
II. Winnie and the Town Bull, an Amusing Sidelight of Revolutionary Era Boston, by Howard H. Peckham.

III. "Tossing about among woods & mountains, and strange people," an erudite Account of Travel from Baltimore to Pittsburgh and Back, 1828, by Henry D. Gilpin.

Departments: Inventory of an Eighteenth-Century New York Library; At A Glance — A Strange and Wonderful, 90-Year-Old Mechanical Toy Exhibited in Connecticut in 1762; Surveying Instruments of the Revolutionary War Era; Christopher Blundell on Sir Henry Clinton's Eating Habits; Culinary Recipes and a Discussion of Wines and Liquors in Pre-Civil War America; Recent Acquisitions at the Clements Library; A Brief and Fleeting Appearance of the Remarkable Gormagunt; Hints on Preserving Your Family Scrapbook.
Randolph G. Adams (1892–1951) arrived at the University of Michigan in 1923 to become the first Director of the William L. Clements Library. William Clements' collection, recently transferred from his Bay City home, was largely made up of books, newspapers, and pamphlets, but in 1921 he had had the good fortune to be in London when the Lansdowne family consigned the papers of the 2nd Earl of Shelburne to Christie’s. Henry Stevens, the scholarly London bookdealer with whom Clements had dealt extensively for two decades, emphasized the importance of the collection for American history. Clements secured almost the entire lot, close to 200 volumes of correspondence, reports, and memoranda, of a key figure in British politics between the 1760s and the American Revolution.

When the new library Director took charge, there remained an air of excitement over the Shelburne manuscript purchase, and there was a feeling on the part of the institution’s Committee of Management that selective publication from this treasure trove of primary source material would help establish a solid scholarly reputation for the library. Shelburne had served as Prime Minister after the resignation of Lord North, and while his brief tenure in office had not been a political triumph, it was during this period that the most crucial negotiations took place between British and American representatives which would result in 1783 in peace and recognition by Britain of American Independence.

Randolph Adams, who had published a general survey of American foreign policy, took a particular interest in the diplomatic sections of the Shelburne manuscripts. He transcribed the correspondence, and with his characteristic thoroughness, had begun identifying the locations of the pertinent documentation of the 1782–83 negotiations in other libraries and collections. By 1928, with full support of the library board, Adams projected a publication of several volumes containing the correspondence and reports of British, American, and French foreign offices, agents, and spies which for the first time would set forth the chronology, the thinking, and the diplomatic maneuvering that created the United States.

A trip to England was essential to identify, uncover, and arrange for photocopying of documents, and Adams requested and was granted a leave of absence. Shortly before sailing, he also accepted a short-term appointment from the Carnegie Endowment for World Peace as Visiting Carnegie Professor of International Relations at the University of St. Andrews in Scotland.

The trip was a great success. Adams, his wife Helen, and two sons, Tom and Richard, sailed in January, 1929. They lived in London while he searched and
arranged for photostats of diplomatic correspondence in the Public Record Office and the British Museum. He had been to Europe twice before, as a tourist caught in Berlin when the war broke out in 1914 and in France as a soldier in 1918 and 1919, but this was his first opportunity to visit the localities in Britain so intimately tied with American history, to make personal contact with the book dealers so important in building the collection in Ann Arbor, and to develop friendships with historians who should and would come to appreciate the importance of the Clements Library.

Systematic efforts to track down papers in private hands relating to the Peace Treaty were only modestly successful: the Rockingham Papers, then at Wentworth Woodhouse, were studied; the Strachie Papers, which did not contain much on the diplomacy of 1782–83 but which the owner was willing to sell and Clements was interested in buying, were not bought and have since disappeared, although the few odds and ends that have come to auction since have been acquired by the library; Oswald Papers, which Adams vainly sought, remain an unexplained gap in our documentation of the negotiations. Unrelated to the immediate project, however, the trip would pay outstanding dividends for the library. Being at the right place on the right day, Adams did make significant additions to the Shelburne papers, and the lunch with Lord Gage, mentioned in a rather casual manner in the letter, was an important first step in Clements’ acquisition of the Gage Papers the following year.

The teaching at St. Andrews was an exhilarating experience, and Adams used the time to track down information on one of its eighteenth-century graduates, the future Signer of the Declaration of Independence, James Wilson, whose political essays he edited for Knopf the following year. The great diplomatic editing project, sadly, never was published, primarily due to the economies forced upon the library by the Depression and the death of Mr. Clements in 1934. The photostats and transcripts are available to scholars and have been used by diplomatic historians since the 1930s. After a seven-month stay, the family sailed back in August.

Randolph G. Adams’ remarkable letter, presented here, was written to A. Edward Newton, Philadelphia manufacturer and bibliophile, author of The Amenities of Book-Collecting and Kindred Affectations (Boston, 1918) and similar popular volumes, who had been a neighbor and a primary influence in developing Adams, early love of books. Newton was not a true relative, as the salutation “Uncle Ned” suggests, but the relationship was close throughout their lives. They were kindred spirits, sharing an almost missionary zeal for collecting, mutual friends, and knowledge of books and book people.

The letter is an interesting historical document for its content. Redevelopment, German bombs, and time have almost completely obliterated the London book trade as it was when Adams visited it and have greatly altered the face of the city itself. Allowing for a certain amount of dramatic overstatement, the picture of British academic circles slowly, somewhat grudgingly, coming to terms with America and American scholarship is fascinating and not without a touch of relevance even today.
Equal to its interest for content, the letter provides a marvelous glimpse of its author at his best—intelligent, literate, opinionated, and at times a bit indiscreet in expression, but intensely enthusiastic about history, books and life in general. Randolph Adams made the new library a place of infectious excitement. No one who met him forgot the experience, and by his strong personality, his abilities, and his enthusiasm, as much as by the importance of the collections themselves, the Clements Library established itself in the 1920s and 1930s as one of the great research institutions in the country.

66 Heathcroft, Hampstead Way

My dear Uncle Ned:
This is going to be a long letter, so do not try to read it if you have anything really important to do. I have thought of you so many times in the past four months, resolved to tell you so many things, and enjoyed so many things I know you have enjoyed, that I have to write you about them.

My last visit to England was in the tragic days of August 1914—when I saw but little of England. Last March I left France and went directly to St. Andrews. I shall never cease to rejoice that my first real taste of what this island has to offer was in the 15th century atmosphere, amidst the 18th century hospitality and the 20th century pep of St. Andrews. I lectured daily to a group of Scottish students who were studying American history, a group which grew from eight to forty five during my four weeks. Afternoons were spent around the fireside of the Royal and Ancient Club among the most delightful gentlemen I have ever met. Evenings we gathered around the hearth of the venerable Professor David Morison, whose study, according to local tradition was the very room in which Dr. Johnson sat, en route to the Hebrides. One evening I read my paper on how the American "intellectuals" tried to block the purchase of the Thomas Jefferson Library. This affair was held in the room occupied by the great Marquis of Montrose while he was a student at St. Andrews.

St. Andrews is the livest educational institution in Great Britain—make no mistake about that. The brilliant vice-Chancellor, Sir James Irvine has one
hand in the pocket of Nicholas Murray Butler and the other in the pocket of Edward Harkness. Do you remember an essay by Stephen Leacock on “What is the matter with Oxford?” In that essay Leacock says in substance, “What Oxford needs is to find a brewer or distiller, to tell him to imagine he is Henry VIII or Cardinal Wolsey, and then go to it.” When Helen and I returned to St. Andrews in June for the Commencement it was to help open the new “Younger Hall”—Younger’s Ale and Stout.

I spent one night at Dundee with your kind friends, Dr. and Mrs. Buist, and there had my first taste of the servant who ransacks ones bag and lays out ones dress suit. They arranged a dinner at which I met the Dundee faculty. At 9 A.M., the family assembled for prayers. The experience is one I shall not soon forget.

On my way down from St. Andrews I spent the day in Edinburgh, lunched with the Librarian of the Advocates Library, and saw the charming library of the Signet. What a wealth of associations that place has—Boswell, Scott and Carlyle.

London can only be reported by episodes. During May I hardly stirred beyond the British Museum and Public Record Office. That exhibition of the history of Printing in the Museum begins with the Diamond Sutra of 868 A.D. and ends with the Private Papers of James Boswell, printed by Bruce Rogers in 1928. The Gutenberg Bible is merely one halting place in the story. In off hours Helen and I went together to the usual sights, the National Gallery, National Portrait Gallery, Tait, Wallace, Charterhouse, Westminster Hall, London Museum, Guildhall, Royal Exchange, Paul’s, the Abbey, the South Kensington, and the churches. In the last named we probably missed the best—for to me St. Giles Cripplegate is not so much the place where Milton is buried as it is the place where John Speed is buried; St. Sepulchre’s interested me not so much for the Newgate associations as for the fact that it contains the body of Captain John Smith; St. Stephen’s Walbrook for the Benjamin West association as much as for that of Christopher Wren or Grinling Gibbons; St. Helens Bishopsgate for its extraordinary architecture; and St. Bartholomew the Great for the fact that Franklin printed in the Lady Chapel as much as for its superb specimens of the Norman Arch. I like St. Dunstan’s in the East best of all the Wren steeples—in which I am probably all wrong—it is the one with the lantern tower, like St. Giles in Edinburgh.

I met, talked and dined with Hugh Tregaskis. Henry Stevens (son of he of Vermont) took Helen and the boys and me for a days punting on the Thames near Henley. Sir William Beveridge entertained me at the “high table” at the London School of Economics, where I met the professor of international law, who took me to the Inns of Court, got me permission to work in the Inner Temple Library, and enabled me to see in session the Kings Bench Division (Lord Chief Justice in the chair), the Court of Appeal, Master of the Rolls in the chair, and the High Court of Admiralty. In the first court, a lady was being sued by her brokers for failing to cover her margins. In the Court of Appeal, the place of Justice Sankey was vacant—at the very moment he was
with Ramsay Macdonald getting himself made Lord Chancellor. In the Admiralty Court a case of collision was being heard with an old North Sea captain in the stand.

Through the kindness of Sir James Irvine, Helen and I were invited by Sir William Bragg to two receptions at the Royal Institution, the home of Davy, Faraday, Tyndall and Dewar. There we saw the actual apparatus of these men whose experiments have changed the whole course of human civilization. The founder of the Royal Institution was an American, Benjamin Thompson, afterward Count Rumford.

In my pursuit of the Strachey Papers I was invited to lunch at Brooks Club by the present Baron Strachie (his father changed the spelling when he got the title.) His Lordship would not let me discuss my problem until he had first asked me every conceivable question about America and ended by saying confidentially that what was really on his mind was his heir, who had dismayed the family by marrying a Murphy of New York and getting himself elected to Parliament on the Labour ticket. Did I know the Murphys of New York?

In my quest of the Richard Oswald Papers, I was asked to lunch by Earl Crawford and Balcarres, at his home in Audley Square. He is the premier peer of Scotland and the chairman of the Trustees of the British Museum. I was introduced to three huge strapping Lady Lindseys, and taken to a simple home luncheon of two soups, six meats, eight vegetables, five wines and three butlers. The Earl interested himself in my quest of the Oswald papers in the manner of a 17th century clansman who is about to raid a neighbor's cattle. "Oh yes, the Oswald, the Oswald of Auchincruive—well I will raise the Oswald for you."

Sir Robert Robertson, of the Government Laboratory in Clements Inn Passage had Helen and me to dinner with Lady Robertson, and took us to a reception of the Royal Society in Burlington House. Did you ever go to one of those functions where the invitation reads "Orders and Decorations," and where two by two, you ascend a staircase flanked by Reynolds, Lelys, Hogarths, Lawrences, reach the head of the stairs to have a major general in a red coat roar "Doctor and Mrs. Adams" while you march across the room in the midst of an august assembly to shake hands with Sir and Lady somebody-or-other? These English make a stunning social function out of a lot of exhibits in science. Next to a case wherein lay the original manuscript of Sir Isaac Newton's *Principia* was a gentleman explaining how to graft tomato vines with what looked like Jimpson weed; next to the huge gold mace presented by the founder, Charles II, another gentleman was explaining by experiments the speed of light.

Before this, Sir Robert had taken me to lunch at the Athenaeum Club. After luncheon he took me all over the place and paused before a portrait of which he said reverently, "That is the founder, John Wilson Croker." "And where," said I in a small voice "are the Croker papers?" He shook his head. When I told him they were in the possession of Mr. William L. Clements of Michigan, he said "My God, and where did he get them?" I explained that Mr. Clements had
become interested in Croker through his purchase of the John G. Lockhart Papers—which Sir Robert (a pious Scot and admirer of Sir Walter) sat down and put his head in his hands. Any time Mr. Clements wants to come to London he can be made a member of the Athenaeum. I wrote this to W.L.C. [He] replied “Tell Sir Robert I also have the papers of Incorporation of the Athenæum Club.”

In my period of history I must perforce be interested in one George the Third. His Papers, lately discovered in the basement of Apsley house, have been published in part within the last year by His Majesty’s Librarian, at Windsor Castle, Sir John Fortescue. Since the Macmillan Company lost money on the first six volumes (who would buy the correspondence of George III?) they refused to take the last six, 1783 to 1810. I therefore put my Jeffersonianism in my pocket, and journeyed to Sir John’s country place. He is a most notoriously incurable 18th century Tory squire. American historians, have warned me to steer clear of him. Our brilliant Commander at the Military Academy, West Point, once withdrew an invitation which had been given to Sir John to speak at West Point, because some Congressman found Sir John had something uncomplimentary (and truthful) about our army.

I found Sir John one of the most delightful old gentlemen I ever met. I spent the day with him, listened to his tory philosophy and bought ten thousand pages of his typescript of the unpublished George III papers. They are now being bound at Sangorski’s and will soon be en route to Ann Arbor. Since the originals belong to His Majesty, this is the best we can do.

Sir John reasons thus: “In the 18th century the governing classes expected to live at public expense, and they did. In the twentieth century we have been fools enough to raise everyone, including flappers into the governing classes, and now they all want to live at public expense—and the damned system won’t work, neither will they.”

Our weekend with Sir Leicester Harmsworth was a dream.9 We stayed from Friday till Monday. You have been there, so I need not tell you what a charming host and hostess he and his Lady are. There were many people there over the week end, with dinner in the big banqueting room, and Helen as the guest of honor.

I was caught for one speech on “the Treaty making power of the United States” against a delightful old barrister, who gave Helen and me a dinner first. The presiding officer was Sir Frederick Pollock who promptly asked Helen and me to tea with his Lady.10

My most thoroughly amusing experience has been Oxford. I have often heard it is a hard nut to crack and so decided to sneak in and sneak out. I did—particularly the sneaking out. My friend Samuel Eliot (with one T) Morison (with one R), the first Harmsworth Professor of American History is now there writing the early history of Harvard. Morison is one of the best, most cultivated, most learned and most charming of our American historians and now holds a chair at Harvard. I went to his room at Corpus Christi, thence to lunch at Oriel College. En route we picked up Bob Spiller who had been in Oxford
three days having a miserable time. The real purpose of my visit was to act as a scout for Nicholas Murray Butler, who has hundreds of thousands of Carnegie's money to spend on education and who sent me to St. Andrews to feel out whether or not anyone in Britain was interested in America or American history. For St. Andrews I have turned in an enthusiastic report—and I learn from other sources that Mr. Andrews did the same for me. That is that—but this is Oxford:

Morison, I said, is ex-Harmsworth Professor. The present incumbent of that lone chair of American history in England is Prof. Robert McElroy of Princeton. At high table sat H.A.L. Fisher, in the chair, and at his right, Prof. McElroy. The luncheon was given to the delegates of the English Speaking Union, dear old ladies and gentlemen from all the provinces beyond the seas, such as the United States. McElroy was the speaker, and his speech can be described in two words, "Blah" and "Drivel." As Morison and I walked away from the hall, where the sun shone through the stained glass arms of Edward the Black Prince and Sir Walter Raleigh, I said, "Tell me, Morison, when you were Harmsworth Professor did you have to make many speeches like that?" Morison looked at me and said fervently "God deliver me from ever making a speech like that!" We went back to Morison's rooms and I explained the purpose of my visit. Was Oxford really interested in American history or in America? Would a visiting professor of the same be welcomed at Oxford as he was at St. Andrews?

As nearly as I can reproduce what Morison replied, it is this: "You tell Nicholas Murray Butler not to waste one ounce of energy or one damned cent on Oxford for any purpose. Oxford does not want help (though the Lord knows she needs it) and is not worth any effort on her behalf. Oxford is sick of America and Americans. Oxford bitterly resents the fine new Rhodes House. I came here in 1921 as a serious scholar trying to do a serious piece of work, which Lord Rothermere and the American Ambassador said Oxford wanted done. Nothing could be further from the truth. All Oxford will tolerate is a fine, splendid and ignorant old gentleman like Prof. McElroy who can make sweet speeches to American visitors." (I do not entirely agree about McElroy—I could tell by the twinkle in his eye that he knew his speech was rot, but that was what Oxford wanted and so Oxford was getting it.)

The truth seems to be that Oxford is fast becoming a cheap side show for American visitors, overrun with giggly girls from all over America who come for a "term at Oxford" (we sent two from Ann Arbor alone last year—neither of whom would have been admitted to the University of Michigan.) Oxford is becoming a place of Cook tours. Outside the town is a huge sign "THIS IS OXFORD—THE HOME OF MORRIS MOTORS." Oxonians are so mad, in the American sense, that they are becoming mad, in the English sense.

Witness my one and only experience at the great Bodleian Library. This is the one library on my whole tour where I did not first send my card to the Librarian. I thought that as I was being accompanied by Morison, an Oxford M.A., and an ex-professor, I would not bother Mr. Cowley, with whom I have
had cordial correspondence. We went in and I was introduced to an ancient gentleman, who bawled at me "What another American? And pray where do you come from? From Miami University, Mi-a-mi like a cat, at a place they have the audacity to call Oxford, Ohio! How can I be expected to keep these American colleges straight? That place Haarvaard thinks it is in the only Cambridge–My God! Well what do you want?"

I wanted to laugh, tried to choke, failed and grinned in the old man's face–whereat he went into a really fine rage. Poor Morison was much flushed and as we left he said "Well, I told you they did not want us." I may say it took from 11.30 in the morning to 5.30 in the evening for them to produce the one book I wanted, the 1588 Hariot.¹³

What had really happened was this; just before Morison and I got there, a party of "Cookies" had been "put through" the Bodleian. Following them came the Sultan of Zanzibar, en suite. After bowing & scraping to a lot of ignorant Americans from Kalamazoo, Kokomo and Kankekee, the attendants had had to bow and scrape to a couple of niggers. This, Morison tells me is an almost daily experience and that what I met was a sample of Bodleian manners as he had experienced them.

On the whole, I think there is much to be said for Prof. McElroy's attitude, which seems to be "Oxford really does not want any American History; it wants me to drink tea and port and make pretty speeches." This he is doing very well. They don't want American intellectuals, because in very truth, the American intellectual shows them up in a ghastly fashion. I know enough of the Oxford men in my own fields of interest to know how weak are their men in history.

