Journals of Congress*, vol. 12, p. 208.) In 1789 he was appointed by President Washington, chief judge of the same territory, and in the same year he was appointed by the State of Connecticut one of the commissioners for holding a treaty with the Wyandot Indians, relative to their claims in the Western Reserve. General Parsons was unfortunately drowned in the Big Beaver, near the present town of New Brighton, November 17, 1789. Extract from the *Military Journal of Major E. Denny*, of Pittsburg, in the *Memoirs of the Pennsylvania Hist. Society*, vol. 7, p. 339:—"November 17th. As we turned up Beaver creek, to go to the block-house, two miles up, where an officer and party is stationed, we met General Parsons' canoe, with some property, floating down. Found the old gentleman, in attempting to pass the falls, about five miles up, was cast out and drowned, with one

site Pittsburg, living as cheaply as if I was at Muskingum. Am waiting for the boat to carry us all down. General Parsons and Major Sargent arrived here yesterday. Our matters are not so forward as I could wish. The river so high that it is not easy to hear from him (General Putnam.) It has rained almost incessantly for these three days, by which means the river has risen seven feet in perpendicular height. Yesterday two boats for Kentucky hauled in at our landing, having on board twenty-nine whites, twenty-four negroes, nine dogs, twenty-three horses, cows, hogs, etc., besides provision and furniture. Several have passed to-day equally large. I wish there were more New England

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man who accompanied him. He had an interest in Salt Spring tract, on the Mahoning, and anxious to prove the navigation of the falls practicable, the experiment cost him his life." (See also p. 446, same volume; also *Pennsylvania Gazette*, for December 23, 1789.)

James M. Varnum, of Rhode Island, a distinguished lawyer, brigadier-general in the Revolutionary War, member of the old Congress, judge of the Supreme Court of the Western Territory, a director of the Ohio Company; died at Marietta, January 10, 1789. His funeral was attended with much ceremony—military from Fort Harmar, Free Masons, civilians, officers of the territorial government, private mourners, and Indian chiefs formed the procession. Dr. Drowne delivered an appropriate funeral oration. (*Updyke's Memoirs of the Rhode Island Bar*, 1842; *Hildreth's Pioneer Biography*, p. 165, 185.)

Winthrop Sargent, of Massachusetts, an officer of the Revolution, surveyor of the Northwestern Territory, secretary of the Ohio

people going to Muskingum. There have no parties of ours come on, except those that went on in the winter and mine. But I am told there are several on the way.

I dined to-day on bacon that was good, which I bought by the quantity, at 4*d.* per lb. ; and with it I had wild asparagus, which was very good. I have laid in four barrels of excellent flour, at 6*s.* 9*d.* per bbl. It is sometimes sold for less. Lying here in suspense doing nothing is disagreeable, and it is uncertain when I shall go down the river, but I hope in good time. The Indians hold a grand council in June, and the treaty is put off till July, which will prevent our drawing the rest of the lots until the forepart of August.

Colonel Battelle\* has recovered his health, and is the heartiest man amongst us. However, in the score of health, we are all doing well enough. The weather is so wet, it makes it a little dull.

I wrote you from New York and Baltimore, which letters, no doubt, you have received. If this comes last to hand, you may not expect another for some time.

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Company in 1787; from October, 1787, to May, 1798, he was secretary of the territory. His marriage to Miss Rowena, daughter of General B. Tupper, on the 6th of February, 1789, was the first in the territory. He was governor of the territory of Mississippi from 1798 to 1801; and adjutant-general of General St. Clair's army in 1791, and of General Wayne's in 1794-5; died in 1820.

\* Colonel Ebenezer Battele, of Massachusetts, one of the agents of the Ohio Company; he was one of the original settlers of Belpre, in 1789. (Hildreth, p. 349.)

I consider it not a little extraordinary, that we should all come on safe with 2,500 pounds weight in thirty days from Boston, having lost nothing of more value than a penknife. Remember my love to the little ones, and take a large share for yourself. Also, remember me to all inquiring friends; and believe me to be your most affectionate, loving husband,

JOHN MAY.

MRS. A. MAY.

[We return now to the regular narrative of the Journal.—COMPILER.]

Thursday, 8th. Nothing extraordinary to-day. My people catching fish, cooking, and eating our chief business. I took a ramble this afternoon, up a solitary high mountain,\* from whence I could look up and down the rivers a long distance, and see every house in Pittsburg distinctly, so as to count them. One Frederick Moseman unfortunately fell out of a scow this afternoon, in plain sight of my windows, and was drowned.

Friday, 9th. Large numbers of people are raking and grappling for poor Frederick. All sorts of superstitious traditions prevail here among the people, being Dutch. Among which the following extraordinary one was much believed in by the wagglopers. They took the shirt which the drowned man had last pulled off, put

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\* Probably the west end of Coal Hill, near Saw-mill run.

a whole loaf of good new bread, weighing four pounds into it, and tied up at both ends. Then carried the package thus made up in a boat to the place where the man fell in, and put it afloat on the water, having previously put a line and tackle to it. This, they said, would swim till it came over the body and then sink. The bundle of shirt and bread swam some distance and then disappeared ; but, unfortunately for those concerned, the line was not long enough, and when the loaf had filled with water and sunk, the tackle disappeared. The experiment could not be repeated, not having another shirt charged with the same extraordinary virtues.\*

To-day delivered our horses to Mr. Kirkendall, a miller near Elizabeth's town, to keep at the rate of 6s. (illegible, query per horse?) per month. We left with him our saddles, bridles, and mule-straps, I taking with me only portmanteaus, holsters, and pistols. We have had fish for dinner ever since our arrival. There are seven stout hearty men of us, and we have not been able to eat more than one fish at a meal.

There are a number of Indians on the other side of the river. Many of them are often over in Pittsburg. I can not say I am fond of them, for they are frightfully ugly, and a pack of thieves and beggars. One of their chiefs died day before yesterday, and another, as I learn, is just going to his black master. These Indians

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\* This singular custom is occasionally practiced at the present time.

are of an evil nature. Only three days ago, some of the infernals killed a white man, without any provocation that I could hear of. As to General Putnam, I can obtain no news of him, only that he went down the river the 3d of April, and some add, he arrived safe at Muskingum. Just now I had undoubted information that three Kentuck boats were captured by the savages near the Great Miami, about 20th of March. In one of these was Mr. Pervience,\* of Baltimore, to

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\* Samuel Purviance, one of the most prominent citizens of Baltimore. Griffith's *Annals of Baltimore*, p. 124. He was distinguished for his liberality and patriotism in the Revolution. From the *Kentucky Gazette*, of April 4, 1788: "It is with the most sensible concern we announce to the public the capture of three boats, on the Ohio, near the Big Miami, by the savages. Familiarized as we have been, for several weeks past, to murder and robbery, at almost every point of our frontiers, the sympathy of all ranks has been excited in an extraordinary degree by this deeply affecting catastrophe. Among the passengers in these boats, it is with great regret we mention Samuel Purviance, Esq., of Baltimore-town; Mr. Ridout, of Maryland; Mons. Ragant and two other French gentlemen—one a mineralist, the other a botanist, destined to explore the natural products of this country; a Mr. Pierce, of Maryland, and a Mr. Ferguson, a trader: besides these gentlemen there was a Mr. Gray, Garland Simmons, five other men, and a negro woman. The three French gentlemen and Mr. Pierce who alone occupied one boat, were attacked on the 26th ultimo; from circumstances we are authorized to conclude that the other boats were taken on the 21st, as they passed Limestone on the 19th. The savages had in their possession a flat, in which eight or ten of them gave chase to the French gen-



whom I had letters of recommendation from gentlemen in Baltimore. These tidings make some of my men put on a serious face. However, the first opportunity I mean to embark, and not come so far for nothing.

Saturday, 10th. Last night and this day very rainy

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lemen, who finding they could not escape, determined to present a white handkerchief, with other demonstrations of friendship, and surrender without resistance: for this purpose Mr. Ragant took post at the stern of the boat, and when the savages had approached very near, he offered his hand, and in return received the barbarian's tomahawk; at the same instant the botanist was shot dead, and the mineralist was badly wounded; the boat at this time had drifted near the shore, Mr. Pierce and the remaining French gentleman jumped overboard, and the current being rapid, the savages past them whilst they were butchering and plundering Mr. Ragant and the other victim. They with difficulty gained the shore, and under cover of the night made a circuit, and fell in with the river below the savages, where they were, the next day, taken up by a boat and conveyed to the Rapids the day after. These are all the circumstances we have been able to collect on this melancholy occasion. There remains no doubt that the two boats first mentioned have been captured, as one of them has been taken up at the Rapids, and the other was seen in the possession of the savages, but the fate of the captives is uncertain. Two boats, a few hours in front of Mr. Ragant, under the direction of Captain Balliard Smith and a Mr. Hinds, were attacked at the same place from the shore, but they returned the fire and escaped without further injury than two horses wounded; and it is said two Indians were killed in this attack." Mr. Purviance was never heard of. General Harmar had a long but fruitless search made.

from the eastward. Nothing remarkable, only the rivers rising rapidly.

Sunday, 11th. The river continuing to rise. Some of our people crossed the river to meeting. Four Kentucky boats have gone down to-day. Surprising the number of these boats which have passed the place this spring. Two hundred are taken account of, and many go down in the night. We allow, at the least computation, twenty souls to a boat, and a great number of bodies without souls.

Monday, 12th. The river still rising. Our people gone after wild turkeys. They have since returned without any, though they saw about twenty.

Tuesday, 13th. Spent the greater part of this day looking round for a boat to carry me and effects down the Ohio. Dined at Captain O'Harra's.\* Had a very elegant dinner. Drank tea at Colonel Butler's,† and then

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\* James O'Hara, one of the earliest settlers of Pittsburg, and widely known for his active and intelligent enterprise in promoting its prosperity. He was appointed by President Washington quartermaster-general of the army, in April, 1792. He served throughout General Wayne's campaign. Resigned in 1796. Died in December, 1819.

† Colonel William Butler, lieutenant-colonel of the 4th Pennsylvania regiment in the Continental line, in the Revolution. One of the first settlers of Pittsburg. He was the second of five brothers, distinguished for their military services. The eldest, Major-general Richard Butler, fell at St. Clair's defeat, November 4, 1791. At the time of Colonel May's visit, the town of Pittsburg

crossed the river to my lodgings. Some of the people went across the Alleghana, and brought home a quantity of wild asparagus.

Wednesday, 14th. I will here insert the route, with the different stages, from Baltimore to Pittsburg, by way of Simmerill's ferry :

From Baltimore to Little Winchester.....	30 miles.
Over the Blue Mountain.....	44
Sideling Ridge .....	42
Foot of the Alleghana Mountain.....	31
Foot of Laurel.....	40
Ellery's (?).....	40
Monongahela.....	20
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This day Major Sargent and myself busied ourselves in forming a plan for a house, to be built in the Muskingum settlement. Our plan is a twenty-four feet square block-house,—a fashion, I think, will at once answer the purpose of convenience, neatness, and defense. Major Sargent and a Mr. Metcalf dined with me to-day on gammon, etc. I had some wild asparagus, which was called excellent.

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contained not more than sixty houses, all built of logs, excepting one of stone. Colonel Butler's residence was on the southeast corner of Penn and Marbury streets, near the eastern rampart of Fort Pitt. This house, with that of his brother Richard, adjoining, are yet standing, in good preservation.

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About 4 o'clock this afternoon Generals Harmer, \* Parsons, and several other gentlemen called. They crossed the river in the "Congress" barge, rowed by twelve men, in white uniform and caps. This barge is fifty-two feet long. The gentlemen invited me to take a row with them up the Alleghana river, which invitation I gladly accepted. This is a rapid but beautiful river. The soil on each side very good. This gentleman has been up to Venango to visit the garrison there, under command of Captain Hart.† This post is one hundred and sixty miles from Fort Pitt; yet he came thence to this place in fifteen hours. We visited a farm‡ of Colonel

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\* Josiah Harmer, lieutenant-colonel of the 1st regiment of infantry of the Pennsylvania line, in the Revolutionary War; brigadier-general in chief of the army in 1790; commanded in an expedition against the Miami Indians in October of that year; adjutant-general of Pennsylvania in 1793; died at his residence near Philadelphia, in August, 1813.

† Fort Franklin, from which the present city of Franklin, in Venango county, Pennsylvania, derived its name, was built by the troops, under Major Jonathan Heart, in 1787. The exact distance of Franklin from Pittsburg, by the river, is 123 miles. Major Denny, who accompanied General Harmer on the occasion mentioned in the Journal, relates: "May 4. Left Fort Franklin at 5 o'clock, Allegheny flowing brim full; current not less perhaps than six miles an hour. We worked twelve oars steadily. Arrived and landed at the fort, on the Monongahela side, precisely at 8 o'clock, fifteen hours passage." *Military Journal*, p. 320.

‡ A small tract of about twenty acres, below the old canal, now in the First ward of Allegheny City.

Butler's on the north side of the river, where is a very beautiful spot. Among other objects of curiosity, we went to see some Indian graves,\* at the head of which poles are fixed, daubed with red. These are left out of the ground as tall as the buried. We visited the grave of old Kimtony, the Indian chief, who died a few days since. Kimtony, in Indian, means war-pole in English, I am told, the name given him on account of his exploits in war. The excursion over, we returned to my quarters, and refreshed ourselves with some good grog, which was the best I had to offer.

Thursday, 15th. Mrs. Hulin has been telling of a sovereign cure for worms in children. Take a half-pint of live angle-worms, put them in a thin linen bag, and

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\* It is probable these were the Indian graves laid bare in the fall of 1829, near the eastern boundary of Colonel Butler's tract. The writer, with other school-boys, witnessed the exhumation of the skeletons, and obtained from the laborers a number of the ornaments, mostly small copper rings. The following notice is taken from the *Pittsburg Gazette*, of October, 1829: "A few days ago, while levelling one of the streets of Allegheny, the skeletons of four human beings were discovered near the outlet of the canal. The bones were perfectly sound. One of the four had been buried in a wooden coffin, secured with iron nails, and had probably been a white man. The other three, from the ornaments discovered about them, were no doubt Indians. One of them appeared to have been a very large man; a gentleman who measured a thigh-bone, thinks not less than seven feet high." "Kimtony" was probably Tunas, a Delaware chief. (Major Denny's Journal, p. 297.)

sew them up. Then put them, while yet alive, on the child's stomach. There let them remain six hours; then remove them to the navel; there let them remain for the same time; then remove them to the bottom of the belly, for six hours; then take them away, and the child will never be troubled with worms again. To cure the rheumatism, take the bark of upland or red willow; boil it in a quart of water; bathe the place affected with this decoction an hour; then put the bark, while warm, to the place. This applied three times will work a cure for that kind of rheumatism which swells.

At 11½ o'clock this morning, General Harmer and others called in the barge, and invited me to go up the Monongahela with him, about twelve miles, to see Braddock's field, that is, the place where the general of that name was defeated in 1756.\* This was indeed a terrible engagement for the British, but a glorious one for the French and Indians—these last creatures composing almost all the army. The bones of the slain are plenty on the ground at this day. I picked up many of them which did not seem much decayed, although it is above thirty years since this battle. Gen-

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\* Braddock's defeat occurred on the 9th of July, 1755. The writer saw quantities of bones on the battle-field in 1830; they were for years afterwards frequently turned up by the plowmen. Mr. White, M. C., and Major E. Denny were with the party mentioned in the *Journal of Colonel May*. (*Denny's Military Journal*, p. 321.)

eral Braddock gave them platoon firing, sometimes advancing in solid column; while the Indians played quite a different game—keeping in ambuscade, shooting from covert, and so, little by little, tore him all to pieces. As usual, after the fight, the savages were monstrously cruel, not sparing man, woman, or child, excepting one woman. A man with us was in the action. He reports there were eight hundred left dead on the field. We went up the river at the rate of four miles an hour, and came down eight per hour. On the field we found a spring of delightful water, at which we camped down, refreshing ourselves with venison, ham, and crackers, preparing some grog with the water, which runs in a stream bigger than my arm. Some of the people gone to-night to get wild turkey. Hope they may speed well. Meantime I go to rest.

Friday, 16th. Still waiting for a conveyance; my patience much worn. Henry returned this morning with a fine cock-turkey, which weighed, dressed, eighteen and one-half pounds. The body of Frederick M. has just now floated, but has left shirt and provisions behind. At 2 o'clock P. M. I crossed the river, and dined with General Gibson,\* in company with other gentlemen.

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\* General John Gibson, a soldier of the Revolutionary War; one of the first settlers of Pittsburg; an Indian trader, and for some years a prisoner with the Shawnees. In Dunmore's campaign against the Scioto Indians, in 1774, he received from Logan, the Mingo chief, the celebrated speech, respecting which there has been so much controversy. (Jefferson's Notes on Vir-

Drank tea at Captain Irving's,\* and returned home at 8 in the evening.

Saturday, 17th. This morning went on foot four and one-half miles into the country, and viewed a grindstone quarry. Found the grindstones of rather difficult manufacture. Bought one ready made, and returned back. To-day have fine roast turkey for dinner, with asparagus, etc. Have several gentlemen to dine with me. This afternoon I proved my rifle-gun. Fired four times, and made good shots. Three times out of four I put the ball within two inches of the spot, which was the bigness of a dollar. [Distance not stated.] The river has fallen, within six days, as much as six feet—the Yohogany so low that it is difficult coming down it. My hope is we shall start in a day or two.

Sunday, 18th. This morning, about 8 o'clock, two lads brought to my quarters a number of fine fish, just caught. Amongst them were two perch, weighing forty and one-fourth pounds together. They have been

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ginia, Appendix.) In 1778-9 Colonel Gibson commanded at Fort Laurens, on the Tuscarawas (near the present town of Bolivar), the only military fort erected within the limits of the present State of Ohio, during the Revolution. General Gibson was secretary and acting governor of the territory of Indiana in 1800, 1811-13; afterward associate judge of Allegheny county, Pennsylvania. Died near Pittsburg in 1822. Resided in Pittsburg on the east side of Second avenue, below Redoubt alley.

