Loyalist Officers

The Library Recently received the generous gift of a uniquely important research tool for the study of the American Revolution. Dr. Henry Young, emeritus professor of history at Dickinson College in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, has devoted fifteen years to tracking down documentation on the Americans who served as officers with the British Army during the Revolution.

Prof. Young is a meticulous researcher who has pursued every avenue of possible scholarly return. His files, consisting of biographical cards on some six thousand men, are based on years of work at the Public Record Office and Canadian and American archives and libraries, including several lengthy stays at the Clements Library a decade ago.

It will take some time to reassemble the files at the library and tie up certain loose ends, so users should write to the library director regarding access.

Associates' Purchases

The Clements Library Associates Board, at their Spring meeting, added noteworthy treasures to our shelves.

Among the numerous Franklin imprints, his own An Account of the New Invented Pennsylvania Fire Places (1744) is one of the rarest and most desirable. The copy secured is particularly interesting in that it belonged to Thomas Godfrey, self-taught mathematical genius with whom Franklin once roomed, who is credited with inventing Hadley's Quadrant.

Philadelphia of a century later is beautifully portrayed in J. C. Wild's Panorama and Views of Philadelphia and its Vicinity (1838). It is a pristine copy in the original box. The individual prints of public buildings are fine, but it is the panorama—four large views of the city from Independence Hall—which makes it one of the great landmarks of American lithography.

The beauty of Wild's prints contrasts sharply with the stark brutality documented in two manuscript journals and account books of slave voyages undertaken in the Hannah (1789–90) and Jenny (1792) between the African coast and the West Indies. In a beautiful eighteenth-century hand, the journals contain detailed instructions by the owners, Thomas Leyland & Co. of Liverpool, to the captain about purchasing, handling, and sales of cargoes as well as complete accounts, and records of sales.

In addition, the Associates purchased seven British political cartoons dated between 1782–84 pertaining to the American Revolution and ministerial changes which affected the Peace negotiations.

Unknown Sea Atlas

Navigators of our fledgling republic foundered in heavy seas when they tried to obtain charts of the Atlantic coast. Until 1789 they were limited to what they could beg, borrow, or steal from the British navy's copies of the Atlantic Neptune, being printed, assembled, and distributed by J. F. W. DesBarres. In that year, Mathew Clark of Boston obtained a partial set and published them without permission in a much abbreviated series of 18 charts. Only five of the Clark sea atlases survive.

In 1794, the 37th edition of Mount and Page's The English Pilot: Fourth Book appeared in London. It covered the North American coast by using charts whose plates had been engraved initially in 1689. No significant changes had been made in 105 years!

It was into this background that the London firm of Laurie and Whittle brought out a narrow set of North American sea charts. Apparently, they took most of their designs from DesBarres, but in order not to cause any confusion they attributed the work to DesBarres' partner, Captain Samuel Holland. The 1794 volume contains seven maps on fourteen sheets. This new acquisition, purchased with the Winter Fund, may be the only surviving copy.
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Most Welcome Gift

Dr. JOHN BINGLEY of Strong, Maine, a one-time
graduate student and University faculty member
who fondly remembered working at the library,
sent us, somewhat apologetically, a little pam-
phlet he believed we might be interested in: Verses Composed by Nathaniel Robinson, When He Was in Albany Goal, in the Year 1758
(Norwich, Ct. 1774). This turns out to be the only
known perfect copy! One verse, documenting the
now-forgotten rivalry between New Englanders
and their New York Dutch neighbors, is worth
publishing.

Poor Robinson has left his home,
which was at Phillips’s Patent,
And in this goal the silly fool
is now shut up a fatting.
If he could eat those sorts of meat,
and such condemned stuff,
As rats, and mice, and body lice,
have might be fat enough.
Suppon, and slaw, and cabbage raw,
with butter milk and pop,
Their mushy fat, and such as that,
which makes their pleasant sop;
The hogish Dutch they do begrutch
to feed me on such fare,
It is too good for prisoners food,
’tis only for their Mayor.
I must proclaim bad luck to them,
beginning on a Monday,
The week throughout the year about
and twice upon a Sunday,
It will be strange when stars do change,
fourteen instead of seven;
When fishes fly, and seas run dry,
and Dutchmen go to heaven!
Confusion seize such shabby trees,
which here as cyphers stand.
Which keep the sun from shining down
upon our Christian land.
I beg and pray, both night and day,
the Dutch, and all their gang,
May swim like Smelts, in butter milk,
and land at Amsterdam.

Southern Hospitality

Low-Country South Carolina has always prided
itself on its cuisine. The Diedrich Fund enabled
the library to acquire several letters of Thomas
Smith, descendant of a notable Charleston
family, who visited the land of his American
ancestors from his native England in 1820.

