

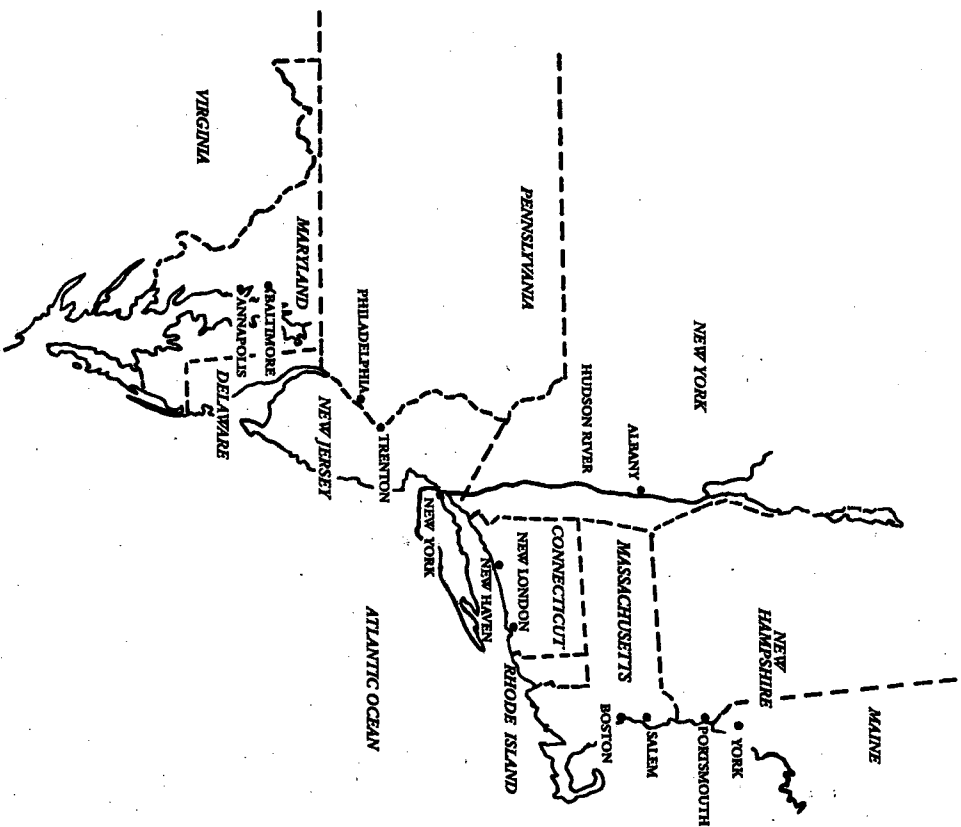
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Itinerary of Alexander Hamilton, 1744
In Wendy Martin ed., *Colonial American Travel
Narratives* (Penguin Books, 1994), 173-328.

Alexander Hamilton was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, on September 26, 1712, the sixth son of Mary Robertson Hamilton and the Reverend William Hamilton, a professor of Divinity and principal of the University of Edinburgh. He studied pharmacy with David Knox, a well-known Edinburgh surgeon, and in 1737 graduated from medical school. Early in 1739 Dr. Alexander Hamilton emigrated to Maryland to join his oldest brother, Dr. John Hamilton, who had been there since 1720. Settling in Annapolis, Alexander Hamilton soon became a popular physician.

While Hamilton enjoyed a successful practice, he also suffered from consumption, known today as tuberculosis. Regarding his health, the thirty-one-year-old Hamilton remarks in a letter written on November 6, 1743, that "I shall only say I am not well in health, and for that reason chiefly continue still a Batchelor. I have more fatigue and trouble than I care for, I find it a very hard matter to live well and grow rich" (Lemay, p. 217). Hoping to escape the hot Maryland summer to alleviate his symptoms, Hamilton, along with his servant, Dromo, embarked on a four-month tour that began on May 30, 1744, in Annapolis, Maryland, continued north to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and eventually returned to Annapolis on September 27. He traveled a total of 1,624 miles. The journal begins with the explanation that it is "a very circumflex course, but as the journey was intended only for health and recreation, I was indifferent whether I took the nearest or the farthest route" (p. 178). Upon his return Hamilton revised his chronicle and titled it the *Itinerarium*, which, by virtue of its careful renderings and acute observations, offers a rare pre-Revolutionary perspective of colonial America.

The preparations for such a journey in 1744 were complicated by the fact that each colony issued its own paper currency. Therefore, in



For reasons of his health, Dr. Alexander Hamilton in 1744 embarked on a journey along an Atlantic seaboard that was experiencing the religious fervor of the Great Awakening as well as the martial excitement of a war with France. After leaving Annapolis, Maryland, on May 30, his "very circumflex course" took him through Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, up the Hudson to Albany, thence to Boston and Salem, and as far north as Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Hamilton returned to Annapolis on September 27, but not before he'd logged, by his own calculations, a total of 1624 miles.

order to avoid carrying the large quantities of cash that would certainly attract robbers, Hamilton had to arrange for credit. To facilitate this credit arrangement, Hamilton carried letters of introduction to prominent gentlemen along the route, which served as both financial and social passports.

As he journeys through these northern colonies, Hamilton comments on the people he encounters and their social traits, the food he eats, the architecture, and the individual characteristics of the different provinces. His traveling outfit, consisting of a green velvet coat, a laced hat, and a couple of pistols, gives Hamilton the distinctive look of the aristocratic gentleman. Well educated, he often compares everyday events to those of a more literary nature such as he had read in Cervantes, Spenser, and Rabelais. On the trip itself his reading list includes *Montaigne*, *Rollin*, *Shakespeare*, *Homer*, and *Fielding*. Many of the conversations he engages in while visiting the various clubs and taverns along the way center around politics, philosophy, literature, music, art, trade, war, and medicine. These clubs, modeled after the popular gentlemen's clubs in London, inspired Hamilton to establish the Tuesday Club in Annapolis within the first year of his return. The Tuesday Club enjoyed over ten years of great success as a center of conversation, music, dinner, drinking, and general satire. In the spirit of Samuel Johnson's *Speculator* magazine, Hamilton assumed the name "Loquacious Scribble" and engaged in the battle of wits so popular among New England literati.