\* Major John Irwin, of the army of the Revolution. His residence was a short distance below General Gibson's.



caught here weighing twenty-four pounds. They are very handsome, good fish, something resembling a had-dock ; a little higher in the back, and much better eating. We generally kept Sunday at home, some of us, myself for one, reading. At about 5 o'clock in the afternoon came over Generals Parsons, Harmer, and a Mr. White, member of Congress from North Carolina, and paid me a visit, which was very agreeable. They spent an hour on this side and then returned.

Monday, 19th. This day employed in making axe-helves, hoe-handles, and sundry other matters in the way of tools. Purchased a bushel of salt at 20s., and two bushels potatoes at 2s., P. C. [prices current]. The river falling at the rate of twelve inches a day, and our boat not come yet. I must confess I feel uneasy. This terrible delay in the midst of sowing time makes me feel unhappy ; notwithstanding, I strive to act the philosopher. I keep my feelings to myself, and the people don't know that I am in the least uneasy. I hope to be able to make up for lost time by doubling my diligence. This day a Mr. Medcalf, of Dedlam, came here, wishing to get a passage down the river. He being out of provisions and money I took him into my family. At 6 o'clock P. M., in company with a number of gentlemen, I mounted the hill opposite Pittsburg. This mountain is three hundred feet high, nearly perpendicular, and looks right into Fort Pitt. It abounds with good sea-coal, which they call here stone coal.

Tuesday, 20th. Our boat not arrived. Therefore,

we employ ourselves as well as we can. I have just taken a receipt for making bread, from Mrs. Hulen, who makes bread for us, and her bread is as good as any that ever I tasted. Her method is this: The evening before baking she takes a piece of leaven of the bigness of her fist. If it has become dry, pounds it till it is pretty fine, and mixes it in about three quarts of cold water. If it is not dry she mixes it without pounding. When thoroughly mixed, she lets it stand and settle till morning, or till the time for mixing the dough; then turns off the water gently, and uses the sediment the same as yeast. Dough mixed with tolerable warm water, and left to stand while the oven is heating. By this time the batch will have risen sufficiently. The loaves are made up and put in baskets made for the purpose, and are left to stand a little time before they are put into the oven. If the right temperature is secured in the oven you are sure of a good batch of bread.

Wednesday, 21st. At 2 o'clock P. M. our boat—oh, be joyful!—hove in sight, coming around the point, and, in half an hour, was made fast at Pittsburg. She is forty-two feet long and twelve feet wide, with cover. She will carry a burden of forty-five tons, and draws only two and one-half feet water. For twenty-four hours it has rained steadily and freely, which occasions the rising of the river as fast as it has fallen of late.

Thursday, 22d. Dined to-day on turtle, fish of various kinds, soup, fowl, etc. A boy brought to my

quarters this evening a sturgeon four and one-half feet long. He is a very handsome and well-made fish, excepting the mouth, which is made like a hose. He has no kind of bone in his body, and is considered good eating by many; but I have no mind to try.

Friday, 23d. Rain continues to fall and river to rise; the roads intolerably nasty, it being almost impossible to move in them. This most certainly is a different climate and a different world. The storms in New England come from the northeast; the storms here from the southwest, and these last as long as the first. Notwithstanding the incessant rains, I have put my baggage and stores on board our transport, in expectation of going down the river to-morrow.

At 5 o'clock Governor St. Clair arrived at Pittsburg; not going down the river now, but to return to his family.\* We shall be under the necessity of making him a formal visit to-morrow. All these things seem to be against me, but, heigh-ho! it is all for the best, I dare say. For one, I confess I am moved to the visit by two motives: one, the respect due to the Governor of the Western Territory; the other a little selfish, as we wish him to make Muskingum the seat of government and place of his residence. And we

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\* General St. Clair's family residence was at the Hermitage Furnace, near Ligonier, Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania. He then owned large tracts of land in that neighborhood. His dwelling-house is still standing.

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have no doubt if proper attention is paid to these little matters, as well as to those of greater magnitude, the object will be accomplished. Supped to-night on two perch that were alive three minutes before they were put into the pan.

Saturday, 24th. The rain increasing; the river rising. I am truly, truly tired of this world of clouds. It is now forty days since I left Boston, and there have been only eight of good, fair weather. I have had but little sleep since I came here, owing chiefly to the barking of dogs. I believe there are two dogs to a man in this place, and at my quarters there are no less than seventeen of these wide-throated sons of bitches. At about 11 or 12 at night the Pittsburg dogs begin to yell, and ours, on this side, to echo back with great vehemence. At 11 A. M. paid the visit to our Governor, wrapped in my cantsloper, and was received most graciously. Tarried an hour, then embarked for Hulen's, where I tarried a quarter of an hour. Took leave of this good family, and went down the river about one mile in the yawl, our big boat having gone that distance some time before, to take on board some boards to make a covering.

At 12½ o'clock cast off our fasts, and committed ourselves to the current of the Ohio. The scene was beautiful. Without wind or waves, we, insensibly almost, make more than five miles an hour. In eight hours we arrived at Little Beaver, a distance of forty-three miles. This is the place General Parsons men-

tions in his journal, where he says a Mr. — (illegible) raised six hundred bushels of corn from seven acres of land. I met the man mentioned, and he says it is true, excepting that the squirrels robbed him of nearly sixty bushels, as he thinks; so that he did actually harvest more than five hundred and forty bushels.

We tarried at this place an hour and a half for the moon to rise, then set out again, and in six hours arrived at Cox's Fort,\* thirty-three miles. Here we bought three hundred pounds of beautiful gammon, at 5*d.* per pound, and also some seed-corn and potatoes. Our passage thus far down the Ohio is too delightful to be described by me, under existing circumstances, as I have but just room to sit, and hardly that, and swing my pen. We are closely crowded, having twenty-seven men on board, two cows, two calves, seven hogs, and nine dogs, besides eight tons of baggage. At Cox's Fort are a number of settlers, on very pretty farms, though quite new. It has not been settled more than five years. The soil is excellent; the best I have yet seen. This territory is called West Liberty,† and belongs to Virginia.

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\* A small block-house erected by Isaac, George, and Friend Cox, about one mile above the present town of Wellsburg, Brooke county, West Virginia. (Howe's History of Virginia, p. 197.)

† West Liberty was then the county-seat of Ohio county, Virginia; it is five miles from the river.

Dollars at 6s. We bought some butter here at 5*d.*, and our seed-corn at 2s. 6*d.* (per bushel?), and a barrel of pickled pork at 3*d.* per pound. Took on board a quantity of excellent salad, some plants, etc., and re-embarked on board our ship again. Cox's Fort is one hundred and eleven miles from Muskingum. We went rapidly down the river, and at half-past 3 in the afternoon arrived at Wheeling, a distance of sixteen miles, where we were kindly received by Mrs. Zane, her husband\* having gone to convention. Here we purchased more cows and calves, and other necessaries; staid and drank tea of an excellent quality, with fine bread and butter and radishes; and about 8 o'clock in the evening committed ourselves to the waters of this beautiful river, though the prospect before us was at the time rather gloomy,—a heavy cloud right ahead, from whence darted flashes of lightning, followed by the grumble and roar of distant thunder. We found it so dark that we could just discern the black mountains on each side; but when the flashes came we stared with all our eyes. It was my turn to stand at the helm during this hour, and I was relieved in time. But the scene was so grand, and the sounds and echoes so various, that I could not go in, but kept up five hours, minding the helm the most of the time, with

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\* Ebenezer Zane, with his brothers Jonathan and Silas, were the first settlers of Wheeling. Ebenezer was a delegate to the State Convention, held at Richmond in 1788, to consider the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

one lookout forwards and four to row, whilst all the rest slept. We moved on still as night. In the thick forest on either hand was to be heard the howling of savage beasts, the whooping of one kind of owl and the screaming of another, while every now and then would come a burst of thunder. The novelty of the situation, with all its peculiarities, kept my imagination awake. I must confess it was one of the grandest nights in all my experience. At about 2 o'clock in the morning, the sky was serene and clear, and the moon about two hours high; then I turned in and got some sleep. I have blended Saturday and Saturday night, Sunday and Sunday night, all together, as the whole seems, on looking back to it, but one long day. However, will stick to my old plan, and make up my day's work in future.

Monday, 26th. I intend in some future page to give a description of the river Ohio, as I have made several observations which can not conveniently be put down here. The sun rose beautifully on us this morning, and the prospect is as pleasant as the imagination can conceive. It would take the pen of a Hervey\* to describe these beauties of landscape rising above landscape, constantly attracting the eye. We are passing by one lovely island after another, floating tranquilly,

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\* Hervey (Dr. James), author of *Contemplations and Meditations*; works much valued and read for many years, but now almost forgotten.

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but majestically, at the rate of four and one-half miles an hour. Thus we moved on, constantly espying new wonders and beauties, till 3 o'clock, when we arrived safely on the banks of the delightful Muskingum.

Tuesday, 27th. Slept on board last night, and rose early this morning. Have spent the day in reconnoitering the spot where the city is to be laid out, and find it to answer the best descriptions I have ever heard of it. The situation delightfully agreeable, and well calculated for an elegant city. The old ruins,\* of great extent, a masterly piece of work. How many

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\* "An accurate survey of the ancient ruins within the limits of our city has been made in presence of the governor, judges, directors of the company, and a number of other gentlemen, that we may be able to ascertain all the facts respecting them; in the course of this survey we had several of the large trees, on the parapet of those works, cut down, and have examined their ages by the rings of grains from the heart to the surface, computing each grain to be one year's growth. We found one tree to have stood 443 years, another 289, situated so as to leave no room to doubt of their having began to grow since those works were abandoned. We find the perpendicular height of the walls of this covert to be at this time twenty feet and the base thirty-nine, the width twelve rods." (Extract of a letter from a gentleman at Marietta, to his friend in Massachusetts, 8th September, 1788, in the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, No. 3047, October 22, 1788.) These "ancient works" were first described by General Parsons and Captain Jonathan Heart, in 1786-7. (Haven's *Archaeology of the United States*, Washington, 1856, p. 23; letter from General Harmar to General Mifflin, March 17, 1787, *Denny's Journal*, p. 421. See also *Columbian Magazine* for April, 1787,



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ages since inhabited none can tell: the trees growing upon them appear as ancient as the rest of the wilderness. Many traces of art to be found in different parts.

As to our surveying, buildings, etc., they are in a very backward way. Little appears to be done, and a great deal of time and money misspent. There are now here about thirty Indians, who appear to be friendly enough; but they are a set of creatures not to be trusted. General Putnam\* tells me there have been several parties here since his arrival. For my part I am not fond of them, neither do I fear them. Dined to-day with General Harmer, by invitation. Had an elegant dinner. Amongst the variety was (beef) *à la mode*, boiled fish, bear-steaks, roast venison, etc., excellent succotash, salads, and cranberry sauce; grog and wine

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p. 425; *Archæologia Americana*, vol. 1, p. 136; Harris' Tour, 1805; Howe's *Hist. Col. of Ohio*, etc.; *Top. Description of Washington County, Ohio*, by I. Delafield, Jr., 1834.)

\* General Rufus Putnam, of Massachusetts. He served in the old French War, in 1757, and throughout the Revolution, with great distinction; chief engineer of the army in 1776; brigadier-general in 1783. In 1785, with General Tupper, originated the plan of the Ohio Company, of which he was chosen superintendent. He was appointed judge of the Supreme Court of the Western Territory in 1792, and in 1796 surveyor-general of the United States. In 1802 he was elected a member of the Ohio Constitutional Convention. Died at Marietta in May, 1824, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. (Judge Campbell's *Biog. Sketches*, 1838.)

after dinner. Viewed Major Doughty's gardens,\* which found as well filled with necessaries and curiosities as most gardens in Boston. Here I saw cotton growing in perfection, also a fine nursery of apple and peach trees. Purchased this evening a quarter of bear at  $1\frac{1}{2}d.$  per pound, and one side of venison at  $1d.$  per pound.

Wednesday, 28th. It began to rain this morning at 5 o'clock, and continued to rain exceedingly hard for seven hours. Then followed fine clear weather. The directors and agents present agreed to lease the *ministerial lot* to different persons, in lots of ten acres each, for a term not less than one hundred years, at the option of the lessee—to be without rent the first ten years, and then a fixed rent the remainder of the time. This was done to accommodate a number of proprietors present, whose *eight-acre lots* were drawn at a distance. Went this afternoon to survey the *ten-acre lots*, and drew for them in the evening. Colonel Sproat drew No. 9; Varnum, 10; May, 11; Sargent, 12; Parsons, 13, etc. Major Doughty sent me a proper herring caught in the river, which I salted, and put in the smoke-house. Our hunters brought in some fawns alive, pretty creatures, so docile that they will become tame in half an hour after they are taken.

Thursday, 29th. This day the axe is laid to the

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\* Major John Doughty, commander of the artillery; lieutenant-colonel in 1798. Fort Harmar was erected by the troops under his command, in 1785.

root of the trees. In order to this my people were armed with the suitable tool, and went forth to smite the ancient tenants of the woods. Venison plenty at *1d.* or one copper, per pound. I was engaged all the afternoon with the surveyors. Find the soil very good, but was tormented beyond measure by myriads of gnats. They not only bite surprisingly, but get down one's throat.

This evening, arrived two long boats from the Rapids,\* with officers and soldiers, the number about one hundred. On their passage up the river they were fired upon by a strong party of Indians, headed by a white man. They returned the fire, and had two men killed. They were obliged to drop down the river a piece, and come by the place in the night. There are various reports about the hostilities of the savages, but nothing to be depended on. The Indians are frequently in here, and seem to be on friendly terms. I have shaken hands with many of them. My people employed in clearing land. I have been, this afternoon, sowing garden-seeds. Was overtaken in a hard gust and pretty well wet. This country is warmer in winter, and cooler in summer, than New England.

Friday, 30th. Men employed in cutting timber for my house. Time taken up with the surveyor. Last night General Harmer arrived here from Pittsburg.

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\* The Falls or Rapids of the Ohio, at Louisville, Kentucky.

Had in company a Mr. White,\* member of Congress from North Carolina; Major Corlis, and Colonel Olney, from Providence. These gentlemen intend to tarry here about six weeks. Nothing remarkable during the rest of the day.

Saturday, 31st. All hands at work on my *ten-acre lot*. Took hold of it with spirit. There are six of us in all, and we completely cleared an acre and a half by sunset. The land as good as any that can be found in the universe.

Sunday, June 1st. A day of rest.

Monday, 2d. All hands clearing land. Nothing remarkable.

Tuesday, 3d. Wind southwest. A fine day. All busy.

Thursday, 5th. This day General Varnum arrived with about forty souls in company. Brought a barrel mell<sup>o</sup> (?) for me from Baltimore, and letters which were very acceptable. Had a severe thunder-gust. The river fallen since my arrival at least twelve feet.

Friday, 6th. Still clearing land. The soil opens delightfully. Dined on roast venison, which is common enough. A thunder-gust this afternoon. Very low in the center of the Muskingum is a gravel bank, which has now only four feet of water on it. At nine o'clock the waters rising. At twelve had risen fifteen inches,

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\* Alexander White was a member of Congress from North Carolina, 1786 to 1788, and from Virginia, 1789 to 1793.

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and at 8 in the evening four feet seven inches. Thus rapid are the rise and fall of these waters. Some Indians came in to-day.

Saturday, 7th. The river rising; is now six and a half feet higher than it was three days since. This sudden rising of the waters is occasioned by great rains up the Alleghana and Monongahela rivers. I have killed two lizards, a copperhead, and a black snake, very large and long. Mr. Rice and myself killed a large copperhead to-day. This fellow was very spiteful. I made him bite himself several times. Have not seen a rattlesnake yet. Indeed, snakes by no means numerous. There are not so many as in New England, I do believe. Indians daily come in to trade.

General Varnum and his party are making difficulties about the *eight-acre lots* not being drawn contiguous to the city; also, with respect to the Scioto purchase. The rations are not good. General Putnam did not strictly adhere to orders given at Brackett's tavern in Boston, and Rice's tavern at Providence. I think I foresee difficulties of a more serious nature.

Sunday, 8th. A beautiful and pleasant day. No preaching established as yet. I employed myself as rationally as possible, viz., reading and writing from 4 in the morning till 12 at noon, when General Harmer's barge came to carry a number of us to dine. The gentlemen who went over were Generals Parsons, Put-

nam, Varnum; Colonels Sproat,\* Battelle, Miggs,† and May; Major Sargent, and Mr. Rice. At 3 o'clock dinner on table, and as elegant a table as any in Boston. Amongst the solids were bacon gammon, veni-

\* Colonel Ebenezer Sproat, of Massachusetts; lieutenant-colonel of Glover's brigade, in the Revolution; one of the surveyors of the seven ranges of public lands in 1786-7. These were in the eastern district of Ohio, and were the first lands surveyed by authority of the United States. (Am. State Papers, Public Lands, vol. 1, p. 82.) On account of Colonel Sproat's stature and commanding appearance, the Indians named him Hetuck, or the Big Buckeye. He was the first sheriff in Ohio, and held that office fourteen years. With drawn sword and wand of office he marched at the head of the procession, composed of the governor, judges, secretary, and others, on the occasion of opening the first court ever held in Ohio, at Marietta, in the block-house of Campus Martius, September 22, 1787. He died in 1805. (Hildreth, p. 230.)

