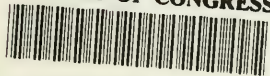


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A TRIP TO  
WASHINGTON  
1834



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ANNA SHIPMAN















BETSEY SHIPMAN



# PAPERS

OF

JOANNA (SHIPMAN) BOSWORTH

BEING

THE DIARY OF A CARRIAGE TRIP MADE  
IN 1834 BY CHARLES SHIPMAN AND HIS  
DAUGHTERS, JOANNA AND BETSEY,  
FROM ATHENS, OHIO, TO PHILADELPHIA,  
BALTIMORE AND WASHINGTON

AND

## A FAMILY HISTORY

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The portraits in this book are from oil paintings made by Sala Bosworth, husband of Joanna Bosworth, at about the time the trip to Washington was made.

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## A Trip to Washington

MHC-20F42

Left home today at twelve and came twenty-six miles to Hazleys.

Monday  
October 6

Left this morning at twenty minutes past six—stopped at Deavertown for breakfast. Got into Putnam at one and took dinner at Uncle Samuel Chapman's. About three got into our carriage, and went down to Mr. Horrace Nye's, took him in with us, and went over into Zanesville. Visited the iron foundry, paper-mill, cotton factory, and glass works. We then crossed the bridge to Putnam again, and went up and staid all night with Uncle Levi Chapman. As we were passing Mr. Whipple's, saw Frank and Cousin Warner. Wanted to stop to see Lucy, but had not time, as it was nearly dark. In the evening wrote a note to Lucy.

Tuesday  
October 7

Left this morning at half past seven. Passed through Horwich, and came to Cambridge to dinner—found an old piano, but didn't find any-one to play, and tried it myself. Left at two, passed through Washington, and got into Fairview about dark. Stopped at Bradshaw's.

Wednesday  
October 8

19-40

Left this morning half past six, in a hard rain, but with the carriage sides all shut down. We were very comfortable, and stopped at Morrystown to breakfast at nine. Found some tomato preserves on the table, at first thought they were very good, but after tasting again concluded to the contrary. After leaving the table Betsey said they made her feel sick, but thought she must eat them because I said they were good. Arrived at St. Clairsville at twelve. Stopped a few minutes to

Thursday  
October 9

see Cousin Betsey Shaffer, and then passed on to Wheeling. When crossing the island looked around for Ostoff Zane, but could see nothing of him, and so had to look in again, and then went on over the bridge to Wheeling. While our dinner was preparing and horses feeding, I wrote a *scritch-scratch* home to mother, and after we left the hotel, dropped the letter in the office. Came out only ten miles to a very good country tavern and staid all night. Ate too much supper, and that with rainy weather and miserable roads makes me feel a little homesick.

**Friday**  
**October 10**

Started twenty minutes of seven and came to Alexandria to breakfast. Took dinner in Washington at one. In our afternoon ride passed through Hillsborough and Bellville, both very small places, and staid all night in Centerville, also small.

**Saturday**  
**October 11**

Came to Brownsville to breakfast, registered our names. Saw no names that we knew, but H. G. Fulerton. Came in sight of Laurel Hill Friday afternoon, and saw them again this morning about nine. Passed through Uniontown half past eleven. Enquired for Withers, was directed to Mr. Morgan's house, but as he was probably in school, we did not stop. This house is in a pleasant situation at the eastern end of the town. Two miles from Union, in the little town of Munro, we stopped and got our dinner. Half a mile from there we began to ascend Laurel Hill at twenty minutes before one. Quarter before two reached the top and at six minutes of two reached the bottom. About four miles over the mountain. Six or eight miles from the Hill we passed the place, some where near which was supposed to be Braddock's grave on our left, and on our right was the piece of bottom

land on which Washington once raised a fortification and had a battle with the Indians. It was dark when we came to Smithfield but it was such a little mean-looking place and so down in a valley among the hills, that I knew if we staid there over Sunday that B. and I would be so homesick that we could go no farther, so we came on to Petersburg, three miles farther on the mountain. There we expected to find preaching, but were disappointed. Heard there was Sabbath School, and went to that about nine, found about fifty children, with five or six teachers. After they were through with their lessons which was nothing more than reading in the testament and spelling, father talked and then prayed, and after singing, the school was dismissed. One of the teachers came to the hotel with father, and had a long talk with him about Sabbath Schools. But I guess the most he cared for was to look at us, judging from the way he *ogled* his eyes, and more than that, he asked father for his address, as he said he was going to Ohio this fall, and if he went through Athens he would call and see us. So now look sharp, Miss Betsey. About twelve he came again for us to go to class meeting. We girls did not go, but father went and when he came back he brought the class leader with him, and they had a long talk. Petersburg is a small country-like town of only twenty or thirty houses, and the people are a rough *countryfied set*. Have had the horrors all day. Just before dark an old gentleman and his wife came in to stay all night, and soon after another man, his wife and three daughters. All traveling westward. The girls wore caps with cases from the top down drawn tight to the head. Felt glad when it was time to go to bed.

Sunday  
October 12

**Monday**  
**October 13**

Got our breakfast this morning before we started for the first time, and left about seven. Crossed Windy Ridge, Keysers Mt. and Negro Mt. and took dinner at a country tavern twenty-two miles from Petersburg. Went on again at one. Crossed Meadow Mt., Big and Little Savage, and Wills Mt. Passed through Cumberland about four, thought it was too early to stop, and came on six miles this side. But such roads, dear me, such roads. I do hope we will not have to return home this way, for it has been up mountains and down, and up hill and down, ever since we left Uniontown. We have had scarcely any level road at all, and what almost discourages me, is that we are not over the *mountains* yet.

Got to Millers, a tavern in the country, little after dark. Forty-three miles today.