In addition to contrasting American and
English feminine beauty (Americans “more
slender . . . yet elegantly shaped, in complexion
they are not generally so rosy as the English”)
and describing deer hunting expeditions, Smith
enumerates his daily fare.

“We breakfast at Mrs. Woodruff’s at ½ past 9,
dine at 3, tea at sunset—sup at ½ past nine. Our
breakfast consists generally of tea, coffee, rice,
cakes of Indian corn (Hommaney, I don’t know
whether this is spelt rightly) it is a kind of
pudding made of Indian corn, eggs, beef steaks,
fish, ham, dried venison ham, etc., etc.

“For dinner in winter we have plenty of
venison, turkeys, wild duck, and all kinds of
game, turtle soup, a great variety of fish, doves, excellent beef, etc., sweet potatoes and green peas and now of beans, artichokes, asparagus, etc. Deserts of bananas and pineapples (which are brought from the West Indies), oranges, nuts of various kinds, etc.

"Supper in winter is generally a cold repetition of the dinner without however all its variety, but usually with the addition of oysters and crabs which are very plentiful on this coast. You will acknowledge this to be a pretty formidable list of articles of food, and will observe that the American breakfast is more substantial than the English. We drink rain water here which is collected in cisterns. During this warm weather a lump of ice is put into the glass to cool it."

**War in the South**

The Griffin Brothers—Reynolds and Lavalette—joined the Union army in Cayuga County, New York, and headed for Pensacola Bay in November of 1861. Writing home in the first months of garrison duty at Fort Pickens, on sandy, sunny, Santa Rosa Island, they sounded as though the government had treated them to a pleasant Florida vacation.

But after the Confederates burned and evacuated Pensacola, the 75th New York Volunteers saw more active service. By September the Griffins were stationed in New Orleans, later moving up Bayou La Fourche to Thibodeaux.

"The country we have come through is one complete sea of sugarcane, all of which goes to the ground, the masters having gone one way and the slaves the other," wrote Reynolds to his father.

In January, 1863, the regiment was engaged in attacking the rebel gunboat Cotton. "We had gone but a short distance on the following morning, when we came in sight of the old Cotton... Then commenced one of the nicest bombardments that I have yet seen... As soon as we discovered the rebels, we fell back near the center of the cane, and lay down in a ditch, while our artillery, 19 pieces in all, sent the shot and shell over our heads in a perfect storm. The rebels answered very lively at first, but their fire soon began to slacken, and in about an hour they drew off... The next morning the rebels blew up the Cotton."

At Port Hudson four months later, Reynolds was severely wounded; he died at Baton Rouge in September. Lavalette served until the war's end. Sixty-two of the fine letters written home by the Griffins are now in the Clements Library. They were graciously donated by Helen Green Denning in memory of her husband, Prof. Reynolds McConnell Denning, a descendant of the Griffins.

**Old Age!**

In the Course of the N.E.H. sheet music cataloging project, some very humorous lyrics turn up. The following words accompany an 1856 song, No Offer Yet!, or, The Coquette at 35.

No offer yet! No offer yet!
I scarcely can believe it true
To think of all the beaux I've met,
That not one now doth come to woo
My days of hope are almost o'er,
Oh dear! what can the matter be?
Of beaux I once did have a score
But now they are unknown to me,
I never thought the day would break
But from them I could take my pick;
Yet now I see 'twas my mistake,
Since I of single life am sick!

I'm like a bird without a wing,
Or like a ship unheimed at sea;
I'm like a half of any thing,
And such I fear shall ever be.
I'm like a something to be sold,
Which not a man doth wish to buy;
To me their hearts they won't unfold,
For fear that no I might reply.
But heaven knows that I'd say yes,
To any one under four score;
I'm tired of single blessedness,
One offer and I'll take no more.

But no! they will not head (sic) my voice,
I've flirted quite too long. I see;
Though once I might have had my choice
There's not one now will marry me.
But yet the fault is mine in truth,
I trifled with them long ago;
Yet if I could go back to youth
Again, I never would say, No!
Take warning, then, each fair young maid
Who now to gilt is ever free;
Else soon your fairest hopes will fade
And single life your lot will be.
The Library’s Splendid collection of architectural books has been enhanced by purchase of the second earliest American work on this subject, a volume even more valuable than the first.

The earliest title was a reprint in Philadelphia, 1775, of Abraham Swan’s The British Architect. It was published by John Norman, who was also a talented engraver. The library has owned this book for years.

The second title, much scarcer, was a venture by John Norman himself in compiling another architectural work from various English sources. He had moved to Boston and published there The Town and Country Builder’s Assistant in 1786. It remained elusive until this year, when we pounced on a copy. It contains sixty beautiful plates.

The next American to compile architectural books was Asher Benjamin of Boston, and we have a fine representation of his widely used works. Numerous other authors are found in our collection, and with the Norman title our coverage is continuous down to the Civil War.