My further evidence of this has come from the history men at the University of London, where I have been cordially received. But I do not fool myself; they do not like me. They merely know that in the field of history America is showing its heels to England and so they are sincerely anxious to know us and learn from us. A.F. Pollard, who holds the chair of history at London told me the other day that the best work being done in English history today was being done by Cheyney at Pennsylvania, Conyers Read who lives at Villa Nova and Merriman at Harvard.

Now as to the book men. Stevens and Ferguson of Quaritch have been very kind to me. My real joy has been in meeting Graham Pollard, who is the Birrell and Garnett Co. Pollard is about my own age, and a son of the above mentioned A.F. Pollard. He is one of those slow moving Englishmen who looks at you over his pipe as though he were half asleep, when you suddenly wake up to find he has done you properly. One day I found him tearing apart 18th century Admiralty Appeals (lawyers briefs and paper books of the 18th century, which had been arbitrarily bound). He was culling out the James Boswell cases. I took a look at the book plate in one of the bound volumes and shrieked to him to stop. They were from the Library of Earl Shelburne. That led to a journey to Newington Butts, where I worked for a day in a warehouse filled with books. From this I rescued two sets of Shelburne's books, and eight
volumes of manuscripts. Pollard said to me afterward "I did not play this right, I should have found those things for you—one at a time." This has led to the discovery of a cache of 87 Shelburne letters, now en route to Ann Arbor. Sport?

I spent one afternoon in the famous Americana room of the pretentious Maggs. I spotted only nineteen titles in my field which I did not recognize. This seemed to nettle the black bearded Ettinghausen but Benn Maggs was very cordial and asked me down to tea. The clan assembled—Benn, Ernest Maggs, the three young Maggs and Ettinghausen. Ettinghausen has the most uncanny ability for saying the wrong thing at the wrong time. Tea was going peacefully when Ettinghausen had to bawl out "Oh Mr. Maggs, Mr. Adams is Mr. Clement's Librarian, you know Mr. Clements who took the Clinton Papers away from you." Benn shot Ettinghausen a deadly look. Ernest began to splutter, and then he started to roar, and treated me to a choice line of Billingsgate, cursing Stevens, who acted for us, and Hodgson, the auctioneer, whom he claimed played unfairly. When he started in on Mr. Clements, I got up, and then Benn Maggs reached over and grabbed his brother's arm and hissed "Shut up you fool" and turning to me made a handsome apology, ending with the statement that the one Library where those papers should be was the Clements Library. Peace was restored but I fear not permanently as I subsequently reported that of the nineteen titles I had taken, my assistant reported we had sixteen!

I have spent some time in the smaller shops, buying not what Lenox or John Carter Brown made fashionable and expensive, but what I think Michigan investigators will make fashionable in the years to come. It is a much cheaper game to play. I am particularly interested in the books which the Fathers of the Republic read and the editions in which they read them. It does not seem to have occurred to anyone to collect those things yet. My latest adventure has been one of the most overpowering. I am here, as you know, pursuing the manuscripts of the men who made the Treaty of 1782-3, our first "Peace of Paris", where due to one Benjamin Franklin, Americans completely outwitted the old world statesmen. During the first two months of those negotiations, the English prime Minister was the Marquis of Rockingham. Earl Crawford told me that Earl Fitzwilliam had the Rockingham papers. Two days later I had an invitation from Earl Fitzwilliam to go to Wentworth Woodhouse in Yorkshire and examine what I wished and take any copies I wished. I went there last week.

If you have any books of prints of English country houses—look up Wentworth Woodhouse. I was met at the station by his Lordship's car, taken through three gateways, by three porters lodges, past the stables which remind me of the Palace of Fontainbleau, and swung up in front of an 18th Century English country house, six hundred feet long on the front. Herds of deer were grazing on the lawn, while gardens extended back of the house, more pretentious than Hampton Court.

His Lordship was away, and I was the only guest, in a house where a house
party of three hundred would have been lost. The Library, Caxtons galore, Folios, and the rarest of the rare, the Library about the size of our Main Room in Ann Arbor, filled to the ceiling with books. The Fitzwilliams are descendants of Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, hence the walls are covered with Van Dycks, and everyone since. In the muniment room I examined and took copies of the Rockingham Papers I wanted, casting covetous eyes at the earlier documents which time did not permit me even to examine. A butler was told off to look after my needs, and he fairly choked me with food and drink. Think of dining alone in a room with an Adam ceiling, a Wedgwood fireplace, real Sheraton furniture, Romneys on the wall, and from a table which would have made King Arthur and his companions look like a lot of flies on a cart wheel. A butler stood behind me in solemn state and seemed hurt if I did not taste every dish he had prepared for me. At one meal after two preliminary courses, I was faced with a duck roasted for me alone, an uncut ham and an uncut joint of beef. If I had stayed there a day longer than I did I should have died. I thought that Harmsworths were lavish hosts, but this beats anything I ever experienced. There was absolutely no one in the house but thirty servants and myself.

The Earl owns most of the coal mines around Sheffield. Never did I understand the French Revolution until now. Versailles, is after all, nothing but a hollow shell of what it was in 1789. But here is a house still going, and going strong, with its lackeys, its servants, its gardeners, and horrible distress glaring from the mining villages all around. We had to drive through some of them on our way to the house.

This England is a great place. We went to St. Andrews in June, stopping off
to see Lincoln cathedral, York Minster, Durham cathedral (where the Grolier Club has restored the tomb of Richard de Bury) thence to Edinburgh for trips to the Castle, St. Giles and Holyrood. Last week we took Tom to Canterbury, and next week we are going to Salisbury, Winchester, Bath and Wells. I have yet ahead a trip to Sutton Court in Somerset, where Baron Strachie has invited me to see his papers, and another to see Lord Fitzmaurice, Shelburne’s descendant and biographer.

At Canterbury I found myself at last agreeing that Henry VIII was a very great man. There are certain aspects of English life which are priceless and precious and can never die. But there are some things about England which ought to be smashed and smashed hard. To me Henry VIII stands for the Englishman who had the nerve to smash that which ought to be smashed, and he certainly did a good and complete job of it. At Canterbury Becket stands for everything that was wrong about England, and I cannot help thinking he got what was coming to him. On the way back from Canterbury I read Dean Stanley’s two essays on Becket, and was more than ever convinced that what England needs is another Henry VIII. To me Ramsay Macdonald is not of that calibre, but somewhere in England there is a Henry, and I believe he will soon come to the front. Oh yes, he will be far more constitutional than Henry, and he will be no megalomaniac like Mussolini; England would not tolerate that. Don’t think I am confusing Henry II with Henry VIII, I mean Henry VIII.

Of course, we have been to Gough Square, where we found your tracks all over the place, and listened to a delightful lady sing your praises. Helen has made several expeditions without me, to St. Albans, to Hatfield House, to Waltham Abbey and Temple Bar.

Our friend Dr. Barrett of Ann Arbor turned up in London with his son. They had evidently been having a dreadful time trying to get acquainted with one another. The doctor was seeing the sights, in approved tourist manner, and Eddie, his son, was not having a good time at all. At dinner with them, I discovered that Eddie, only a freshman at Michigan, had read all your books twice and had just finished the Philobiblon. His father did not quite know what it was all about. I therefore spent a day dragging the boy from the book shops on Charing Cross Lane, to those on Great Russell Street and thence to those off New Bond Street. His father told me privately to encourage the boy to buy if only he would, and he (the doctor) would foot the bills. Needless to say there was no trouble about that, and one of the nicest things the boy got was a copy of Stevens’ Lenox with an inscription by the present Henry. I got the boy into all the bad habits I could in one day, and he is now on the mailing list of a dozen London dealers.

We shall be sailing home before another month is out, leaving undone a thousand things we would like to have done; but one cannot do everything.

To me England is a thousand times more interesting than France, Italy or Germany. When they can dig a Roman bath out of the Strand—well, the Appian Way is pretty dead now, but the Strand is still the Strand. Helen went out to St. Albans and followed a Roman wall, saw a green meadow which had
been a lake for the Celts and drained in Saxon times and still looks just as it did
before William ever saw Hastings. No building lots there.

In the little Church of St. Martins, Canterbury, St. Augustine preached to
Ethlebert—and on the wall is a bronze tablet to a boy killed in Flanders in
1915. You can’t beat that.

Sincerely yours,

RANDOLPH G. ADAMS.

P.S.
I Might just as well complete this Odyssey. I see it is two weeks since I
started it. After Canterbury, we were invited to Windsor Castle (by the Librar-
ian, I hasten to add) and saw the King’s collection. You should see his 1457
Mainz Psalter, on vellum—or perhaps, you have. Anyway you will agree with
me that His Majesty’s Holbeins and his bindings are choice. Rosie has offered
H.M. £30,000 for the Psalter to which George replied, “Get him up to
£50,000 so I can refuse him properly.”

On our second trip to Oxford we had an experience which did much to erase
the impression of the first trip. As we began at the Bodleian we ran into dear
old Dr. A.J. Carlyle, who has been professor there for thirty five years. I once
interrupted a Thanksgiving dinner at Ann Arbor to show him our Library. I
was never so amply repaid. From 10.30 till 5.30 he took Helen and me from
college to college with a running fire of comments on architecture, history,
tradition and the foibles of Oxford which one cannot imagine unless one has
been through it just that way. Of course, you have.

Through the kindness of Lord Strachie we had an afternoon at the House of
Lords. Two days later Lady Strachie gave us a tea for us “on the terrace.” Later
we went to the House of Commons, the day Mr. Jack Jones called Neville
Chamberlain a “grinning hyaena”, then “a scoundrel!” and polished him off by
calling him a “damned liar.” Later in the evening Lady Astor in one of her
characteristic asides remarked she thought Jones was drunk, whereupon he
called her a “dirty liar.” I got Lord Strachie to send me an unrevised copy of
the proceedings to be sure I had heard aright. The Legislature of the Sovereign
State of Arkansas could teach decency and manners to the present House of
Commons. How the mighty are fallen! I never heard such language and never
saw such disorder in a college debating society. Members tell me (somewhat
ruefully) that this is now typical. The bitterness and venom displayed strikes
me as being rather ominous. It is not only Jones, but Maxton, Kirkwood, the
Clydesiders and the Londoners. The cabinet is moderate, but the party is not.
The future is going to be worth watching.

Sir Frederick Pollock and his lady had us to luncheon at his house and the
next day Sir F. personally conducted Helen and me about Lincoln's Inn. It was
a great experience—and one which Uncle Jim would have greatly appreciated.
Not the least interesting of Sir Frederick’s comments had to do with where the
German bombs fell. Do you remember that Lincoln’s Inn is but a stone’s throw
from the Public Record Office? I am getting all the photostats I can, for next
time I come to London the originals may not be here.
I had one interesting luncheon at the Savile Club with two gentlemen, one of whom, Lord Gage, is the descendant [of] one British General in America during the Revolution, and the other, Clinton-Baddley is the descendant of another British general in the same war. In fact, Generals Gage and Clinton were both Commanders-in-Chief during that war. You can imagine we had a good time. The luncheon was engineered by Clinton-Baddley so that I could get Lord Gage's permission to see the General Gage papers. I saw the papers the next day.

Henry Hutchins is in town, and we have had various luncheons with Stanley Morison of the Cambridge Press and the First Edition Club crowd. I find myself elected by these Englishmen to re-edit Luther Livingston's book on the Passy Press. That would be a job.

This last week we went to Winchester, to see its cathedral, its college and the old Abbey of St. Cross. We walked out to the Abbey by way the Itchen, and then bought a facsimile of the first edition of Walton's Angler and read it as we went on the Salisbury. We saw that Cathedral, and Old Sarum, and, of course, Stonehenge. Thence to Bath, where we were met by Lord Strachie's motor and driven to his place, Sutton Court. The buildings were built under Edward II. We examined his pictures and the contents of his muniment room, which was one of the reasons for this trip. He spent all day with us, showing us the place and entertaining us royally. From Bath we returned to Bradford-on-Avon, where we were met by Lord Fitzmaurice's car and spent the day with him. He was Shelburne's biographer, and the brother of the late Marquis of Lansdowne. His place is quite modern, as he bought it from Swinburne's mother. You can imagine he is quite an old man—but we found him mentally very alert and full of reminiscences of the days of Gladstone, when he was in politics.

I met Arthur Swan at Kashnor's today and found him full of exaltation at what he calls the "Fall of Mitchell Kennerley." I shall want to hear the story from you, as Swan was decidedly emotional about it, and I suppose Kennerley was rather cruel to him.

Please tell Swift that I know I owe him a letter, but that I hope this document may help to excuse my apparent neglect of him. I have some nice
knockers for him and the addresses of where I can get him some more, if he wants them.

We have had a glorious trip and have found London even more hospitable than Paris. I cannot understand why everyone has been so cordial to us. I suspect about half of it is due to the fact that I have taken Helen everywhere I have gone, and their old Lordships have rather fallen for her. I think I had better get her out of the country quick, as Lord Gage is quite young. I feel quite safe with old men like Strachie, Pollock and Fitzmaurice.

Sometimes I think that the future of England is rather uncertain. But as I read the titles of 17th and 18th century pamphlets I bought from Kashnor today, I realized once again that for the last three hundred years England has been on the verge of ruin, catastrophe, annihilation, bankruptcy, and in general going to the bow-wows. In fact no letter I read in the Times today is half so bad as what appeared on the same day one hundred, two hundred and three hundred years ago. The Morning Post is printing extracts daily to prove this.

It will take us the rest of our lives to sort, classify and digest the experiences, books, and manuscripts we have gathered on this trip.

R.G.A.

August 2nd, 1929.

NOTES
1. James Irvine (b. 1877), chemist, was principal and vice chairman of the University of St. Andrews; Edward Harkness (b. 1878), American financier and philanthropist, had received an honorary degree from St. Andrews in 1926.
2. Dr. Robert Buist (b. 1860), obstetrician.
3. Of the Wren churches mentioned, St. Giles Cripplegate and St. Dunstan's were gutted in W.W. II, the former restored, but the latter left as a shell and a delightful garden planted within the walls.
4. Hugh Tregaskis was proprietor of James Tregaskis & Son at 66 Great Russell Street.
5. Sir William Beveridge was director of the London School of Economics and Political Science.
6. Sir William Bragg (b. 1862), Nobel prize winner for work on x-rays and crystals, was director of the Royal Institution.
7. Sir Robert Robertson (b. 1864) was a chemist and explosives expert.
8. The John G. Lockhart Papers, owned by William Clements, were sold by the estate at his death and did not come to the library. The Croker Papers were transferred to Ann Arbor in 1937, although they do not appear to now contain the act incorporating the Athenaeum.
9. Sir Leicester Harmsworth (b. 1870), a book collector, was the fourth of the five sons of Alfred Harmsworth. Lord Northcliffe and Lord Rothermere of The Daily Mail and the large newspaper empire were older brothers.
10. Sir Frederick Pollock (b. 1845) was an eminent, widely published legal scholar.
12. Robert McElroy (1872-1959), formerly head of the Department of History and Political Science at Princeton, was Harmsworth Professor at Oxford from 1925-1939.
13. The 1588 "Quarto" edition of Thomas Harriot's A Brief and True Report of the New Found Land of Virginia, the first primary account of English settlement at Roanoke, exists in but six copies, one at the Bodleian and one at the Clements Library. Adams edited a facsimile in 1931.
14. M. L. Ettinghausen ran a branch office of Maggs in Paris. The parent firm moved from
Conduit Street to their present location at Berkeley Square in 1939, just in time to escape a devastating bomb "hit" at their old premises. Maggs had represented Henry E. Huntington, Henry Stevens represented Clements, when vying to secure the Clinton Papers in 1925. Clements had been the successful purchaser, creating some ill will between Stevens and Maggs.

15. Since Adams' comments were made, increasing interest has been taken in the reading habits of the Founding Fathers. The most notable books on the subject are: H. Trevor Colbourn, *The Lamp of Experience* (Chapel Hill, 1965); Caroline Robbins, *The Eighteenth-Century Commonwealth* (Cambridge, Mass., 1959).

16. The Rockingham Papers were deposited at the Sheffield Record Office in 1950.

17. Tom, referred to here, is Thomas R. Adams (b. 1921), the Adams' eldest son, director of the John Carter Brown Library, who graciously consented to publication of this letter.

18. "Rosie" is A.S.W. Rosenbach (1876–1952), Philadelphia book dealer, who had the nerve, the charm, and the cash necessary to pry many "not for sale" books and manuscripts out of private and even institutional hands.

19. Alexander J. Carlyle (b. 1861) was Lecturer in Politics at University College and in English Literature at Lincoln College, Oxford.

20. V.C. Clinton-Baddley, a descendant of Gen. Henry Clinton, happened by chance to visit the Clements Library in 1929, and was invited to spend an evening at Mr. Clements' Bay City home where his ancestor's papers were being sorted. He was personally acquainted with Lord Gage, and on his return to England, arranged this first meeting with Adams, which a year later resulted in the Gage Papers purchase.

21. Henry Hutchins (1847–1930), retired president of Cornell University, was an emeritus professor at the University of Michigan Law School. Stanley Morison (b. 1889) was a noted authority on printing history and typographical advisor to Cambridge University Press and *The Times*.

22. Mitchell Kennerley (b. 1877) was a literary publisher and president of Anderson Galleries, N. Y., 1916–29. Beset by a romantic infatuation, wishing to make the object of his affections a millionaire, he sold the gallery in 1929, and it was combined with the other major New York gallery, The American Art Association. Arthur Swann had run the Book Department of American Art, but because of personal animosity with the new owners of the combined gallery, lost his job in the merger. Leon Kashnor was proprietor of the Museum Book Store, 45 Museum Street.

By the time of the American Revolution, the Boston town bull as an institution was more than a century old.

Anyone who reads the town records of Boston in the seventeenth century is surprised—or appalled—by how closely regulated every inhabitant was in almost every activity. One of the recurring problems in village development was the care of domestic animals. Many households owned cows, horses, hogs, sheep, goats, as well as dogs and cats and presumably chickens. The latter were no trouble to feed and of no danger to run loose. But hogs and goats got into gardens, and cattle and sheep required considerable pasture land. The small settlement on the peninsula was bordered by open fields on the south side and across the river on the north side. As the population increased, grazing land grew more distant, and some sort of watchman was needed.

The Puritans were not averse to taxing themselves for community needs, and as early as 1634 the appointed assessors were empowered to set “a rate for the cowes keeping, and a rate for the goates keeping,” and the “cowkeeper at Muddy River,”¹ which lay to the southwest and became the boundary of Brookline. Pullen Point Neck, a narrow peninsula north of Deer Island, was another pasture.² At this latter remote spot, the cow keeper was paid five shillings a head for a seven months’ period in 1635³. But in 1640 cows were ordered removed from the neck. Apparently the Common, or Commonage, was used as pasture then, although specific designation of it does not appear in the town records until 1646, when the town meeting limited its use to “70 milch kine.”⁴ Use of the Common for grazing continued until 1828.