**Tuesday**  
**October 14**

Got our breakfast and were started a few minutes after seven. Crossed Martin's Mt. On the top saw the place where Swaengen tried to throw his wife over a precipice. (Who was Swaengen?) Crossed Polish Mt., Green Ridge, and Town Hill. Commenced ascending the last at one, reached the top twenty minutes of two, about two miles up and two miles down. Stopped at Reeds and got a check. Soon after leaving there, began to ascend Side Long Hill. Six miles over it. Passed through Hancock half past three. Traveled on the bank of the Potomac nine miles. Stopped about dark at Miller's, eleven miles from Hancock.

**Wednesday**  
**October 15**

Got up this morning, ate a piece of bread, strong butter, peach sauce and a cup of milk, and then put for the *mountings* as usual. Crossed North Mt. and came to Hagerstown to breakfast, fifteen

miles, at ten o'clock, and left half past eleven, and called it dinner. Passed through Funkstown, a small place on the creek Antietam. Crossed South Mt. and passed through Boonsboro, and Middletown. Crossed another small mountain but did not learn the name. While descending could see Fredericktown five or six miles ahead of us. Along this part of the road we have had some fine prospects. Fine farms and country seats. The country being more free from stones and rocks, it is under better cultivation than any we have seen for some time or more.

Got to Frederick about sunset. As we were passing up the street saw the railroad on which was just coming in from Baltimore two cars fastened together and drawn by two horses. Stopped at Stones.

Got our breakfast and started a few minutes past seven. A few miles from town saw about twenty lumber cars fastened together and the road being a little descending, they had put their horses on a car and they were moving with their own weight. Soon after came to where a bridge was built across a hollow for the railroad, and the turnpike went under it. Passed through New Market and Ellicotts Mills.

**Thursday**  
**October 16**

This is the prettiest little place we have seen. The houses are all built of a speckled kind of stone and have green blinds, and white railings and beautiful front yards. It is situated on the Patapsco river. The houses are mostly built on the side hill, which comes down nearly to the river. From there to Baltimore, ten miles, there are a great many beautiful country seats. We

could not look at one long enough to satisfy us till we must turn on the other side to look at another. Seven miles from the city we could see Patapsco bay. When we reached Baltimore it was almost dark, and father steered for Huzzeg's hotel, drove up to the door and got out, as of course we would, but what was our amazement when they told us they were full and could not take us. So we had to scramble into the carriage again, and drove to another. There again we got out, and here again they said they could not take us. Our horses were so tired that I expected every minute they would drop down and give up the ghost, but father had to worry them along to another one. The old saying says the third time is the charm, so we thought of course we would get in this time, but we didn't and we began to think we must go to some farm house for lodgings and were ready to give ourselves up for lost or some other dreadful thing. But we drove up to the fourth one and this time concluded we would remain in the carriage until father could go in and ask permission to stay all night. By this time I suppose our patience was sufficiently tried and here they permitted us to get out. The hotel is in the Exchange and is called Page's Hotel. It is five stories high. They gave us rooms in the second story and a parlor for own use, and our meals are brought to our room. It is the most splendid house my little eyes ever beheld. It nearly frightens us out of our wits to go all through it. Betsey says she never thought she was raised in the woods to be *scared* at an owl, but she has found tonight that she was.



Got up this morning about seven, and did not get our breakfast until nearly nine. We then started out to see the city. First went down to the wharf to see the vessels. Then to Washington's monument. But did not go to the top as mother cautioned us against it, and as we were well aware that we were rather soft headed, we did not like to venture. But we went up into the rotunda at the top of Barnums Hotel from which we had a good view of the city and bay, and the country round. We then came back to the Hotel tired almost to *pieces*.

Friday  
October 17

In the afternoon went into another part of the hotel, and heard a young lady play on the piano, and in the evening went in again, then returned to our rooms and prepared our things for leaving in the morning, and then to bed to dream of steam-boats and railroads, expecting, of course, to lose our lives by one or the other the next day.

Waked this morning bright and early, roused father and Betsey, got up, dressed, and then went down to the boat with a quailing heart at half past six. But we summoned all the courage we could and came on board the boat that is to take us up Chesapeake bay, and we are now moving at the rate of twelve miles an hour. Passed Fort McHenry and North Point. But they have called to breakfast, and I must go, as it is after eight, and I am very hungry.

Saturday  
October 18

Have just come up from the *lower regions*, could not eat anything, as the motion of the boat, and being in a close room where I could not see out, made me dizzy, and I had to leave the table. After father and Betsey had finished their break-

fast we came up on deck where we can see all around us. In some directions, the horizon seems to meet the water, and no land to be seen. Before breakfast while sitting in the stern of the boat, suddenly she began to slacken her pace. Then I thought surely some accident had happened, and expected to hear the cry that all was lost, but on looking around, saw another boat which was running from Norfolk, Va., to Baltimore, was coming up by the side of ours. So as the sailors would say, our boat pulled to, and took some passengers on board from the other boat. Arrived at Frenchtown about twelve, which made fifty-seven miles in four and three-quarters hours instead of forty miles a day, as we did with horses and carriage. Found at the landing ten cars in readiness for the passengers. We with some others got into No. 5. The cars are built something like stage coaches, and getting into them at the side. We were on the way again at ten minutes of twelve, and the way we went was like a bird sure enough. Came sixteen and a half miles, the distance from Frenchtown to Newcastle, in fifty-five minutes. Found a steamer waiting in the Delaware, went on board and started up the river about one o'clock. On the passage up saw Wilmington, Marcus hook and Chester, which last is twenty miles below Philadelphia. We also passed the Lazaretto, a kind of hospital where they receive the sick from boats going up the river and nurse them until they are well that no sickness may be taken to the city. Could see the spires in the city eight miles below. Landed half past three. Were two and a half hours coming up the river forty miles. Betsey and I stopped at Clements hotel while father went out to find a

boarding house. We soon found one at Mrs. Spencer's and we came up here, glad to find a stopping place once again. We are very near the State House and fronting *Washington Square*.