† Colonel Return J. Meigs (the elder), of Connecticut; an officer of the Revolutionary War; major in the campaign against Quebec, in 1775, and with Arnold's division traversed the wilderness of Maine, undergoing great fatigue and privation. In the attack on the city he was taken prisoner. In 1777 he received the special thanks of Congress and a sword, for a successful expedition to Sag Harbor, Long Island, in which he captured near one hundred men and a number of vessels laden with forage and stores for the British army at New York. He commanded one of the four light infantry regiments, "the *élite* of the army," at the storming of Stony Point, in July, 1779, by General Anthony Wayne. In 1778 he was appointed one of the surveyors of the Ohio Company. Governor St. Clair appointed him assistant judge of the Court of Quarter Sessions, and clerk of the Court of

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son tongues, roast and boiled lamb, barbecued and *à la mode* beef, perch and catfish, lobsters and oysters. For vegetables: green peas, radishes, and salads. For drink: spirits, excellent wine, brandy and beer. We spent the afternoon, drank tea, crossed the river back again, and went to rest.

Monday, 9th. I have been clearing land for eight days, and now begin to feel the effects of poison—from ivy, doubtless. I hope it will not prove very bad. Met to settle difficulties respecting the eight-acre lots; but we could not agree, and adjourned until to-morrow, at 8 o'clock A. M. We have a constant supply of venison, but it is not fat yet. Colonel Battelle and myself went out this morning, and killed a fine raccoon. The settlers are zealously at work, and the land is opening fast, and looks finely; but we are in great want of teams. The weather has been extremely hot these three days. A little rain every day.

Tuesday, 10th. A beautiful morning, but I can not

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Common Pleas, the first session of which was held on September 2, 1788. In 1795 he was commissary of clothing for the army under General Wayne; in 1798 a member of the first legislature of the territory. President Jefferson appointed him agent for the Cherokees in 1801. He resided with that tribe until his death in 1823, aged eighty-three years. His son, bearing the same name, was governor of Ohio, 1810-14. (Journal of the Expedition to Quebec (by Colonel Meigs), in the American Remembrancer for 1776, part 2, p. 295; History of the Assault on Stony Point, by H. B. Dawson, New York, 1863; Hildreth's Biog., p. 258.)

enjoy it,—I am so badly inflamed with poison. The people hewing timber for the house, which I am in hopes to raise in eight or ten days; for I am not very comfortable on board my Kentucky ship. Met this morning, according to adjournment, and after much debate and discussion, agreed to cut up our commons into *three-acre* lots, to be drawn for in July. This has appeased the minds of the people. We also appointed officers of police.

Wednesday, 11th. My poison bad, but not in my face. I took a dose of salts this morning, and am applying the leaves of spice-wood, soaked in vinegar, which seem to have a good effect. Notwithstanding my indisposition, I have enlarged my gang to-day, which I have divided into three squads: four men hewing timber; two clearing land; and two digging a cellar in the bank, near my boat. This conveniency is much wanted to keep the beer and other matters in. We have dug no wells as yet, and the river water is too warm to be pleasant.

Thursday, 12th. This morning extremely hot. At 11 A. M. a thunder-gust, and continued raining all day, with thunder and lightning. The river rising.

Friday, 13th. Thunder and lightning all night. Little sleep for me. The river rose six feet nine inches yesterday, and still rising. All hands at work clearing.

Saturday, 14th. The wind northwest. A delightful



morning. The river beginning to fall. At 2 o'clock completed my brew-house,—and two barrels of beer, and one of vinegar. Am glad to see Saturday night. Shall drink “Wives and Sweethearts” speedily.

Sunday, 15th. This morning as delightful as ever shone in Eden; but from some mighty rains at a distance the rivers are taking a new start. I am still on board the ship, which gives me an opportunity to observe the rising and falling of the waters. A number of poor devils—five in all—took their departure homeward this morning. They came from home moneyless and brainless, and have returned as they came. Wrote four letters to-day to my friends in Boston. Colonel Olney favored me by carrying them; the letters directed to Mrs. May, brother Joseph, Lieut.-Col. Winslow, and brother Ithamar May [his half-brother], at Pomfret. Spent this evening with the Dons, consulting about a form of police for our new republic.

Monday, 16th. All hands employed in hewing timber and clearing land. A small shower at 11 o'clock. At 6 o'clock this morning Mr. Gridley Skinner and others arrived, by whom I received a package of letters, which were very acceptable indeed; but I am too busy to make lengthened remarks.

Tuesday, 17th. All hands employed as usual. Great preparations are making at the garrison for the treaty. Two large keel-boats—one of which is eighty-five feet long, the other seventy-two—arrived here three days

ago, from Pittsburg, laden with merchandise, for use in the treaty. The contractors are on board; and two days ago the boats went up the Muskingum to the forks, about sixty miles, to make preparations to build a council-house, etc. The catfish and perch make such a noise under my ship that they frequently keep me awake half the night. My garden-seeds came up finely; but insects are numerous, and destroy a great deal. Amongst us we have four fawns, as tame as cats. It is surprising how easily these animals are tamed, so as to put confidence in man, who is, of all creatures, the most deceitful. Yesterday one of these fawns was caught in the wilderness, his dam having been killed. To-day it is as tame as the rest; will run after me, climb upon me, and suck my ear.

This evening Judge Parsons' and General Varnum's commissions were read; also, regulations for the government of the people. In fact, by-laws were much wanted. Officers were named to command the militia; guards to be mounted every evening; all males more than fifteen years old to appear under arms every Sunday.

Wednesday, 18th. Nothing remarkable. My people employed as yesterday. I am so weary with constant labor, and sleep so soundly, the *reveille* makes no impression on me. It is three mornings since I have heard it.

Thursday, 19th. All hands employed in planting

corn and garden-seeds. At 2 P. M. came a severe thunder-gust, attended with great wind, which blew down many trees—several in my lot. A large tree fell on one of the company's oxen and killed him. This is a great loss, as we had only three yoke in the settlement. Our hunter returned to-day from *Hockhacking*, having been gone three days. He killed seven deer, and seven cock-turkeys. He might have killed any quantity, but it is the season of the year when they are not fat. Since the shower it has been very cold for the season.

Friday, 20th. Weather warmer. My men employed in planting shagbarks, which out here are the largest one can conceive of. I have found the nuts as big as pullets' eggs. Have not seen any chestnuts, nor any birch or alders, in this part of our settlement. We find great abundance of crawfish, about six inches long, almost like our lobsters in Boston. These amphibious creatures burrow in the ground, and make little holes of about an inch diameter. Young Mr. Williams caught a catfish to-day which weighed fifty-nine and a half pounds; also a perch, weighing eighteen pounds.\*

The contractors' boat returned this morning from

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\* "The fish of the Ohio are numerous and of various kinds: the black and yellow cat weighing from three to one hundred pounds; the buffalo from five to thirty pounds, the sturgeon from four to forty, and the perch from three to twelve pounds." (Cramer's Navigator, Pittsburg, 1821, p. 24.) "I wish you were here to

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the forks of the Muskingum. At 4 P. M. she was loaded again, and Mark Hulen's boat also, and went up the river again, loaded with stores. Our people espied something remarkable floating down the Ohio. A number of canoes were immediately fitted out, and came up with the objects, which proved to be five large hogs, all of which were caught, pulled into the canoes, and brought on shore. This was a wonderful engagement—equal to the Battle of the Kegs on the Delaware river.

Saturday, 21st. Finished planting—in all, something more than six acres—on the first bottom; and it is only twenty days since I began to clear. Dined to-day on catfish and perch. One of Colonel Stacey's men bit by a copperhead snake, which was killed afterward. The young man was immediately carried over the river to Isaac Williams',\* who is thought to be a good hand in curing the bites of venomous reptiles. Five large

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view the beauties of Fort McIntosh: what think you of pike of twenty-five pounds; perch of fifteen to twenty pounds; catfish of forty pounds, bass, pickerel, sturgeon, etc., etc.?" (Extract of letter from General Harmar at Fort McIntosh (now Beaver), in Denny's Journal, p. 417.)

\* A celebrated hunter, scout, and frontiersman; a native of Chester county, Pennsylvania; settled with his family on the Virginia side of the Ohio, opposite Marietta, in 1786, where he resided until his death in 1820, aged eighty-four years. He had a very kind disposition, and rendered valuable assistance to the early settlers at Marietta. (Hildreth's Lives, p. 475; see Sergeant Buell's Journal in Hildreth's History.)

Kentucky boats went down to-day, loaded with families, etc. The river has fallen since last Thursday upward of eleven feet. The day's work tires me exceedingly, and I go to bed early.

[Here, in the original, follow pictures, made with the pen, of several kinds of fish; also of a Kentucky boat, and a little sketch of the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, indicating the positions of the town of Pittsburg and the fort. They were probably made on a blank leaf at the time Colonel May was tarrying in that vicinity. As such objects are familiar in numerous modern works, they are not copied here.]

Sunday, 22d. Day set to determine the rank of the following officers, who are to do military duty at Muskingum: Col. Crary,\* first commandant; Col. May, second; Col. Battelle, third; Lieut.-Col. Stacey,† fourth; Lieut.-Col. Oliver,‡ fifth; Major Phillips,

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\* Colonel Archibald Crary, from Rhode Island. He was one of the three judges of the first Court of Common Pleas.

† William Stacey; in 1778 lieutenant-colonel of Alden's Massachusetts regiment of the line; taken prisoner at Cherry Valley, New York, by a detachment of Tories and Indians, under Butler and Brant. The latter rescued him from burning at the stake, to which he was tied by the savages. He remained a prisoner over four years. Removed to Marietta in 1789; died in 1804. (Hildreth, p. 407.)

‡ Robert Oliver, lieutenant-colonel of the 10th Massachusetts regiment of the line, in the Revolution; removed to Marietta in 1788; succeeded General Parsons as one of the directors of the

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sixth; Capt. Rice, seventh. The above gentlemen proceeded to appoint the following subaltern officers, viz: Dean Tyler, first; Charles Green, Wanton Carey, James Beeker, Isaac Pierce, Paul Fearing,\* William Gridley, Daniel Dunham, Benjamin Sill, Henry H. Williams, and Samuel Stebbins. I had the honor to act as adjutant-general and secretary, too. Was very busy all day in making and drawing reports, etc. Had a fine dinner to-day on gammon, parsley, and so on; excellent bread, mustard, vinegar. Our luck has been heretofore to have good provisions—the best of bread, fine venison, and turkeys—when we pleased; also, gray and black squirrels at any time when we want them, and as great a variety of fish as can be named in any market. The gardens of the garrison, also, much at our service. I have received innumerable civilities from the officers of the fort. In a word, we live superbly. However, lying so long on board ship (which is four weeks yes-

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Ohio Company in 1790; one of the representatives of Washington county, in the first territorial legislature in 1798; appointed by President Adams one of the council of the territory in 1799, of which body he was president from 1800 to 1803; he was also one of the judges of the Common Pleas; died in 1810. (Hildreth.)

\* Paul Fearing, of Plymouth county, Massachusetts: arrived at Marietta, June 16, 1788. He was the first attorney admitted to practice in the territory, on the 2d of September, 1788; in 1800 he was elected a member of the legislature, and in 1801-2 delegate to Congress; in 1810 he was appointed judge of the Court of Common Pleas; died August 21, 1822.

terday) I think unwholesome. Some of us are beginning to complain of aches and pains. I, amongst the rest, am full of rambling pains, and my limbs drag after me. I am afraid the worst is not come yet. But I don't intend to grumble, or get into the dumps. Will bounce into my hammock, and see what that will do.

Monday, 23d. All hands at labor; I tugging about amongst the rest, but not able to do much. Cæsar (the dog) "waxed fat and kicked,"—at least he grew saucy and offended some of the young settlers, one of whom shot him with a ball, and cut his fore foot badly. So I had him killed and buried. I tried to catch the fellow, but he ran too nimbly for me.

Tuesday, 24th. Last night and to-day remarkably cold; feels like September. I endeavor to keep my men busy, though I am scarcely able to keep about myself; contemplated getting out timber for my house; made a saw-pit for sawing boards, etc. I am in hopes to have my house finished in twenty days. Till then I intend to live on board ship, which I like better than the little cabins\* covered with walnut bark. Major Solgume took hold of a piece of timber to help lift it,

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\* "These men from New England, many of whom were of the first respectability, old Revolutionary officers, had erected and were now living in huts immediately opposite us." (Major Denny's Journal, at Fort Harmar, May 28, 1788.)

and caught his hand under it, which took off one of his nails, and hurt the rest of his hand badly.

Wednesday, 25th. The men employed as usual. The cold weather continues. Wind at the northwest. We felled a large tree on one of our dogs, which so disabled him we were obliged to leave him in the woods.

Thursday, 26th. Some gone to raising, some to drawing timber, and some to sawing in the pit,—myself grunting, but often seizing the axe in order to stir my blood, as well as to stimulate others. I have assisted in cutting two black-walnut trees, either of which would make four hundred feet boards. These I shall have sawed into stuff for furniture for the new house. The saw has been going all day and works well. Dined on buffalo fish, the weight of which when caught, was fourteen and three-fourths pounds. We had also a pike weighing seven and one-fourth pounds. The men and I ate the whole. The buffalo eats the same as salmon, and is quite as fat.

Friday 27th. The wind northwest; exceedingly cold for the season; we can sleep in sheet and blanket comfortably. A smart rain to-day. Our rains generally come from the south and southwest. Some of our gentlemen went up the Muskingum ten miles, and came back highly pleased. They say the lands are abundantly better there than where we are clearing; twelve deer brought in to-day, and some fine wild turkeys. I bought a fine keg of butter at 7*d.* per pound.

Saturday, 28th. Mighty in digging cellar, hauling



timber, etc., for the house. Made a great day's work : four of us finished the cellar, twenty-one by eighteen feet, and seven feet deep, through a soil of marl of a reddish color, mixed with fine sand.

Sunday, 29th. It still continues cold ; a fire on board would be quite comfortable ; my people actually complaining of the cold while I was writing. At length found my hand quite numb : I got up, took a bucket, and threw two hundred buckets of water into the boat, which washed her well. I then said, "Now, my lads, throw all that water out." By the time they had cleaned her out, they were warm enough. Nothing remarkable to-day.

Monday, 30th. All employed about the house. Poor Dr. M. out of provisions, and no money. Had pity on him, and took him into my family, although it was quite large enough before. I put powder-horn and shot-bag onto him, and a gun in his hand, with a bottle of grog by his side, and told him to live in my corn-field, and keep off squirrels and crows.

Tuesday, July 1st. All hands employed as usual. The weather much altered. It has been a very sultry day. An hour before sunset had a glorious shower, with little thunder. It rained prodigiously for an hour, then cleared off with a superb rainbow. We contemplated in our plans a grand bridge over the river ravine, two hundred rods from the point, and called it Corey's

bridge,\* in honor of the master workman. There is not so good a bridge, or anything like it, betwixt it and Baltimore.

We were alarmed to-day by a letter from Major Doughty, at Pittsburg, stating that they had just received intelligence from Detroit, that two parties of Indian warriors, about forty in each party, were started on a hostile expedition against our settlement and Kentucky. Our people were called in from labor at 11 o'clock, and a guard consisting of a subaltern and thirty men sent to reconnoiter and scour the woods. They took a day's provisions with them. Young Hulen, who has just returned from the council-house, says there will be no treaty. The savages are holding a council at Sandusky, and are much divided amongst themselves. These things are not altogether in our favor.

Wednesday, 2d. Rained hard all night, but a delightful morning. Men employed as yesterday. Attended myself a meeting of directors and agents, according to order at Providence, 8th March. Chose a committee to make preparation for drawing *the city lots*. Entered into several debates, and at 2 o'clock adjourned until Monday, 7th inst., at 8 o'clock in the

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\* This bridge was built over "Tyber creek:" it was twenty-five feet high, ninety feet long, and twenty-four feet wide, covered with hewn planks four inches thick." (Hildreth's Pioneer History, p. 226.)

morning, for the purpose of *drawing the city lots*, and transacting such other business as may be thought necessary for the establishment of our infant settlement. A number of men hired by the company to attend the surveyor, whose time was out, went up the Ohio, bound home.

Thursday, 3d. A fine, pleasant morning; the birds were singing at 3 o'clock A. M., making sweet melody. At the first of our coming here there were no robins; but for a fortnight back there have been several about here, and it seems as if they would exhaust themselves in praising our works and Him who sent us here and protects us here. There is one, in particular, who alights right over my ship, begins at dawn of day, and continues his melody for several hours. All hands at work on the house. I returned from labor at sunset, and found hanging up in my cellar a pike that weighed twenty-one pounds, and a perch twenty-four and one-half pounds. This preparation in part for the entertainment of to-morrow. Mr. Williams, who caught them, took a pike that weighed twenty-nine and one-half pounds; this one General Harmer bought. In short, fish are so various, and of such magnitude, that one can hardly exaggerate in speaking about them.

Friday, 4th. Warm, moist, and a brisk wind from southwest. At 11 o'clock it rained hard. The cloud, black and heavy, shakes the rain out easily. All labor comes to a pause to-day in memory of the Declaration

of Independence. Our long bowery is built on the east bank of the Muskingum; a table laid sixty feet long, in plain sight of the garrison, at one-quarter of a mile distance. At 1 o'clock General Harmer and his lady, Mrs. McCurders, and all the officers not on duty came over, and several other gentlemen. An excellent oration was delivered by Judge Varnum,\* and the cannon fired a salute of fourteen guns. At 3 o'clock, just as dinner was on table, came a on heavy shower, which lasted for half an hour. However the chief of our provisions were rescued from the deluge, but injured materially. When the rain ceased, the table was laid again; but before we had finished, it came on to rain a second time. On the whole, though, we had a handsome dinner: all kinds of wild meat, turkey, and other fowls of the woods; gammon, a variety of fish, and plenty of vegetables; a bowl of punch, also grog, wine, etc. Our toasts were as follows:

1. The United States.
  2. Congress.
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\* "The officers of Fort Harmer were entertained on the Point (Marietta side) by the Ohio Company; heard a very suitable oration delivered by Judge Varnum." (Major Denny's Journal, p. 324.) The oration is printed in full in Hildreth's History, p. 505, and in the same volume, pp. 214, 215, there is an account of the celebration. They had venison, bear, and buffalo meat, and a pike (speared in the Muskingum by Judge Devall and his son Gilbert), which weighed one hundred pounds.