The *Itinerarium*, moreover, conveys many of his ideas on intellectual topics, as well as his particular religious dislike of certain groups such as the Whitefieldians—or "New Light biggots," as he refers to them. Hamilton is at his best when he describes provincial rural society. In one entry, he is invited to dine with the family of a Sasquehanna ferryman, which he describes in this manner. "They had no cloth upon the table, and their mess was in a dirty, deep, wooden dish which they evacuated with their hands, cramming down skins, scales, and all. They used neither knife, fork, spoon, plate, or napkin because, I suppose, they had none to use" (p. 181). Hamilton declines their invitation.

Hamilton was clearly a nature lover, as the *Itinerarium* provides carefully detailed descriptions of the surrounding landscape. He describes the trees, rocks, flowers, and rivers along the way, and he seems to enjoy both the raw and diverse qualities of nature, as well as the tamer expressions found in the cultivated garden. Hamilton also seems to anticipate the nature writings of the later Romantics in his association of the melancholy and the romantic, particularly when he writes

about the Hudson River: "We viewed the sea from a high rock, where we could see the spray beating with violence over the tops of the rocks upon the coast, and below us, of three or four miles' extent, a pleasant green meadow, thro' the middle of which ran a pretty winding river."

Although the trip failed to improve his health, Hamilton returned to Annapolis to continue his practice and to engage in social and political events. On May 29, 1747—despite his belief that ill health would keep him a bachelor—Hamilton married Margaret Dulany, which connected him to a prominent Maryland family. He died at the age of forty-four on May 11, 1756. In addition to the *Itinerarium*, Hamilton left behind numerous letters, essays, and the *History of the Tuesday Club*, considered by some to be one of the best humorous works of colonial America.

The *Itinerarium* provides an excellent first-person narrative of the colonial, pre-Revolutionary period in American literary history, yet it remained in obscurity until the early twentieth century. Shortly after Hamilton had recopied his travel journal, he presented it as a gift to a close friend, Onorio Razolini, an Italian emigrant. Razolini brought the copy with him when he returned to Asolo, Italy, where it remained until it was sold in a London auction to Frank T. Sabin. B. F. Stevens and Brown of London purchased the work from Sabin and sold it to William K. Bixby, an American collector from St. Louis. Albert Bushnell Hart then transcribed and edited the manuscript, which Bixby published in 1907 for private distribution among his friends. In 1948 a second edition was published, with extensive historical and biographical notes by Carl Bridenbaugh. The *Itinerarium* that appears in this collection represents its first printing since this 1948 edition, from which it has been taken.

*Amico suo honorando, divinitissimo Domino
Onorio Razolini, manuscriptum hocce Itinerarium,
observantiae et amoris sui qualcumque symbolum,
dat consecratique.*

Alexander Hamilton

[To his honorable friend, the most excellent Signor Onorio Razolini, Alexander Hamilton gives and dedicates this manuscript the *Itinerarium* as a token of his esteem and affection.]

Itinerarium

DIE MERCURII TRIGESIMO MENSIS MAII
INCHOATUM ANNO MDCCXLIV

Annapolis, Wednesday, May 30th. I set out from Annapolis in Maryland upon Wednesday, the 30th of May, at eleven a'clock in the morning, contrary winds and bad weather preventing my intended passage over Chesapeake Bay, so taking the Patapsco road, I proposed going by way of Bohemia to Newtown upon Chester, a very circuitous course, but as the journey was intended only for health and recreation, I was indifferent whether I took the nearest or the farthest route, having likewise a desire to see that part of the country. I was in seeming bad order at my first setting out, being suspicious that one of my horses was lame, but he performed well and beyond my expectation. I travelled but 26 miles this day. There was a cloudy sky and an appearance of rain. Some miles from town I met Mr. H[ar]t going to Annapolis. He returned with me to his own house where I was well entertained and had one night's lodging and a country dinner.

Mr. H[ar]t, a gentleman of Barbadoes, with whom I expected to have the pleasure of travelling a good part of my intended journey, had left Annapolis a week or ten days before me and had appointed to meet me at Philadelphia. He went to Bohemia by water and then took chaise over land to Newcastle and Willimington, being forbid for certain physical reasons to travel on horseback. This was a polite and facetious gentleman, and I was sorry that his tedious stay in some places put it out of my power to tarry for him; so I was deprived of his conversation the far greatest part of the journey.

Mr. H[ar]t and I, after dinner, drank some punch and conversed like a couple of virtuosos. His wife had no share in the conversation; he is blessed indeed with a silent woman, but her muteness is owing to a defect in her hearing, that, without bawling out to her, she cannot understand what is spoke, and therefore not knowing how to make pertinent replies, she chuses to hold her tongue. It is well I have thus accounted for it; else such a character in the sex would appear quite out of nature. At night I writ to Annapolis and retired to bed at 10 a'clock.

Thursday, May 31. I got up by times this morning pour prendre le frais, as the French term it, and found it heavy and cloudy, portending rain. At 9 o'clock I took my leave of Mr. H[ar]t, his wife and sister,

and took horse. A little before I reached Patapsco Ferry, I was overtaken by a certain captain of a tobacco ship, whose name I know not, nor did I inquire concerning it lest he should think me impertinent.

PATAPSCO FERRY

We crossed the ferry together at 10 o'clock. He talked inveterately against the clergy and particularly the Maryland clerks of the holy cloth, but I soon found that he was a prejudiced person, for it seems he had been lately cheated by one of our parsons.

BALTIMORE TOWN—GUNPOWDER FERRY—JOPPA

This man accompanied me to Baltimore Town, and after I parted with him, I had a solitary journey till I came within three miles of Gunpowder Ferry where I met one Mathew Baker, a horse jockey.

Crossing the ferry I came to Joppa, a village pleasantly situated and lying close upon the river. There I called at one Brown's, who keeps a good tavern in a large brick house. The landlord was ill with intermitting fevers, and understanding from some there who knew me that I professed physick, he asked my advice, which I gave him.