This morning at nine went to Sunday School at the Seventh Church or Tabernacle. At eleven went into church, they have an organ, heard an excellent sermon. Came home and dined at one. After dinner Mr. Donald, a boarder, asked us to go to church with him—do not know which one it was. Came home and supped at half past six. At seven went to church again with Mr. and Miss Donald, at another church, Mr. McDowell's. Mr. Wilson received his instructions with regard to his mission to Africa. Afterwards he gave an account of a visit he made there during the summer.

**Philadelphia**  
**October 19, 1834**  
**Sabbath**

After breakfast went out with father and did some shopping for ourselves. Staid at home the rest of the day. Had tea at seven, and visited the museum in the evening. This I must *tell* you for I cannot write it.

**Monday**  
**October 20**

Staid at home all day, father out buying goods. In the evening went to the Hall of Independence with Mr. and Mrs. Barrett and son. There we saw the whole process of picking, carding, spinning and weaving, all done by the power of four dogs. From this room we went into another in the chamber where we saw an automaton writing, and a great many feats performed by men and puppets.

**Tuesday**  
**October 21**

This morning went with Mr. and Mrs. Barrett to the mint and china factory, the afternoon and evening spent at home.

**Wednesday**  
**October 22**

**Thursday**  
**October 23**

This morning went with father to the stores, and helped ourselves to black silk for each of us a dress. Heard yesterday that David Putnam was in the city. Watched along the streets hoping to see him, but didn't. After dinner went with father to Conrad & Kelly's shoe store. After being there an hour or such a matter, we heard some one coming up the stairs with great force, David like, and in he came, as glad to see us as we him. In the evening we went into Mr. Perkins to tea by request, Mr. Perkins being an old friend of fathers. After supper it was proposed that we go to Washington Hall, to see the exhibition of the burning of Moscow, and we went, Mr. and Miss Donnell, father, Betsey and myself, and such a sight cannot be described. After they had exhibited their speaking and dancing puppets, and burnt the city, and after looking around to see if we were all safe and sound, we returned home.

**Friday**  
**October 24**

Went around with father to the stores until the dinner hour which is two o'clock, then came home and remained there the rest of the day.

**Saturday**  
**October 25**

This morning at ten Miss Donnell came to our room for Betsey and I to go to the Jewish Synagogue. The men sit in the lower part of the house, and the women in the gallery. The men on entering the house, throw a scarf of white silk around their shoulders, and keep on their hats. Nothing like worship is to be seen in any of their performances. It was more like the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel than anything else. Some talking, some shaking hands, laughing, singing or rather bellowing or perhaps praying, I could not tell, and all at the same time. Their

meeting closed between twelve and one. After dinner "Old Billy Wilson" took us out in his dearborn to see the city. Saw the new Jail, Almshouse, Marine Hospital, Orphan Asylum, Widows Asylum, United States Arsenal, and oh so many things that I cannot remember the half. Returned to our lodgings nearly six.

Got up this morning half past seven, but did not get breakfast until nearly nine, too late to go to Sabbath School. At eleven went to hear Mr. Barnes preach in the first Presbyterian Church. In the afternoon it rained and we did not go out. Also stayed at home in the evening, but father went to hear Mr. McDowell.

Sunday  
October 26

This morning according to an appointment "Old Billy Wilson" called for us with his dearborn and we got in and he drove us up to the water works. There we saw the machinery by which the water from the Schuylkill was forced to the top of a hill ninety-six feet. There are five wheels and tubes sixteen and one-half inches in diameter and each wheel throws 1,000 gallons in a minute into a large reservoir. From this the water is conveyed under the streets in large tubes and then by smaller ones into the houses. From there we went to see Pratts garden. There we saw grottos, lakes with gold and silver fish in them swimming about, arbors, and green houses, with all kinds of flowers that could be thought of, and some in blossom. Oranges and lemons growing and coffee and tea plants, and many other things that I can't tell. From there we drove to the Navy Yard, and saw the big ship Pennsylvania which is being built. It has been twelve years on the stocks and is not yet finished and will not be unless

Monday  
October 27

war should be declared and it should be needed. It has five decks pierced for 120 guns, and calculated to carry 140. It is about 200 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 60 feet high. After looking at that as long as we wanted, and at the cannon lying in the yard, we returned home just in time for dinner. In the afternoon we went into the Academy of Fine Arts, which is a beautiful collection of paintings, busts, and statues of marble. Spent the evening at home. Father left it for us to decide whether we would go to New York City, and we said we would rather go home, and he said he would be ready to start Wednesday morning.

**Tuesday**  
**October 28** Remained in our room this forenoon while father went out to pay his bills. Just before dinner he came in and we went up into the State House steeple where we had a good view of the city. After dinner we went out to the stores, got some music, flower seeds, and roots, etc., etc. In the evening packed up to be ready to leave in the morning.

**Wednesday**  
**October 29** Last night about eleven while in a profound sleep I was roused by a strange noise, and the first thing I knew I was at the window with my head out, and Betsey at the door. We soon found there was a fire some place, but could not tell where. My first thought was that we were all ready for a flight if we were in danger, but found we were not and soon went to bed again, after being frightened nearly out of our wits, for such noises we never heard before. We were up this morning by six o'clock and went down to the boat, the first step toward home. While the boat was lying at the wharf Mr. Leeman came down to see

us once more, just as I expected. At seven the boat left the wharf. Got breakfast at eight. Nothing particularly interesting on the way down the river. Arrived at Newcastle about ten. Found the cars in readiness. Got into No. 3, and arrived at Frenchtown about eleven, having been just an hour in traveling sixteen and a half miles. Found the steamer George Washington at the wharf, got on board and started down Chesapeake bay a few minutes past eleven. A few miles from Baltimore we met the steamer Charles Carrollton again, and put some of our passengers on board of her. Arrived at Baltimore, got our horses and carriage and were on our way to Washington at four. Intended going only eight miles, but found on stopping that they could not keep us, and we were obliged to go on four miles further. Stopped about seven, having traveled  $131\frac{1}{2}$  miles in one day, precisely twelve hours, making three days ride in one.

