

overcoat. After supper began my letter  
to Lullie. John Blount came at 8:30 &  
stayed until 10:45. - We took him in the  
sitting room to a fire until the one in the  
parlor got to burning well then went  
in there. John is such a gentleman!  
I don't envy him but drive home in cold  
I tell you.

Monday  
10<sup>th</sup> Got up at 6:00 o'clock & got ready to go to Bath.  
Mamma had me a nice warm breakfast by the  
fire in her room & I left there & put on my hat  
& veil & waited until 8:00. A hansom gave Mamma & me  
we were to leave at 10 sharp. Doctor at 8:00 I  
saw them coming up the lane so Papa took  
the lunch basket & we went to the gate to meet  
them. I wore my blue cashmere skirt & silk  
waist with the Marquises in it black velvet  
hat & black veil. After getting in the rockaway  
by the way our team etc. looked extremely well  
I was amazed of having gotten out in  
mudous style, of chattering profusely various  
other similar remarks. However I kept all the  
teasing very well even to Bryan's remarks  
about Dr. John & me. When we got on the  
bridge in rain did not implore Bryan to  
remove the silk handkerchief from around his  
neck. He swore he would look country which  
he kept it on. Wanted to know how much  
would give him if he'd stop at the P. O.  
on pretense of mail in order that Dr. Jno.  
could come out & see me. I ignored the ques-  
tion & he said where you'd consent &  
drive first to the Taylors to drive out about  
the road to Bath. In mean time Joe came  
out & talked to me & thanked me for the roses.  
He is looking dread full but am glad he didn't  
have the Yellow Chill as was reported. From

we drove down main street & stopped  
 at P. O. but of course no mail & Dr. Juss was  
 out on a raft so Bryan got left. Had a  
 most delightful drive to Bath. The air  
 was very refreshing & we were all in  
 grand humor. Even I had my frown off  
 of my face & disgraced myself at Mr.  
 Attridges where we stopped to water the  
 horses by playing horse in indulging to  
 in a drink & laughing most shockingly  
 while I was trying to drink. We drove on &  
 after seeing various objects on the way,  
 which we proposed to capture think on  
 our return. A jacket up a tree & apples  
 especially interested us, but Mary's  
 mind was evidently most strictly for  
 every cow that was so unfortunate as to  
 fall under her vision she immediately  
 proposed "how nice that" water would be  
 staked & until by the time the day was over  
 we had, proposed stoves, fags, books,  
 warts & in fact every imaginable style  
 of chicken. Arrived in Bath at 11:30 &  
 met a man on the bridge who directed us  
 how to find the riding stable Dr. Archibald's  
 the church. He was a shaver of Bryans & a  
 most shaggy looking old man but very  
 polite to us all. We were agreeably sur-  
 prised in Bath the week was beautiful  
 & we had to drive over its long bridge in  
 order to get to our destination. Drove to  
 stables first & a very glibly youth  
 who wouldn't even look at Juss (O. An. & me)  
 told Bryan who had the church key & we  
 first drove to the wrong house T. D.  
 after stretching extensively on the front  
 porch knocked at the door, a boy from

the other side of the street came to tell us  
 some body else had the key so B. fled into  
 the rock-a-way & drove off quickly before the  
 owner of the before mentioned establishment  
 could get to the front door. We found the  
 woman who had the key at last & Bryan  
 was most attentive to the daughter who  
 opened the door for him. Even though  
 she wasn't more than five yrs. old he found  
 in her his ideal - viz. a blonde & white  
 talking with the mother - we all had  
 hysterics over his smiling her hair w. with  
 his fingers. From the length of time he  
 stayed there we thought the door keeper  
 had bewitched him. The poor woman  
 looked like she was nearly dead, & her  
 little boy had fear too, & her mother's pale  
 & dainty appearance were perfectly  
~~unusual~~ unusual. On leaving there we drove to the  
 church & B. went to put up horses while we  
 explored every thing. Mrs. Williams who lived  
 next to the church sent her little daughter  
Pattie to explain every thing for us & we  
 had Pattie (or Kattie as I would persist in call-  
 ing) with a vengeance the entire day. I  
 thought - perhaps she'd get in the  
 rock-a-way & come home with us if she got  
 much more chummy with Charlotte. I was  
 disappointed in the church for I expected  
 to get the tomb of my ancestor Thomas  
 Laughinghouse the first L. who came  
 to America & who had two sons, George & John  
 adopted also a boy (whose parents had  
 coming over) named Andrew - & who took Tho. L.'s  
 last name from him was descended old man  
 Garrett Laughinghouse, father of Loman & their  
 others went back. Thomas L. & his two real sons, Joseph