Here I encountered Mr. Dealn, the minister of the parish, who (after we had dispatched a bowl of sangaree) carried me to his house. There passed between him, his wife, and I some odd rambling conversation which turned chiefly upon politics. I heard him read, with great patience, some letters from his correspondents in England, written in a gazett stile, which seemed to be an abridgement of the political history of the times and a dissection of the machinations of the French in their late designs upon Great Britain. This reverend gentleman and his wife seemed to express their indignation with some zeal against certain of our statesmen and councilors at Annapolis who, it seems, had opposed the interest of the clergy by attempting to reduce the number of the taxables. This brought the proverb in my mind, The shirt is nearest the skin. Touch a man in his private interest, and you immediately procure his ill will.

Leaving Joppa I fell in company with one Captain Waters and with Mr. D——s, a virtuoso in botany. He affected some knowledge in natural philosophy, but his learning that way was but superficial.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GENSING

He showed me a print or figure of the gensing which, he told me, was to be found in the rich bottoms near Susquehanna. The plant is of one stem, or stalk, and jointed. From each joint issues four small branches. At the extremity of each of these is a cinquefoil, or 5 leaves, somewhat oblong, notched and veined. Upon the top of the stem, it bears a bunch of red berries, but I could not learn if it had any apparent flower, the colour of that flower, or at what season of the year it blossomed or bore fruit. I intended, however, to look for it upon the branches of Susquehanna; not that I imagined it of any singular virtue, for I think it has really no more than what may be in the common liquorice root mixed with an aromattick or spicy drug, but I had a curiosity to see a thing which has been so famous.

After parting with this company, I put up at one Tradaway's about 10 miles from Joppa. The road here is pritty hilly, stonny, and full of a small gravell. I observed some stone which I thought looked like limestone.

Just as I dismounted at Tradaway's, I found a drunken club dis-missing. Most of them had got upon their horses and were seated in an oblique situation, deviating much from a perpendicular to the horizontal plan[e], a posture quite necessary for keeping the center of gravity within its propper base for the support of the superstructure; hence we deduce the true physical reason why our heads overloaded with liquor become too ponderous for our heels. Their discourse was as oblique as their position; the only thing intelligible in it was oaths and God damnes; the rest was an inarticulate sound like Rabelais' frozen words a thawing, interlaced with hickupings and belchings. I was uneasy till they were gone, and my landlord, seeing me stare, made that trite apology—that indeed he did not care to have such disorderly fellows come about his house; he was always noted far and near for keeping a quiet house and entertaining only gentlemen or such like, but these were country people, his neighbours, and it was not prudent to dissoblige them upon slight occasions. "Alas, sir!" added he, "we that entertain travellers must strive to oblige every body, for it is our dayly bread." While he spoke thus, our Bacchanalians, finding no more run in play, rid off heter skelter as if the devil had possessed them, every man sitting his horse in a see-saw manner like a bunch of rags tyed upon the saddle.

I found nothing particular or worth notice in my landlord's character or conversation, only as to his bodily make. He was a fat pursy

man and had large bubbles like a woman. I supped upon fry'd chickens and bacon, and after supper the conversation turned upon politricks, and news, and the dreaded French war; but it was so very lumpish and heavy that it disposed me mightily to sleep. This learned company consisted of the landlord, his overseer and miller, and another greasy thumb'd fellow who, as I understood, professed physick and particulary surgery. In the drawing of reeth, he practiced upon the house maid, a dirty piece of lumber, who made such screaming and squalling as made me imagine there was murder going forwards in the house. However, the artist got the tooth out at last with a great clumsy pair of black-smith's forceps; and indeed it seemed to require such an instrument, for when he showed it to us, it resembled a horse-nail more than a tooth.

The miller, I found, professed musick and would have tuned his crowd to us, but unfortunately the two middle strings betwixt the bass and treble were broke. This man told us that he could play by the book. After having had my fill of this elegant company, I went to bed at 10 o'clock.

Friday, June 1st. The sun rose in a clear horizon, and the air in these highlands was, for two hours in the morning, very cool and refreshing. I breakfasted upon some dirty chocolate, but the best that the house could afford, and took horse about half an hour after six in the morning. For the first thirteen miles the road seemed gravelly and hilly, and the land but indifferent.

SUSQUEHANNA FERRY

When I came near Susquehanna, I looked narrowly in the bottoms for the gensing but could not discover it. The lower ferry of Susquehanna, which I crossed, is above a mile broad. It is kept by a little old man whom I found at vities with his wife and family upon a homely dish of fish without any kind of sauce. They desired me to eat, but I told them I had no stomach. They had no cloth upon the table, and their mess was in a dirty, deep, wooden dish which they evacuated with their hands, cramming down skins, scales, and all. They used neither knife, fork, spoon, plate, or napkin because, I suppose, they had none to use. I looked upon this as a picture of that primitive simplicity practiced by our forefathers long before the mechanic arts had supplied them with instruments for the luxury and elegance of life. I drank some of their

syder, which was very good, and crossed the ferry in company with a certain Scots-Irishman by name Thomas Quiet. The land about Susquehanna is pritty high and woody, and the channell of the river rocky.

Mr. Quiet rid a little scrub bay mare which he said was sick and ailing and could not carry him, and therefor he lighted every half mile and ran a couple of miles att a footman's pace to spell the poor beast (as he termed it). He informed me he lived att Monococy and had been out three weeks in quest of his creatures (horses), four of which had strayed from his plantation. I condoled his loss and asked him what his mare's distemper was, resolving to prescribe for her, but all that I could gett out of him was that the poor silly beast had choaked herself in eating her oats; so I told him that if she was choaked, she was past my art to recover.

This fellow, I observed, had a particular down hanging look which made me suspect he was one of our New Light biggots. I guessed right, for he introduced a discourse concerning Whitfield and enlarged pritty much and with some warmth upon the doctrines of that apostle, speaking much in his praise. I took upon me, in a ludicrous manner, to impungn some of his doctrines, which, by degrees, put Mr. Quiet in a passion. He told me flatly that I was damnd without redemption. I replied that I thought his name and behaviour were very incongruous and desired him to change it with all speed, for it was very improper that such an angry, turbulent morrall as he should be called by the name of Thomas Quiet.