After getting breakfast our horses were in readiness and we were on our last day's ride for Washington at eight o'clock. Arrived here at one, and we are now in the Federal City. At our first entrance we passed the State House at the head of Pennsylvania Avenue, the principal street in the city. Stopped at the Indian Queen Inn kept by Brown. After we had our dinner we went up to see the State House. It has a very large beautiful yard all round it. Just in front is a fountain in which water runs a short distance under ground and then forms a nice little oval pool, with iron railing around it, and in the center is a monument of marble erected to the memory of several naval officers who fell in battle. We first

Thursday  
October 30

went to the rotunda, at the top of the building, which is about 200 feet above the street. From there we had a fine view of the city. Then we came down and went into the Senate Chamber. It is a semicircular apartment seventy-four feet long, forty-two feet high. The gallery is supported by Ionic columns. From there we were shown into the Representative Hall, or as it is sometimes called, Congress Hall. This is also a semicircular apartment ninety-five feet long and sixty feet high, with twenty-four Corinthian columns of marble copied after a column found at Athens. A sky light in the center, under which hangs a large chandelier. A gigantic statue of Liberty, is over the speaker's chair, opposite which is one of Liberty in the act of recording. While standing under the gallery I thought I heard some one walking and talking just over us, but found it was some men in the center of the room with us. This peculiar effect of sound is probably owing to the shape of the room. We then went into the lower part of the rotunda on the same floor of the Halls. Hanging around the sides of this are four large pictures twelve feet by twenty. They are representations of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, The Surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, Surrender of Gen. Burgoyne at Saratoga, and Gen. Washington surrendering his commission as Commander in Chief of the American Army to Congress. In the center is a bronze statue of Jefferson with the Declaration of Independence in his hand. A large piazza in the rear of the building is supported by twenty-four columns of stone. From there we descended twenty-nine steps to the ground. Then after walking a little time in the



yard, we returned to our lodgings. After supper wrote a letter home, and by that time Betsey was ready to go to bed.

After breakfast a Swedish gentleman whom we had met in the Capital yesterday came to our room and finding we were going to see the President (General Jackson) offered his services, saying he would be pleased to accompany one of the young ladies. So after he had made his exit, Betsey and I fell to fighting, about who should walk with father, neither of us coveting the gentleman's arm. B. was determined to walk with father and so was I. So he said we must draw lots, but I was afraid the lot would fall on Jonah, and I would not draw. When ready to start I got fast hold of father's arm, and Betsey was left to the mercy of the little Swede. We first went to Gen. Cass' house to get him to go with us, but he had gone to his office, and we went there and found him. As he was engaged at the time, he sent a man with us to show us the curiosities in another part of the building, this office being in the building occupied by officers of the War Department. There we saw portraits of a great many distinguished Indian Chiefs. From there we went to the State Department building, some distance away. There we saw the treaties of different nations with their respective seals attached to them, and the original copy of the Declaration of Independence, with a great many other such like things. We then returned to Gen. Cass' office and he went with us to the President's House. After showing us into three or four elegant rooms, on the first floor, he took us into a room on the second floor, where we found

Friday  
October 31

the old fellow sitting at his writing table. He, of course, took us all by the hand and was very polite. After looking at him as long as we cared to, we left his august presence and went into the yard, which is very large and beautiful. After tiring our eyes and limbs too, we returned to our hotel about twelve. Half past one we went to the Patent Office where we saw in miniature everything that has been patented in the United States. It was nearly three when we returned to our rooms. Went immediately to work and got our things ready to start. In a few minutes dinner was ready, and we ate it with as much speed as possible, put on our bonnets, got into our carriage, and for the first time since we left Philadelphia felt as if we were going home. Before we left the city we drove up to Georgetown just to see the place, and then turned and went back some distance down the river to the bridge which is one mile across. Concluded to go to Warrenton to spend the Sabbath instead of Fredricburg as we had talked of previous to our visit to the old general, he having recommended the Warrenton road as being the best. So as Old Hickory must be minded and whatever he recommends must be promptly attended to, we made all possible haste to Alexandria, and arrived there about six. While they were preparing supper, we took a turn around the town.

**Saturday**  
**November 1**

As we wanted to go forty-four miles today to Warrenton, we got up very early, having told the landlord that we wanted our breakfast by seven o'clock, but it was later. We left immediately after and came on about six miles expecting soon to see Fairfax, a small town about seven miles

from Centreville where we hoped to get dinner. But as Fairfax was nowhere to be seen, we inquired the distance, and what do you think was the answer, nothing less than "you are not on the road to Fairfax," but at least seven miles out of the way, and on the road to Leesburg. Oh, dear, how bad we all felt, but the only way to remedy the evil, was by trying to gain the right road, and not by lamenting our mistake. So we got our directions, turned around, took a cross road, and after traveling seven miles, came to the Pike. Then we had to stop and get a "check" for man and beast, instead of going seven miles further to Centreville. Quarter of three when we got to C. As it was twenty-two miles further to Warrenton we thought we would stop at Buckland, it being only fourteen miles, but when we got there, and they told us the road was very good father concluded to go on to W. eight miles further. By the light of the evening star we could see to pick our way very comfortably. Passed through New Baltimore, five miles from Warrenton, finally got to W. and stopped at Bell & Ware's hotel about eight, having traveled fifty miles in twelve hours, including one hour's stop for dinner. At Warrenton the turnpike ends.