3. His Most Christian Majesty the King of France.
4. The United Netherlands.
5. The Friendly Powers throughout the World.
6. The New Federal Constitution.
7. General Washington and the Society of Cincinnati.
8. His Excellency Governor St. Clair and the Western Territory.
9. The Memory of Heroes.
10. Patriots.
11. Captain Pipes, and a Successful Treaty.
12. The Amiable Partners of our Lives.
13. All Mankind.

Pleased with the entertainment, we kept it up till after 12 at night, then went home and to bed, and slept sound till morning.

Saturday, 5th. An agreeable, pleasant morning. All day my men at work on the house. I am employed myself in *preparing for the draughts of the city lots*. When I arose this morning at 5 o'clock, the beautiful, amiable Muskingum appeared in her charming summer dress. The sun; at its first rising, never more delightful than she: but about 9 o'clock, for the first time since I knew her, she put on an angry, disagreeable countenance; parting with the bewitching appearance of Venus, and assuming a guise more worthy of Mars. Her countenance changed from silver-white to an angry red; and all the flood swelled as though she would burst her sides. With long and hasty strides, she moved awfully

toward the congregation of many waters. Her elder brother, Ohio, in his nature, irritable to a great degree, and often swelling with pride (at which times always the sister modestly retires), stood aghast, and even shrunk back from this unusual exhibition of his sister's wrath, and retreated to his southern shores. What occasioned this sudden alteration of the Muskingum I am not able fully to determine; but for three days and three nights there has been a heavy black cloud at the northward, with rumbling thunder, and in the evening I could see lightning darting down. No doubt there has been a severe rain at the north for three or four days, which has so swelled the thousand runs debouching into the river, that the common outlet for them all was rapidly filled. The Muskingum rose six feet in six hours, and continues to rise, although she is pouring out the waters at her mouth as fast as she possibly can.

About sunset this evening, we espied a fine doe in the river. We sent off two canoes, and brought her ashore alive, where, cruel to tell, she was killed, although she begged hard for her life. I am of opinion that deer are plentier in this country than horned cattle are in New England. However, this state of things will not last long; for whenever a country begins to be settled, the native inhabitants must either flee or perish outright. A herd of elk were seen up this river a few days ago; and Mr. Williams tells me that not long since he saw a drove of buffaloes,—very large. May

be we shall have a slap at them by and by. Apropos of such matters, yesterday, while I headed one end of the table, there came to me a Delaware Indian, one of three petty chiefs. He said to me, "How do you do, brother Yankee?" I answered him politely, and then seated him on my left. He ate with a healthy appetite; but when we began drinking the toasts, he labored with all his might to speak them, but made rather a ridiculous piece of work of it. When the cannon was fired at the toasts in honor of Generals Washington and St. Clair, and the Western Territory, it made him start. The roar of a cannon is as disagreeable to an Indian as a rope is to a thief, or broad daylight to one of your made-up beauties. A more particular description of the memorable day (yesterday), is it not written in the books of the Chronicles of the Sons of Muskingum?

Sunday, 6th. This morning rose at 3, and went to writing, with six stout fellows snoring round me, and making music to accompany the scratch of the pen. I wrote an hour and a half, then recollecting Joseph and Ransford (?) have been complaining several days, I weighed out three ounces of Glauber salts, and dissolved them in water; then waked them, and made them share the dose, only I came in for a third. This gave us all a good cleansing, which I suppose we needed. Had a fine shower this morning, and after it a most delightful day. I think I have accomplished more writing to-day than ever I did before, in one day, in my life. As the

fit is on me, I will here make some little observation on our passage down the Ohio river from Fort Pitt.

In eight hours we went to Little Beaver, forty-three miles; in six more, to Cox's Fort, thirty-three miles; and in three and a half hours more we arrived at Wheeling, sixteen miles. This is ninety-two miles in seventeen hours and a half. We went from Wheeling at 9 in the evening, and at 3 o'clock Monday A. M., landed in good order at Muskingum. Twelve miles below Wheeling is Grave Creek, where there is a mound of artificial construction, in the shape of a sugar-loaf, seventy feet high, and three hundred round the base, a repository of the dead. Six miles farther down is Bogg's Island. We passed a number of small islands, and some tolerably large ones. Zane, at Wheeling, has a fine island situated right opposite his house. When we came to Long Reach we found there the Three Brothers,—middling large islands. The river Ohio, in general, is about four hundred yards wide, and very beautiful.

Monday, 7th. Showery from the westward. It has rained every day since I came here, but not disagreeably. I am told by travelers that the Southern States are deluged with water, so much so, as to injure the crops. We have drawn the city lots to-day. The men at work on the house.

Tuesday, 8th. Some of the men clearing land, and some on the house.



Wednesday, 9th. Dined with General Harmer, and viewed his garden, which, until to-day, have not seen for a fortnight. The alteration is amazing. Vegetation more rapid here than I had any idea of. This garden is quite full, notwithstanding the constant draft made upon it. Cabbages almost big enough for winter; green corn, potatoes, etc., in plenty.

This is, in a sense, the birthday of this Western World. Governor St. Clair arrived at the garrison. His landing was announced by the discharge of fourteen cannon; and all rejoiced at his coming. Yesterday my hunter killed a fine buffalo, weight six hundred pounds. He also killed five deer, one wolf, and three turkeys. This man can make 20 (?) per day, on the average, by hunting.

Thursday, 10th. Wind at southwest, and rainy. Streets—mud, mud, mud. I sowed a number of small seeds to-day; little grape-shoots, set out some time ago, I find alive.

Friday, 11th. A delightful day. All hands at work on the house. This an arduous undertaking, and will cost more than I intended. Am building from several motives. First, for the benefit of the settlement; second, from a prospect or hope of gain hereafter; third, for an asylum for myself and family, should we ever want it; fourth, as a place where I can leave my stores and baggage in safety; and lastly, to gratify a foolish ambition, I suppose it is. The house is thirty-

six feet long, eighteen wide, and fifteen high; a good cellar under it, and drain; and is the first (of the kind) built in Marietta.

Saturday, 12th. Excellent weather. At 12 o'clock, Major Lunt and seven men arrived here from New England. They came down the river in two canoes, lashed together.

Sunday, 13th. I rose, as usual, at 3 o'clock, and having washed and shaved, took pen and went to writing, which I continued, with little intermission, all day. Mr. Tufts violently homesick; I do believe he will die. In order to prevent it, I have consented to his returning home. He will set out to-morrow, at 9 o'clock. This morning received disagreeable news from Mr. Dunham, at the council-house, up the Muskingum. The messenger came in twenty-four hours, with letters. A party of Tawwaw\* Indians had fired on the men at that place, and killed five. The Indians, in return, were fired upon by the people, and lost three. All this happened early on Saturday morning. They intended to have killed all the men there, and taken possession of the stores, but missed their aim. On receiving this news, our big boat and Hulen's long boat were sent immediately up the river. I hope they will go and return in safety.

Monday, 14th. All hands at work on the house.

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\* The common pronunciation of *Ottawa*. The detachment of soldiers was under the command of Ensign McDowell. (Denny's Journal, p. 325.)

Eat green peas to-day from my own garden, planted exactly five weeks ago. All this trusting to Providence but a little while. Things do grow amazingly!

Tuesday, 15th. Fine weather. All hands busy, as usual. At 4 o'clock the government judges came over, when their commissions were read.\*

Wednesday, 16th. Wind southwest. A fine day. All hands at work on the house. I am with them all the time I can be; but a great deal of my time is taken up with the public business. I have just had a present of a peck of potatoes of this year's growth—fine and large. At the garrison they had them a week ago. Dr. Downer and his gang arrived here to-day.

Thursday, 17th. Wind at the west. Exceeding hot. My building going on smartly. This day I waited on the Governor, in company with Colonel Sproat and Mr. Fearing, as committee from the people, with an answer to his address. Was received most

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\* Governor St. Clair was escorted over from Fort Harmar to the "bowery" by the officers of the garrison. He was received by General Putnam, the judges, and the people assembled. The secretary, Winthrop Sargent, read the ordinance of Congress establishing the territory, and the commissions of the governor and judges. (Hildreth's Hist. p. 215; Denny, p. 325) Major Denny observes in his Journal that, "Those people appear the most happy folks in the world, greatly satisfied with their new purchase. But they certainly are the best informed, most courteous, and civil to strangers of any people I have yet met with." (Journal, p. 325)

graciously. Spent an hour with him and returned. This is the fourth time I have been out on this business.

Friday, 18th. Rose at the usual hour, and witnessed a delightful dawning of the day. Went to writing. In about three-quarters of an hour heard a rumbling noise like thunder. Laid down the pen and went out to gaze. Found a black cloud coming from the west, which marched with rapidity. In about half an hour it rained extremely hard, attended with loud thunder and some wind. This lasted two hours, and I hardly ever knew so much rain to fall in so short a time. We were almost drowned; but at last it cleared up and was a fine day.

Saturday, 19th. Wind southwest. The air as clear as ether this day. To-day finished laying up the house, and put on the roof. I hope in a few days to remove from my ship "Muskingum," and take quarters in the mansion-house. This piece of heavy business of raising has been accomplished without any accident,—for which I am thankful. Went on board an hour earlier than usual, having accomplished this business. Drank "Wives and Sweethearts," and with right good will, and to bed early.

Sunday, 20th. Wind northwest and cold, but very clear. At 3 o'clock A. M., just as I shook off sleep, I looked up the river Muskingum, and saw the Union and the contractors' boats returning, deeply laden with stores and men. This was a pleasing sight. These boats were pushed eighty miles up the stream and

eighty back in seven days; and they laid by every night to rest and refresh themselves. This was twenty-three miles per day, besides staying one day there.

They found our people in great distress. The Indians that did the mischief and were beaten off had returned again, having sent to their warriors to come to their assistance, and make plunder of the whole. But these boats rescued our men, and took six savages prisoners, whom they brought down with them.

At 11 o'clock to-day a religious service. Mr. Daniel Breck began the observances by singing, praying, and preaching. The place of worship was our bowery, on the bank directly over my ship. A large number of people were assembled from the garrison, Virginia, and our own settlement—in all about three hundred; some women and children, which was a pleasing, though something unusual sight for us to see. Mr. Breck made out pretty well. The singing excellent. We had "Billings" to perfection. Governor St. Clair was much pleased with the whole exercise.

Monday, 21st. I rose this morning a little before day. The moon was shining out in great splendor. After washing took a walk amongst the huts, waiting to have light enough to see to write. At 3 o'clock I routed out Downer and his gang, and took a walk with him. This was my first opportunity to talk with him alone. As full of wild and romantic notions as ever,—a legitimate scion from the Don Quixote stock. Im-

agination rules supreme with him, and triumphs over reason. Led away by his hopes and his fancies, I am afraid he will be more apt to burn his fingers than to add to the stock of knowledge he came out with.

Five hands at work on the house. Two playing the whipsaw, and the rest choring in the woods, such as felling trees from three to five feet through. I received a blow on my head this afternoon, by the falling of a small block from the top of my house. It nearly stunned me quite; but the blood gushed out plentifully, which gave me ease. It is a severe cut. The block fell twenty-five feet.

Tuesday, 22d. A meeting of the agents on special business. My head so poorly I am unable to attend. My men at work on the house. It is a fine agreeable day. Dr. Downer and the gentlemen with him went up the Ohio to reconnoiter the fifth and sixth ranges of townships.

Monday, 25th. Young Williams caught a catfish that weighed forty-nine and one-half pounds, the biggest I have seen; he looked, verily, like a young whale. Almost every evening there are large schools of fish playing around the boat; I dare say twenty or thirty barrels to a school. They resemble herring, and are at least 1,700 miles from salt water. My head poorly; all the rest of me well. Henry Williams alarmed us a little this evening, when he returned from the Virginia shore: he brought information that our settle-

ment was to be attacked this night by three strong parties of Chippewaw Indians—so said the report—to relieve the prisoners. We have sent this information over to the garrison. It proved false, however; but it made some trouble for us. We may always expect trouble while traveling through this life, which is nothing more than a wilderness world. We ought to make the best use we can of these matters, small and great. At Boston we have frequent alarms of fire, and inundations of the tides; here the Indians answer the same purpose.

Thursday, 24th. Fine weather, and work enough for willing hands to do. For several days we have had plenty of vegetables from our own industry; and I dare say that there is not a market in the world which will have a greater variety of good things than we shall have this fall. And what makes it extraordinary is, that they were grown on land where, six weeks ago, stood the lofty trees of the forest, from eight to ten rods long.

Friday, 25th. Yesterday employed in finishing the house. I am so well that I crept up to see them, and ascertain what proficiency they had made. On examination, found that, in my absence, little had been done. I separated the men into small parties, and appointed each man to his place. Glazed the windows for the house to-day. I packed eighty quarries of glass at Boston, and found them all whole. Venison and turkey

are now not only plenty, but good. A number of Indians of different nations came in to-day, some with messages that their people will attend to the treaty.

Saturday, 26th. All hands employed on the house. I am obliged to attend an agents' meeting. The weather clear and serene, but hot. For some days it has rained, more or less, but the river is low. The Ohio moves sluggishly, but the Muskingum trips on as nimble and sprightly as a miss in her teens. For several days I have been meditating a return home, and although I certainly have not neglected opportunities through the summer, yet have redoubled my diligence since this thought came into my head. House almost done.

Sunday, 27th. Rose at the usual hour, and plunged overboard. The river looked so tempting I could not refrain. Rolling and wallowing on the bosom of the wave, I found her as sweet as a rose. While bathing, I saw a flock of yellow-legged birds\* flying over, and called them, when they lit down quite near me. Preaching again, by Mr. Breck. Colonel Battelle and H. H. W. undertook to bake the Sunday's dinner of beans, and burnt them to a coal.

Monday, 28th. Rose at 3 o'clock, and walked

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\* The yellow-legged snipe or tatter, common along the shores of the rivers and lakes of the West in the fall season. By imitating its peculiar whistling note, the concealed sportsman may decoy them within gunshot.



through the village, waking some of the inhabitants, with whom did business. At 5 o'clock A. M., as I was cleaning my rifle in the forepart of the boat, I heard a confused noise at the garrison of men and dogs, and two guns went off. This drew my attention more particularly. Presently I saw two Indians come tumbling over a fence into a field of corn.\* It proved to be two of the Indian prisoners, who had made good their escape. The sentinels that lost them were tried by court-martial, and whipped one hundred lashes in the evening.

Tuesday, 29th. Rose early, and dispatched my men on various business. At 7 o'clock with General Putnam and Mr. Rice went into the wilderness to reconnoiter the country. We were well armed, and determined to defend ourselves in case of an attack. We went out from the settlement seven miles, keeping the Muskingum on our left; then stood east two miles; and then faced homeward. Reached home at 4 o'clock, well tired. Found the land very good. On our route we started three deer, and two flocks of turkeys.

Wednesday, 30th. Went out again on a reconnoitering party, and returned at 3 P. M. My people

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\* The Indians were outside of the fort with a guard of four soldiers, whose attention being diverted for a moment, the prisoners slipped off their shackles and leaped into the cornfield. (Major Denny's Journal, p. 326.)

at work on the house. I am now on the eve of returning home, with anxious wishes for my family. Nothing new to-day.

Thursday, 31st. Last evening the governor sent the police officer to inform us that we must keep a good lookout, as there were three parties of Indian warriors out; some of them, he thought, intended against our settlement.