PRINCIPIO IRON WORKS—NORTH EAST

In the height of this fool's passion, I overtook one Mr. Blaxtelr, a proprietor in the iron works there, and, after mutual salutation, the topic of discourse turned from religious controversy to politicks; so putting on a little faster, we left this inflammed bigot and his sick mare behind. This gentleman accompanied me to North East and gave me directions as to the road.

ELK FERRY

I crossed Elk Ferry att 3 in the afternoon. One of the ferry men, a young fellow, plyed his tongue much faster than his oar. He charac-

terized some of the chief dwellers in the neighbourhood, particularly some young merchants, my countrymen, for whom he had had the honour to stand pimp in their amours. He let me know that he understood some scraps of Latin and repeated a few hexameter lines out of Lilly's Grammar. He told me of a clever fellow of his name who had composed a book for which he would give all the money he was master of to have the pleasure of reading it. I asked him who this name sake of his was. He replied it was one Terence, and, to be sure, he must have been an arch dog, for he never knew one of the name but he was remarkable for his parts.

BOHEMIA

Thus entertained, I got over the ferry and rid to Bohemia, and calling att the mannor house there, I found no body att home. I met here a reverend parson who was somewhat inquisitive as to where I came from and the news, but I was not very communicative. I understood afterwards it was Parson Wlyle.

BOHEMIA FERRY

I crossed Bohemia Ferry and lodged att the ferry house. The landlord's name I cannot remember, but he seemed to be a man of tollerle parts for one in his station. Our conversation run chiefly upon religion. He gave me a short account of the spirit of enthusiasm that had lately possessed the inhabitants of the forrests there and informed me that it had been a common practise for companys of 20 or 30 hair brained fanatics to ride thro' the woods singing of psalms. I went to bed att 9 att night; my landlord, his wife, daughters, and I lay all in one room. Saturday, June 2d. In the morning there was a clear sky over head but a foggy horizon and the wind att south, which presaging heat, I set out very early.

SASSAFRAX FERRY

I took the road to Newtown upon Chester River, crossed Sassafrax Ferry att 7 o'clock in the morning, where I found a great concourse of people att a fair. The roads here are exceeding good and even, but

dusty in the summer and deep in the winter season. The day proved very hot. I encountered no company, and I went three or four miles out of my way.

NEWTOWN

I reached Newtown at 12 o'clock and put up at Dougherty's, a public house there. I was scarce arrived when I met several of my acquaintance. I dined with Dr. Anderson and spent the rest of the day in a sauntering manner. The northern post arrived at night. I read the papers but found nothing of consequence in them; so after some comical chat with my landlord, I went to bed at eleven o'clock at night.

Sunday, June 3d. I stayed all this day at Newtown and breakfasted with Th. Clay, where I met with one W——b, a man of the law, to appearance a civil, good natured man but set up for a kind of connoisseur in many things. I went to visit some friends and dined at the tavern where I was entertained by the tricks of a female baboon in the yard. This lady had more attendants and hangers on at her levee than the best person (of quality as I may say) in town. She was very fond of the compliments and company of the men and boys but expressed in her gestures an utter aversion at women and girls, especially negroes of that sex—the lady herself being of a black complexion; yet she did not at all affect her country women.

At night I was treated by Captain Binning of Boston with a bowl of lemon punch. He gave me letters for his relations at Boston. While we put about the bowl, a deal of comical discourse pass'd in which the landlord, a man of a particular talent at telling comic stories, bore the chief part.

Monday, June 4th. The morning being clear and somewhat cool, I got up before 5 a'clock and soon mounted horse. I had a solitary route to Bohemia and went very much out of my way by being too particular and nice in observing directions.

SASSAFRAX AND BOHEMIA FERRIES

I reached Mr. Alexander's house on the mornor at 12 o'clock. There I stayed and dined and drank tea with Miss Cloursley. After some talk and laugh, I took my leave at 5 a'clock designing 12 miles farther to

one Vanbibber's that keeps a house upon the Newcastle road, but instead of going there, I went out of my way and lay at one Hollingsworth's at the head of Elk.

HEAD OF ELK

There is a great marsh upon the left hand of his house, which I passed in the night, thro the middle of which runs Elk. The multitude of fire flies glittering in the dark upon the surface of this marsh makes it appear like a great plain scattered over with spangles.

In this part of the country I found they chiefly cultivated British grain, as wheat, barley, and oats. They raise, too, a great deal of flax, and in every house here the women have two or three spinning wheels a going. The roads up this way are tolerably level but, in some places, stony. After a light supper I went to bed at 10 a'clock.

PENNSYLVANIA—NEWCASTLE

Tuesday, June 5th. I took horse a little after 5 in the morning, and after a solitary ride thro stony, unequal road, where the country people stared at me like sheep when I enquired of them the way, I arrived at Newcastle upon Delaware at 9 a'clock in the morning and bated my horses at one Curtis's at the Sign of the Indian King, a good house of entertainment.

This town stands upon stony ground just upon the water, there being from thence a large prospect eastward towards the Bay of Delaware and the province of the Jerseys. The houses are chiefly brick, built after the Dutch modell, the town having been originally founded and inhabited by the Dutch when it belonged to New York government. It consists chiefly of one great street which makes an elbow at right angles. A great many of the houses are old and crazy. There is in the town two publick buildings, viz., a court house and church.

At Curtis's I met company going to Philadelphia and was pleased at it, being my self an utter stranger to the roads. This company consisted of three men: Thomas Howard, Timothy Smith, and William Morison. I treated them with some lemon punch and desired the favour of their company. They readily granted my request and stayed some time for me till I had eat breakfast. Smith, in his hat and coat, had the appearance of a Quaker, but his discourse was purged of thee's

and thou's tho his delivery seemed to be solemn and slow paced. Howard was a talkative man, abounding with words and profuse in compliments which were generally blunt and came out in an awkward manner. He bestowed much panegyric upon his own behaviour and conduct.

