JOURNEY TO THE PROMISED LAND

ELIZABETH COLLETTE

At four o'clock on the pleasant afternoon of October 8, 1807, a little band of persons, a baker's dozen in number, set out from the village of Scotch Plains, New Jersey, for the far-away state of Ohio. In many ways they were typical of the hundreds of other groups that, during the early decades of the century, made their way westward over the Alleghenies. In the new land beyond the mountains was elbow room, free or at least cheap land, and opportunity to build new homes in the wilderness. Many journeyed without definite goal; not so with this party. Its oldest member and head, the Reverend William Van Horne, who had served as chaplain in the Continental army, and who took pride in his friendship with General Washington, had, in return for his services, been granted a section of land east of Lebanon, Ohio, some thirty miles northeast of Cincinnati. Thither he was bound.

With him journeyed his wife, his only son Thomas, his six unmarried daughters, Ann, Elizabeth, Mary, Lavinia, Harriet, and Clara, two friends, Mr. Clark and Mr. Thompson, and two servants, Richard and Old Elisha. Such a number must have overflowed the one carriage and "little waggon" that were their only conveyances over hill and mountain, by bridges and ferry, to the headwaters of the Ohio.

The family was neither German, Scotch Irish, nor French Huguenot, as were the majority of the westward-bound settlers of that time. The Reverend Mr. Van Horne was Dutch, of the third generation in America. His grandfather, Christian Van Hourse, had come to Pennsylvania from Holland. His father, Peter Peterson Van Hourse, had been, like his son, a Baptist minister in Pennsylvania. His wife, Lavinia Budd, belonged to an English family that had settled in New York City before the Revolution. Not only their numbers and their national background,

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but the fact that the group contained so many unattached “cheerful and lively” young women had much to do with their being “gazed at from morning to night” and being “a wonder to the country” through which they passed, so that people were continually wanting to know who they were, where from, and whither bound. It is fortunate indeed that one of them, the third daughter, Eliza, had promised “valued friends” of her father’s Baptist congregation in New Jersey to keep day by day a journal of their adventures, and that the little notebook in which, by candlelight, after the rest of the family were in bed, she often wearily penned the entries, has survived to this day; for it is rich in information and vivid with observation and comment.

Quite unadorned with preface or introduction, the journal, in its simple directness of style, speaks for itself; but a brief explanation of the route and of the time consumed on the journey, a little straightening out of the many persons mentioned by name, and some calling of attention not only to what is stressed in the journal, but to what is not (our journalist is almost as eloquent in what she does not say as in what she tells), cannot but add to the pleasure and interest of the reading of the journal.

The route is clearly given. By the end of the first week they had reached Harrisburg, having passed through Somerset, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Reading, and Lebanon. The next seven days were momentous. The Susquehanna was crossed, with a near-tragic adventure en route. Beyond Shippensburg, the carriage, with father, mother, and Mary inside, upset in the rutted road. The tedious Three Brothers of the Blue Mountains and Sideling Hill were surmounted. Bedford was reached. Two weeks from Jersey and still seventy-five miles to Pittsburgh and the waters of the Ohio! The weather meanwhile had run the whole gamut from “uncomfortably warm” to the “chilling blasts of Autumn” and “snow and shine all day.” At the foot of the Allegheny Ridge rain threatened, and the unaccustomed smoke and flame from forest fires disturbed the travelers. No wonder the father, who began to show fatigue the third day out, who became faint and delirious before the party reached Harrisburg, grew steadily weaker, and complained “mournfully of the dismal, dismal mountains.”

A third week was consumed in covering those last seventy-five miles. Laurel Hill, with its miserable road, was conquered. At the top of Chest-
nut Ridge, still forty-two miles from Pittsburgh, the father became so ill that our journalist and Sister Ann were up all night with him. After a two-day rest at an “indifferent house,” he seemed to mend, and they pushed on to Pittsburgh, with its doctor and comfortable inn. But comforts were useless, help in vain. On Saturday night, October 31, the one for whom all were so concerned died. The next day, Sunday, he was buried, “far from home,” in the churchyard of the Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh. The funeral was held in the new Brick Church, built two years before to replace the original log one, the same building in which, in later years, the Western Theological Seminary held its first classes, and in which was organized the Western University of Pennsylvania, now the University of Pittsburgh.

The journal records all this in detail, and much more. There is pithy comment on the condition of the roads, comment from one who sometimes walked as much as fifteen miles a day, and was proud of her dexterity. There is comment on the overflowing inns, and on the “far from neat” Dutch houses, where brooms were used less frequently than in the barns. Food and drink, almost as important as the rest, played their part, from the cherry bounce of the second day out and the “dish of coffee for my Father,” to the “very, very good bread all the way,” and the “trees loaded with apples.” There are keen observations, some complimentary, some decidedly not, on the country, and especially on the towns through which they passed. In the first part of the journal Pittsburgh, goal of the first lap, is mentioned many times; but the tragic event that occurred there so occupied them all that, once arrived, they had attention only for the kindness of the strangers who dwelt therein.