Went to Presbyterian Church at eleven, heard a pretty good sermon, but would have liked it better if the preacher's manners had not been so odd. In the evening the landlady gave us some flowers. Roots, the white jepomine, white chrysanthemum, champna and velvet monthly rose, fragrant variegated honeysuckle, China aster, and euphorbia.

Got our breakfast this morning and started before seven. The road not being a turnpike, we have

**Sunday**  
**November 2**

**Monday**  
**November 3**

found it very difficult to “keep the big road” as they call it. All the roads to us appeared alike, and as they “forked” every “whip stitch,” and no guide boards, we were all the time in danger of taking the wrong road. We, however, arrived safely at Culpepper twenty-five miles, at twenty minutes before one. Here we got dinner and directions about the road to Orange, twenty miles beyond, where we expected to stay all night. We even had the roads marked on paper, and our road pointed out to us, but after we had gone about eight miles, and had kept the straight forward road so long, we thought (I suppose for the sake of variety) we would turn to the right awhile. After we had gone about a mile, we met a man, and father inquired if we were on the right “path” to Orange, but he said no, so we wheeled about and turned about, and took ourselves off that road in a hurry. We came on within eight miles of Orange and found it was nearly dark, and cloudy and bad roads, so we were obliged to stop for the night having made only thirty-seven miles progress. A heavy fog or mist has covered the face of the earth all day, and made us very homesick, and wanted to see our mother, whom we had left at home four weeks before.

**Tuesday**  
**November 4**

Wakened this morning at the peep of day. Wakened father and Betsey and we got up immediately. The horses were put before the carriage and we into it, and we were on our winding way at half past six. Contrary to our expectations we found the road good to Orange. Arrived there at half past eight, and got breakfast, horses fed, and we were off again at half past nine. Two miles from there we passed Madison’s residence,

but did not know it was his until afterwards. Passed through Gordonsville, ten miles from Orange. Nine miles from there passed Senator Rives' house. Two miles from Charlotte is the former residence of ex-President Thomas Jefferson, called Monticello. Instead of taking a direct road to Charlotte, we turned to the left four miles this side, crossed the river Rivanna, wound round the mountain two or three miles, and at last came to a gate. We went through, and soon came to an enclosure in which were the tombs of Jefferson and his wife, with two or three others. From there we drove a short distance to the top of the mountain to the house, which we found had felt the "dilapidating influence of time." We could, however, see that it had once been a most delightful place. The walks and yard is overgrown with weeds, and the shade trees and shrubbery nearly all destroyed. We drove around the house, that we might have a good look at it, and then came down this side of the hill to the town of Charlottesville, two miles. This day's ride the roads have been very good. The soil is clay, and timbered with oak and pine. Farms very large, but not under as good cultivation as in Ohio. Houses half a mile and a mile from the road. Arrived here quarter of six. Quite a pretty town, but not large.

Left this morning about six. Got some slips of the perpetual rose at the tavern. Here we came on to the pike, seeing the mile stones once more, seemed like seeing old friends. Came to Brooks tavern, nineteen miles, at twelve, got dinner (and, as father says *started* is not a very good word to use, I will say) and proceeded on our journey.

**Wednesday  
November 5**

Two miles from there came to the Blue Ridge which is two miles up just here and only one mile down. Twelve miles from Staunton we passed through Waynsborough, quite a small village, just before getting to Staunton passed the lunatic asylum. Arrived in Staunton about six. Stopped at McClung's hotel. Just before tea was ready, after asking us where we were from, the old lady asked if we were acquainted with a Mr. Steele who was once at school in Athens. Oh very well, say we, and asked her if he was here. She said he was their minister, and had been here nearly a year, and was going to preach to-night. So we ate our supper in short order, and hurried off to meeting, but were disappointed in not hearing him, as a stranger preached. After service we stopped and spoke to him, and he said he would in a few minutes go to the hotel to see us. So he came and sat until half past ten. And notwithstanding we were so glad to see him and he to see us, I was glad when he left, for I was so tired and sleepy. He is the same old two and sixpence John Steele yet. He made a great many inquiries about the Athens people, but did not tell me again that it was me shaking the quilt, as he did once at a quilting at Athens. He has the same twist of his foretop, the same flat ears and turned up nose, etc., etc. When he left he said he would call again in the morning before we leave.

**Thursday**  
**November 6**

This morning bright and early, we again had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Steele. He sat nearly an hour until breakfast was ready, and then bade us farewell, wished to be remembered to all the good Athenians, and said perhaps the next time we

came to Staunton he would introduce us to Mrs. Steele. When nearly out of town, found that we had left an umbrella. Father went back and got it, and just then Mr. Steele came riding up, and he rode on with us two or three miles. We soon came where the road was descending and he said as he could not keep up with us going down hill, he would go back. He told us we would soon come to where the road was a *dead level* and encouraged us by saying that we would have a fine road today, and no mountains to cross. He again bade us farewell, and the last words he said were, perhaps you may some day see me in Ohio. At ten minutes past twelve, had come seventeen miles to Browns Sulphur Springs to dinner. Left at ten minutes past one. Two miles this side passed a gap of the North Mt. Five miles from Marlborough Sulphur Springs passed through another gap called Bratton's Spur, arrived at Marlborough Springs twenty minutes before six, and stopped for the night.

Got our breakfast and left about seven. After riding ten miles came to Warm Spring Mountain, two and a fourth miles up and three-quarters down. At the foot are the Warm Springs. Before eating our dinner we were weighed to see how much our weight would be increased. Before eating father weighed  $119\frac{1}{2}$ , Betsey 109, and I,  $118\frac{1}{2}$ . After dinner father weighed 121, Betsey 110, and I, 120. While the horses were finishing their dinner, we went out to see the Springs. The heat is ninety-eight degrees. There is a spring from which they get water to drink, a bath for the ladies and one for the gentlemen.

