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Biography of a Child, 1768-1778

ARLENE P. SHY

Everyone loved William. He had a talent for happiness. All innocence, he was an amusing, bright, curious child with that special capacity for life that makes some small boys so engaging. He had a remarkable ability to learn—from books, from tutors, from paying attention to the adults in his world. But his energy and robust complexion belied a fragile constitution. More susceptible than most to childhood illnesses, William, at ten years, died from an acute intestinal attack which eighteenth-century medicine could not diagnose, much less treat.

Childhood is difficult to reconstruct, for ourselves or the past. Emotions tend to make memories unreliable. Often, the written evidence for a young life is no more than a parent's occasional reference in correspondence and diaries, or scraps of lessons saved, perhaps drawings, and a few sentences with an oversized signature that once passed for letters. Fortunately for his biographer, William Granville Petty recorded his own childhood in a remarkable series of letters. Written in a round, child's hand, precocious, charming, poignant, they are revealing on two levels. As family history, they reflect the British aristocrat's world, where great landed wealth created great social privilege and political power for an elite few. They are the letters of one young son to his father, the second Earl of Shelburne (1737-1805), written within the context of a unique family. One of the most controversial men in late eighteenth-century British politics, Shelburne was notorious for his radical views on Parliamentary reform, religious toleration, economic liberalism, and Anglo-American unity.

As children are wont to do, William tells family secrets, unwittingly describing the private life of a politician notorious for his enigmatic public behavior. As intellectual history, at the level where ideas become reality, William's letters are the product of a concept of education. Based on the Enlightenment's faith that environment shaped human behavior, and the Dissenting belief that freedom of conscience went beyond religion to all learning, William's education was designed to create a mind for a specific role in society—an independent-thinking, informed, politically responsible citizen.

That his letters survived at all, two small volumes, in a mass of family manuscripts dating from the seventeenth century, is testimony to his life as a beloved child. The letters, addressed to "My very dear Papa," are now part of the Shelburne Papers at the Clements Library.

For William, the world had always revolved around his dear Papa. William's mother had died tragically young, January 5, 1771, less than two months after his second birthday. Surely, he had no memory of his parents together. Theirs had been an unusually happy marriage, measured either by affection or family wealth. Both were the heirs of great landed fortunes but from quite opposite ends of the English aristocracy. Shelburne's title and wealth were Irish in origin, the result of a genealogical accident that transferred the vast estates of Sir William Petty (1623-1687), who made the first accurate survey of Ireland, to Shelburne's father,
John Fitzmaurice, first earl of Shelburne (1706–1761). The Fitzmaurice family had been lords in County Kerry since the thirteenth century, local tyrants, who had consistently fought in rebellions against the Crown. Their English peerage was new, created in 1760. William’s mother, Sophia Carteret, had a long, impeccable Whig lineage. Her father, John Carteret, Earl Granville (1690–1763), a genius in languages, diplomacy, and House of Lords oratory, had made himself indispensable to the first Hanovarian kings. As Horace Walpole predicted for the Shelburnes, “Their children will have the seeds in them of some extraordinary qualities.”

William was Shelburne’s second son. His brother John, Lord Fitzmaurice, had been born three years earlier. Much of what can be known about William’s infancy must be inferred from his parents’ correspondence describing his brother. Even for new parents with a first-born son, their intense love for “dearest Manna” is remarkable. Much less is said about William. Sophia’s diary shows that she was an attentive mother, perhaps more than most women of her class, who tended to leave early child-rearing to domestic servants.

At eight I rise, dress and take the child without his nurse one turn round the shrubbery before breakfast. Immediately after, I go out with him again till a little after eleven, when he sleeps. I then read my chapters in my blue dressing room below stairs . . . then go to see Lord Fitzmaurice dine, and teach him afterward to spell words, till it is time to dress for my own dinner.

When John first showed symptoms of the ear disorder which eventually led to his deafness, she consulted doctors, and followed their treatment closely. But her household accounts show that, like most aristocratic mothers, Sophia had hired a wet-nurse for her son.

