"Most Excellent—far fam'd and far fetch'd Cheese": An Anthology of Jeffersonian Era Poetry.

II. Account of Travel To Western Pennsylvania, Niagara Falls, And Return by way of Erie Canal, 1826, by James Hunter Ewing.

Departments: British Tourist Describes Trip Down the Mississippi in 1807; A Riddle to Perplex Our Readers; New York City Around the Clock in 1836; The World of Maps—Description and Reproduction of Two Ephemeral Mapsellers' Advertisements; John Heckewelder Admits To Being An American Agent; A Favorite English Dish Americanized; Graphics of the Issue—Two Portrayals of the American Indian; Recent Acquisitions at the Clements Library.
On New Year's Day, 1802, a wagon, drawn by four horses drew up to the door of the White House. President Thomas Jefferson, elected the previous year in a contest marked by extreme political acrimony, greeted an old friend, the Reverend John Leland, now Baptist minister of Cheshire, Massachusetts, but one-time neighbor in Orange Co., Virginia, who had led the fight for separation of church and state in the Old Dominion. He was an ardent Anti-Federalist, and his community in Cheshire had voted unanimously for Jefferson. According to tradition, a single vote cast for an Adams elector had been thrown out by town officials as "impossible."

The Rev. John Leland was obviously a man of great personal magnetism. He was something of an early-day Billy Sunday, flaunting a certain degree of personal eccentricity. In commemoration of the election, Leland roused his townspeople to produce something noteworthy to present to the Chief Magistrate. Leland obviously sensed the publicity value of the undertaking, although the volume of the newprint it generated probably took even him by surprise.

Cheshire cheese, of British origin that is, had already earned its justifiably high reputation in the world, and Cheshire, Mass., was a country of prosperous farms with sizable dairy herds. Leland came up with the idea of a community project to make a cheese of monumental proportions, and in the summer of 1801, the women of Cheshire milked nine hundred cows and brought the curd to Elijah Brown, Jr.'s farm. Fourteen hundred pounds were placed in a specially constructed vat, six feet in diameter and twenty-one inches thick, the vat placed in a cider press, and the mixture converted into the world's largest cheese. As the production process continued—pressing and drying, removing it from the vat, and salting it—the newspaper press throughout the country had an absolute field day.

The Jeffersonian papers held the cheese up as a worthy example of Republican agricultural prowess. The Federalist papers satirized the whole thing, varying their tone from bemusement to disgust. The Salem Gazette for August 14, 1801, commented that "If we were not convinced of the stupidity of the Jacobin ecomium-mongers, we should imagine the whole introduction to the cheese vat to be conceived in a vein of irony." The Centinel of Freedom (September 14–17, 1801), a Jeffersonian newspaper in Newark, N.J., began an editorial column with: "The 'Mammoth Cheese,' as the Tory papers call it, has excited much agitation among the Federal rats." One correspondent to the Stockbridge, Mass., Western Star, reprinted in The Salem Gazette, September
25, 1801, suggested that the ladies of Lennox, Mass., bake a mammoth apple pie to accompany the cheese, and newspapers began reporting, some seriously and some not so, on anything large—a nineteen pound gourd raised in Salem, an eleven pound turnip raised in Whitestown, N.Y., and a twenty pound, six foot long radish raised by Z. Hancock in Stonington, Connecticut.

The satirists took great pleasure in linking the cheese with Jefferson's well-known interest in the fossil remains of great creatures which explorers had been discovering in western Virginia and Kentucky in the late eighteenth century. In his Notes on the State of Virginia (Paris, 1784), Jefferson had devoted several pages to the "the Mammoth, or big buffalo, as called by the Indians," and in his lifelong association with the American Philosophical Society, he promoted the excavation and collection of the remains of prehistoric giants in the 1790s, and again after his election to the Presidency.

In June of 1801, Charles Willson Peale had acquired the bones of a mastodon from a New York farmer near West Point. Also known as a Mammoth, the remains were transported to Peale's Museum in Philadelphia for reconstruction, with much fanfare and publicity. Peale was a known friend of Jefferson, and the pundits began to equate a mammoth with all that they considered blown out of proportion in the Republican camp. The cheese fit into their scheme perfectly, and the majority of the remarkable quantity of prose and poetry portrayed Jefferson as a slightly mad and impractical theorist, his Cabinet as a collection of bunglers, and the Republican Party as possessing exaggerated, impractical ideas.

Use of "mammoth" as an adjective had derisive connotations when the press began its satirization of the cheese, but reiterative use of the term gave it such wide currency as to make it a respectable part of the American language, meaning simply large or enormous.

As winter settled in in Cheshire, the cheese was transported by land to the Hudson and by boat to New York, where throngs of curiosity seekers viewed it on a sloop in "the Albany Bason, North-River." It was then transported on the Astrea, Captain Rogers, from New York to Baltimore, where it was again displayed at Smith's Wharf, and taken by wagon to the capitol.

When Elder John Leland greeted President Jefferson at the door of the White House on January 1, 1802, he was accompanied by fellow Cheshire-ite Darius Brown, at whose uncle's and father's farms the cheese had been manufactured. Adopting a ceremonial
air appropriate to the occasion, Leland read the following address from his townsmen:

SIR,

Notwithstanding we live remote from the seat of national government, and in an extreme part of our own State, yet we humbly claim the right of not judging for ourselves.

Our attachment to the National Constitution is strong and indissoluble. We consider it a description of those Powers which the people have submitted to their Magistrates, to be exercised for definite purposes; and not a charter of favours granted by a sovereign to his subjects. Among its beautiful features, the right of free suffrage, to correct all abuses. The prohibition of religious tests, to prevent all hierarchy. The means of amendment, which it contains within itself to remove defects as fast as they are discovered, appear the most prominent. But for several years past, our apprehension has been, that the genius of the government was not attended to in sundry cases; and that the administration bordered upon monarchy: Our joy, of course, must have been great on your election to the first office in the nation. Having had good evidence, from your announced sentiments and uniform conduct that it would be your strife and glory to turn back the government to its virgin purity. The trust is great! The task is arduous! But we console ourselves, that the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, who raises up men to achieve great events, has raised up a JEFFERSON for this critical day, to defend Republicanism and baffle all arts of Aristocracy.

Sir, we have attempted to prove our love to our President, not in words alone, but in deeds and truth. With this address, we send you a CHEESE, by the hand of Messrs. John Leland and Darius Brown as a pepper-corn of the esteem which we bear to our Chief Magistrate, and as a sacrifice to Republicanism. It is not the last stone in the Bastile, nor is it of any great consequence as an article of worth; but, as free-will offering, we hope it will be received. The Cheese was not made by his Lordship, for his sacred Majesty; nor with a view to gain dignified titles or lucrative offices; but by the personal labour of free-born farmers (without a single slave to assist) for an elective President of a free people; with the only view of casting a mite into the scale of Democracy.

The late triumphant return of republicanism has more animated the inhabitants of Cheshire, to bear the burden of government, and treat the characters and persons of those in authority with all due respect, than the long list of alien—sedition—naval and provisional army laws, ever did.
Sir, we had some thought of impressing some significant inscription on the Cheese; but we have found such inconveniency in stamps on paper, that we chose to send it in a plain Republican form.

May God long preserve your life and health for a blessing to the United States, and the world at large.

Signed by order of all Cheshire.

P.S. The Cheese was made July 20, 1801, and weighed 1235 lbs.

President Jefferson responded to the address, of which he obviously must have obtained a copy in advance, with the following words:

To Messrs. Daniel Brown, Hezekiah Mason, Jonathan Richardson, John Waterman and John Wells junr. a Committee of the town of Cheshire, in Massachusetts.

Gentlemen,

I concur with you in the sentiments expressed in your kind address on behalf of the inhabitants of the town of Cheshire, that the Constitution of the United States is a charter of authorities and duties, not a charter of rights to its officers; and among its most precious provisions are the right of suffrage, the prohibition of religious tests, and its means of peaceable amendment. Nothing ensures the duration of this fair fabric of government so effectually as the due sense entertained by the body of our citizens, of the value of these principles and their care to preserve them.

I received with particular pleasure the testimony of good will with which your citizens have been pleased to charge you for me; it presents an extraordinary proof of the skill, with which those domestic arts, which contribute so much to our daily comfort, are practised by them, and particularly by the portion of them most interesting to the affections, the care, and the happiness of man.

To myself this mark of esteem from freeborn farmers, employed personally in the useful labours of life, is peculiarly grateful, having no wish but to preserve to them the fruits of their labour: their sense of this truth will be my highest reward.

I pray you, gentlemen, to make my thanks for their favour acceptable to them, and to be assured yourselves of my high respect and esteem.

Thomas Jefferson.

Needless to say, the highly political nature of both addresses only fanned the fires of opposition editors. The Gazette of the United States described Jefferson's remarks as "a skim milk address," and castigated Jefferson for having recently declined addressing Congress in person at their opening session, while finding "time to go through the mummery of formally accepting a massy, useless Cheese, receiving a silly address of a parcel of silly house-wives and returning a grave reply!"3
The cheese was placed in the new East Room of the White House. There are scattered references to its being nibbled away at during the next two years, being served with punch as late as 1805, and permeating the Presidential residence with a less than pleasant odor after surviving several Washington summers, unrefrigerated! The last of it was rumored to have been dumped into the Potomac.


While the Cheshire cheese obviously captured the public imagination, it was not without precedent. In 1786, the whalers of Nantucket, having been saved from ruin by new concessions that the Marquis de Lafayette had won for American oil in France, presented him with a 500 pound cheese from their own cows. The Gazette of the United States for October 30, 1801, noted that the village of Norleach, in Cheshire, England, had presented King George III with a 1350 pound cheese in 1792. Leland may very well have been familiar with these precedents.

What made Leland’s cheese exceptional was the tremendous outpouring of publicity it generated, and for that reason, we have thought it might be fun to publish an anthology of doggerel verse and satire generated in the press between August, 1801 and August, 1802.

From a literary point of view, there is nothing of lasting quality, but the same could be said for almost any American prose or poetry of the era. Some of it is quite witty and amusing, and in its totality, it does provide an insight not only into the political issues of the Jeffersonian era but of the American sense of humor in the Early National Period.

The editor has attempted to present here some of the better pieces of prose and poetry concerning the cheese, based upon an extensive search of contemporary newspapers and journals. There are also many political satires of the day which contain brief allusions to the cheese, not considered significant enough to include here. This cheese anthology, while not complete, contains a selection of prose and all of the major poems known to the editor, but additions, either from manuscript or printed sources, would be gratefully received.

NOTES
2. The Cheshire address and Jefferson’s reply are copied from The Sun, Pittsfield, Mass., February 8, 1802. A manuscript draft of the address, and a signed copy of Jefferson’s reply are in the possession of The Chapin Library, Williams College, Mass.
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Originally published in serial form in the Albany Centinel, this first selection, like much of the poetry of the period, blended classical and contemporary themes.

The DEMO' MAMMO' CHEESO
AN EPIC POEM.
By Don Federo, Esquire.

CANTO I.

GAD muse! in all our rambling over land or water,
Slip-shod or booted, or on wings so high,
When thou hast borne me tow'ring thro' the sky,
Never have my wide-staring opitics seen
A thing so strange, so passing strange, in all the varied scene,
As this young Mammoth Cheese, 'bout which there's such a clatter.

Lord bless us! what a calf!
Sure such a very, very handsome thing,
Would cause old Tyrant George to laugh;
And make that cruel, pebble-hearted brute
Give to the Donors each a clever slice of Royal fruit.
What then will they—what will they not receive,
When moved by christian charity, they give
This very handsome thing
To Monticello's King
That lib'ral, gen'rous all rewarding chief?
Who hears no pray'r from an old friendly fool,
Nor sees the mincing of a craving tool,
But strait he lends a hand, and gives them sweet relief.
Thus, as we preachers talk, I've seen this man of clay
Pile up the royal board with such fine dishes,
Smoaking with pottage, once call'd loaves & fishes,
Calling to all who call'd on him before,
To come and banquet at the nation's store;
To eat their fill—and bear the fragments all away.

Strange that these sapient Knights of Cheese renown,
Had not some prettier thing appointed—
From some old Mammoth's bones, contriv'd a crown,
And sent it, greeting, to the Lord's annointed.
Feed your high priest on such substantial fare,
Against temptation, give him strength to war,
And bear the honors which oppress the nation:
Then farewell gag laws, stamp acts and taxation,
But truce with satire, muse.
These milky Heroes had, no doubt design'd
Their cow-born monster for a nobler use,  
Than just to stuff the Presidential sack.  
What more appropriate to a philosophic mind?  
You laugh—that atheist grin proclaims your unbelief.  
But hold! look in this glass my honest fellow—  
’Twas here, in faith’s clear legend, that I found relief.  
For lo! high pois’d on a huge Mammoth’s back,  
Like Atlas groaning ’neath the pond’rous sphere,  
I saw this fully orb’d, Cheshire-moon appear,  
Rolling sublimely on to Monticello.  
Mid-way, the “spruce philosopher,” with wild amaze  
Descries the comet, in its noon-tide blaze;  
He views the flowing Orb, without its pendant tail!  
Portentous sight! and all his mighty spirits fail!  
Dark lurid mists hang o’er his swimming eyes;  
With trembling knees, he to the alter flies—  
(But of that altar, muse, forbear to tattle,  
Lest some old dame should think it only prattle)  
And there, as second thoughts are always best,  
Before his pray’rful lips the shrine had prest,  
With fluttering hand, the optic tube he rais’d,  
And bro’t the wonder near, and gaz’d—and gaz’d—and gaz’d!  
What strange conceptions rock’d the Sage’s brain!  
What thrilling transports kindle thro’ his frame!  
As gazing thus, with philosophic gaze, he burns  
With hopes and fears, and still half fearing, what he hopes he sees,  
Exclaims, good Lord, a cheese—it is, O yes it is a cheese,  
Good Lord a cheese!

CANTO II.

NOW had composure, with a settled mein,  
Resum’d her empire o’er the patriot sage,  
When forth he steps to view the wond’rous scene—  
The monster birth of democratic rage,  
When lo! the intrepid Chief without dismay,  
Like old field marshall Joshua, who, long time ago,  
With Mr. Phoebus & his spouse, had such a fray,  
When they so kindly waited ‘till he flog’d his foe.  
Thus did our great Republican—Sir Knight,  
Before he knew its cause or destination,  
Command this greasy orb of democratic might,  
To halt its car, for his investigation.  
“Attend, licentious sphere! thou wondering, moon-struck planet!
Here I reign King! & here quod vult sic jubit!
I interdict thy further lawless flight,
Till thou hast first obtain'd my sanction to the right.
This world was made for Caesar— I am he! and I alone.
Can lift the worthless up and pull the mighty down,”
Anon the meteor stood! the consecrated beast,
And all the delegated throng, thrice kiss'd the ground,
In silent homage: When the great High-Priest,
Shook from his horrent brow a night of tempests-round;
And thus, like Semele, in thunders spake.
“Whence— & what art thou! execrable shape!
Thou sacrilegious type of yon celestial orb!
From whence—and whither rid’st thou— on this monster's back?
Art thou a tool of ’ristocratic conjuration—
Sent forth to revolutionize my congregation?
Or hell's viceregent art thou—travling to disturb
My peaceful empire! like some caustic quack!
Who knows, but like the Trojan Horse, they stygian womb
Contains some hidden cause, to antedate our doom!
Speak monster! speak! e'er presidential fury burst,
And thund'ring, grind thee to unconciou s dust!”
“Dread Sire! we—but, thy will be done.”
(A trembling Herald cries,
While horror's self gap'd in his maudlin eyes)
“But 'fore thy vengeance singes us so hot,
'Tis meet we tell you wherefore we have come
On this great embassy, who sent us, & what not.
Know then, an't please your mighty highness,
We am a chosen band from Cheshire towne,
Where cows and milk and calves and such fine fish abound
Sent out by our good Demo's, in their vast kindness,
To ax your blessing, Sir, and what we 'spect will please
You more, to bring along this nation clever cheese,
And lay it, with our humble service, at your feet;
We're all up there sir, staunch friends to you, and the devil
Roast us if in this here cheese you needn't fear no evil,
'Tis antifederal curd, such as you loves to eat.
Now, if your honor please, we'll march back home
And sing your praise and glory through your kingdom come."

"Lord gentlemen! pray stop! what strange relation!
Walk in, walk in gentlemen, please sit down—
Hey Dick! some glasses here—and you Tap, some whiskey bring!
A tedious march, my friends, and much vexation.
You've had, no doubts—Jack! call the boys and run, and ease
That poor beast of his vast load, rub him well down,
And give him two quarts of oats—Come gentlemen, to you

"The homage of my high respects" is due,
Also, to your kind neighbors, for this loyal cheese;
Assure them, that their honor, principles and wealth
Are ever near my heart—very near! Good friends your "health."

"Health and success to Jefferson our King!"
Peal'd and repeal'd throughout the mighty dome,
As each pleas'd guest, his goblet drain'd and took his freight for home.

CANTO III.

NOW had the Cheese-Knights snatch'd a short repast
Of whisky, ale and beer,
And, with the royal leave, they homeward fast
Did trudge them, with good cheer.
And now, Sir Thomas, as he laid his head,
On the soft pillow of reflection's lap,
Revolving o'er the eventful cares of state,
With sweet complacency he smiling said—
"Sure never King before was half so much belov'd!
This day this mighty cheese and all things else, have prov'd
My strength, and fix'd my throne beyond the reach of fate."

Thus said, old Morpheus wrap'd him in a silken nap.
Reader! not that eternal nap, whose long repose,
No dreams, the conscience wake, with superstitious woes!
Scarce the soft dews of sleep, the Sage's eyes had prest,
When lo! the "demon ape" sat grinning on his breast,
And to the eye of fancy's dizzy sight,
Display'd the mirror of prophetic light.
The Cheshire Orb, which graced the empty board,
Rose up, spontaneous, & self balanc'd whirl'd.
The mighty mass of curd transform'd to earth,
Rocks, waves and woods, with seeming life was stor'd.
And a new race of beings, equal all, by birth
And fortune, simple, free—possess'd the recent world.
Deep in its hospitable caves they dwelt secure,
Nor felt a single scourge, but that of being poor,
Thus liv'd they, till ambition sought their new abode,
And lust and rapine drench'd their fields with blood.
Uprose a Sampson, with his Ass's jaw,
And death and ruin howl'd around the plain,
Vast hecatombs of mangled corpses mark the reign
Of this carniverous chief, of liberty and law.
Then some poor Logan, of a Mingo tribe,
That proundly hail'd him—father long & chief,
Who sees his friends, his kindred, all his country's pride
Swept by the Tyrant's all devouring breath,
To one wide ruin of promiscuous death,
Laments his harder fate, in strains of manly grief.
The sanguine scene, and Logan's flowering grief,
Rous'd from his trance the sympathetic chief;
His heart beat wild, as, fearfully, he flew
To find the cheese, and prove the vision false or true,
Again he gaz'd—and felt—and smelt—and then, alas!
He bor'd—deep to its centre, bor'd the ponderous mass,
And from its secret caves, drag'd forth the fly-born train,
His sleeping eyes had magnify'd to men.
Reader! dost thou, so simple, for the sequel ask?
'Twas then, the chieftain's eyes grew fiery red,
And flash'd destruction on the writhing (squirming) horde;
Nor cries, nor prayers, nor meek religion's mask,
Nor the still stronger plea of liberty and right,
Could shield the bon Republicans, or aid
Their flight, from the jaw-vengeance of this Sampson's sword.
"Twas then, some Mingo fugitive skip'd from the slain,
And mourn'd his country's fate, and curs'd the conqueror's might;
But ah! he mourn'd & curs'd & curs'd & mourn'd
Fast ply'd the ivory guillotine its deathful squeeze,
Nor left a demo' maggot in the Mammoth Cheese.

*Courier of New Hampshire. September 3 and 10, 1801.*
In this diatribe concerning the disposition of the cheese, a number of Jefferson’s compatriots are ridiculed. Thomas Paine (1737–1809), was just returning from a long residence in Europe. John Dawson (1762–1814), a leading anti-Federalist from Virginia, had been sent on a diplomatic mission to France in 1800–1801; Samuel H. Smith (1752–1839) was Jefferson’s first Secretary of the Navy.

We cannot omit here presenting to the Executive a plan of proceeding equally honorable to the Philosopher of Monticello, to the donors of the cheese, and to the cheese itself.

Probably the cheese will be ready for transportation in two months from this time; before which time the learned Mr. Dawson, and the great Mr. Paine, will have returned to this country. Let Dawson be appointed envoy extraordinary to the court of Cheshire, and Paine be made secretary of the legation. Or perhaps it would not be inconsistent with modern economy and the greatness of the occasion, to appoint two envoys very extraordinary: if so, let Paine and Dawson be the men; and Samuel H. Smith the secretary. Let the Ambassadors, after having received their instructions from the President and his council, in what manner to proceed, be honored with a salute from the frigates in the Eastern Branch. Let the Philosophers be provided with such books as may amuse their literary tendencies, and such sweetmeats, cordials, perfumes, &c. as may gratify the palate of nice nobility. Let gentle gales waft them down the sleepy windings of the Potomack. When cradling along old ocean’s uneven surface, be then, O Neptune, propitious. Let not the contentious winds stimulate the unreasonable waves to angry combat, lest threatening destruction offend their minds with obstructive fears of an hereafter. Let the Merchants of New Haven send a light skiff, with the homage of their high consideration, to bid them welcome to the Sound, and to pilot them up the Connecticut. Let the inhabitants of Haddam, Middleton and Hartford crowd the shores as the tall ship passes, and make the concave roar with hymns, to the tune of

“With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the SOVEREIGN CHEESE.