The wage of the cow keeper was raised to two and a half shillings per head in 1652, and the curious provision was added that “he [is] to pay for the wintering of the Town Bull.”⁵ Here is the first mention of this noble animal. Obviously, a bull had been purchased by the town to do whatever bulls are good at, and the cow keeper had to maintain him after the cows had been taken into sheds or barns. In 1654 there is mention of two bulls, and the financial arrangement was altered: the cowkeeper collected an additional six pence per head “for the hire of two bulls.”⁶ The next year the bull is referred to in the singular; perhaps one was enough to keep the cows contented. Sheep were allowed on the Common also, under a shepherd provided by the owners, but not swine or horses.

By 1691 a ticket system for grazing cows on the Common was in force, and the owners continued to be assessed six pence per cow for “ye bull.”⁷ In 1722 the town meeting voted that the town no longer be charged for keeping bulls, but the expense be borne entirely by the owners of cows. This declaration of independence did not last, even though cow owners were now paying five and a half shillings per head to compensate the keeper and to provide bulls.⁸ One of
the Selectmen was made responsible in 1735 for providing bulls, but the next year this duty was transferred to the Master of the Almshouse, who was directed to provide four bulls for the summer and two for the winter and to collect from the cow owners.  

From time to time the bulls were sold and purchased. When an unruly one was killed, the meat was given to the Almshouse. In 1768 the cow keeper became known as the hayward, appointed annually by the Selectmen.

Whether the town had any bulls early in 1774 is not clear, as a Mr. Wendell, one of the Selectmen, was in March “desired to procure a Bull for the Common.”  

The one purchased did not perform well, and in July the hayward was advised to fatten him up for slaughter for the benefit of the Almshouse.  

No further mention of bulls occurs in the minutes of the Selectmen before they ceased with April 12, 1775, for obvious reasons. In another week the town was under siege and many residents were getting out. Yet the bull destined for the table at the Almshouse either did not meet that fate, or there was another one stomping around in the summer of 1775, because his demise created a minor scandal.

Governor Thomas Gage, who also commanded the 7,000 British troops shut up in Boston, had declared martial law in the colony on June 12.  

The town bull hardly touched his mind, but its death was forced on his attention in the form of a court-martial, since no civil courts were open.

Evidence in the case was conflicting. The only indisputable fact was that the Boston town bull had been slaughtered on September 8 in the barn of Mrs. Avis Binney, a widow, and the meat offered for sale. Mrs. Binney was not on trial; she had assumed that the slaughter was legitimate and had bought a quarter of beef for four dollars. She had been approached for use of her barn by Mrs. Winifred McCowan, identified as “a retainer to the camp” whose husband was a soldier.  

Both of them had come from Ireland with troop reinforce-
ments not long since. The charge was that Mrs. McCowan had stolen the bull and had it killed and cut up for sale. In a besieged city hungry for fresh meat—it was selling at a shilling a pound—she offered her meat at cut prices.

The sequence of events is fairly clear if the details are not. Apparently action was initiated by Abijah Willard, who had recently brought the bull into town from Fisher’s Island. He did not say when he brought it in, or why, or what he did with it. Probably it was put out to pasture on the Common. When he found the bull missing, he must have made some inquiries among the British soldiers which led him to the sudden retail butcher, Winifred McCowan. He voiced his suspicions to the provost, and together they called at Mrs. Binney’s barn, where Mr. Willard found the hide of the beast and declared it was indeed the late Boston town bull.

Winnie was arrested and brought before the military court on September 14. Testifying in her own defense, she declared that she bought the bull from a gray-haired stranger in the street who was leading it along. She paid two guineas for it. A soldier corroborated her story, even having seen the passing of money and Mrs. McCowan temporarily handing the halter to a small boy.

However, Winnie’s innocence and veracity came into question. To Mrs. Binney and later to an artillery sergeant she had not revealed her purchase but said that she had brought the bull from Ireland. Mrs. Binney believed her, but the sergeant laughed at her story, because he knew that no soldier was allowed to bring such an animal on a transport. He testified that Winnie retorted it was none of his business how she acquired it; did he or did he not want to buy some beef? No effort was made to find the man, if he existed, who sold the bull to Winnie after he perhaps stole it; nor did the soldiers she employed to butcher the animal testify. The implication was left that even if Winnie did buy the bull, she should have known that one priced at only two guineas must be of dubious origin, and suspicion of her was increased by her prompt and surreptitious slaughtering and marketing of it.

The court, headed by Major Thomas Smelt of the 47th Regiment, found her guilty on September 19, as charged, of stealing the bull and having it killed. The sentence may strike us as cruel, but it was quite usual for its day. Poor Winnie was to be tied “to a cart’s tail, and there receive one hundred lashes on her bare back in different portions in the most public part of the town and Camp, and afterwards be imprisoned for three months.” The proceedings of the court were duly forwarded to Governor Gage as commander-in-chief, and a week later he signed his approval of the sentence.

Was it carried out? Next day Gage received orders relieving him of command and calling him home. Major General William Howe succeeded him. It is unlikely that either man remitted the sentence. Surviving Boston newspapers in September-October 1775 were loyalist in sympathy and would hardly criticize the sentence; indeed, they fail to mention Winnie at all. Flogging was part of army discipline, and even applied to a woman was not newsworthy. Only if an attending surgeon considered her life in danger would less than a hundred lashes be given. In all probability, then, the sentence was inflicted as pre-
scribed, and Winnie survived, her immortality assured by the manuscript copy of her court-martial resting in the Public Record Office, London.

At the first town meeting, March 13, 1776, after the British evacuation of Boston, a hayward was chosen, so cows grazing on the Common must have been resumed—and for them another bull presumably was found.14

NOTES
2. Ibid., p. 3.
3. Ibid., p. 5.
4. Ibid., p. 88.
5. Ibid., p. 109.
6. Ibid., p. 119.
11. Ibid., p. 222.
13. The manuscript proceedings of the court-martial are found in WO 71/81/393-400, Public Record Office, London.
HENRY D. GILPIN (1801-1860), one of Philadelphia’s leading lawyers, and U.S. Attorney General in Van Buren’s Cabinet, was a lifelong traveler. The trait seems to have run in the family. His grandfather Thomas had toured England extensively in the 1750s. His father Joshua traveled widely in Britain and the Continent during almost fifteen years residence there, keeping diaries, closely observing manufacturing processes and internal improvements, studying natural history, and forming close friendships with leading men of science and business in Europe. Henry D. Gilpin was born in England and had spent half his life there at the time these letters were written.

By the late 1820s, Joshua Gilpin had largely retired from public life to his charming home, Kentmere, on the Brandywine, near Wilmington, but he had earlier conducted the most important and innovative paper manufactory in the United States. The paper was marketed on a national scale from the late 1780s through the 1820s and carries the distinctive J. GILPIN & CO or BRANDYWINE watermarks. Joshua Gilpin followed in his father’s footsteps in advocating a canal connecting the Delaware and Chesapeake Bay, and Henry D. would devote much of his career to furthering the interests of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, which remains a heavily used link between Baltimore and Philadelphia. The family owned land in Maryland, and they had received land grants before the Revolution in western Pennsylvania. In 1809, the Gilpin family, father, mother, and eight-year old Henry, accompanied by a servant and a driver, had accomplished the supposedly impossible feat of taking a carriage to Pittsburgh and back to get a first-hand look at their Redstone and Indiana County land holdings.

Joshua Gilpin was something of an author and poet, and his son gained a reputation as a man of letters. In 1825 he published a travel guide to New England and the Middle States, A Northern Tour, which was combined with a similar work by Timothy Dwight and became the standard in the field for several decades. He wrote for and edited a revised edition of Sanderson’s Biographies of the Signers to the Declaration of Independence (Philadelphia, 1825-28) which also assumed the position of a classic until replaced by newer works in the 1860s and ’70s. He was a frequent contributor to newspapers and periodicals in an age when Philadelphia was the undisputed publishing center of the nation, and he edited The Atlantic Souvenir (1826-32), America’s first natively produced gift book. His later literary productions tended to be histori-
The apparent motivation of the trip here described was to secure geographical information on Maryland for his father, to revisit the lands near Brownstown which the family had seen nineteen years earlier, and in part, simply to get away from business. Gilpin confides in the letters that he had an aversion to keeping diaries, but in reality he seems to have had a habit of doing so in all but name, since there exist several such sets of diary-like letters addressed to his father. He so recorded a trip to Washington in 1825 to observe the inauguration of John Quincy Adams, published in Delaware History in 1965. Comments in these 1828 letters indicate that he traveled along the Blue Ridge in 1827 and recorded the trip in like fashion.

The Clements Library possesses a 15 pp. letter of 1838 describing an excursion with President Van Buren to Fortress Monroe and the James River. Because he was unusually cosmopolitan and well-read for an American of his era, at ease in any situation or company, he is a perceptive and entertaining observer of the American scene of his times.

The Carroll family, with whom he spent most of his time in Baltimore, deserves particular mention. Charles Carroll of Carrollton, 91 and the patriarch of the family, was now the sole surviving Signer of the Declaration of Independence. At this stage of his life, he spent most of his time at Doughoregan Manor, in present-day Howard County, in company with his attentive granddaughter Emily, her Scottish-born husband John Mactavish, and his recently widowed daughter Catherine (Mrs. Robert Goodloe Harper). His other surviving daughter Mary, married to Richard Caton, lived at Brookland Wood and in the city, but she visited frequently.

Almost a century before it became epidemic for American millionaires to marry daughters into the British aristocracy, the Caton’s, and to some extent the Carroll fortune behind them, attracted titled sons-in-law for three of their four daughters: Mary Ann, marrying the Marquis of Wellesley, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and formerly Governor General of India, in 1825; Louisa, the Earl of Carmarthen, later Duke of Leeds, in 1828 after her earlier marriage to Sir Felton Bathurst Hervey; Elizabeth, Baron Stafford, in 1834.

These letters are part of the Duane Norman Diedrich Collection, a notable collection of manuscripts at the William L. Clements Library in Ann Arbor.

to Josa. Gilpin Esq.

Kentmere

Oaklands 4 September, 1828.

My dear Father

I have delayed writing to you for some days, because I had nothing very particular to mention and because I have every day been in hopes that I might
have heard from some of you, which I have not yet done. I do not know what I can do better than give you a journal from day to day of all that has occurred, although it will not be attended with any very wonderful events.

About half an hour after you left me at New Castle on Thursday, the steam boat arrived from Philadelphia, but as the passengers had been allotted to the different stages before they left the boat, I was placed in the last, and not with the most distinguished companions—they were four in number two on the front seat and two on the back, while I had the middle to myself. Those in front on whom I had the felicity of gazing were gentlemen who had evidently no conscientious scruples against occasionally paying due homage to the rosy god, nor had neglected occasional offerings at his shrine during the morning. When we arrived at Hare’s corner they called for water, which they pronounced “fane, very fane!” but they concluded after a glass of the pure beverage to take something a little stronger; the coachman suggested their getting out & going to the bar, but they wisely declined all unnecessary moving, and had it brought to them. Its effect fortunately was like the storm’s on the poor sea boy—to lull their senses in forgetfulness.

My other companions were infinitely more refined, and seemed to look on their “vis-a-vis neighbors” with the most noble & sovereign contempt. They were votaries however no less ardent, though of a different god—they were a fair couple against whom the wicked little cupid had evidently aimed his sharpest dart. Whether Hymen had just bound them in his flowery chains, or whether he was about to do so shortly, it puzzled me to divine, but such smiles of ecstatic bliss, such whispers of confiding love, such ardent gazes, I have not beheld this many a day. Late did they walk the deck of the steam boat that night, as she floated over the waves of the Chesapeake, which lay like a bright mirror beneath the approving moon; and when at morning’s earliest dawn I left the Cabin, I found them seated together on a bench. Ah! Why was it not a bower of elegantine & roses. Having eyed them for a moment with delight, I had my trunks put into a coach, and while Diana yet contended with her far-darting brother for the empire of the skies, left them to their murmurs of affection while I wended my way through the yet silent streets of Baltimore, and along the Falls turnpike to the groves of Oaklands.

On arriving here I found my worthy hosts still enjoying the soft dreams which flit around the morning couch, but I soon summoned them to receive me. I found I was not the only visitor. We found quite a respectable party in size, and a gay one in character. In addition to my lord and lady, we have, Miss Ladsdon, of Charleston, an aunt of Mrs. Harper—Miss Emily Harper, a gay, wild & pretty young lady of sixteen, much improved I think since last year, and who does not much look as if she had been brought up in a nunnery—Robert Harper, a fine little boy of fourteen—and Carroll McTavish a cousin of Harper’s, a manly little fellow, who does not care about much except horses,
though he has made some pretty shrewd observations on people and things whom he has seen at the Manor and occasionally favours us with them.

On Friday & Saturday, we remained quietly here, reading, writing, walking & talking. On Sunday the ladies went in to church, and during the evening we had a visit from Mr. Caton, who invited me to pass a day at Brookland-Wood, a very pretty country seat which he has about twelve miles from Baltimore, though he does not spend much time there, for Mrs. Caton & Mrs. McTavish pass all the summer at the Manor.

On Monday we went into Baltimore, that is to say Mr. & Mrs. Harper, the two boys & myself, and Miss Polly whom I have mentioned to you, welcomed me with great condescension and gave us a good dinner. The day, as the two previous ones had been, was intensely hot, and I was excessively fatigued in walking about the streets. I called on Mr. Meteer, but found he had been out of town for several days with his brother, who is very ill at Newark. I left your letter & said I would call again in a few days. Latrobe who dined with us, promised to get, if it could be procured, Haudencour's map of the Susquehanna; and Harper obtained for me a draught of Baltimore, from which I took the courses & distances I now send you. Mr. Sterrett was as polite & kind as before, but whether I shall ever get the survey or not is quite doubtful—he says there is no correct map of the Canal, but that he got a young Engineer of his acquaintance, to make one from the documents he obtained, who had been obliged to leave it before it was done. He promised however to have it completed, and send it to me, at the Canal office, before long. I paid a few visits to some of my acquaintances and went to see some of the public sights, but the excessive heat soon drove me to the house, and we had luckily a fine shower which laid the dust, and in some degree cooled the air, before we drove home. Tuesday and yesterday it rained all day; so that we had nothing to do, but to remain quietly within doors, amusing ourselves as well as we could. This morning it still continues to rain, and has become quite cold, which you may be sure I am not sorry for, considering the long journey I have before me.

Mr. Carroll has written to beg me to stop at the Manor, and to be there on his birth-day, which you know is a great gala, but as it is not until the 20th, that is of course impossible. My plan at present is to leave here early on Monday morning, get there to breakfast, spend the day there, and get into the Western mail, which passes within a mile of the House on Tuesday morning. I shall however write to you again before I leave here, and inform you further of my plans, as well, I hope, as answer some letters from you. Love to you all.

Your ever affect. son

Baltimore 7 September, 1828.

My dear Father

After I wrote you on Thursday, I received your letter, with that from John Willis—since then I have had none, and have nothing therefore particularly to reply to.
On Friday morning, I rode in with Harper to breakfast, and the ladies came
to town during the morning. I went to see Mr. Meteer, who had returned from
Newark, and had got your letter which I left for him. He had procured the
large map of Baltimore, that you mentioned, and as he is going to Philadel­
phia in about two weeks, has promised to take it and leave it at my office. He
says that the road of which I sent you the course from the map, as the “Bellair”
road, is Gough’s or the old road, and that which I mentioned as the “Harford”
road is the one you mean by the Bell air road. This you probably knew, but I
mention it, in case you should not. He says too that the beginning of Gough’s
road is at the Gay Street bridge over Jone’s Falls. He knows nothing of
Haudoncour’s map, nor has John Latrobe been able to discover it, but if they
can get it, they will send it to me. Mr. Meteer will get from the records the
courses and distances of the two roads from the Court House to Bellair—I
wished him to do so while I was there, but he rather put it off, and I did not
like to urge him, as he expressed a wish to do it himself, and said he would
procure them at once.

The day was remarkably fine, and I went about with the ladies of our party
to several shops, paid some visits, and did all we could to see the town to
advantage. We rode out again in the evening.

On Saturday morning Miss Emily Harper and Carroll Mactavish left us for
the Manor, and soon after breakfast, Harper, his brother Robert and I set off to
pay our visit to Mr. Caton at Brookland Wood, which we had been prevented
from doing before, by the rain until Friday, and then by our ride to Baltimore.
We had scarcely left our own gate however, before we met him driving in to
Baltimore, Saturday being the day he always fixes to be there, to see any
person who wishes to meet him on business; and as he is a very zealous
Catholic, more so I think than some of the family who were not converted as he
was, he has the opportunity of remaining and going to church on Sunday. We
determined however to ride on as the day was very pleasant. The distance is
about six miles. The road is over a succession of hills and dales, affording
beautiful views, except for half a mile where it passes a barren ridge called the
Bare Hills, in which are numerous holes, from which are dug large quantities
of Chromate of iron.

About the 8 mile stone we get into the limestone country, and overlook from
the hills some beautiful & richly cultivated valleys, like those of Chester
county. On the brow of a hill beyond one of these you see from a considerable
distance, Mr. Caton’s house just peeping out among the trees. The plantation
is very large, not less than eighteen hundred acres—and much of it, consists of
very good land. Mr. Caton thinks he makes money out of it, but he is no very
accurate person in the calculation of the profit & loss of his own schemes
which are innumerable, and out of which all who have any thing to do with
them, contrive to cheat him. I past a grand range of pig sties he has just built,
from which he expects to make a fortune by raising hogs, on the swill of a
brewery, which he has also built for the purpose. I also saw some of his mines,
or holes, from which he expects to get, coal, silver, lead and all the pre-
cious metals—but which I think are like the celebrated mines at Glen Withershins—where every successive Dousterswibel, contrives to get a specimen large enough to ornament the mantle and authorize an advance of capital, and then decamps. He is to have a grand meeting of the Maryland Agricultural Society at his house on Thursday, to which he solicited us to be present. Farmer Harper consented, but I had not studied a sufficient number of learned terms for the occasion, and declined the honour.

The house is quite a fine one, and the view from it exceedingly beautiful, extending for several miles over a rich and fertile valley. The establishment is very English—the number of rooms great, though they are not large—the garden looks like the old fashioned English ones, and is cut in terraces on the side of a hill. Being good Catholics, one wing contains a chapel, but it appeared rather desolate when we visited it. In the rooms are many pictures. There is a fine engraving of the Duke of Wellington after a picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, another of Mr. Coke, and another of Mr. Caton's great son in law, the Marquess Wellesley—sent over to him by the different gentlemen. He has a fine original painting of the Duke at his house in Baltimore, which his grace sent to Mrs. Caton. She thinks a great deal of her illustrious connections, but I think Mr. Caton cares a great deal more about iron ore, lime kilns etc. We saw, over the farms, various experiments in the English way of farming, but I think he is not much more lucky than Triptolemeus Yellowley.