One explanation for the seeming lack of attention given William’s birth on October 15, 1768, was that a great deal else was happening at that moment. His father was the target in a political crisis that threatened to bring down the faltering Chatham Ministry. For over a year Shelburne had struggled to hold his office as Secretary of State for the Southern Department against the maneuvers of his Cabinet colleagues. Four days after William’s birth, Shelburne resigned. It had been a nasty fight. He had struggled to preserve Chatham’s policies, as mental illness stripped the great minister of his ability to lead. But Shelburne had no personal following within the Cabinet. As the King negotiated with leading politicians for the support he needed to save the Ministry, it became clear that Shelburne would have to be removed. He had become a liability; too independent and contentious to cooperate with any faction, he had alienated himself from the Cabinet on every issue—he opposed their coercive measures in America, their willingness to let France take Corsica, and most embarrassing, he refused to support the King and Cabinet in the furor that was mounting over the removal of the popular demigod John Wilkes from the House of Commons.

As William grew from infant to toddler, his father was involved in yet another crisis. For almost ten years, Shelburne had been playing for increasingly higher stakes in East India stock speculation; as a bullish market pushed prices to higher...
levels, Shelburne committed himself, through a dubious agent, to large stock purchases. When the crash came at the end of 1769, Shelburne had lost nearly sixty thousand pounds; both his public reputation and his family’s future financial security had been seriously jeopardized.

During these same years, William’s parents were establishing their position in London society. The most visible means was to buy one of the great houses being constructed in Mayfair’s fashionable squares. Virtually private palaces, constructed on a grand scale, lavishly furnished, these houses were built by ministers, and often were associated with a particular set of politicians. Shelburne House, on the south end of Berkeley Square, was the work of Robert Adam; its neo-classical facade became a landmark in mid-Georgian architecture. It had been built originally for Lord Bute (1713–1792). But its extravagant cost had become part of the vicious gossip that surrounded the King’s favorite, and Bute decided to sell it, unfinished, to Shelburne. Adam modified the plans to meet the new owner’s taste and ambitions, creating at the center a grand oblong gallery connected at each end to a rotunda thirty feet in diameter; here Shelburne intended to create a collection of classical sculpture and contemporary paintings “that will make Shelburne House famous not only in England but all over Europe.” He would succeed, both in collecting art, and in creating one of the finest private libraries of rare books, contemporary works, historical manuscripts, and maps in the eighteenth century.

In time, Shelburne House would become the center, not only for one political faction, but for a fascinating international society. Many liberal aristocrats from France and elsewhere on the Continent—the same intellectuals, artists, and scientists who circulated through the brilliant salons of Paris—would find their way to Berkeley Square. But in the summer of 1768, when the family moved to Shelburne House, two months before William’s birth, Sophia wrote in her diary that masons were still working on the central staircase; the dining room, although finished, was without chairs or curtains, “which makes it very doubtful we can ask the King of Denmark for dinner.” In another entry, Sophia recorded one day’s “shopping”:

We first went to Zucchi’s where we saw some ornaments for our ceilings, and a large architecture painting for the antichamber . . . from there to Mayhew and Inch where is some beautiful cabinet work, and two pretty glass cases for one of the rooms in my apartment . . . From thence to Cipriani’s where we saw some most beautiful drawings and where Lord Shelburne bespoke some to be copied for me, to complete my dressing room . . . from thence to Zuccarelli’s where we also saw some pictures doing for us. . . .”

The cost was staggering, and privately, his closest friends urged Shelburne to slow down and put his finances in order.