While there is one detailed description of Pennsylvania mountain scenery, Eliza Van Horne was much more interested in the road, the people who lived along it, and the travelers who journeyed over its uneven surface. At intervals, all the way from Jersey to Ohio, the family found old friends. They dined with the Nesbits at Somerset, stayed the night with Dr. Kelso at Harrisburg, were entertained by their cousins the Shirases at Pittsburgh, by Mr. Slow at Limestone, by the families of Judge Goforth and Colonel Armstrong at Columbia, and by Lawyer Goforth and General Gano at Cincinnati. And at Lebanon awaiting them was the second daughter of the family, Margaret, next to
Anne in age, who, with her husband, Daniel Cushing, and their young son, had left Jersey after the departure of the Van Hornes, but by dint of pushing on overland, had reached Lebanon first.

Besides there were unexpected attentions from strangers: Miss Bray of the "elegant garden and summer house," the kindly keepers of taverns, and especially the "Hospitable, friendly kind, Sympathetic inhabitants of Pittsburgh." There was comradeship with other travelers too. Wherever the party stopped they were likely to be surrounded by "Gentlemen from different parts." Difficulties in the road led to groupings: "When we began to rise the Hill there was not less than 40 people in Company."

Even more interesting than comment on individual persons seen en route is the information given in the journal about the methods of transportation in use across the Alleghenies: the dozens of teams, despite the difficulties of Laurel Hill, the carriages, the stages, the people ahorse and afoot. Almost plaintive is the wish of the weary woman who must save the horses: "On horseback is the pleasant and safest mode to perform this journey—Was I a gentleman I would not omit it for a trifle—for they see the world in American Miniature really a little of everything."

Compared with the strenuous trek across Pennsylvania the four-week passage down the low waters of the Ohio to Cincinnati must have been tedious indeed. Yet while there were no more hills to climb, a room where a family might spread down their oilcloth, take out their andirons, and prepare for a voyage, would scarcely spell comfort to us. Provoking indeed it must have been to learn, shortly after their arrival in Cincinnati that, in the high-water season which followed, boats actually came the same distance in "four days."

Whether on land or by water, the chief burden of the journey fell on the old and on the women. The leader paid with his life. His wife was so wearied and ill that for months her health was despaired of. In the young women of the party the spirit of the pioneer is plainly evident. Well aware that they would never return to all that was familiar and dear, they turned their faces resolutely toward the new land. The hardships and sorrows that fell to their lot they accepted in the most matter-of-fact way. They were justly proud of their activity and endurance on the road. With stout bodies went stout minds. Yet these young women
were not foolhardy; they were well aware of the dangers to be met. There were fears of the weather, of mishaps on the road and on the river, fears for the older members of the party. When word came that the Cushings had set out after them, Eliza declared, “I could scarce close my eyes all Sunday night thinking—where are they on the water, coming through by Land—perhaps sick on the road—or where can they be.”

Yet in spite of fear and grief there was never a thought of turning back. These unattached young women, with no men of their own by their sides, continued as they had done when, to make sure of their father’s comfort at the Pennsylvania mountain inns, they had “tript on before.” Never, except in consideration of their father’s illness, is there any wish that they had not started on the long journey, or any desire to be in any place in the world but Lebanon, Ohio. Eliza was right. It was “a great undertaking to remove a family from Jersey State to the State of Ohio,” and “strength, fortitude, resolution, and a good share of Patience was absolutely necessary.”

But it paid. Indeed it did. All were delighted with Ohio, and particularly with Lebanon, a town that many thought had before it a greater future than had either Cincinnati or Dayton. To them all a new life opened. All but Ann, the oldest, and Lavinia, an invalid, married after they reached Lebanon, choosing husbands from among the “well-educated genteel, agreeable young men” of whom the town boasted such a number. Mary married the Reverend Stephen Gard, a Baptist minister. Harriet and Clara married Thomas Ross and his brother, a physician.

Eliza Van Horne, born on December 14, 1776, in South Hampton, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, was a mature woman of thirty-one when she wrote her journal. Baptized Elizabeth, she was called Eliza by her friends and Aunt Betsey by her nieces. She is described in family tradition as “fair, not short, but of rather slender build, and quick in all her movements.” To her last years she always “ran upstairs.” Like all the Van Horne women she was fond of dress and of society. Her obituary, found long ago in an old book, speaks of her “kindness to the poor” and of her “unusual activity and strength of mind.” Mrs. Anna Eliza Collette Little, her granddaughter and namesake, who treasured the journal for almost eighty years, describes her as a “woman of rare mind, fond
of solid reading, hospitable, interested in all good things, and of an understanding heart.”