Fought under Washington. Young was taken prisoner by British & never heard from but John became an Officer & from him we are descended. He was severely wounded in his left leg & always had a very stiff leg in consequence. He died & is buried in our plantation. Left two sons: Edward & Jos. Latter settled in Alabama & had two sons: Thomas & George. Former was a physician & was killed in a cotton field. George & his children are living in Arkansas, at Forest City & are 2<sup>nd</sup> generation. Edward the other son of John L. had three children William, Jos and Annis. William is father of James Ed L. in Kingston.

Annis is living in Washington now & is our aunt. Jos is my Grand father & Papa & Uncle Wyatt are the only ones of two children who are living or who have any descendants. I will put this bit of family history here for convenience for it may be of use to me later.

But to continue with Death & the church: Some of the tombs were visible except one near the altar window with a slate covering on side & epitaph in old English:

"Here lies the Body of Mrs. Margaret Palmer wife of Robert Palmer Esq<sup>r</sup> one of his Majesty's Council & Surveyor General of the Land of this Province, who departed this life Oct<sup>r</sup> 19<sup>th</sup> 1765 Aged 44 years. After laboring long of them under the severest Bodily Afflictions brought on by change of climate she did not - to her Relief - find - received no relief but returned & bore them with uncommon Resolution & Resignation

to the last. Bath Oct. 10, 1892. We found  
 an old Bible presented 1850 by Mrs. Mary  
 Anne Bonner. with the almost gay & giddy  
 looking angels on the frontispiece, mag-  
 nificent. The altar is covered in old  
 moth eaten red faded <sup>the</sup> & grey moss stuffy  
 is visible through the numerous holes.  
 A small organ is in the corner & the fair  
 Patti would insist upon having some music  
 but as the travellers that day were not  
 musicians we refrained. Bryan then came in  
 we copied the inscription & read all the names  
 on the backs of the dingy old seats. First  
 Bragans is in one, Ross & Pink A. Adams on  
 another. In fact these were what seats  
 are literally covered in scribbling. Under the  
 seats is plank but the aisle is paved with  
 big square English bricks. The windows  
 numbered eight with small frames & two  
 holes support where the stone pipe went  
 through the wall) have but the log through  
 & it grows down the sides of the wall for a  
 short distance. The church is damp & bare  
 with very rough plain wood work painted  
 white. The walls are white & cracked &  
 stained in many places. We examined the  
 contents of the vestry room & made out of it  
 minor. The Hebrew decorations are still hanging  
 over the altar. Leaving the inside of church we  
 tried to find the inscription of an old tomb  
 behind the church but it was so thickly covered  
 with vines that we failed. The yard around the  
 church is very small & only contains about  
 eight graves. It is frightfully kept &  
 the entire yard is covered & tangled with  
 weeds. In front of the door is a path  
 bordered on each side with Romanus bushes