Morison (who, I understood, had been at the Land Office in Annapolis enquiring about a title he had to some land in Maryland) was a very rough spun, forward, clownish blade, much addicted to swearing; at the same time desirous to pass for a gentleman; notwithstanding which ambition, the conscientiousness of his natural boorishness obliged him frequently to frame ill tim'd apologies for his misbehaviour, which he termed frankness and freeness. It was often, "Damn me, gentlemen, excuse me; I am a plain, honest fellow; all is right down plain dealing, by God." He was much affronted with the landlady at Curtis's who, seeing him in a greasy jacket and breeches and a dirty worsted cap, and withall a heavy, forward, clownish air and behaviour, I suppose took him for some ploughman or carman and so presented him with some scraps of cold veal for breakfast, he having declared that he could not drink "your damned washy tea." As soon as he saw his mess he swore, "Damn him, if it wa'n't out of respect to the gentleman in company;" (meaning me) he would throw her cold scraps out at the window and break her table all to pieces should it cost him 100 pounds for damages. Then taking off his worsted night cap, he pulled a linen one out of his pocket and clapping it upon his head, "Now," says he, "I'm upon the borders of Pennsylvania and must look like a gentleman; 'tother was good enough for Maryland, and damn my blood if ever I come into that rascally province again if I don't procure a leather jacket that I may be in a trim to box the saucy jacks there and not run the hazard of tearing my coat." This showed, by the bye, that he payed more regard to his coat than his person, a remarkable instance of modesty and self denyall.

He then made a transition to politicks and damnd the late Sr. [Robert] Walpole] for a rascal. We asked him his reasons for cursing Sr. [Robert], but he would give us no other but this, that he was certainly informed by some very good gentlemen, who understood the thing right well, that the said Sr. [Robert] was a damned rogue. And at the conclusion of each rodomontade, he told us that tho he seemed to be but a plain, homely fellow, yet he would have us know that he was able to afford better than many that went finer: he had good linen in his bags, a pair of silver buckles, silver clasps, and gold sleeve buttons,

two Holland shirts, and some neat night caps; and that his little woman at home drank tea twice a day; and he himself lived very well and expected to live better so soon as that old rogue B——t dyed and he could secure a title to his land.

The chief topic of conversation among these three Pennsylvania dons upon the road was the insignifcancy of the neighbouring province of Maryland when compared to that of Pennsylvania. They laid out all the advantages of the latter which their bungling judgement could suggest and displayed all the imperfections and disadvantages of the first. They enlarged upon the immorality, drunkenness, rudeness and immoderate swearing so much practised in Maryland and added that no such vices were to be found in Pennsylvania. I heard this and contradicted it not, because I knew that the first part of the proposition was pritty true. They next fell upon the goodness of the soil as far more productive of pasture and grain. I was silent here likewise, because the first proposition was true, but as to the other relating to grain, I doubted the truth of it. But what appeared most comical in their criticisms was their making a merit of the stonyness of the roads. "One may ride," says Howard, "50 miles in Maryland and not see as many stones upon the roads as in 50 paces of road in Pennsylvania." This I knew to be false, but as I thought there was no advantage in stony roads, I even let them take the honour of it to themselves and did not contradict them.

At Newcastle I heard news of Mr. H[assell], my intended fellow traveller. They told me he was at Willimington upon Crisin River.

CRISTIN FERRY—WILLMINGTON—BRANDYWINE

We crossed that ferry at twelve a'clock and saw Willmington about a mile to the left hand. It is about the largeness of Annapolis but seemingly more compactly built, the houses all brick. We rid seven miles farther to one Foord's, passing over a toll bridge in bad repair at a place called Brandywine. At Foord's we dined and baited our horses. There one Usher, a clergyman, joined our company, a man seemingly of good naturall parts and civil behaviour but not overlearned for the cloth. While dinner was getting ready, a certain Philadelphiaian merchant called on Mr. Howard, and with him we had a dish of swearing and loud talking.

After dinner we fell upon politicks, and the expected French war

naturally came in, whence arose a learned dispute in company which was about settling the meaning of the two words, declaration and proclamation. Mr. Smith asserted that a proclamation of war was an improper phrase, and that it ought to be a declaration of war, and on the other hand, a proclamation of peace. Mr. Morrison affirmed with a bloody oath that there might be such a thing as a proclamation of a declaration and swore heartily that he knew it to be true both by experience and hearsay. They grew very loud upon it as they put about the bowl, and I retired into a corner of the room to laugh a little, handkerchief fashion, pretending to be busied in blowing my nose; so I slurd a laugh with nose blowing as people sometimes do a fart with coughing.

At last the parson determined all by a learned definition to this purpose: that a proclamation was a publication of any thing by authority, and a declaration only a simple declaring of any thing without any authority at all but the bare assertion of a certain fact, as if I should declare that such a one was drunk at such a time, or that such a person swore so and so.

This dispute ended, we took our horses and rid moderately, it being excessive hot. I observed the common stile of salutation upon the road here was *How d'ye?* and *How is't?*

The people all along the road were making of hay which, being green and piled up in rucks, cast a very sweet and agreeable smell. There are here as fine meadows and pasture grounds as any ever I saw in England. The country here is not hilly, nor are the woods very tall or thick. The people in general follow farming and have very neat, brick dwelling houses upon their farms.

CHESTER

We passed thro' Chester at 7 a'clock at night, where we left Morrison, Smith, and Howard, and the parson and I jogged on intending to reach Darby, a town about 9 or 10 miles from Chester. Chester is a pritty, neat, and large village, built chiefly of brick, pleasantly situated upon a small river of the same name that discharges it self into Delaware about half a mile below where the village stands. Over this river is a wooden bridge built with large rafters and plank in form of an arch. The State House is a pritty enough building. This put me in mind of Chelsea near London, which it resembles for neatness but is not near so large.

DARBY

The parson and I arrived at Darby, our resting place, at half an hour after eight at night. This village stands in a bottom and partly upon the ascent of a hill which makes it have a dull, melancholly appearance. We put up at a publick house kept by one Thomas where the landlady looked after every thing herself, the landlord being drunk as a lord. The liquor had a very strange effect upon him, having deprived him of the use of his tongue. He sat motionless in a corner smoking his pipe and would have made a pritty good figure upon arras.

We were entertained with an elegant dispute between a young Quaker and the boatswain of a privateer concerning the lawfulness of using arms against an enemy. The Quaker thee'd and thou'd it thro' the nose to perfection, and the privateer's boatswain swore just like the boatswain of a privateer, but they were so far from settling the point that the Quaker had almost acted contrary to his principles, clenching his fist at his antagonist to strike him for bidding God damn him. At nine Mr. Usher and I went to bed.

