

I have rummaged the chest in which Ellen has been writing; and the day is so warm, and her back "I fear" so uncomfortable, that she has gone to lie down, awhile, and has left me a poor substitute, to continue her letter - before doing so, I will transcribe what she had written.

Fredericksburg - June 25, 25.

"Contrary to my expectations, my dearest Mother, I am enabled to write to you from this place by the accident of being delayed a day; we were so late in getting from New Madison that it was past eight before we could have crossed Court house; still as the roads were good, and the hack had four horses, we might surely have reached Fredericksburg by six - which would have left us full time to go on to the steam-boat; but the driver was so tender of his cattle, that neither threat, nor entreaty, would prevail on him to move out of a slow or trot, which got us on at the rate of three miles an hour, or scarcely so much. Cornelia and her milk cart traveled with the speed of light in comparison to the Fredericksburg hack with four horses, and the kind hearted chaise-steer; on revanche, they charged only eight dollars for the use of this equipage for two days; reasonable enough, in contrast with Richmond prices. We were out in two very heavy rains, and arrived a little before eight o'clock in the evening; too late to think of going farther. our quarters here are comfortable, and we shall leave the place this evening, and arrive in Washington to-morrow morning; there again we must be detained by the absence of our baggage, which we were in great consternation at not finding here. I presume the stage was too much crowded to admit of its being taken into Charlesville. I have my black silk hood, which I find fits me admirably, after all my trouble; and a single beige skirt, a single black petticoat, and a few changes of linen; I shall shine with all these trappings in the Metropolis, which - at this season - is, however, little better than a dirty crowded country village. "

The old horses arrived

us being well to Londonville, where we were glad to find Nicholas: - Mrs and Miss Madison
visited us with the utmost kindness; and their manner to me, seemed to say - "for Ellen's
sake, we feel an interest in you": Mrs M. did every thing to induce us to remain
some days with her. - telling us that Mrs Boutts, and Mrs Decatur, were expected to ar-
rive on the very evening of our departure; - but we were obliged to leave them, with-
out the promise never to pass their house at a future visit, without calling upon them.
Nicholas accompanied us to the front house, and left us, then, with the most affectionate wishes
of both for his health, and success: we were more than 11 to Lewis on the road, tho'
the distance is but 35 miles, and we stopped but once: at an inn kept by
Mr Robinson we met two gentlemen, one of them no longer very young, who were
on their way to Mrs Madison's, and meant to visit Montpelier, also. I did not
talk to them: the younger was silent, and the other self-satisfied, and intrusive:
he seemed to think that Mrs Madison, and Mr Jefferson, were under many obli-
gations to them who called upon them; at least, that the obligations were mutual: he
told me a strange tale wh. had not been confirmed here, that a committee of the
Virginia legislature had, in answer to the Gov, advised him to propose a separa-
tion of the States, and that the Potomac be the dividing line! On the road
we met the ladies who were expected to Montpelier; Mrs Decatur very much
agitated at the meeting, Mrs Boutts, ^{and} Miss Lane, but still a good deal affected.

This day is very warm and we have not wind to remain here till the evening:
I have just heard that my eccentric Bro. remained in Fredericksburg 2 or 3 days; and
the portfolio has been sent from the inn where he lodged containing letters, ~~to~~ and
from himself, and also one from me ~~to~~ to my father, wh. he had carelessly
left behind; of course these have been read by the crowd of his thro' adventures who
frequent a village tavern, and I feel something like indignation at perceiving on
a loose sheet wh. was designed for a letter to my friends in Boston, an elaborate
description of Ellen - her personal and mental qualities, in a minute disquisition, at

far as circumstances permitted, of her head and heart. This is intelligible, certainly;
 by; ~~we~~ we are not a little anxious about our baggage: 'Twill be pleasant to stay in Washington
 than to remain here, and I have rec^d the promise of one or two individuals that if it
 reaches Fredericksburg, on Monday, ^{or before,} ~~that~~ it shall be sent forward, and thus be rec^d.
 in Washington, on Tuesday morning: there is no situation wholly without comfort,
 and I consider myself for its non-appearance by the recollection that it was not
 exposed to the rain of yesterday wh. probably would have stained and injured
 all the finery.

I hope we shall find letters from you all in New York, and
 tho. without any expectation of success shall inquire in every city on our way:

either Ellen or myself will write frequently that you ^{may} know all the incidents
 of our journey, and how she bears the fatigue of coaches and stageboats: we
 were both sorry that Cornelia's labours should have been in vain, and the skiver left
 behind: Ellen suffered in the ride to Washington, but Mrs Madison furnished her
 with green silk for a shade, of use during the rest of her journey. Mary's
 cake and wine did good service yesterday - for we had not a spare breakfast,
 and felt no appetite for dinner: and I dare this to induce Ellen
 join me in finishing the deep but cuts and the Sturbridge. My dear
 Mother, be certain that I shall take every care of E. - and, giving my
 love to all friends, believe me

affectionately
 Mrs. H. M.

Fredericksburg
 Saturday.

Joseph took advantage of my nap to spoil
 my letter but as he has written a better one
 we must forgive him, especially as he took the
 trouble to copy my nonsense for you dearest mother. we are just
 setting off & I can only say I will write from Washington. the
 fatigue of the journey will only stupify me & I know you
 will love my letters just as well stupid as wise, for a mother's

heart asks but the knowledge of the well-being of what it loves
of the assurance of that devoted love which dearest dearest mother
you know so well that I feel for you. Love & kisses to all my
darlings including my best loved grandfathers, say something to papa
for me, to Jefferson Jose & all, & believe me your own Ellen.

Miss Agnes
2 June 1850

Mrs Randolph

Monticello

Washed with

almond oil