In 1808 Elizabeth Van Horne married Joshua Collette, a lawyer of French Huguenot stock, five years her junior, who had come to Ohio from Virginia in 1802, the year Lebanon was founded. Her husband, reputed to be the homeliest man in the state (a statement to which the sturdy pioneer countenance of his daguerreotype bears witness), was for fifteen years judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio. He was widely known as the Just Judge. The couple prospered, adding many acres to Eliza’s share of the Van Horne holdings, and building a fine farm home and log-cabin law office thereon. To them were born six children, only two of whom lived to maturity: Mary, who died of consumption in her twenties, and William Rogers, born in 1812, whose descendants, true to the pioneer tradition, are scattered from coast to coast. Elizabeth Van Horne Collette died on February 19, 1846; her husband on May 5, 1855. The old brick house on the southeast corner of Main and Mechanic Streets in Lebanon, where the Van Hornes spent that first winter, the “Maple” house on Mechanic Street where Eliza’s children were born, and the farmhouse built by Judge and Mrs. Collette are all standing today.

The journal itself is written in a remarkably clear and legible hand in the latter half of a small note-book, which has been sewed and re-sewed. It was returned to the writer by the Jersey friends for whom it was written. The first page and about one-third of the final page, which have been lost, are supplied from a copy made soon after the Civil War. The original text, with these brief additions, is here reproduced. In 1931 the journal was given by Mrs. Little to her niece, Elizabeth Collette, only daughter of her younger brother, Joshua Collette, namesake of his grandfather, Judge Collette. Strangely enough, it has found its way back, after a century and a quarter, to Pittsburgh, the “friendship, kindness, sympathy, and delicate attention” of whose citizens called forth such warm gratitude.

A final word. There is another Van Horn journal, A Journey to Ohio in 1810, as recorded in the Journal of Margaret Van Horn Dwight, edited by Max Farrand (Yale University Press), New Haven, 1920. Margaret Van Horn, with her deacon and his wife, traveled
overland from New Haven, touched Pittsburgh, and proceeded down
the “pleasant Ohio” on her way to Warren. Margaret, born in 1790,
was a girl not quite twenty when, in 1810, she set out. Eliza Van
Horne, born in 1776, was thirty-one when she, in 1807, with her
family party, journeyed by land and water from Jersey to southwestern
Ohio. It is doubtful if the two journal writers were related in any
way or ever heard of each other. Their accounts are interestingly different
in outlook and in comment.

Journal of Elizabeth Van Horne, Kept on Her Journey
from New Jersey into Ohio, 1807

[8th Oct. 4 O’clock in the afternoon parted with our weeping and valued
friends at Scotch Plains, reached Plainfield and stayed the night. Agree-
able to request, I have commenced my Journal to be directed to Mr. Osborn,
our friend and their families; we have received kindnesses & attentions that
will long live in our memories—At the same time feel grateful to many very
many of other neighbors & friends for their hospitality & friendship we re-
ceived proofs of, & whose good wishes follow us to the State of Ohio, whither
we are journeying. Our Plainfield freinds also merit our thanks & remem-
brance for their benevolence & respectful attention—

9th From thence proceeded to Somerset & dined at Mr. Nesbits, was kindly
received by him and family, then came on to this place through the north
branch, at which place some of the girls stopped for a drink of water; an old
Lady asked Clara how far we were travelling—Clara answered, to the State of
Ohio—What, no farther? How far should we go? says Harriet. Why, to Ken-
tucky!!! was the answer. We reached the White House in safety somewhat
fatigued—have surrounded a large table, taken our tea and feel comfortable.
My Father & Mother have lain down and are pretty well rested, all appear
cheerful & lively & are pretty anxious to go to bed &]² to go to rest.

10th Sun not up Breakfast ready and soon will set out Good Morning—
Came on to Lebanon Township, on the way met a man asked him the name

²The bracketed passages, phrases, and words, in the first three paragraphs of the journal
as here reproduced, are taken from a copy of the original, the first page of which is now
missing and the second fragmentary. The copy was made soon after the Civil War by
Richard Ross, oldest son of Harriet Van Horne and Thomas Ross, and is now in the pos-
session of Fenton Ross, a nephew of Richard. The spelling and punctuation of the original
and of the passages supplied by the copy, have been followed as closely as possible, but to
facilitate reading, minor liberties have been taken with the form, principally in the way
of paragraphing.
of the next place it is Potters Town he replied a large City—found it contained 2 houses! Ascended a hill and came in sight of an elegant garden and summer house—the gate being open some of the girls entered it—when a lady met them—invited the family in—made us two or three glasses [of] cherry bounce took us all [about] the house and garden—the [house] furnished superbly and in [elegant taste]—regretted that it [was Saturday] and that the engage[ments of the] morning would not [permit her to escort] us some miles [on our way] The politeness of Miss Bray (who is the Lady mentioned) was signally pleasing—as travellers and strangers it was so unexpected. We then entered Bethlehem Township—stop’t by a stream and grove of trees—spread our table on the grass got some water from a spring—rested ourselves—and went on to the hicory tavern—Sun 2 hours high set out to vis[it a h]ill three miles up and a half [mile do]wn—very hilly and rough and [in other] places sandy—the day un[common]ly warm all pretty much [fatigued] when we put up for the [night] at Bloomsbury especia[lly my Fa]ther—this day on his ac-count [we have] all felt distressed—You [may think] I [jest] when I say I have [walked ten miles this] day—but [should] I add 12 or 15 miles I should do more justice to my dexterity I have no blisters or sore feet nor have any of the family. Satuday Night.