As there will be no Upozugion Mammoth to bear on its back the bulky burden, let the sovereign cheese, all courtly pageantry being past between the ambassadors and the inhabitants, be drawn from Cheshire, to the waters of the Connecticut, by twice three scores of sturdy oxen. Let the Cheshire Priest, pro more majorum, sprinkle his salt, and give his valete and benedicite to the offering and his bearers. Then let loud cannon shake the antient domains of Aether. Let the vessel depart. On its return up the Potomack, let every cloud run from the sky; let the earth rejoice and be glad; let the waters smile, and fields laugh. Let the astonished Executive roll the large orbs of his majestic eyes,” and survey, with wonder the meal for Mammoth. Let the heads of departments accompany him. Let the offering be conveyed to the new room now building in the capitol, there let it be deposited. Let the plaudit of “you have deserved well of your country,” be given to the ambassadors, to the Priest,
the inhabitants and 900 cows of Cheshire. Let Dawson retire from public life, at the close of his second successful embassy. Let Smith, in his official paper, with his usual glow of imagination, his chaste and energetic style, record the patriotism and virtues of the donors, the ambassadors and President; and let Paine, sacerdos pius et venerabilis, the pious and venerable priest, administer, oft as executive longings demand, till the cheese is no more.

Washington Federalist. August 28, 1801.

One of the more unusual pieces concerning the cheese, this could possibly have been the words to a song. According to Leland's presentation speech, there was no motto painted on the cheese.

The Democratic Ladies have milked 900 Cows—Twang. Mr. Leland procured a vat—Twang. The Ladies met at the house of Mr. Daniel Brown, with 1700 weight of Curd—Twang. When our informant left Cheshire, the Cheese was not turned—Twang. The ropes and pullies were not yet ready—Twang. Citizen J.f.r.n is to receive this Cheese in the Spring of 1802—Twang. Mr. Leland is a Reverend Twang. The motto on this Cheese is, “Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God”—Twang. The poor Feds shall eat no more Cheese—Twang.

Otsego Herald: or, Western Advertiser. Cooperstown, N.Y., September 24, 1801.

A correspondent to the Western Star of Stockbridge, Mass., signing himself “Republicanus,” humorously suggested that the mammoth cheese called for the creation, by “the Ladies of Lenox,” of a two-and-a-half-ton apple pie to accompany it!

It has been a long source of extreme mortification to me that you are like to be outdone by your Republican Sisters of Cheshire. They have made a monstrous Mammoth Cheese to present to our Sovereign Lord, King Jefferson, as a testimony of “the homage of their highest respects,” while we, in Lenox, the shire town too, and quite as Republican as Cheshire, are offering no tribute to the man who dwells in our hearts.—Cheese is indeed very good, but is one of those good things which is not good alone. Every one knows how highly it relishes, but methinks it would relish better with a good Apple Pye. I therefore take the liberty to propose to you to shew your patriotism, by making a great Mammoth Apple Pye, to be presented with the Mammoth Cheese. Let there be an oven built for the occasion on the hill near the meeting-house, 15 feet diameter. Let every Republican Lady appear at the Court-House, on the 1st Monday of October, at 9 o'clock, A.M. with one bushel of apples ready cut and sweetened, and paste enough to cover them; then I would propose to load the whole into a cart or waggon to be made for the purpose, and form a grand procession to the great Oven. Let the Republican Parson of Pittsfield be
invited to carry the colors in procession, and to make a suitable prayer on the
casion while the Pye is baking. Then let there be a committee appointed to
wait on their sisterhood at Cheshire to inquire and report.
1st. Whether they expect to carry their Cheese by land or by water, or
whether they expect there will be animal life in it sufficient to move itself.
2d. Whether they will consent that the Apple Pye shall travel in company
with the Cheese, and if so to request them to appoint a committee to confer
with our honorable committee on the subject of an escort to wait on the Apple
Pye and Cheese to the City of Washington. And here I beg leave to suggest the
propriety of appointing a military escort, lest the Federalists, whom our
worthy President has deprived of the "loaves and fishes," may so hunger after his
Apple Pye and Cheese, as to make an attempt upon them, and by cutting out 6
or 8 square feet, they may much disfigure them. The Cheese is said to weigh
twelve hundred pounds—the Apple Pye ought therefore to weigh at least forty-
eight hundred, as Mr. Jefferson, unless he has a Mammoth appetite for Cheese,
will want four pounds of Pye to one of Cheese. There will be no difficulty in
handling the Apple Pye—the Genius who invented the machine to turn the
Cheese, will undoubtedly offer his services to help the Pye into the oven. But I
ask pardon for entering thus minutely into the subject, my only object being to
suggest the impropriety of sending a Cheese to the President, without a clever
snug Pye to accompany it.


Citing many fanciful "Mammoth" presentations, the author here closes with a
French salutation, a common Federalist barb aimed at the Jeffersonian's Franco-
phile leanings. William Duane (1760–1835) was publisher of the Aurora, a Phila-
delphia newspaper loyal to Jefferson.

It is currently reported that the Bread Company have at last determined to
prepare, and in fact are now preparing an oven of a magnitude sufficient to
make a loaf of bread, proportionate to the cheese, which has been transported
to Washington. They feel an emulation, which cannot be sufficiently
applauded, and which is worthy of the imitation of all good citizens, not to be
outdone in manifesting their regard to the Chief Magistrate of our country. It
is also asserted, from unquestionable authority that, the glass manufactory, at
Hamilton, near Albany, have already blown a bottle of a size to contain at least
one tun, which they intend to fill with Messrs. Noble and Co's best American
porter, and have ready to transmit it to Washington, at the same time with the
Mammoth loaf—So that his convivial friends, Gallatin, Duane, and others of
the same stamp, may not only have cheese, but bread, cheese, and porter.

NB. We are informed that the old Dutchmen in the back parts of Maryland,
have preserved some of their choicest tobacco, this season, which they have
been particularly cautious in preparing, and have rolled 5000 wt. of it into
segars, of at least three inches in diameter, which are also to go in due season.
To complete the list, some of the good republicans at Savannah, have constructed a pipe of such dimensions that, while two negroes are to stand at the President's mouth to hold up the end which he is to use, eleven more are to stand in single file to support the remainder of the tube and bowl. — Vive Le Citoyen Jefferson.


Albert Gallatin (1761-1849), member of a very aristocratic family which had been prominent in Geneva, Switzerland, for centuries, broke with family tradition, espoused liberal French ideas, and emigrated to America at age 19 in 1780. He settled in Western Pennsylvania and on the basis of remarkable natural ability, quickly became a leading anti-Federalist in state and national politics. He was appointed Secretary of the Treasury by Jefferson in 1801. Without factual basis, his opponents constantly tried to portray him as one of the instigators of the Whiskey Rebellion (which he actually helped to forestall), and a wild, European radical. It is for this reason that they emphasized his foreign accent, although in fact they chose the wrong one—his native tongue had been French, not German. In the following piece, Gallatin plays a major role in a supposed Cabinet meeting deciding what to do with the cheese.

The Minister of Finance was of the opinion, dat de cheese, coming from de pepel, should in process of time, revert to dem agen, but it would be difficult to divide de sheese in its present state, into so grate many parts as to give every won of de pepels von bit; he derefore tink dat de sheese should be keep till it was full of de maggots, and den he woud tak only von cubic inch himself, and ven he had count de maggots in all de Mammoth cheese; and he would pledge his reputation, as Financier, dat dere woud be maggots enough to give all de pepel a living proof of de love and de gratitude of de man of deir shoise.

The Secretary seemed neither to approve nor condemn the Financier's proposition, he contracted his brows, ruminated inwardly, shut up his face, and said nothing.

The Man of War sneered at the idea of an army of maggots, he treated with contempt the notion of marshalling them in cubic inches, and was of opinion, that there was no way of placing them with safety or advantage: He allowed their tendency to keep themselves in firm compact bodies, and highly praised their activity; but upon the whole did not think them capable of resisting a vigorous attack, especially when made with the weapon, Sampson used against the Phillistines, and which mode it was his intention to enforce both by precept and example.

The Minister of the Marine had seriously revolved the subject in his mind, but was still in a state of doubt and perplexity. Whether such cheeses were proper to provide for the navy or not, could only be ascertained by tasting; and he believed that if he was permitted just to shave off a little of the rind, he
would be enabled to tell how much per cent. might be gained by the public's encouragement of Mammoth Cheeses.

The man of the people was sorry to be under the necessity of observing that they had all wandered from the point in question, (viz.) whether the cheese should be cut now or not? He thought it best not to be too precipitate, for tho' it was his wish to give every good democrat a slice, he could not think it prudent to cut it up at present, and hoped they would be content to wait till it was ripe, which might be about August next. He could not agree with the Financier, that it should be kept till it was full of maggots; he was not covetous of maggots; he had maggots enough; and he believed if too many were suffered to generate in so confined a space they would become "infuriate" and seek their "long lost liberty" thro' the very heart and bowels of the cheese. Such was his present opinion, but he would not finally make up his mind on the important subject, till he had consulted with his much respected friend, and generous Patron the Editor of the Aurora! They all knew how much he himself, and the cause of liberty and equality were indebted to the talents and exertions of that great man—the attorney general of the District of Columbia, had acknowledged it at a public dinner; and gratitude forbade him to contradict the acknowledgement of the learned attorney. He hoped he should soon be honored with another visit from the Sage of Clonmell, and when he was possessed of that gentleman's sentiments, he would make it a subject of communication to Congress, who in their wisdom would devise the most proper mode of relieving the anxiety of the public mind, which had been so much agitated, and distracted with conflicting opinions concerning the gravity, density, form and extention of this great Mammoth cheese. He concluded by saying "we are all Federalists, we are all Republicans." Let us restore peace and social benevolence to the people, without which, he very feelingly observed, that "liberty and life itself were but dreary things."


Slavery was already a political issue in Jefferson's time, and the emphasis in Leland's presentation address of the fact that the cheese was made by free-born men received comment in a number of the newspapers. Note that the last line is again poking fun at Gallatin's accent—so widely understood by readers of the time that it needed no identification.

QUESTION

Submitted to the Baltimore Sporting Club for debate.

Query—Which of the two was greatest—the Compliment of the Cheshire-Cheesemongers in presenting the "greatest Cheese in America to the greatest Man in the World;" or the insult in telling one of the great Slave-holders in Virginia, that the great Cheese, "was made by free-born farmers without a single slave to assist?"
Hail "free-born farmers" who desert the plough,
Like pretty dairy-maids to milk the cow;
Who scorn his "sacred majesty," to please
With such a trifle as a "Mammoth Cheese;"
Who would not meanly flatter any one.
(Except the "World's great man, T. Jefferson)
To him it is no flattery you deem
To send a "pepper-corn of your esteem."
That "pepper-corn" it is determined then,
By all the "free-born" Cheshire dairy-men,
To Tom, the "peoples servant" to send down
By Parson Leland and Squire Daniel Brown:
See these great missionaries march in state,
To lay their present at the Great Man's feet—
Oxen and sloops, obedient to their call,
Bear the great burden to the Great Man's hall;
There the great man, the great committee meets,
And with fraternal hug, the parson greets:
While all the trash and rabble, of the town,
Headed by Leland, and his quid-nunc Brown,
Like gawky cranes or goslings, onward press,
To hear the President's and Squire's address.
The Democrats in most profound amaze,
On this the wonder of all cheeses, gaze—
Hungry as wolves to gormandize a piece,
Of "dis most famous mammot Sheshire Sheese."


Although we have for a long time refused giving any further place to cheese-communications being of opinion the cheese has been toasted and re-toasted till it has become quite unpalatable, we hope the following bagatelle, from a valuable correspondent, will be received with a relish.

Extract of a letter from Washington.

"The celebrated mammoth cheese, which has long been the fruitful topic of public discussion, will not totally cease to exist after the fourth of March, when it is to be immolated on the altar of liberty.

The president having discovered, by dint of that sagacity, for which he is so distinguished, that the rind is not calculated for consumption, called a council of the wise men of the west, 'in order to take into joint-cogitation the applicability of this circumambient part of this magnitudinary whole.' After mature deliberation, and much sapient discussion, it was resolved, in conformity to that system of economy, which has uniformly guided the counsels of the
present executive, to collect the *parings*, embalm and deposit them in a golden urn, to be prepared for that purpose, and to be lodged in the *Knick-nackatory* at Monticello, there to remain *in secula seculorum*, as a trophy of private patriotism, and a monument of public gratitude and taste.

"That nothing might be wanting to add dignity to the *precious* deposit, the president, in the true spirit of gallantry, addressed the fair framers of the stupendous offering, requesting 'a *reiterated* development of those intellectual powers, which their co-exertions had so felicitously effectuated, in the conformation of this gigantic production of the dairy, by supplying an appropriate inscription for the comprehensive vase.' The request of the *august* applicant was readily complied with; and I am happy that it is in my power to furnish you with a copy of this concentration of female genius.

**THIS URN**

Contains the superficial *stratum* of a circular mass of vascline juice, Consolidated by The female patriots of Massachusetts, and in concert with Their acquiescent husbands presented to Th: Jefferson, the political Colossus of Columbia; In testimony Of their grateful admiration of those talents, So strenuously exerted In accelerating the approach of that Blessed Era Which in the language of derision is termed The Gallic Millenium:

When those exclusive barriers that now surround The *mono*-matrimonial state Shall be broken down; And the human mind Shall bound at will over the sunny regions of *Unrestrained enjoyment*— In brief When Nature's reign shall be restored,

This Urn was fabricated, replenished and inscribed at that memorable Epoch in American History, when Philosophy was President— Stability Secretary of State, And Loyalty was Secretary of the Treasury, Under the government Then stiled *Federal.*
"The above delicate morceau of monumental literature is not unworthy of those female talents which gave consistency and shape to the milky flood of votive patriotism. It is by no means what in the cant of criticism is called a wheyish composition. On the contrary, it is highly enriched with the courtly curd of compliments, and seasoned with the Attic salt of sentiment."

[N. Y. Even. Post.]

The Port Folio. Philadelphia, March 6, 1802.

Opponents of Thomas Jefferson always had the embarrassing problem of explaining away how he could be such an embodiment of evil, when he had been one of the leaders of the Revolutionary struggle and author of the Declaration of Independence. They tended to emphasize that he had been corrupted by French libertarian ideas, which brought out his inherent moral defects. The author of the following piece used the cheese as a vehicle for a particularly bitter attack on the third President.

**REFLECTIONS OF MR. JEFFERSON, OVER THE MAMMOTH CHEESE.**

Ye men of Cheshire, little did ye know,
   When urg'd by love, this ponderous gift you sent,
That on this heart you struck a sick'ning blow,
   And gave a thousand damning feelings vent.
In this great cheese I see myself pourray'd,
   My life and fortunes in this useless mass,
I curse the hands, by which the thing was made,
   To them a cheese, to me a looking-glass.
Once I was pure.....Alas! that happy hour,
   E'en as the milk, from which this monster came,
Till turn'd, by philosophic rennet, sour,
   I barter'd virtue for an empty name.
Then press'd by doctrines from the Gallic school,
   A harden'd mass of nameless stuff I stood,
Where crude confusion mingles without rule,
   And countless seeds of foul corruption bud.
E'en the round form this work of art displays,
   Marks the uncertain, endless path I tread,
Where truth is lost in falsehood's dreary maze,
   And vice in circles whirls the giddy head.
Delusive view! where light is cast aside,
   And principles surrender'd for mere words,
Ah me! how lost to just and noble pride,
I am indeed become a man of curds.
Like to this cheese, my outside, smooth and sound,
    Presents an aspect kind and lasting too;
When nought but rotteness within is found,
    And all my seeming rests on nothing true.
Fair to the view, I catch admiring eyes,
    The nation wonders, and the world applaud,
When spread beyond my just and nat’ral size,
    I seem to them an earthly demigod.
But midst this shew of greatness and of ease,
    Ten thousand vermin gnaw this wretched heart,
Just as they feed upon this mammoth cheese,
    And I and they can never, never part.
Go, hated Mentor, blast no more my sight,
    I would forget myself, and heaven defy,
Inur’d to darkness, I detest the light,
    Would be a suicide, but dare not die.

The following ode, attributed to Thomas Kennedy, is from a broadside in the possession of The New York State Library. Its exact date is unknown.

ODE
TO THE
MAMMOTH CHEESE,

Presented to Thomas Jefferson,
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,
BY THE INHABITANTS OF CHESHIRE, MASSACHUSETTS,
January 1, 1802.

Most Excellent—far fam’d and far fetch’d CHEESE!
Superior far in smell, taste, weight and size,
To any ever form’d ’neath foreign skies,
And highly honour’d—thou wert made to please,
The man belov’d by all—but stop a trice,
Before he’s praised—I too must have a slice.

II.
Rich too thou art, and pleasant tho’ so large
As any Millstone—or a North-west Moon;
To measure thee ’twould take an afternoon—
Few tables can support the pond’rous charge,
Into what cupboard Mammoth canst thou enter,
And where’s the knife can cut clean thro’ thy centre.

III.
“Twould take a Gallatin to ascertain
How many meals for Congress—clerks and all
The supernumeraries about their Hall,
Thy spacious limits actually contain:
What number of WELSH RABBITS, thou wouldst make
How many thousand loaves there’s cause to bake.

IV.
For cen’ries past—in Europe—sometimes here,
Placemen were said to share the loaves and fishes,
(And where’s the man that for a share ne’er wishes)
But now Americans have better cheer,
And to their worthy servants ’stead of these,
They’ve wisely substituted—LOAVES and CHEESE.

V.
Cheese is the attendant of a New-Year’s day,
Cheese is the Blithe-meat* when a bairn is born,
Cheese, may those taste thee ne’er, who tasting scorn,
Cheese—still proceeding from the milky way,
Is nature’s purest, plain and simple food;
cheese is a lux’ry, when like this ’tis good.

VI.
God bless the Cheese—and kindly bless the makers,
The givers—generous—good and sweet and fair,
And the receiver—great beyond compare,
All those who shall be happy as partakers;
O! may no traitor to his country’s cause
E’er have a bit of thee between his jaws.

VII.
Some folks may sneer, with envy in their smiles,
And with low wit at ridicule endeavour,
Their sense and breeding’s shewn by their behaviour,
Well—let them use Aristocratic wiles,
Do what they can—and say just what they please,
RATS love to nibble at good Cheshire Cheese.

VIII.
’Tis a good New-Year’s Gift I think indeed,
But the Cheese-Master must be on his guard,
And against longing women be prepar’d,
Once they begin to eat—do pray take heed;
Once they begin—when they may stop’s unknown
Perhaps they will not till the whole is gone.

IX.
To others leaving wealth, and place and pow’r,
I’ll to my home and to my HARRIS hie,
Our wants are few—those industry supply;
All that we want or wish for in life’s hour,
Heaven still will grant us—they are only these,
Poetry—Health—Peace—Virtue—Bread and Cheese.

*In Scotland.

The following, one of the most widely quoted
poems on the cheese, is attributed to Dr. Asa
Burbank of Berkshire County, Mass. A slightly
different version exists, which was published in
The Berkshire Hills. A Historic Monthly in
February, 1901.

THE MAMMOTH CHEESE
An Epico-Lyric Ballad.

From meadows rich, with clover red,
A thousand heifers come;
The tinkling bells the tidings spread
The milk-maid muffles up her head,
And wakes the village hum.

In shining pans, the snowy flood,
Through whitened canvas, pours;
The dying pots of otter, good* And rennet, tinged with madder blood,
Are sought among their stores.

The quivering curd in panniers stowed,
Is loaded on the jade;†
The stumbling beast supports the load,
While trickling whey bedews the road,
Along the dusty glade.

As Cairo’s slaves, to bondage bred,
The arid desarts roam,
Through trackless sands unaunted tread,
With skins of water on their head,
To cheer their master’s home!

So here full many a Qurdy swain
His precious luggage bore,
Old misers e’en forgot their gain,
And bed-rid cripples, free from pain,
Now took the road before.
The widow with her dripping mite
Upon her saddle horn,
Rode up, in haste, to view the sight,
And aid a charity so right,
A pauper so forlorn.

The circling throng an opening drew
Upon the verdant grass,
To let the vast procession through,
To spread their rich repast in view,
And Elder J.L. pass.

Then Elder J. ________ with lifted eyes,
In musing posture stood,
Invoked a blessing from the skies,
To save from vermin, mites and flies,
And keep the bounty good.

Now mellow strokes, the yielding pile
From polished steel receives,
And shining nymphs stand still awhile,
Or mix the mass with salt and oil,
With sage and savory leaves.

Then, sexton-like, the patriot troop,
With naked arms and crown,
Embraced, with hardy hands, the scoop,
And filled the vast expanded hoop,
While beetles smacked it down.

Next girding screws the ponderous beam,
With heft immense, drew down,
The gushing whey, from every seam
Flowed through the streets a rapid stream,
And shad came up to town.