Friday and Saturday, 1st and 2d August. Rose at the old hour, and walked in the bowery for one hour or more alone. We begin now to knock the boat to pieces, in order to obtain boards suitable for flooring the house. While walking to and fro, I took the opportunity to look back over the time I have spent here; and on examining within, found I had been on the whole faithful, that oftentimes I had doubled my duty, and that nothing was left unattempted that was within the reach of my feeble human arm. At 5 o'clock I was joined by Judge Parsons, when we walked till 6, discussing our public and company matters. Then went to breakfast, and afterward sent my men to labor. I must employ the whole day in writing. In the evening, went over the Ohio river, and visited Mrs. Williams, and made a visit also to General Harmer. Here I was introduced to old Pipes,\* chief of the Delaware

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\* Captain Pipe was a prominent chief of the Wolf tribe, the most warlike of the Delawares. He was among the warriors at the conference held at Fort Pitt, in July, 1759, between George

nation, and his suite, dressed and acting like the offspring of Satan. They did not stay long before they went to their camp in the woods, and I crossed the river back again to my lodgings. Went to bed at

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Croghan (Sir William Johnson's deputy Indian agent), Hugh Mercer (commandant), and the Indians of the Six Nations, Shawanese, and Delawares. (Col. Rec. of Pennsylvania, vol. 8, p. 383.) He was ambitious, bold, and noted for schemes and strategy. In September, 1764, he appeared at Fort Pitt with a number of warriors. Their hostile designs being suspected, Pipe and two others were detained as hostages. He was not released until after the return of Colonel Bouquet, with the army from the Muskingum, in the latter part of November. (Heckewelder's Narrative, p. 142; Bulletin of the Penn. Hist. Society, vol. 1, p. 151; Col. Rec., vol. 9, p. 208; History of Bouquet's Expedition in 1764, Robert Clarke & Co.'s edition, p. 36.) In 1765 Pipe was at Fort Pitt as one of the chief warriors of the Delawares, attending the conference held with the Senecas, Shawanese, Delawares, and other tribes. About six hundred chiefs and warriors, with many women and children, were present. (Col. Rec., vol. 9, p. 256) He was at the great conference held at Fort Pitt in April, 1768, under the direction of George Croghan, with the chiefs and warriors of the Six Nations, Delawares, Shawanese, Muntics, Mohickans, and Wyandots, over one thousand in number, besides women and children. (Col. Rec., vol. 9, p. 515, etc.) In 1771, as a chief, he sent "a speech" to Governor John Penn, which is printed in the 4th volume of the Pennsylvania Archives, p. 441. In May, 1774, Pipe, White Eyes, Killbuck, Guyasuta, and other chiefs were at Fort Pitt conferring with Captain John Connelly (Governor Dunmore's deputy), George Croghan, and other inhabitants of Pittsburg, in reference to recent aggressions—the murder of

12, but got little rest. The Indians made one of their hellish pow-wows, which lasted till the hour of rising. I have no doubt psalmody had its origin in heaven; but my faith is just as strong, that the music

Logan's family, etc.; the whites endeavoring, unavailingly, to avert the impending Indian war which soon afterward broke out, and continued to the battle of Point Pleasant, in October. (Am. Arch., 4th series, vol. 1, p. 476; Richard Butler's Account, Penn. Arch., vol. 4, p. 568.) The war of the Revolution breaking out, the Delaware tribe was divided into peace and war parties—White Eyes and Killbuck heading the former, and Captain Pipe the latter or British party. (Heckewelder's Narrative, pp. 171 to 208; History of the Indian Nations, by the same, p. 140.) Pipe's residence at this time was on the Walhonding, or Whitewoman's creek, about fifteen miles above Coshocton, Ohio. (Heck. Narr., p. 143) In 1780 he removed to (Old) Upper Sandusky, or Crane's Town (about two miles above the present town of Upper Sandusky). (Heckewelder's Narr., p. 212, 285; Howe's Hist. Col. of Ohio, p. 552; Life of Zeizberger, by E. De Schweinitz, Philadelphia, 1870, p. 516, note; Id., p. 433, and pp. 458, 479.) At the defeat of Colonel Crawford's expedition, in June, 1782, and the barbarous torturing and burning of that officer by the Indians, Pipe was a prominent leader. Crawford was burned about three-fourths of a mile from Pipe's house, in the present Wyandot county, Ohio. (Knight and Slover's Narrative, 1873; Howe's Ohio, p. 546; Life of Zeizberger, pp. 564, 572; Doddridge's Notes, 1824, chap. 32.) The Indians always declared that their cruelty to the prisoners was inflicted in retaliation for the atrocious massacre of the Moravians or Christian Indians by the borderers, under Williamson, at Gnadenhütten, on the Muskingum, in the preceding month of March. (Heckewelder's Hist. Account, 1819,

of these savages was first taught in a place the exact opposite. About 2 o'clock I got some sleep, when I suppose the damnable music ceased.

Sunday, 3d. Got up at 3 o'clock, and put myself in order for embarkation. The company with

pp. 174, 284; Life of Zeizberger, p. 572.) Pipe was often kind to the captive missionaries and others. (Heck. Narr., pp. 261, 283; John Brickell's Narrative in the American Pioneer, vol. 1, p. 46.) In December, 1781, he was at Detroit, and delivered an eloquent and bitterly reproachful speech to Colonel De Peyster, the commandant of that post, accusing the British of dragging the Indians into *their* war, etc. (Heckwelder's Hist., p. 120, etc.) He was present and signed the treaty of Fort McIntosh, in 1785; his signature ~~W~~obocan (Pipe), in the Delaware tongue. He was also at the treaty at Fort Finney (mouth of the Great Miami), with the Shawnese, in 1786. He signed that treaty as one of the witnesses. In 1787 he joined the confederate tribes, favoring the United States. (Life of Zeizberger, p. 610.) In April, 1788, when the first settlers landed at the mouth of the Muskingum, they found Pipe there encamped with about seventy of his tribe. The whites received a hearty welcome. (Hildreth's Pioneer Hist., p. 207.) Extract of a letter from General Harmar to General Knox: "Fort Harmar, March 9, 1788. Yesterday old Pipe, with seven of his young men, arrived at the garrison and are now with me. Their object is to dispose of their skins to the contractor. He is a manly old fellow, and much more of a gentleman than the generality of these frontier people." (Major Denny's Journal, p. 430.) He was also named *Kognieschguanokee*, which is "cause it to become daylight." (Bulletin of Penn. Hist. Soc., vol. 1, p. 151; Heckwelder's Papers; Life of Zeizberger, p. 433, note.) He died in 1794, shortly before Wayne's victory. (Id., p. 641.)

*Writ. to the ... of the ...*

whom I am to ascend the Ohio is composed of all officers and all men: consequently every little matter proposed has to be stated and discussed an hour or so before it can be determined how it shall be. So I must confess my patience was fairly worn out before we started. We did not quit the quay at Marietta, until half after 8. Our crew consisted of Bird, Vose, Casey, Brown, Gridley, Biscoe, and myself. In rowing we relieved regularly and frequently; and, without any material occurrence worth noting, arrived at a small creek about sunset, where we slept.

Monday, 4th. Called all hands at 3 o'clock, as tired of lying on the ground as I was of rowing last night. In about an hour's time we began to ply the oars again, which we kept constantly a-going until night, except just time to eat. Nothing material happened. Could not help remarking again the beauties of the river. On each side mountains, with valleys between, rising progressively to view, and filling the mind with admiration and wonder. Constant rowing is fatiguing, and makes one weary enough. We halted a little after sunset, and made our bed in the wilds—having come against wind and current thirty-three miles.

Tuesday, 5th. Waked the people at the usual hour, and in a short time had our wooden sails set to the wind again, and that the wind of human breath. When we awoke we found the river had risen in perpendicular height three feet, in eight hours. This made the cur-

rent stronger, and the work of rowing against stream harder. I came very near being bitten by a rattlesnake of large size. I struck at him with a small stick, which broke in my hand, leaving a piece about one foot in length. At the same time the snake began to run under a rock, where, with the piece of stick, I caught him by the tail, and held him there for a few seconds, then recollecting myself I sprung off. We arrived at Wheeling at sunset, well tired. This constant rowing is very exhausting. I must give it up.

Wednesday, 6th. Having agreed with a Virginian to convey me and my baggage, on horseback, to Washington,\* I settled with Bird and the rest of the boat's crew, and at 1 o'clock P. M., I set off with Mr. Carey. While traveling in the woods I ate frequently of the May-apple, which is of a very agreeable flavor, and resembling pine-apple. Blackberries of a very good quality are very plenty in the woods, of which I ate freely, and found their medicinal effect good. But the pawpaw is the most agreeable and rich fruit of any I have seen. I plucked a limb to-day, with a cluster of five a-growing, so handsome that I have attempted a sketch. Dined to-day at Zane's, and at half-past 2 P. M., mounted on a pack-horse, in company with friend Carey, on another of equal magnitude, stood headforemost for

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\* Washington, the county-seat of Washington county, Pennsylvania, twenty-five miles west of Pittsburg. The county was formed in 1781.

the wilderness of sin lying between Wheeling and Washington Court-house. It is hardly worth while to attempt a description of our appearance: will only say, therefore, we must have looked not unlike Don Quixote and his man Sancho Pansa, when on the expedition against the windmills. Without being unhorsed, however, we stood on for six and one-half hours, and then dismounted. At 9 o'clock we arrived at a little wilderness tavern, where the host and hostess seemed glad to see us. They flung chairs to us, swept house, and kept their tongues wagging as fast as possible. Could anything exceed the glibness of those tongues, which both run on together, without intermission, till bed-time? In the course of this day's ride I saw a little box, something like a sentry-box, near the side of the road, but several miles from any house I could see, and standing on four posts. Was told, on inquiry, that it was a pulpit, and that to that spot people went to worship\* the God of Jacob. As

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\* This place of worship was probably at the state-line, near the present town of West Alexander, on the National Road, in Washington county, Pennsylvania. The early settlers of Washington county were mainly Scotch-Irish Presbyterians,—a hardy, thrifty, and intelligent race. "In the month of June, 1788, an arrangement was completed for organizing a religious congregation many miles in advance of any existing congregation. Preparation was made in the depth of the forest. A rough wooden erection was constructed as a pulpit, and felled timber



all the earth is His temple, I think this was not an improper place for worship. <sup>u</sup>Near this place was cut a section of a vista through the forests, marking the boundary line up to Lake Erie,\* between Virginia and Pennsylvania. The vista, forty feet wide (every tree cut down throughout the whole distance), making a magnificent gangway.

Thursday, 7th. Set out from the hotel at 4 o'clock, and at half-past 8 arrived at Major George McCornish's,† in Washington, where we breakfasted. This is

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was arranged as seats. For miles around the whole population was collected together." (Recollections by Charles Hammond, Esq., in *Cincinnati Gazette*, 1838; *Old Redstone, or Historical Sketches of Western Presbyterianism*, by Rev. Jas. Smith, 1852, p. 345; Dr. A. Creigh's *History of Washington County*, p. 102-3.) "While our people lived in cabins, their places of worship were tents, as they were called; their seats, logs; their communion tables, rough slats of hewn timber; and the covering of the worshipers, the leaves of the forest trees." (Notes on the Settlement of West Pennsylvania and Virginia, by Dr. Jos. Doddridge, 1824, p. 194; *Smith's Old Redstone*, pp. 345, 152.) "Even in winter the meetings were held in the open air." (Judge Wilkeson in the *American Pioneer*, vol. 2, p. 159.)

\*This work was completed to the Ohio river by the commissioners of Pennsylvania and Virginia, in 1785, and by the commissioners of the former state continued to Lake Erie in 1786. (Report of Comm'rs, Pa. Arch., vol. 10, p. 505; vol. 11, p. 69.)

† Probably George McCormick, who was county commissioner in 1782. (Dr. Creigh's *History of Washington County*, p. 259.)

an excellent house, and the place where our New England men put up. It was with difficulty we procured nags to carry us to Kirkendall's, where I left my horses in the Spring. However, at last we had them paraded, and at half-past 2 set out. Heigh-ho Dobbin! I felt queer enough mounted on my Rosinante, about thirteen hands high, and head almost as big as his body, and gait still more extraordinary than his looks; for with his fore-legs he trotted well, but at the same time his hind ones were at a good canter. When a little weary his hind legs would trot, and the fore ones canter. We had a dreary time out through the wilderness, where were no inhabitants hardy enough to pitch their cabins. The road or, rather, path we traveled, was in places, much obstructed by trees which had fallen across it; and the difficulty was further increased by innumerable other paths, diverging to right and left from the one we were on. I kept straight forward, as well as I could, taking such observations as I was able, and was fortunate enough to take the right one at all times, except a little after sunset. I was often apprehensive I was wrong, but it is maxim with me not to be turned out of my path with trifles, and never to go back, unless completely convinced you are in the wrong; so I persevered, and, on the whole, made out well. After a multitude of little difficulties we arrived at Heath's, where we slept.

Friday, 8th. Up at 4, and set off directly. Break-

fasted at Kirkendall's. Settled with him; took my horse, and came to Summerill's Ferry, where I found myself hard pressed with a cold caught the night before, in traveling in the bottom of the creek near Heath's.\* Here Mrs. Bartlett gave me a sweat, which relieved me very much. Mrs. Summerill told me a story, which was confirmed by others, or I would not mention it. Thus: on 29th June there was a terrible gust, which laid waste the forests and cornfields. Hail-stones fell as big as ducks' eggs; and one piece fell four feet square and nine inches thick.† The hail, on a level, was several inches in thickness. The gust came from the north-west and went off to the southeast.

Saturday, 9th. Spent the day at Summerill's, and was in a weak and low condition. Nothing material to-day, except the arrival of Mr. Cutler,‡ and five

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\* Andrew Heath's farm, bordering on the Monongahela river, a little above Elizabethtown, on the opposite side; Kirkendall's mills were on Pigeon creek, about seven miles from Heath's.

† On the 27th of September, 1850, Pittsburg was visited by an extraordinary violent hail-storm. Great damage was done by it to windows, slate roofs, trees, etc. Sheet-iron roofs of warehouses on the bank of the Monongahela were cut through in many places by the hail or lumps of ice, some specimens of which measured thirteen and one-half inches in circumference. In the East Indies hail-storms so violent as to destroy cattle have occurred at different times. (Silliman's Journal of Natural Science for May, 1852, p. 295.)

‡ The Rev. Manasseh Cutler, of Massachusetts; a director of

other gentlemen, also Major Cushing\* and his family. By Mr. Cutler and others I received three packages of letters, amounting in all to fifteen, which, having perused till about midnight, I made a flaming bonfire of them, in honor of their authors. I made use of Brother Cravath's letter as a torch to kindle the rest with—it being full of reproach against Marietta and its inhabitants.

Saturday, 10th. Though late to bed, as I had but little comfort there, I arose at 4 A. M., and in an hour set off. Crossed the Yah† on horseback, the river being exceeding low, and after traveling three miles heard that Isaac Lucas was living two miles off. I went to see him, and took breakfast with him. Found him in an agreeable retreat. Gave him letters I had, and left him. While I went to see Lucas, my partner rode on in order to have his horse shod. I did not overtake him for several hours. This is the first Sabbath in which I have had a good opportunity to think,

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the Ohio Company, and the negotiator with Congress for the purchase of the lands. He returned to New England with his family in 1790. He was distinguished for his scientific acquirements. Member of Congress from Massachusetts, 1800-1814. (Drake's Am. Biog.; Walker's History of Athens County, Ohio.)

\* Major Nathaniel Cushing, of Massachusetts; an officer of the Revolutionary war, distinguished for his courage and successful enterprise. He joined the Belpre Association in 1789. Died in August, 1814. (Hildreth Biog., p. 340.)

† Yough (Yaw), the usual pronunciation of Youghiogheny.

since I left my own habitation on the banks of the Muskingum. I felt myself inwardly let into a train of retrospective contemplation. In reverie I retraced the way to that masterpiece of Almighty creation where I had spent the Summer, where swelling sails and large returns from the teeming soil will ever doubly reward the industrious planter, watered as it is by refreshing showers and dews from Heaven, as well as by majestic and beautiful rivers. What though the heathen rage, and savage natives roar and yell in midnight hellish revels?—our feet shall nevertheless stand fast; for our bow is bent in strength, and our arm made strong by the mighty God of Jacob. Through His strength have we laid the foundations of our city. Thither shall the people assemble together, thither shall the tribes go up to worship,—to worship the mighty God of Israel.

Slept at night on Laurel Mountains. Before I went to bed ate freely of cucumbers, which did me no good. Here I felt a material alteration in the weather. Though the day was hot, the night was cold; the air so thick and clammy it was with pain I breathed.\*

Monday, 11th. Got up at 3 o'clock, without reluctance, having rested but little. This morning very cold, and considerable frost in the glades. Traveled all day in this mountainous country,—nothing worth

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\* He was a sufferer, for many years, from an asthmatic difficulty.

noting taking place. Slept on Dry Ridge,\* thirty-six miles from the starting place of the morning.

Tuesday, 12th. Having slept on the floor, my bed did not entice me enough to detain me long. I got up at 3 o'clock; made ready as fast as possible. Was obliged to stir round spry to keep from freezing. These mountains are always on the extreme of very cold or very hot,—the last condition rare. Slept at Sideling Ridge, though pestered to find a house that could entertain us.

Wednesday, 13th. Awaked about 2 o'clock A. M. Not a window in the house. I lay and watched a crack under the door till daybreak, when I arose, and called up friend Carey. We took our departure immediately. Breakfasted at Fort Littleton, at Captain Burd's,† in a really elegant manner, on fine coffee, loaf-sugar, venison, shad, and smoked shad. From thence crossed the North Mountain, and slept at Captain Rippe's, in handsome style, after supping sumptuously on beef-steaks and sundry nicknacks. The State of Pennsyl-

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\* Dry Ridge, in Bedford county.

† Fort Littleton; a frontier post erected in the fall of 1755, after the defeat of Braddock. Benjamin Burd was captain in the 4th Pennsylvania regiment, in the Revolution. He was noted for bravery and zeal in the cause. He settled on his farm at this place after the close of the war; afterward removed to the town of Bedford, where he died in 1824. The site of Fort Littleton is in Fulton county, twenty-three miles east of Bedford-town.

vania has been at great expense in making roads over these terrible mountains. A Mr. Skinner has received £700 for making a road over the North Mountain, and £750 for making another over Sideling Ridge. The last of these mountains, which we crossed to-day, affords, from the top, the most agreeable prospect my eyes ever beheld. At one view I could see vast tracts of improved land. Looking east, south, or west, it appeared as level as a floor. The eye is not bounded by hills in the distance; but objects become indistinct from want of strength in the eyesight. However, when we descended to the plain, the fields did not look so promising as I expected. This was not owing to any deficiency in the soil, but to the indolence of the planters.

Thursday, 14th. Notwithstanding our comfortable and handsome lodgings, we arose at the usual hour, and pursued our journey. Rode fourteen miles, and breakfasted at Sample's, seven miles from Carlisle, where we were well entertained. The country through which we traveled since we left the mountains is universally of limestone formation, and watered with living springs. Dined at a wretched tavern, then made sixteen miles more, and crossed the Susquehannah. Slept at Harris-town,\* on the east bank. This place laid out for a

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\* Dauphin county, with the county-seat, near Harris' ferry, was formed in 1785. Harrisburg has been since 1810 the seat of government of the state.

town within these three years, and has now a number of good brick buildings, and a good tavern for travelers. There are, in fact, several taverns in the place. It is situated on a very agreeable spot, with two handsome islands in front. The river here about a mile wide. This place has a good market-house, and the foundation for another laid.