SKUYLKILL FERRY

Wednesday, June 6th. We mounted horse at 5 in the morning, crossed Skuykill Ferry at 6, and in half an hour more put up our horses at one Cockburn's at the Sign of the Three Tons in Chestnut Street.

Tuesday, August 28. I departed Lay's at seven in the morning and rid some miles thro' a rocky high land, the wind blowing pritty sharp and cool at northwest.

KILLINGWORTH

A little after eight o'clock I passed thro' Killingsworth, a small town pleasantly situated. I breakfasted at one Scran's about half way betwixt Killingsworth and Gilfoord. This is a jolly old man, very fat and pursy, and very talkative and full of history. He had been an American soldier in Q. Anne's War and had travelled thro' most of the continent of North America. He enquired of me if poor Dick of Noye was alive, which question I had frequently put to me in my travells.

GILFOORD

Going from this house I passed thro' Gilfoord at eleven o'clock in company of an old man whom I overtook upon the road. He showed me a curious stone bridge within a quarter of a mile of this town. It lay over a small brook and was one intire stone about 10 foot long, six broad, and 8 or 10 inches thick, being naturally bent in the form of an arch without the help of a chissell to cut it into that shape. "Observe here, sir," says the old man, "you may ride 1000 miles and not meet with such a stone." Gilfoord is a pritty town built upon a pleasant plain. In it there is a meeting, upon the steeple of which is a publick clock.

BRANFOORD

I came to Branfoord, another scattered town built upon high rocky ground, a little after one o'clock, where I dined at the house of one Frazier. Going from thence I passed thro' a pleasant, delightfull part of the country, being a medley of fine green plains, and little rocky and woody hills, caped over, as it were, with bushes.

SEABROOK FERRY—SEABROOK

I crossed the ferry at 5 o'clock. This river of Connecticut is navigable for 50 miles up the country. Upon it are a good many large trading towns, but the branches of the river run up above 200 miles. We could see the town of Seabrook [Saybrook] below us on the western side of the river. I lodged this night at one Mrs. Lay's, a widow woman, who keeps a good house upon the road about 6 miles from Seabrook. I had much difficulty to find the roads upon this side Connecticut River. They wind and turn so much and are divided into such a number of small paths.

I find they are not quite so scrupulous about bestowing titles here as in Maryland. My landlady goes here by the name of Madam Lay. I cannot tell for what, for she is the homiest piece both as to mein, make, and dress that ever I saw, being a little round shouldered woman, pale faced and wrinkly, clothed in the coarsest home spun cloth, but it is needless to dispute her right to the title since we know many upon whom it is bestowed who have as little right as she.

NEWHAVEN FERRY—NEWHAVEN

I crossed Newhaven Ferry betwixt 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon. This is a pleasant navigable river than runs thro a spacious green plain into the Sound. I arrived in Newhaven att 5 o'clock, where I put up att one Monson's att the Sign of the Half Moon. There is but little good liquor to be had in the publick houses upon this road. A man's horses are better provided for than himself, but he pays dear for it. The publick house keepers seem to be somewhat wild and shy when a stranger calls. It is with difficulty you can get them to speak to you, show you a room, or ask you what you would have, but they will gape and stare when you speak as if they were quite astonished.

Newhaven is a pritty large, scattered town laid out in squares, much in the same manner as Philadelphia, but the houses are sparse and thin south which faces the Sound) it is inclosed with ranges of little hills as old Jerusalem was according to the topographical descriptions of that city. The burying place is in the center of the town just facing the college [Yale], which is a wooden building about 200 foot long and three stories high, in the middle front of which is a little cupula with a clock upon it. It is not so good a building as that att Cambridge, nor are there such a number of students. It was the gift of a private gentleman to this place.

MILLFORD

Wednesday, August 29th. I set out from Monson's a little after 7 o'clock and rid a tollerable good road to Millford. Before I came there I was overtaken by a young man who asked me severall questions according to country custom, such as where I was going and whence I came, and the like, to all which I gave answers just as impertinent as the questions were themselves. I breakfasted in Millford att one Gibbs's, and while I was there the post arrived so that there came great crowds of the politicians of the town to read the news, and we had plenty of orthographical blunders. We heard of some prizes taken by the Philadelphia privateers. Millford is a large scattered town situated upon a large pleasant plain.

STRATFOORD FERRY—STRATFOORD

I went from here in company of a young man and crossed Stratford Ferry att eleven o'clock and was obliged to call att Stratfoord, my grey horse having lost a shoe. I stayed there sometime att one Benjamin's who keeps a tavern in the town. There I met a deal of company and had many questions asked me. Stratfoord is a pleasant little town pritty situated upon a rising ground within half a mile of a navigable river that runs into the Sound. In this town is one Presbyterian meeting and one church, both new buildings. The church is built with some taste and elegance, having large arched sash windows and a handom spire or steeple att the west end of it.

FAIRFIELD

My young man rid with me till I came within 5 miles of Fairfield, which is another town in which is an octogonall church or meeting built of wood like that of Jamaica upon Long Island, upon the cupolo of which is a publick clock. The roads between this town and Norwalk are exceedingly rough and stonny, and the stones are very full of a glittering isinglass. There is a river on the west side of this town which runs into the Sound. I forded it att high water when pritty deep.

SAGATICK RIVER

Within three miles and a half of Norwalk is another river called by the Indian name of Sagatick. This I forded att low tide. I dined att one Taylor's here. My landlord was an old man of 70. He understanding from my boy that I was a doctor from Maryland and having heard that some of the doctors there were wonder workers in practice, he asked my advice about a cancer which he had in his lip. I told him there was one Bouchelle in Maryland who pretended to cure every disease by the help of a certain water which he made, but as for my part, I knew of no way of curing a cancer but by extirpation or cutting it out.