[October 11] Sunday Morning Sun an hour high set out for Easton, fine roads and pleasant country reached Easton about noon—crossed the Delaware on an elegant bridge such an one I never crossed before—It being Sunday and no meeting we were gazed at from morning to night—indeed it is much the case every day—I believe we are a wonder to the country through which we pass—Our numbers or something take their attention they want to know who we are, where from, and where we are bound. We pass’d on to Bethleum but wanting our time to reach Allentown by night did not stop as we had calculated to see its curiosities—Came on to the Lehigh crossed in ferry boats got to our lodgings by candlelight—My Father appears much fatigued and very much swelled. My Mother bears the journey well. So does old Elisha.

[October 12] Monday another fine day good roads and a finely cultivated country—all Dutch people. came on 18 miles to Kutze Town [Kutztown] called and got some good bread and some coffee—stop at the farm houses once in a while and get a good drink of milk somtimes pick up some apples, hicory nuts, chesnuts, and grapes, so pass the time well as we can. Four Miles past Kutze Town we stay tonight at a Farm house—the Inn was so full we could not get accomadations. My Father to night seems better—all the rest of the family pretty smart. Mr Clark as lively as ever.

[October 13] Tuesday evening. This morning my Father was not so well.
To day came 22 miles Pass'd through Reading a very smart Town—a cloud of Dutch, English & Dunkers with long beards were collected at the court house on the business of election—This afternoon we left at the left hand the road that leads to Landcaster and took the road to Harrisburgh the next Town was called Wofendale, next place called Myers Town. and the next Lebanon, which excelled them all. The hotel was brick, in the front and end of the building was thirty too windows—two very handsome churches—a pleasant situation for a Town and beautiful country—Then came on to Millers Town where we stay to night. My Father has lain down and is in a very pretty sleep was he but well we could go on cheerfully—there is no place in this world I wish to go to but Lebanon I have not the most distant wish to be settled in any other State but Ohio. And could my Father enjoy his former state of health I should have no regrets—except the presence of some choice friends we have left behind—who in all probability will "meet us no more."

Wednesday [October] 14th to Morrow should nothing intervene we expect and hope to reach Harrisburgh the waters of the Susquehannah—This afternoon has been very warm through fatigue with travelling and his disordered state of body my Father was taken with faintness and talked unintelligibly which alarmed us very much. what the event of this journey will be is a matter of painful anxiety to us. This evening he appears again pretty smart far beyond our expectations.

[October 15] Thursday evening—
[October 16] Friday Morning ... reached Harrisburgh last evening. at this Inn we have had the poorest accomadations we have yet had on the road—Dr Kelso who lives opposite came over and invited my Father and Mother to sleep at his house—they have had a comfortable night—we are to cross the Susquehannah this morning near a mile in width. We find so many teams bound for Pittsburgh that we could not cross untill ten oclock—in the meanwhile sent for the Barber and had my Father cupped. We are since astonished at the change in him he seem'd to enjoy his days ride in observing the buildings, the Soil, the timber &c the road fences are from 7 to 10 & 13 rails high. Barns we see that have 5 windows and 8 doors. The teams that are on the road are surprizing in number we meet dozens returning. One man that pass'd us said he had been out with his team with goods from Philidelphia to Pittsburgh ninety times. At Harrisburgh we were overtaken by Mr Stockton of New Ark & Mr Schenk bound for Cincinati. In crossing the Susquehannah this morning they took in a large dog that was swimming across the river—by shaking himself the horses took fright and jump'd overboard—in order to make room for the little waggons in the same boat we every one but Thomas got in to the
carriage but being near shore the horses soon touch’d bottom and loosed themselves by breaking the harness by that means the carriage did not overset and we got safe to land but met with a very great fright. We repaired and started for Carlile which we pass’d and viewed as a smart Town.

[October 17] Satureday To day we were again overtaken by Stockton & Schenk before we reached Shippensburgh. this place is a low sunken, dirty, stony, unhealthy, rough disagreeable looking place here we parted with Mr Stockton and his companion—they to Chambersburgh and we to Strausburgh. We have to this afternoon met with no difficulty in obtaining whatever we have wanted for a comfortable and pleasant meal. Good very very good bread we have had all the way. This afternoon my Father & Mother & Mary was in the carriage decending a hill very much rutted—and overset. My Fathers ear was cut a little—My Mothers shoulder and arm hurt but no bones broke nor any serious effects I believe are to be apprehended. Indeed my Father appears quite smart this evening for him. 4 Miles this side of Shipinsburgh we stay to night at Mr Nevins tavern which I can recommend as an agreeable house for travellers—neat people & kind. The dutch houses genarly are far from neat not so neat as we could wish for our comfort. I really think they use a broom more frequent in their barns than houses. We were so fortunate on the road as to find a sweeping brush and we found it nessary to ensure any degree of comfort at night that Ann & myself went on before engaged a room went to sweeping and cleaning ready to bring in a bed and have it made by the time my Father arrived. The Orchards this three days past we have noticed are full some of the trees loaded with Apples.