The sun was brooking hot & we proposed  
 dinner Charlotte said spread out  
 wraps & eat it in the church yard,  
 As time too sunny, Bryan desired to  
 eat behind the Church, I objected it was  
 too damp, I proposed, to go under the  
 trees just in front of the yard - all  
 objected & Bryan then in despair begged  
 that we would go & sit down in the middle  
 of main street & eat to our hearts  
 content. The sun proved so hot - we  
 finally had to go under the trees &  
 Patti accompanied us with great alac-  
 rity. I inquired as to who was singing  
 with such a vengeance in the garden -  
 for I heard wild yells concerning  
 Marguerite's wandering down by the  
 little babbling brook (à la Deacon &  
 4<sup>th</sup> of July - bride) & Patti merrily replied  
 "That's Buddie!" I remarked "Buddie"  
 had a very sweet pathetic voice &  
 immediately diagnosed my self laughing &  
 continued so during the entire meal  
 I doubt not had controlled myself if  
 my life had depended on it for every  
 time I'd go to put some thing in my  
 mouth the charming Buddie would  
 burst forth in hymns of praise to  
 Marguerite. I wish I had not been an  
 idiot about giggling. Mrs. Williams  
 came to the garden fence with a cap  
 full of peaches for us, we thanked  
 her - sweet politely but soon she  
 came with still another apron full  
 more for us & we of course were  
 expected to eat some out. It never  
 rains but it pours! We finished

dinner & went to thank Mrs. Williams,  
 then we went down to the creek & saw  
 two turtle pens & a fish boat & various  
 other objects of interest - from there we went  
 to the Office Store & ate of the fruit there of.  
 Then down main street & met the poor  
 little Jig May that we had no names  
 during dinner. Found the Marah House  
 & Patti came in very well there as she  
 got us in. We went in the back yard to  
 see the chimney with windows in it &  
 from there to the garden to find the  
 tomb of the "broken hearted woman of Bath".  
 The tidars were fearful after Bryan  
 cutting the worst ones away from the poor  
 woman's tomb we finally made out the in-  
 scriptions on the old stone tomb & Bryan  
 sat down on the grass & copied the epitaphs &  
 after a good deal of laborious drawing we managed  
 to get the portrait of our Lady ship on the  
 tomb. She is a most hideous looking poor  
 wretch on the grave stone but her beauty on  
 paper is simply owing to Bryan's artistic  
 drawing. Mary Charlotte & Patti the faithful  
 who walked arm in arm with Charlotte left  
 the garden & went in to see Mrs. Sarah.  
 On leaving the garden I sat on the chicken  
 coop & drew the chimney & Bryan gave me the  
 dimensions. From there we went to join the  
 party & met Mrs. M. in door with her  
 baby. C. had met her eyes before on her  
 bridal tour. Mary took me in to look at  
 her other child's eyes & I got a  
 view inside of the house. We left then after  
 getting cuttings from the red rose bush &  
 planted by Pollock. Returned to Mrs. W's.  
 & I sketched the church while B. got horses

We left town at 9.20 & kept in good spirits until we got almost to Washington when Charlotte (who had changed places with me & gave me the front seat) & Mary were almost asleep. Bryan & I occasionally managed to say a few words between each game. I almost froze to death before I got home which was 9.00 o'clock. I got so tired of bowing to people that my head was shaking for three days afterwards. People are so polite over the river! I couldn't persuade Mary Charlotte & Bryan to come in & take supper, so I left them at the gate & was rejoiced to see a good fire & hot supper by it awaiting my arrival. After discussing the day with Mamma & the family I retired & oh what bliss next possible to get to bed!

Tuesday  
" 14 "

Mrs. Norton's note having been rec'd the night before compelled me to go to Grinnette this afternoon to assist in preparing choir & altar. For Bishop Staid, I left immediately after dinner. Bryan came over early in the morning to bring me copies of some of yesterday's work at Bath. As he called for who would stand at front door, I couldn't get to my room & therefore to my horror had to appear in my Father Hubbard. He only remained long enough to give me papers & the epitaph from an old gravestone on the "Grave Farm". Which I put here for future reference - as well as the "Broken hearted woman" -