

Inscumbia Adabama June 19/62

We have arrived at Inscumbia before ~~before~~ I could get ~~any~~ a chance to mail this letter, we had the greatest railroad ride I ever saw, from our last camp this way about 25 miles distance, we had to shove the train about half the distance, up hill grade, and arrived here about midnight, and then had to leave the train about 3 miles back with the provision, because we could shove it no farther, and the engine could not pull it; we had plenty blackberries on the way, and black cherries, blackberries are here in great abundance, the thorns are perfectly secret there is no use of trying to get through a thicket, of bushes because it can't hardly be did. It would not do for girls to pick blackberries here because if they should get in contact with the thorns they might as well stay quiet there or come away with a torn dress;— on our way we passed large plantations on our journey, one plantation seemed to cover several miles of ground, mostly all planted with corn, in one field there were 12 darkies male and female, cultivating each with a mule, it seems that corn is getting to be king, instead of cotton, for we see but few cotton fields, the cotton when small has a good deal the appearance of buckwheat, it is planted in rows and cultivated like corn, the country here appears better than in Miss. I cannot give any description, or say any thing of the size of this place, because we are encamped on this side of the place, and I have not been in it yet, we are about 3 miles from Florence which is on the Tenn. river.