NORWALK

I arrived at Norwalk at seven o'clock at night. This town is situated in a bottom midst a grove of trees. You see the steeple shoot up among the trees about half a mile before you enter the town and before you can see any of the houses. While I was at Taylor's the children were frightened at my negro, for here negro slaves are not so much in use as with us, their servants being chiefly bound or indentured Indians. The child asked if that negro was a coming to eat them up. Dromo indeed wore a voracious phiz, for having rid 20 miles without eating, he grinned like a crocodile and showed his teeth most hideously.

Betwixt Taylor's and Norwalk I met a caravan of 18 or 20 Indians. I put up at Norwalk at one Beelding's, and as my boy was taking off the saddles, I could see one half of the town standing about him making enquiry about his master.

I was disturbed this night by a parcell of roaring fellows that came rumbling up stairs to go to bed in the next room. They beat the walls with their elbows as if they had had a mind to batter down the house, being inspired, I suppose, by the great god Bacchus. A certain horse jockey in the company had a voice as strong as a trumpet, and Stentor like, he made the house ring. "Damme," says he, "if you or any man shall have the jade for 100 peacunds. The jade is as good a jade as ever wore curb." (It is customary here to call both horses and mares by the name of jades.) I wished he and his jade both once and again at the devil for disturbing my rest, for just as I was a dropping asleep again he uttered some impertinence with his Stentorian voice which made me start and waked me. My rest was broken all that night, and waking suddenly from a confused dream about my horse dropping dead under me in the road, I imagined I heard somebody breath very high in the bed by me. I thought perhaps that my friend Stentor had thought fit to come there and felt about with my arms but could discover nothing but the bed cloths tho the sound continued very distinct in my ears for about a minute after I was broad awake, and then it dyed away by degrees. This, with some people, would have procured the house a bad name of its being haunted with spirits.

STANFORD

Thursday, August 30. I left Norwalk at 7 in the morning and rid 10 miles of stony road, crossing severall brooks and rivulets that run into

the Sound, till I came to Stanford [Stamford]. A little before I reached this town, from the top of a stony hill, I had a large open view or prospect of the country westward. The greatest part of it seemed as it were covered with a white crust of stone, for the country here is exceeding rocky, and the roads very rough, rather worse than Stonnington. I breakfasted at Stanford at one Ebenezar Weak's. In this town I saw a new church, which is now a building, the steeple of which was no sooner finished than it was all tore to pieces by lightning in a terrible thunder storm that happened here upon the first day of August in the afternoon. I observed the rafters of the steeple split from top to bottom, and the wooden pins or trunnels that fastened the joints half drawn out.

While I was at breakfast at Weak's, there came in a crazy old man who complained much of the hardness of the times and of pains in his back and belly. "Lack a day for poor old Joseph!" said the landlady. A little after him came in one Captain Lyon, living at Rye Bridge. He wore an affected air of wisdom in his phiz and pretended to be a very knowing man in the affairs of the world. He said he had travelled the whole world over in his fancy and would fain have perswaded us that he understood the history of mankind completely. Most of his knowledge was pedantry, being made up of common place sentences and trite proverbs. I asked him if I should have his company down the road. He replied that he would be glad to wait on me, but had an appointment to eat some roast pig with a neighbour of his which would detain him till the afternoon. So I departed the town without him.

I rode a stony and hilly road to Horseneck and overtook an old man who rid a sorrell mare with a colt following her. He told me he was obliged to ride slow for fear of losing the colt, for sometimes the creature strayed behind, meeting with jades upon the way. He said he had been traveling the country for 3 weeks visiting his children and grandchildren who were settled for 50 miles round him. He told me he had had 21 sons and daughters of which 19 were now alive, and 15 of them married and had children; and yet he did not marry himself till 27 years of age and was now only 72 years old. This old man called in at a house about 2 miles from Horseneck where he said there lived a friend of his. An old fellow with a mealy hat came to the door and received him with a "How d'ye, old friend Jervis?" So I parted with my company.

HORSENECK

I passed thro Horseneck, a scattered town, att half an hour after eleven a clock and passed over Rye Bridge att 12, the boundary of Connecticut and York government, after having rid 155 miles in Connecticut government.

"Farewell, Connecticut," said I, as I passed along the bridge. "I have had a surfeit of your ragged money, rough roads, and enthusiastick people." The countrys of Connecticut and New England are very large and well peopled, and back in the country here upon the navigable rivers as well as in the maritim parts are a great many fine large towns. The people here are chiefly husbandmen and farmers. The staples are the same as in the Massachusets province. They transport a good many horses to the West Indies, and there is one town in this province that is famous for plantations of onions, of which they send quantities all over the continent and to the islands, loading sloops with them. Many of these onions I have seen nearly as large as a child's head.

It is reported that in Connecticut alone they can raise 50 or 60,000 men able to bear arms. One Mr. Law is present governour of the province. It is but a deputy government under that of New England or the Massachusets.

YORK GOVERNMENT

Coming into York government I found better roads but not such a com-pleasant people for saluting upon the road, tho' in their houses they are neither so wild nor so awkward. It is to no purpose here to ask how many miles it is to such a place. They are not att all determined in the measure of their miles. Some will tell you that you are two miles from your stage. Ride half a mile farther, they'll tell you it is 4; a mile farther, you'll be told it is 6 miles, and three miles farther they'll say it is seven, and so on.

NEWROCHELL

I had a long ride before I arrived att Newrochell where I dined att the house of one Le Compte, a Frenchman, who has a daughter that is a sprightly, sensible girl.

KINGSBRIDGE

Coming from thence att 4 o'clock I put up this night att Doughy's who keeps house att Kingsbridge, a fat man much troubled with the rheumatism and of a hasty, passionate temper. I supped upon roasted oysters, while my landlord eat roasted ears of corn att another table. He kept the whole house in a stir to serve him and yet could not be pleased.

This night proved very stormy and threatened rain. I was disturbed again in my rest by the noise of a heavy tread of a foot in the room above. That wherein I lay was so large and lofty that any noise echoed as if it had been in a church.

Friday, August 31. I breakfasted att Doughy's. My landlord put himself in a passion because his daughter was tardy in getting up to make my chocolate. He spoke so thick in his anger and in so sharp a key that I did not comprehend what he said.