The house is hardly inhabited except by the servants, for they live in Baltimore all the winter, and Mrs. Caton passes the whole summer at the Manor, except perhaps a week or two in the Spring and Autumn—indeed this must be a dreary scene to her, not only from its actual solitude, but from remembering the times when it must have been so gay, from the host of lovers & belles her daughters collected. I saw many marks of them—such as paintings, books, music etc. Among others, were some verses written by poor Major Somerville, (the lover of Cora Livingston) describing the belles of Philadelphia at the Peace ball in 1815. It appeared very odd to see those whom we now look on as such venerable matrons, addressed in the terms we should now speak to those who must then have been infants.

We had intended to return to Oaklands to dinner, but at the gate of Brookland Wood, we met some gentlemen, who were going to a large county meeting, at Kelly's Old Field, about three miles farther; we determined to go and hear what the politicians had to say; and therefore got something to eat at Mr. Caton's, sent Robert Harper home to announce our movements to my lady, and then rode onward to the scene of conflict.

In a large field, we found four or five hundred persons assembled, being the farmers of the neighborhood; a troop of horse, and a company of riflemen, paraded for the purpose of displaying their splendid uniforms & magnificent evolutions; on a high part of the ground was a rough stand elevated four or five feet, called the stump; and near it was a long booth or shed, where the worthy freemen, got a cold cut, to refresh them. No less than twelve gentlemen
proposed to present themselves to their worthy fellow citizens, as they declared, for the purpose of making their acquaintance, and stating the grounds on which they hoped to receive their votes—these were the two presidential electors, one for Jackson & one for Adams, the eight delegates to the legislature, four for each candidate—and a county commissioner of each party. I heard the two first speak, and should have liked to hear them all but as we had eight miles to ride we were obliged to leave the ground at five o'clock. It was I assure you quite an interesting scene, and I think it much better, than our plan of settling every thing by a few demagogues in a tavern.

I was introduced to a number of the politicians of both parties, and found some very shrewd men among those whose appearance was rather uncouth. It must however be a most severe and laborious duty for a political candidate—these meetings are held in all parts of the county, and they are expected to speak at all of them, and as they are constantly brought into collision with clever men, it requires no little smartness to get along well. I should have very much liked to hear a young man of the name of McMahon speak—he has the highest reputation imaginable as a stump orator, and is remarkable for his quickness, anecdote & wit, as well as his eloquence. I was introduced to him, but he told me, that living & being a candidate in the city of Baltimore, he did not think it fair to intrude among the county candidates. The people were so much pleased with one of his speeches a few weeks since that when he had done, they took him from the stump on their shoulders, and carried him over the field.

I saw the two present members of Congress, who are both poor creatures—one of them Little, was elected through the influence of the mechanics, as he
was originally a watch maker—he made a speech on some military question, and John Randolph told him in his reply that he hoped he knew more of tactics than tactics.\textsuperscript{19} We were quite tired when we got home, as you may suppose, for we had been five or six hours on horseback, in a warm sun.

Today (Sunday) I passed quietly at Oaklands until five o’clock, when I took leave of my lord & lady, and am now sitting writing at Barnum’s.\textsuperscript{20} I set off very early in the morning for the Manor, which I shall reach to breakfast, and on Tuesday leave there for Union Town, which I shall reach on Thursday, and from where I will write to you. If you have written to me, I shall miss your letters, as the post office is closed today, and there is no possibility of getting them before I start. I had hoped to see Mr. Skinner,\textsuperscript{21} who would have let me have them, but unfortunately, I find he has gone to Annapolis.

I had intended to take this letter to the Manor, to get a frank & save you postage, but I think you wd rather pay it, than wait two days although it is treble. Good night & love to you all, not omitting Miss Hare. Your ever affect. son

[P.S.]
Tell uncle I have tried the Camera Lucinda once or twice, but that I have not yet produced a picture equal to Claude.

Union Town 11 September 1828.

My dear Father

I last wrote to you from Baltimore on Sunday evening, and I shall continue the account of my movements. I was up before day light on Monday and set off in the stage for Brown’s Tavern about 16 miles on the Frederick road.\textsuperscript{22} When I reached there it was about sunrise, and after dressing & shaving which you may suppose I had little time to do in Baltimore I was preparing to walk over to the Manor, when the carriage drove up to the door. Mrs. McTavish thinking that I might come had sent it over for me.

When I reached the old mansion I found the inmates still abed, but the deep sofa, chairs &c. all in statu quo as I left them last year, and the lawn in front, and garden at the back looking more green & fresh. A chamber had been prepared for me where, I renewed my toilet, for the double purpose of killing a little time, and making myself still more charming. On going down I found Miss Emily Harper in the garden, Mrs. McTavish and the other ladies soon after joined us, and just before breakfast old Mr. Carroll, in his costume as I have described it to you, came out of his private parlour, and gave me the kindest welcome, indeed they received me, in the most flattering & friendly way—they are more quiet than usual just now, having none of the host of foreigners there, which they usually have during the fall.

Bankhead & his wife, had just left there—you may remember my mentioning her, last year, as a very pretty little woman, but exceedingly strange; shortly after she became undoubtedly deranged, and went back to England, after remaining there some months she was well enough to return and is now
comparatively better, at least she does not say such odd things as she used to do. I did not miss them you may be sure for Bankhead is a great goose. Ouseley having married a wife without a cent, and living on a few hundred pounds which he receives as an attaché, remains I suppose at Washington.\(^{23}\)

Mrs. Decatur was of course there, and is most useful; indeed she is a very pleasant woman, only she behaved very shockingly to her father, and talks politics too much; however she is the very thing at the Manor, she studies religious books and walks for an hour on the long walk in the garden, every morning; talks politics in her way, which is discussing the schemes, chances &c. of the political gentlemen of her acquaintance at Washington, during the day; and takes a hand of cards with the old patriarch in his room of an evening—this, with enlightening the visitors upon matters of astronomy when there is a comet or a spot on the sun, quoting a few lines from a French play when there is a good chance, entertaining the guests, next her at dinner, and being always polite, well dressed, and sufficiently good looking to make you fairly believe she was once a great beauty, makes her quite an acquisition.\(^{24}\)

Mrs. Harper & Mrs. Caton are much as usual; the latter gave me a full account of the Marchioness, and Lady Carmathaen, and is as much au fait to all matters of English nobility as if she was a dowager duchess herself; she receives constant letters from them of course, and also from Lord Wellesley—indeed the most friendly and affectionate intercourse seems to exist; and the vastly important details of politics & fashion, which people in England so much admire, are very current, on the latest & best authority, on Elkridge, as well as in Parklane. McTavish is the same, a gentlemanly quiet man, who attends to Mr. Carroll's affairs for him, as well as they can be attended to; though I confess, I think they are left pretty much to take care of themselves, and would require a little different management if they were $5000 instead of 50,000 a year. With Mrs. McTavish I have been much pleased; she is very pious, a strict, sincere, & a good Catholic; and having the charge of the household entirely, manages it extremely well.

After breakfast, the old gentleman remained with us talking for two hours, an uncommon thing with him, and appeared to much more advantage than last year. His health and looks are much better—his conversation more sprightly, and he told me many anecdotes of old times. He is indeed an uncommon gentleman for 92 years of age, and I see no reason why he should not live to an hundred; he took a long ride on horseback accompanied only by his servant, and told me he generally went over part of his estate in that way every day—the ride is well enough, but I cannot say I think his avowed object, has much to do with it. He tells me, he intends sending a set of the new edition of the Biography of the Signers\(^ {25}\) to the Marquess Wellesley, so you see I shall be studied by great men—though I do not know what he will think of the political notions I have given in the introduction. Mrs. Caton & Mrs. Harper had then a great deal, to ask me & talk about, and I had hard work to get off & take a walk with Miss Emily, which, as we were the only young people, was indispensable. We rambled over the woods and so on, though it must be
confessed there are no very great beauties of nature & certainly none of art, at the Manor, beyond its venerable appearance, old trees, and long green walks. They have four gardeners & an assistant, but we had hard work to find any fruit.

I had hardly got home, when Morgan Gibbes, and Charles Oliver, rode up—having come over, to beg me to go to the latter's a few miles off, and dine & spend the next day, as they had heard I was to be at the Manor. I was sorry I was unable to stay, for I had heard of Charles Oliver's house & establishment being the most beautiful in all this country. Gibbes says it is far more like an English gentleman's of rank & fortune, than any thing he has seen in the United States—and he has taste & opportunity to know. Oliver married a very pretty young lady of Baltimore, a Miss Harrison of whom the girls may remember to have heard me speak some years since; she was then in Philadelphia on a visit with Miss Steuart; on their marriage Mr. Oliver gave them this house with eight hundred or a thousand acres of land, and six thousand dollars a year; and as the husband likes the sports and she the quiet of the country they live very pleasantly.

Gibbes is as handsome, fantastic, talkative & no wiser than when he paid you a visit at Kentmere five or six years ago, and certainly he is much better as a married man, than when he was so terribly scored by the young ladies as a fortune hunter; he makes a kind, attentive & excellent husband; is very much liked by Mr. Oliver; and is I find generally popular. Indeed I think it a great thing for Miss Oliver, who possessed so little beauty and attraction of any kind to have met with him, as otherwise she might have become the prey of some speculating yankee, who would have married her for her money & then treated her like a brute. He has two very fine boys, lives in a large house in Gay Street in Baltimore, which Mr. Oliver gave him ready furnished, with six thousand a year, rides every day on a noble horse, and talks politics with the gentlemen & gossip with the ladies, in about as sensible a manner, as he was wont to do. Mr. Carroll kept them to dinner. After that we went to look at McTavish's new Kennel, which is a beautiful thing built in the latest & most approved English style, for the residence of two distinguished setters & a pointer, lately sent over to him by Lord or Sir somebody, indeed one hears so much of such folks at the Manor, that it is quite impossible to recollect their names & titles.
After this we had the horses brought, & Miss Emily & myself escorted by little Carroll McTavish, and a groom set out on a ride; at my request the latter was sent off, as being quite superfluous in our democratic division of the household. We rode for an hour or two until overtaken by a shower of rain which forced us to scamper home, and gave us excellent appetites for tea. After that, the old gentlemen with the three senior ladies, for I dare not call them old, retired into his parlour to their whist table; and I accompanied the pious portion of the establishment, consisting only of Mrs. McTavish, Miss Emily & little Carroll, to the chapel, where the former reads prayers every evening, when there is no priest here. There were about twenty of the negroes already assembled, and they sung the service much better than you would have expected. Nearly all the negroes however have deserted the old faith, and turned methodists; and the body of the chapel (the family having a room at the side of the altar, like the transept in a cathedral) presented a beggarly account of empty benches, compared with its size. As the evening passed on, I more than once half-determined to remain a few days more, as they all begged me much to do; but I had already curtailed my time so much, and had so long a journey before me, that at ten o’clock, I got into the carriage & rode over to Brown’s again, after having passed one of the pleasantest days, I ever remember; indeed I was so kindly & hospitably received that I know scarcely a house in the country where I could find myself more completely at home. Brown being a tenant of the Manor, and indeed having had his house built by the old gentleman, and made a postmaster through his influence prepared the best bed & all that for me, and I slept very comfortably till five o’clock when the mail arrived.

It was raining pretty fast, but as the clouds looked light I set off. It continued to rain until we reached Frederick, but as I had been over the road so far last year, I did not so much care, and luckily it then cleared up, so that I was able to resume my favourite seat on the box. On reaching the top of the Catoctin mountain (by a road much better than the terrible one leading to Harper’s Ferry) I again looked down, over the beautiful Middletown valley, which I before described to you, and again saw my old friend the Blue Ridge along which I travelled so far last year, stretching away in all his majesty; Whether it was however, that the view is really less striking, or that it wanted novelty to me, I did not think the valley looked half so lovely or the mountain half so noble as when I saw them last year from the top of Catoctin.

The road being a fine, well made limestone turnpike, we soon passed the valley, and were over the ridge, into the more extensive one, which spreads to the base of the north mountain. Nothing can exceed its fertility & beauty, and Hagerstown, which is in the centre, is I think the prettiest & apparently most flourishing town of its size I ever saw. It contains I should suppose two thousand inhabitants, is built, chiefly of very neat, and often handsome brick houses, the streets are wide & clean, and the Court House is really a beautiful little building. I have indeed been much struck with the superiority of the towns in this part of Maryland, they are not merely superior to the eastern
shore, but even to the more boasted villages of New England. If they have not quite the neat appearance which the white painted frame houses, and green window shutters give those, they are greatly more substantial, the streets better laid out, and the appearance of bustling & thriving commerce much greater. This perhaps is more particularly the case, on the road over which I am now travelling, for it is the great thoroughfare of the West, and the number of wagons, and vehicles, and travellers is immense; it appeared to me we were meeting the former almost every hundred yards. It was dark when we reached Hancock the end of our days' journey so that I had not an opportunity of seeing the Potomac, which we approached for the first time at that place.

On Wednesday morning we reached Frostburg, or Sleiper's Mineral Spring, to breakfast; it was severely cold, there having been a sharp frost during the night, but we were now in the midst of the mountains, and ought to expect it. Indeed after passing the North Mountain, we got completely into the chain of the Alleghanies, and had no interval from descending & ascending steep and rocky hills. We reached Cumberland late in the morning but I could see no vestige of the old Fort, though I was told that the ruins of it were plainly visible on the end of a hill above the town; we here again passed along the edge of the Potomac which winds among the mountains; at this place they are like an inverted cone, peaks running down in every direction, and the little village lying quietly on the river's bank, guarding the pass. The water was very low, and the stream was not much wider than the Brandywine at Kentmere, but the high water mark, showed that in the rains it is deep and impetuous; and the boats on shore, that at such times there is an active navigation.

About one o'clock, we passed Little Savage ridge, and at its foot crossed the first stream that runs to the west; though over the dividing ridge, however, we were by no means past the highest peaks which we had to cross on this road; during the afternoon we ascended Negro Mountain, and, descending & passing a narrow ravine, Keyser's mountain the loftiest range over which the National Road is carried, the latter, as the coachman told me, had been ascertained to be 2843 feet high and the former not much lower; it derives its name from a very fierce battle which took place on its top, when the Indians still inhabited all these parts, between a chief & a Negro, the former was killed on the spot, and the latter only survived long enough to stagger towards a spring close by, near which he was found dead. In ascending these mountains I saw the vestiges of the old road laid out by Braddock, but unfortunately it was too dark, when I passed his grave to see it, or the field of battle, as it was also to see the magnificent view to the west, as you descend Laurel Hill, the last ridge, and at the foot of which is Union Town.

I have now travelled over the mountains nearly a hundred & fifty miles, that being about the distance from Frederick to this place; and I assure you, I seem separated by a barrier, greater than hundreds of miles along the Atlantic coast would appear; everything now looks western, all the streams run that way, all our towns are talked of as beyond the mountains, & they call a journey to them, going out; Nashville & Cincinatti & Pittsburg are the places now most talked of,
and the state of the waters, & what boats are up, are the topics that supply the place of what arrivals from Europe, and what are the latest dates.

I confess I was somewhat disappointed in the mountains themselves. After you cross the North Mountain, you have no longer a succession of ridges, with broad & fertile valleys between them, but an innumerable variety varying in height & length & running into each other, or separated by different streams; the road winds among the gorges & ravines of these, and they are all covered with forests, so that the views are few & limited, and indeed confined chiefly to the beautiful shades, which the clouds & ravines produce on the mountain sides, or the oceans of sparkling foam which you see every morning at sunrise floating at your feet. In some places the forests are very thick; at a place called the Deep Shades, near Savage river, they are composed of white pines of gigantic height, and wonderful straightness, while the underwood is so matted together, as to be scarcely penetrable. You meet with coal mines, constantly; they are indeed so numerous, that those only are worked which offer the greatest local advantages, such as having a vein high enough to be worked standing, and opening directly on the road side; the coal is sold at two cents a bushel at the pit's mouth and, though of course varying in quality, is frequently of the most excellent kind.

The National road which commences at Cumberland and extends to Zanesville in Ohio, is a noble work, or rather was so—it is extremely well laid out, the ascents of the mountains well regulated, the bridges numerous & excellent, being of the best masonry, and the track very wide; but the foolish squabbles of Congress, about the constitutionality of erecting toll-gates to raise a sufficient revenue to keep it in repair, and the want of an established set of engineers or supervisors to examine & preserve it, have reduced it to a state of great dilapidation; the floods have torn it up & laid it bare in many places, the battlements of the bridges, thrown down by frost, are left exposed to each succeeding winter, and the roughness and heaps of large stone in many places make it almost impassible. I find our old friend Cochran, was a contractor for a very large portion of it, and is supposed to have made some money by it—he bears the highest character, both as a workman & an honest man, which is no common thing with government contractors.

The pass itself through the Alleghanies seems to be the best in the whole range, for the peaks here are less high, and gradual ascents are more easily found; I could discover no Alleghany ridge properly so called, but the dividing mountain, that which the waters never cross, seems here, as I found it in Virginia, to wind among the others, sometimes forming part of one mountain & sometimes of another; sometimes having peaks both to the east & west, higher than it is; and sometimes rising itself to the greatest elevation. In Maryland Savage mountain though the dividing ridge, is near the west side of the chain; & is low compared with the others; in Virginia, at the northern part of the state it is also found far to the west, but below the Natural bridge, it has crossed into the Blue Ridge and forms the most easterly mountain of the whole.
On arriving at Mrs. McCleary's at Union Town, they had all gone to bed. We soon roused them however, and discovered that the town was in great bustle, from a parade or review of the volunteers of this & the adjoining counties, which had occupied two days, and was yet to continue another. I applied to the barkeeper for a bed; and after a little fuss was lighted into a room where I beheld five beds, four occupied, & the fifth bearing marks of very recent occupation, the tenant having been turned out for my accommodation, and kindly left for my benefit the sheets which he had aired. I modestly expressed my preference to remain down stairs & sleep in my great coat before the fire; & forthwith surrendered the proffered couch to the previous & more legal proprietor. The barkeeper however who was a civil fellow & disposed to do his best, bustled about & presently came to say that perhaps I preferred a single room—though by no means a De Roos, in case I could have got a clean & fresh bed, I assented, & was shown into a little closet, out of which another inhabitant had evidently been ejected in similar manner— but the number of companions being supposed to be my objection to the first offer, rather than the state of things, the bed presented an equally inviting appearance. I was really ashamed to appear quite so fastidious as they probably thought it, but when they learned that clean apparatus was necessary, after thumping up some poor fellow to get at the chests or closets, I was suited to my taste & slept soundly & comfortably until I was awakened at five this morning by the feu de joi which the gallant warriors assembled in the street below, were making to hail the appearance of Aurora, to light them if not to the display of glory, and the gratitude of their country, at least to the display of their elegant equipments, and the admiration of innumerable fair ones, assembled with as much zeal, as those at the passage of arms at Ashby de la Zoache, from all the country round.