Friday  
November 7

Came to the Hot Springs five miles this side, and stopped to see them. Here the water is 108 degrees. The Springs and Baths in rather better order than at the Warm. At an open spring by the side of the road, where the water runs along on the ground, there was another spring rose a few feet from it of pure cold water, and by putting down two fingers where it bubbled up in the sand one would be in cold and the other in warm water. Came fifteen miles further to Puffen-bergers. Crossed Morris Mt. just before we got here. Today have come only thirty-five miles.

**Saturday**  
**November 8**

Left quarter past seven, after eating a real country breakfast. Came to the White Sulphur Springs, ten minutes past twelve. Here we were treated to some fresh pork fried, some fresh beef fried, some light bread and some milk, rather tough this, as I look at it. We went around to the different establishments and to the Springs. Wanted to turn and run back, before we were half way to the Springs, the odor from them was so disagreeable. After considerable trouble we obtained a bottle and had it filled with the water to take home. Left there about one and came to Lewisburg, nine miles from the Springs, about three, making our journey today only twenty-nine miles. Stopped at Fraziers Hotel. Very much disappointed in the appearance of the town. Expected to see quite a large and pretty place but in my humble opinion it is quite the contrary. Father inquired about meeting tomorrow, but find there is no meeting in any of the churches. Disappointed in not hearing Rev. McElhenny, he being eight miles from town at a protracted meeting.



Sunday  
November 9

Betsey's birthday, eighteen years old. She says she is a free nigger today, but I reckon not. She can't be free until she gets into Ohio. About nine went to Sunday School in the Presbyterian Church, only about forty scholars, not their usual number. Took particular notice of a young lady teacher who sat near us, and says I to Betsey, "that's Wash. McElhenny's sister, I know," and says she, "I guess it is." So after we came back to the hotel we inquired of a girl who was at school, who it was, and she said it was Miss McElhenny. She is not as good looking as Wash. About eleven we went to the church to a prayer meeting, kept a good look out for Wash. and after a while on turning my head a little, there he sat just across the aisle from us. After meeting he spoke to father, but we were so long getting out, that he went away without speaking to us, and we gave up all hope of seeing him. But in the afternoon he came to the hotel and the landlord had no more manners than to bring him to our room, but father went to the door when he knocked, and took him down to the parlor, and then we went down. B. was on the bed, and I had just got up. He sat an hour or two, and just before he left, he made some inquiries about the girls in Athens and wished us to give his respects to Miss Taylor and Miss Knowles. He then bid us good bye and went home. So much for Mr. McElhenny. Well, all along the road we had *lotted* on seeing Mr. Alderson. They told us that he lived twelve miles from town and out of our way home. So we had given up the idea of seeing him. But just after dark father told us he had just come to the house. So I ran and got a clean handkerchief to wipe my eyes if I should

happen to cry with joy. As I came down I met him at the door and he shook my hand right hard, I tell you, for a fresh widower. He gave us a letter to read from B. C. Miles which he had just received. He sat and talked an hour, and after he had eaten his supper, he went out to see a sick friend whom he came to town for the purpose of seeing. Said he should return during the night, and would see us again in the morning.

**Monday**  
**November 10**

Arose this morning about six at daylight. Mr. Alderson came about seven. Wished to be remembered to all in Athens who remembered his name. Got our breakfast half past seven, instead of sunrise as they said we should. Crossed Muddy Creek Mt., Brushy Ridge, Meadow Mt., Little and Big Savage. Big Savage was savage in every sense of the word, more than nine miles from one foot to the other. Stopped at Fleshman's twenty-one miles from Lewisburg on Little Savage and got our dinner. Came twenty-two miles in the afternoon to George Alderson's, brother of Lewis Alderson, our friend. Today have passed 16,900 hogs. Two miles from Lewisburg passed C. Arbuckle's house and farm.

**Tuesday**  
**November 11**

Got up this morning half past six, while it was yet dark and found it raining. Owing to the smoke with which the air has been filled for several days, and being cloudy it was not light enough for us to start until six thirty. Came to Vaughn's to breakfast, six miles, at eight. Here we were kept till quarter of ten before we could get our breakfast and six miles from there came to the *Hawk's Nest*, a precipice the height of which is disputed. Some say 800 feet, some 1100, and some 1300 feet above the river Gauly which runs

below it. When we came to it we got out of the carriage and went where we could look off, but before we got to the edge by several feet, we had to hold to the trees to prevent ourselves from taking the lover's leap. From there the road has been beautiful. Seven miles it wound round the side of the mountain, with the river 500 or 600 feet below us, and the mountain nearly perpendicular on the other side of us. From the river Gauly we traveled eighteen miles on the bank of the Kenkawa to Stockton's, and arrived at sunset having come today thirty-seven miles.

Ate breakfast this morning by *candlelight*, and were on our last day's ride to Charleston by sunrise. When twelve or fifteen miles from Charleston came to the first salt furnace, and from there down is almost a continued line of them. Nine miles above C. are the Burning Springs. Small cavities in the earth filled with something resembling ashes. By stirring it we could see the gas escaping through small holes, and by touching it with fire it burned. Got to Charleston a few minutes after eleven and stopped at Wilson's Hotel. Did not see Lewis near enough to say "howdy" until we came down to dinner and the way dinner was served was a "touch above the vulgar." A better one than any we have had in Virginia. After dinner father went to Mr. Ezra Walkers and brought Louisa Fuller round to see us, and I reckon we were mighty glad to see her. When we came to town expected to stay all night, but about two we saw the carriage drive up to the door, and father came in and said he had seen all he wanted to, and he supposed we had, and he concluded to go on sixteen miles further. So

**Wednesday  
November 12**

we *bundled up*, said good bye to Louisa and Mr. Wilson, and came away without seeing Mr. Parks. Oh, dear. Heard he was teaching in the Academy. Arrived at Widow McCowen's half past six. Begins to seem like getting home, to get on the river where we can see something besides mountains.

