

(Typescript Of A Journal Kept By Miss Elizabeth Cater))

**An Account Of A Trip**  
**From**  
**Lowndesville, South Carolina**  
**To**  
**Mississippi**  
**Dec. 6, 1859 - Jan. 25, 1860**

**Written By**

**Miss Lizzie Cater**  
**(Miss Elizabeth Cater)**

## Background and tentative cast-of-characters

Lizzie Cater, the diarist, was the daughter of Richard Bohun Cater (1811-1854) and his wife Jane Lovely Patterson. Lizzie was nineteen years old in the winter of 1859 when she, her mother, her oldest sister Sara and Sara's husband (or fiancé) Courtney Wilson left their home in the village of Lowndesville in Abbeville County, South Carolina, to move to Mississippi. Also on the trip were at least three of Lizzie's younger sisters, Eliza, Martha (or Matt), and Rebecca, and one brother, John Richard. Family lore holds that thirteen-year-old Mary stayed behind to attend school in Georgia.

*Also T. A. Cater & Edwin remained in SC*

Dec. 6

**Dr. Baskin's:** James T. Baskin, M.D., was married to Mary Elizabeth Giles, daughter of Mrs. Cater's sister and brother-in-law, Sarah Patterson and Andrew Giles

**Major Bell's:** We'll have to wait for Mr. Arnett Carlisle to tell us where this was

**Jim:** who "fell into a gully" could be the horse Jim, previously mentioned, or cousin Jim (Cunningham), about whom more later.

**Ridge Methodist Church** was and is on the Lowndesville side of the Savannah River, on Harper's Ferry Road.

**Duff:** See below

**Cousin Jim:** See below

**Courtney:** Courtney Alexander Wilson, son of LeRoy Caldwell Wilson and Rebecca Evaline Gordon; cousin of Lemuel Reid's. Lemuel's mother and Courtney's father were siblings.

**Bud:** Probably John Richard Cater, Lizzie's fifteen-year-old brother

**Eddy:** Twenty-one-year-old Edwin Cater, Lizzie's brother

Dec. 7

**Duff Hatton:** More likely McDuffie Haddon; however, he's not been identified.

**Cousin JRC:** Probably James R. Cunningham, the widower of Sarah Louise Giles, daughter of Sarah and Andrew Giles; as Sarah Patterson Giles and Jane Patterson Cater were sisters, their daughters would have been first cousins, and Lizzie would have referred to her first cousin's 37-year-old widower as "Cousin"

Dec. 8

**Matt:** Martha Ann Cater, Lizzie's ten-year-old sister

**Ma:** Mrs. Cater, is, of course, Jane Lovely Patterson, daughter of Josiah and Abigail Patterson. She would have her 47th birthday on the trip. *Ma* would have been pronounced to rhyme with *baa*, as in "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep"

Dec. 15

**Uncle James:** James Cowan Patterson, D.D., Jane Patterson Cater's brother who was a college president in Griffin, Georgia, when he enlisted in the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia in 1861

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Dec. 26

**Uncle Silas Cater:** Silas McPherson Cater was Lizzie's great-uncle, the brother of her grandfather Thomas Miles Cater. The Silas Cater chart says he died in 1855, however.

**Cousin Francis P. Cater:** Uncle Silas's son, according to the text

Jan. 6

**Sis:** Could be any of the sisters, but most likely Sara, the eldest, would have been called Sister by her younger siblings; she was 13 years older than Lizzie.

Jan. 19

**Johnnie:** not identified

Jan. 24

**Cousin Josiah:** Josiah A. Patterson Campbell, the son of Mary Patterson and the Rev. Robert Bond Campbell; his mother and Mrs. Cater were sisters. The Campbells moved to Mississippi in 1845.

Jan. 25

**Hosinsko:** a misspelling; Kosciusko, Mississippi, was Cousin Joe's home until 1869 when he moved to Canton, Mississippi

**Cousin Eugenia:** Josiah Campbell's wife

**Cousin Charles:** Charles Henry Baxter Campbell, Josiah Campbell's younger brother

Rose-Marie Williams  
Abbeville, SC  
February, 1996

An account written by Miss Lizzie Cater, of a trip with her family from Lowndesville to Mississippi. The trip begun December 6, 1859.

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasant shades;  
Ah, fields beloved in vain,  
Where my careless childhood strayed,  
A stranger yet to pain.

Dec. 6, 1859

I waited all morning and we did not leave Lowndesville until one o'clock. As they drove the wagons out of the lot of Dr. Baskin's I'am and Stocking would not draw the wagon they were hitched to, and Dr. Baskin took Stocking out and put Selim in with Jim. They balked on a little hill at Major Bell's but by rolling the wagon the ascent was made without much difficulty and we got along very well until we began to ascend the hill on the other side of the creek where the horses again refused to pull and no coaxing or whipping that was applied could make them budge in trying to get them to go forward. Jim fell into a gully on the side of the road and came very near being seriously injured, however, we at length succeeded in getting to the top and went on tolerably smoothly except when we came to hills.