[October 18] Sunday Morning This morning we entered upon the Blue Mountains—the first 3 miles in length then another four miles and are now at Tannensburgh. My Mother & all the girls have walked 7 miles and some of them more We have had snow and shine alternately the whole day.

[October 19] Monday. We left Tannensburgh this morning and came over the third mountain through Fort Littleton and slept at the foot of sideling Hill We find Apples plenty and many smart houses between the Mountains and Hills. The three Mountains or three Brothers (as they are called) Were tedious Sideling Hill also We are to night at Bloody Run at Tates tavern. We have crossed no Mountains to day but the Hills I cannot compare them to anything but boisterous waves of the Sea Ascent and descent—one rise above another untill we are sick of the sight of Hills. The views from the mountains of the surrounding Hills & Mountains were really charming—such prospects I never beheld. all the tops of the surrounding Hills covered with lofty Pines intersperced with Chesnut and Oak. The chilling blasts of Autumn
cause them to look variegated Picturesque and grand. I already think it a great undertaking to remove a family from Jersey State to the State of Ohio. Was their no Invalids numbered among us it would be something easier. Yet for any family—Strength, fortitude, resolution, and a good share of Patience is absolutely nessary.

[October 20] Tuesday Noon My Father has pass’d a miserable night. Oh! my friends you can have no conception of what we suffer in mind to see him so fatigued, so weak, and to lay on the floor, so restless getting up and down without a murmer or a complaint. We are told that we are over the worst of the way—but I place no confidence in the saying. We stay to night (which is Wednesday [October 21]) at the foot of the Allegany—We find the atmosphere ful of smoke occasion’d by the mountains being on fire. We so far have had fine weather—but the evening appears very much like rain [the] wind blows very very hard the light of the fire we can see.

[October 22] Thursday Today we pass’d through the Town of Bedford. The Court was set and when we stopt were surrounded by Gentlemen from different parts interrogating us where we were from where journeying &c. We have met this three days past it is unaccountable to tell the travellers we have met. Stages, 2 very hansome Carriages, Gentlemen & Ladies on horseback, Travellers of all descriptions—and I can not tell you what.—To day we have travelled 20 miles and think the alegany nothing in comparison to what I expected. have seen no road as bad as I expected—but have seen more bad road that is the way longer and far more Hills. At the foot of the Mountain convenient stage houses with lamps before the door—On the top of the Mountain is a spacious double 2 story Stone house building by a never failing Spring the best Water I have tasted since I left the Plains. We have this day some of us girls walked 15 miles. We are this evening which is Thursday just a fortnight since we left the Plains 75 miles from the waters of Ohio. My Father is very much fatigued so indeed he is every day—but cannot see much alteration in him for the better or worse. But think he grows weaker and complains mournfully of the dismal, dismal, Mountains.

[October 23] Friday a cold morning—We passed this day through Somerset between the Allegany and Laurel Hill and we sleep to night on the top of the Hill. When we began to rise the Hill there was not less than 40 people in company—with teams families, on horseback on foot and every way. We have to night a comfortable room and good fire—many families have to pass on farther for accomadations & they some of them grumble severely about it. It would have been our lot had we not some of us tript on before (knowing the sittuation of our family) and engaged a room. Their is near 30 to Supper in
another room and I am astonished at the excellent supper provided by this Landlady. I believe to speak within bounds their is near 80 horses stopt here to night.

[October 24] Saturday We have travelled 13 miles to day and are on the top of chesnutt ridge to night 42 miles yet to Pittsburgh—but good road we are told and will make it in 2 days journey if we keep well. Laurel Hill is justly & properly named indeed—it crowns all the Hills for length and roughness—We found men at the foot of the Hill at work upon the road as we came down—I told them they could not be employed in any business that would please me so well. Altho I never expected to rise the hill again I was glad to see them making it better. They told me their was a hansome sum collected to defray the expencs of making the road good to the top of the Hill. The first Tavern below the hill we stopt got a dish of Coffee for my Father and he laid down to rest. The Landlady told us she had known since her residence there which was either 13 or 15 years teams returning from Pitt to be 5 days in rising the hill which is five Miles. It is my friends, a tedious journey indeed for a family. But was I at the Plains now, and circumstanced as we were—except my Fathers illness I would start again.—My Brother has drove the Carriage over all the Hills and Mountains, and never overset—but it required great care and judgment I assure you—our horses were in as good Spirits as when we started—and I think more gay—We are praised and commended by all travellers for our courage and cheerful dexterity—no Women that go the road that excel us in Activity—we have favored our horses very much and they look well. On horseback is the pleasantest and safest mode to perform this journey—Was I a gentleman I would not omit it for a trifle—for they see the world in American Minature really a little of every thing—

[October 25] Sunday Morning My Father has had a very tedious night indeed has slept but very little. Sister Ann & myself have been up all night—he has had two very severe chills and complained something of a pain in his side, and that his legs paind him they are very much swelled so that the water drops from them. This morning he is confined to his bed—this event we have feared and apprehended would be our melancholy situation. We are detained at an indifferent house—far from a home or any friends—not a Dr in 8 miles nor a Town near that we can obtain any thing nessary should it be needed—this trying circumstance we feel severely. He sleeps very easy this morning and my Brother has concluded it best for him to go on to Pittsburgh and engage a boat and arrange matters for going down the river. Left us with this conclusion that if an alarming change should take place to send Mr Clark or Thomson (who is with us) with a horse for him. if not any material change and we did
not arrive by Tuesday morning he should return to us. Sunday Eve—My Father has slept quietly all day. We have administered What Medicine we thought proper through the day and think him something better tho’ he has taken very little notice of any thing untill afternoon then seem’d sensible, and easy. How dreadful are our apprehensions! How wretched our feelings!