I found to my dismay that my friend Evans, was Colonel Commanding, and
of course augured but little as to the progress of my business with him today. However at eight o'clock I shall call on him, and see whether indeed "cedant arma toga".  

On looking back I am surprised to find I have written no less than five sheets, and given you a most minute detail of events. However as I know you like to have every thing as circumstantially as possible & I hate keeping a journal, I flatter myself you will be proportionally grateful; and that the young ladies, including their fair guests will be amused with the highly interesting gossip of the manor, while you & Mama being the scavans of the worthy household of Kentmere will be enlightened by the scientific details relative to the roads & mountains. If you were an Archduke I should certainly adopt Baupet's plan and touch off a little mineralogy, or if you were a congressional candidate I should certainly give due attention to the various discussions I have heard about the shocking extravagance of the old curtains at the President's house at Washington, and the enormous atrocity of the murder of the six militiamen, as set forth in the Coffin handbills—but as you are neither one nor the other, you must be content with their omission.

Love to you all—Yr. ever affect. son

Pittsburg 14 Sept., 1828.

My dear Father

My last letter was from Union Town, just after my arrival there, and I now sit down at Pittsburg, when I should prefer going to bed if I could get into any room which was not already full of people & beds. If this is not an uncommon season they really should build new hotels, for my only chance of a bed is in two rooms where there are already six people, and I have therefore concluded to sit up or sleep as well as I can, until three o'clock, when the stage leaves here, in the parlour.

I was very happy indeed to get your letter, which Harper sent on from Baltimore, on my arrival here yesterday—I am much obliged to my mother for her kind advice about exposure, and the intelligence of your terrific fever at Wilmington but assure her if such things are brought on by it, I am fever proof, for there is no sort of exposure whether of rain, sun, cold or fatigue which I have not most fully enjoyed, since I left the protecting groves of Kentmere; and what, you know, I think a great deal worse, no sort of terrible stuff in the various forms of pickles, green tea, pies, fat bacon, preserves &c. which I have not been compelled at one time or other to swallow—yet thanks to the outward & inward man, all have produced good instead of harm & I expect to rival the famous Italian of the Tivoli gardens in standing heat, Captain Parry in standing cold, any Englishman in standing rain, and the famous man in the eastern tales in digestion, and have certainly thought of exhibiting myself as a show next winter.

After breakfast on Thursday, I left the worthy Mrs. McCleary's, and set off through crowds of valiant and, as Mr. Trimble said, primafacial heroes in
pursuit of Colonel Evans, commandant; at Mrs. Biers I found the worthy
gentleman, as the Antiquary found the not less worthy Baillie Littlejohn,
“uniting the duties of Mars & Themis, a lawyer in the Town house, a soldier
on the Links—quid non pro patria.” He came to me in full regimentals, and I
introduced myself, was received with great civility, explained my business
briefly, was informed that the labours of war would terminate with the morn­ing
& then all attention shd. be devoted to me. Under these circumstances I
determined to get a carryall & ride over to Brownsville, as it was still only 8
o’clock, and return early in the afternoon.
I set off accordingly, and proceeded over hill & dale over a country exqui­sitely beautiful; it is a constant succession of hills, there being I am sure no one
level spot a hundred yards in length in the whole twelve miles—the soil is
extremely fertile, and the finest sweling knolls in Chester county are in no
respect comparable to these. The drive it is true was pretty rough, being still
along the National road, and I did not reach the end of my journey till near
twelve o’clock. The descent into the valley of the Monongahela is beautiful
beyond description; the banks are steep but not precipitous, the trees scattered
over them are of the noblest kind & growth, and the turf is every where
luxuriant and green. The town cannot contain more than two thousand inhabi­tants,
but the houses are generally of brick, large & well built, and though the
water is low, there is even now an appearance of bustle and business. A large
steamer was lying aground, which when the river rises plies as far as Pittsburg,
and there were several keelboats along the shore.
I immediately sought out Abrams whom I found at a cotton factory of which
he is part proprietor; and who expressed much pleasure at seeing me, and was
very full & communicative in all matters about the Redstone lands; from there
I proceeded to Stephen Darlington’s who resides about two miles from the
town up the shore of the river, on a very pretty little farm of a hundred acres;
he was from home, but I saw his wife a fine & very tall Quaker woman. She
said her husband had gone to a smithy on the road leading towards the
Redstone tract, and that I might probably meet him, and might perhaps get
across in that direction to Uniontown; I set off accordingly, but after proceed­ing
two miles over hills which I found somewhat more difficult to pass than
where they had been engineered on the National road, I was glad enough to
retrace my steps, for I was told that the cross road to Union was four miles
farther than even going back, and was almost impassable in a carriage. I stopt
at Darlington’s as I passed, but he had not returned; & arrived again at Mrs.
McCleary’s about four o’clock.
I had scarcely reached there before Mr. Evans came in the simple habili­ments of peace; we went over all the papers together, discussed all the knotty
points, and he left me, to reflect on the matter & again return in the evening. I
made copies of some papers he wished to keep, and after tea we had another
full & most satisfactory conference, in which I arranged the whole matter with
him as well as we could, and after a concluding talk about Emlen, Meredith, &
some mutual friends whom he had met & known well while at Harrisburg in
the legislature last winter, we parted with kind wishes on both sides. He has given up the practice entirely, but will wind up our business for us. He bears a very high reputation here, and is the most popular man in the county. At the bar though young his business had become very extensive; but his father gave him a fortune of sixty or seventy thousand dollars, including a very handsome house & plantation about two miles to Union, and finding he could not well attend to both, he gave up the law, and now resides at his place. He was immediately sent to the legislature, and was this year offered the nomination to Congress with great probability of success, but has declined it for the present. Every body speaks well of him, as a man of talents & honour. Though with a little country stiffness & mauvaise honte, he is gentlemanly in his manners & conversation.

On Friday I was up by four o'clock, and soon on my way back to Brownsville which I reached before breakfast. Though the sun was shining brightly on the hills, the town was immersed in a fog so dense that you could not see ten yards, and which did not pass away for an hour or two. Long before that, I had set out to see Abram’s and after another talk with him, pursued my way again to Darlington’s. I found him at home—a plain, elderly, shrew-looking, straightforward Quaker—He soon mounted me on a fat horse and by half after eight we were on our way to the tract.

The country appeared still more beautiful as we wound along the narrow & hilly road for four or five miles, presenting the most beautiful farms I have ever seen. We soon new our own tract by the quantity of noble timber, of which none but the finest kinds seem to deign to grow. Noble white oak, white ash &c. with but little underwood spread in all directions. We visited both May’s and Eaglen’s farms which appeared in very nice condition, and then made a most thorough examination of the whole woods, riding through them in every direction so as to see the state of the timber. The destruction which we have heard of from men is very trifling; there not being half a dozen trees altogether cut down, but that from age and storms is much greater, enormous logs lying in every state of decay, and sometimes leaving at their roots great holes from which large masses of earth have been torn.

Darlington is a most shrewd and attentive old gentleman, & seems to look upon the cutting down of a tree as almost as dreadful as cutting off a head—and he has endeavoured, though I believe yet without much success to sell the dead trees which have fallen or are about to fall. I had a very full conversation of course with him on all points, and I do not think we could possibly have met with a more honest, trusty, or useful man; either in the present management or future sale of the tract. When we reached his house again at two o’clock his wife had dinner ready, and after a hearty meal, I returned to town, to employ the afternoon in writing to you as the Pittsburg stage was not to start until the next morning. I found however to my dismay, that this, the only public conveyance went not farther than Washington, twenty four miles, and that there we waited until Sunday morning to take the Wheeling stage, which passes through that village to Pittsburg. You may imagine my mortification, at
having thus to lose a whole day out of my short remaining time at a village
where there was absolutely nothing to be seen, & within twenty five miles of
Pittsburg. To my great joy, I found another gentleman in the same case, and
we agreed to hire a carryall together, push on to Washington that evening, and
intercept the Wheeling stage of Saturday morning by which we shd. save a
whole day.

My candle has burned out sooner than I expected, so that I must close my
letter for the present. Love to you all. Yr. ever affect. Son

Phila., 19 Sept: 1828

My dear Father

My last letter was written from Pittsburg on Sunday evening, and gave you
an account of my movements up to the time of my leaving Brownsville on
Friday afternoon. We set off in a carryall about five o'clock and cross'd the
Monongahela in a ferry boat; the river is exceedingly beautiful and the shores
very picturesque, nor have I oftener seen a more lovely view, than that from
the summit of the western bank, looking down on the narrow but rich fertile &
woody valley through which the stream winds with glassy clearness, and the
busy little town rising steeply on the opposite side. From Brownsville to
Washington is twenty two miles, along the National Road; you pass over a
succession of hills & dales very fertile, and occasionally interspersed with fine
woods, though by no means so much so as to intercept fine prospects of the
Alleghany mountains from the summits of each rising ground. The same rich,
varying & beautiful character belongs to this as to Fayette county, west of
Union. As our carryall had no springs we were pretty well shaken in passing
along the rough parts of the road, and I found on my arrival at Washington,
that my sketch book had been thrown out in some of our joltings. We did not
reach that place until some time after dark, but the evening was clear, the stars
bright, and the air though a little fresh, not unpleasant so that the drive was
altogether very pleasant. I found the hotel large & comfortable, got a good bed
& a room to myself, and slept soundly till six o'clock.

On Saturday morning at eight, I took the stage for Pittsburg, having learned
that the Ohio was too low at Wheeling for boats to ascend, and being thus
compelled much to my regret, to give up that portion of my route. Washington
is a pretty well built town, of I suppose two to three thousand inhabitants, and
has a college founded by the state. About ten o'clock we reached Cannonsburg,
where there is another college, the most celebrated in the western part of the
state, the building is a large one like Princeton, and there are about one
hundred & fifty scholars, rough looking fellows, who seem quite as careless
and independent as the Burschen, whom Russell describes, though without
any of their turbulence, or interference with politics.40

The road to Pittsburg was very rough & bad, the trade passing always down
the Ohio, except at the lowest seasons, and of course confining the use of this
route to occasional travelling, and the intercourse between the towns along it;
but there were many beautiful views, as we wound for some distance along the margin of a creek, which had worn deep and precipitous ravines, in the soil. The road struck the south bank of the Ohio, a mile or two below Pittsburg, and we pursued our way beneath overhanging cliffs of rock, from which they were quarrying stone for the public works now going on at the entrance of the Pennsylvania Canal. The river was said to be very low, but it presented a fine sheet of water I shd. think full half a mile in breadth; the south bank as I have said precipitous, but on the north, there was a broad fertile flat covered when the water rises, and beyond that a gently swelling ascent, richly cultivated and thickly dotted with country seats. Passing opposite the point where the Alleghany & Monongahela join, we crossed the latter on a long wooden bridge of eight arches, the stream, though the waters were low, seemed at least a quarter of a mile in width.

The town, or city, for it is I believe incorporated, did not appear so large as I had expected; in all other respects it surpassed my expectations, for in smoke, noise bustle & activity it is quite a rival to the English manufacturing towns. It was one o'clock when we arrived, so that after getting my Mother's & your letter from the post office, I had only time to dress before dinner was ready. The hotel, the principal one of the town was as full as it could be; and the guests were entirely composed of western men of business, caring as little as could be about comforts, luxuries, or appearances. The best room I could get
was already tenanted by three of these worthies, and my only chance of a bed was in a fourth cot.

After dinner I commenced a survey of the place, and wishing to see the glass manufactories, which are so much celebrated, went immediately to Mr. Bakewell's whose establishment is the finest and to whom I had a letter, unfortunately, the works were stopped from its being Saturday, and he was himself out of town. I shall not however trouble you with accounts of iron works, glass houses, steam engines &c. which wd. be neither very new nor amusing, though they are the things most thought of by people at Pittsburg. I was most interested with the trade on the river; I counted seven large steamboats, ready to go down, as soon as it rose, and the shores of the Monongahela were filled with keel-boats, which as they draw very little water can descend at all times; they are very much of the shape of large canal boats, though not quite so flat, and rigged with a mast which carries one large square sail. The arks are very singular things, being big square boxes, which float down with the current, generally carrying a whole family with all their furniture, food, stores & stock living & dead, and left almost entirely to the mercy of the stream. I walked on the wharves or shore from the bridge over the Monongahela, round the point, & up the Alleghany to the other bridge, then crossed & examined the new works erecting at the Canal; in returning I saw the northern part of the town, and reached home just at dark. The houses and stores are well built, the streets paved, and laid with water pipes, and the people the most active & bustling imaginable; I never saw a place of more industry, but this is all, there is no time for the refinements of society or letters.

In the evening I went to see Mr. Ross, who still retains his place at the head of the intelligent & respectable, though he has very much withdrawn from the bar; he asked much after you, and appeared in good health. From his house I went to Dallas's, who you may suppose, was surprised & gratified to see me, for we had hardly met since we were fellow students, he has two fine sons & a daughter; rough enough for a thorough western man, but as lively & pleasant as ever; my evening passed agreeably away, and my ride in the morning & long walk in the afternoon made me sleep very soundly notwithstanding my three contubernales.

On Sunday morning I had scarcely breakfasted, when Dallas & Mr. Richard Biddle called to take me out to Judge Wilkins; we had a pleasant drive, passing on the way the new tunnel which is to bring the Pennsylvania canal, across the upper part of the town from the Alleghany to the Monongahela river. The name of Judge Wilkins' place is certainly not very romantic or beautiful—the Gulley—but it is very correct; it is at the head of a very narrow ravine—the hills on each side steep & crowned with wood containing every
variety of trees—down the side of one flows an unfailing stream, which sup-
plies a pretty little bathhouse, built after some Athenian temple. Mrs. Wilkins
was of course most happy to see me & to inquire after all her friends in
Philadelphia—she had two of the Pittsburg belles staying with her; and during
the morning, the Chief Justice & Judge Rogers (the Supreme Court is now on
the Circuit here) joined us so that our dinner party was a large & pleasant
one. We returned to town late in the evening; and after spending an hour
with Dallas, I returned to the hotel, and wrote you the letter which I was
obliged abruptly to close. As I was to set off at four o’clock, I did not go to bed,
but wrapping myself in my cloak & great coat, slept comfortably enough on the
parlour floor.

Monday 15th. When I woke this morning it was not only dark but raining
violently and our journey for about 12 miles to the place where we breakfasted,
was dreary & uncomfortable. The country was rough all through Westmore-
land county, and presented no objects of interest, until we approached Blairs-
ville a very flourishing village on the banks of the Connemaugh river. I here
fell in with the line of the new canal, on which a great number of persons are
employed, giving to the whole neighbourhood an appearance of uncommon
activity and bustle.

Soon after leaving Blairsville we began to ascend Chesnut hill the first ridge
of the Allegheneys, but though it had ceased to rain, the clouds were low & the
atmosphere hazy, so that I was unable to see much of the country below—
indeed the woods are so thick that it is only now & then a glimpse of distant
prospect is to be caught—it was dark when we reached Armagh, the town
where we slept at the eastern base of the mountain. Though I could not see
much of the place, I could discover that it was greatly improved from the
miserable collection of log cabins where we slept when we went to Indiana so
many years ago. The landlord recollected to have heard of our carriage as a
wonder in those times in such a country. He was one of the party who found
poor Shryock, when lost in the forest, and the description he gave of the poor
fellow’s state of body & mind was really frightful. We were indeed here on the
borders of those immense unsettled tracts which extend to the New York line,
and give an idea of the dreary solitude of an uninhabited country.

On Tuesday we drove to Ebensburg to breakfast. We ascended the Laurel
Ridge soon after leaving Armagh, and descended the Allegheny mountain to
Blair’s tavern early in the afternoon. The truth is though you are said to cross
different ridges, the whole distance between Armagh & Blair’s may be consid-
ered as the Allegheny, which appears here to have spread itself into a broad
table land which divides the eastern & western streams & in which they have
respectively their sources. We now saw the Juniatta which is scarcely more
than a trifling rivulet, but as we pursued its bank it grew gradually larger, and
at Alexandria where we slept it had become a considerable stream.

Wednesday. We drove this morning about fifteen miles to breakfast, passing
through Huntingdon, the capital of the county. I forget the name of the place,
but it was a lonely tavern seated on a flat on the north shore of the Juniattia,
and directly opposite to it, on the southern bank the Sideling Ridge terminates abruptly in a lofty bluff mountain rising almost perpendicular and covered with a thick forest—nothing can be more noble or picturesque. We had now got among limestone cliffs, and the towering precipices and rude shapes of the rock were always varying and always beautiful. The road was close along the bank of the Juniatta and occasionally at the base of lofty ranges of Mountains, some of them so precipitous as scarcely to leave room for the road. Jack’s mountain at the foot of which we passed presents indeed one of the most wonderful objects of nature I have ever beheld; it rises very steeply on both sides of the stream, which flows sluggishly below; it is nearly perpendicular, and its entire surface is composed of small disjointed rocks, exactly resembling some immense heap of stones piled carelessly together and looking as if they would all roll down into the stream were one removed at the base. Not a particle of earth is to be seen, and scarcely a cedar or a pine starting from the crevices along all this whole rocky extent. I know not where I have ever beheld a more striking scene.

After winding for some miles at the foot of similar hills, the road suddenly turns up the mountain and when you reach the summit, you behold one of the richest valleys imaginable apparently in the very bosom of surrounding hills; the river winding through it, and the fields are fertile, luxuriant and beautiful as a soil of inexhaustible richness, and all the industry & neatness of German cultivation could make them. Here indeed we came again completely among the German settlers—beyond the mountains, they are chiefly Irish and Yankees; but in all these fine valleys running between the mountains, you see the seats of German care & frugality handing down their plantations from one generation to another altered in nothing but the size occasioned by subdivision and the fertility increased by unceasing care.

We dined at Lewistown the capital of Mifflin county, which is now in a state of great bustle from the Canal—it has been put under contract from here to the Susquehanna, and indeed is to a considerable extent finished. We pursued our way along it as far as Millerstown where we slept—or rather I should say in it for the ravine through what is called “The long Narrows” is barely wide enough to admit the road at the side of the stream and the Canal has consequently encroached greatly upon it. It is formed indeed by building a lofty and thick stone wall in the bed of the stream and filling it up with the scanty earth collected among the rocks of the mountains; these last are very beautiful; they are like Jack’s mountain but with a little more earth, so as to present occasional clumps of trees; but they extend for about twelve miles in a straight unbroken line, about a thousand feet high and nearly perpendicular.