We are now at the Ridge Church, we intended to cross the river this evening, but being delayed we only got this far. This is our first night at a camp. We have pitched our tents made the beds and eat supper, which consists of coffee without cream, and cold bread and ham. We are all sitting around the fire but instead of talking each one seems to be buried in their own thought even Duff has lost his usual vivacity and cousin Jim seems to have caught the contagion, while Courtney sits regaling himself with a smoke. Bud is lying on a buggy cushion asleep, and Eddy is on a sheep-skin. Poor dear fellow, no wonder that he seems so sad, for this is the last night that we expect to spend together in a long, long time; 'tis very cloudy, I expect it will be raining in the morning. No stars are visible.

Dec. 9,

We got up at four o'clock, and started at six. We soon reached the ferry, and were put over the river for a dollar. 'Twas my first sight of Savannah River, and I cannot say that it was hailed with joy, as it would have been had I not known that I was about to bid a last and reluctant farewell to dear, dear old South Carolina. Though I have left thy dear old hills, I shall ever be a child of thine. Where ere my feet shall roam, no place shall be as dear as thee, my native state. Had to hitch all of the horses to one wagon in going up the hills after we crossed the river. We got along finely 'till we came to Van's Creek where the teams had to be doubled again. Reached Ruckersville at twelve, then we parted with Duff Hatton, Cousin J.R.C. and Eddie. Poor boy, 'tis an old adage that "the bird we pet is the one we love," and this has proved true in the case of our crippled brother, but we console ourselves by the thought that you are preparing for a noble work, one that angels might envy. Ruckersville is quite a pretty little village has two churches and an Academy, but I am sorry to note that there is also that curse of society, plague of our country, A RETAIL GROCERY, in it. We crossed Beaver Dam creek a subsidiary stream of Savannah, I suppose, passed by where the old Elberton factory used to be. Have camped tonight in a pine thicket on a hill at the foot of which is a branch. I forgot to state that it rained on us until we got to Ruckersville this morning, it cleared off about noon and 'tis very cold now, the water is freezing now; the moon shines and thousands of stars adorn the canopy of heaven.

Dec. 8,

SUN

Decamped just as the/rose, got up the hill after we crossed the branch very easily with the first wagon but had a good deal of trouble with the other. We crossed a beautiful creek with a pretty rock shoal, then passed through what is called Goshen District; crossed another creek before we came to Broad River. We crossed Broad River at Nash's Ferry. A man and his wife rowed us over - ferrage one and a quarter dollars, Broad River was not near as wide nor so pretty as Savannah, at least when we crossed I did not think the view so pretty, the banks must be pretty though in the Spring when the laurel and yellow jassamine are in bloom; but not more so than the banks of dear old South Carolina's river's. Took the wrong road this evening and went a mile and a half off the road, consequently we did not get as far as we intended today; are now in two or three miles of Danielsville, have camped near a church. Matt has been very unwell today. She was not well yesterday. I ~~am~~ now writing by the camp fire, if it did not smoke so I could write very well. Thus ends our day.

Dec. 9

Passed through Danielsville and crossed South River at the Widow White's Mill; crossed over innumerable little branches and two creeks, the ford of the last one was almost impassable. We passed by a church this evening, I infer from its being so convenient to the water that it is a Baptist Church. The exterior of it would be very pretty if the windows were not so small. Have camped near a house tonight; Ma sent for some milk for Matt, the woman came with the milk and invited she and Matt to go to her house. Ma did so and she treated them very kindly. She sent word for her to come back to the house and stay all night, but Ma declined. Heaven bless the woman for her hospitality. We are now in Jackson County--seven miles from Jefferson. Martha is no better Bud is ~~sick~~.

Dec. 10,

Crossed the Oconee River on a bridge. Found Jefferson a much ~~better~~ prettier village than Danielsville, 'tis laid off better, and the Court House is a beautiful building. We crossed another river two or three miles from Jefferson called the Mulberry; crossed three creeks and branches and riverlets more than I counted. We are not through Jackson yet. Will ~~be~~ by tomorrow. Bud is still sick, Matt is better. The horses have performed admirably; have not had to double the teams since Wednesday, have gotten them trained pretty well. I forgot to write in the proper place that we stopped in Jefferson long enough to have an iron rod made and a ring put on the end of the wagon tongue, also a shoe put on Stocking--price one and a quarter dollars.

Dec. 11,

Rested today.

Dec. 12,

Came by a Mill and a church, the first one I ever saw with a chimney to it. Crossed a fork of the Mulberry River, and learned that the branch of it we crossed Saturday is called Walnut fork. Next came to Wile's store where we put some letters in the Post-office. Two women driving an ox overtook us, I was walking and had quite a lengthy conversation with them. They came as far as Dr. Freeman's with us. Dr. Freeman's house is the prettiest house I have seen in Georgia, except a few in the villages through which we have come. White's store is near Dr. Freeman's; Courtney went into it to make some inquiries; there was no one in the store except a lady. Came by another church, the grave yard was walled in with rocks. We went into ~~it~~; two of the graves had houses over them with glass windows in them. Are now in Gwinnett, two miles and a half from Lawrenceville. Bud is still sick and I have a very severe cold myself. 'Tis not so cold as it has been.