For all their ambition, Lord and Lady Shelburne moved in a rather narrow circle, one set by old family connections. Lady Elizabeth Montagu (1720–1800), an acquaintance of both sides, had drawn the young couple into her Friday evening club, precursor of the famous “Bluestocking” salon. Her guests were mainly writers, intellectuals whose interests ran to literature, history, or theology, among them
2nd Earl of Shelburne (1737–1805)

Both Shelburne and Sophia had found deep contentment with their marriage. Perhaps much of their pleasure in each other and their young sons can be explained by the fact that neither had had an easy childhood. Sophia's mother had died in childbirth and she had been raised in her maternal grandmother's household, a serious, pious, obedient young woman. Shelburne's memory of his childhood in remote Kerry was of his grandfather's tyranny, his parent's neglect, and his tutor's failure to teach him anything useful. Only his aunt Lady Arabella Denny, "whom I loved because she loved me," took care to teach him to read and write, and to learn self-discipline. His letters, often written when the business of Parliament called him away, reveal a young husband who survived the social pressure of a London Season only because he had his private life to sustain him: "You spoil a husband by treating him too well," he wrote Sophia, "all the ladies of the age will remonstrate against you for it."

Sophia's sudden death was devastating for Shelburne. "It's a melancholy thing at 33 to begin to see everything through a different medium, to have new habits, new motives to action and an entirely new system to look out for." At times it was more than he could manage and grief gave way to overpowering depression. Again, it was Lady Arabella's compassion that made a difference:

True love for her you think of will make you do anything that can be an advantage to those very dear pledges she has left you. Tis generous to work for the absent, and there is a secret joy springs from the hope of our meeting our friends in a state of eternal felicity . . . Resolution is as necessary for you now as in the field of battle. My dear Lord, endeavour to collect yourself, gratify yourself by talking of the beloved object. It will be a means to free your breast from that bitter woe which, if stifled will burst the frame that confines it."
Gradually, over the next two years, as Shelburne began to reconstruct his life, he turned to Lady Arabella to mother his children. She brought to the family, living at Bowood, their Wiltshire country estate, the same energy, the confident piety, and the talent for order that made her work among Dublin’s poor—the Magdalen Asylum—a model charity. For Shelburne, she was more than just an affectionate aunt; she was a tough-minded advisor on money matters. She urged him to establish a “sinking fund” to protect himself and his sons from debt and to end the bitter dispute with his mother that encumbered his finances.

The Dowager Lady Shelburne had become estranged from her son over the terms of her husband’s will—her insistence that Shelburne, as eldest son, had not inherited Bowood, the great Wiltshire country house, but must buy it from the family’s settled estate. He retaliated by refusing to let her see her grandsons, John and William, even for a brief visit. Lady Arabella urged Shelburne, for the sake of his “two lovely children,” to settle his differences, “to be that guide to your promising children, which you lament you had not in your youth.” In the meantime, she agreed to take charge of “young Lord Fitzmaurice and Mr. Petty.” It is from her letters to Shelburne, when business took him to London or he escaped to Paris, that we get the first glimpse of William’s personality:

I have brought Mr. Donaville to take 4 guineas a quarter for teaching Mr. Petty to dance and he begins this day. I am sure it will be a great service to him. The ass’s milk agrees very well with Lord Fitzmaurice. They are this moment eating their supper and with their mouths full of strawberries, are begging me to present their humble duty and love to you, and to say they hope you will not stay long from home. A saddle is making at Chipenham for Lord Fitzmaurice and a fit horse is got for him, which is a vast joy to him. He has been four times on horseback. Mr. Petty told Mr. Donaville when he first took him out to teach him, “Sir, you’ll find I shall perform very awkwardly I fear,” and to his nurse he says, “I know I shall dance like a cat.” Yet, he is exceedingly delighted at being taught.15