*They have a custom of painting and staining
their Cheese in Cheshire. This they effect with
otter paint, sometimes with an infusion of mad-
der.
†Literally true.

The Mercury and New-England Palladium.
September 8, 1801.
This parody of biblical form is a fairly accurate description of the making of the cheese. "Jacknips" was, of course, John Leland.

THE GREAT CHEESE

And Jacknips said unto the Cheshireites, behold the Lord hath put in a Ruler over us, who is a man after our own hearts.

Now, let us gather together our Curd, and carry it into the valley of Elisha, unto his wine press, and there make a Great Cheese, that we may offer a thank offering unto that great man.

Now these sayings pleased the Cheshireites, so they did according as Jacknips had commanded.

And they said unto Darius the son of Daniel the prophet, make us a great hoop, four feet diameter and 18 inches high, and Darius did as he was commanded, and Asahel and Benjamin, the Blacksmiths secured it with strong iron bands, so that it could not give way.

Now the time for making this great Cheese was on the 20th day of the seventh month, when all the Jacobites assembled as one man, every man with his curd, except John the Physician, who said,

I have no curd, but I will doctor the Federalists, send them to me and I will cure their fedism.

And Jacknips said, behold Frances the wife of John the Hillite, she is a goodly woman, and is wont to make good cheese, now she shall be chief among women.

Now when all things were ready, they put it in Elisha's press—ten days did they press it, but on the eleventh, Jacknips said unto the Cheshireites—behold now let us gather together a great multitude and move it to the great house of Daniel the prophet, there to be turned and dried.

Now Daniel lives about eight furlongs from the valley of Elisha.

So they made a great parade and mounted the great cheese on a sled, and put six horses to draw it.*

And Jacknips went forward, and when he came to the inn of little Moses, he said unto Moses, behold the great cheese is coming.

And Moses said unto Freelove his wife, behold the multitude advancing—now let us kill all the first born of the lambs and hogs, and make a great feast.

And they did so, and the people did eat meat and drink wine, the fourth part of an hin each, so they were very merry.

And Jacknips said, it will come to pass, when your children shall say unto you, what mean you by this great cheese, that ye shall answer them saying,

It is a sacrifice unto our great ruler, because he giveth gifts unto the jacobites, and takes them from the federalists.

And Jacknips said, peradventure within two years, I shall present this great cheese as a thank offering unto our great ruler—and all the Cheshireites shall say Amen.

*The weight of the Cheese at 15 days old was ONE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY FIVE.

The Hampshire Gazette. September 30, 1801.

Many newspapers published New Year's poems from their carriers or "newsboys." These were usually long pieces dealing with the events of the past year. The following five excerpts, which mention the Mammoth Cheese, are of this genre. The first, from New York, is "Addressed To The Patrons of the Evening Post by the News Boy."

Political intolerance

... For such strong proof of genuine merit, Such evidence of public spirit, His grateful country, has prepar'd For her great head, a great reward: A MAMMOTH CHEESE! whose wondrous bulk Exceeds a Butcher's greasy hulk, Whose ample breadth, and tow'ring height, Make Earth to groan beneath its weight; And form'd, they say, in the same mould Which shap'd the Giant's Cheese of old. In this fam'd Cheese, as most suppose, No fed'ral mite can poke his nose, To him the thick, tough coat presents, Impassable impediments, And should he travel it all round, No single op'ning can be found, Nay what's more strange—by this good light! The Cheese can't breed a fed'ral mite! Yet democratic MAGGOTS find An easy passage through its rind, Which gives them entrance without pain, And when they've pass'd it, shuts again,
While from its energies internal,
The mass breeds thousands at its kernel!
Nay more—but here 'tis time to stop
For fear my Pegasus might drop,
I therefore wish you all good cheer,
And from my soul a happy year!


Titled "Symptoms of the Millennium," and
"Addressed to the Readers of the Connecticut Courant," a footnote in a later, omitted section of the poem, identifies the author as John Ellsworth.

A PARSON LELAND, [d] too, at ease,
High mounted on a "Mammoth Cheese,"
From curds, and skippers lifts his sight,
Like Moses on mount Pisgah's height,
Thro' whey and rennet darts his eye,
And sees new-milk beyond the sky,
With exultation swings his hat,
As flows the nectar to his vat,
And while the mighty mass is pressing,

[d] The elegant author of a "Blow at the Root,"
and a " Stroke at the Branch" of all order and
government; and also the guardian Genius of Curds and Whey at Cheshire Massachusetts.


The following excerpt is from "The RETRO-
SPECT; A New-Year's Ode," carries address
for The Hampshire Gazette for 1802.

A string of wonderfull events,
Before us now for song presents,
But should we sing of gallant Sterrett
Could we do justice to his merit?
Or if of Spanish spoliation
Could we command a reparation?
Should we our Navy's fate rehearse,
Could we the stern decree reverse?
Or if we sung the Mammoth Cheese,
Could we obtain a bite, for fees?
No; therefore we must jog along
Or we shall never end our Song.

Hampshire Gazette. January 6, 1802.

Headlined "Parnassian Fount," this excerpt is
from the Courier of New Hampshire's news-
boys "Message" for 1802. Immediately following
it, another poem of similar length was carried,
titled simply, "Another Message."

But, Muse, you'll not forget to squeeze
A word out 'bout the "MAMMOTH
CHEESE;"
Such Cheese no man before set face on,
'Tis bigger than Don Quixot's bason—
Such Cheese, my stars! 'twould make one
swoon
To view—'tis bigger than a moon!
This Cheese is surely honour'd more,
Than ever any Cheese before;
To feel the weight and force, forsooth,
And crash, of Presidential tooth.
Ye maggots, that dwell in the Cheese,
With horror how your limbs will freeze,
How will you kick, and squirm, and claw,
Beneath the Jeffersonian jaw!
But Oh you're gone—no power can save—
You'll soon be rotting in your grave;
By the same weapon you must fall,
That Sampson us'd his foes to maul.


How Cheshire Dames conjointly cluster'd
In female Synod, hot as mustard,
(Conven'd by cabalistic word)
Amass'd a monstrous heap of Curd,
And form'd it into Mammoth Cheese,
By cider-mill's enormous squeeze,
As a thank-offering, sweet and mellow,
Consign'd to "Lord of Monticello."
But your informant does not say
What use is made of barrell'd whey;
Yet 'tis suppos'd (on close inspection)
An antidote to insurrection,
Or disobedience to the laws,
In case where whisky is the cause.


The imagination of the inhabitants of Cheshire were so much expanded by the contemplation of their performance of so Herculean a task as the manufacture of the MAM-
MOTH CHEESE, that in penning their address to the great object of their bounty,
they were scarce able to make use of that sublimity of language, which the occasion demanded. The following is the substance of their address:

A GREAT New-Year's Gift.
“The greatest Cheese in America
FOR
The greatest Man in America.
TO WIT,

The Author of the History of the greatest Beast in America.

GREAT SIR,
IT is true we live at a great distance from the seat of the great national government, yet we claim the great right of judging for ourselves. We have a great attachment to the constitution, and we have for several years past had great apprehensions that the great features of it were not properly attended to:

Our joy, of course, must have been great, on your election to the first great office in the nation, having had great evidence from your great sentiments, that it would be your greatest strife and glory to turn back the government to its virgin purity.
The trust is great. The task is great. But we feel a great consolation that the great ruler of the great universe, who raises up great men to achieve great events, has raised up a great Jefferson to defend the great principles of Republicanism.

SIR—We have attempted to prove our great love to our great President; not in great words, but in mighty deeds. With this address we send you a great Cheese, by the hands of the greatest men amongst us, as a huge peppercorn of the great esteem we bear our chief magistrate.

May the Almighty God greatly preserve your life for a long time, as a great blessing to the United States, and to the world at large.”


“Sorex Annopolitanus,” like many of the other satirists, used Gallatin and his accent to poke fun at the cheese.
Vi ch'en to me did give delight;
Compar'd 'twas wondrous bad!
Then to the room where Mammoth lay,
With expectation wondrous great
These Democ-rats then took their way,
Where lay the mighty Cheese in state.
But here such wondrous barriers rose,
The wind was adamantine hard,
Its mountain height the rats oppose
And all their mighty wishes marr'd.
With eager eyes these sages gaze,
And lick their lips, till long-tail said,
Let us refer to future days,
And leave this cheese till we get bread.
For shall we now von entrance make,
Your Rat of war will be much mad,
Dat he de banquet no partake,
And say we treated him very bad.
Besides mine chief, each artful rat,
That ravage in the great store-house,
And on its spoils do grow so fat,
Regardless of de leetil mouse.
Does sure you great affront will take,
Unless we give dem de invite,
Unless ved dem this sheese we break,
And give dem all von leetel bite,
But——a ha vat noise be dat,
Vich trice so dismal on mine ear.
Sure 'tis de noisy Warrior Rat
Defer our talk and disappear.


This version of the presentation speech was originally sent to the Stockbridge, Mass., Western Star, by a New England wit who signed himself "X. Y. & Z."

THE GREATEST CHEESE AMERICAN!
FOR JEFFERSON THE GREATEST MAN!
ALTHO' far distant from the seat
Where you preside and Congress meet;
Although by chance it is our fate
To live in corner of our State;
We hope we have a right to think,
And now sit down with pen and ink,
That we are well, to let you know——
"Hoping these lines will find you so."
Our liking to the Constitution
Is strong as steel; past dissolution;
We think it quite a charming creature,
When we behold in every feature
A frown upon that kingly barter
Which deals out favors by a charter.
The right of suffrage too we see,
Like running water, pure and free;
And should her foes e'er dare impeach her,
They'll quickly meet "correct procedure."
Religion too, by prohibition,
Is freed from tests of superstition;
Should Feds perchance or break or bend it,
Tools are at hand to patch and mend it;
(And tinkers too, who think it fun
To make two holes in patching one)
Yet many years we have been scar'd,
For fear a Monarch should be rear'd,
And freedom's genius under trample;
In proof we give you an example:—
Old Washington once thought that he,
Or soon or late, a King should be;
No sooner was this scarecrow gone,
Than up starts Adams on his throne.
Think then, dear Chief, how fill'd with joy
Our cup of bliss, without alloy,
When first we heard that you, dear Sir,
Was President, instead of Burr.
Your predecessors went astray,
And led the people far away,
In harlot's mazy paths to wander,
Like geese led on by cunning Gander;
Yours is the task to turn them back
To virgin purity's old track;
'Tis yours to strive, yours is the glory,
To put in whig, and turn out tory:
In you we hope to see what's rare,
Good precepts with good conduct square;
Your task is hard; your trust is great;
But we console ourselves that Fate,
Who rules with gods, or one or twenty,
Has in his stores such gifts in plenty,
Kindly to spare a JEFFERSON,
T' eclipse the same of WASHINGTON.
Such prodigy these gods did send us,
From oligarchy to defend us.

Words are but air, and cannot prove
To you, kind sir, our ardent love;
We therefore send it (hope 'twill please)
By Parson Leland in a CHEESE,
Drawn by a lusty six-horse team,
The pepper-corn of our esteem.
Old fashion'd folks in ancient times,
(When doing penance for their crimes)
Offer'd up lambs' and bullocks' blood,
A sacrifice to appease their God.
But we with faith and plighted vows,
Now offer up the milk of cows.
Think not, dear sir that 'tis a stone
By "infuriate man" from Bastile thrown;
'Twas made of milk, pray sir believe it,
A free will offering, so receive it.
Perhaps you may suspect this thing
Was made by Lords, to please their King;
'Twas made by our own Cheshire ladies,
And making Cheese their only trade is;
By their fair hands the curd was made,
Without one sooty slave to aid.
'Tis not with us as in Virginia,
Where dairy maids all come from Guinea.
Now, from your well assorted dish,
We ask for this nor loaf, nor fish;
The Democratic scale is light,
We therefore just throw in this mite,
In hopes, when weigh'd 'gainst milk and cream,
The Federal scale will kick the beam.
Democracy triumphant reigns,
Gives us great joy, relieves our pains;
These burthens, which we could not weather,
Are now as light as hum bird's feather;
Once, men in power had our neglect,
But now, the homage of respect.
We would have stamp'd on this great Cheese,
Some pretty lines, your Grace to please,
But stamps of all sorts we detest,
And therefore tho'it would be best
To send it from its native press,
In homespun democratic dress.
May all our gods your life preserve,
That you may long your country serve;
Then for your last reward you'll reap
The blessings of eternal sleep.
By order of all Cheshire town,
Accept our homage,

DANIEL BROWN.

The Salem Gazette. March 2, 1802.

For gross adulation, Parson LELAND's Cheese Address vastly exceeds the following celebrated address of the Men of Coventry to Queen Elizabeth:

We men of Coventry
Are very glad to see
Your gracious Majesty
Good Lord how fair you be!

The Queen loved flattery; but she had not a stomach capable of sustaining such a load as some modern patriots can bear, and in the true spirit of the address she replied,

My gracious Majesty
Is very glad to see
You men of Coventry:
Good Lord, what fools you be!

The Salem Gazette. March 5, 1802.
James Hunter Ewing's Excursion to Niagara Falls, 1826

Edited by
JOHN C. DANN

James Hunter Ewing (1798-1827) composed the following series of five letters to his mother, describing a trip from Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Bedford, Pittsburg, and Meadville, Pennsylvania, to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, and east by way of the Erie Canal from Lockport to Rochester, by stage from Rochester, and by canal again from Utica to Schenectady. Sad to say, this would be the last trip of Ewing's brief life. Shortly after writing the final letter, while in Poughkeepsie, a blood vessel in his lung ruptured. After his apparent recovery and return to Philadelphia, the problem returned, and he died on March 28, 1827, greatly lamented by friends and family.

Ewing was born in Trenton, New Jersey, and he grew up there and in Philadelphia, attending the grammar school of the University of Pennsylvania and graduating from Princeton in 1816. He studied at the Medical School at Philadelphia, served an internship as "house student" at the Philadelphia almshouse, received his M.D. in 1821, and practiced for some five years at Long Swamp, Berks Co., near Reuben Trexler's iron furnace, mostly among Germans, and at Millerstown and Kutztown. Just before his death, he had removed his practice to Philadelphia. Contemporaneous witnesses indicate that he was a very fine doctor, highly respected by colleagues. The North American Medical and Surgical Journal, v. 4 (1827), 387-88, published an article of his on the subject of "Case of Neuralgia Cured by Acupuncture."

The purpose of James Hunter Ewing's trip seems to have been in part recreational, in part to pay taxes on family-owned land. The author's maternal grandfather, James Hunter of Philadelphia, had amassed large landholdings throughout the state and in Philadelphia itself, much of it apparently at the sale of confiscated Tory property during the Revolution. This was inherited by James Hunter, Jr., the writer's uncle, and Jane Hunter Ewing, the writer's mother. James Hunter, Jr. and Ewing's father, Maskell Ewing, until the latter's death a couple of years before, were partners in administering the James Hunter, Sr. estate.

Travel accounts of the 1820s are numerous, and Pittsburg, Niagara Falls, and the Erie Canal were much visited and not infrequently described. Yet any literate account such as this will present a variety of interesting, unique details which help to provide the overall picture of the United States and travel in an era when even a short trip was truly an adventure.

In 1826, canals were the latest thing in transportation. The Erie had opened just one year before, which explains the air of excitement conveyed by Ewing in describing the trips he took between Lockport and Rochester and Utica and
Schenectady and the spirited competition between packet lines. Pennsylvania had been upstaged by the Erie, and New York, in the late 1820s, experienced phenomenal economic growth on the basis of the new trade route to the west, while Philadelphia stagnated. In 1825, the state of Pennsylvania had established a canal commission, and on his way toward Harrisburg, Ewing traveled with John Sergeant and Joseph McIlvaine, chairman and secretary of the commission which was in the middle of a political dispute with the leading merchants of Pittsburg over the route of the proposed waterway into that city.

The description of the accommodations of the canal boat are of interest and are more flattering than most, due perhaps to the fact that the waterway was so new. Ewing mentioned a canal bugler at Utica, playing not merely flourishes but entire tunes. One wonders if a pattern was set here which later was picked up by western steamboats and which the modern reader would identify with the early days of jazz on the Mississippi.

Ewing's father had served several terms in the state legislature, and his own attendance at both the University of Pennsylvania and Princeton accounts for his numerous contacts and warm receptions along the journey. Meadville, Pennsylvania, not on the route of the typical western traveler, was a very interesting town in its early days, and the men Ewing encountered were among its leading citizens: Jan Huidekoper, longtime agent for the Holland Land Company; John Reynolds, British immigrant and pioneer settler of the 1790s; Rev. Timothy Alden, founder of Allegheny College. The sizable New England Library which Alden had solicited from Bentley, Winthrop, and Isaiah Thomas had been carefully enumerated in an 1823 catalog. The story of the collection is related and brought up to date in Edwin Wolfe II's "Some Books of Early New England Provenance in the 1823 Library of Allegheny College," American Antiquarian Society, Proceedings, n.s. 73 (1963), 13–44.

The opening of the canal, with the resulting expansion of traffic and trade on the Great Lakes, caused Buffalo to develop at a phenomenal rate in the 1820s and made possible the wide scale tourism at Niagara. The Indians who had helped terrorize the frontier little more than a decade before remained numerous, distinctive, and visible, but their days of importance were numbered. Red Jacket, the great Iroquois orator, died in 1830, Cornplanter in 1836, and much of the nearby reservation land would be purchased in the next decade.

The tourist rituals of Niagara Falls were only beginning to develop in 1826, so that it is interesting to compare Ewing's account with those of a decade or two later when printed guide books were numerous, hotels had vastly multiplied, and visiting the attractions had become a more formal and costly process.

In the interests of the modern reader, the editor has changed the capitalization and has added, deleted, and changed a certain amount of punctuation. Otherwise, the letters are presented as Mr. Ewing wrote them. The original letters are part of the Ewing Papers at the Clements Library.
McMullens Tavern, Juniata Bridge, foot of Sideling Mountain.
May 20th, 1826.

Dear Mother,

On Tuesday morning at half past 6 O’Clock the stage reached the Fox. It was quite crowded and when we were added to the number of passengers the stage contained 15 persons. On entered my seat was next to the front and between a sickly looking man with a silk cap on somewhat like the present high crowned caps of ladies (This was Mr John Sargeant of Philadia) and a very florid fat looking man who was a trader in cattle from Ohio, Jos. McIlvaine, Mr Piers of Missouri and Mr Kenningtom of Kentucky, a lady from Lancaster and several unknowns. We went on pleasantly in the cool of the morning but when the heat of the sun increased on us we found our crowded stage very uncomfortable. About 14 miles from Lancaster the brace of the stage broke down and threw us against the wheels as we were going down hill and the scraping of the wheel against the side of the stage alarmed the horses. It was with some difficulty the vehicle was stopped. We all got out and walked on to the next tavern which fortunately was not very distant and was the house at which the horses were to be changed. The stage was raised on rail, the preparing of which detained us sometime, during which interval McIlvaine, Smith and myself made favour with the female part of the establishment and got some very good bread and butter which with a bottle of porter consoled us under our misfortune. From this to Lancaster we had a very rough ride on the rail and arrived there late.

At Lancaster the stage was changed for a very comfortable one. The evening was pleasant but our driver was very slow. Lancaster County looked beautiful. The rich farms and the rich foliage of spring was delightful. Second stage we had an excellent driver and rapid horses. Quite a dissertation among passengers on fast trotting horses. Anecdote narrated of Judge Franks who in reply to a person who was boasting of the astonishing powers of his horse, remarked that he once owned a horse which trotted very fast. Once whilst riding down the turnpike, he took a footman in the gig with him. As they were driving on rapidly the stranger asked the judge what grave yard that was they were passing. “Grave yard!,” said the judge, “why man, it is the milestones we are passing.” The boaster was silenced.

We reached Harrisburg at about 2 O’Clock in the morning all very much fatigued and sleepy. Retired soon to bed and rose early next morning. Visited the Capitol—undergoing repairs and only saw House of representatives chamber and governors room. Breakfasted at Hotel (Wilson’s) in company with Mr. Strickland, Mr. Norris, Mr Sargeant and several of the Canal commissioners who meet there this week on business.

Leave Harrisburg May 17th, Wednesday morning, at 8 O’Clock. Passengers: 3 Carlisle Students, Hall of Ohio, Piers of Missouri, Kenningham of Kentucky, Howell Smith and Self. Slow drive to Carlisle. Session of College about to Commence—Number of Students last session 60. Saw at Carlisle old
acquaintance Coleman Hall of Sunbury. At Greensburg we found a gay town as it was Battalion day. Only stopped to change horses and reached Chambersburg at sundown. Saw Jos. Chambers and Jas Ross—latter had just arrived in stage from Pittsburg and was on his way to Lancaster. Retired early to bed and were up ready to start on Thursday Morning, May 18th, at 3 O’Clock A.M. 6 Passengers—clever merry fellows. Stage a very rough one, roads more so—Tremendous Jolting over Cove mountain. 20 miles to Breakfast at McConnellsburg. Taverns here all keep what they call Travellers register in which all persons stopping write their names, residence, and destination. Some waggish phrases. One writes:

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This morning appearances of signs on road caused much amusement. Keningham remarked he had once seen the following at a house near a spring on Brownsville Hill:

- From this rock springs water clear
- But soon is changed to Small Beer
- Stop, Traveller stop, if you think fit
- And quench your thirst for a fivepenny bit.