Dec. 13,

Did not leave the camp until eight o'clock, were detained in Lawrenceville until eleven. Lawrenceville seemed to be quite a thriving village. Has a large factory, the first one I ever saw. After we left Lawrenceville, Courtney took the wrong road, had to go after him. They went on but could find no road by which they could get into the right one, so they turned around and went back to where they started. ~~from~~. We kept going ~~on~~ thinking they would get into the road before us but could neither see or hear them. Just then in our perplexities, when we know not what to do, we hear a dog barking in the distance. 'Tis Watch, No he is with the other wagon, but our ears do not deceive us, it comes nearer. We look. Yonder he comes ~~at~~ full speed, and we know that he comes with the intelligence that the other wagon will soon overtake us. To the left we see the ~~Stog~~ Mountain reaching toward the horizon. We passed by the place where Uncle James used to live. We had no fodder and every house we came to we tried to buy some, but always received for an answer, NONE to sell. Perseverance though will accomplish anything, at the last house we passed, and if necessity had not compelled us, we would not have thought about inquiring for fodder, we succeeded in obtaining a dozen bundles. Have camped tonight in a very good place, though it is rather slanting. There is an excellent spring near.

Dec. 14,

Crossed Chattahooche River at McAfee and Gregorie's bridge (toll .60¢) Here the land seems more productive than any through which we have passed this week. We next came to Victry's creek which we crossed at Lebanon Mills. On the bridge we paused to admire. The water fell over the mill-dam in most beautiful <sup>spots</sup> which sparkled in the sun like diamonds. Away up the creek we could see some ducks swimming about in the water, now they dive and we watch to see them rise at a distance; while we are looking we see a flock of geese one by one swim out on the water, they look even more graceful than the ducks. There is also a tanyard by the mill, I saw some vats of water by the bridge, and suppose the water ~~is~~ is carried from them by aqueducts under the ground, into the yard. We soon came to another mill on the creek owned by a Mr. Smith. They seemed to be repairing it. We next came to Rosenville, I was in the wagon and did not have a full view, but from what I saw I judged it to be quite a neat little village, about like Lowndesville my own native village. I saw one tollerably pretty flower yard in it, the prettiest, and I may say the only flower yard I have seen since I left South Carolina. This evening we came through quite a hilly region of country. Some of the hills were lofty and I think they may be called miniature mountains. One of them, the highest ~~in~~ think I ever saw, had a pile of rock on its summit. We had to give thirty cents for a dozen bundles of fodder this evening, which speaks of scarcety. Bud is still very unwell, and Loe the most useful one of the negroes about the horses gave out yesterday. The weather is beautiful. Are now in Milton County.

Dec. 15,

The horses balked on the first hill we came to after we left camp, but we finally succeeded in getting the wagon up the hill. Bought a bushel of corn and a dozen bundles of fodder for .25¢ from a McSnell. We next came to Soap Creek. Are soon in sight of Marietta, we are in the eastern suburbs and toward the west we see the Hexagon Mountains. Marietta is the largest village I ever saw, and to use the language of one of the negroes, I am somewhat "wiser" tonight. I saw for the first time in my life a telegraph wire and a railroad. I missed seeing the cars though they were in town, We passed by Marietta camp ground, and two lofty hills which a gentleman told me were Black Jack mountains. Begged some cabbage this evening, and Ma bought a chicken. We have camped in a new-ground and there is no scarcety of wood.

Dec. 16,

Had to double team just as we left the camp coming through a long narrow lane and by a log church. Overtook an old man originally from South Carolina his name is <sup>is</sup> Trusnen. He said he would accomodate anybody from South Carolina. We crossed a creek that had a bridge over it; next came to Pumpkin Vine River, it commenced raining on us about one and it rained very steadily all evening; we traveled on thinking that we would come to a house or some suitable place where we could camp. We at length spied a house to our great joy, and seeing no ~~at~~ sign of anyone living in it, Courtney went and opened the door, but to our disappointment we saw that people lived in it. There is another cabin in sight, we go on and find that it is not inhabited. We have taken formal possession of it and find it better than a tent, though it is only a small log cabin, and we scarcely have room to turn around. The wind blows and it is raining very hard. Never before have we known how to appreciate a shelter. Such a one as we have tonight anyhow. Are in Pauling City.