I saw about 10 Indians fishing for oysters in the gutt before the door. The wretches waded about stark naked and threw the oysters, as they picked them up with their hands, into baskets that hung upon their left shoulder. They are a lazy, indolent generation and would rather starve than work att any time, but being unacquainted with our luxury, nature in them has few demands, which are easily satisfied.

YORK ISLAND

I passed over Kingsbridge at 9 o'clock and had a pleasant ride to York. This small island is called York Island from the City of York which stands upon the south west end of it. It is a pleasant spot of ground covered with severall small groves of trees.

TURTLE BAY

About three miles before I reached York I saw the man of war commanded by Commodore Warren lying in Turtle Bay. This was a festival day with the crew. They were a roasting an entire ox upon a wooden spit and getting drunk as fast as they could, Warren having given them a treat. I was overtaken here by a young gentleman who gave me a whole paquet of news about prizes and privateering, which is now the

whole subject of discourse. I met one Dutchman on the road who addressed me, "May I be so bold, where do you come from, sir?"

- Page
157 *Mammittid*: Released from slavery.
160 *printings*: Prime parts.
160 *Vice Colmicam*: "In place of quail," a reference to Exodus 16:13, in which the Lord provides Moses and the Israelites with quail from heaven.
161 *to prime*: To select the best sections.
164 *Quernstones*: Stones used in a hand-turned mill.
165 *Gossips*: Casual relations, friends, or possibly wives or god-parents.
168 *almost*: Possibly an error for "always."
Ozenbrugs: An osnaburg was a heavy, coarse fabric made from cotton, which originated in Osnabruck, Germany.
Eldst Daughter: Evelyn Byrd.

*The Itinerary of
Dr. Alexander Hamilton*

- Page
178 *a very circumflex course*: That is, one bending around.
Mr. Hart: Most likely Samuel Hart, a fellow member of the Tuesday Club of Annapolis (1745-1756), founded by Hamilton and Jonas Green, editor of the *Maryland Gazette*. The Tuesday Club was a gathering place for literary figures and intellectuals. Hamilton recorded the meetings using the pseudonym Loguacious Scribble, Esq.
Mr. Hasell: Possibly a merchant, Samuel Hasell, who served as mayor of Philadelphia three times.
virtuosos: Those having a taste for the fine arts, antiquities, or curios.
by times: Early.
pour prendre le frais: In order to take in the coolness.
179 *inveterately*: Or "inveterately," meaning in a prejudiced or embittered manner.
sangaree: A sweet, spiced beverage made of wine, brandy, or other liquors.
180 *genseng*: Ginseng is known as a stimulant and was thought to enhance male virility.
dismissing: Leaving or breaking up.
pursty: Short-breathed, especially due to corpulence or obesity.

- Page
181 *bubbies*: A woman's breasts.
a dirty piece of lumber: That is, useless.
crowd: An ancient stringed Celtic instrument with a shallow, rectangular body and six strings, which were originally plucked but later played with a bow.
182 *scrub bay mare*: A horse of mixed or domestic parentage.
New Light biggots: As Hamilton journeys north, he encounters many of the New Lights, part of a larger religious movement known as the Great Awakening (1734-1750). Known for their emotional fervor, they were followers of Jonathan Edwards (1703-1758).
Whitfield: The Reverend George Whitefield (1714-1770), an English evangelist who came to America in 1738 to spread the Methodist doctrine.
183 *Lilly's Grammar*: William Lily (1468-1522) devised a standard Latin grammar that was popular during the eighteenth century.
arch dog: Mischievous, roguish, cunning fellow; a chief or principal rascal.
184 *levee*: Court.
185 *bated*: To stop while on a journey for the purposes of rest and replenishment.
186 *panegyrick*: Panegyric, formal or elaborate praise.
worsted: Coarse wool.
carrman: A cart driver.
Sr. Robert Walpole: Sir Robert Walpole (1676-1745), prime minister to King George II.
rodomontade: Vain boasting; bragging.
187 *Holland shirts*: a Linen shirts.
dons: Tutors; Hamilton intends the comment sarcastically.
189 *arras*: A tapestry from Arras, in northeastern France; a wall hanging made of rich fabric with inwoven figures.
boatswain: On a war vessel, a warrant officer in charge of the rigging, anchor, and cables.
190 *plizzes*: Expressions, faces; slang for "physiognomies."
a painter of Hogarth's turn: William Hogarth (1697-1764), an English painter and engraver whose satirical prints on the manners and morals of English society were popular in the colonies.
journeyman: A journeyman was a worker who had learned a trade and was employed by a master.

- Page
- 279 *masiff*: A giant smooth-coated, deep-chested, powerful dog, originally used for hunting.
- 281 *caballs*: A secret association of a few scheming persons; a group of persons united in some close design.
- 285 *cozem*: To defraud or act deceitfully.
- 286 *collimancoe*: Or *calamanco*, a Scottish word meaning a type of glossy woolen material.
- 289 *bona roba*: A showy wanton.
- 293 *peregrinations*: Pilgrimages; sojourns.
- 295 *palabers*: Flattery or idle talk; cajolery; probably derived from the Spanish *palabra*, "word."
- 296 *cambrick caps*: Caps made of a closely woven fabric, polished on one side and made of fine hard-spun cotton or of linen.
- 301 *isinglass*: Thin, transparent sheets of mica, or muscovite.
- 302 *jade*: A tired, worn-out, mean, or vicious horse.
- 309 *Abraham*: The first of the Patriarchs and father to the Hebrews. *ark of the covenant*: The oblong chest of acacia wood, overlaid with gold, in which Moses placed the two tablets of stone containing the Ten Commandments.
- 310 *Aaron's rod*: The rod or staff used by Aaron, the first high priest of the Jews, which miraculously blossomed and bore almonds.
- 311 *visage jaune*: Yellow complexion.
- 311 *nouvelles*: News or reports.
- 316 *our great poet Pope*: Alexander Pope (1688-1744), poet, essayist, and satirist, died on May 30, 1744.
- 316 *truck*: Small articles of little value; rubbish. Commodities appropriate for trade.
- 321 *porringer*: a dish for porridge or similar food.
- 321 *vianas*: Provisions; food.
- 324 *yaw doctor*: Yaws is an infectious tropical skin disease, characterized by a red skin rash; a contagious disease resembling syphilis.