I had the misfortune to have a damp bed, disagreeing with my lungs, which have been irritated for several days by the thick ropy air of this side of the mountains. There is as much difference between the air of Marietta and the air on this side the Alleghana Mountains, as there is between water and tar. I made out to stay in bed till 3 o'clock, when I got up. It was raining hard from the northeast till 4, when it abated. I called up friend Carey, when we saddled our horses and set off. We had but just started when it set in to rain from the southeast while we rode on to Hobbes-town,\* a distance of nine miles, and were pretty thoroughly wet; Mr. Carey all but down sick, and his horse lame. This is the first time I have seen rain from this quarter since April. It affected my feelings to that degree that I was tempted to turn about, and go back again; but the temptation Bostonward prevailed, and we jogged on to the tune of three miles an hour. To a man of my temperament, this is dull

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\* Hummelstown.



music. Rode all day through a fine fruitful country, chiefly tilled by Dutch farmers, who are excellent in their way. Lodged at night in a little village called Wolfendorf,\*—the English name, Middle-town.

Friday, 15th. Set out as early as usual. Our horses give signs, not to be mistaken, of being weary. The weather something rainy. For reasons hinted, did not travel far. Much the same sort of land as we passed through yesterday; everything in the Dutch style, and according to Dutch ideas,—the planters, the language, the dishes, the food. To do them no more than justice, must say their bread and butter excels any that ever I ate.

Whoever may chance to read this journal, in the incorrect state in which they will doubtless find it, will certainly spy out many errors of spelling, and perhaps others,—possibly whole sentences left out. To apologize for which, must say it was written at all sorts of times and places, and amongst all sorts of people and kinds of confusion. Where I am now penning the record of this day's doings, there are seven pairs of Dutch men and women in high glee, all talking and yelling together; and although when I began to write I intended to mind my own business, they made such a hellish noise and confusion that the tympanum of

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\* "Wommelsdorf, originally called Middletown." (Ruff's History of Berks County, p. 194.)

my ear was shaken quite loose, and I feel almost addled, and must even quit, and go to bed.

Saturday, 16th. Made out to sleep tolerably well. Called my partner at the usual hour, and rode eleven miles to Redding,\* and put up for breakfast; then fifteen miles more, and put up for the night. [Here several lines erased.]

Sunday, 17th. Rose this morning at 3 o'clock, and went fourteen miles to breakfast at Bethlehem. We were received by the brotherhood in the most hospitable manner, especially by Mr. Hickerwelder,† who was for several years a missionary amongst the Moravian Indians. He paid particular attention to us; invited us to go to meeting with him. I accordingly shifted my cloth, and went with him. To give a just description of this beautiful and agreeable day is far beyond my ability. When I entered the hall where they were worshipping, it struck me with a pleasing amazement to behold at one view upward of sixty little beautiful girls, seated in regular order,—all clad in white muslin or cambric, with red ribbon in a large bow round their necks, with snug close caps; and also as many of an older order, and other two classes older still,—all in

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\* Reading (city of), the county-seat of Berks.

† John Heckewelder, the faithful missionary among the Indians of Ohio for about fifty years from 1762. In the cause to which he devoted himself he experienced much persecution, sickness, and privation. Died at Bethlehem, January, 1823.

white, and all chanting their Maker's praise to the music of an elegant organ. The hair of my flesh stood up (Job iv. 15), and the big tear swelled in my eye: I was all ear, all attention. I could compare such worship to nothing else but the worship of the kingdom of heaven;—they appeared to me like the saints, just disburdened from this clog of earth, and arrayed in their white robes praising the Author of Goodness.

I went to my lodgings at 12, in raptures. It was not long before we had a formal invitation to attend the love-feast in the afternoon, which was gladly accepted. I was punctual to the time, which was 2 o'clock. The observance of a feast of this sort is a privilege the young misses have every 17th of August.\* It happened this year on Sunday. The little ones were

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\* Bethlehem, on the Lehigh, in Northampton county, Pennsylvania—a celebrated settlement of the United Brethren, or Moravians; commenced in January, 1740. The seminary for the instruction of young ladies was established in 1785, and soon obtained a deservedly high repute which it maintains to the present time. "The 17th of August is a day set apart in the Brethren's Church for the religious improvement of her children; it being an anniversary of an especial season of peace enjoyed by that portion of her congregation in the year 1727. To keep alive the memory of this event its anniversary has been fixed on as the day on which the children are presented in a body, or as a "choir," to the favor and keeping of the Good Shepherd." (From the Moravian Seminary Souvenir, or History, by the Rev. Wm. C. Reichel, Philadelphia, 1870.)

more numerous this afternoon than in the forenoon, and excelled in beauty all that even a glowing imagination could suggest. After they had chanted their hymns for about an hour, the great doors were swung open, and three pairs of maiden ladies appeared, each pair bringing between them a basket filled with large cakes, which they handed round to each miss and elderly lady. Soon after, two of the brothers came in, and in like manner handed the cakes to the gentlemen, and then withdrawing. In a short time, all returned with salvers of excellent coffee, and handed it round. This ceremony over, they sung again; and then there was an anthem, which rolled off finely, and the assembly broke up. I was then introduced to the governess, a very polite and agreeable lady, who waited on us to all the different apartments. I was extremely pleased with the order and regularity of the place, and having seen about all that was to be seen, returned to my lodgings.

Monday, 18th. A rainy morning; but I got up at my usual hour, and finding none up, went to bed again. This a prodigious rainy day. There was one intermission, which I improved in reconnoitering the place. Found many conveniences and curiosities; but the greatest is their water-works. They have a machine like a mill that goes by water, which is constantly going, and carries three very large pumps, which are so constructed as to throw the water through a leaden pipe up a hill more than one hundred and fifty feet into a

large reservoir, in which a cistern that receives the water, and from there conveyed all over the town to their kitchens and cellars.

It has rained prodigiously all day, so that I have not been able to go out at all. The house filled with officers and soldiers bound for Fort Harmer. Went to bed at 11 o'clock.

Tuesday, 19th. Rained excessively all night. Things so wet outside, and the house so filled inside, that the air was used over and over again, with no sufficient supply of fresh. When I laid down to sleep I could not use it, and was obliged, half-suffocated, to get up and dress me, then go down into the great entry, and sleep on the floor. I thus made out to get about three hours' sleep. When the *reveille* beat, I got up and walked the entry for two hours. It never rained harder. This, properly the August storm, continued to rain and blow harder and harder till 1 o'clock P. M., when it cleared up. At 3 we set off for East-town, where we crossed the Delaware, twelve miles from Bethlehem. The river rising amazingly. Traveled six miles this side of the river, and put up, being somewhat tired, and thoroughly wet by the rear-guard of the storm, which we unfortunately fell in with,

Wednesday, 20th. We had poor entertainment, but that suits me best. Slept pretty well, and rose in good season. Set out in high spirits, but were soon brought up. The late storm had raised the rivers so as to

sweep away the bridges and many mills. We made out but a poor day's work. In some places we were obliged to swim our horses; at others, could touch bottom. The roads so washed that our poor weary beasts were obliged to travel on sharp pebbles. We were in the saddle twelve hours, and traveled only thirty-six miles.

Thursday, 21st. Last night I lay in a lower room, with two window-sashes, but no glass. The landlady had pinned up cloths to prevent the air coming in; but in the night one of them blew down, and I was awaked by a strong wind from the north, which blowed right on me, and almost hard enough to take off the bed-clothes. I was nearly stiff when I awoke. I however got up, and secured the windows as well as I could, and thumt round to circulate my blood; but took, nevertheless, a severe cold, which I expect will last me to New England. Breakfasted at Morristown; dined at Elizabeth-town Point. I came this way in order to save our horses, whose feet have become so sore and tender, constantly traveling over pebbles, that I found they would not stand it to New York. From here we shall go about fifteen miles to the city. When the sun was about an hour high, set out on our water passage. There are seven gentlemen, four horses, and a dozen hogs on board. The ferry-man says he will land us in New York in two hours.

Friday, 22d. A tedious night out. Out all night; hard run to the Narrows, then back again; but at 8

o'clock arrived safe at my old friend Harding's, who was glad to see me. Here I must tarry a few days to rest my horse, clean up, and do a little business. However, I mean to make my stay as short as possible. Spent the forepart of the day in writing, and the afternoon with Colonel Platt, who attended closely to the business I had with him. Found by looking into the treasurer's book, that some of the agents have been very deficient in making payment. Colonel Platt has received from the several agents only \$660,800 23-90, and in bounty rights \$38,400; total, \$699,200 23-90. So that there is due from the agents \$300,799 67-90; total, \$1,000,000. From the conduct of some of the agents, this is a deficiency I have been jealous of, and was determined, if possible, to ferret it out. I shall write to friend Judge Varnum on the subject. To bed early, having slept none the night before.

Saturday, 23d. Did double duty. Slept hard all night, and did not wake till pretty late. Breakfasted with Colonel Platt, and completed my business with him. In the meantime, friend Carey, having a good opportunity, went off, taking his departure in a packet sailing for Rhode Island. I had subsisted him and Mr. Chever, and a gentleman from Rocky Hill, for several days,—they having no cash. But before leaving New York they honorably left the money for me with Mr. Harding.

The storm on Monday and Tuesday last did a vast deal of damage in this city ; among other things, ruining the grand Battery. This city is not so large as Boston, but does a great deal more business. Money plenty ; owing, in some measure, to the residence of Congress, which brings money from all quarters. I was on board the new ship building for the East India Company. She is a fine vessel, of eight hundred and fifty tons. Her timber live oak, cedar, and locust ; pierced for twenty-four guns.

Sunday, 24th. Dined with Sir John Temple, and went to church in the afternoon, and visited Henry Bowers in the evening. Went to bed early, and slept sound.

Monday, 25th. Rose early, and did some business. At 9 A. M. set off for home. Traveled alone, but industriously, all day. Arrived at Knapp's, at Horse Neck, about sunset, where I slept. The storm has done immense damage ; unroofing houses, blowing down some, destroying cornfields, and filling the wells brimful of water, so as to make it difficult to get any fit to drink.

Tuesday, 26th. At 12 midnight I was waked by a severe thunder-gust, which lasted till morning. Got but little sleep, asthma troubled me ; but set out early. This the hottest day I have felt this season,—horse, as well as myself, complains much ; but must persevere. Hurricane, I find, has been exceedingly severe all along



the Sound ; how far back into the country is unknown. Slept at Clark's, in Milford.

Wednesday, 27th. Rose at 4 o'clock. Found the people dead with sleep : it was with great difficulty I could raise them ; and when up, they were but one remove from death. It took till 5 o'clock before I could get under way. Crowded all sail, it being a fine, clear morning. In two hours arrived at New Haven, where I breakfasted. This was going at the rate of four and one-half knots an hour. From thence to Wallingford, thirteen miles, and took an early dinner. Set out again at 12½ P. M. This a most delightful day, and I meant to improve it. Went from Wallingford to Haddam, where I slept.

Thursday, 28th. Crossed the Connecticut river before sunrise. Labored hard all day, and slept four miles eastward of Windham C. H., after having supped on boiled corn, which I washed down with cider.

Friday, 29th. Set off at 4 A. M. My wearied horse dragging slowly. These long journeys do abate the ardor of both man and beast. Breakfasted at Griffin's. Paid a visit to Dr. Lord, in Abington. At 12 o'clock arrived at my native place, in Pomfret. An exceedingly hot day. Went to bed early.

Saturday, 30th. Last night the hottest I have seen yet. Company to share the bed with me I did not like. About daybreak, however, the retreat was sounded, and they left me. I then contrived to drop

asleep, and had rest for two hours. Went to amuse myself fishing, and came back tired enough.

Sunday, 31st. To bed early last night. The attack made again, but my visitors not so hungry as before. Slept a little, but got up early. Didn't feel smart enough to go to meeting; but calling to mind the commandment, "Six days shalt thou labor, and rest the seventh, with thy horse," etc., thought best to obey.

Monday, September 1st. Went up in town, and attended to business. Dined at Brother Ithamar's, then removed bag and baggage to Sister Prudy's, whence it is my design to take a new departure for Boston. After a good night's sleep, felt refreshed in the morning.

Tuesday, 2d. Stayed at Prudy's, amusing myself, all the forenoon. After dinner, set off in company with a young woman bound for Bellingham, who was placed in my charge. This the only company I have had since leaving New York. Stopped for the night at Taft's, in Uxbridge.

Wednesday, 3d. Rose at the usual time. Had my little fellow-traveler called, and we set off. We rode smartly to Smith's tavern to breakfast; there we parted company, and I stood on alone. Arrived at my own house a little after sunset. Selah!

## Second Journey to the Ohio Country, in 1789.

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OF this second journey to the Ohio Country, Colonel JOHN MAY kept no journal. All memory of it, excepting such as is preserved in the few letters and other papers which follow, is lost.

During the latter part of the winter of 1788-'9, he seems to have been scheming, speculating, and proposing some course for himself; as appears in one or two little detached jottings, like the following, in which he is laying out for further consideration plans of operation, as thus:

“Say Field [Captain Field, or the vessel “Sarah Field (?)” of which there is some indication in the papers] sails 19th April, and arrives 30th . . .” [The remainder obliterated.] Or thus: “I set out Wednesday, 22d [in 1789 the 22d April occurred on Wednesday]; arrive at New York, Tuesday 28th; stay there two days. 30th set off for Baltimore, arrive there Tuesday, May 5th. Set out from there 11th; arrive at the Waters 18th. The wagons must set off 8th May; allow them twenty days, which makes it 28th May. Set off down the river [from Pittsburg, probably, as he was planning] Monday, 1st June; allow four days to

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Hist. 45:101-  
179 (Apr. 1789)

Marietta; stay there six days. Set out 10th, and arrive at Lime Stone 16th June."

It will be observed, from the last of these jottings, that the plan of operations for this year was somewhat different from that of the one preceding, and embraced a trading adventure of wider range. Papers which follow, throw some light on the matter, though not much. What wrought the change in his plans, there is no one living who can tell; nor have any papers been discovered which elucidate this point at all. Resorting to conjecture, we may suppose that the opposition of his wife's parents to the removal of his family into the then comparative wilderness may have had much effect; and perhaps in conversation with other friends and business acquaintances, he had not received much encouragement. It is certain that, at the date to which we have now arrived, the savages were still numerous and rampant in the region around the Muskingum; and years afterward, surprises of border settlements were not unknown, nor massacres infrequent. Whatever the cause, certain it is his plans were changed; but what they were, we can only infer, in a general way, from the few papers which have been preserved. It is not at all unlikely he may have been a traveler over the route from Boston to Baltimore (by water sometimes, as well as by land) many more times than those of which a record is preserved in the Journal and Letters. Indeed, the compiler thinks he finds faint traces of such

other journeys in two or three places. Be that as it may, it is necessary to have some sort of a theory to explain the letters of 1789; and this is the compiler's:

In the early spring of '89, Colonel May went to Baltimore to make arrangements, or to form business connections of one kind or another. While there, quite suddenly and unexpectedly to himself, he found it expedient to revisit Boston; which accordingly he did (going by water), taking passage with Captain Field, having a quick run, and arriving at his journey's end very soon. After spending a few days there at his home, he resumes his journey to the Southwest, traveling this time on horseback, as he did in the previous year, and in due time we find him in New York and other places farther south, and at last out again at "the Waters." As throwing a degree of light, incidentally, on the modes of business of the times; the state of the currency; the difficulties of inter-communication by mail or messenger, and in other ways,—the letters which follow are not without interest. We present the papers in their chronological order. The first bears date as follows:

BALTIMORE, *9th April, 1789.*

MY DEAR PARTNER:—I did not expect that Captain Field was going to Boston until Tuesday next; but he has just informed me he sails to-morrow, at 8 o'clock. I intended to have given you a full sheet to-morrow, but, as it is, have stinted myself to this small

one, and probably shall not fill it, as it is now 10½ evening. Have just returned from — meeting, where the doings were not according to my notions;— too much grunting and groaning, singing and howling. [Perhaps, as intimated above, he changed his plans, and returned to Boston himself with Captain Field.]

I arrived on Wednesday evening, very tired, and was obliged to pay a heavy duty on the merchandise before I could remove the articles. Yesterday, by sunset, had everything in the wagons. Jos. Downer went with them; and the doctor [Downer?] followed to-day, at 2 o'clock. Mr. Breck and I expect to set off on Monday, and you may not look for many more letters from me, as you know, it must be difficult considering what route I am going. However, I shall embrace every opportunity. I mean to write you respecting business by Mr. Samuel Cobb, who lodges with me. You may well suppose I am anxious to hear from you. This very evening I went to the P. O. thinking I might find a letter from you, or some other friend, but I did not. I doubt not your reasons for not writing are excellent. . . . I have left a balance in the hand of Mr. Jos. Williams of £17 17s. 10d., and directed him to remit to you in flour, by the first conveyance. I wish you to have it delivered to Mr. Jona. Freeman, on account of linen [?] shoes\* he sent by me. I have visited

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\* Women's silk and cloth shoes, manufactured at the town of Lynn, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Boyd twice; find her agreeable,—wishes to be remembered to you, and thanks' you for your attention in writing, and for the seeds. Tell the children I don't forget them, and that they must behave extremely well. Your most affectionate husband.

NEW YORK, *April 29th, 1789.*

MY DEAR:—I arrived here to-day at 1 o'clock, after an industrious but agreeable journey. Found myself considerably fatigued, however, owing to the incessant jolts of my hard-trotting horse, and my flannel underclothing which seemed rather to irritate than to help me. Am in tolerable health, and hope to continue so.