Dec 17,

This has been quite a dismal day, it has not rained hard but it has been cloudy and drizzly. Owing to the weather and those of our number that are on the sick list we did not travel today. We learned that there was a monthly meeting of Court a short distance from here today, a great many passed by here, the most of whom were drunk--beastly drunk. We have heard more cursing and swearing than we ever heard in our lives before today. Oh, when shall that era come when our ~~gloria~~ glorious union of States shall have vanquished that degrading monarch -- ARDENT SPIRITS. A boy apparently not more than fourteen years of age, passed by on his way from Mill, drunk. I never heard such horrid oaths proceed from any human being before. His mule threw ~~him~~ him in sight of here, and ran off and left him with his meal. He would attempt to lift it and every time he did so he would fall; sometime his bag would be on top of him. I do not think he will reach home tonight unless someone assists him. To our dismay we learned this morning that we took the wrong road three miles back but 'tis no use crying over spilled milk," we will stay here until Monday and then retrace our steps until we get to the right road. Perhaps Providence ordered it thus that we might find this shelter.

Dec. 18,

The sun arose gloriously this morning and not a cloud was to be seen in the sky, but it seems to be somewhat cloudy tonight. Our hero of the bag returned today in search of his meal, he had an ax on his shoulder, and we asked him what he carried it for; he replied, that he had his dogs with him, and thought if they treed anything he would need his ax. He said he would not want any more liquor in a month, and talked about being drunk with as much sang froid as if he had ~~only~~ only taken a drink of water. Even now while I write I hear some one cutting wood. How thankful I am that the Sabbath is better observed in my dear native state; ~~in~~ there I never even saw any one carrying an ax on Sunday. Recrossed Big Pumpkin Vine creek and got into the right road. Have most excellent roads to travel over today. Travelled mostly through pine woods. Passed through Van Worth from thence we came by the state mine on New Holly Creek. The mine is owned by Mr. S. Jones. Some of the hands were preparing to make a blast which we heard explode after we passed; others were sawing and filing the pieces of slate, while some were hauling away the refuse. We have camped tonight in a tent at the Sardis Camp-ground. Are within seven miles of Cedar Town.

Dec. 20.

Reached Cedar Town about twelve o'clock. Had to ford a large creek after we left Cedar Town, the water ran into the wagon. Bought a bushel of corn this evening for a dollar, and learned that corn is selling for a dollar and ten cents a bushel. Have put ~~up~~ up tonight in a double log cabin. The owner gave us permission to lodge here. Are in Polk County, and are only a quarter of a mile from ~~Polk County~~ the Alabama line. This has been the most disagreeable day we have had since we started on our journey. It has been and still is cloudy. The wind blew and we have felt the cold more sensibly than if it were clear. I am afraid 'twill snow tonight.

Dec. 21,

It was snowing this morning when we started, it did not snow long enough though to cover the ground. It continued cloudy until this evening, Sol had courage enough to show his face. We bade a final adieu to Georgia this morning. Have had to travel through a great deal of water this day. We crossed five or six creeks but did not learn the names of but two, had to ford them all, some of them were wider and deeper than they appeared to be. We passed through Ladiga. It seemed to be a tolerably thriving little village, but I did not admire its site. After we left Ladiga we came to a cross-road where there were several houses close together and which might be termed a village, if it has a name I did not learn it. We have seen about a dozen mountains today. The first were called the dividing ridge between Georgia and Alabama, the others I suppose to a chain of the Alleghany. I had a beautiful view of the sun-set this evening as the sun receded behind the mountains the last rays as they lingered upon the mountains contrasted beautifully with the scenery around. I do not think I ever saw anything more lovely. It is clear tonight and the twinkling stars are shooting forth one by one. Have pitched our tents tonight for the first time since Thursday night. We are in Cherokee County.

Dec. 22,

Just as we got about five miles from the camp this morning one of the wagon wheels broke to pieces, but "accidents will happen to all, both great and small." We were in a lane and we built a fire in a corner of the fence. Bud tried to borrow a wheel until we could get to a shop, but failed to do so. Courthey took the wheel on his shoulder and he and Bud rode to a carpenter's shop. He could not get the wheel finished until tonight. So we hitched up the horses and got out of the lane, then unloaded the wagon and went back for the load in the other wagon. We have camped by a church and near a Mr. Green's. He is a South Carolinian; when he learned that we were from South Carolina he came down to hear the news from his native state. Are in Calhoun County, five miles from Jacksonville. This has been a very cold day. Had to give a dollar for corn and thirty cents for fodder per dozen.

Dec. 23,

Got the wheel about ten o'clock, and reached Jacksonville about twelve. We next came through Alexandria on our way to Valledaga. Nothing of importance happened today except that we lost Watch in Jacksonville. We were late in finding a place to camp; we at length found one but water is not convenient. This has been an extremely cold day; we have had tolerably good roads today. Saw several fields of cotton that had not been gathered, some hands were picking in one field.

Dec. 24,

Passed through Morrisville this morning and this evening we came through a little village called Shake Rag, we are eleven miles from Valledaga. 'Tis Christmas eve and if the distant report of guns did not fall upon our ears I would not think of its being Christmas. Ma is very unwell tonight, but I hope she will be able to travel Monday. We were asked a dollar and a quarter per bushel for corn today, but would not give it, and got what we needed from another man for one dollar.

