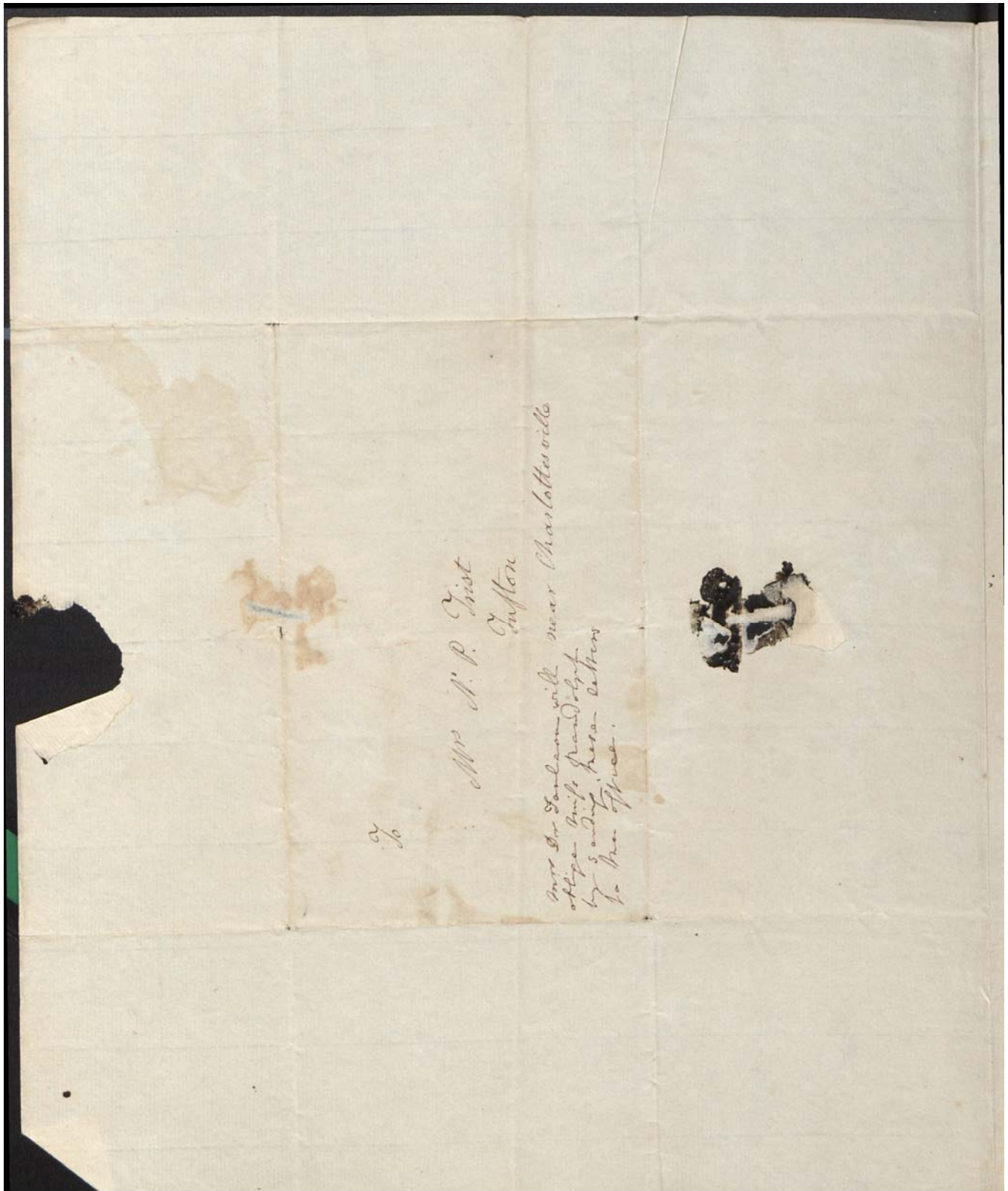


Pimento Receipt June 24 1827

I have just heard dear Virginia that  
Mrs Faulcon (Louisciana Cocks) was going to Albemarle and  
that she would take letters for us; I am very much tired  
already with writing & am terribly sleepy but cannot  
lose so good an opportunity. I would write to Mary but  
Mary Cary intends to do so, tell her I will write the next time  
to her. We have not done much this week but at last have  
got fairly rid of the wedding company & will begin work  
tomorrow industriously, Monday. As our long cannot  
entertain she only invited them to tea & Mary & myself  
determining everything should be in style went  
out & prepared a feast with our own hands which  
did much credit to ~~us~~ cooks & spawre upon, the cake &  
cream were excellent, preserves, compotes &c were all  
good; we then set out the table very tastefully and our  
company were much delighted (or seemed to be) with  
our walking supper; after it, we went into the gardens where  
the girls & young men, John Cocks at the head of them, pelted  
each other with green fruit until they were tired, while I  
stood in all the dignity of a new acquaintance who could  
not be taken liberties with, in safety, while the fruit flew round  
my head never missing its aim & never touching me, while

the girls screamed & the young men shouted & there was  
a real right down romp; so much for old folk manners.  
The whole party are going to Hotchkissville on their way  
toward the mountains some where. Louisiana is a sweet  
girl I think Miss Eye whom John Locke is trying to make  
up his mind to fall in love with is ugly & formal & precise  
(she was not in the romp) but sings delightfully, her voice  
sing<sup>ing</sup> "It fell upon a day" sings through my ears, now, I was  
quite sapt when I heard it. She also draws prettily & has  
"the most accomplished extremities" I know. John Locke to  
my infinite surprise I find excessively agreeable, Mr  
Olway Baroud the uncle of the young Lockes is much like  
Mr Elliot in person but tiresome to the last degree, Mr  
Eye I can say nothing of, except that everybody  
laughed at his ugliness some saying his face looked as  
if it was rat eaten, some that his nose was like a saddle,  
others that it was like a big toe & many such smart  
speeches; and that he still keeps the most elegant gig  
in the country. Mrs Locke from all accounts is the rudest wo-  
-man that ever lived she seems to have taken a dislike to  
aunt C. because (as I suspect) she was afraid her brother was  
too attentive to her, but take ~~care~~ I had written so far when  
a gentleman came in who promises to take my letter to  
Memo so adieu my beloved write to me & tell me every  
thing your own sister kiss my little darling for me.  
The girls send their love  
to you.



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