Thursday. We rode this morning to breakfast as far as Duncan’s ferry on the Susquehanna, at the point where the Juniatta joins it. You cannot imagine how much this noble river pleased me—even its mountain banks lofty as they are seemed to lose half their grandeur from the breadth of the stream which flowed at their base and the successive ridges through which it breaks until we again passed my old friend the Blue ridge, each presented in turn new features of the
same beauty & grandeur, though all differing in detail. I shall not however prolong this letter of which I daresay you are tired and I am sure I am, because all the ground is perfectly familiar from here to Lancaster, not only to you, but to Sarah—my route being exactly the same as that which she went last year with Mrs. Bayard. I called at Sandran’s, but none of them were at home—I however saw & dined with Mrs. J. at Harrisburg where she had gone; their own place being unhealthy. Indeed this is the misfortune of the whole country from Blair’s gap—there is scarcely a spot free from ague. I slept most soundly & comfortably at Slaymaker’s at Lancaster after paying my old friend Hopkins a visit—and reached here safely in the mail at 2 o’clock the next day.

So ends my eventful history—and so end my rambles, I had almost said my pleasures, for this year. I cannot say with Milton—“Tomorrow to fresh fields and pastures new” for I must then set to work to reconcile myself to what certainly is not new and perhaps not quite so attractive as tossing about among woods & mountains, and strange people.

Adieu—I wish you all a fair good night—With pleasant dreams & slumbers light.

H.D.G.

NOTES


Full and interesting biographical sketches of Joshua Gilpin, his father, and his brother can be found in Henry Simpson, The Lives of Eminent Philadelphians (Philadelphia, 1859), pp. 389-412.

2. Three years after Gilpin’s trip, the stage coaches between New Castle and Frenchtown, on the Elk River, were replaced by the New Castle & Frenchtown R.R.

3. Hare’s Corner is the intersection of the road from New Castle to Baltimore and State Road, coming up the Peninsula, just west of New Castle. The tavern was an exchange depot for passengers from the different stage lines.

4. Diana, representing the moon, had a twin, Apollo, representing the sun.

5. Oakland was built for Robert Goodloe Harper (1765-1825) and his wife, Catherine Carroll Harper, the “Mrs. Harper” who Gilpin finds at The Manor. At the time of his visit, Oakland was in the possession of Robert Goodloe Harper’s eldest son, Charles Carroll Harper (b. 1802) and his new wife, Charlotte Chiffelle Harper, whom he had married in South Carolina two years earlier. Her mother was a Ladson before her marriage. Only the spring house, since moved, remains of Oakland, which stood on the present site of Roland Park.

6. Brookland Wood, the home of Richard and Mary Carroll Caton, was built in 1793 in Green Spring Valley, ten miles north of the city. It is now on the campus of St. Paul’s School.

7. Samuel and William Meeteer, “paper makers, booksellers, and stationers,” are listed in the 1827 Directory at 3 E. Baltimore Street. Their paper mill was in Newark, Delaware.

8. Latrobe is presumably John H.B. Latrobe (1803-91), son of the architect, patent attorney, and legal advisor for the B & O Rail Road. The map he sought was C.P. Hauducouer’s A Map of the Head of Chesapeake Bay and Susquehanna River (Philadelphia, 1799).
9. Samuel Sterrett, of the firm of Harrison & Sterrett, auctioneers and commission merchants, lived on E. Water Street.
10. "The Manor" is Doughoregan Manor, the primary Carroll family residence on the vast estate which encompassed most of Frederick County. The estate, now in Howard Co., five miles west of Ellicott City, remains in the Carroll family.
11. The "large map" is probably Thomas H. Popleton's Plan of the City of Baltimore (Baltimore, 1822).
12. Arthur Wardour's Glen Withershins mines are found in Sir Walter Scott's The Antiquary.
14. The Marquis of Wellesley (1760-1842) married Richard Caton's daughter, Mary Ann (d. 1853) in 1825; the Duke of Wellington was Wellesley's younger brother; Thomas W. Coke of Norfolk (1752-1842), friend of America during the Revolution, a leading sportsman, and England's most prominent agricultural reformer, was much admired by gentlemen farmers on both sides of the Atlantic.
15. Triptolemus Yellowley was an inept experimental agriculturist in Scott's The Pirate.
16. William Clarke Somerville (1790-1826), owner of the Lee mansion, Stratford Hall, veteran of the South American War for Independence, and author, died while serving as U.S. Minister to Sweden and was buried at Lafayette's estate, La Grange. His fiance, Cora Livingston, daughter of Edward Livingston, was considered the preeminent belle of American society.
17. John Van Lear McMahon (1800-71), rough-mannered but exceptionally capable lawyer and orator, was then a member of the House of Delegates from Baltimore. He wrote An Historical View of the Government of Maryland (Baltimore, 1831).
18. Peter Little (1775-1830) was a Democratic Congressman, 1811-13, 1816-29.
19. John Randolph of Roanoke (1773-1833) had a unique gift for oratorical cruelty and wit throughout his thirty odd years in Congress.
20. David Barnum's City Hotel was on Monument Square.
22. Brown's Tavern on the Frederick Road was kept by Walter Brown, who also was a Post Master.
23. Charles Bankhead was Secretary, and W.G. Ousley an attache of the British legation in Washington.
24. Susan Wheeler Decatur, daughter of the mayor of Norfolk, Va., and Stephen Decatur, the hero of the Tripolitan War, were the centers of Washington society before he was killed in a duel with James Barron in 1820. They had lived beyond their means, and after her husband's death, Mrs. Decatur rented out their Washington home, frequently stayed with the Carroll family, and pressed Congress for claims from Decatur's captures during the Tripoli war. She died in a convent in Georgetown.
26. Robert Morgan Gibbes, son of Thomas Stanyarne and Ann Gibbes of South Carolina, married Emily, the second daughter of wealthy Baltimore merchant, Robert Oliver. Charles Oliver was a son of Robert Oliver, hence brother-in-law of Morgan Gibbes.
27. The brace of Irish setters, Dash and Dido, were presented to John Mactavish by the Marquis of Wellesley, his brother-in-law. American Farmer, 10 (1828-29), p. 159.
28. Fort Cumberland, erected at the beginning of the French and Indian War, stood on the hill at the confluence of the Potomac and Wills Creek.
30. Authorized by Congress in 1806, the Cumberland, or National Road from Cumberland, Md., to Zanesville, Ohio, was funded by federal appropriations. The first sections built needed repairs by the early 1820s, when a bill passed authorizing the construction of toll booths to raise the funds. President Monroe vetoed the bill on constitutional grounds, stopping repairs and further construction for almost a decade. Eventually, further appropriations were made, control
of portions turned over to the states, and tolls collected for maintenance. The road survives as U.S. Rt. 40, although its importance diminished with the construction of the Lincoln Highway and the Pennsylvania Turnpike.

31. Mordecai and James Cochran were successful bidders in May, 1817, to build part of the road between Smithfield and Uniontown. Thomas B. Searight, *The Old Pike* (Uniontown, Pa., 1894), p. 319.

32. British naval officer Frederick F. De Roos, in his *Personal Narrative of Travel in the United States and Canada in 1826* (London, 1827), describes the difficulties of securing single beds in private rooms in the taverns and hotels of America.

33. Ashby-de-la-Zouche was the site of the tournament in Scott's *Ivanhoe*.

34. Samuel Evans (1800–87), 1818 graduate of Jefferson College, was a lawyer and farmer.

35. The heated presidential races of 1824 and 1828 produced pamphlets, broadsides, charges, and countercharges unmatched since Jefferson's day. The Jacksonians emphasized the monarchical extravagance of John Quincy Adams' White House furnishings, while the anti-Jackson forces issued handbills, posters, and pamphlets depicting six coffins to remind the public of the supposed murder of six militiamen in Florida.

36. William Edward Parry led three Arctic explorations between 1818 and 1825.

37. Bailie Littlejohn was a magistrate at Fairport in Scott's *The Antiquary*.

38. George Emlen (1784–1850/51) and William M. Meredith (1799–1873), a leading Philadelphian lawyer, were members of the legislature from Philadelphia.

39. "Mauvaise honte" translates to mean "bashfulness" or "self-consciousness." It should be noted that Mr. Evans, perhaps because of this quality, was a lifelong bachelor.

40. Washington College, founded as a grammar school and chartered as a college in Washington, Pa. in 1806, and Jefferson College, also founded as a grammar school and chartered in 1802 in Cannonsburg, merged in 1865 and in 1869 joined on a single campus in Washington, Pa.

41. Bakewell, Page & Bakewell's Glass House, erected in 1811, was the leading manufacturer of flint glass, employing 61 persons as of 1826. S. Jones, *Pittsburgh* (Pittsburgh, 1826), p. 70.

42. James Ross (1762–1847), who had been a resident of Pittsburgh since 1795, was an early community leader and a Federalist U.S. Senator, 1794–1803.

43. Trevanion B. Dallas, attorney and later judge, was the youngest son of Alexander J. Dallas (1759–1817).

44. "Contubernales" translates here as "roommates."

45. Richard Biddle (1796–1847) established a law practice in Pittsburgh in 1817 and served as a Whig member of Congress, 1837–40.

46. William Wilkins (1779–1865), resident of Pittsburgh since 1786, local politician, businessman, lawyer, and member of Congress, served from 1824–31 as a justice of the federal district court for Western Pennsylvania. His dinner guests, besides Gilpin, Dallas, Biddle, and the ladies, were John B. Gibson (1780–1853), Chief Justice of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, 1827–51, and Associate Justice Molton C. Rogers.

47. Joshua Gilpin, in his 1809 diary of the trip across the mountains when Henry was eight years old, describes Armagh as "a miserable place consisting of a few houses." The diary also notes that their carriage was the first to attempt a crossing of the mountains in that area. On that journey, the keeper of the tavern they stayed in at Indiana, Pa., was Henry Shryoock, possibly the individual referred to here as having been lost in the woods.

48. George Washington Hopkins (d. 1833), classmate of Gilpin at the University of Pennsylvania, had a notable but short career as an attorney in Lancaster.

49. The literal quotation, from Milton's *Lycidas*, line 192, is "tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new."
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
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CHRONICLE

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To the Public

With this first issue of The American Magazine, and Historical Chronicle, the Library launches what we hope will be an entertaining, informative, and original publication for the Clements Library Associates. We have been conscious, for some time, of the limitations in format of The Quarto, and a timely grant from the Ford Motor Company Fund has made possible a much expanded periodical of broader appeal and lasting usefulness to historians, book collectors, and the discriminating general reader.

In selecting a title, we have borrowed "The American Magazine" from our friends Andrew Bradford of Philadelphia, and Rogers and Fowle of Boston, who launched two of America's early ventures into periodical literature in 1741 and 1743. In cover design we have adapted the much admired style of the third "American Magazine" published by William Bradford of Philadelphia in 1757.

In content, looking to models from the past, we have been partial to various features of our own Quarto at its best, of The Colophon, Henry B. Dawson's largely forgotten Historical Magazine, or the even earlier Cincinnat i Miscellany (Cincinnati, 1845-46), of Charles Cist, and Neville B. Craig's The Olden Time (Pittsburgh, 1846-47). In general periodical literature, we find much to admire in Gentleman's Magazine or The London Magazine of the eighteenth century and Century Magazine or Lippincott's Magazine of the late nineteenth.

While drawing inspiration from past examples, the new American Magazine, and Historical Chronicle will develop a unique character of its own. The Clements has always been, first and foremost, a library of primary source materials, and the emphasis of the magazine will also be on the original sources themselves. A typical issue will contain three lead articles: an historical piece of general, popular interest based solidly upon original sources; a "bookish" article of collecting or bibliographical interest; and an original, edited manuscript or group of letters and documents that are of exceptional readability or importance. These will be followed by a variety of regular and changing "columns" firmly rooted in the primary sources themselves, touching the wide interests of our constituency. "Chris-
Topher Blundell’s Diary,” Jan Longone’s column on cookery, an inventory of an early American library, and a section on maps, features commencing in this issue, will be supplemented by other regular “columns” in future numbers. The American Magazine, and Historical Chronicle will continue to provide information on notable acquisitions and activities at the Clements Library, but only if it would be of broad general interest.

We will be actively soliciting both articles and columns for future issues and paying well for contributions. The editors would welcome your comments, correspondence concerning possible future contributions of articles, and your assistance in making The American Magazine, and Historical Chronicle a memorable “little magazine” with an expanding group of devoted readers.

The Editors

From the Kitchen
by Jan Longone

The manuscript cookery book of Elizabeth C. Kane of New York at the Clements Library is not a particularly impressive looking work as cookbooks go; nevertheless, studying it makes me wish we knew more about Elizabeth C. Kane, who penned her recipes and notes in an almost square (6 1/2 x 7 1/2”), rather fragile, faintly-lined notebook at various times, most likely between 1822 and 1852. (Both dates appear in the book.)

The inner covers and several pages are almost completely smothered with trade and business cards for a great variety of merchants, including among others: Madame Perigrew, French Corset Maker; Peter Wilson, Carpet Shaker, whose several different cards indicate a number of business moves in Manhattan; James Fitzgerald, Public Caterer, who “respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of New York and its vicinity, that he attends, as heretofore, on Dinners, Balls, Parties, &c. &c.;” P.B. and R.G. Anderson, Successors to J.H. Schoonmaker Cracker Bakery; and Andrew Bowden, Wine and Tea Dealer.

A number of pages have been cut, sometimes torn, out of the notebook. We wonder . . . Why? By Whom? What did they contain? Of about 125 recipes remaining, more than 70 are for sweets, desserts, and breakfast items (cakes, puddings, crullers, waffles, gingerbreads). Another 30 are instructions for preserving and for the making of jellies, cordials, pickles, and conserves. An additional dozen are medicinal (The Southern Cough Remedy), cosmetic (Recipe for Cologne), or for use in the household (To Clean Brass). The remaining ten or so are for meat, fish, soup, and vegetables. The preponderance of sweet items is typical of early American cookbooks.

We note with great interest that many of the recipes contain specific and exact measurements (drachmas, pounds, teaspoons, pints, cups, quarts), but there are also the homelier “a handful of meal” and “a piece of lard double the size of an egg.” There is an indication that at one point our author undertook the study of calligraphy, as one of the recipes has been meticulously recopied in an affected hand.

Unlike many recipe writers throughout history, Elizabeth Kane was most generous in crediting her sources: Aunt Polly (Madeira Nuts), Mrs. McGrath (Brandy Peaches), Miss Miller (Good Puff Paste), Mrs. Cleland (Raspberry Jelly), Mrs. Bradish (Cocoa Nut). About half the recipes are attributed. Of course, this increases our frustration—not only do we want to know more about the generous Elizabeth Kane, but now we also wonder about her sources. For example, did the Mrs. Claypoole, from whom she indicates she received her Mrs. Goodfellow’s Queen Cake, by any chance attend Mrs. Goodfellow’s Cooking School in Philadelphia? We would like to know, because little is recorded about this early American cooking school. For years, culinary historians have been trying to uncover further information about it.

Many of the recipes are familiar from other cookery books of this period: Plum Cakes,
Soft Waffles, Pound Cake Made from Indian Meal, Macaroons, Ginger Nuts, Cracker Pudding, Calf's Head Turtle Soup, and Tomato Catsup. However, the two recipes illustrated below are a bit unusual, rather intriguing, and perhaps worthy of further discussion.

*Potatoes a la maître d'hôtel*

Boil in the usual manner some potatoes of a firm kind, peel, and let them cool; then cut them equally into quarter-inch slices. Dissolve in a very clean stewpan or saucepan from two to four ounces of good butter, stir to it a small dessertspoonful of flour, and shake the pan over the fire for two or three minutes; add by slow degrees a small cup of boiling water, some pepper, salt, and a tablespoonful of minced parsley; put in the potatoes, and toss them gently over a clear fire until they are quite hot, and the sauce adheres well to them; at the moment of serving add a dessertspoonful of strained lemon juice. Pale veal gravy may be substituted for the water.

*Striped Bass, Sea Bass or Black Fish*

The first mentioned is a winter fish. Take 2 fish and score them, then fry them in Lard. Then take Parsley, Thyme and 3 onions, cut it fine, add cloves, mace, red pepper, and black pepper, large lump of butter, and flour. Put all those things in a pot and stew them. Then put the fish on a dish and pour this Gravy over them before you put them in the pan to bake. Ten minutes before they are taken up, pour on them 2 wine Glasses of Port wine.

I could not find either of these recipes in the best known cookbooks of the period. A cursory check through the various editions of Amelia Simmons, Mary Randolph, Mrs. Child, Miss Leslie, Mrs. Webster, and Mrs. Rundell, the most popular books of their day, did not turn them up. I was much intrigued by the use of Maître d'Hôtel Sauce with the potatoes, and further investigation uncovered the possible sources. There are recipes for this classic sauce in the first culinary encyclopedia published in the United States, *The Cook's Own Book* (Boston, 1832), and in the works of Sarah Josepha Hale (longtime editor of *Godey's Lady's Book*.) The culinary encyclopedia, however, does not mention use of the sauce with potatoes but rather recommends that you pour it "either over, under, or into whatever meat or fish you intend to serve."

More to the point, a suspiciously similar recipe to Elizabeth Kane's "Potatoes a la maître d'hôtel" is to be found in Louis Eustache Ude, *The French Cook*, (Philadelphia, 1828). The author was ci-devant cook to Louis XVI and the Earl of Sexton, and steward to his late Royal Highness The Duke of York. And so, possibly from the kitchen of Louis XVI, a recipe found its way into the manuscript cookery notes of a 19th century housewife in New York.

A few caveats if you care to try these recipes. I suggest using very firm potatoes, either from Maine or, in season, new potatoes. The "dessertspoonful" called for is generally considered to have been halfway between a teaspoon and a tablespoon. A good chicken stock might be substituted for the water or veal stock. And most importantly, you must pay attention to Chef Ude's advice: "Let the sauce be thick, if intended to mask any entreé whatever. At any rate it is easy to thin a sauce; but if too thin, it is a hard matter to thicken it, except with a lump of butter and flour, yet, let it be ever so well managed, it is but a sad contrivance."

For frying the fish, you might consider using a wok, Chinese style. The "wine glass" probably measured about two fluid ounces. The striped bass and sea bass have long been considered excellent eating and were easily found in the markets of New York City according to Thomas DeVoe, author of *The Market Assistant* (New York, 1867), who says, "These fish are highly prized by all who have eaten them. Those from a half to one pound are best to fry; above that weight to three pounds should be split for broiling, and from four to eight are the choice to boil."

We end our thoughts on the manuscript cookery book of Elizabeth C. Kane of New York by suggesting that you must heed the advice quoted below when purchasing your fish. This admonition is to be found in the first cookbook written by an American and published in the United States, Amelia Simmons' *American Cookery* (Hartford, 1796):

"Every species generally of salt water fish, are best fresh from the water, tho' the Hannah
Hill, Black Fish, Lobster, Oyster, Flounder, Bass, Cod, Haddock, and Eel, with many others, may be transported by land many miles, find a good market, and retain a good relish; but as generally, live ones are bought first, deceits are used to give them a freshness of appearance, such as peppered the gills, wetting the fins and tails and even painting the gills, or wetting with animal blood. Experience and attention will dictate the choice of the best. Fresh gills, full bright eyes, moist fins and tails, are denotements of their being fresh caught; if they are soft, its certain they are stale, but if deceits are used, your smell must approve or denounced them, and be your safest guide."