Piers narrated a story of a family in Kentucky remarkable for their large feet. He said one of its members had purchased two small negro boys and was taking them home. He stopped at a tavern to stay all night and had his boys put to bed, but stretched himself on the rug before the fire with his boots on. Here he fell asleep and suddenly awakening and looking towards the fire he saw his large feet and mistook for his black boys. “You young rascals,” he said, “did I not tell you to [stay] in bed, what are you doing here?” Recieving no answer, the boys as he thought moving to [and] [with] a sort of seesaw motion, he reach his can[e] and was only convinced of his error after he had hit one of his feet a pretty hard rap.

Keningham to match this said a certain Mr -- returning home one night very drunk took lodgeings in a pig sty. The Hogs being rather restless, disturbed him considerably, when he exclaimed in a passion, “Lay over you rascal, you have not-shaved for a week.” Our rough ride was thus somewhat enlivened by their humor and we parted with our party somewhat reluctantly at the top of Sideling Hill at Sprouts Tavern, where we lived well one day and visited Uncles lands in the vicinity. Friday morning about noon left Sprouts and went down hill to a branch of the Juniata. Stage was very full and we had to set alongside of driver—seat very uncomfortable and dangerous and we dismounted at foot of hill at McMullens tavern. Excellent accommodations and beautiful situation. Mountain covered with pine trees on the opposite side of the river and fine echo from Piazza. Here the people shoot fish called mullets. While here an odd Robinson Crusoe looking fellow arrived on horse back with his gun on his shoulder who had been shooting fish. I asked him what luck. He said he had shot 5. They are from 12 to 18 inches long and
excellent eating as we can witness, our landlord having had some prepared for
our supper. In aiming, the gun must be pointed below the fish as the bullet
passes obliquely through the water. Often times they are killed by the gravel
thrown up from the bottom and the jar occasioned by the bullet in the water.
Some times as many as 11 are shot at one shot. Our landlord yesterday shot 5 at
once.

Saturday, 20th, People here intend to draw for shad this afternoon, but as
will start for Bedford, stage not too full, we shall miss the sport. We expect the
stage in about an hour. You will hear from me again at Pittsburg.

Love to all,
Your affectionate son,
J. Hunter Ewing

Dear Mother,

I ended my last at McMullen on Juniata and in a letter of business since to
uncle you find I reached Bedford and made short excursion of business to
Frankstown. When I returned to Bedford, I felt much fatigued by riding on
horseback as I had been somewhat unwell. This will account for my short
Stage of 3 miles from Sprouts to McMullens, where I was one day very sick
and another at Bedford. I did not say so in my letter as you might be anxious,
but now that I am well, may account to you for my short stages and to Uncle
for not visiting Flowing Spring.

Bedford, May 1st. Whilst sitting at my window a gentleman and lady pass in
handsome gig etc. and bow to me—not having my glasses on do not recognise
them, but am told they go down to Springs. In the evening ride down and find
it to be Dr McClellan, Lady and child from Philada. Take tea with them.
Return early to Bedford and find Philada. stage arrived but no acquaintance.
Genl. Leacock and Col. Wolbuck passengers. Western stage brings Capt
Spotto from South America bound to Hamburg, Europe—Russian German—
Jolly gentleman, Mr Dunn from Louisville, Ky., has been spending sometime
at Springs—pleasant man—leaves us tomorrow.

Bedford Springs, Pennsylvania

May 22nd, Monday. To
Frankstown.

May 23rd, Tuesday.
Until noon on that tour.

May 24th, afternoon,
after dressing walk with
Smith to Springs.³ Take
bath and drink freely of
water. Take our leave of
Dr McC. and lady.
Returning, call in at John
Henry’s, Black barber who
invited us to come and hear musical snuff-box—let it fall and injures it. Plays for us on fiddle with bow in his left hand.

May 24th, Wednesday. Leave Bedford at 3 O’Clock AM., 5 Passengers: Messrs. Smith Adams of Ky., a weaver boy for Pittsburg, Miss Schmucker, sister of Revd. Saml S. Schmucker, old acquaintance. Very pretty pleasant girl (father lives at York) visiting a relation at Schellsburg, 9 miles. There change horses. Ascend Allegheny Mountain. Grand scenery but very slow and rough riding. Breakfast on the summit at Statler’s Tavern. Good house. Fine venison for breakfast. Change horses and go on to Stoystown. Very, very Rough and constantly going up and down. Mail and Stage changed. Bad and rough stage and from this to next change very rough roads. All Dutch here. Nothing interest occurs this morning. Kentuckian very amusing. Talks of “walking into a man’s gin shop”—“Walking into him rough shoed”—“all the way from Roaring River,” and thousand such phrases he used to shew us how the common people talked. He did not use such expressions in his own conversations except in a joking way as he saw it was a novelty to us. His name is Adams, is from Maysville, a merchant and much of a gentleman in his manners. Reach top of Laurel Hill where we dined. Our driver from this place a daring fellow but excellent driver. Appeared to try how near he could go to edge of Precipice, horses at full trot, down hill. Went once between heap of stones thrown down on precipice side of turnpike (to mend to turnpike) and the edge of the precipice. I, who sat on that side, could look over the precipice where the tops of the highest Pine trees below did not reach to edge. We said nothing, fearful from his appearance and passionate manner that he might try “to out do his own out doings.” When he saw this did not alarm us he drove to the other side among the rocks and went winding among them. He certainly was a superior driver and when after passing through McLaughlins town we reach Ligonier and he was to leave us I asked him why he did it. He said it was the easiest way for both the passengers and the horses and assured me he was not disposed to try expedience. We named this fellow Spilotrock. Change horses at Ligonier and reach Youngstown a little before sun down. Hear that Mr Caruthers is at Greensburgh Court, so drive on with stage as we have no time to lose in getting to Meadville in time to pay taxes. See at Youngstown Mr Black who says all the Caruthers family are well. Near Youngstown change horses at fountain Inn. Drive on Briskly. Smith and Adams differ in argument—little dispute and some coolness. Night overtakes us 4 miles from Greensburgh—roads very rough and hilly. But driver has gone this rout 10 yrs and ought to be able to drive by star light. Reach Greensburgh very tired at 9 O’Clock. Visit Mr Foster (necessary to take deposition as to Uncle’s and Smith’s signature before justice—this information for Uncle). Justice is Doctor of Medicine, Apothecary, Justice, and preacher. When this is done and supper, hasten to bed. Do not find Caruthers at G.

miles—good fare—change horses, move on to Turtle Creek. Very long hill down to creek where we again change horses. Dissertation on snakes. 7 miles from Pittsburg roads become more level but extremely dusty. Go into town along Allegheny river. Know location of town by black cloud of coal dust hanging over it. Stop at Stewarts Hotel, the stage office. Good dinner, Town one of the dirtiest places I ever saw, was told it would be so but no idea so bad. Houses all look as if they had been on fire. Now we are over the mountains and right glad am I of it. It is very severe crossing in the stage. Tomorrow we rest and next day start for Mercer and Meadville. When I reach Erie will write more particularly but now am really too too tired.

Love to all,

Your affect. son,

J. Hunter Ewing

Meadville, May 29th, 1826.

Dear mother

My last was from Pittsburg soon after my arrival there. When rested and dressed Mr. Smith and myself walked down to the Monongahela. Some handsome buildings fronting water. River now low and not much business doing on its shores. New steam boat building, is nearly finished. Is very handsome and to be called the Pocahontas. Some ignorant irish we were told, passing a few days since remarked that they thought no christian should sail in boat called (as they read it) Pontius Pilate.—Go on board—politely received and shewn through the boat—internal arrangements handsome and convenient. The gentlemen who shewed us through and Mr Smith acquainted when boys. Return to Hotel. On the way call into apothecary store to drink mineral water. The finest I ever drank. After resting visit Mr Joseph Patterson who resides near the Allegheny Bridge. Find him on the wall of some new buildings he is erecting. Polite and kind reception. Invites me into house, apologizes that Mrs. P. is not in. Invites me to spend evening with him. His own house is very handsome and similar to Mr John McCreas of Philadly. The houses he is building to rent are 8 in number and 3 story brick. Spend evening there, Mrs. Patterson very polite and invites Mr Smith and myself to take tea there next evening.

May 26th, Friday. Visit Dr Speer from Westmoreland who is now practising medicine in Pittsburg. Do not find him at home. Visit Glass works at Bake-
well, Page & Bakewell—not blowing. See them grinding and polishing Decanters and tumblers. Visit Paper manufactory—very extensive. All the machinery of these manufactories driven by steam. Cross Monongahela bridge—see Iron works, nail manufactory—120 nails cut and headed in one minute. Rolling Mill. Iron rolled into bars, round and square in surprising short space of time. In two minutes large mass of iron rolled into a bar 35 ft long and about 1 inch Diameter. Window Glass works just above this, see them flattening glass. Glass first blown into a cylinder or like a large shade and afterwards flattened out. Return to Pittsburg in a batteau. P.M., visit Adams Cotton works,5 Beautiful machinery. Mr Adams very particular. Has it rubbed, polished, and cleaned when the least tarnished. 16 steam looms weave 400 yds. per day beside preparing cotton for all fine cotton weavers in town. Looms generally attended by girls, one girl can attend 2 looms. Their wages $1.50/$1.00 per week. Mens wages amount in some case to 9 $ but few men employed and those only for most difficult operations. Here is also made all the machinery for the works and cotton machinery of all kinds. This machinery also driven by steam engine.

Take tea at Mr Patterson's—Mr Smith declines accompanying me—pleads indisposition. Spend very agreeable evening.

May 27th. 3 O'Clock A M. Start for Erie. About 8 miles from Pittsburg trace breaks and down the stage comes on the wheels. Dismount and raise stage on rail. Ride 4 miles on this to breakfasting house. Stage mended whilst we breakfast and we renew our journey. Reach Bakerstown: 2 taverns, and 1 dwelling house. One tavern contains Post office and Doctor's shop window filled with Medecine Bottles and Jars. Rough country but roads good. Third driver from Pittsburg drives very slow—ride tedious and dreary, few houses on road and those very indifferent—most of them taverns with boards on which is painted [Entertainment][Beer & Oats]&c. Reach Butler at dinner time—town small—looks poverty stricken, Courthouse wants painting very much. Starting from Butler, find hindmost wheel about breaking down. Majority decide that it is unfit for service, but the town of Butler cannot produce a better or another stage and we must go on. Next driver very careful and roads good—wheel lasts until we reach next change house where it breaks down as we drive to the door. No other stage—no wheel to fit and 20 miles to Mercer. Take a little country carriage—bad specimen of Jersey fish waggon—two horses hitched to it and our baggage stowed in and we seated on the baggage. We get along better than expected. Good driver and drives rapidly. Name Swift—well named—roads good. Pass Aetna Furnace, Dr Thomson master. Post office. Dr. expresses surprise at appearances. Driver remarks that it is a private carriage taken to convey select number of gentlmen. Reach Swift's fathers—Stage house—Mrs. Swift good motherly looking woman—ask her for piece of bread and butter—brings some nice warm short cakes good butter and cheese and excellent milk. Smith, a Mr Colson of Meadville and myself enjoy ourselves. From this go very rapidly to Mercer which we reach at 9 O'Clock in the evening. Mr Hackney accompanies me to county Treasurer, Mr Stewart.
May 28th, Sunday, 3 O’Clock AM. start for Meadville—roads rough—morning cool—uncultivated country. Forest on both sides of us for many miles. 12 miles we come to Georgetown where we breakfast. Breakfast indifferent. Few miles from George Town come to Coneaut Swamp, which is the outlet of Coneaut Lake. Dismal looking place. Approaching Meadville we had a very beautiful view of the town from the hill above it. Immersing as we did from the forest and viewing a beautifully cultivated valley and very handsome town we were much gratified. Meadville is about the size of Norristown and looks something like it. There are many handsome houses and a neatness appears through the whole place which is very pleasing. The people are very genteel in their appearance and dress remarkably well. It is said the society is very good. This is the location of Allegheny College. The edifice is erected of brick on a beautiful site but is not yet completed owing to want of funds. The courthouse is building after a plan by Mr. Strickland. Mr. Huidekiper, a wealthy Hollander, has a very pretty country seat at the edge of the town.

May 29th, Monday. Visit the library with one of our fellow lodgers, Mr Green, an attorney of this place, and Mr Bushnell, the clergyman who was educated at Princeton and knew both Smith and myself. He used to board at Aunt Beatty’s and was once at our house with her. At the library introduced to several of the citizens: Mr Huidekoper, Dr Yates from Baltimore, Mr Ernest of Pittsburgh, and Mr Morrison, cashier of the Meadville bank and formerly of Philadelphia. The library is a very fine one containing 7000 vols of superior works in the various branches of literature. It was presented to the Allegheny College by Messrs Bentley and Winthrop of Massachusetts. I should have said Judge Winthrop and Revd. Dr Bentley. The donation was obtained through the exertions of the Revd. Dr Alden, president of this college. Owing to the neglect of the state legislature and the unpromising prospects of the institution Dr Alden is about leaving this. When he had procured the donation of the library he raised money to the eastward to bring it as far as Albany. From thence he forwarded it to Buffalo and returned to this place to raise funds to bring it on. But was unable. It had nearly been sold at Buffalo for its freight and the legislature of our state refused to advance $ 500 to pay the expenses, when a few spirited individuals paid from their own pockets and brought it on to this place. It is now under such arrangements that the town people have the privilege of procuring books every Monday. $ 50 paid to the college entitles a person to the perpetual use of the library. Spend part of morning with Dr Yates, a very intelligent young man from Baltimore who is settled in this place. Afternoon Mr Bushnell called on us and invited us to take tea with him. There we met Mr Morrison and Mr Reynolds. Mrs Bushnell a very pleasant plain
woman—some apology to be made for new beginners as they have been married only one month. Everything looks plain but neat and we had a hearty welcome. Mr Bushnell spoke in the highest praise of sisters playing the German songs. Evening spent pleasantly. On retiring Mr Morrison invited us to take tea at his house tommorrow, which we accepted and Mr Bushnell will call and go with us. Weather this day unpleasantly cold.

May 30th, Tuesday. This morning weather more mild. This morning Mr Huidekoper waits on me and spends some time. Leaves me a short time and brings Dr. McDowell whom he introduces to me. Mr H. a very pleasant intelligent and gentlemanly man. Stage arrives from Erie full of passengers. Two get out here, a lady and Gentleman, and Mr Ernest who has spent some days here goes on home to Pittsburg.

Dinner to day very fine—new kind of dessert. Two teaspoonsful of preserved Raspberries are put into an ice cream glass which is then filled one half full of milk and on this floating island is piled as high as it will stand on glass. Very pretty and very good. Spent evening at Mr Morrison’s—very pleasantly entertained.

May 31st, Wednesday. Visit Mr Bushnell to take leave. 10 O’Clock A M. Stage arrives and we take passage for Erie. 8 passengers, among whom are Revd. Mr Alden, president of Allegheny college, and Mr Sill, congressman from Erie. Pass Rockville, small and trifling place—weatherboarded Church—Cambridge on French Creek. Reach Waterford, 22 miles, for Dinner, 3 P.M. Dutch dinner (with coffee). From this to Erie roads fine and horses swift. This days ride a pleasant one. At Waterford or near it is Le Boeuf Lake. Last change of Horses and road good and down hill all the way. Go rapidly. Reach Erie little after 6 O’Clock. Expect steam boat to start for Buffalo this evening—if so go in it. Tired of stages and hear roads are rough to Buffalo. Great opposition in stages. Two men joined us directly on descending from stage and offered their respective lines. This place not equal to my expectations. Very inferior to Meadville in appearance of place and people. My friend Reed who resides here is gone on a visit to New York. Put up at stage house—very indifferent place. It is now uncertain when I will again write as I shall travel rapidly, and the distance will be great and mail route extensive.

Love to all.

Your affectionate son

J. Hunter Ewing

Dear Mama,

My last you will find post marked Erie. That town did not equal my expectations. The dwellings are much scattered and there are but few handsome houses. There is a church and handsome academy and these are the only handsome public buildings in the place. The main street runs down to the bay formed by Presque isle and as this bay extends some distance out we had here

Falls of Niagara, June 3rd, 1826

Forsyth’s Pavilion, U. Canada

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but an imperfect view of the lake. The tavern at which we stopped was very inferior and the attendance bad. This and the absence of Mr Reed from the place determined us to leave it as soon as possible. We took a walk down to the water's edge. The bank reminded me somewhat of Bordentown at the landing to which it is very similar. We were much disappointed in hearing that it was very uncertain when a steam boat would pass. There are no line of steamboats directly from this place but the passage is taken on board of those which run from Buffalo to Detroit and which send a boat in for passengers as they pass. We were told the Cleaveland boat might pass but it was uncertain. Under the expectation of the boat coming we remained out of bed until late only resting on our plaid s on settees with our valises as pillows. At length tired of waiting we went to bed requesting the landlord to call us up if the boat came on shore any time in the night. We however remained undisturbed until 5 O'Clock next morning, when we were called to take our seats in the Union Line of stages for Buffalo.

Thursday, June 1st. Leave Erie in a pleasant coach, swift horses and roads good. Reach Gibsonville or North East to break fast, 15 miles. This is quite a small village. Contains a baptist meeting and Presbyterian church. The pastor of the latter is the Revd. Mr Dolittle. Going out of town we stop at Parson Dolittles and take in his brother in law who is going to Hamilton College, N.Y. Four miles from North East we cross state line. The road this morning very pleasant but now and then some very steep but short hills. We had not passed the New York line long before we saw a manifest improvement in the settlements and manner of building. Chatauqua County from lake of same name—Mr Alden says the name signifies child and named from the circumstance that some indians encamping on the bank of the lake lost a child from the rise of water in a storm which washed it away.11 30 miles from Erie we come to Westfield, a very pretty village with some handsome houses and stores. Here we await a stage which intersects this line and take in 4 more passengers, principally inhabitants of neighbouring townships. From this to Fredonia had a dusty ride and some part of the way over log turnpike.

Reach Fredonia at 5 O'Clock. Considerable country village. Two churches, an academy, many fine large stores and an excellent tavern. Several of the stores and houses of this village are lighted with gas which rises naturally from the bottom of an adjoining creek (Kenadaw). We visited the gas house and were informed that the gasometer would hold 1200 gallons of Gas—that 65 lights were in operation at 5 $ per annum for a light.12 The gasometer is fitted by pipes placed in holes bored about 25 ft down in the bottom of the creek. They had just been repairing gasometer before we came into town and it was not to be in operation that evening. We were told that the gas was generated in very large quantities down the creek. We procured a guide, a very intelligent boy who shewed us the spot. The air as we descended to the creek smelt strongly of sulphur. The boy waded into the creek (in many parts of which we saw the gas passing rapidly through the water) and with a funnel and pipe stem placed over the place the gas was collected and then fired with a torch he took
with him. It burnt brightly and continually—many times streaming up a foot from orifice of pipe stem but generally burning about 5 to 6 inches high and very vividly. It was a very beautiful sight and well repaid us for a walk of a mile which we took down the creek. At Dunkirk, the landing at the mouth of this creek and on the shore of Lake Erie it is proposed to erect a light house and have it lighted with this gas carried in leaden pipes 1 \( \frac{1}{2} \) miles down the creek. Congress has I understand made some appropriation to that effect.

Friday, June 2nd. Leave Fredonia 5 O'Clock A.M. Stage full, roads still good. Considerable shower. Break fasting house 15 miles. Breakfast indifferent. Country begins to look very rough. Here it is said the good roads end and here we change our stage for a long strong low waggon as the safest vehicle to pass a road which is bad and dangerous. Dreadful rough vehicle has no springs. 12 passengers. Pass Cattaraugus creek and bridge. Through indian grounds and 4 miles woods, a horribly rough road over stumps and roots. Get down on beach of Lake Erie and drive with one wheel on edge of surf for many miles. Surf like the ocean at the sea shore breaking 6 feet high and only 8 ft from stage, often spray dashing in. Sand heavy and therefore move slowly. Thus we travelled occasionally in the woods among stumps and roots and then when it was safe on beach along the water edge. Once we had all to get out and walk nearly a mile at a place called 18 mile creek, 18 miles from Buffaloe. There it really astonished me to know how stage was to get through. I have seen much bad road but never in my life worse than that.

Reach Buffaloe after the most tedious and severe ride I ever had in my life at 6 O'Clock P.M. Meet many indians near Buffaloe. Very neatly dressed. Leggins, mocassins, long white shirts and Blue surtouts, with modern hats. Their surtouts fastened round waist with red belt. In Buffaloe see many indians men, women, and children. One woman was very prettily dressed. She had on mocassins handsome oy ornamented with beads and silver, blue cloth leggins embroidered with silver, a short light colored calico gown and a belt over her right shoulder and breast on which were many silver ornaments, stars &c. Over her shoulders and handsomely arranged as a mantle was a blanket as clean as possible and nearly as white as snow. Stopped in Buffaloe at Dutremond's Hotel, a new and very splendid establishment. The houses in Buffaloe are generally very elegant. The stores large and well fitted. It is a large place containing about 2000 inhabitants. A place of much business. After supper we accompanied Mr Alden down to the basin to see the canal boat in which he was to take his passage. Boat very handsome and the Cabin as comfortable as any steamboats and as elegant as many. From this we strolled around the town until it was so dark we could not distinguish objects and then retired to bed.