To oblige Friend Breck have taken a tour round the city. He is in fine health and spirits, and performs the journey to admiration. We have had a distant view of Federal Hall, which from the outside I condemned; but when I viewed the inside I thought much better of it. . . . Shall endeavor to describe it, together with the rejoicings to-morrow, at which time His Excellency the President is to be sworn into office. This descriptive letter I expect to write will be handed you, perhaps, by our friend, Mr. Jno. Parker, dated at Philadelphia, likely enough. Mr. Parker arrived here this evening, and is lodged at Hacker's, with our mess. Inform Mrs. Parker of this, as he has but just arrived, and has not time to write. Mr. Breck intends to write to his lady, I believe; but, if he should not, will you

tell her he is hearty and well? Such a hubbub in the room, and such a dust from the shuffling feet, I am almost crazy. Adieu. Your

JOHN MAY.

NEW YORK, 1st May, 1789.

MY DEAR:—On the evening of the day I arrived here, I wrote you by post, just to tell you I was safe thus far. Yesterday I arose early in order to do the business which brought me here, so prepared the papers, etc., and then went out to execute them; but it being the day that His Excellency the President is to take the oath prescribed by the constitution, also for the choice of Governor for this state, I soon found I could do no business. So I joined with the multitude to celebrate the auspicious day.

At 9 A. M., the bells of the several churches rang for half an hour, while the congregations assembled for prayers. Meanwhile the several corps of militia were parading. During the interval I made calls on General Knox, Mr. Gerry, and Mr. Platt. In due time the troops were assembled,—consisting of a troop of horse, one company of artillery, two companies of grenadiers, one company of light infantry, and the battalion men,—the whole amounting to not more than five hundred men. Their appearance was quite pretty. At 1 o'clock P. M., His Excellency made his appearance, attended by



his staff, etc., as you will see published in your newspapers.

This excellent man drew the attention of all—his bearing demanded it; but I think him much altered in countenance since I saw him last. The procession went into the Senate chamber; and soon the President appeared in the gallery of the portico, being introduced by the Vice-President, and took the oath of office, administered by the Chancellor,—the Hon. Sam. A. Otis, Secretary of the Senate, holding a large handsome Bible on a red velvet cushion before him.\* This in the presence of thousands of his brethren, who shouted for joy. After this we marched to St. Paul's Church, prayed, and sung *Te Deum*.

In the evening, fire-works on the bowling green, which were well executed. The Spanish Ambassador's house was illuminated so as to represent Wisdom, Justice,

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\* Washington was inaugurated President, April 30, 1789, at Federal Hall, in Wall street, at the head of Broad, New York. He was clad in a full suit of dark brown cloth, manufactured at Hartford, Connecticut, with a steel-hilted dress sword, white silk stockings, and plain silver shoe-buckles. His hair was dressed and powdered in the fashion of the day, and worn in a bag and solitaire. The oath was administered by Chancellor Livingston; near him stood Roger Sherman, Alexander Hamilton, Richard Henry Lee, Generals Knox and St. Clair, Baron Steuben, and other distinguished men. (Irving's *Life of Washington*, vol. 6, p. 513; Lossing's *Life of Washington*, vol. 3, p. 94; Harper's *Magazine*, vol. 37, p. 190.)

Fortitude, Sun, Moon, Stars, Spanish Arms, etc. The French ambassador also illuminated handsomely. Federal Hall also presented a fine appearance. The likeness of our Hero, illuminated, was presented in the window of a house, at a little distance. The best likeness I have yet seen of him, so much like him that one could hardly distinguish it from life—excepting for the situation, over a beer-house, a place he never frequents. The best thing of all was a picture of the United States; the President at full length the central figure: on his right, Justice; over his head, Fortitude; on his left, Wisdom. High over his head were two female figures in gay colors, and supporting on their arms the American Eagle. The fire-works were brilliant, and greeted with tumultuous applause. But I will make no further attempts to describe what you will have so much better in your papers. Nor will I attempt a description of the various adornments and apartments of Federal Hall, which is an elegant edifice. I may feel moved to take up the pen again on the subject at Baltimore, from which place I shall probably write you, as I intend to do by every opportunity, having a double motive, you being both my partner and attorney. I expect to start for Baltimore this afternoon, and hope to reach there in f [our days (?) paper torn and defaced]. Journeying gives little comfort, as horse is too hard, and flannels torment me. As to the beds, I often find them musty, and the air of sleeping-rooms thick and

ropy. On the road I feel the discomforts night and day.

When I left you and all of the little ones gazing out at the door, my heart was too full to take leave of them: but tell them that, although I am at a distance, my heart is at home with you and them; and that it is for your sakes that I undertake this arduous journey. And may the Ruler of Events make it prosperous and keep us all in safety. Such are the wishes of yours unalterably.

This will be handed you by Mr. Jno. Parker.

In accordance with our design to present these papers relating to Colonel May and his visits to the Ohio Country in their chronological order, we give next the following:

INDENTURE: EXECUTED AT BALTIMORE, MAY 9TH, 1789.

This indenture of agreement made and signed this day between John May and Wm. Breck, of Boston, and Eliphalet Downer, of Roxbury, all of the County of Suffolk and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, witnesseth, that the parties having furnished stores and merchandise to the amount of seven hundred and twenty-two pounds four shillings and ninepence, of which sum the said May has supplied the sum of three hundred forty-seven pounds thirteen shillings and four-

pence; the said Breck, two hundred and sixty-five pounds; and said Downer, one hundred and nine pounds eleven shillings fivepence:

Now it is hereby mutually agreed by said May, Breck, and Downer, that the above-mentioned sum of seven hundred and twenty-two pounds four shillings ninepence shall be considered, and it is hereby determined and fully agreed upon, that the said sum shall be improved as an adventure to the Ohio Country, on their joint account and risque, in full proportion, agreeable to the sums each one has supplied as above mentioned; and at the close of the voyage the profits and loss arising from this concern are to be equally divided in the proportion each one has supplied the stock. And in case that either of the party should be removed by death, then the survivors, or survivor, shall pay, or cause to be paid, unto the heirs, executors, administrators, or assigns of the deceased the full proportion of what may arise from or belong to their adventure. And it is further agreed that the said May, Breck, and Downer will spend their whole time and faculties in this service, until the voyage is completed, and the accounts adjusted. It is also further agreed that whenever it may be necessary to consult, advise, or determine any question, any two of the concern agreeing, the other obliges himself to acquiesce.

In witness whereof, we have interchangeably signed our names and affixed our seals, at Baltimore, this ninth

day of May, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine. Note the several sums above mentioned are the lawful currency of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

JOHN MAY, [SEAL.]

WM. BRECK, [SEAL.]

E. DOWNER, [SEAL.]

Signed and sealed in presence of Nick R. Moore, John Hagedon.

The next letter which has been preserved is the following, dated—

SHIPPENSBURG, *15th May, 1789.*

MY DEAR NABBY:—In conformity to my promise I embrace every conveyance to tell you where I am, and what doing. I wish most sincerely I could this moment know how matters are going with you. I left Baltimore last Monday (11th), and arrived here much fatigued, Tuesday night: and Wednesday morning all our merchandise and effects came safe to this place, where I have stored them,—not without apprehensions that we may be detained some time; for the great demand for flour at Philadelphia and Baltimore has put all wagons in motion that way. Besides, the farmers in general have not done their spring work. The seasons, I am apt to think, are almost as backward here as in Massachusetts. The apple-trees are now in blow; the oaks and chestnuts but just leaved out. They have had, they tell me, a hard winter and a backward spring.

You will no doubt see in the newspapers the Indians have not done serving the devil yet, and I suppose never will. There have been five persons killed, some time in April, at a place called Dunkers'\* Creek; and it is reported one has fallen at Marietta, but it wants confirmation. They always make the most of these stories. This is the fourth letter I have written you, —besides forwarding you a packet of valuable papers by Mr. Samuel Cobb: and although I have received none from you, I am sure you have not neglected me; and there must be two or three on their passage for me. Mr. Dodge, the bearer, is waiting. I can therefore add no more. Only give my love to the little ones, and believe me to be yours.

The next letter found on the files is dated Sunday, *June* 12th, 1789, but evidently by mistake, and should be Sunday, *July* 12th, 1789. It is therefore passed by at present, while we insert another, dated—

DEVOE'S FERRY, † *Saturday, June 27th, 1789.*

MY DEAR NABBY:—I wrote you twice from New York, and twice from Baltimore, and on 15th of May

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\* Dunkard's creek empties into the Monongahela a few miles below the Virginia line. The settlements there and in other parts of the upper Ohio valley were not exempt from Indian incursions until after Wayne's victory, in August, 1794, and the consequent treaty of Greenville, in 1795.

† Devoir's ferry, on the Monongahela, opposite Parkinson's, now Monongahela City, at the mouth of Pigeon creek.

from Shippensburg, and on 7th, 14th, 21st and 23d June from the confines of the Monongahela. These last will all come in one. I left them at Summerill's Ferry last Tuesday, with one from Mr. Breck, for his lady. I heard General Putnam was there on his way home. I started at 4 o'clock in the morning in hopes to see him; but he was gone an hour and a half, and it was in vain for me to pursue. I write this in case my last should miscarry. You may be assured you are always in my memory—perhaps too much so—and everything in my power will be done to hasten my return to you and the dear family. I was too late starting from home, as I was suspicious, and I have forcibly felt it ever since. Necessity compelled us to order our wagons to Redstone; and when within six miles of the place, the terriblest tornado that was ever known laid waste the country betwixt us and there;—whole forests laid prostrate—the roads totally impassable. We were compelled to turn down to the river at a dismal place.

I have been particular in one of my letters which you will receive. Therefore, suffice it to say, that, before we could procure a boat and get our matters on board, the river fell so low that it was impossible to go down. We did, however, struggle to creep down, till we are now within thirty miles of Pittsburg; but we can not reach there till the river rises. When that will be only One can tell. This, by the way, is only a du-

plicate or supplement to my other letters, and probably in some respects incorrect, as my mind has been thrown off the hinge since beginning to write, by a circumstance which has just happened. A poor lad of fifteen years old drowned, with the horse he was on, on the other side of the river, right in plain sight and hearing. A canoe at hand might have saved them both : but the people over on this side were frightened out of their senses ; and the poor fellow is gone.

Make yourself and the family as happy as you can, and be assured that the moment I am disengaged from this business, I will fly to your aid and assistance. As yet I have not received a line from you.\* I have not been in the way of those you have probably written. Some time or other, when least expected, perhaps I shall get them. Tell my other friends I shall write them when better subjects than I have now present. The carrier is waiting. I finish in haste, but remain  
Your most affectionate husband.

Another letter, from the same place, dated the day after the foregoing :

DEVOE'S FERRY, *Sunday, June 28th, 1789.*

MY DEAR ABBIE :—I have written you nine times since I left you\* on the 23d day of April, which my feelings oblige me to confess, appears like a little age.

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\* See letter dated Wheeling, 16th August, page 141.



[Here statements similar to those in preceding letter.] Lest these hints appear blind, will only say that, since 4th June, I am a prisoner on this river (Monongahela), in a Kentuck boat, thirty-six feet long and twelve wide, with a good roof, water-tight—the river so low that it is impossible to get over the shoal places, “ripples,” as they are called here. When the bottles of heaven are again unstopt, and there is the sound of abundance of rain, we may go, but we can not before. You know me so well, you will pity me in my present situation. Nothing so irksome to me as this life of suspense. Yet I have confidence in that God who hath upheld me from infancy, and who, in more than seven troubles, hath delivered me.

The necessity of the case has compelled us to open our goods on board this boat, and I do believe we have as much business as many stores in Boston. But business in this fashion is by no means satisfactory, now that the grand plan is totally suspended. I have received one letter from Colonel Battelle, and one from Mrs. Battelle, since being shut up here; but not a single syllable from Boston since I left it. No doubt there are letters on the way, but they can't find me, nor I them. Yesterday an unfortunate young lad undertook to swim, not far from us, a stallion over a deep hole on the opposite side of the river, and in plain sight, both were drowned. Our skiff was gone with Messrs. Breck and Downer. I am confident I could

have saved them both. There was a boat within one and a half rods of them the whole time, which did not exceed nine minutes; but fear had taken such hold of the bystanders as made them perfectly stupid. We recovered the body in forty minutes, and used all methods prescribed by the Humane Society, but to no purpose. He was wounded by the horse on his left temple and on his left breast, which wounds probably disabled him and prevented his returning to this world of trouble.

Every Sunday I have made it one part of my devotion to write a few lines to you. This I intend to continue to do while I have the use of my hands and reason. Therefore, shall not write again till the first Sunday in July, unless the opportunity occurs to send this.

Sunday, 5th July. Through the whole of this long, tedious week, last part, there has nothing turned up worthy of observation. Small showers have fallen almost every day; but not enough to raise the river any. It is now as low as it ever was known. We were obliged last Tuesday to push across the river to prevent grounding; and we now lie at the mouth of a little creek, where there is a depth of about twelve feet. Here we must stay till the water rises, if it be till winter. However, we had considerable rain yesterday, and the clouds were extremely heavy that went above us; so that I am not without hopes we may have relief by to-morrow night. If the river does not rise,

I shall set off some time this week, by land, for Marietta, and let the boat come down when she can. I expect to receive letters from you when I get there, and wish you to write me by every opportunity, and direct to me at Marietta.

The season is so far spent, and the prospect is so bad, that I give over thoughts of going to Kentucky, unless information received changes all my plans. I must do the best I can at Muskingum. Perhaps leave some of our goods in this country, and one of us attend to them. In fact, I am at a loss to know how to act. Could I have known what I do now, I should not have left you and the dear family. I hope and believe you will be enabled to perform your arduous task cleverly. When I come home (if ever I do) I must redouble my exertions. I hope you will never have such a time of risk and suspense as I am having. I have not dissembled my unhappy feelings in several of my last letters; but these are matters you must not mention to anybody. The way will be worked out yet; but may be not without a good deal of difficulty.

About this disappointment of going down the river, it may prove for the best after all. Had I came on as rapidly as I did last year, I should have been in Kentucky by the 10th of June, and probably taken a great deal of ginseng; but our delay has given me opportunity to hear from Philadelphia and other places, and the accounts are not encouraging. Two vessels are re-

turned from India to England, loaded with ginseng, and Captain Barry has arrived at Philadelphia, and brought back his ginseng. This news has put a total stop to collecting the article here.\*

Mr. Leach, the bearer of this, on his way from Marietta to Boston, heard where I lay, and called to see me. I keep him all night and Sunday. He can inform you, after his manner, what situation I am in. This the last letter I intend to write on the flat key, for it is miserable stuff indeed. My love to all our children, and write to Frederick† [then an undergraduate at Dartmouth College] as often as you can. Keep your mind as easy as possible; do your duty, as I know you will, and all will go well with us at last. This heap of mixed stuff, pray do n't expose. I should have written to some of the little ones, but Mr. Leach is in a fret, having a peck of letters to take already. Say to the children I shall write to them by the next conveyance.

I am your unalterable friend.

The next letter is dated Buffalo Creek,‡ Sunday, 12<sup>th</sup>

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\* Ginseng—*Aralia guinguefolia*. (Gray's Botany, p. 167.)  
 "The root of this plant is slightly stimulant, and rather pleasantly aromatic. It has long been, and continues to be, an article of some importance in our commerce with China." (Dr. Darlington's Agricultural Botany, 1860, p. 159.)

† He took up his connexions there, however, and took his degree of A. B. at Harvard.

‡ This stream empties into the Ohio at Wellsburg, in West Virginia, sixteen miles above Wheeling.

*June* (by mistake, doubtless, and should be *July 12th*), 1789.

MY DEAR :—Last Tuesday I left our big boat lying in the mouth of Pigeon creek, Monongahela, with Breck and Downer confined in her, and crossed by land to Washington, and Wednesday arrived at this place on my way to Muskingum. Here I have been waiting ever since for a passage down the Ohio, and expect to go on Tuesday next, our boat being still prevented going down the river by want of water.

I thought I might as well take this tour, and see the country; ascertain the situation of trade, and find out the true state of Marietta—of which we have different accounts; pick up thieves, and, I hope, obtain letters from you. I have written to you eleven times since I saw you,—most, if not all of which have been on the flat key. Shall endeavor in future to alter my strain, let my feelings be what they may: I can not help confessing I am severely mortified to be thus retarded.

Marietta, Wednesday, 15th. On Monday morning, as I was musing by the banks of the Ohio, I heard a sound of drum and fife at a distance up the river, and looking that way, saw a large boat with a company of soldiers on board. When they came opposite I hailed them, and to my great joy found it to be Captain Maccurdy,\* bound to Fort Harmer, who politely offered

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\* Captain Wm. McCurdy, of the United States infantry.

me a passage, which I gladly accepted. At 12 o'clock we left Buffalo, and at sunset, Tuesday evening, arrived safe at this place, having gone a distance of one hundred and ten miles in thirty hours. The river so low that we stuck on the shoals several times. when twenty or thirty men would jump out and pull the boat over.

At Marietta I found the people in high spirits, and, I may say, in a flourishing situation; the place much altered, and great improvements made. The fields are covered with wheat and corn: the gardens are large and full of good things. More than fifteen thousand fruit trees are now growing here, many of which, no doubt, will bear next season. Madder, rhubarb, cotton, and rice grow luxuriantly. The last article, though sowed late, is three feet high; the leaf as wide as wheat. I have seen one field of corn of eight acres that far surpasses anything of the kind my eyes ever yet beheld. But there is no money. If people left their pride behind them, there would not much be wanted.

I had almost arrived at the mental determination not to write to you any more; as I really had all the reason in the world to expect a budget of letters\* from Boston, but found none. It is now almost three months since I have heard one syllable from you. You might have written by Mr. Gridley; and it is practicable to send

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\* See letter dated Wheeling, 16th August, page 141.

letters to Pitt by post every week. Why, then, this silence, I know not.