**Thursday**  
**November 13**

Came to Huvey's, twenty-one miles from Point Pleasant at quarter past eleven. Stopped and got dinner, and started again half past twelve. Arrived at the Point at six (dark) having ridden forty miles today. Stopped at Waggoner's Hotel.

**Friday**  
**November 14**

On the road to Athens and arrived at the close of the day. Found mother and Charles all well and glad to see us, as we to see them and home again.





JOANNA SHIPMAN

## A Family History

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Captain Samuel Shipman owned one or more shares in the "Ohio Company," which were transferred to his son Joshua Shipman. Joshua Shipman was a house joiner as they were called, he and wife (Sibyl Chapman) with their son Charles (my father) came to the northwest territory in August, 1790. They came in a covered wagon of four wheels, drawn by oxen. I do not know who they came in company with over the mountain. They expected to come under the guidance of R. J. Meigs, Jr., but they must have come earlier than he did. They arrived at Robbstown on the Monongahela in harvest time where they rested a week, stopping with Ebenezer Nye. Then Mr. Nye and Mr. Shipman bought a boat together. The families in the boat were divided by putting the cooking utensils in the middle of the boat between them. The oxen and wagon were put in the bow of the boat. It was night when they arrived in the mouth of the Muskingum and they waited there until morning before going up to the Stockade landing at the foot of Washington Street. After putting their wagon together at the landing they moved their things up to a small house that was standing on the ground now (1887) occupied by Mrs. Franks. Mr. Shipman soon built himself a small log house on Liberty Hill, which ground he bought. It was at the intersection of Second Street and Washington Street and in front of Mrs. Franks' house. They moved into the Garrison when they began to fear the Indians in 1793, and then Mr. Shipman bought the house in the Garrison owned by Abner Lord, who moved up to

Wolf Creek. Dr. H. B. Shipman, his grandson, has the deed of this house, of one room and a loft of some sort. Mr. Shipman built him a house in his garden allotment on the bank of Muskingum below the fort. The house is now standing, 1887, and in good preservation.

He also built, or had the supervision of building the Marietta Academy in 1798-99, and later his own house on the farm, which after his death, 1823, and the death of his wife, 1828, was sold to William R. Putnam, and is now occupied and owned by Mrs. Ferguson. The first log which was sawed in the first mill (which I think was a floating one) in the Northwest Territory laid in his shop till 1798 when Alexander Hill, who was a cabinet-maker, stopped there and applied for work. Mr. Shipman told him he might make him a secretary of some of that black walnut lumber. This secretary is now owned by his granddaughter, Mrs. Sala Bosworth.

The Shipmans for generations have been noted for their large number of deacons and judges, and Joshua's family was not an exception. Joshua Shipman was a prosperous man and served his generations faithfully. He had four sons who were deacons, and his son Charles had two sons and a son-in-law who were deacons, and Joshua Shipman's son Samuel had an only son who is a minister, and of his three daughters, one married a minister, and the other two deacons. Joshua Shipman was always found engaged in everything that was for the good of the community.

Charles Shipman was three years old when his father, Joshua Shipman, moved to this country.



He used to say that he remembered stopping at farm houses on the way with his tin cup and pennies to buy milk to drink. He attended Mrs. Lake's Sunday School in 1792 in the Garrison, where he learned the Catechism and verses from the Bible. When he was quite young he attended a political meeting in the court house with his father, and they were dividing themselves into two parties by standing and he knowing where he belonged sprung into line with the federalists, which raised a great excitement and clapping of hands.

He attended the first year of the Academy under David Putnam, then he went into Dr. True's drug store for a year, then he went to Putnam into the dry goods store of Dr. Mathews where he often saw Indians who came there to trade. When he returned to Marietta he worked with his father in building the Congregational Church which is now standing (1887) and in use. He taught school two winters in Salem township.

At the age of twenty-one, in 1807, he went to Saybrook, Connecticut, his native place, walking most of the way, and after spending a year there he returned in the same manner.

In 1811 he married Frances White Dana and moved to Gallipolis where his son, William Charles, was born, and the baby's mother dying soon after its birth, Mr. Shipman returned to Marietta with Mrs. Dana and the baby. He went to Athens in 1812 to a general militia muster, and being pleased with the place was induced to stay there, and open a store, and remained there until 1837. In 1814 he married Joanna Herrick Bartlett, daughter of Henry Bartlett, one of the pioneers of Athens



CHARLES SHIPMAN

County. He was foremost in everything benefiting the church of which he was deacon, and was the leading spirit in the community. He was the first in that part of the country to discard liquors from his counter and his house, and was a total abstainer. He was in partnership two or three years with Col. Ichabod Nye, and afterwards with Col. Stone of Marietta. This was dissolved in 1820, and he moved from Athens to a farm on the Ohio river, but in two years becoming dissatisfied with farm life, returned to Athens and again opened his store on the corner where he afterwards lived. He was a successful business man and a benevolent one. In his house was the "Prophet's Chamber," and it was never for any great length of time unoccupied. Ministers and church agents were always entertained at his house if their business called them that way. In 1837 he moved to his old home in Marietta to which he was much attached. He went into mercantile business with his brother Samuel and the partnership continued until his death. He was an honest man and above reproach.

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Charles Shipman was appointed Adjt. of 1st Reg., 1st Brig. 3rd Div. of Ohio Militia by James Mann. He was appointed Colonel in 1812 and received his commission from Governor Return J. Meigs. He was made Major of the 1st Brig., 3rd Div., May 21, 1818, by Governor Thomas Worthington. He was made Lieut. Colonel 2nd Reg., 1 Brig. 3rd Div., April 9, 1820, by Governor Ethan Allen. He was made full Colonel though we do not find his commission.