Saturday, June 3rd. This morning were early awakened by the bustle of the town and the sound of the carpenters hammer. All life, all business, all improvement. This is the day on which the indians draw their money from our government. Each individual, man, woman and child draws an equal share and each share is about $5 per annum. Great variety of dresses—very fond of red and silver. Saw old Red Jacket dressed in suit of blue surtout and leggins and
mocassins—on his head small fur cap open at top and his hair collected on the crown of his head and tied up together with a bunch of feathers. Red Jacket much opposed to Christian Religion. Thinks it will do for white men but not for Indians. Says there is no difference of Opinion and disputes respecting manner of worshipping great spirit among the Indians as among white men. He will wait until he sees preaching do good among white people, make them honest, sober and not cheat Indians and then he will listen to it. Old Cornplanter also here—drew 200 $ as his share for particular services. Red Jacket was called some years since the Cicero of the Senecas from his oratorical powers.

Leave Buffalo at 9 O'Clock in a very pleasant coach in company with Mr Wendell of Cambridge, N.Y., and two daughters, and some strangers. Reach Black Rock which is a pleasant village about 3 miles down the lake in about 30 minutes. Here we had to cross the Niagara River in small row boat. The pier was broken down opposite ferry and the water dashed wildly through but we were assured there was no danger. One person however said there was danger and the man who controlled the boat said boats had gone through but they had never yet put one through and this [was] the experiment. Mr Wendell and the ladies wished to be put back but the man said it was now too late, we must go through and through we went at a tremendous rate but very safely. We reached the Canada shore in a short time but the current carried us down some distance as it runs here very rapidly. On the Canada side we again took a coach and four and went on site for assembling the Jews. Passed through Chippewa—were on the battle ground—saw a tree the top of which had been taken off by a cannon ball, and the remains of the bridge and fortification which was partly destroyed by the retreating British. Pass the Chippewa creek and village. There we begin to see mist from Fall's. Reach Forsyth's at Falls about 1/4 of 1 O'Clock.

Go immediately on Balcony and view falls. It is impossible to describe my feelings. My heart beat violently. The sight was grand, majestic. I now beheld the spot which my youthful fancy had oft rested on and my thoughts in more mature age had oft travelled. The scene was beyond all my imaginings with exception of the sound which was not so great as I expected. Mr Wendell and daughters proposed walking to the falls and we accompanied them. We gal-lanted the ladies down to table rock, down the spiral staircase, 102 steps down, and along the rocks until the spray drove us back. Ascended and dined.
After dinner Mr. W. and daughters go on and Smith and myself go again down to the Falls. Look over the Table rock and go under the sheet of falling water. There it sounds and looks terrific, nor can one remain long as the wind rushes out so as to take the breath. Come out very wet and go up and change clothes. Now all gone to bed and I setting within hearing of the roaring cataract and sight if it was day. Stop. I will see if I can see it by star light. No. I have been to the window but all is dark and Cloudy. I am now out of the United states and am under King George's laws. Well I dont feel or see the difference. There is much good feeling here towards the Americans and a constant intercourse. Most visitors at this house are from what is here termed "the states." Our landlord was himself in the Battle at Chippewa and drew one of the first triggers.

It is now past 12 O'Clock and I will retire to my bed. A look towards my much loved country and many a warm wish and feeling of love and friendship for those who reside there—"My native land Good night."

Sunday Morning, June 4th. Spend morning about the Falls until 11 O'Clock when Mr Forsyth supplies us with a hack to go to Chippewa to Church. Reach some time before ceremony commences. Introduced to Mr. Forsyth's pew by the sexton who is a sargeant in the regular army in uniform—scarlet coat with crown and flag embroidered on right arm above the elbow. People assemble gradually. Sheriff and family—genteel looking man but very homely children. His son much disposed to sleep and the father equally disposed to indulge him. People genteely and handsomely dressed, about 100 present. Clergyman plain looking man, named Lehman or Leaming, his accent Irish. Very good moral lecture but very badly read. After Church I take stage for Queenston. Pass Battle Ground of Lundy's Lane which is in sight of road. View Brock's Monument on Queenston Heights which is erected on the very spot where he fell. Monument of very Handsome hewn grey stone, form of Ionic Column said to be 120 ft high with spiral staircase inside to ascend it. It is not entirely finished. Saw battle ground here and place where Americans were forced off heights into river about 150 or 160 ft. Cross at Queenstown to Lewiston, spend night there. Fine Hotel and much company. Fine view of Brock's monument from Hotel. From Queenston Heights the view is very fine down the Niagara and we can almost see the Lake below Ontario. Intend tommorrow to go up on this side to Falls where I shall meet Smith, who will cross at Falls Ferry.
Write this from American side of Niagara Falls where Smith and myself spent this day, Monday, June 5th. Its adventures will commence next epistle. Love to All. In good health and spirits, yours affectionately,

J. Hunter Ewing

N.B. Write to me and Direct to West Point.

Canandaigua, June 8th, 1826.

Dear Mother

My last ended on the American bank of the Niagara River at the falls, June 5th. I arrived at Whitney's tavern called the Eagle tavern on the morning of the 5th June to breakfast. Immediately after breakfast I went down to the Falls. The view from the American side is said not to be so good as that from the British. But in this opinion I cannot coincide. There are certain positions on the American side which I think superior to any one on the British. There is one position where you can bring the extremity of the American Fall in a line with the British fall so as to give the impression that the fall is one continued sheet of water and this view is in my opinion the finest of any I saw and I believe I saw them in every possible point of view. Went down the stairs and approached bottom of fall as near as possible which is within 20 yds. The roar here is very great as the water falls immediately on a large rock. The current air
is here very strong and the spray spreads a great distance. Whilst here I saw Smith coming across river in a boat below and go down to meet him. From this we ascend the steps together and view falls in a camera obscura which has been erected by a German near the steps. The picture formed on the table was very fine and the variety of view was extremely pleasing. From this we crossed Porter's bridge which is a very great curiosity as it is built over the river where it runs at such a tremendous rate that no boat dare venture to put out and is not more than 200 yds above the fall. It was almost impossible to think how it might have been effected but we at length concluded how it might be done and on enquiry were right in our conjectures. It was formed by forming scaffolding projecting from shore by large timbers and thus proceeding from pier to pier. It almost makes one giddy to cross it as the water dashes under it among the rocks at a most terrific velocity. Having crossed the bridge we reached Goat Island on which we spent the morning. From it are some good views of the falls and along its farther side is a fine view of the rapids of the Canada Channel.

After dinner we went down to the Whirlpool about three miles below falls. This is formed by sudden bend of the river where the water is moving very rapidly—it forms a whirl in the water where large timbers are constantly passing round. It is quite amusing to sit and observe the motion of these timbers, striving apparently to pass on and yet constantly thrown back by counter current. It is said that at times a mist is formed here by the violence of the whirl but we saw none. All along the river the current is very rapid until it reaches Queenston and in many places dashes among the rocks with surprising force and a great dashing of the spray. We returned along the bank of the river which here [is] very high and very steep. Along the banks at the highest the rocks appear washed and worn by water confirming strongly the opinion that the river once was above these banks and over these shores. On some of the rocks appeared petrified shells. Shortly after our return Smith crossed the river to Forsyth's intending to take line of stages &c tomorrow for Montreal, Quebec, and Boston. At the steps we bade each other farewell, my disposition and feelings leading me to choose a more homeward path.

Tuesday, June 6th, 1826. Leave Whitney's at 8 O'Clock A.M. for Lock Port via Lewiston, distance 27 miles. Intelligent farmer from New York state and a drunken Dutchman my fellow passengers. Dutchman on outside with driver to Lewiston and then comes in to bore us. Tells us many marvellous stories of
trotting horses and pail manufacturies at Waterloo, where they make 60 pails in an hour. From Lewistown to Lock port pass through Tuscorora Indian reservation. See a few indians—meet one who spoke english very well. This settlement contains 250 indians. Roads rough and country but little cultivated. Reach Lock port about 3 O’Clock P.M. Dine there, good dinner and strawberries for dessert. You will perhaps think I am becoming quite a lover of good eating, as many of my letters contain descriptions of meals, but as I am passing through a new country, like the messengers of Moses I am disposed to prove it a country flowing with milk and honey by the evidence of its fruits &c.

At Lock port take a walk up the canal which is here cut through a solid rock for nearly 4 miles. Here take the Canal packet Boat “Rochester” for Rochester. Here the greatest curiosity is the Locks through which the boats pass. They are 5 in number and of very solid and beautiful masonry. There are a double set of locks by which boats can pass up and down at the same time. Much pleased with the accommodations of the Packet boat, the internal arrangement of which is very similar to our steamboats—good births and good meals. The boat is drawn by three horses and changed every 15 miles. The boat moves very regularly at the rate of 4 miles per hour. Pass on canal through rich country but not yet much cleared. See them along shore making staves by machinery and shaving shingles by horses. Pass through Middle Port and a few other small improvements. Pass many bridges, some very low. Had an excellent nights rest—rose and breakfasted early.

Wednesday, June 7th, 1826. Reach Rochester at 9 O’Clock A.M., put up at Merchants Exchange. Rochester has always been represented to me as a very pretty place but do not think so. It is a place of much business. The streets are not paved. It has just rained and they are very muddy. Walk out to furnace,
scythe manufactory &c. The falls of the Genessee River are just below this town and are very beautiful. The water falls 97 ft and the passage of the water from the many manufactories down the banks forms altogether a very pretty scene. Return into town by another street and cross aqueduct where the canal crossed the Genessee river. This is a very curious and beautiful work. It is formed like a bridge with strong piers and on each side a fine walk. On one side there is an iron railing. Rochester contains about 6000 inhabitants. But a few years since it was a wild. The trade around the canal and the numerous grocery and provision stores give an unpleasant smell and appearance much like some parts of Water Street Philad.ia. Court was in session. Went into court. Case before court respecting trotting race for $500 which was gained by unfair conduct. Winners prosecuted. Thought they will lose. Not decided before I leave town. 2 Theatres in Rochester. Dine there at board with 30 persons.

Leave Rochester at 1/2 past 2 O’Clock P.M. in stage. Pass through Pittsford, Mendon, Victor, small villages with pretty buildings. Get along very slow and reach Canandaigua at 11 O’Clock at night after very unpleasant ride and a very unsafe one, having many times to get out and walk—distance 28 ms. Put up at Blossom’s Hotel. Fine establishment and very superior accommodations. Go immediately to bed on arrival and sleep until breakfast time on Thursday, June 8th, 1826. First place visited at Canandaigua is the barber’s shop, which is very elegant and quite a gallery of engravings and caricatures, arranged very handsomely. The barber himself is a remarkably neat black man. After breakfast walk through the town which consists principally of one street which is the post road. The buildings are very elegant and the grounds and gardens beautifully arranged and ornamented. In a word Canandaigua is all that has been said of it as regards beauty. Leave Canandaigua about 11 o’clock and reach Geneva by dinner time. I should have remarked that the people of Canandaigua are about establishing a very large young ladies seminary to be placed under the direction of a Mr. and Mrs. Whittlesey. The building is beautiful, I took for the intended residence of some person of fortune who was about fixing himself there. It is not quite finished. By reference to the Northern Tour you will see a particular description of the places which I passed through this day and as it is better than I can give you I will only give the names of the places: Geneva, Waterloo, Falls of Seneca, Cayuga Lake and bridge 1 mile and 8 rods long. Here we took in a lady passenger who was very anxious to have her dog put into the stage with her but as the dog could travel on foot it was objected. Much anxiety expressed for the dog which was ultimately missing.

Auburn. Visit Prison. Wall encloses 5 acres of Land. Copper figure over bell of soldier in full uniform with musket shouldered. Figure 9 feet high. From ground of natural size. At present 250 Culprits in prison. Theological Seminary 3 1/2 stories high, contains 32 dwelling rooms.
Friday, June 9th, 1826. Leave Auburn 4 O'Clock A.M. Rapid driving on this route. Skeneatles village and Lake, 6 miles from Auburn. Near this get some very agreeable company—two very pretty ladies and a gentleman and his son. Breakfast at Marcellus, not a place of much business and houses generally small and inferior. With us we might think it an interesting village but here in comparison with the delightful places we have passed through it is scarcely worthy of notice. This day's ride, the country very handsome but more hilly than any we passed yesterday: Onondago, Lake and village, Jamesville, Manlius, Chittenango, Lenox, Oneida village and Indians—see many of them. Little boys run along side of stage and passengers throw out coppers to them. Vernon, Manchester, New Hartford, Utica. Reach Utica about 1/2 past 7 O'Clock. Walk down Genesee street. See general appearance of place and at 1/4 of 9 O'Clock go on board packet boat Seneca. Go down canal through Utica with two bugles playing "My dog and gun," "Hail Columbia," and "Auld Langsyne." Distance to Schenectady 80 miles, fare passage and board $3.50. As soon as becomes dark turn into birth. Fine accommodations but I get an unlucky birth though my own choice being directly under tow line and the side which boats pass so that often when met boats they would come thwack against outside of my birth and grind pass so as to awake. I would therefore advise all who go in Canal boats to choose the right hand births which is as good a piece of advice as was lately given by a young man of very genteel appearance who called for drink at a tavern and after drinking it told the landlord that he had no money but would communicate an important secret which was if ever he should be placed on the Tread mill, as he had been, the side next the wall was the easiest. Pass in the night the aqueduct at Little Falls. Open the window of my birth and take a transient glance.

Saturday, June 10th. Pass this morning much craft and through many locks. Country and settlements along Mohawk River to which we are running parallel very pretty. Land apparently good worth from 70, 80 to 100 $ pr acre. Expect to Reach Schenectady by tea time this evening. I am very much pleased with New York State and have had very pleasant travelling and pleasant company generally. There have been many pleasant showers which have laid the dust which on the early part of the journey was very oppressive. There is much opposition here among stages and boats. Travelling is cheap and every attention is paid to the comfort and convenience of travellers. At every tavern even to the most remote part of the state they have lemons and Ice, two great luxuries which can seldom be had through Pennsylvania. Excellent often elegant dinners with the best of liquors on the table and fine desserts cost on this route only 37 1/2 cts. Much contention occasionally at the locks for preference of passing. Canal Packet Boat always have preference but if the others can slip in they do. Such is the opposition of packet, stages &c. that you can scarcely descend from the stage, or get on shore from a boat with out being saluted by "Pilot line starts at 9 o'Clock, fine stage, good drivers." "Packet boat Seneca starts this evening, fine accommodations, land you at Schenectady tomorrow evening at tea time." "Sure of that?" exclaims an opposition boat,
"when did you come in last night?" "Never pass through in 24 hours with your line," and then comes the words of war between them, the lie circumstantial and the lie direct. Accommodations and meals on board good and every prospect of their performing their promise as to the time of our arrival at Schenectady where I hope we will arrive now in about 3 hours. I propose spending tomorrow (sunday) there and on monday taking a trip to the springs and then push on for West Point. I have just written to Maskell to warn him of my approach. We have had a very violent rain this afternoon and the air is much cooled by it. We are now getting forward bravely. This line of packets is drawn [by] excellent horses. The expenses of a canal packet boat from Utica to Schenectady and back is $ 80. The original cost of boat & furniture is $ 2,500. This time down we have but 4 passengers. If not generally fuller their profits will be small. There are 26 locks between Utica and Schenectady.

Love to all at Vale and Hill and Walnut Hill. Let me hear from you at West Point.

Yr affectionate son
J. Hunter Ewing

NOTES
1. John Sergeant (1799–1852), lawyer, member of Congress, and candidate for Vice President in 1832, was a leading advocate of internal improvements and president of the Pennsylvania Canal Commission, 1825–26. D.A.B.
2. The three “Carlisle Students” were attending Dickinson College, which had received its charter in 1783.
3. Bedford Springs, one and a quarter miles south of the town of Bedford, Pennsylvania, was the leading “watering place” in Pennsylvania in the first half of the nineteenth century.
4. Samuel S. Schmucker (1799–1873), a classmate of Ewing’s at the University of Pennsylvania, attended Princeton Seminary, and after a pastorate at New Market, Virginia, founded the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Gettysburg. He took a leading role in founding the Evangelical Lutheran denomination in 1827. D.A.B.
5. Because of the numerous manufacturing establishments in Pittsburg, it is difficult to identify those which Ewing visited other than Bakewell, Page & Bakewell and the Phoenix Steam Cotton Factory owned by James Adams, Allen and Grant, and James S. Craft. S. Jones, *Pittsburgh in the Year Eighteen Hundred and Twenty-six* (Pittsburgh, 1826).
6. The cornerstone for Bentley Hall was laid on July 5, 1820, although it would be fifteen years before it was completed. W.P.A. Guide, *Pennsylvania* (N.Y., 1940), 471; John Earle Reynolds, *In French Creek Valley* (Meadville, Pa., 1938), 147–153.
7. William Strickland (1787–1854), whom Ewing had encountered earlier in Harrisburg, was an artist, engraver, engineer, and architect, best remembered for his use of the Greek Revival style in the design of public buildings. D.A.B.
8. Harm Jan Huidekoper (1776–1854) emigrated from Holland in 1796. He became an agent of the Holland Land Co., and settled in Meadville in 1805. His home, Pomona Hall, became a cultural center for the community and for visitors to the town. He became an ardent Unitarian in the 1820s. He opened a school (1825) in his home, published a periodical, and founded a theological seminary (1844). His intelligence, his gentlemanly manners, his fairness, and his intellectual interests were in large part responsible for establishing an exceptionally high level of society in Meadville in its early decades. D.A.B.
9. Wells Bushnell (1799–1863) prepared for the ministry at Princeton Seminary and would be ordained by the Presbytery of Erie the month after Ewing’s visit. He held the pastorate in
Meadville from 1826 until 1833. Princeton Theological Seminary. General Catalogue. (Phila., 1894), 44.

Timothy Alden (1771–1839) had founded Allegheny College in 1815. He devoted years to raising funds locally, in the East, and in Europe, while conducting classes in his home without drawing a salary. Financial problems grew in the 1820s, which undoubtedly accounts for the indications Ewing received in 1826 that he was thinking of leaving Meadville. In 1831 he was forced to close the institution, which was reopened two years later under Methodist sponsorship, and he spent the remaining years of his life teaching and supplying churches in Cincinnati and the Pittsburg area. D.A.B.


11. Rev. Timothy Alden’s story concerning the origin and meaning of “Chautauqua” is disputed by many other theories and legends. John W. Barber and Henry Howe’s Historical Collections of the State of New York (N.Y., 1842), p. 87, claims that it is a corruption of the Indian word “Ots-ha-ta-ka,” meaning a foggy place. An 1888 guidebook, Lake Chautauqua (n.p., 1888), p.4, put out by the Erie Railway, in addition to “foggy place,” provided the following meanings as well: “high-up,” “a pack tied in the middle,” “fish lake,” and “where one vanishes away.” It should be noted that the spelling has changed over the years from Chautauqua and Chautauque to its present “Lake Chautauqua.”


13. Red Jacket, in his old age, frequently voiced the opinions of Christianity related here by Ewing, and his attitude created considerable ill feeling on the part of Corplanter, a staunch Christian. For the purposes of the missionaries, Red Jacket’s ironic expressions were probably valued many times more than would have been conversion for “furthering the work of the Lord.” For a sketch of Red Jacket, see James D. Horan, The McKenney-Hall Portrait Gallery of American Indians (N.Y., 1972), 116.

14. In 1825, the year before Ewing’s arrival, Mordecai Noah (1785–1851), editor of the N.Y. National Advocate, had laid a cornerstone on Grand Island for “Arrarat, a City of Refuge,” which he envisioned as an international colony of Jews. Noah was a man of remarkable talents, a journalist, playwright, diplomat, sheriff, surveyor of the port of New York, and judge, but his colony proved to be impractical. Later Niagara Falls guidebooks ridiculed the scheme, as does Noah’s biographer in the D.A.B., but in retrospect, after the holocaust and the formation of Israel after W.W. II, the project appears less farfetched. D.A.B.


16. The Brock Monument commemorated Maj. Gen. Isaac Brock, who was killed in the Battle of Queenston Heights, October 13, 1812, where, after initial success, the American invaders of Canadian soil were captured to a man. Adams, Dictionary of American History, v. 3, 315, v. 4, 389–90.

The Battle of Lundy’s Lane, July 25, 1814, was a heavily fought contest on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls. The British commander, Riall, was captured, but in spite of heavy casualties, the British held their ground, and the Americans were forced to retreat.

17. The camera obscura was essentially a camera without film, which, by means of a lens and prism, projected a natural image on a screen or flat surface. It was used to draw, or as in this case, simply to compress a large panoramic view into a small area for curiosities sake.

18. The bridge to Goat Island, just above the American Falls, was constructed in 1818 for Buffalo entrepreneurs Augustus and Peter B. Porter. According to Horatio A. Parsons’ A Guide to Travelers Visiting the Falls of Niagara (Buffalo, 1835), 68–69, it was constructed in the following way: “Two very long timbers were thrust out from the shore on an abutment, having the forward ends elevated a little above the rapids, and the others firmly secured upon the bank;
these were then covered with plank for a temporary bridge. At the extremity of this bridge, very large stones were let down into the river, around which timbers were sunk, locked together so as to form a frame, which was afterwards filled with stone. To this, constituting the first pier, a firm bridge was then constructed, and the temporary bridge shoved forward so as to build a second pier like the first, and so on, till the whole was completed."