Dec. 25,

Ma is still sick. 'Tis cloudy tonight and I am afraid it will be raining before morning.

Dec. 26,

As I anticipated it rained this morning about day-light, but it was 'nt a hard shower of rain and was soon over. We stopped before we got into Talladega while Bud went to see Uncle Silas Cater. We stayed in Talladega until one of the tires on a wagon wheel was welded together. It is a very pretty town. We



heard a band playing and every one seemed to be enjoying Christmas, but all seemed to be taking it soberly. I expected to see a great many drunken persons but was very agreeably disappointed in not seeing any. We crossed the railroad this evening, and I saw for the first time in my life--a train of cars. It commenced raining on us this evening, Bud inquired for a house that would do for us to camp in, and was directed to a house on ahead with two rooms and a chimney to each room, but to our great disappointment when we reached it we found no floor in it, and that the chimneys were too shackling to admit of a fire being made in either of them. But some one is halloing for some one to go out to them. I am afraid for Bud and Courtney to go. Bud ~~has~~ has gone out, and I hear some one say; "My name is Cater--I am a relation of yours," I must drop my pencil and meet my stranger cousin. He has gone, 'twas cousin Francis P. Cater a son of Uncle Silas. He was not at home when Bud went to his house, and when he heard about us he followed on after us. We never saw him before, and he surprised us very agreeably by popping in upon us. 'Tis raining and it bids fair to be a wet night.

Dec. 27,

We started in the rain, and it has rained slowly and steadily nearly all day, we pushed on toward the river, fearing that the rain would raise the river. If we had have reached the river ten minutes later we would'nt have gotten over tonight, two wagons reached the river before us and two after us, We went down the river slow to the banks some distance until we reached the chain by which the flat is guided across the river. The chain is made of wires twisted together. We are very comfortably fixed tonight, are in a very nice little cabin which protects us from the rain effectually, and the poor horses have stables to stand in tonight, a treat they have'nt had since we left South Carolina. How it rains.

Dec. 28,

It has rained all day, and once or twice it misted rain. The roads were so muddy that we did'nt travel more than fifteen miles today. We crossed one creek with a bridge over it, and two others, the last one we crossed was rather deep, both wagons dipped in water as we came across it. 'Tis thundering and lightening and everything seems to indicate a speedy shower of rain. We may look for "a watery bed," tonight. Oh, if we only had a roof to shelter us tonight. We have camped within a few miles of Columbiana.

Dec. 29,

We passed through Columbiana this morning and were told that three miles from that place we would have to, cross a creek which the recent rains had caused to overflow its banks; we soon reached it and we were deliberating what to do, three men crossed it from the opposite bank. They thought the wagons could cross it if we would get out of them, but how were we to cross. We could'nt find a foot log; a man told us we would find one above the ford, so we all started in search of the log, which we found about two hundred and fifty yards above the ford. But it was several yards from the water and the current below was deep and swift. Courtney led Ma and the little girls over and we all got over safely, then the boys went back and drove the wagons across. The ~~water~~ water ran into the wagons, but we were too thankful to get safely over to mind that. We crossed two or three other streams, but none were as deep as the first one. We came by Shelby Springs today, and this evening we saw a lime factory to our left. We have camped in a rather low place tonight, and I expect we will have a more disagreeable night than last night was-- even now it is raining, and the lightning flashes and peal after peal of thunder reverberates along the sky. We are indeed "strangers in a strange land." In sight of us on the hill stands that silent whisperer of Man's Mortality--a grave yard, but the wind and storms do not disturb its occupant: in their "narrow house,". We expected such weather when we started and

hereafter when we are sitting in our comfortable home around a cozy fire we will know how to feel for poor benighted travelers. I would like to know what our friends think about us tonight.

Dec. 30,

We made a huge fire this morning and dried our bedding, in spite of every effort we made last night we could not keep dry under the tent, it rained so hard we were obliged to keep covered to keep dry and it was so warm we almost suffocated. I hope we will not have to spend another such night before we get to our place of destination. Three trains of cars reached the depot at Monte Vallo just as we did. A man directed us to go around into the village and told us we would have no difficulty in finding the road into Tuscaloosa, but when we crossed over we had to turn around and go back into the right road. About a mile and a half from the village we were told to take the right hand road at a fork. We did so and went about two miles before we learned that the road was shut up, so we had to turn around and retrace our steps and take the other road. We saw some wagons before us this evening on their way to Mississippi. But they as well as ourselves will soon be water bound. There is a creek before us that is swimming. We will have to lie by until Monday. It is cloudy and has turned cold. It will either rain or snow tonight, if it does I don't know how we shall get along. Got corn for a dollar but did not get any fodder. Yesterday we were asked fifty cents for fodder per dozen, and gave sixty cents for a half bushel of corn in the husk.