Unless a very great alteration takes place and I feel very different my journal must be discontinued. Through Attention to my Father, and fatigue I penned a more imperfect journal than I could wish so far but my friends must take the will for the deed. All the Leisure I get to write is after the family are in bed and I own to you I have sometimes repented my promise.

Lebanon! ! Yes my friends I am at Lebanon and untill the present could not find leisure, or attain a frame of mind adequate to the task of completing my journal.—On Monday [October 26] my Father seemed to mend—On Tuesday morning [October 27] he took some breakfast and concluded to start for Pittsburgh. In 2 days we were within 7 miles of that place. The roads much better and did not discover that my Father travelled with any more pain or difficulty than in days previous—but the night before we reached that Town discovered his appetite fail.

[October 29] Thursday Morning took a little breakfast the rest of the family did not breakfast untill we got into Town. Thomas set out to meet us but heard by a traveller that saw us we were coming on. Our wishes all seemed to center in one thing, in one place—that was to be at Pittsburgh—when once there we thought my Fathers fatigue would be over—and his distress was heavily ours—he himself said to me one day. we I think travel fast but I dont know but its best we get there soon as possible. So indeed it proved we reach’d there on Thursday morning and Satureday night [October 31]—his soul took its flight (we trust) to happier regions. No more to bear the fatigues and weary distresses of a Pilgrimage in this life.—his situation, and the circumstances attending his death you may learn from Mr Clark whose attendance was kind and attentive and will not be forgotten.

I do not, cannot bear to dwell on this trying circumstance further than to relate with grateful remembrance the inhabitants of Pittsburgh, the 2 Presbe-terian minesters Mr Steele, & Mr Boggs the Doctor a Niece of Mr Cushings 2 Mr Shiras’s, Cousins of My Mother, the Gentlemen & Ladies of the Town and the family where we put up. Their friendship, kindness, sympathy, and delicate attention merit our warmest acknowledgement — and will long live in our remembrance. Yes my friend Mr McCullough’s family (at the sign of the Cross Keys) with the Hospitable, friendly kind, Simpathetic inhabitants of

3 Probably late in February or early March: sugar-making had begun.
Pittsburgh will long be remembered by us. Our utmost desires were gratified in respect to the arrangement of the funeral before we could signify our wishes — with a politeness and delicacy — that does honour to human nature and oppressed our hearts with gratitude and affection. So unexpected, and so consoling a treatment from Strangers that on the 1st Sabbath of November I felt as if my heart would burst with grief, and gratitude.

Had this mournful and trying event been permitted when surrounded by friends and acquaintance that had known my Father from the commencement of an early life of Piety and Virtue—or for years they could not have shewn more respect and attention to his bereaved family—Mr Boggs a young Preacher called on saturday afternoon but my poor Father was not sensible—he however made an excellent prayer and sat sometime with us. He with Mr Steele call'd again in the evening, Also Mr & Mrs Neal, the 2 Mr Shiras's and Mr Thaw of Philadelphia and others—Mr Neal & Mr Shiras's staid all night and a valuable widow Lady that was called in after my Fathers dissolution—staid with us untill sunday evening, and after that hour we were not left alone untill we left the house to spend a day with our Cousins.

[November 1] On Sunday at eleven oclock it was thought advisable my Father should be intered owing to the state of mortification which his body was in which had taken place we found when at Chestnut ridge) Mr Steele being the Pastor of the church where my Father was buried and the most aged Minester—my Mother made application to him to preach a funeral Sermon but having such short notice he declined, Mr Boggs called the same morning my Mother made known to him Mr Steeles answer—Mr Boggs said if it was the wish of the family and they would attend in the afternoon at the Court house where he preached—he would omit his morning service and attend with (Mr Steele) the funeral in the morning which was agreed upon. The two Clergyman attended Dr Stevenson & Dr Cuming and respectable gentleman of the Town were selected to attend each one of us to the grave and pew door, and return'd with us to the house—and in the afternoon again to the court house—Mr Steele in his Prayer of the morning in an affecting manner noticed the melancholy event, sang an appropiate hymn—and at the commencement of his Sermon made some just observations upon a life long spent in the minestry, of his situation in his declineing years, of Journeying with his family to provide a home. And of his happy discharge from the toils and trials of this life. In the afternoon Mr Boggs a warmhearted zealous little Virginia preacher took this text “Write, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they do cease from their labours—and their works do follow them. And handled the text I think as my Father would have done—or as I have heard him. Sung the 5th 6th & 19th Hymns of the 1st Book. In the forenoon 17th & 18th
Hymns & “Why do we mourn departed friends”. Sunday evening Mr. Steele & his Lady Mr. Boggs and a number of others spent the evening with us in a very friendly way.