19. Lockport was the site of the greatest impediment, and the greatest engineering feat of the Erie Canal's construction. With five double locks cut out of stone, raising the level of the canal 60 feet, it involved vast and difficult excavation and was the final link in the system. It was completed and the canal officially opened on October 26, 1825, less than a year before Ewing's visit. W.P.A. Guide, *New York*, 674-75; Cadwallader D. Colden, *Memoir...Celebration of the Completion of the New York Canals* (N.Y., 1825).

20. Henry D. Gilpin's *A Northern Tour* (Phila., 1825) was one of the many travel guides published to meet the great demand of tourists and Western emigrants after the opening of the Erie Canal.

21. Auburn State Prison, built in 1816, gained an international reputation for the introduction of solitary confinement of prisoners in what was America's first cell-block. The figure of a soldier described by Ewing was known as "Copper John." W.P.A. Guide, *New York*.

Auburn Theological Seminary was founded by the Presbyterian Synod of Geneva in 1819. After more than a century of existence, it merged with Union Seminary in the 1930s and was closed. W.P.A. Guide, *New York*; Barber & Howe, *Hist. Col., N.Y.*, 76-77.

22. The treadmill, by which power is generated by turning a platform geared to grinding grain, pumping water, etc., was used as a form of discipline, exercise, and productivity in European and a few American prisons in the early nineteenth century. It was a particularly dreaded punishment because it denied the prisoner the ability to start, stop, or work at his own pace.

23. Maskell Ewing (1807-1849), brother of the writer, was nearing graduation (Class of 1826) at West Point, where he had been a student since 1822. He served in the Artillery, 1826-28, as a Topographical Engineer, 1828-36. After service in the Seminole War, he resigned from the army and was employed as a Civil Engineer by Georgetown, D.C., Alexandria, Va., and by the Alexandria Canal. George W. Cullum, *Biographical Register of the Officers and Graduates of the U.S. Military Academy*, v. 1, 1802-1840, 2nd ed., (N.Y., 1868), 295.
Down the Mississippi, 1807

America had an irresistible attraction for adventurous European tourists in the nineteenth century. The writer of the following letter, D. Constable, and his traveling companion William, appear to have been young men primarily interested in adventure and sightseeing, not permanent settlement. D. Constable, probably David, was writing home to his father, James Constable, of Horley, Surrey. An eighteenth-century will which came to the library with this letter suggests that the writer’s grandfather was the owner of two mills and several lots and houses in the village.

While a steamboat excursion down the Mississippi two or three decades later was relatively common and uneventful, providing the vessel did not blow up along the way, an excursion in 1807 was neither easy nor without considerable risk. As the writer indicates, below Louisville until one reached Natchez, settlement was sparse to non-existent, whites greatly outnumbered by Indians whose friendship and loyalty to the United States was very much in doubt. Louisiana had only come into American possession four years earlier, and permanent ownership by the United States was still being challenged, notably by Aaron Burr and his fellow conspirators who had floated down the Mississippi only two months before Constable. One wishes that the Constable and Burr parties had crossed paths, providing further insight into that murky episodes in our history, but in spite of this, the account is of some historical interest.

General Hopkins, who hitched a ride in their ark from Louisville to Henderson, Kentucky, was Samuel Hopkins (1753–1819), Revolutionary War hero, founder of the Society of the Cincinnati, and later Congressman. His Revolutionary War reminiscences would have been worth hearing.

Big Bone Lick, for thousands of years a natural spring, salt lick, and pasture for the mastodon and later the buffalo, had been first noted by a Virginian, James Douglass, in 1773. He had described an area of ten acres, littered with the remains of mastodons, and he had used ribs of the extinct elephant-like creatures for tent poles. In 1803, a Dr. Goforth systematically collected skeletal remains which he later turned over to British traveler
Thomas Ashe, some of which wound up in British collections. Jefferson authorized the collection of further remains for the American Philosophical Society in 1805, and several museums followed suit in the following decades. Teeth of the sort picked up by Constable and his companion could weigh up to ten pounds.

"Dr. Mather" with whom they boarded in New Orleans may have been James Mather, merchant since before the Revolution and mayor from 1807-1811. "The old Philosopher" undoubtedly refers to Benjamin Franklin, but no one of the name Mather had a significant role in the Peace negotiations of 1782-83, which on Franklin's part were conducted in Paris, not London.

Lacking further correspondence, we have no way of knowing whether Constable and his companion ever arrived safely back in England. The route which they proposed taking, overland through southern Louisiana, presumably suggested by a self-serving acquaintance in New Orleans, would have taken them through very difficult Indian territory. One hopes that they succeeded, and perhaps further letters will someday surface which provide a complete description of their ambitious tourism.

D. Constable to Mr. James Constable Horley, Near Surrey, Great Britain
New Orleans, Mississipi, March 17th 1807
Honoured Parents
We hope & pray this may find you, and all our dear friends well, and that prosperity and happiness is with you all, as for ourselves we have been blessed with good health ever since we have been on this land. In my last from Pittsbg Pensyla, in Novr, I told you of our intention of descending the Ohio and Mississipi Rivers, which we have accomplished, but not in the way we then expected, we started from Pittsb early in Decr, in a small canoe, with no other company than our dog frank, we took a box of provision as houses are thinly scattered on many parts of the river, we proceeded on abt five hundred miles, great part of the time we had cold snowey weather, we then purchased a boat twenty four feet long & twelve broad, flatt bottomed, constructed expressly for floating down these waters, and called an Ark, in this we had a good fire place & roofed over as a house, and found ourselves very comfortable having now nothing to fear from weather, except the wind which often compelled us to lay by a day or two. We landed and took a view of all the places of any note on the banks of this beautifull and justly celebrated river, here are many handsome fast growing towns, the best of which is Cincinnati abt two hundred miles above the falls, in situations distant from towns and settlements on the river banks, lands are to be had for two dollars, 9s. sterling pr. acre, too rich for wheat & will produce one hundred bushells of Indian corn pr acre, however [to live?] in [risky?] situations, unless a man has all the society he wants under his own roof, is transportaion, althoough the climate is so fine and the soil so prolific we found the inhabitants distant from towns, very poor, living in miserable log cabbins and destitute of most of the conveniencys of life, but this is more owing to their habits of life, which consists of hunting & laziness rather than cultivation, there is but very little difference between them and the Indians. The current of the Ohio is gentle & placid in a middle stage of the water & runs abt 3 miles an hour & we let our boat float night and day, when the banks had nothing interresting to stay us, we arived at the falls on 22d Decmbr, here we stayed a week & boarded at the first Hotel in Louisvill for 3 dollars pr week, while here we had some very cold weather & the Ohio began to freeze, we started from this place on New Years day 1807 & took in freight for Henderson in Kentuckky abt three hundred miles below the falls, that more than paid the cost of our boat, & a passenger, General Hopkins to the same place, a fine old Republican soldier in the cause of 1776, he was a man of education and entertained us much with the adventures of those days. We now cleared out our cargo and passenger, and purchased Kentucky provision, with an intenation of taking it on to N Orleans, but the commanding Officer at Fort Pickering on the Mississippi wanted provision for the garrison and gave us the city price for nearly the whole of our cargo, by this speculaion we have more than cleared the whole expence of our journey down these mighty rivers. We stayed one day at the big bone lick Creek where we procured two of three monstrous teeth of the Mamoth. We arived at the mouth of the Ohio on 22 Jany, here we lay ice
bound for three or four days, the Mississippi being bank full of ice and its waters very low. The great and powerful Mississippi presents but few interesting scenes until we arrived at the City of Natchez three hundred miles above N Orleans, its crooked course being through an almost everlastings forest of large trees and for five hundred miles at a stretch uninhabited unless by the solitary savages, by whom we was often boarded from their canoes, and whose visits we sometimes glad to receive, as they brought us Venison Turkeys wild honey &c which they barter away for a little flour, apples, or rather if they can get it whiskey, the latter word being almost the only one they know of English, however it is always best to avoid giving them spirits as they often become furious when intoxicated. The quantity of game on the Ohio almost surpasses believe, a hunter thinks it a very poor days work if he does not shoot with his fatal rifle, five or six Deers, and a Bear or two, of the flesh of the former they only save the hams and a little part of the loin, the meat of the Bear is usually prefered to that of the Deer, we have often lived on it and would prefer it to beef, the fat is very delicious—Turkeys are not considered worth powder & shot as it is the skins of the former more than the flesh that is the hunters object. Part of the fine things said of Kentucky is true, but that an eternal verdure reigns, is false, for we never experienced colder weather than some we felt, however their winters are much shorter than in England, we began to see the Paroquets and a number of beautiful birds soon after we got below the falls of Ohio, among the most singular is the Red bird, of a beautifull fiery scarlet and about the size of your black bird, the variety of birds is very great and nameless to the inhabitants. We arrived at this city 4 days since, the weather is now as hot as august with you, its inhabitants consist of abt 25 thousand people, the most motly group of human beings ever assembled togeather, consisting of Spaniards, frenchmen, yankees & every shade from the deepest black to a brunett, Indians & negroes all but naked, swarming about the streets, the buildings mostly old spanish houses, out of ten people you meet not more than one can speak English. Vast quantities of Cotton, Rice & Sugar are exported from this place to Liverpool. The banks of the river three hundred miles above this city present almost one continual line of plantations, here we see the sugar, and cotton plantations, groves of orange trees & woods of Cupress, fine houses, a river of water known to have its rise five thousand miles from its mouth rolling its powerful current among the whole, forming a scene at once grand & beautiful. But alas, the thousands of hapless Africains, naked upon the sugar & rice fields, scarred & cut with the drivers whip, is a sight, that blasts the beauty of the whole and fills ones mind with horror. The situation of the poor slaves of the city I think is still worse, many unfeeling scoundrils' purchase them and compel them to bring a certain number of dollars every saturday night to find their own shelter & provision & employment, the owner caring for nothing but his number of dollars, this hellish order of things, causes the helpless slaves often to commit depredations on the inhabitants & so pilfer & steal anything they can lay their hands on by day or night, every shop keeper has several females which he rigs out with a basket of dry goods upon the same principle. We have been debating upon the manner of our journey back to the Atlantic States we have our choice of two roads, one by land through a wilderness of seven or eight hundred miles & the other round by water, by the gulph of Mexico, we have almost decided upon the latter as the difficulties by land are great at this season of the year, the creeks and rivers before we get into the Tenessee are out, and we must each have a horse with several days provisions &c. If we go by water which I think there is not much doubt of, we shall sail to Baltimore & walk on through Virginia, Maryland, Pensylva and to N York, where we are very anxious to get that we may once more hear how you are all doing, having no doubt but we shall find letters from you and some of our old friends at Brighton & Lewis, should the news from you all be good which we pray it may, we then intend starting for Boston through the new England states and [take passage] into Canada, after which we shall be ready to return to Europe and lay before you our future prospects &c. Soon after our arrival here we met with a gentleman with whom we came from England. Mechanics of every kind get very high wages in this town, in the port is often three or four hundred vessels, the city is distant from the sea 180 miles, and the exports are greater than from any other port in
the United States. 22d March Sunday, our plan is to return to the Eastern states by land we have meet with several gentlemen upon whose judgment we can rely and whose account of the road through the wilderness is such, as has induced us to change our former sentiments,

We had several letters of introduction to the first marchants in this place, whose friendly advice we find very usefull, & from whom we shall have several letters to gentlemen on our rout back, we purpose starting in two or three days, but shall not go the direct road back, as we have a very strong inclination to see what is said to be the finest part of the continent of N America, lower Louisiana, we shall ascend the Mississipi abt 100 miles from the city, when we turn off to the left into an outlet called La Fourche, down which we go abt 300 miles to the Tuckapaw, & Opelusas, Counties of these names, these outlets are singular & I believe peculiar to the Mississipi River, and may [—] part of its mouths, for several of them take to the sea, and others not so large [—] and low grounds forming large lakes & swamps, the abode of thousand of Allegat[—] likewise abounds with these ugly creatures for abt four hundred miles above the [—] Time we have been in this place we have boarded with a Doctor Mather, [—] who was in London with the old Philosopher, during the negociations with England, [When you] write to us again please to direct your letters to Mr Benjin Bakewell's Merc[—] New York. As we have been circumference, I believe you understand [—] not seen a line from any of our friends since we left England, for [—] in Novr none had then arrived that circumstance did not much disap[—] had scarcely been time for a reply to our first letter. We send this by the Ship Romulus bound to Livarpool, whose bag is taken from the Coffee House this day. We both join in Duty to you, and love to all, praying that happiness and prosperity may be with you, Your Dutifull Son ever

D Constable

[PS?] The distance from Pittsburgh to N Orleans the way we came is not much short of our voyage from Europe, it took us nearly double the time to perform it, from the time we started to our arival here was 15 weeks, and for ten or twelve weeks at a time we have not slept out of our cloths, this we found no hardship as are perfectly weaned from our feather bed habits ever since we left England, one consolation, it agrees well with us, William is grown much stouter than he was, doubtless by the active and manly exercise he has lately been engaged in, we have a correct drawing of our Ark, that brought us in safety down the finest rivers of the world, on our arival at this place we sold her to knock up for the plank within 1 ½ dollar of her original cost.—

[Note] Recd. the 9th June 1807

An American Spy

The following account and inventory by John Heckewelder (1743–1823), is of particular interest as it sheds new light on his activities during the American Revolution. Heckewelder devoted his life as a Moravian missionary to working among Christianized Indians, helping them to found settlements where they could find safety and learn the agricultural arts.

On September 3, 1781, while at the settlement of Salem, a Moravian town on the Muskingum, in Ohio, Heckewelder was taken prisoner by a marauding band of British and their Indian allies. Brought captive to Detroit, he was twice tried for treason by Major Arent Schuyler De Peyster, the British commandant, but was acquitted of the charges and permitted to return to his work in Ohio. During his absence, ninety-six Indians of the Gnadenhutten settlement were murdered there by a group of local militia, incensed at the depredations committed by other Indian allies of the British.

Heckewelder wrote voluminously of his experiences, although his A Narrative of the Mission of the United Brethren among the Delaware and Mohigan Indians, from Its Commencement, in the Year 1740 to the Close of the Year 1808 (Philadelphia, 1820) was not published until two decades after the accompanying letters were written. In a sense, these letters and documents from the Duane Norman Diedrich Collection at the Clements Library, represent Heckewelder's first "public" admis-
Honoured Sir,

By Your permission and advice, I now enclose for perusal, a statement of Fact relative to the subject I mentioned to You a few days since, and as I thought it might perhaps be more satisfactory: have also enclosed a correct statement of my losses. I have mentioned already, that by the advice and at the request of my Friends (late Commanding Officers of the U. States) I had ventured on this subject. I well understood at the time that by a late Act of Congress, the time was past for coming forward with claims; therefore consulted my friend Mr. Ross at Pittsburg whether on proper application, I might obtain a Preemption in Locating with Army Warrants a Section adjoining the Salem Grant where I formerly lived, and was taken Prisoner from: and near which (namely on the Gnadenhütten Grant) I am now beginning a Settlement for the benefit of the Christian Indians; to which I was to receive further advice from him in Philadelphia, bringing at the same time forward a statement of my sufferings & losses, with such Certificates I might obtain from said Officers. Since this has been done, he has obligingly informed me, that he had spoke to the Senate on the Subject, and that they thought me entitled to 600 Acres of Land as a Gratitude for my former services & in consideration of my losses—That He should bring a Bill into the Senate favourable to my case; and advised me to mention this, and my Business to Mr. Sitgreaves, requesting him to mention it to some Members of the House & That there would be no necessity of my bringing forward any Petition, since if the Bill passed I should be included—and it would serve my Purposes. This was, what I thought I understood of Mr. Ross, and that the first proposal (namely applying for a Preemption &c) was drop'd. I had also signified to that Gentleman: that I did not wish that such Certificates I might obtain from Officers, might be publicly read in the House, since they would show, that I had actually for Years carried on a Correspondence with the U. States, and given every possible information of the Enemy's plans & proceedings; all which proved in the end to be the identical reason of the British in Detroit giving Orders to take us Prisoners &c &c. but to which afterwards at a Court of enquiry held for the purpose at this latter place, not sufficient evidence appearing, we were acquitted. Other reasons may be assigned why no communications of the kind ought to be made Public, among which is principally this: that we have at present a Mission in upper Canada for the purpose of trying to Civilize the Chippewa &c, who might become suspected, & their Missionary who was one of the sufferers with myself not considered and treated in that friendly manner he is at present. These Sir, are matters I confidentially communicate to You. I am not apprehensive any other of the then Missionaries will step forward with any request, as their situation was different from mine, and they are otherwise provided for. I have wrote to Mr. Ross, and requested him to put You in possession of the above mentioned Certificates, or Copies thereof, which I doubt not he will readily do—I am cutting a Waggon Road from big Beaver Creek to the Moravian Grants on Muskingum, (where a Number of the Christian Indians now reside again) thro' the 7 Ranges, which will in my Opinion, encourage the Sale of these Lands. I shall take it as a particular favour in complying with my wishes, and using your influence in my behalf, of which I have no doubt.

Believe me to be Honoured Sir, with due respect Your most Obd't & most Humbe.

Servt

John Heckewelder

The Honourable Samuel Sitgreaves Esquire Philadelphia
Representation of Facts—setting forth the Sufferings and losses sustained by John Heckewelder, during the late American War.

In the Year 1772 being then in the capacity of a Missionary and School Master, he moved with a Number of the Christian Indians (generally known by the Name of the Moravian Indians) from Big Beaver Creek to Muskingum, where the Town of Schonbrun was built; in which he made considerable Improvements; but which on account of the War, was in the Year 1776 evacuated, and every House burnt down to the ground by the Enemy Indians. From this place he moved with the above mentioned Indians about 35 Miles down the River, and settled near Coshachking (the then seat of the principle Delaware Council) in hopes they would be a protection to Us; and we of service to them, in keeping them United, and the Nation at Peace with the United States—Here again his Improvements became considerable; and by Labour his situation rendered agreeable—But the Enemy Indians not disposed to suffer any body of People in their Country to enjoy Peace, and live in plenty, while they were at War, an Suffering so severely on that account, determined on either compelling these Peaceable Indians to join them in War, or ruining them altogether—Their Insults therefore daily increasing, and becoming at length intolerable—The Delaware Councils being divided thro deception by the Enemy: caused the remainder of the faithful to seek Protection with the United States at Pittsburg—We beheld our precarious Situation, evincing the Danger in attempting to hold out any longer here, moreover as we now lay in the very Road the Warriors had made choice of in going to War—Here again every thing which could not be easily removed was left behind—Many of the old Inhabitants of Schonbrun returning with their Missionary thither again, and rebuilt the place—Others again, returned to Gnadenhütten, and he with his Congregation settled within about 5 Miles of the above mentioned place, where after much Labour and Expence, he had once more survived the difficulties and hardships, universal in making remote Settlements; and was on the eve of living comfortable with his Family, when in the Month of August 1781. we were surprized by a body of upwards of 300 Warriors who arrived with a determination to remove the whole body of the Christian Indians, with their Missionaries, out of the reach of the People of the United States; and into the heart of their Country; but, who finding these no ways inclined to pay attention to a proposal of this kind—nor to change their position—threw the whole blame upon the Missionaries, whom they considered as the source of their not meeting with Success—Their deliberations on this head ended in a resolution of taking the Missionaries Captives—robbing them of what they thought Valuable, and destroying the remainder—and compelling the Christian Indians to leave the Country—This taking place on the 3d day of September following, he met with a considerable loss—was carried with his family Prisoners, first to Sandusky, and the Spring following to Detroit. He further recollects, that as early as the Year 1762 he in attempting to civilize the Delawares at Tuscarawas on Muskingum, was on account of the approaching Indian War, which commenced the Spring following, obliged, in order to save his Life, to leave his Property behind. That he had for the above Purpose, actually dwelt in Eight different places in the Western Territory among those Indians—in all of which he had labored, and had Improvement of more or less Value—And that each of these places, were either evacuated on account of disadvantages—detrimental to the Civilization of Indians or by compulsion—That he never was engaged in any manner of Trade with the Indians—Never sought any personal emolument—Nor asked any pecuniary reward for his Services while in that Capacity, (he was however supported by the benevolent Society to which he belongeth while in their Reach, but many Years have elapsed, where, tho his wants were greatest, there were no means of relief).

He has a family of Three Children, two of which were born in the Indian Country, and Captives with their Parents

He states his loss in this last instance (vizt Sep. 3d. 1781) in Improvements and real Property at upwards of 1200 Dollars.
Inventory & Valuation of Property lost to John Heckewelder & family on Muskingum on being taken Captive by the Enemy Indians the 3d day of September 1781.