From the Tavern

While, as a general rule, this column is intended to provide practical receipts for libations enjoyed by our forefathers, to accompany the dishes described in Jan Longone's column, we could not resist a more general approach in this issue. A most unusual and improbable little book recently came to our attention: *Hints on Various Subjects Connected With our Business* (Buffalo, 1856), "By A. I. Mathews & Co., Druggists and Pharmacians, 220 Main St., Buffalo."

Amos I. Mathews appeared as a druggist in the Buffalo city directories in the mid-1840s. He obviously prospered, and when his grand new store opened in 1856, he boasted thirty employees, $80,000 in business "constantly increasing," a sizable and remarkably varied product line, and elegant furnishings which put our present-day shops to shame. The "emporium" boasted stained glass, frescoed walls, a marble fountain "in the center of which is a bronze figure of a man with a bull dog head," seven feet high, carved marble vases, oil paintings, huge rosewood mirrors, thirteen chandeliers, and several hundred feet of silver plated show cases and banks of "prightly lettered" drawers and bottles, not to mention a full drug manufactory and a truss fitting room somewhere in the middle on the fifth floor. What a glorious place to visit on Saturday afternoon in order to break the monotony of life on the farm!

As exceptional as the show rooms must have been, the book describing it, a substantial bound volume of 150 pages, is even more remarkable. The proprietor, Mr. Mathews, or the anonymous assistant or hired writer who composed *Hints on Various Subjects* must have been one of the characters of his time and place. The book, ostensibly to warn patrons of the adulterations and quackery abounding in the drug trade, is actually a very eccentric, personalized discussion of the branches of business Mathews & Co. specialized in. Among those were "Wines and Liquors." We think the chapter is worth reproducing here in its entirety.

It is quite early for such a lengthy, informed overview of the subject. It recommends itself as well on the basis of the author's amusing style — amusing to present day, and probably even contemporary readers in spite of the obvious seriousness with which he took his own extravagant prose. If this chapter strikes the fancy of our readership, we may follow at a later date with his chapter on distilled liquors:

**Wines and Liquors.**

If there is anything in this world perfectly ludicrous, it is the wondrous wisdom which everybody claims in the matter of wines and liquors. You go on a visit to your uncle, and he brings out at dinner a "bottle of "old port," with a "There, sir! That is wine with a body to it! Something substantial in that, you'll find." Poured in the glass it is as black as ink, and the first taste sets you off on a chemical analysis. You realize brandy first — rough brandy, that goes down your throat like a rat-tail file. You hint it to your uncle, and he pities your ignorance — "It would not bear the voyage without it — of course there's brandy." As the harsh, spirituous flavor fades away, you find your lips puckering into a round O, and the surface of your mouth corrugated like the sounding-board of a new-fashioned piano; while through it all you perceive a queer, spicy, gummy sweetness, which it requires all your politeness to like. But if you choose to doubt that these qualities are essential to good port, you are in for a lecture on the strong, spicy and astringent character of the Douro grape; of the deep color of its skin; and of the excess of sugar over tartaric acid in its composition. Even the red mud at the bottom of the
bottle is pointed out to you with an air of triumph, and the ejaculation, "crusty, sir! crusty!"

Before stating the relative merits, medicinal or as a beverage, of the small variety of wines in our stock, we shall take occasion to comment on the general properties of wines, as distinguished from other fermented liquors.

Common consent has given the name, "wine," to the fermented juice of many fruits, but etymologically it belongs to the juice of the grape alone. Wine contains alcohol, but that alcohol is the result of a natural process, fermentation, when ordinarily it is produced by the purely artificial one of distillation.

Sugar and tartaric acid are two other essential properties of wine. The sugar is possessed by the grape in common with other fruits, but the tartaric acid belongs to the grape alone, and is the really essential difference between it and the common fruits. These latter contain malic acid, with very little, and, in some instances, no tartaric acid. The grape has no other acid than the tartaric.

SUGAR.—As the proportion of sugar present in wines exercises very important modifications in their flavor, and other qualities, we mention it first among the properties of wines.

Sugar is found most largely in wines manufactured from those grapes which ripen early, and possess a full deep color. When it exists in excess over the tartaric acid, it makes a sweet wine. Such wines please some palates; they are rich and luscious, but never "dry." The hard, dry flavor, is best attained where the two constituents, sugar and tartaric acid, are present in quantity to neutralize each other. Bouquet is a quality denied to sweet wines, though, as in the case of sherry, they may have an aroma high enough to compensate.

ALCOHOL.—A wine is strong or generous, in proportion to the amount of alcohol it contains. It is found most largely in port, Madeira, and sherry. The alcohol of wine is held to be more digestible and less intoxicating than its pure form. For medicinal wines it is, generally, a most desirable quality. One of the most important changes produced by age in wine, is the gradual conversion of sugar into alcohol. During this process tartar is deposited, and wine fined.

ACIDS.—Acetic acid (vinegar) is only found in wines of northern countries, or in spoiled wines. Carbonic acid is found in all the sparkling wines. The beautiful effervescence of the champagne wines, or the sparkling Catawba of Ohio, is secured by bottling the wine before the process of fermentation is stopped.

TARTARIC ACID usually exists in combination as bitartrate of potash in wines. Existing at first in combination with the sugar, it is deposited as that is converted into alcohol. In this process the wine gains dryness, strength and smoothness of flavor, while it loses acidity.

COLORING MATTER depends upon the color of the skin of the grape, and the care taken to separate it from the pulp.

BOUQUET.—In relation to this most grateful characteristic of the light French and German wines, we can do no better than to quote the words of Liebig:

"The wines of warm climates possess no bouquet; wines grown in France have it in a marked degree; but in the wines from the Rhine the perfume is most intense. The kind of grapes grown upon the Rhine, which ripen very late, and scarcely ever completely, such as the Riessling and Orleans, have the strongest perfume and bouquet, and contain proportionally a larger quantity of tartaric acid. The earlier grapes, such as the Rulander and others, contain a large proportion of alcohol, and are similar to Spanish wines in their flavor, but they possess no bouquet. It is evident from these facts, that the acid of wines and their characteristic perfume have some connection, for they are always found together, and it can scarcely be doubted that the presence of the former exercises a certain influence on the formation of the latter."

Port, Sherry and Madeira are wines which have little or no bouquet, but are supplied instead with a very agreeable

AROMA.—This depends on an essential oil, like all other odors.

SEDIMENT.—All wines which are not thoroughly fined before bottling, and very few are, will deposit a sediment differing according to the wine. Port deposits cream of tartar with coloring matter—champagne, little crystals of tartar resembling sand.

If we have been a little tedious in this sketch of the properties of wine, it is a necessary infliction in order that we may speak intelligently of special wines. Very many of the
terms of vinology are incorrectly used, even by those who claim to be judges. *Sweet* wines are often mentioned as *dry*, and nothing is more common than a confusion of the terms *bouquet* and *aroma*. Young Mr. Spriggins, just weaned from “switchel” and hard cider, should be cautious how he speaks of the “fine bouquet of this Amontillado.”

**Port Wine.**

Up to the time of the French war of 1689, claret was the fashionable and favorite wine of England. The supply of this being cut off by the war, the wines of Portugal were substituted. Port wine of that day was manufactured of the best varieties of Douro grapes, and was a sweet, rich wine, of a high color and a mild, aromatic flavor. The coarse palate of John Bull was not satisfied with these qualities—he demanded a stronger tipple. To meet this, brandy was added in liberal proportion. Once commenced, a series of adulterations followed, until the standard of merit in Port became “strong, black and sweet.” These qualities were obtained, the first by brandy, the second by elder-berries and logwood, and the third by sugar or molasses. These adulterations originated less in the rascality of producers than in the villainous taste of John Bull which required them.

In 1756, the Royal Wine Company of Oporto was chartered with a view to restore Port wines to their pristine excellence. This most exemplary company commenced their laudable undertaking by mixing instead of adulterating—that is, they bought all the wines of the district, good, bad and indifferent, and mixed them down to a uniform standard of second rate quality. The addition of brandy was still continued, on the plea that the wine would not bear exportation without it, though really to please the spiritual taste of the consumer.

Port, when new, is of a dark purple color, has a very heavy, rough body, with a sweet, astringent taste. The color is, however, not uniform. Some of the purest and best Port we have ever known, has been of a bright amber color, hardly to be distinguished from brown sherry. The astringency is owing to the amount of tannin and gallic acid it contains.

Age has the effect of diminishing the sweetness of the wine, by converting its sugar into alcohol, but this change never goes far enough to make it a *dry* wine. During this process of conversion much of the tartaric acid is precipitated in company with mucilage, coloring matter and the astringent properties, until it becomes finally “good old Port,” with the characteristics of rich color, soft, fruity and generous taste—not sweet, but slightly astringent.

Medicinally, Port is one of the most reliable of wines. Its astringent properties adapt it to many disorders of the alimentary canal, while it possesses sufficient active stimulant properties to adapt it to low fevers. It sometimes disagrees with the stomach, but this may be remedied by drinking it in the form of “sangaree.” Its adulterations are the great objection to its use. We offer two varieties.

**PORT WINE OF OPORTO—**Known as “pure juice”—that is, without those adulterations which are actually necessary to suit it to the English market.

**LONDON DOCK—**More spiritual and strong, as is the case with all English importations of this wine.

**MADEIRA WINE.**

This is a very durable wine. It improves by age to an unlimited period, and bears any vicissitudes of climate. “Ten years in wood and ten in bottle,” are not too much time to develop its best qualities. Madeira, as found in the United States, is almost uniformly better than that of England or the continent. For this there are two reasons. When an American wishes to get drunk, he uses brandy—when he drinks wines he does it for the taste. The brandied Madeiras are, therefore, not suited for this market. The second reason is that our hot summers are peculiarly adapted to ripening the wine.

Madeira, when new, is somewhat harsh, but this disappears when matured. When good it has a pungent, but very agreeable bitter-sweet taste—of a nutty flavor, supposed by some to be derived from bitter almonds, though this is an error. It is inherent to the wine. Its flavor is rich and luscious, and the aroma very fragrant. It has no bouquet.

Medicinally, Madeira is one of the most valuable of wines. It agrees with the stomach better than Port, and is less likely to produce unpleasant results from long use. It has a wide circle of adaptation to disease. In persons subject to dyspeptic acidity of the stomach, it is
apt to be heating and irritating. Aside from that, we know of no caution necessary in its use.

"South Side Madeira" is better than that of the north side of the island, as the latter, though fertile, is subject to fogs and cold winds. In some seasons, however, the north side wine is equally good with, and is then sold as South Side. Sicily Madeira is, of course, no Madeira at all, being the product of a Mediterranean island. Its other name is "Marsala," but, owing to its striking resemblance to the lighter Madeiras, it has acquired the name given it.

**BROWN SHERRY; OR XEREZ.**

Sherry is *pale* or *brown*, according to the manner of treating the grape. Owing to the abundant production of this wine it has always been cheap, but is really a very superior wine. It has, when good, a dry, nutty flavor, no acidity, very agreeable, pungent taste, delicacy, softness and durability.

The variety called "Amontillado" is purely accidental. Of two casks of the same vintage, one will be Amontillado, the other not. It seems to be owing to an accidental formation of oenanthic ether. Any attempt at mixture ruins this variety.

*Medicinally,* Sherry has much the same qualities as Madeira, minus the acidity.

**CLARET WINES—IN QUARTS.**

The word claret is an English corruption of the French *clairet*—signifying red wines. It includes a very large class of French wines, which are abundantly produced, and consequently cheap. Possessing little alcohol, a thin body, but a fresh, fruity flavor, their characteristics are delicacy, lightness and softness. Some varieties have a marked astringency.

Medicinally, it is a capital drink to allay thirst, and may be largely used in convalescence from most of the diseases of summer.

**MALAGA WINE.**

We are not certain where this was manufactured. We know that "Lagrima de Malaga," "Pedro Ximenes," "Paxaretta," etc., are very nice wines. Those who would like to obtain either of the above varieties, at one lawful dollar per gallon, are informed that by a peculiar arrangement of the faucet all three of them may be drawn from the same cask. The attention of connoisseurs is particularly requested.

**AMERICAN WINES.**

The production of good table wines from American grapes, is a problem only recently solved. Doubtless much has yet to be learned to bring native wines to their highest perfection, but from the high degree of excellence already attained by the Ohio wine-growers, we can have few misgivings as to the ultimate result.

**LONGWORTH'S DRY CATAWBA** is a Hock wine, to adopt European designs. It is markedly a dry wine, of a very light straw color, with a pleasant acidity. Its *bouquet* is peculiar, but, aside from it, its resemblance to good varieties of white Rhine wines is very striking. It permanency *in the wood* is a doubtful question, but in bottles we have no doubt that it must gain by age. The peculiarity of its manufacture consists in allowing fermentation to continue till all the carbonic acid is disengaged.

It is rather a table than a medicinal wine.

**SPARKLING CATAWBA** is a champagne, and really a very meritorious one. Its newness in the market is a guarantee against adulteration, and this is no small consideration, when we reflect that most of the imported champagnes are fictitious. It is neither too sweet nor too acid, but is rich and generous. Its effervescence is lively, and, from the rapid bursting of the bubbles, it is evident that the sparkle is due to a natural fermentation, and not to soda syrups and cream of tartar, as is common in fictitious champagnes. *Medicinally,* champagnes are not enough used. They are an excellent stimulus in low typhoid or nervous fevers.

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**The World of Maps**

James Cockburn, surveyor and teacher, was a resident of Rhinebeck, New York at the time of his death. Cockburn, like his brother William who preceded him, was an immigrant to this country. William Cockburn served as Deputy Surveyor of New York before the Revolution. The two men worked closely together and during the 1780s surveyed and mapped land patents throughout much of the state.
James Cockburn died in the fall of 1792. His will, estate inventory, and a small group of papers and letters came into the possession of Dr. William Wilson, whose manuscripts are at the Clements Library. An Edinburgh educated physician who immigrated in 1784, Wilson served as estate agent for Chancellor Robert R. Livingston. Cockburn's inventory, filling thirty-seven folio pages, is quite detailed. It contains four pages of household furniture and clothing, four of printed books, and one page of "Articles about the House" including a fiddle and "1 Batteaux with Oars."

The remainder of the inventory contains a list of letterbooks, ledgers, field notes, survey reports, surveying instruments, and 176 maps. The latter are, for the most part, manuscript, and presumably by Cockburn himself. As a whole they would form a valuable archive of geographical and cadastral knowledge of eastern and central New York. Of particular interest is a list of Cockburn's surveying equipment. The absence of certain instruments such as a quadrant, plane table, or theodolite is somewhat surprising, as these were not too uncommon at the time. It is fairly certain, however, that Cockburn was an active surveyor until close to the time of his death, and these would seem to represent the entirety of his tools.

Apparently Cockburn performed traverses by bearings and lengths of courses, a long established method of land measurement. Such surveys involved the use of a chain and surveyor's compass. Cockburn possessed three chains for this purpose, each being the standard length of sixty-six feet. This type of chain was developed in England by Edmund Gunter in 1620. Its length is based on the English statute pole and consists of 100 links, each tenth link marked by a brass ring to facilitate reading. The chain was a convenient unit of measure, eighty chains equaling a mile and ten square chains to an acre.

Three compasses are noted, of which the Rittenhouse is by far the most important. David Rittenhouse (1732-1796) was a Pennsylvania astronomer, surveyor, and instrument maker. His first public service was a boundary survey for William Penn in 1763-64 to settle a dispute with Lord Baltimore. The result was the laying out of a twelve mile radius from Newcastle, Delaware, forming the boundary between that state and Pennsylvania. Rittenhouse made and repaired instruments for Washington and frequently consulted with Jefferson and Franklin. Relatively few of his compasses have survived to the present.

The other items were used in the actual drafting of the survey or plat from data collected in the field. Linear measurements were plotted with rulers, scales, dividers, and sectors, a type of hinged scale. Angular measurements were marked using a protractor. The presence of paints and brushes indicate that Cockburn produced finished maps with washes and color outlines as well as more pedestrian plats. The Clements Library possesses a single Cockburn map depicting the Hardinsburgh Patent; one wonders what has become of the rest of the collection.

The surveying equipment is published here, in full, as listed in the November 26, 1792 inventory:

Surveying Instruments
1 Large Compass made by Rittenhouse compleat
1 Small Do broke made by Miller
1 Still Smaller called the Montgomery Compass compleat
3 four Rod chains
2 Marking Irons
2 Tin Casses for Maps
4 Brass Protracters
1 Ivory Do with a Scale on it
1 Ivory Scale—which John Cox says is his
1 Gunter's Scale
1 Brass Secter
1 Boxwood Sector
2 Pair Dividers
1 Ivory Paper Cutter
1 Box paints but mostly used up
1 Slate
1 Penknife
2 Inskstand
1 Parellel Ruler
1 Ivory Morter to Mix Paints in
3 Small Shading Brushes
1 Long Mapping Ruler
At a Glance

One of the enticing features of provincial printing is to be found in the early, often crude attempts to produce graphic illustration. We will feature an illustration per issue and launch our series with a cut from The New-London Summary, or the Weekly Advertiser for August 27, 1762, a newspaper published by Timothy Green.

The purpose of this illustration was to advertise a clock-work device on display at the shop of the instrument-maker Clark Elliott. The mannikin not only beat upon a drum, but moved his lips and eyes, and bowed his head.

A character representing a fairy bobbed from his pocket and called him "Cuckold."

The advertisement states that this drummer had been on display for over ninety years in Germany, London, and Boston. The novelty of this device had presumably worn thin in Europe by 1760. One wonders whether it conquered any newer frontiers thereafter. Could it survive?

Christopher Blundell's Diary

Christopher Blundell was Sir Henry Clinton's butler while the general commanded the British army in America, 1777-1781. Beyond the fact that he wrote with a clear hand, seems to have run an efficient household, and possessed a perfect name for a butler, we know nothing about him. For our purposes this is ideal, for however unimaginative or single-minded he may have been in real life, we shall endow him in our magazine with insatiable curiosity. His "Diary" will become a regular feature, a general column which will discuss any historical or bibliographical matter or matters in whatever style strikes the editors' fancies.

Jan Longone has provided us with a fine column on cooking. Cognizant that we risk charges of gluttony, it nevertheless seems only appropriate that we commence Christopher Blundell's Diary with a look at what he knew best—Sir Henry Clinton's table fare while commander in chief of the British army during the Revolution. In doing so, we doff our hats, or more appropriately raise a glass of "very best Dry Malmsey" to our dear friend Elizabeth Hayes of "Battlecrease Hall," Middlesex, England, who catalogued the personal accounts of Sir Henry while working in the library in 1984, and whose discerning eye caught the fascinating details to be found among these seemingly mundane financial records.

