My Dear Virginia,

We are not far from the natural

more anxious to see it again than we were at first

because in the first place it was so pretty. I was interested

in the second and saw it under wrong circumstances which

will be removed when we go again, I know many other places

that are shall over tripped with disasters & accidents

than we are. If until we rest no again the morning

we went to go when we got up we found it was a very cold day & that

grandpa decided it would be that it would not rain & that we

shall have a cool day for our journey. We set off accordingly

after Gil Israel & made as much as two hours but we had not pro

been very far before it shone up & we had

one of the worst & most disastrous days for traveling that will

be then can od of it may be going once an bridge

one of the other horses broke through & sank into the

hole we all got out as quick as we could & found that the

bridge was entirely gone. I only & not only several of the logs

but one of the slayers had broken through so that we had been in

great danger of going down ourselves. All the horses were

all laugh & poor Bown pulled out by main strength for he

was overcome with fright that he was incapable of going

so myself & John performed I let them do what they would with

him as he was & in no other way than being much shiel & loud &

as it was too wet to walk I was glad to have a long tedious cold hill

to pass. our journey in the carriage without any other
accidently over a mule trail road. Just one clock we came to a very
winding looking part of the country just at the foot of the ridge
here we met a man with a gun on his shoulder and a rag
which he had just killed, grandpa asked him some questions
and found out he was the man to whose house we were taken
the carriage and that we were a very little distance from it, it
was a log house in the woods, which were cleared away and
immediately around it, a large family lived in it, the it had at one
room, these people were the first of that half civilized race who
live beyond the ridge. That man had seen the man who before had
not designed to take any notice of us, but mean to go out of
the road that we might return, as soon as he heard
that what we wanted was very polite, promised to take care
of the carriage to be here the horses had immediately, because
one of those who the they do not keep a tavern will accom-
company you with, whatever they can or take pay for it. While
the horses were eating he asked us in to his home, a place near
his wife two old men on his father, a large family of children,
all the young ones being in their shifts. The oldest one of them
was the oldest child the boys...
Theodore Trist's letter to his father, Alexander Trist, dated 16 May 1818:

"We were that old yeoman's wife. He was Colonel Jefferson's near the first. I know where he was from his very birth. Long after he died, I heard in Alabama. I only saw him in Richmond. He was a very kind man. Sometimes he had poisoning, and both these countries that. Monday and the other hand in Bedford, too. They said a great deal more about your grandparents when they came from them before. We left this place on horseback after having eaten ourselves with five apples, which they gave us. It began to snow, and the mountain we wrapped it at little gap which is near the place above some acres past the ridge, we rode three miles before we came. In the town where we stayed the wash of the mountain is the most romantic I suppose. I never saw the trees as remarkably large as I tell you. I understand that you could see for a great distance a mountain. I saw one who resembled a great ice mountain. Which I never saw before it is a beautiful view. I wish we had it at Monticello. I have found there a mountain which is between, and the mountain, making a fine place to the snows being so small that you scarcely perceive them. The bushes were quite full of fruit, the trees were late in the season. I say a great deal of it. The bush was most. The people in the neighborhood called it the mountain strawberry. Your name is never known here.

August 10th Grandpapa means to hurry. Looking off to soon that I have not time to say any thing more of my trip."

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Original manuscript in the Southern Historical Collection, Nicholas Philip Trist Papers, University of North Carolina-Chapel Hill
In the natural temper, particularly as I have written three pages I have not yet. So the end of our first days journey may not already I will go on with mine travels, in the next letter I will try to get a little better pen and paper that the reading there may not be with a basket present. I must see the principle articles of your letter. I have not want you some but still probably be ready for it. It is no use in any sort with any sort for have not yet passed the gate, or any sort of letter. I am so sorry I stupid that I can scarcely keep my eyes open or write. They ever is it with as much difficulty as I can understand. What is it about as you must perceive in my letter. I wonder you do not persevere in attempting to draw human figures it is so much more agreeable than flowers. Since I have known them I have attempted several on figures which I will after completing them improve by trying to more the more failure in the attempt for landscape or at least I never made any thing like in my life. I am now drawing a Fortunio, and Miranda, but they both have a great deal of expression in their countenances. I have not succeeded very well in that either. You have not said a word of Aunt P. Some time I suppose I have not said yet all Elizabeth shall expect her certainly to see. I will tell all account of everything she said in her present. With Mrs. Irving we were not with us. We went every day. As we saw Virginia I will write to Mary as frequently by the next trip of the coast. I go over this summer, but I do not think I shall write another letter if I write it no letter than this. Sister Ellen desires to be remembered to Aunt Jane. I do not think I shall write another letter. I am delighted to hear she is recovering give my love to all the above mentioned persons. Big dear mom. I my sweet little Tim for me once more adieu C. B. Elizabeth I suppose will be at the springs when I write to you.