A new commodious Dwelling House (with Glass Windows) £25.
one small ditto 10.
Stable—Wood shed & Sugar Camp Improvement 10.
Garden of ¾ Acre in new Clapboard fence, including a number of fruit Trees—& Vegetables in the same 5.
One Acre of Potatoe & Turnip Ground in new rail fence 2.
Crop of Potatoes, expected near 100 Bush. say 80. price ¾ p. B. 15.
Corn-field Improvement worth 8.
Corn ripe for Harvest expected 300 Bush. say 250 at 5/ p. currnt. 62. 10.
120 lb Sugar. current price 1/ p. lb 6.
36 lb Coffee (just received) 3/ p. lb 5. 8.
3 ⅛ lb Tea. say ¾ a lb 1. 6. 3
6 lb Chocolate. a ¾ p. lb 1. 2. 6
17 Bee hives a ¾ p. hive 6. 7. 6
1 ½ Bush Salt, a 30/ p. Bush 2. 5.

£167. 4. 3

Carried over 167. 4. 3

Wearing Apparel, myself & family at least worth £50.
4 Feather Beds with Pillows & Sheets 22.
5 new Blankets, cost 3 Dlls. a piece 5. 12. 6
1 whole piece of Irish Linnen pd. 25 Dlls. 9. 7. 6
2 broken pieces of Calicoe; 16 Yds. a 6/ p. Yd. 4. 16.
1 Silver Watch. cost 9. 5.
1 ditto. worth 7. 10.
Towels, Napkins & Bags, say 3
a pr. Silver Shoebuckles, Kneebuckles, & sleeve buttons 1. 17. 6
a pr. Gold sleeve buttons 2. 10.
6 Brass Kettles 35 lb weight for boiling Sugar pd ¾ p D 13. 12. 6
Kitchin furniture—Tables; Trunks; Chairs &c. 12.
2 black Walnut Canoes, cost 7. 5.
A Box of Glass containing 72 lights. cost me 7. 4.

£368. 4. 3

Brought forward 368. 4. 3

A valuable young riding Horse £20.
a good working Horse pd. £12 12.
a young Mare and Colt 13.
Saddle & Bridle 2. 15.
2 Milk Cows worth 20 Dlls. a piece 15.
1 large Steer, worth at least 7. 10.
28 head of Hoggs at least worth 2 Dlls. a pic on an average 21.
A great Number of Poultry, say worth at least 10.

£459. 19. 3

or 1226 Dollars & 56 Cents.

NB Exclusive of the above, a Valuable collection of Books were destroyed—and some Cash lost. J.H.
Graphics of the Issue

For our pictorial offering in the present number of The American Magazine, we present two very different representations of the American Indian. Both are lithographs, seemingly dated from the 1830s. The originals are to be found in the print collections of the Clements Library. Because both are closely cropped to the prints themselves, we do not know who printed them, or where they were issued, and any information which our readers might provide would be highly welcome.

The one, showing Andrew Jackson holding Indians on his knee, presumably dates from the period of the Indian Removal of the mid-1830s, and this would appear to be a unique copy.

The other print, possibly a heading for a diploma or certificate of some sort, was obviously issued to commemorate the civilizing influence of Christian missionaries.
From the Kitchen
by Jan Longene

The suggestion in this column, that the adage "as American as apple pie" be changed to "as American as Indian pudding" has generated strident dissent—or at least, heartfelt consternation. As apologia, therefore, this column is devoted to the apple in American life—and to apple pie.

At the start, however, we must emphasize that apple pie is millenia old and that the English have long considered it one of their national dishes. In a paean of praise to apple pie, Edward Bunyard, Our Oldest English Dishes, and One Which is Very Often Badly Made (London: J.M. Dent & Sons, 1937) enthuses:

'A. Apple Pie.' So began the alphabet I was brought up on. Apple pie may not be English in its origins, but centuries of use have made it so.

'Pie,' says the Oxford Dictionary. 'Not known outside England.' Of course not! A dish composed of meat, fowl, fish, fruit or vegetables, enclosed in or covered with a layer of paste and baked. Absolutely sound, as Oxford always is in culinary matters. 'Enclosed or covered with a layer of paste.'... A pie is enclosed, a tart exposed. A tart is a foreign idea; all good things in England are enclosed: commons, gardens, reliquaries, and pies.

But the pie, the pie of all pies, the quintessence of pie-ity is the apple pie. The apple pie is part of our English heritage which we should be careful to preserve in its integrity.

The British folklorist Florence White in her Good Things in England (London: Jonathan Cape, 1932) claims that apple pie "is one of our oldest English dishes, and one which is very often badly made." And in her classic study Food in England (London: MacDonald & Co., 1954), culinary historian Dorothy Hartley offers a delightful recipe, in the form of a poem, called "Ancestral Apple Pie." The poem, possibly dating back to the early eighteenth century, begins:

Of all the delicates which Britons try
To please the palate or delight the eye,
Of all the several kinds of sumptuous fare,
There is none that can with apple pie compare.

Recipes for apple pie appear in the earliest English cookbooks. There are also recipes using apples in tarts, turnovers, fritters, rissoles, darioles, soups, puddings, as a vegetable (frequently in combination with onions to accompany pork), or by themselves simply roasted or stewed. The earliest English pie recipes date from medieval cookery and combine the apples with meat, fowl, and/or fish along with raisins, currants, and a number of spices including the traditional American apple pie mingling of cloves, cinnamon and mace.

The earliest surviving English cookery manuscript, The Forme of Cury, compiled c. 1390 by chefs to King Richard II and not printed until 1780, contains a recipe for a medieval type of apple pie, "Leshes Fryed in Lenten." Gervase Markham's The English House-Wife, a very popular seventeenth-century cookbook first published in 1615, contains a recipe for "A Pippin Pie with Whole Apples." John Murrell's A New Booke of Cookerie, published the same year, has two apple pie recipes: "A Quarter Tart of Pippins" and "To Make a Pippin Pye." Apples were frequently called pippins in early English and some early American cookbooks. In 1675, The Gentlewoman's Companion by Hannah Wolley, one of the earliest female cookbook authors, offered a recipe for "Taffety Tart." Almost all of the English cookbooks either carried to the new world or printed in America in the eighteenth century contain recipes for apple pie.

Thus apple pie came to America, and, despite the antiquity of apple pie recipes and the British claim to it as a national dish, there is much merit to the close association of apple pie with America.

Apples arrived in the new world with the earliest explorers and colonists. The French brought apple trees to Canada, and the Spanish carried them to South America, Mexico and the American Southwest. The first apple orchards in Massachusetts were planted in 1625 by a clergyman named William Blaxton, who owned a farm on the corner of Beacon and Charles streets, on Beacon Hill in Boston. In 1635, Blaxton moved to Pawtucket and had the distinction of planting Rhode Island's first orchard as well. John Endecott, the first governor of Massachusetts, was an orchardist of some distinction. In 1648 he traded 500 three-year-old apple trees for 250 acres of land and recorded the loss by fire of an additional 500
trees. Clearly, Governor Endecott dealt in apples in considerable quantity.

By 1647, Governor Peter Stuyvesant had laid out his farm called “The Bouwerie” in lower Manhattan, where he grafted apple trees from Holland. It is recorded that one such tree flourished until it was accidently knocked down by a wagon in 1866. Farther south, by the late seventeenth century, William Penn had his orchards planted to “applegrafts,” and in Virginia, Col. William Fitzhugh maintained an orchard of 2,500 apple trees, most of them imported English varieties grafted onto seedling stock.

These large growers and orchardists with their sophisticated European grafts were the exception. It is more pertinent that just about every farm in all thirteen colonies had apple trees, usually planted from seed. And because apples are among the plants that do not grow “true to seed,” hundreds of new varieties of apples resulted. More than 1,000 apple varieties were available to the American consumer as recently as eighty years ago. In his extraordinary compendium The Apples of New York (Geneva, N.Y., 1905), S.A. Beach categorizes nearly 1,000 varieties from Akin (“a beautiful dark red winter apple of pretty good quality”) to Zurbel (“grass-green with dull blush . . . hardly fair in quality.”) He painstakingly describes all the popular early varieties such as Baldwin, Ben Davis, Rhode Island Greening, and Northern Spy, as well as hundreds, alas, now long forgotten. I wish we could still taste the American Seek-No-Further, the Arkansas Baptist, the Carolina Spice, the Evening Party, the Gilliflower, the Greasy Pippin, the Honey Sweet, the King George the Third, the Ladies Favorite of Tennessee, the Lilly of Kent, the Mumper Vandervere, the Ne Plus Ultra, Pim’s Beauty of the West, the Pride of the Hudson, the Sheepnose, or Twitty’s Paragon.

The apple was so useful to early Americans! One could eat it raw; one could cook it in a very large number of ways; one could dry or preserve it for future use; one could make apple vinegar, a most important preservative in colonial times; and/or one could turn it into cider or other beverages. Cider was by far the most popular drink of colonial America. Everyone, including children, drank it. It has been estimated that the per capita consumption of cider in Massachusetts in 1762 was 1.14 barrels. President John Adams (1735–1826), who lived to be ninety-one, prided himself on drinking a pitcher every morning. When the French gastronome Brillat-Savarin (1755–1826), spent three years of exile in America in the 1790s, he pronounced the cider “so excellent that I could go on drinking it forever.” The cider could be simply pressed apple juice or hard cider, a lightly fermented beverage resembling apple wine. The hard cider could be further distilled or processed to become apple brandy or applejack, popular spirits in early America.

From the very beginning, the American housewife cooked with apples. American cookbooks abound with apple recipes: crisps, grunts, bettys, slumps, puddings, souffles, mousses, cakes, breads, muffins, turnovers, fritters, tarts, tortes, strudels, cobblers, buckles, cookies, doughnuts, pancakes, waffles, slaws, salads, relishes, sauces, compotes, conserves, jellies, as a vegetable, a stuffing, a snack.

And then, of course, there is apple pie! The variety of apple pie recipes in American cookbooks is staggering: Green Apple Pie, Cider Apple Pie, Applesauce Pie, Apple Cream Pie, Apple Custard Pie, Apple Pot Pie, Apple Butter-Pumpkin Pie, Apple Mincemeat Pie, Meatless Mince Pie, Apple and Green Tomato Pie, Pumpkin and Apple Pie, Dutch
Apple Pie, French Apple Pie, Paper Bag Apple Pie, Sour Cream Apple Pie, Sweet Cream Apple Pie, Apple Pecan Pie, Dried Apple Pie, Deep Dish Apple Pie, Apple Crumb Pie, Cheese Apple Pie, Honey Apple Pie, Apple Nutmeg Puff and Apple Pandowdy. The list could go on and on. A selection of 600 years of apple pie recipes appears below.

After deciding which apple pie recipe to follow, the cook faces further decisions. Should the pie be served hot, warm or cold? Should it be served, as some purists prefer, all alone? Or should the partisans of a la mode (with ice cream), or sweet cream, or sour cream, or whipped cream, or hard sauce, or a dusting of powdered sugar, be accommodated? And then we have the apple pie and cheese fanatics—the cheese preferably strong, aged Vermont cheddar. And still further dilemma—should the accompaniment smother the pie or simply garnish it? It is rare to find so precise a suggested answer to this last question as can be found elsewhere in this magazine. In discussing a mammoth cheese weighing 1,200 pounds which a neighboring community was sending to Thomas Jefferson, a reporter suggests that the ladies of his town make an apple pie weighing at least 4,800 pounds to accompany it—indicating that four parts of pie to one part of cheese is the ideal arrangement.

In the first American cookbook, American Cookery (Hartford, 1796), Amelia Simmons offers recipes for Apple Pie, A Buttered Apple Pie, An Apple Pudding Dumpling, Apple Tarts, and, harking back to medieval times, A Neat's Foot [beef] Pie and A Minced Pie of Beef, both of which combine meat, apples, raisins, cinnamon and mace. In addition to the apple recipes, Miss Simmons offers the following recommendation:

"Apples, are still more various, yet rigidly retain their own species, and are highly useful in families, and ought to be universally cultivated, excepting in the compactest cities. There is not a single family but which might set a tree in some otherwise useless spot, which might serve the two fold use of shade and fruit; on which 12 or 14 kinds of fruit trees might easily be engrafted, and essentially preserve the orchard from the intrusions of boys, &c. which is too common in America. If the boy who thus planted a tree, and guarded and protected it in a useless corner, and carefully engrafted different fruits, was to be indulged free access into orchards, whilst the neglectful boy was prohibited—how many millions of fruit trees would spring into growth—and what a saving to the union. The net saving would in time extinguish the public debt, and enrich our cookery."

Above and beyond their culinary uses, apples provided important occasions for social interaction in early America. There were applebutter boilings and apple paring bees. Writing in the 1770s, St. John de Crèvecoeur, in his Sketches from Eighteenth Century America (New Haven: Yale Univ. Press, 1925), presents an evocative picture of the latter.

He suggests that the autumn apple paring bees were among the most rewarding of all rural occupations. All the neighboring women were invited to join in, each being given a basket of apples to peel, quarter and core. When this work was completed, all remained for a gala supper accompanied by merriment and song.

The processing of the apples continued the next morning when a great stage or scaffold was erected in the grass and the apples spread thinly over it. Immediately and inevitably "all the bees and wasps and sucking flies of the neighborhood," with their noisy buzzing and humming, descended and covered the apples.
For as many days as were necessary to completely dry the apples, they remained outside, being turned periodically and being gathered and brought into the house when it rained.

Crèvecoeur remarks how astonishing it was to see to what small size the apples would shrink but that once they were reconstituted and used in pies and dumplings, the farm "produces nothing more palatable." He writes that for half the year his supper consisted of apple pie and milk.

The Crèvecoeur family was not alone in its frequent consumption of apple pie as supper. Many early diaries, letters and travel accounts mention the use of it as a complete meal for supper, for breakfast, and sometimes as dinner. Even to this day, apple pie for breakfast is not all that uncommon in New England.

Apples have always been associated with myths and legends. America has added some colorful figures of its own to apple mythology. Foremost is Johnny Appleseed. Born John Chapman in Massachusetts in 1774, he left his father’s carpentry shop to explore the opening frontier and to preach the Swedenborgian philosophy. An eccentric—barefoot, wearing a saucepan for a hat, and subsisting on a vegetarian diet of buttermilk and bee pollen—he wandered from Pennsylvania to Indiana planting apple trees and starting nurseries.

And none other than versatile Ben Franklin was responsible for instigating a profitable export trade of American apples, especially the Newton Pippin, to England. The Newton Pippin, first discovered around 1700 in Flushing, Queens, is one of the most celebrated varieties in American history and was the first American apple sent back to the motherland. When Franklin was in England in 1759 pleading the American cause before George III’s privy council, he had some Newton Pippins sent to him and distributed them to influential Londoners. They were so well received that an immediate export business was undertaken which was to thrive for more than 100 years.

Other myths surround the introduction of the apple to the Northwest where it is now a major crop. Supposedly the first trees in Washington grew from seeds carried around the Horn in a sea captain’s pocket and rather cavalierly given to a friend for planting. But the real hero of apple lore in the Northwest is an Iowa farmer named Henderson Luelling. He arrived in Portland in 1847 and established the first apple nursery on the Pacific coast. Luelling had crossed the prairie by ox train—a long and arduous journey made even more so by his stubborn insistence on carrying, caring for, and using up precious water
on the 800 grafted trees he had grown in Iowa and was determined to bring with him to Oregon.

Finally, proverbs and quotations involving apples are common in American speech: an apple a day keeps the doctor away; one bad apple spoils a barrel; apple pie order; and apple of one’s eye. The origin of the saying “as American as apple pie” is unknown, but clearly, few would dispute its appropriateness.

Leshes Fried in Lenton

Draw a thick almond milk with water. Take dates and pyke them clean, with apples and peeres and mynce hem with prunes damsyrs. Take out the stones out of the prunes, and kerve the prunes a two. Do therto raisions, sugar, floer of canel, hoole macys and cloves, gode powdors and salt. Color hem up with sandres. Meng thise with oile. Make a coffyn as thou didest before, and do this fars thereinne, and bake it wel and serve it forth.


Fruit Slices Fried for Lent

Make a thick almond milk with water. Take dates and pick them over. Take apples and pearis and mince them with damson prunes. Take the stones out of the prunes and carve the prunes in two. Add raisins, sugar, cinna¬mon powder, whole mace and cloves, good spices, and salt. Color them up with sandres. Meng thise with oile. Make a coffyn as thou didest before, and do this fars thereinne, and bake it wel and serve it forth.

Translation of above. J.L.

To Make A Pippin Pye

Take their weight in Sugar, and sticke a whole clove in every piece of them, and put in pieces of whole Cinnamon, then put in all your Sugar; with a slice or two of whole Ginger; sprinkle Rosewater on them before you close your Pye; bake them, and serve them in.


Taffety-Tart

First, wet your paste with Butter, and cold water, roul it very thin, then lay Apples in lays, and between each lay of Apples strew some fine Sugar, and some Lemon-peel cut very small; you may also put some Fennel-seed to them, let them bake an hour or more, then ice them with Rose-water, Sugar, and Butter beaten together, and wash them over with the same, strew more fine Sugar over them, and put into the Oven again; this done, you may serve them hot or cold.


An Apple Pye

Make a good Puff-paste Crust, lay some round the Sides of the Dish, pare and quarter your Apples, and take out the Cores, lay a Row of Apples thick, throw in half your Sugar you design for your Pye, mince a little Lemon-peel fine, throw over and squeeze a little Lemon over them, then a few Cloves, here and there one, then the rest of your Apples, and the rest of your Sugar. You must sweeten to your Palate, and squeeze a little more Lemon; boil the Peeling of the Apples, and the Cores in some fair Water, with a Blade of Mace, till it is very good; strain it and boil the Syrup with a little Sugar, till there is but very little and good, pour it into your Pye, and put on your Upper-crust, and bake it. You may put in a little Quince and Marlalate, if you please.

Thus make a Pear-pye; but don’t put in any Quince. You may butter them when they come out of the Oven; or beat up the Yolks of two Eggs, and half a Pint of Cream, with a little Nutmeg, sweetned with Sugar, and take off the Lid, and pour in the Cream. Cut the Crust in little three-corner Pieces, and stick about the Pye, and send it to Table.


Apple Pie

Stew and strain the apples, to every three pints, grate the peel of a fresh lemon, add cinnamon, mace, rose-water and sugar to your taste—and bake in paste No. 3.

A buttered apple Pie

Pare, quarter and core tart apples, lay in paste No. 3, cover with the same; bake half an hour, when drawn, gently raise the top crust, add sugar, butter, cinnamon, mace, wine or
Apple Pie

When you make apple pies, stew your apples very little indeed; just strike them through, to make them tender. Some people do not stew them at all, but cut them up in very thin slices, and lay them in the crust. Pies made in this way may retain more of the spirit of the apple; but I do not think the seasoning mixes in as well. Put in sugar to your taste; it is impossible to make a precise rule, because apples vary so much in acidity. A very little salt, and a small piece of butter in each pie, makes them richer. Cloves and cinnamon are both suitable spice. Lemon-brandy and rose-water are both excellent. A wine-glass full of each is sufficient for three or four pies. If your apples lack spirit, grate in a whole lemon.

Mrs. [Lydia Maria] Child, *The American Frugal Housewife* (Boston, 1832).

An Apple Pot Pie

Make a paste, allowing a pound of butter, or of chopped suet to two pounds and a quarter of flour. Have ready a sufficient quantity of fine juicy acid apples, pared, cored, and sliced. Mix with them brown sugar enough to sweeten them, a few cloves, and some slips of lemon-peel. Butter the inside of an iron pot, and line it with some of the paste. Then put in the apples, interspersing them with thin squares of paste, and add a very little water. Cover the whole with a thick lid of the dough, which must be carefully closed round the edges. Pour on water enough to fill the pot, and let it boil two hours. When done, serve it up on a large dish, and eat it with butter and sugar.


An Apple Pot-Pie

Rub the bottom and sides of a porridge-pot, or small oven, with butter, and then with dry flour. Roll out some pieces of plain or standing paste about half an inch thick, line the sides of the pot or oven with the pieces of paste, letting them nearly touch in the bottom. Having pared and sliced from the cores some fine cooking apples, nearly fill the oven with them; pour in enough water to cook them tender, put pieces of paste on the top, or put a paste all over the top, and bake it with moderate heat, having a fire both on and under the oven. When the apples are very soft, the crust brown, and the liquor quite low, turn the crust bottom upwards in a large dish, put the apples evenly over it, stew on a large handful of brown sugar, and eat it warm or cold, with sweet milk. This is quite a homely pie, but a very good one.

Mrs. Lettice Bryan, *The Kentucky Housewife* (Cincinnati, 1839).

Common Apple Pie

Pare your apples, and cut them from the core. Line your dishes with paste, and put in the apple; cover and bake until the fruit is tender. Then take them from the oven, remove the upper crust, and put in sugar and nutmeg, cinnamon or rose water to your taste; a bit of sweet butter improves them. Also, to put in a little orange peel before they are baked, makes a pleasant variety. Common apple pies are very good to stew, sweeten, and flavor the apple before they are put into the oven. Many prefer the seasoning baked in. All apple pies are much nicer if the apple is grated and then seasoned.


Apple Custard Pie—The Nicest Pie Ever Eaten

Peel sour apples and stew until soft and not much water left in them; then rub them through a cullender—beat 3 eggs for each pie to be baked; and put in at the rate of 1 cup of butter and 1 of sugar for 3 pies; season with nutmeg.