[November 2] Monday morning Mr. Shiras and his Brother came for us to spend the day with him (in sight of where our boats lay) They had provided such a dinner for us as I have not set down to in some years. either in Philadelphia or N Y York Indeed I dont know as ever. Staid all night—took breakfast before sunrise and went on board on tuesday morning [November 3]. The waters were low but arangements were made for going down the river—thinking we had rather suffer a long passage than my Father should under go any more fatigue—three boats in company one called the Pilate boat to go before—The time appointed to start was satureday afternoon but consented to wait for us untill Sunday morning—but the event of that day detained them untill Monday afternoon when they started without us.

Tuesday evening we overtook them—but suffered very much with fear through the day and just at night got fast on a log that lay near the shore which was the worst stroke that befel us going down the Ohio river. The three boats were loaded with goods from N Y (except the half of our boat). The family goods of Mr. Theale of N Y bound for Cincinnati. Store goods of Mr. McFall—Mr. Bakewell & Page Englishmen. we had the tedious passage of four weeks—Stopt at Stubenville, Charleston, Wheelan, Marietta, Blanaharsets Island and mansion house we were Stopt also at Galliopolis a French settlement, at Portsmouth and Limestone. All three of the boats sold well at Limestone as the Water was upon the rise. none of the boats came on to Cincinnati but ours—all the passengers with their trunks and goods moved into our boat. I think the Ohio a beautiful river—the shores of Kentucky on one side and Virginia on the other great part of the way. When the Water is in a good state it must be delightful. Boats have come from Pittsburgh since we landed—in four days to Cincinnati.

Every circumstance and event seemed to contribute to reconcile to the bereaving Providence we experienced at Pittsburgh. The fatigue's my Father had gone through—his weakness of body which brought on an imbecility of mind: He seemed weaned from the world and its fleeting enjoyments His strength of memory and powers of mind seemed greatly changed. Seemed unfitted for the enjoyments of Life by infirmities that appeared to accumulate & the inconveniencies he must have suffered in coming down the river—Caused us to resign him as much as possible to his God in a better world who had been merciful and took him to himself at the fittest moment. But Oh! my friends to be resigned to a seperation from such a Parent how severe the task.

Our boat was far the most comfortable of the three—the Pilate and gun boat
(as they called) was very much crowded—the ship 7 Sisters as they named ours had 2 fireplaces and a comfortable room—spread down our oilcloth, took out our andirons—and prepared for a voyage. My Mother suffered as well as the rest of the family with fear, and frights—and when we reached Limestone—On Sunday Morning—my Mother was so reduced she could set up but a little while. There we met with a Mr Sloo who had frequently been at our house—a Brother of Mrs James Duffie of N York—he took my Mother up in town to a Mr Chamber's went for his wife who staid untill Monday evening with her—when my Mother came on board—at ten o'clock at night we started from Limestone and the next evening at candlelight we reached Columbia\(^4\) landed close by the habitation of Judge Goforth\(^5\) an old and respectable friend of my Fathers—who we found departed this life the Monday after my Fathers death He had promised himself much satisfaction in seeing and conversing with him at Columbia—he died in a happy frame of mind They had a joyful meeting we trust in the upper and better world. We all spent the evening with his lovelly aged widow & amiable daughter.

I staid with my Mother in her weak state at Columbia—with Mr's Goforth 2 or 3 of the girls at Col. Armstrongs\(^6\)—the rest of the family went on to Cincinnati in the morning—took breakfast in the boat soon as they landed—then left the boat with Lawyer Goforth to visit his house and some of the family at General Gano's.\(^7\) I staid a fortnight at Columbia with my Mother [at the end of November]—the rest of the family staid the same length of time at Cincinnati. Except Old Elisha, Rich, Mr Clark & Thomas in a few days they [the men] moved on to Lebanon. Our friends at Columbia & Cincinnati and the acquaintances we formed treated our family with every mark of respect,

\(^4\) The first settlement on the Ohio between Limestone (now Maysville) and Louisville, located near the mouth of the Little Miami River.

\(^5\) William Goforth had seen service as captain and major in the Revolutionary War. Appointed a judge of the Northwest Territory by Washington, he became very influential in the creation of the state of Ohio.

\(^6\) Colonel John Armstrong, husband of Tabitha Goforth, daughter of Judge Goforth of Columbia, was before his marriage constantly engaged in the arduous duties of the Ohio frontier. One of the most famous woodsmen, explorers, and military men of the early West, he, in 1790, explored the Missouri some distance above St. Louis, alone. He was an original member of the Society of Cincinnati.