There is growing interest in the history of food and cooking in America, documented by the phenomenal prices realized at auction for early cookbooks and the great popularity of the Clements Library's recent exhibit on the subject and its surrounding publicity. We know far more than we did a generation ago about what foodstuffs were available and techniques of preparation, about the blending of culinary traditions, and the influence of technology on food preparation. But rarely does one find concrete sustained evidence of exactly what an individual ate. For Sir Henry Clinton, thanks to the record keeping of his butler, Christopher Blundell, and his own penchant for keeping every scrap of paper, we have a precise knowledge of his diet during the period the British occupied New York.

Sir Henry was an Englishman and he possessed avenues of supply unavailable to the typical American or even subordinate officer at the time. His butler was presumably British...
and his cooks may have been. His eating habits are not necessarily typical of civilian Americans of the era, although since most foodstuffs were purchased locally, variation from the tables of affluent New Yorkers was probably slight.

Lamb or mutton, chicken, veal, and beef ("roasting beef," round, rump roasts, and beef "for soup") were the most common meat dishes, supplemented occasionally by roast pig, "small birds" and pigeons, capons, duck, goose, fish (sheepshead, trout, mackerel, cod specifically noted), sweetbreads, tripe, eels, and large quantities of oysters and crab when in season. Ox and beef tongues, imported from England cured or dried, although occasionally fresh, were great favorites. The British, cooped up along the coast, had little access to large game. Venison was a rare treat on his table, but rabbits, brant, quail, and woodcocks were occasionally available. Turkey appears but once or twice, and imported "Yorkshire hams" seem to have been a delicacy, possibly a side dish rather that the primary meat of the table. Sausages appeared regularly; cows heads and what were probably pickled cows feet show up on the lists. Turtle was a much prized and expensive addition to the menu when available.

Potatoes, carrots, spinach, cabbage, and turnips, along with onions and radishes were the most common fresh vegetables. When in season, Clinton has a particular fondness for asparagus and "cowcombers." Imported "French beans" appeared once.

Dairy products included large quantities of eggs, moderate amounts of milk, and imported "double Gloucester cheeses." Bread was occasionally purchased, but must have been made largely in Clinton's own kitchen. Oatmeal and split peas were ordered, but may also have been issued by the Commissary Department.

The Clinton household and the general's staff consumed vast numbers of limes, moderate quantities of apples, lemons, and oranges, and a surprizing number of pineapples. "Plumbs for tarts," cranberries, Indian mangoes, currants, and raisins are noted. Condiments, some of which would have been used in cooking, included: olives, mustard, anchovies, horse radish, gerkins, capers, red herring, almonds, walnuts, mushroom ketchup, "Indian soy," and chocolate. Herbs and spices purchased were parsley, cloves, cinnamon, mace, nutmeg, white, black, and Cayenne pepper.

Tea and coffee were consumed in large quantities, but wine was the favored beverage, with claret, port, and madeira leading the list. Specific wine references were: "Chateau margue claret," "Old London port," "very best Dry Malmsey," Teneriffe, "London particular Madeira," Lisbon wine, "sweet Maligo," burgundy, and a single order of champagne. Gin and brandy were the two distilled liquors present. Beer and ale were supplied by New York brewers, although he did import "best London porter." It is difficult to tell whether "Burton ale" or barreled "shrub" were of American or British origin.

Sir Henry Clinton ate very well, but spaced out over a three to four year period, his purchases suggest a well balanced but not overly-extravagant diet, and fairly simple but tasteful preparations. The modern Englishman or American of British extraction would feel very comfortable at his table, eating off the blue-bordered china which he had purchased from William Howe in May, 1778, when Clinton succeeded him as commander.

The Gormagunt

We copy the following unique advertisements from the New-York Mercury, which were recently called to our attention by Brian Leigh Dunnigan, Executive Director of Old Fort Niagara, while searching the newspaper holdings of the Clements Library.

Monday, February 16, 1761.

Whereas, a surprising MONSTER, was caught in the Woods of Canada, near the River St. Lawrence, and has with great difficulty been tamed, and brought to the House of James Elliot, At Curler's Hook. This is to inform the Publick, That it will be exhibited at said House till the Curious are satisfied.

This MONSTER is larger than an Elephant, of a very uncommon Shape, having, three Heads, eight Legs, three Fundaments, two male Members, and one Female Pendendum on the Rump. It is of various Colours,
very beautiful, and makes a Noise like the Conjunction of two or three Voices. It is held unlawful to kill it, and is said to live to a great Age. The Canadians could not give it a Name, 'till a very old Indian Sachem said, He remembered to have seen one when he was a Boy, and his Father called it a GORMAGUNT.

Monday, February 23, 1761.

The GORMAGUNT Advertised in this Paper the 16th Instant, will be removed to Jamaica, on Long-Island, at the Request of the Curious, where it will be seen at Mr. Coome's from Tuesday till Thursday next, when it will return to this City by the Way of Flat Bush, and will be seen at Curler's Hook as usual.

Was this a complete hoax on the part of the printer, or was it the fabrication of a would-be P.T. Barnum actually displayed!

We would be most appreciative if any of our readers could provide a picture of the same!

Book Collections

As a regular feature, we hope to publish in each issue an inventory of an early American Library, or manuscript book sale list. Books were of sufficient scarcity and value until well into the nineteenth century, that occasionally, when an executor was exceptionally fastidious, estate inventories will list the books title by title, giving us an insight into reading and book buying habits.

James Cockburn, the surveyor introduced in our earlier map column with regard to his surveys and surveying instruments, had a personal library of some 125 books at his death in 1792. It certainly does not qualify as one of America's most notable or large collections, but the library has a definite character to it which makes it of some interest.

It is, in contrast to many book lists of the era, decidedly secular in emphasis. Although there are a few French and German titles, dictionaries, etc., the books are primarily in English and notable for the absence of Classical authors. It is a mixture of practical books and light reading. One suspects that this library, unlike many we know of, actually mirrors the reading habits of its owner.

An antiquarian book dealer of today would find relatively little in the collection to get excited about, although a few titles are intriguing: The Double Conspiracy, or Treason Unmasked (Hartford, 1783), attributed to John Trumbull, is a very early piece of native drama and is a true rarity; Jonathan Carver's Travels Through the Interior Parts of North America, and Thomas Hutchins' A Topographical Description of Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and North Carolina . . ., both first published in London in 1778, are essential pieces of western Americana, of value in whatever edition—Cockburn had the separately issued Hutchins map. "Hamilton Moors Navigation" is John Hamilton Moore's The Practical Navigator (London, 1772). Ethan Allen's Reason the Only Oracle of Man (Bennington, Vt., 1784) is now a scarce book.

The naval history is undoubtedly A Short Account of the Naval Actions of the Late War (London, 1788). Hannah Glasse's "Cookery" is undoubtedly an English edition of her very popular The Art of Cookery. Cockburn or a family member had some taste for music, as the collection of opera songs, flute music books, and Simeon Jocelin's Choristers Companion (New Haven, 1782) document. The anti-slavery item would be Samuel Hopkins, A Dialogue Concerning Slavery of the Africans (New York, 1785). American imprints are clearly in the minority, most being British, and those which can be identified as American are of New York, Connecticut, Philadelphia, and Trenton, with few or none from Boston. One title, not on this list, is specifically mentioned in his will—the Encyclopaedia Britannica—which, along with his Rittenhouse compass, listed with the surveying instruments, would appear to be his most highly prized personal possessions.

The names, in parentheses, denote ownership inscriptions other than family members.

Inventory Of the Estate of James Cockburn Deceased, Nov. 26, 1792

List of Books

Cursis Mathamaticus
Rambler
Buchans Family Phician
Newtons Philosiphy—1. of 2 Vol. (Nicholas Bayard)
Simpsons Algebra (Robert R Livingston)
Nicholson's Philosophy
History of the Bible
Allens Oracles of Reason
Wilsons Surveying
Compleat History of England
Morses Geography of the United States
Carvers Travels (Mrs. Livingston)
Sandersons Algebra
Hamilton Moor's Navigation
Valiants Travails—1 of 2 Volums
The Royal Dictionary
Newton's Astronomy Explain'd by James Ferguson
Laws of the State of New York 2 Vol
Scots Poems ——— by Robert Burns
Pocket Companion
Huttons Mathematician Tables
Gutheries Grammer
Fortification or Military Architecture in Manuscrip
Martins English Dictionary
Universal Magazine (Jno Chetwood)
Mairs Bookkeeping
Writings of Thomas Pain
Rise & Progress of the Roman Empire
A new Voyage to the Levant
A Spiritual writer
Illustrations of Masonry
Glasses Cockery
The Domestic memoirs in 2 Vol
The Works of Henry Fielding
A Collection of Farces in 4 Vol (R.R. Livingt)
A Collection of Farces Vol 5th. (L. Elmendorph)
A Musical Miselany
A History of Ayder Ali Khan
The Young Gentleman & Ladys Monitor
Walkers Tracts
Chesterfields Letters—2 Vol.
French Grammer
Beautes of Shakespeere
The Death of Abel in German
Cockburns Collection
Tales & Novils
Misullaniou s thin g by Will Cockburn [presumably a ms.]
Humphry Clinker in 3 Vol
The Conquest of Mexico
Dutch Grammer
Don Quicksotte 1 [of] 4 Voll: Exercise of the French Speech
French Grammer
Modern Gazetteer
The Compleat Letter writer
Conjugal Love
Herveys Meditations
Histoire De M. Dupuis—& De Madame De Londe
Histoire De M. Des Prez
The Compleat Gamester
Peregrine Picklee 2 Vols.
Yoricks Sermons 1.2.5.7 Vol.
Shenstones Poetry
A Tretise on Astronomy
Le Diable Borteous
A Present for an Astronomy
A Compleat Vocabulary of the English & French
Enticks Dictionary
The Quaristers Companian
Nature Displayed
A Collection of Opera Songs
Trifes in Verse
Human Prudence
Moral Instructions
Annales Galantes
The World displayed
Psalm Book
Fable of the Bees
Vade Mecum
English Prose & Verse from Several Authors
History of Chevalier Des Essars and the Countess Belci
Alin Ramseys Comedei, Called the Gentle Shepherd
Table of Logarithims
A Collection of Songs
Lives of Illustrius Men by Cornelius Nepos
Young mans best Companian
Tables directing how to Buy & Sell by the Hundred
Nature Delinntd
Psaeume De David
Rowes Works
History of Cyrus
History of Kings of Egypt
Wonders of Nature & Art
Letters on Enthusiasm
Clarissa Harlow 2 Vol.
4 Pamplets of American Museum
An Acct of Naval Actions Last War
1 Pamphlet of American Museum
Proceeding of Convention of New York 1788
A Sermon By Thos. Chandler DD. for Relief of Widows and Orphans
Modern Anecdotes (Edr. Livingston)
The Double Conspiracy (a Play)
9 Pamphlets on Different Subjects
3 Do—-Old London Magazines
Preservation

The purpose of this column being to provide suggestions concerning the methods of preservation and restoration available to the layman, we begin by recommending the following reference books:


Another text of interest is Mary Lynn Ritzenthaler, Archives & Manuscripts: Conservation. A Manual on Physical Care and Management (Chicago: The Society of American Archivists, 1983). This book discusses the philosophy of conservation, and describes procedures, with illustrations. It includes many appendices, with a bibliography, a selected list of audiovisual sources, and addresses of suppliers.

Present in almost every family is the ready made time bomb, the scrapbook. Regardless of the title—Wedding Book, Baby Book, or plain Scrap Book—these compilations of family history, over a relatively short period of time, virtually self-destruct.

The eclectic nature of these books is the primary cause of their deterioration. The pages usually consist of various types of paper, most wood pulp, and highly acidic. Letters, business cards, programs, newspaper clippings, and photographs have been adhered with different glues and pastes, as well as a variety of tapes, causing cracking and a dislodgement of the materials. Various inks have been used for notation, some of which eventually disappear or bleed.

To begin, you should first determine the personal or monetary value of the scrapbook. If the item is quite rare or valuable it should be examined and treated by professional conservators or placed in an archive.

If it is of personal interest only, an assessment of its probable permanence should be determined as well as the time and expense involved in its restoration.

Photocopying or microfilming are inexpensive methods of retaining the information, and the book can then be deacidified, reassembled, or simply left on the shelf. The methods of preservation and restoration being different for each particular item, simply transferring the information is often the easiest procedure to follow.

All conservators caution against initiating any process that is not itself reversible and warn the layman as to the toxicity of many of the materials used in restoration. On the other hand, many steps can be employed to extend longevity that are neither difficult nor dangerous to implement.

Beginning with a new scrapbook, first choose only paper stocks that are acid free, or bond paper with a 25% to 100% rag content which has a long life expectancy. Include in your planning covering sheets, as well as spacer strips, to equalize the pressure on pages with bulky items. Loose leaf rather than bound volumes are easier to manage. The bindings should also be of acid free materials.

Photographs should be mounted in paper hinges or placed in paper or inert plastic sleeves, never simply glued to a page or stored in mass-produced “magnetic page” photo
albums. The specifics involved in preserving large photographic collections will be addressed in the next issue.

Certificates, diplomas, and other items you might wish to have kept beyond the life of the scrapbook as a whole can be laminated.

Unless handled properly, newsprint has the shortest life of all scrapbook inclusions. Trimming the copy to fit flat on the page, without folds, will prevent its breaking as the paper becomes embrittled. The proper paste, evenly applied to corners, will insure a life of some hundred years.

Rubber cements, white glue, and all pressure sensitive commercial tapes should not be used. These not only self destruct, but destroy the material they come in contact with and cause permanent staining. Wheat starch and rice starch pastes which are non-acidic and reversible in water are easily obtained from library and archival suppliers, either premixed or in kit form. Wallpaper pastes should not be substituted as they contain fungicides and other chemicals that destroy paper in a short time. Some glue sticks sold in department stores are safe, but attention should be paid to their contents. The inclusion of "archival" on the label does not automatically insure the integrity of the product.

Two companies with excellent reputations as suppliers are: TALAS, Technical Library Service, 213 West 35 Street, New York, NY 10011-1996, and Light Impressions Corp., 439 Monroe Avenue, P.O. Box 940, Rochester, NY 14603.

Many archival suppliers stock inexpensive testing kits and chemically treated pens, which enable the layman to determine easily the acidity of paper in their collections.

Carbon ink, which may be purchased in any art supply store, is permanent, lightfast, and will not damage paper. Other inks are susceptible to fading, burning through paper, and spreading and running if exposed to water or excessive humidity.

For added protection, albums and binders, as well as bulky items such as programs and catalogues, may be stored in archival boxes. Some compilers of memorabilia, following the example of most archives, try wherever possible to place items in individually labeled folders, which are then stored flat in portfolio boxes. These boxes help to equalize the pressure placed on individual items, as well as impede acid migration.

The Hollinger Corporation, 3810 South Four Mile Run Drive, P.O. Box 6185, Arlington, VA 22206, manufactures boxes in many sizes and styles or will make them to your specifications.

There is a sign in the workshop of an eminent conservator of our acquaintance which best states, in our opinion, the philosophy of preservation. It says, "Do No Harm."

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A Tribute

The Clements Library Associates had the misfortune to lose three of its stalwart former Board members in the latter half of 1984.

James S. Schoff of New York, former president of Bloomingdale Brothers Inc., joined the CLA board in 1959 and served as its chairman from 1966 to 1972. He was one of the truly great collectors of Revolutionary War and Civil War manuscripts of the middle of this century, although he pursued his hobby with so little ostentation, largely through Dave Kirschenbaum of Carnegie Book Shop, that his name was not widely known among dealers and librarians. As chairman, he invigorated the Associates, and by his personal enthusiasm, leadership, and generosity spearheaded the successful fund raising efforts for the Anthony Wayne Papers, the Streeter, and Sang sales. His own collection and numerous later purchases came to the library, and he made a $50,000 bequest at his death.

Carl Bonbright, Flint businessman and investment counselor, was a friend of Randolph Adams. He was appointed to the Associates board in 1962 and took an active role in its activities until ill health forced him to resign. In 1967, he organized the friends of the library in Flint to raise the necessary funds to acquire the finest existing copy of the excessively rare first state of The Star Spangled Banner.

Edward W. Bowen, former president of Peoples National Bank in Bay City, joined the board in 1969. He took a strong personal interest in the library’s activities and acquisitions until his death.

All three men brought exceptional wisdom, born of their highly successful business careers, to the board and had unbounded

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enthusiasm for its work. With each, it was never a matter of "whether," but "how" will the library raise funds or accomplish a certain goal, and when discussion ended, they threw their full efforts into accomplishment. Their support, their wise counsel, their energies, and their friendship will be deeply missed.

Notable Recent Acquisitions at the Clements Library

BOOKS:
Tufts, Henry. A Narrative of the Life, Adventures, Travels and Sufferings. Dover, N.H., 1807, with two Mss. on Jailing of Tufts. This is the first American criminal autobiography.
Marsh, Robert. Seven Years of My Life, or Narrative of a Patriot Exile. Buffalo, 1848.
The Emigrant’s Guide, or Pocket Geography of the Western States. Cincinnati, 1818.
Das gesang der einsamen und verlassenden tur-tel-Taube nemlich der Christlichen kirche. Ephrata, Pa., 1747.
Breton, Raymond. Dictionnaire caraibe-francês. Auxerre, 1655; Dictionnaire francais-caraibe. Auxerre, 1666; Petit catechisme (Auxerre, 1654).

A Brief Account of the Province of East New Jersey. Edinburgh, 1683.
An Abstract, or Abbreviation of Some Few of the Many (later and former) Testimonys from the Inhabitants of New-Jersey. London, 1681.
Candid Remarks on Dr. Witherspoon’s Address to the Inhabitants of Jamaica. Philadelphia, 1772.
Dummer, Jeremiah. A Letter to a Noble Lord, Concerning the Late Expedition to Canada. Boston, 1712.
Penn, William. Recueil de diverses pieces, concernant la Pensylvanie. La Haye, 1684.

MANUSCRIPTS:
A. Collections and Bound Items
Albin K. Putnam Papers, 1822-47. Episcopal clergyman of Vermont.
Heygate, Edward Nicholas. “Notes & Illustrations on America,” 1853-55. Travel diary with 40 fine pen and ink illustrations.
Castras Papers. Miscellaneous memoranda
and reports collected by the French Minister of the Navy on the West Indies, the American Revolution, and trade with China. Includes reports and Ms. maps of the Battle of the Saints.


B. Individual Letters of Documents

Heckenwelder, John, ALS., Jan. 1, 1799, with statement of actions and inventory of losses during the Revolution.


Mecom, Jane Franklin, to Jane Collas. ALS., May 16, 1778.


Gerry, Elbridge, to Mr. Jenks. ALS., Aug., 1801. Thoughts on education. Gift of Duane Norman Diedrich, Muncie, Ind.

MAPS AND ATLASSES:


Ein Grund-Riss von der Festung Duquesne. Printed as a broadside, with text, probably by Christopher Sower, c. 1759. Gift of Lawrence C. Woods, Jr., Newtown Square, Pa.

Plan of the coast of Louisiana, from Mississippi delta to Cape St. Blas. Spanish, c. 1770. Two sheet ms. chart showing soundings, settlements.

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