Sunday, 18th. A brother of Dr. Cheever's fell off our great bridge three days ago, and is dead. I have written to the doctor, and you can contrive to get the letter to him. Week after week rolls away, and our business no more forward. The boat still in the Monongahela, and must continue there until the Lord sends rain. There is just rain enough every other day to keep the wheels of vegetation going on in the most rapid manner; but it is insufficient to have any operation on the rivers. I am striving to learn patience, and endeavoring at all times to do my duty. The event of this summer's business is yet uncertain. If anything turns up favorable, I shall embrace it. Notwithstanding the certain intelligence that ginseng bears no price in the Old World, I am pretty fully determined to take this opportunity to collect a quantity that is good, as I shall have nobody to interrupt me.

As I have stayed in this place as long as I want to, without my property, I shall set off up the river in a few days; when I intend to establish a store, and leave part of the goods, and fetch the remainder to Marietta. Adieu.

Pittsburg, 30th July, 11 o'clock A. M. I have this moment arrived here, after a passage of three days in a small canoe up the Ohio from Marietta to Wheeling. Was severely handled by three different thunder-gusts,

which wet me, baggage, and papers through and through [paper much stained and torn]; thunder and mighty [winds?]; a precarious situation. Surrounded by forests, on huge rivers, we lay two nights in a literally howling wilderness; but no serious harm befel us. Indeed, I can stand this better than a soft feather-bed and confined air. The Indians have been a little troublesome on the river, but have not hurt us any, nor do I intend they shall. On my arrival at this place, my first business\* was to visit the post-office, in full assurance I should find letters, but to my great mortification found none. I therefore conclude you have quite given me up, but I shall continue to write you as long as pen can wag. I live in hopes, notwithstanding, a letter from you will, some of these times, appear.

From Wheeling I came here by land, a distance of sixty miles, which I performed in two days, on horseback, on a miserable jade; and not without interruptions by rain. Here I hoped to find our boat, but they have not yet come down the Monongahela. I shall probably set off to look for them in two hours. My present intention is to establish a store at Wheeling or this place, sell off the goods as soon as possible, and return home,—laden with experience, if not with cash. Meantime may the All-Beneficent support you and

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\* See letter dated Wheeling, August 16th, page 141.



ours, and give us a happy meeting. Such is the earnest prayer of your best friend.

P. S. Apologize for any incorrectness. If you knew how confused the place, and how uneasy I am, you surely would. Love to all the little ones, and all friends.

P. S. I have put Dr. Cheever's letter into the office; therefore you will give yourself no trouble about it.

WHEELING, *Sunday*, 16th *August*, 1789.

MY DEAR:—What can I employ myself better about than by writing to my nearest and best friend? Therefore, while you are engaged worshipping in the temple, my heart and hand is employed for you. What satisfaction it would give me were I able to be with you. For a considerable time I made it part of my devotion to write a few lines to you every Sunday, as you will see if my letters ever reach you, but latterly I have been across a tract of wilderness from the Monongahela to the Ohio, and from thence by water to Marietta; thence back to Wheeling; then by land to Fort Pitt—which diverse journeying has thrown me into so many shapes that I was not able to go on in the regular mode. The last I wrote you was from Pittsburg, 31st July, by post. I was then about starting off up the Monongahela, to find my floating store, which I did at noon, on the 1st of August, at the mouth of the Yohogana, lying very quietly; my friends

very comfortable on board, passing their time eating and drinking, perfectly at their ease. As soon as I had taken some refreshment, I repeated my travels to them ; in the course of which I stated that the good people of Marietta *wanted* everything we had, but could not *pay* for a thing ; and that I, for one, should not consent to have the goods carried there. After further conversation, proposed that we should dissolve our partnership, each one taking his proportional part of the stock, and do what he could with it. To this course Mr. Downer assented ; but the other preferred that the partnership, so far as we remaining two were concerned, should continue. So a division was made. Mr. Downer left in two days, taking his goods to Little Redstone,\* while Mr. Breck and I came down to this place, which was pitched upon as the best that could be found for trading purposes. How it will prove, can not say ; but this much I can say, it will be folly to spend a whole year transporting about and watching a few goods—too great a sacrifice every way, both of time and feeling. Therefore, if I am well, let the property be where it may and how it may, I intend to go home by the time I first intended.

The storekeepers all over this country are in a miserable way ; for ginseng was the currency or medium of exchange of the land, and that has greatly depreciated

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\* Little Redstone creek, in Fayette county ; empties into the Monongahela, about eight miles below Brownsville.

in value, so as to be all but worthless. In several of my letters I have written fully respecting business in this country, which, if you have not received, some parts of this letter may appear dark. Suffice it to say, my first great plan miscarried, since which I have been in a situation like that of an army overpowered in the enemy's country, cautiously retreating, short of provisions, and pressed on every side, yet keeping all the baggage. Oh! sang, sang, sang!

It is now more than two months since I wrote Brother Joseph and Mr. Jonathan on the subject, and requested them to give me information by post,—for there is a regular (!) post from Boston to Pittsburg.\* Letters placed in the office go to Philadelphia, and from there to Pitt. I have written also to my friends in Philadelphia, but can not obtain intelligence. Thus far had I [written] on this subject before I was aware this must not be public.

†Your most agreeable and refreshing letter of the 1st June, I received on 5th instant. It was a boon quite unexpected. I had given over the idea of receiving any this Summer, which has been so fraught with disappoint-

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\*The mails between Philadelphia and Pittsburg were carried on horseback, once a fortnight. The first regular post commenced in the fall of 1788. (*Journals of Congress*, vol. 13, p. 27; *Craig's History of Pittsburg*, p. 204.)

† See letters dated June 27, 28; July 12, 15, and 18; see also September 24; also September 29.

ments. Now the spell is broken, the charm is greater. I did not act like a fool on the occasion, but broke it open instantly. Then did business for two hours, and when at leisure enjoyed it. It is a good one, a full suit and well trimmed. It gives me inexpressible satisfaction to hear the family is well, and that you are better. May your health be confirmed and prolonged to a good old age; and may I be permitted to enjoy peaceable and happy days with you, with the dear family around us. The hope of such things amply compensates for this present painful separation. Your description of the children gives me great pleasure. Frederick is a fine boy, and Rufus will be ditto, and John and Henry fine fellows. My love to Nabby, Lucretia,\* Catharine, and Sophia, the whole four, to add no others. I charge you to provide well for yourself and the family. Let the table be filled with good things, for their barrel and cruise will not fail, who do their duty and trust in the Lord. Business matters at home, which are under your direction, stand as well as expected. You have received money enough, as I hope and believe, to answer all purposes. So Pierce and daughter are gone. Well, I doubt not, it is for the best.

Ward 12 has made a judicious choice of officers, to my thinking. Hope they accepted, and that the rest of the wards have got officers of the same kidney—

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\* A niece adopted into the family.

which may truly be called Hancockorian. Just such men as will suit His Excellency, who will feast them often, provided they will place the reins entirely in his hands.

Make my best regards to daddy, mammy, brothers and sisters, all. When Brother Isaac [Davenport] returned, he should have told you the situation of Dana's place. I stop here to-day in order to leave a little piece blank. Perhaps I may have something to say more, before I have an opportunity to send.

August 21st, Friday evening, 10 o'clock. A few minutes ago a canoe came here from Muskingum. One of the passengers, a Mr. Whitmore, will set off early in the morning for Newburyport, Massachusetts, by whom I send the budget. I have nothing material to add,—only Mr. Breck set out for Marietta, on Monday last, with £75 worth of salable articles. These men bring word that he arrived safely there, Tuesday night. He did not write me, as I expected he would. Tell Madam Breck he is well and hearty, and may be back here in a fortnight. Since I came on here I have done as well as I expected, and am in hopes I shall make a saving voyage yet. If the paymaster of the troops comes on from New York, as is expected, in about three weeks, with a large sum of money, it will not be bad for me to follow in his wake to Muskingum, with goods. Till then, now, and at all times, I am, most sincerely, yours,

P. S. You need not write me any letters after October comes, lest I should miss them.

WHEELING, *Sept. 13th, 1789.*

MY DEAR ABBIE:—Some time last week I wrote you a few lines, in great haste, by way of supplement. I do not remember what subjects I wrote on; but the little sheet was filled up with broken sentences, just as I could catch them, for my little log hut was filled with two boats' crews of Yankees, from Marietta, and a number of Kohees,\* belonging to the settlement, so that I was obliged to keep talking all the while I was writing, which was three or four minutes, as Dr. Trew, who was to be the bearer, was impatient. . . . Many of my former letters were written altogether on the flat key. I have not been on the sharp key hardly since I have been out here this time. But it is more than two months since I drew up a determination to write no more melancholy letters, let me feel as I might. Am now in tolerable health. Levi, however, is in a very poor way (with boils), which, I suppose, however disagreeable, conduces to health. Nature's lap is here certainly full of good things, but the poor, miserable devils do n't know how to make use of them. For myself, I am boarding at 'Squire Zane's, a very wealthy man, about my age, and sociable withal. He has a

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\*Virginians residing east of the Blue Ridge were called Tuckahoes; west of it, Quohees.

large stock of every kind of produce, and not stinted for money, that is apparent; but our table is not what it might be, and ought to be. Fitches of bacon continually; squash and string-beans without butter. Have been here a month, and have never seen anything to drink on the table but cold water; and the table laid without a cloth. Once in a while Bohea tea for breakfast, and always bread and milk for supper. We never sit at the table more than five minutes, and sometimes not more than three.\*

In other end of the building I occupy in part, is a young man from Conigogig, who keeps a store, not his own, but mine. He watches my every motion, and I can not be rid of him. If I go out on business of any sort, he goes too. If I comb my hair, he combs his. When I shave, he shaves. No monkey could observe me more closely, or follow my movements more vexatiously. In fact, he makes a sort of prisoner of me, but in doing that he makes himself one too. Before I came, they say he used to take his horse and be gone

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\*At that time and for many years afterward tea, coffee, and foreign sugar were unknown luxuries to nearly all of the settlers in the West. Pack-horses were the usual means of transportation. The indispensable article of salt was brought in that way from the East and sold in Pittsburg for eight dollars a bushel. "The settler's furniture consisted of a few pewter dishes, plates, and spoons, wooden bowls, trenchers, and noggins." (Dr. Doddridge's Notes, p. 109; Judge Wilkeson in the *Am. Pioneer*, vol. 2, p. 268; Smith's *Old Redstone*, chap. 2.)

all day; but now he seems to be afraid he shall lose sight of something that may be done,—so that he has not been from home once since I came here, nor one step off the plantation.

It gives me pleasure to tell you that I have done more business since I came here than I expected. Mr. Breck has been dispatched to Marietta—that was four days after I came here—with such goods as was supposed would sell. Hear from him about once a week. He is well, and doing a moderate business. . . . Our grand plan being broken all to pieces, we shall not make out a great summer's work: for there are many articles that can not be sold, even at cost, unless by credit; and that, under existing circumstances, I can't think of doing. On the whole, for one, shall feel satisfied if I can save myself, and come home without loss. Of a great number who went to Kentucky, in the trade of ling (ginseng), more than half will be bankrupted. In the way of exchange or barter, I have taken other things: upwards 500 raccoon-skins, some beaver, and 120 deer-skins, and all the cash that would circulate into my hands. I am glad to learn I give universal satisfaction to all who deal with me. As to ginseng I shall take it at my own risk; for I had rather do this than leave the goods unsold, and it is possible it may bear a price again, some time or other.

Before you receive this I expect our son Frederick will be with you. You can not conceive the pleasure it



would give me could I but meet you all together ; but this is denied. Let his diversions, while at home, be rational and prudent, and tell him, for me, he must assist you in all things, as much as possible. I wrote to him, Nabby, Lucretia, Dana, and others, some time ago, and sent the letters by a man belonging to Bridgewater. I feel, on the whole, quite easy about your supplies. What stores I left, and the cash you had, with the considerable certainty of your receiving several sums from various sources, must be sufficient, I think, for your demands. If it should prove otherwise, you tell me you have good friends ; and you must call on them for a temporary loan until we can repay. It will not cost a large sum, I suppose, to return Frederick [then at Dartmouth] to college. I counsel prudence, of course, but, at the same time, do n't cramp him ; for, as I trust, we shall receive again after many days. Has Bayley sent up the wood ? but if he has not, I wish, if it is in your power, to have our winter's wood, roots, etc., laid in. As to cider, do as you please, for I have learnt to drink water, and you learnt long ago. I have written a long letter ; but you like long letters. Give my love to all the family, and take a large share for yourself.

From your sincere Friend.

September 24th. Yours of 19th June I received the 20th inst., and is the second I have had from you. My letters tell you how many I have written to you.

I am in middling health; not so smart as I was a month back. . . . My landlord has the largest and best peach-orchard that I ever beheld. Though I have full liberty to go when I please, and take away as many as I can, I eat but few of them. Yesterday I put up five gallons of pickles of them, so large that three of them would weigh a pound. These I should be well pleased to send to you, if I could. I shall distribute them to Mesdames Harmer, Battelle, and Zeglar.

Direct any letters you may write, to Philadelphia, so that they may meet me there about the middle of November next. Ask Brother Jos. to write about the same time, and direct to the same place, and be sure to inform me of the price of deer-skins by the pound, and best raccoon-skins apiece, and also of other furs. Let him also write of ginseng, and a general price current of W. I. goods, and flour.

WHEELING, *September 29th*, 1789.

MY DEAR NABBY:—I most heartily thank you for your particular attentions in writing, as fully appears from yours of the 18th ult., which I have this moment received. It appears you have written four full sheets, only three of which have come to hand; the other, like a comet or wandering star, is hurled from place to place, without finding the proper one. Never did letter do a man more good, or come in better season. I have, as yet read it only once, and that in somewhat

of a hurry, but I shall feast on it many days. You will, however, excuse me if I should not make remarks on the many good things your letter contains. That you and the family are so well, and in such agreeable circumstances, gives me great pleasure, and much alleviates the disagreeable situation I am in. Thankful the time to which I limited myself is far spent; and although I may not be at home quite so soon as I intended, yet time rolls on with rapid wings, and will soon whirl on the period when I expect to greet you and the dear family. And I earnestly pray that, as I have been so sadly disappointed otherwise, I may not be disappointed in this.

I sincerely lament the death of Friend Blodget. Such events show us that we are as equally protected in the wilderness as in the harbor and town of Boston. Death has ten thousand arrows of various form and shape, and some are pierced in one way and some in another; but none of mortal race escapes altogether.

These letters I received to-day were carried down the Muskingum. From thence I received them. But as it is possible Mr. Breck did not receive any, I shall write him by the first opportunity. Last Friday I received a line from Mr. Jona. Freeman, in which he mentions that ginseng is still ditto. I wish I had received it eighteen days sooner, as it would have made much odds with my [paper defaced, *instructions* or *interest*, can not make out which]. Brother Jos. con-

firms this, and I have a new field open for my industry ; and, accordingly, I shall be detained a fortnight or three weeks longer than first intended, but that is not much, if, by remaining longer and improving opportunities, I can be rid of the goods.

The pleasing accounts of Frederick give me great pleasure. I hope there is not one of them but will be as good as he. Tell Mrs. Nancy Lane I thank her for her care and attention to the young King William Rufus, and that this shall not be all ; but when she has made up her account, debit and credit, I will pay the balance of the debt, etc., etc. The doctor brings letters from you and Brother Jos. . . . Your last is a grand one. We can not always write as we wish, that I know ; and this I am writing will prove a specimen. Do not feel fit to write, or for anything. Have a sad breaking out which torments me to death. For two nights have been deprived of sleep. Where the trouble is, I think I know, and shall apply the suitable remedy. My love and regards to all friends, and rely on my being constantly yours. [The above superscribed thus: "By Dr. Downer."]

Of the letters relating to this business adventure, and the year 1789, only one more letter remains, dated—

PHILADELPHIA, *November 30th, 1789.*

MY DEAR:—Sincerely do I rejoice with you that you are again restored to the use of your favorite pen ; and also on the arrival of the stranger, George W. May.

Hope he will be a peaceable and quiet boarder until he is able to pay cost and charges, and make as great a man as his namesake. Few, very few, however, have the inward outfit, and the wide opportunity of showing their goodness and greatness which he has had.

On arriving at Baltimore, I immediately wrote to Brother Jos., announcing my arrival. . . . . Four days after I wrote him again, inclosing a receipt from Captain Evoy [?] for thirty-one casks of ginseng, and — barrels of flour, which I hope will arrive safe. Having accomplished my business at Baltimore on Wednesday last, I proposed setting out from this place on Thanksgiving Day; but it rained hard all night, attended with heavy wind, and continued till 12 on said day, when it abated: and, although I had three invitations to dine out, I immediately set off; rode thirteen miles; was caught in the rain; thoroughly wet through; took a severe cold, and had to put up. The rivers all so high that several were impassable. Between Baltimore and Philadelphia I lodged three nights, and arrived here yesterday, expecting my wagon had been waiting two days, but he (the wagoner), poor fellow, had found bad roads as well as I, and did not arrive till this morning. I shall dispatch him to-morrow, and if I am well, and the weather good, I hope to get away from this place by Thursday. Then I must stop three or four days in New York; and you may reckon thirty miles a day for me to travel, will bring it past the mid-

dle of December before I cast anchor in the haven where I would be.

You mention in one of your letters that you would like some fur trimmings; but it is out of my power to supply you with an article suitable for a lady's dress. The furs I obtain consist of deer, bear, and raccoon skins. The Western country does not supply the small delicate furs, or trimmings of any sort. Should I, however, see any of the right sort in this city, I will buy them. But I believe Boston is a better place for small delicate peltry of every kind. I have a prospect of selling my skins at this place, to good advantage, but the transportation here from the West costs £26. This little sheet will serve to tell you where I am, and what doing, and that I shall be with you as soon as possible. Meantime may health and happiness be yours. My love to all friends, not forgetting the little ones, and take a bountiful share for yourself.

Your

JOHN MAY.

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