My father married Joanna H. Bartlett March 31, 1814, having the year before moved to Athens and opened a small store, the town at that time consisting of only a few houses. I was born March 9, 1815. I was five years old when my father, with three or four other families, Dr. Bierce among the rest, conceived the very foolish idea or plan of buying farms on the Ohio river just below the foot of Buffington Island. They all moved there but Dr. Bierce. We went down the Hocking river in what was called a keel boat, something like a canal boat of these days. I remember though only five years old, of being on the boat and some things that happened while on the way. There were then only four children, Brother Charles, a half brother, being seven years old. Brother Bartlett was born on the farm October 27, 1821. We stayed there only two years. My mother was of too nervous a temperament to live where she could not have the services of a physician on short notice, and my father being by this time convinced that was no place for him or his family, moved back to Athens in the spring of 1822, and for a number of years rented the farm, getting only a trifle for the rent, sometimes a horse and again getting nothing. At last sold it for much less than he gave for it, which was \$3,000. In Athens he lived till I was ten years old in a frame building on the corner of the street where the bank now stands. His store was in the same building. In 1825 he built a brick house nearly joining it. The back of the house can still be seen. The front has been built to the street, covering the ground which was our front yard.

When I was fourteen years old, in the fall of 1829, I was sent to Gallipolis to school, Rev. Augustus Pomeroy having opened a young ladies' school there a few months before. A young friend and companion, Ann Gilmore, went with me. We expected to stay six months, but being only children, and though only forty miles from home, we became too homesick to stay the six months, and just before the end of that time, we were sent for to go home, the only way to get there being on *horseback*. This was in the spring of 1830. One year from that time in the spring of 1831, I went to Marietta, a young ladies' school having just been opened there by Rev. Luther Bingham. I remained there six months, going home for a week at the time of summer vacation. After that we had good schools in Athens taught by teachers as good as those at Marietta.

In the winter of 1833, Betsey and myself spent two months in Lancaster, trying to get a little instruction on the piano, our father having got one for us the year before. A very poor one, but a great delight to us. In the spring of 1834, wishing to go to Pittsburgh for some goods, took Henrietta Bartlett (an aunt of my own age) with him in our own carriage, there being then no other way of traveling. We went to Zanesville, and then on the national road to Wheeling, then on to Pittsburgh. Returning father put the horses and carriage on board a steamboat and we came to Marietta, thence home in the carriage.

In the autumn of 1834, Betsey and I went with father to Philadelphia, going in our own carriage and two horses to Baltimore, an account of the trip being given in this book. We moved to

Marietta in March, 1837, my father going into partnership with Uncle Samuel Shipman. He bought a brick house which stood on the spot, occupying the same ground front which the store of Bosworth, Well & Co. store now occupies.

After my marriage, October 17, 1839, we stayed at my home until March 9, 1840, when we went to housekeeping in brick house midway between my father's and the Ohio river. Frances, our first child, was born there August 15, 1840. In the fall of 1841, we moved into what was called the old Woodbridge house about opposite the other. In the fall of 1842 we moved to my father's again, and there December 4, 1842, our second child was born. Taking the whooping cough from some one in the house, he lived to be only three months old. Name, Charles Shipman.

In the spring of 1843 we bought the house on Fourth street, repaired it, being the house near the pump where Mrs. Tenney afterwards lived. There our second son, Henry Perkins, was born, April 14, 1846, living only eight months, dying of lung or throat trouble, January, 1847.

In the summer of 1848, we went on a two or three weeks trip taking Frances, to Pomeroy, Athens, Chillicothe, Circleville, Columbus, Zanesville, Connellsville, Marietta and home. Beautiful weather all the time and we enjoyed it much.

In the summer of 1850, the house on the hill was built, and here Henry was born, January 14, 1858. This house we sold to Col. Craig, \$4,500, and we moved to the Dr. Cotton house. Col. C. bought the house September, 1861. The Cotton house was then owned by brother Bartlett, and his wife

(Hannah Cotton) having died, he wanted us to occupy his house and give him a home with us. Mr. Bosworth having been appointed Post Master that spring, and the post office just across the street from there, we were very glad to accept the proposition. My father died in July 7, 1860, and my mother October 21, 1870. She made her home with us after my father's death. In the summer of 1863, we bought the house corner of Second and Scammel, adding my mother's rooms and kitchen to it.

Frances and Major Dawes were married June 20, 1866, going first to Parkersburg, and afterwards to Cincinnati, where their home has been ever since.

Mr. Bosworth was Auditor from 1844 to 1852. Post Master from 1861 to 1869. Then went into B. W. & Co.'s store as bookkeeper for a year and then to the store of the rolling mill in Harmar until September, 1871. E. C. Dawes then bought the Steven Newton house on Fourth Street, and we moved into it. He paid \$8,500 for it. He had then bought from us the house corner Second and Scammel, giving us \$5,000. Henry graduated in June, 1877, and immediately left home for Cincinnati, where he studied law, boarding in the same house with his sister and Major Dawes. After a year we found our house more than we needed, and we decided to rent the lower part, and E. H. Turner, having just married, moved into it in September, 1878. They occupied it until 1881, September. Their two children were born there. We then took possession of the whole house until fall of 1882, when Mr. Small and family took the whole house furnished, paying us

forty dollars a month rent, and we went to Cincinnati, boarding. In December, 1883, General Dawes having a seat in Congress, he wanted us to go up and keep house and take care of part of the children that Mary might be able to spend part of the time in Washington with him. We went and Mary returned in February. Just then Mr. Small died suddenly, and Mrs. Small felt that she must leave the house. So we went into our own home in February and B. B. Stone took the lower rooms, first of March, 1884, remaining there till spring of 1891. Professor Philips, Professor Beach and Mr. Porter, occupying the upper rooms at different times. Mr. Penn now in the lower rooms.







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