Bake as pumpkin pies, which they resemble in appearance; and between them and apple pies in taste; very nice indeed. We find them equally nice with dried apples by making them a little more juicy.

If a frosting was put upon them, as in the "Lemon Pie," then returned, for a few moments, to the oven, the appearance, at least, would be improved.

A. W. Chase, *Chase's Recipes; or, Information for Everybody* (Ann Arbor, 1866).

Dried Apple Pies

Soak the apples; then put them in a brown

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*THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE*
Pastry for lattice crust

1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1 tablespoon butter
1 egg yolk, beaten
1 cup thick sweet cream

earthen pot; cover them with water, cover the pot and bake four or five hours, sweeten with sugar or molasses the last half hour, and mash well with a spoon; when the apples are thoroughly cooked flavor with lemon juice and add a little butter. You can bake between two crusts, or put bands of the paste across the top.


Cider Apple Pie

6 large apples, cut in eighths
4 cups real cider
2 tablespoons instant flour
1 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon

Peel, core, and cut the apples into eighths. Boil the peelings and cores in the cider until the cider is reduced from 4 cups to 1 cup. Strain the cider.

Put layers of apple slices into a well-buttered deep dish. Mix flour and sugar with spices and sprinkle over each layer of apple slices. Pour strained cider over apples. Dot top layer with butter. Beat egg and cream together with a wire whisk and pour mixture over the apples. Weave a lattice crust on top and bake at 450° for ten minutes. Reduce heat to 350° and continue baking until the crust is puffed and lightly browned—about 25 minutes longer. Serve with cheese.


Baltimore Apple Pie

Fill a pudding dish with pared and cored apples—the tart baking-apple; fill each hole of the apple with good brown sugar; cut the rind of two lemons in very thin strips, and lay on top of the apples; squeeze the juice of the lemons into a cup, and add a little cold water; pour this over the apples, and sprinkle with sugar quite thickly; cover the whole with a nice puff paste, and bake slowly one hour. Serve hot.

Mrs. S.G. Knight, Tit-Bits (Boston, 1864).

New York City Around the Clock in 1836

New York, May 27, 1836.

What a blessed Babel is this most worthy city of Gotham! What a confusion of tongues and noises! of people and omnibuses! of pigs and newspaper boys! of mud and dirt! crooked lanes and twisted alleys! There is no end to the streets, no limit to the houses—no cessation to its noises. The chimney sweeps with their screeching throats, pipe into our ears before daybreak—then the milkman follows with his high note—then the baker adds his melody, and watchmen move along with their captives of the night to the police. Rattle-rattle, trundle the hacks to their stands—the omnibuses roll along with their burdens, and the drays go thundering by to the quays. The laborers, Irish and Afric, throng the streets hurrying to their work—journeymen and apprentices hasten by, and pretty milliners and seamstresses trip in cottage and shawl to their daily tasks. The sounds of toil and preparation for business increase momently. At first each note can be individualized, but before 7 o'clock they are increased and mingled in a most unharmonious and deafening confusion.

All this before breakfast.

After that hour strangers begin to fill the pavé. Here is a southern merchant, with tooth-pick in teeth, hurrying to Pearl or Wall street; and the western or northern trader moving with yet busier brow and quicker pace to the same points or to the wharves. Early shoppers make their appearance; and Broadway begins to be filled. Here and there a well-dressed female moves by with that lingering step which threatens to terminate at every dry-goods or jeweller's store. Dandies come forth and bask in the sun on the western and fashionable side of this great thoroughfare. Strangers from all lands lounge along, swinging canes and sporting whiskers or mustachios.

At twelve the great highway of the city is thronged. Carriages, driven by liveried coachmen and adorned by a footman, roll majestically along—bright faces or wrinkled and lace-bordered visages peeping from their windows.

Now young gallants dash by in tilburies or on trotting horses (from which preserve me,) and by two o'clock taste, fashion, and wealth (to say nothing of the omnibuses, which are at the same time the greatest blessings and the
greatest nuisances of New York) reign paramount in Broadway.

At three the "town" emphatically hold sway there. Fashionable citizens and strangers are then at dinner, and appear no more before four. Any person of the town seen in the streets between three and four, you may set down as a lunatic. At this hour of late the dog star rages; that is, hydrophobia occasionally inoculates the citizens. You may know a rabid animal of the canine species by his moving in a "bee line," turning neither to the right nor left, unless to take a passing snap at a stranger's calf.

At five and six, Broadway roars, nay, thunders, with the noise of omnibuses, bearing the burdens of the morning back to their residences up town. By the time these become less frequent, the hacks, freighted with individuals to the several Theatres, take up the dying notes of the omnibuses, and again make night hideous with clamor. The city suddenly is lighted up with its million of gas flambeaux, and inflammable air, ignited into brilliant flame, succeeds the light of the sun. Yet is the city not the less gay. The streets are thronged with pedestrians, hurrying from the scenes of the day's business to their homes, to some place of amusement, or promenading to enjoy the air, the sights, and moving spectacle of the crowded city. Here the Museum, with its band of music and dazzling windows, attracts some. There the Theatre tempts others. Here a gorgeous display of jewelry and magnificent shops, lighted up with the glare of noonday, invite others whose purses and wishes possess a kindred spirit. At ten, the streets have become thinner, but present a different aspect. Here and there a shop only is lighted, by some who strive to lengthen out the day to its utmost. Around the hotel balconies, porticos, and doors are clustered groups on chairs, smoking, quietly conversing, or looking at the throng who pass on the side walks. Now, however, the Broadway belle has given place to the maid of the kitchen, and the sparkling brunette has deserted the trottoir to the ebony daughters of Ethiopia. It would seem, then, the whole African population of the city turns out and passes in review down Broadway between the hours of ten and eleven. With the exception of here and there a frail member of the Magdalene sisterhood, with her train of youthful and not unfrequently gray-headed admirers, the citizens, by a tacit consent, seem to have resigned the streets to the sons and daughters of Ham.

By twelve, silence begins to assume her empire over the great city. Now and then a passer-by breaks the stillness with his echoing footfalls, or some uproarious song.

At a distance the faint sound of voices in a riot, with the alarm strokes of watchmen, may perhaps be heard. All else is still. Between twelve and one private parties break up, and the Theatres pour forth their thousands. Then a strange and sudden sound of a moving multitude disturbs the night. Hacks rattle by—crowds throng the trottoirs. By and by these cease; and the clanger of the watchmen's oaken staves, as they strike them with a ringing sound upon the pavement, as signals of alert, are alone heard. By two, all is still again, and silence and the watchmen reign sole sovereigns of the city and the night until four, when the market carts and chimney sweeps give the first notes of preparation for another day.

This is a faint sketch of a day in New York, yet it is perhaps a full one of human life. Some hundreds or thousands of these days make up a man's life.
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NAUTICAL ALMANAC, from the year 1821 to 1826, inclusive—to be continued annually. Explanations stereotyped, and English copy corrected.

ERRORS IN THE ENGLISH COPIES OF THE NAUTICAL ALMANAC.

- 1822, Sixty errors.
- 1823, Seventy-nine errors. Corrected in BLUNT'S EDITIONS ONLY.
- 1824, Sixty errors.

[These corrections have been attended with great expense and trouble. An error in a Nautical Almanac may be followed with serious consequences.]

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A NEW CHART, extending from New-York to Havana, including Bahama Banks and Channels, improved by actual surveys, and Plans of Harbours surveyed by officers of the United States Navy Department, 1820, and further improved by a survey from Sandy Hook to Cape May, in 1822, under the direction of Commodore Conyngham and Captain Blunt. The Chart is correct.

of the Mississippi River, extending to New-Orleans, including Mobile, &c., with Sailing Directions, and Plan of Mobile, on a large scale, from actual survey.

of Bahama Bank, from aerial survey, made in 1820, with Sailing Directions.

of the Atlantic or Western Ocean, improved to 1821, with an Analysis of the authorities upon which the dangers have been inserted on the Chart. The Chart extends to the Equator, and are continued on the Chart of the South Atlantic Ocean. [This is the only good Chart which has the latitude of the South Shool of Nantucket, with 22 miles correct.]

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A Chart and Navigation Book required by gentlemen navigating any part of the globe, it being his sole object to furnish an universal assortment on the most reasonable terms.

Also, every Chart and Navigation Book required by gentlemen navigating any part of the globe, it being his sole object to furnish an universal assortment on the most reasonable terms.

Figure 2

Sept. 1822.
what purpose, where they were procured, and with what difficulty. Few historians of cartography have scrutinized the mechanisms of the map and chart trades, but such studies have yielded insights into the production, distribution, and consumption of cartographic material. Newspaper notices, trade cards, and commercial publishers' catalogs have proved to be fertile sources for this field of inquiry. A study of London map sellers from 1660 to 1720 indicates that dealers in nautical charts advertised less than did stationers, printers, and engravers selling topographical maps. It is generally believed that pilots and ship captains, including naval officers, obtained charts from recognized ship chandlers, printers, and instrument makers who did business at dockside. Before national hydrographic bureaus were organized, marine surveys and chart production were left to private individuals and firms. The advent of the British Hydrographic Office (1795) and the American Coast Survey (1807) eventually led to the demise of many commercial chart publishers, but private establishments continued to serve as an outlet for both government and commercial charts.

Navigational charts intended for use at sea have a limited life expectancy. Even when they were "bluebacked" (mounted on heavy blue paper for added strength) and bound around their edges with cotton or silk tape, mortality was high. It is therefore of particular interest to find a chart not only intact, but complete with a broadside advertisement. Figure 1 is from the verso of Captain N. Holland's New Chart of the Coast of North America (London: Robert Sayer, 1792). The chart was sold by one Ann Smith, widow of Egerton Smith and proprietor of the Navigation Shop, Newton's Head, Pool-Lane, Liverpool. Theirs was a variegated business, encompassing instrument repair, bookbinding, and printing in addition to handling stationary and navigation merchandise.

Scanning the list of instruments offered at the Navigation Shop, one finds a variety of compasses, sextants, scales, hydrometers, telescopes, theodolites, thermometers, and microscopes. An inventory of sea charts and waggons follows. The latter is a generic term, originally used by British seamen in the sixteenth century. The first bound collection of printed charts and sailing directions, Spieghel der Zeevaert, was published in 1584 by Lucas Janszoon Waghenaer. It was translated into English in 1588 as The Mariner's Mirror with charts reengraved by De Bry, Hondius, and others; it achieved great popularity. Consequently, sea atlases were commonly referred to as "waggons," at least until the end of the eighteenth century. Among the charts in the inventory, two can be dated: Burdett's survey of Liverpool Harbor (1781), and Huddart's survey of St. George's Channel (1777). The broadside is probably contemporary with the Holland chart, since it contains no indication of the later Admiralty surveys.

An example of a somewhat different nature is shown in Figure 2. William Hooker and the Blunts are well known figures in American hydrography. Edmund March Blunt (1770-1862), was a brilliant mathematician, printer, and publisher of two maritime classics, The American Coast Pilot and The New American Practical Navigator. William Hooker (c. 1780-1846), a noted engraver, became associated with Blunt in 1806 and later married Blunt's eldest daughter. Both men relocated to New York City, Blunt from Newburyport, Massachusetts in 1810, and Hooker from Philadelphia in 1815. Hooker was established as a chart and bookseller by his father-in-law in 1817, and became proprietor of Blunt's 202 Water Street shop in 1820/21. George W. Blunt (1801-1878), son of Edmund March, engaged in the same business at 147 Old Fly Market, later publishing numerous charts and navigational books with his brother Edmund (1799-1866).

This broadside is found on the verso of a long, narrow chart of the Atlantic coast from New York City to Cape Canaveral, Florida. Edmund March Blunt owned the copyright for the chart, which has an imprint of 1821, with corrections to 1822. Dating the broadside is slightly more complicated. Although a date of September, 1822 is found at the end of the advertisement, the text declares the presence of errors in the 1823 and 1824 editions of the Nautical Almanac, corrected by Blunt. The confusion caused by this contradiction is increased by the fact that sometime during 1823, George W. and Edmund Blunt opened a new shop at 147 Maiden Lane. Since none of the editions of the books offered for sale by Hooker and Blunt have imprints after 1822, one might conclude that the September, 1822
date is accurate, despite the explicit mention of later years.

The information contained in these broadsides gives an indication of the availability of charts and the length of time they were kept in stock, as well as the cartographic needs of the chart seller's clientele. Current technology is also succinctly represented. Because of their ephemeral quality, the scant surviving examples normally evade the bibliographer, and thus have not been widely studied.

To Challenge Our Readers

To perplex and amuse our readers, we include a riddle which recently turned up in our manuscript collections.

The riddle appeared in a letter of Doctor J. Hunter Ewing to his brother Maskell, a cadet at West Point, and is dated Long Swamp, Berks Co., Pennsylvania, May 23, 1823.

First take a word that doth silence proclaim
Which backward & forward doth still spell the same
Then add to the first a feminine name
Which backward & forward doth still spell the same
An instrument too that Lawyers oft frame,
Which backward & forward doth still spell the same;
A very rich fruit whose botanical name,
Both backward & forward doth still spell the same;
A musical note which all will proclaim
Both backward & forward doth still spell the same
The initials of these, when joined, form a name,
Which every lady that's married will claim,
And backward & forward doth still spell the same

Recent Acquisitions

BOOKS


Gardiner, Henry. The Anglo-American, or Memoirs of . . . Liverpool, England, 1813. Strange collection of brief personal and descriptive chapters of a sometime-American resident, covering West Indies, South America, visit to Niagara, etc.


The Testimony of an Association of Ministers Convened at Marlborough, Jan. 22, 1744. Opposing George Whitefield.


Jewett, Nathaniel G. The Portland Directory. Portland, Me., 1823. 1st directory, with map.


California Gold Regions, With a Full Account of their Mineral Resources. N.Y., 1849.

Cherokee Almanac for the Year . . . 1851. Park Hill, Oklahoma, 1850.


Stiles, Joseph C. Capt. Thomas E. King; or, A Word to the Army and the Country. Charleston, S.C., 1864. South Carolina Tract Society publication, a biography of Confederate killed at Chickamauga, with extracts from his letters and diaries.


Secession, Considered As a Right in the States Composing the late American Union of States. Jackson, Miss., 1863.

Virginia Almanack, for 1795. Richmond, Va., 1794.


Hastings, Susannah Johnson. A Narrative of the Captivity. . . Windsor, VT., 1814. 3rd ed. of one of classic Indian captivity narratives.

Dr. John Williams' Last Legacy to the People, or, The Useful Family Herb Bill. 1811. Herbal, the titlepage of which brings into doubt the literacy of either the author or the unidentified printer.


Vom Christlichen gerbranch der leider, und des singens . . . Ephrata, Penna., 1792.


**MANUSCRIPTS**

A. Collections and Bound Items

Isaac W. K. Handy Papers. 6 feet. Extensive collection of manuscripts and related printed materials by, and collected by Isaac W. K. Handy (1815–1877), native of Washington, D. C., Presbyterian clergyman in Maryland, Delaware, Missouri, and Virginia, author and genealogist, who spent 15 months as a prisoner in Ft. Delaware for Southern sympathies, 1863–1864. In addition to personal letters, sermons, and diaries covering his entire career, the collection includes: letters and autobiographies of fellow prisoners at Ft. Delaware; miscellaneous notes and an unpublished draft of a history of Old Buckingham Presbyterian Church in Maryland; several dozen sermons by eighteenth-century Presbyterian clergymen of Delaware and the Eastern Shore of Md., including Matthew Wilson, John Rankin, Thomas Read, James Latta, and possibly Francis Alison; seventeen Antifederalist items re. Delaware politics, c. 1808, apparently by Jesse Higgins; two drafts of unpublished “Annals and Memorials of the Handys and Their Kindred,” a lengthy genealogy, along with approximately 600 letters dated between 1851 and 1877 by Handy family members and a large collection of notes and documents upon which the manuscript was based; printed items, including Confederate imprints, Handy’s sermons, and his narrative of prison experiences, *U.S. Bonds* (Baltimore, 1874), along with correspondence with the publisher. Clements Library Associates purchase.

Henry B. Flagler Papers, 1850–1867. 50 letters. Personal letters of schoolteacher of Stockbridge, Mich., who went to Pit Hole City and Tidioute, Penna., at time of the great oil boom of 1866–1867.


Andrew S. Wadsworth Papers, 1898–1900. Small collection of correspondence, accompanied by numerous photographs, documenting service of a lieutenant, 1st Nebraska Vol. Inf., who was wounded at Malolos in the Philippines, April, 1899.

George Hussey Papers, 1861–1865. Correspondence of soldier who served four years in the 9th, 103rd, and 165th New York Regiments.


James Duncan Papers. 51 items. Majority of letters and documents are personal, but included are autobiographical documents prepared by Duncan, commander of prison ships, hospitals, and storeships in New York harbor and at Governors Island during British occupation of New York, soliciting financial reimbursement from British government after the Revolutionary War.

George W. Barr Papers, 1861–1863. 149 letters, exceptionally fine in content, of a Surgeon with the 64th New York Infantry, covering the Peninsula Campaign and Antietam.

Charles F. Tew Papers, 1850s–1866. Very graphic correspondence of a fairly rough, carefree individual who, before the war, was mostly interested in fire fighting and cockfighting, but who, as Sergeant and Lieutenant of the 25th Mass. Infantry, saw and described some of the bloodiest action in the Civil War near Newbern, N.C., Portsmouth, Bermuda Hundred, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg, Va. His regiment was virtually annihilated at Cold Harbor, and at the end of the war he enlisted in Hancock’s Corps. This organization was never fully
operational before the surrender, and Tew served one year beyond Appomattox at posts in New England.

Peter Turner Papers, 1774-1789. 21 letters written to Peter Turner, surgeon of the First Rhode Island Regiment, from friends and relatives serving in the Continental Army. Samuel Tenny, author of 13 letters, and Jabez Campfield (5 letters) were fellow Surgeons. The collection provides a good picture of private attitudes about the war and its effects on personal careers. Clements Library Associates purchase.

Myrick Family Papers, 1840s-1860s. Extensive family business correspondence. The Myricks were stone carvers in Palmyra, New York, and the collection contains interesting details on the tombstone business, with sales in N.Y., Ohio, Michigan. The basic New England poem, "Remember me as you pass by/As you are now so once was I/As I am now so you must be/Prepare for death and follow me" retained its popularity as late as the 1840s. There are some 50 letters from a member of the family who went to California in the Gold Rush, only to turn to stone carving in the 1860s after failing to get rich through the usual entrepreneurial schemes.


Dakota Town Co., DS., March 23, 1857. Ms. articles of incorporation drawn up at Dubuque, Iowa, and signed by ten would-be settlers. This company was one of two groups which settled Sioux Falls, first permanent settlement in South Dakota.

Mallbone, Thomas, ADocs., April 1, 1749. 33 pp. manuscript copy of "Body of Laws" of Harvard College, apparently required to be copied by prospective student, including statement of admission at end signed by Pres. Henry Flynt, Joseph Mayhew, and Thomas Marsh.

Mallbone ADocs., 1779-1878. 9 items. Letter, affidavits, and inventories of damage done at Newport farm of Godfrey and John Mallbone during British occupation, 1776-1779, soliciting reimbursement from Sir Henry Clinton, Carleton, and the British treasury.

Fothergill, John to John Bartram, ALS., London, May 6, 1776.

Rapp, Frederick to William Young, ALS., Harmonie, Ind., June 27, 1823. General news on Harmonie settlement, with an order for "one satinett and two maslin looms."

Francis, J.C. to parents, ALS., July 27, 1861. Graphic description of the Battle of Bull Run by a Southern soldier, with two sketch maps of troop positions.


In addition, miscellaneous manuscript donations by Duane Diedrich, Suzanne M. Meyer, Robert Iglehart, William R. Wheeler, Margaret S. Ogden, Grace K. Maxfield, Thornton W. Zeigler and Steven Resnick gratefully received.

MAPS

Battles of the Crater and of June 22nd. Korff Bros, New York, c. 1864-1865. From a "remainder" found in the home of General Mahone in the 1940s.

Heath, John Francis. [Lines at New Bern, N.C.], Ms. sketch map drawn by Confeder-
ate soldier and sent to his sister in Richmond. Similar to map pub. in *Official Records*, Ser. I, Vol. IX, p. 248, this being either the source, or from a common source. Hervé, Juan de. [Ms. coastal chart, Valpariso, Chile], 1768.

Echevereia, Francisco. “Plano Del Puerto de Balparayso.” Ms. ink and wash coastal chart, based on 1770 chart of Manuel de Villena, c. 1770.

Craskell, Thomas and James Simpson. *Map of the Island of Jamaica*. London, 1763. 3 of 4 sheets of magnificent, large survey maps of Jamaica, including a general map and separate maps of each county. Clements set lacks Middlesex County map.

Bradshaw, L. “Practical Geometry,” August 26, 1784. Finely executed manuscript book of geometrical exercises of a member of the Prince of Wales’s Royal Military Academy, including reduction and enlargement of maps and fortification plans. Includes a beautiful enlargement of Sauthier’s map of the British victory at Ft. Washington, Nov. 16, 1776.

**EINDE**


Page 56. Clements Library Print Department.


All of the printers’ ornaments in this issue are taken from Dutch political pamphlets relating to the American Revolution, published between 1780 and 1782.