Dec. 31,

This morning when we awoke it was snowing and the prospect around was one vast expanse of white; it continued to snow for some time and the ground was soon covered to the depth of several inches. We were in a quondam, before us was the ~~creek~~ <sup>creek</sup> which we were told was swimming and we had no protection from the snow except the tents. Bud and Courtney concluded to go on and see what the wagons nearer to the creek were going to do. They got there in time to see them cross it, and saw that it had fallen enough for us to cross without danger. They came back thinking it would be better for us to go on and cross over too. So we started but the horses could not travel fast over the snow; we found an excellent log across the Mohan--the much dreaded creek, and got over safely. We are now in Bibb County, and have put up in a large and commodious house belonging to a Mr. Falmer, with his permission. We have a house for the negroes--stables for the horses, and every convenience we could wish, unless we were at home. So we may expect to fare sumptuously until Monday. We gave a dollar and a quarter for some corn and forty cents per dozen per fodder today. This is the last night of eighteen hundred and fifty nine. Ere six hours more shall roll around "59" with its predecessors will be merged into Time's great Maelstrom; your snowy winding sheet is a rit emblem of the uncertainty of human life. The solemnity of its departure impresses us more than if we were to read it a thousand times that "Man is mortal," once more ~~fare~~ farewell.

January 1st, 1860.

It has been cloudy all day and only once has the sun peeped from behind the clouds and its rays were not sufficiently warm to melt the snow. It seems to be a little cloudy tonight. No stars are visible. We have been so comfortable today that we will feel the inclemency of the weather tomorrow. Everything is frozen.

January 2,

Passed through Centreville this evening and were detained awhile at a blacksmith shop in it. We crossed the Cahaba river on a toll bridge after we left Centreville and paid a dollar for crossing over it. We have camped about four miles from Centreville tonight. Paid forty cents for fodder and one and one fourth dollars for corn per bushel today and it wasn't easy to get at that price.

January 3,

We are seventeen miles from Tuscaloosa tonight. Had very rough roads to travel over. the ground did not thaw much although the sun shone brilliantly all day; can scarcely miss the snow that melted today. We came through a little village called Scotsville this morning. It had a large factory in it. We crossed a creek by the factory but I did not learn the name of it. It is clear tonight and Oh, so very cold. We had to give a dollar and a half for corn, which looks like we were going to a "land of plenty."

January 4,

The sun was obscured by a cloud all morning, but this evening it appeared to be almost clear. We had to camp very early this evening on account of our being so near Tuscaloosa, we would not get far enough on the other side before night would have set in on us, so we concluded to stay on this side of the town. We only crossed over one stream today. Had wretched roads to travel over. The snow has nearly all disappeared. The moon is shining tonight and a great many stars are to be seen. Had to give fifteen cents per pound for meat today, a dollar and a half for meal and corn and forty cents for fodder.

January 6,

Were detained awhile in Tuscaloosa while we had some repairs done to the wagon. We saw only a small portion of Tuscaloosa, but we saw some very pretty houses. The asylum which is in process of erection has a beautiful exterior, it was to the right as we went into town. We crossed the Black Warrior at Foster's <sup>ferry</sup> nine miles below Tuscaloosa. The late rains made the river over-~~XXXXXXXX~~ flow its banks several miles but it had fallen and was still falling when we crossed. I could see how high it had been by looking at the marks ~~at~~ on the trees. I do not suppose it was more than three hundred yards wide when we crossed. All the way from Tuscaloosa to the ferry it was low and flat some places where the river had been very muddy and the water was standing in puddles in the road. But we ~~had~~ got over the river safely. Had to pay two dollars for ferrage. We find the roads on this side of the river pretty fair. Overtook some movers from South Carolina named <sup>H</sup>amingways. We have camped near them tonight. They are from York District, and are going to Madison County, Mississippi. We have camped near a mill tonight, and have been told that we have a hilly road to travel over before we reach Union.

January 6,

A part of the wagon gave away as we were coming up a hill this evening. We stopped at a Mr. Thomson's and he very kindly gave Bud timber and loaned him tools to mend it. He invited us to go into the house while we were waiting on the wagon. Ma and Eliza went in, Sis and I stayed in the wagon. We were fortunate enough to reach a house tonight. It belongs to Mr. Morrow, a South Carolinian, he came over to arrange his things so that we could have more room. Were there ever a people as hospitable as the South Carolinians? It has been cloudy all day and is raining now; 'tis well that we found this shelter.

January 7,

We stopped at a shop this morning about a mile from the place where we camped, to get a shoe put on one of the horses. We overtook our York District friends again this morning and we traveled on together. We had some notable hills to climb today before we reached Union; they were very much cut up, and so muddy that we had to double team. We met a negro while we were in the mud, who said, that the hills we had ascended were nothing to those before us, he said; it was "the Grand-daddy of them all," but when we came to it we did not find it as bad as we expected. We passed through Union, and have camped just one mile from Clinton, the <sup>H</sup>amingways have camped near by. It has been cloudy all day, but is nearly clear tonight. The moon shines beautifully. Every one we met today would hail us with the intelligence, that it would be impossible for us to cross the Tom Bigby river in a week. Such news is really disheartening, but we cannot help it.

