

much more this time - I hope you have heard from me a few times I have not written
so much as perhaps I ought to have done, but I have not felt always inclined to write when I
had the time - and it has
not always been convenient
I hope my dear parents
you will not be any less
for me - be assured I write
quite breathlessly concerning
myself if I am sick - you shall
know father especially - and if my
health improves I will come
home - Do let me hear
from home just as often as
you can - I wish to
the mother & sister at the
cottage - these weeks before
Thanksgiving, hurray! Well
I will be with you in spirit,
I long to know what he
says you have received
from George - perhaps
he is at home. Oh -
if he is - can I be quite
certain - yes I will
be - or why should
I write back? My letter
is open to criticism - but
I can supply in thinking
it good to those that love me
and will not be severe - it
is full of affection for you
all - I wish you
would love the family of which
I write them - and as I read success

And now you are ready to ask - why are you there? I will go back
to Napoleon - where I finished my letter to Mary - which letter I
suspect is speeding its way over sand-bars & snags - the Ohio
is so very low we can make no calculation whatever on the
length of time it will take for a letter to go to the East -
We were at Napoleon from Tuesday till Friday. I am very sure there
can be but one Napoleon in the United States. We lived on a wharf
boat, or rather we staid there for I can hardly call it living. My mother
you would have neither ate drunk or slept there. I never had any
idea of filth till I boarded there. Sarah & I had the most comfortable
state-room on the boat. we had a ~~down~~ feather bed. But the sheets & other
other covering was of a doubtful color - and we were well nigh
devoured by mosquitoes, fleas Etc. The second night that we were
there - some person opened our door & walked in - He was instantly greeted
with "Who's there?" but made no answer - Mr. Ross slept in the room next
to ours. I spoke to him and upon his answering, the intruder withdrew.
He was probably in search of our purses. It is a horrid place

and I hope I never may have to spend another hour there.
Our company increased, so that we were quite a little party when
we left Napoleon on the Mail-boat - numbering fifteen I think, most
of them belonged to Little Rock except ourselves. I am much pleased
with the Southern people. they are so cordial & affectionate. the feeling
of a stranger is very soon dissipated. I am surprised at the degree
of sympathy & interest manifested towards my unworthy self.
When I left N. I was suffering from a violent headache - for the first
time since I left home. I suppose I looked really sick, but I was not
anxious, for I am too much accustomed to the headache - but Mr. Ross & Sarah
were fearful, that it was the beginning of fever, and Mrs. Rector a lady
travelling with us, insisted upon my taking "blue mass," - she had some
and I must take it. - I yielded though sorely against my stubborn
will - I kept my berth the next day till noon - then I thought I had
"played sick," long enough - but if I had been sick six weeks in New England,
I should hardly have received more sympathy than was manifested toward me
on that little boat. At five o'clock ~~the~~ Saturday, Nov. 2. we reached Richland
The boat could not go farther the river was so low - so we transferred our-
selves, and a part of our baggage to some wagons. The wagon in
which I & came, was one without springs - the seats were simply boards
placed across the bed of the wagon - eight precious souls were stowed
away in it, our ride of fifteen miles to Pine Bluff, was very hard &
rough. the road was by no means a New England road - and our
carriage not a New England carriage - we reached Pine Bluff at nine o'clock
weary & worn, but cheerful & happy - I & I had a room to ourselves, but
it was not the most comfortable in the world - I passed a sleepless night,
and of course the morning found me not much refreshed, but Sarah was
quite unwell, so I said nothing about my self, although I could not quite hide
the feeling of weakness & fatigue that oppressed me. We all wished to spend the

Sabbath there but could not, as no stage would leave again for nearly
a week, and we could make no other arrangements - so at ten o'clock
we started again, and this time in a covered wagon - we were very
much crowded, and never in my life have I suffered as on that day -
jolting jolting jolting - from ten in the morn till eight at night, I have heard
a great deal of complaining since I started, and am sick of it - and no
person here that I was suffering at all - but when I got out of the carriage I
could not stand or walk - I was not sick in any way - I had not even
a headache - but completely "worn out" - as I said then. I never understood
fully the term weary till then. I slept very well that night, however & Monday
morning felt quite like myself. we started at sunrise - Mr. R. Sarah & I
walked on about two miles - and when the carriage came up with us
we were just tired enough of walking, to be glad to take seats again.
We reached Little Rock at 2 o'clock Monday P.M. We found Mr. Ross - the
other Cherokee that I saw at P. Bradley. He started from Washington just before
Mr. Ross, by the Southern route - he stopped two weeks in Georgia - and we
met in Little Rock - the stage was just going to leave - but the seats were
all taken up - so we must wait two whole days - this was unpleasant to
say truly for we were all so anxious to be on our way, but "what
can't be cured must be endured" - and in this case our detention was
rendered more agreeable - Dr. Lodge, of L. a friend of Mr. Ross - and also of Sarah
was at the hotel - and insisted upon our spending the intervening time at
his house - and "with the advice & consent of the council" we concluded
to go home with him - he has a pleasant, amiable wife, & a beautiful
family of children - I enjoyed the two days there very much - we received
a goodly number of calls, and made some very pleasant acquaintances.
Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock we left Little Rock - in what they call a stage
which stage, let me tell you is a miserable covered wagon - S & I occupied the
back seat, the driver & a black ~~two~~ man the front seat - and Mrs. Ross sat on

on my trunk between. we stopped at seven o'clock for supper. then
travelled all night - two or three times when we came to a bad place
we all got out & walked - It was a bitterly cold night - we did our
best to keep comfortable, but did not succeed very well - we did not sleep
at all - I wished I had the nice warm quilted sack that I used to
talk about - my shawl seems very thin compared with Sarah's - Do not
think from this that I have suffered from the cold, for indeed I have not.
We breakfasted Thursday morn - at a little cabin, about fifty miles from Little Rock -
then came thirty miles further to this place - which Mr. Ross says is
not Sardanelles but Norristown - the first place that we saw - and Mr. Davis
and we were by no means glad to see him - for we know very well
that there was a stage-load in advance of us and that we should be
obliged to delay again and so indeed we have been - It is Saturday
morn - we have been here since Thurs. morn - we hope to leave this afternoon -
We have had a comfortable abode here - "And this is Arkansas,"
how many many times I have reiterated this to myself - and Mr. Ross
very often speaks it for me - It seems like a dream that I am here - and
my home so far away. I do not realize it all - 'tis well that I do not
else perhaps I should not be so happy & cheerful - My courage has never
failed for one moment since I started - I am anxious to hear from
home - I am impatient of these detentions only when I think of the letters that
may be in waiting for me at Park Hill. Shall we shall be there next Wednes.
if prospered six weeks from the time of our starting! Ah well, we have
little to complain of when we think how many blessings we have had -
we have been very well - especially myself - Mr. S. & S. have been a little ill
two or three times - but when we were aground in the Ohio - there were boats
lying all around us - in which the Cholera was raging, and not one case
appeared ~~was~~ on one boat - while we were at Napoleon a young man died on
a boat lying at anchor close to one wharf boat, after a sickness of three hours!
We passed many wrecks of boats blown up or sunk - very sad & mournful
- saw their appearance rising out of the water - the Sultan, the boat which ~~we~~ we took
at Cairo - the day before we went on her, struck a snag & broke eight of her timbers
she was repaired and we came safely & surely under the watchful care of our heavenly
Father - I spent a good deal of time on deck - and was interested in watching the movements
of the pilot - I never had a very correct idea of a Western steamboat before this trip -
were I at home I could tell you something about them - but I must not write