\(^7\) General John Stites Gano, husband of Mary Goforth, another daughter of Judge Goforth, was the son of the ardent patriot, the Reverend Mr. John Gano, who served as chaplain in General Clinton's brigade to the end of the Revolution. The Reverend Mr. Gano had preceded William Van Horn as pastor of the Baptist Church at Scotch Plains, New Jersey. For twenty-six years, before he removed to Kentucky in 1788, he was pastor of the First Baptist Church in New York City. He was an original member of the Society of Cincinnati. The son, General Gano, was to play an important part in the War of 1812.
and attention that we could wish or expect. The girls say they never in City, Town or Country lived better or were treated with more attention than at Cincinnati. The best of every thing and apples in abundance. I am confident we never eat so many apples any Season that we lived at S Plains as we have this—. When the family were about to leave Cincinnati for Lebanon. Mary came up to Columbia to stay with my Mother (who still kept her bed alternately) I then went to Cincinnati on Sunday evening, on Tuesday morning [in mid-December] we set out for Lebanon.

Sunday evening before we started for Lebanon my Brother returned to Cincinnati. The letters from Mr Osborne containing the information of Mr Cushing's family being at the Plains and of their setting out for this Place—I could scarce close my eyes all Sunday night thinking—where are they on the water, coming through by Land—or where can they be. But on Tuesday morning we reached Lebanon and the first we saw when we stopt at the house that was taken for us was William standing in the door—he looked very much surprised and seemed as if he had a faint remembrance of us. We had a Joyful & a Sorrowful meeting—They came through by land and had a tiresome, tedious journey—the latter part. They all looked thin and pale—so did the female part of our family. But they and we have altered for the better in our appearance. Harriet has gained 26 pounds, I have 14 pounds &c. My Mother still keeps weak and infirm and sometimes fear she will never recover her former health. But hope as the Spring advances she will be better. We feel thankful to our friends at Scotch Plains for their attention and kindness to Mr Cushing's family.

And now my friends we are all here—a little time and application with health and we shall be in the enjoyment of a comfortable living. We now burn our own fire wood, eat our own Sugar, and the bread of independance is pleasant to those that have lived in the Situation we were sometime before we left Jersey.—None of the family are dissatisfied with the country but the reverse—I am agreeably disappointed for my part in many respects in Cincinnati and in the Town of Lebanon—more peticularly this place, the buildings, the inhabitants and the industry of the Mechanics of this place is surprising—We have eight Stores in this place I have been in but two of them—they surpass our country Stores that I have seen in Essex county. The house that we occupy this winter is a small two story frame house on the corner of roads that lead to Wainsville and Deerfield on the right hand of us is Lawyer Pierce Office—on the left hand is a high building in which is a printing Office, Post Office, State

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8 Captain Daniel Cushing, husband of Margaret Van Horne, of the Ohio Artillery. He was drowned in 1815 in the Little Miami River while in pursuit of Indians.
Attorneys Office, Recorders Office & a Store—Opposite a genteel Tavern. Several handsome brick buildings close in sight intermixt with frame ones, and some more going up. It is a stiring lively place and in the Spring I think it will be delightful. We have had a great number of visitors more than I can enumerate—a goodly number of Jersey people. Young Gentlemen from every part almost—from N York, N. Ark, different parts of Jersey, from Delaware, from different parts of Pensylvania, from Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, Cincinnati, Franklin, Dayton Waynesville Urbana &c &c.

The generality of them well educated, genteel, agreable young men—And we have been happy in finding in the different Towns a small number (in comparison) of hansom, genteel agreeable young Ladies. Yesterday the young gentlemen of this place went out with some of my Sisters to see our land where we are clearing and making Sugar for the first time—they are much pleased with the situation—and land can be no better. In time of Sleighbing four Sleighs in company went out to Waynesville from Lebanon on a visit to an English gentleman who married a Miss Mercer, Sister of Archibald Mercer of N Ark—We then rode through our land and I am much pleased with it—

How many in this State are under strange delusions with respect to religion and forms of Worship—the Shaking Quakers for one sect—it is awful to behold them—I have been to see them]9 once but can give you [no idea of] my feelings at beholding [them in] their wild Indian powwow, and [dancing]—some spectators faint—[some] shed tears—and others tremble while some laugh and ridicule them. The new lights (as they are call’d) are nearly as wild or disorderly as the Shakers—their Society is composed of Baptist & Presbyterians &c. their is also a Methodist society—and a regular (what we call a regular) [Baptist Society in this place & vicinity. There are a good number of respectable & able families that belong to the Baptist society. Their Preacher is plain, good, serious, tender, feeling, firm, uniform, Revd Danl Clark. There are also some Presbyterians.]

How much & univer[sally is the] Death of my Dear Father [lamented] in this State—One says [Oh! that] I could have seen him once [more]—Another Oh! that I could have [heard] him preach once more—that it had been so permitted that I could have conversed with him one half hour—I [?] wanted to ask him this one question and then that—and so on—tears rolling down their cheeks acknowledging the [justice] of God in disappointing them [when they were so elated with the Idea of his assistance and the enjoyment of his society—The pride of my heart is gone—My Father.]

9 This and the other bracketed portions following are taken from the above-mentioned copy of the journal, because about a third of the last page of the original is missing.