If corn was'nt selling for such a reasonable price, it would not be so hard on us; when we shall have crossed the Bigby we will feel like we have crossed the last barrier between us and our destined home.

January 8,

The sun did not shine until about noon, but it seems to be quite clear tonight. A gentleman passing by today on his way from church, asked if we would allow him to ask a civil question, on our answering in the affirmative, he asked if we were not Presbyterians? Which opened the way to quite a lengthy conversation, and we found that he was one of the Eatmans of South Carolina. That is South Carolina is his native state. Before he left he told us to stay where we are 'til we can cross the river, and said if we would send to his house he would give us some milk and potatoes, enough to do us while we are here. Well done for my native state. Long may she live and her shadow never grow less. It has been hazy and as cloudy today as it was yesterday. The sun set clear though and it is quite clear tonight; the moon shines and the sky is thickly studded with stars. Mrs Eatman called on us this evening and brought us a basket of nice potatoes, and told Ma and Mrs Hemingway to send for more. We are on land belonging to a Mr. Harrison. He forbade us to cut any more green wood to burn. I will venture to say that Mr. Harrison is not a Carolinian. Who ever heard of travelers being denied wood? Most strikingly does this accommodation contrast with Thomson and Eastman. But 'tis well that this world is peopled with people that differ in dispositions as well as color.

January 10,

A gentleman named Pascal passed by our camp this morning and offered both us and Mr. Hemingway a house, three miles from Clinton, one on the Warsaw and the other on the Gainsville roads, to stay in until we could cross the river; and said if we would accept his offer he would go with us from Clinton and show them to us. We lost no time in pulling up stakes, and once more setting forward, Mr. Pascal overtook us after we left Clinton and offered Eliza and I a seat in his buggy. We felt quite stylish riding in his fine buggy drawn by two beautiful bays. This is a tolerable good double log house, and we can fare much better than in the tents. We have an artesian well, the first one I ever saw. Heaven bless Pascal. May he never want a friend, may he live a long and happy life, and be a good old man when he dies. It has been raining all day. It rained a little this evening, and 'tis raining now. We got under this roof in good time.

January 11,

The weather has been somewhat cloudy today. The sun shone dimly this evening, but I do not think it has cleared off yet. Mrs Richardson and her daughter came to see us this evening and told Ma to send down for some butter-milk. It was very nice and was quite a treat to us.

January 12,

The weather still continues to be cloudy. Ma went over to see Mrs Hemingway, and the boys went to Clinton this ~~morning~~ evening. The news from the river is still unfavorable.

January 13,

The weather is still cloudy.

January 14,

It has been cloudy all day, but is much cooler tonight, and it may possibly be clear in the morning.

January 15,

The sun gladdened us today by once more showing his face, a sight we have not seen since Wednesday; 'tis clear tonight and innumerable stars are visible. The weather is moderately cold.

January 16,

We once more set our traveling wheels to revolving, with the intention of getting as far as the river. When we had gone about three miles, we learned that a bridge on the other side of the river had given away. We then took the road to Gainsville. I never saw such roads as we came over today; they were almost impassable in some places and it would have been impossible for the horses to pull the wagons through without doubling. We traveled this evening along the bank of the river some distance, then through a man's plantation and crossed several sloughs where the river had been. We have camped near the ferry. This has been a charming day. The sun shone very brightly, I watched him as he sank behind the trees, and as the last rays lingered on the water and presented to my eager view one of Nature's loveliest pictures. We did not camp until the stars were shining, but alas, that so lovely a day should be merged by the twilight into such a night. The stars were soon obscured by a heavy cloud; the wind blew very hard and it soon began to rain, but we managed to keep tolerably dry. The river is not so wide as I expected to see it.

January 19,

Just as we left the camp Johnnie got his wagon struck in the mud, in turning it, but with great difficulty and hard work we got it out; we soon reached the ferry. The ferry was put over by chain. Ferrage four dollars. While I was waiting for the wagons I walked along the bank of the river. On the opposite side I saw the town of Gainsville. As I watched the water in its onward course and saw some men in skiffs sailing about, I almost wished that I were an aquatic fowl that I might always live on or near the water. If the Bigby would only continue to be as full in the summer time I would never tire looking at it. To say that the roads we traveled over today were ~~not~~ bad would not convey a faint idea of their state. They were the worst we have seen yet. 'Tis cloudy tonight

January 18,

We traveled through several prairies today, and though the road was bad it was better than we expected to find it. We have camped tonight two miles from Wahalack, and our hearts are somewhat lighter; we have at length reached Mississippi. I fancy that I can almost feel a change of atmosphere, but it does not seem so genial as that of my own native state. This has been a beautiful day and though the moon has not yet shot forth her silvery beams this is a lovely night. We passed a church today, and a grave yard. I went into it and read the epitaphs on the tombstones.

January 19,

Wahalack seems to have once been a neat little village, but the houses have a dilapidated appearance and several were unoccupied. It has two churches in it. The roads today were only tolerably good. We traveled all evening along the old road to Summerville. The bridge on the new road needs repairing, and we were advised to take the old one. We saw signs of deer and foxes, turkeys and opossums, and these woods which filled my head with romantic notions of taking a hunting expedition and following the Indian plan of camping in the woods, and every day taking my gun and ammunition and would start in search of game, and when the sun begins to sink in the west retrace my steps to our place of rendezvous and compare my days work with that of my companions in arms. Then make savory meat and betake myself to refreshing sleep. The weather is fine.

January 20,

We traveled two miles before we got out of the woods, saw two turkeys in them. The road was very good after we left the woods, with the exception of one hill, till we reached Summerville, and we found them fair though hilly this evening. We are seven miles from Summerville, have traveled about eighteen miles today. Summerville is not a pretty village. It has a church and three stores in it. This has been a beautiful day, the weather is warm and pleasant.

January 21, 1860,

January 21, 1860,

We are six miles from Louisville. The road today was pretty good, with the exception of one slough which was about one hundred and fifty yards wide. A gentleman very kindly rode before us over the most dangerous parts of it. It was so warm today that the poor horses looked worse than they have looked since we started. 'Tis somewhat cloudy tonight.

January 22,

Sunday. We are in a very retired place, nothing has happened to disturb the serenity of the day except three wagons passed by, one on the way to market with cotton. To the honor of my native state, I can say that I never witnessed such a sight on the Sabbath in her fair clime.

January 23,

Were detained in Louisville while we had some shoes put on the horses. It is not so pretty a village as I expected to see. It is connected with several other towns by telegraph wires, one of them goes to Koscinco; we have traveled all evening coming along by it; we averaged about thirteen miles today, the roads were tolerably fair and the weather is delightful. We crossed a creek and several branches, but I did not learn the names of them.

January 24,

Traveled eighteen miles today. The roads were very good, they could not be otherwise when the land is as poor as poverty. 'Tis time I have seen some very good land but the greater part was inferior. This has been a lovely day, a delightful breeze was stirring and it was like a spring day. A man came just now and gave us directions to the place Cousin Josiah rented for us. He says that it is only three miles from here, and ere the set of the sun we shall have arrived at the termination of our journey. As we look back tonight and contemplate all the hair-breadth escapes we have passed through, should not our hearts be raised in gratitude to Him who has led us safely through our long and perilous journey? Our feelings must be somewhat similar to what the Jews were after they had crossed over Jordan and were only awaiting the commands of God to go up and possess Jerico, or like our Pilgrim Fathers when after they had found a suitable place for a permanent home they returned to the May-Flower and landed their cargo on Plymouth-rock. I am impatient to see the home selected for us, and then I shall be ready at any moment to set my face towards South Carolina; the cords that bind me to her are stronger tonight than they were when I took the last lingering look at her hills.

January 25,

Arose very early this morning and even the horses seemed to know that we would soon rest for they traveled more briskly than they had for days past, but such was the impatience that we could not wait for the wagon ~~on~~ with steps as light as if we had journeyed but a day, and our hearts were even more light. We follow directions and are soon in sight of the place that in imagination we had conceived to be an earthly Eden. But at first sight all romance was dropped. We beheld what seemed to be an isolated cabin on the top of a hill. That the place, we exclaimed in amazement. Who could subsist there? In that coop? When we arrived we espied the lot and a shanty at the foot of the hill which seemed to indicate that once upon a time some one dwelt here. Soon after our arrival one of our neighbors Mr Davis came and gave us all necessary information. He and Cousin Joe are brothers in law. Bud took Jim and, went to Hoscinsko, Cousin Joe is in Jackson and Cousin Eugenia is sick. Soon after Bud's return Cousin Charles came. He started to meet us this morning and finding that we had turned in here, and he came to welcome us to our western home. No one would know that we were related. Cousin C. is not what may be called a handsome man, but he is fine looking and reminds us of Cousin Willie Giles. We are now duly installed. Cousin Charlie is with us tonight. There is a pile of cotton seed in the room and we have spread him a pallet on them

Another of our neighbors named Knox called this evening. Both he and Mr. De-  
offered to render us any assistance in their power. In gratitude our hearts  
are raised tonight to Him whose arm hath led us safely to this our resting  
place. Though a way-worn traveler, I have as yet seen no place that can displace  
from my memory the cherished attractions of dear old South Carolina.  
At each remembrance I drag a lengthening chain of associations of my dear  
old Homestead. The lovely farms filled with warm generous friends, and the  
graceful spires of the House of God silently inviting to prayer and praise,  
still cling to my memory with a tenacity that nothing but death can obliterate.