By mid-summer, 1771, Shelburne began to make more permanent arrangements for his sons’ education. Early in his bereavement, he had found comfort in Dr. Price’s sermons; now he asked his help in finding a tutor. Although Shelburne was nominally an Anglican, he was attracted to Price’s ideas on education. They were in the best eighteenth-century Dissenting tradition. A student should be taught classics, philosophy, history, politics, law, mathematics, modern languages, anatomy, as well as applied sciences—mechanics, statics, optics. The goal of this broad, even modern, curriculum was to teach man’s relation to God. Science demonstrated God’s order for the universe. Knowledge was a means of understanding God, and clear, critical thinking was a religious duty. But education was also a form of civil liberty. Men had a right to participate in government, according to their own conscience and knowledge, their own independent judgment. “The end of education is to direct the powers of the mind in unfolding themselves. . . . its business should be to teach how to think, rather than what to think.”16
Thomas Jervis, the young minister Price recommended to tutor John and William, was a particularly fortunate choice. He had been educated at the Dissenter Academy in Hoxton, and had a year's experience teaching mathematics and classics before he came to Bowood. At the age of 21, Jervis had the energy and patience to deal with two small boys. It was his responsibility, as their tutor, to supervise not only their lessons, but their manners, their exercise, to monitor their health and report to Shelburne, whose anxiety for his children did not make this an easy job. But Jervis was a kind and sensitive man, as well as an intelligent one. In him, William and his brother had a tutor completely devoted to them.17

At nearly the same time Jervis arrived, Shelburne began negotiations, again through Dr. Price, to bring Joseph Priestley into his household as librarian and advisor on his sons' education. Priestley's reputation as a scientist was growing, both in England and on the Continent, with the publication of his work on electricity and optics. Priestley would be the first of a group of scientists and intellectual innovators to come under Shelburne's protection. When the offer came, Priestley was at first reluctant. He feared he might be exchanging his own independence for Shelburne's patronage. But the terms were generous: an annual salary of 250 pounds, a settlement for life, and two houses for his family, one in London and one in Calne, near Bowood. Priestley accepted. Shelburne's patronage gave him a base from which he carried on his scientific work—leisure for experiments, money for apparatus, and an entrance into the intellectual elite of Paris salons, where he met, among other scientists, Lavoisier. The seven years Priestley spent at Bowood were the most valuable of his scientific career. Here he conducted the experiments on "dephlogisticated air," later identified as oxygen, and wrote his important *Disquisition Relating to Matter and Spirit*, (1777).18

Although Jervis continued to have the daily responsibility for William and John, Priestley had a strong influence on the household. He too was the product of the Dissenter curriculum; he had taught at Warrington Academy for twelve years, and it was his reputation as a "singular genius" in the "management of youth" as much as his scientific reputation that attracted him to Shelburne. Priestley brought his own well-developed method of teaching to Bowood, which blended informality and openness with a demand for high standards. In practice, this meant William and John were expected to listen to him lecture, but they were also encouraged to ask questions about what they heard. Scientific experiments, charts, models, gardening, travel, playacting, even cards and dancing were used to instruct.19

Dissenter academies were often extended families, and before long, the household at Bowood was organized into the "College." At the center were William and John, Shelburne, Priestley, and Jervis, but its ex-officio membership included two others, Shelburne's closest allies in the House of Commons, the eminent lawyer John Dunning, and the colorful politician Col. Isaac Barre. The "College" was designed by Priestley to give William and John a liberal education. As heirs "of the greatest rank, fortune and influence," he wrote, they would some day "take the lead in all affairs of state." If they were to be able statesmen, they must understand "the true sources of wealth, power, and happiness, in a nation." In short, they must understand how men lived, both in the past and in the present. An essential part of their education was "observations" written by Priestley for the benefit of the
Dear Mr. Petty,

As your curiosity is not less than your brother's, I shall endeavour to gratify it. ... At Lisle we saw everywhere the finest cultivation possible. ... It seemed to be much superior to the generality of English husbandry; but we have yet seen no inclosures, and hardly any grass or meads, cows or sheep; these being fed in places where the soil is not so rich. ...

Though you are not a man of gallantry, yet, as you are an observer of human nature, I must tell you what has struck me most relating to the women we have seen. Many of them, even those who are well dressed, walk the street in slippers, without anything to cover the heel; so that, except the toe, the whole foot is seen as they walk, which to me, who never saw the like before, looked slatternly and indelicate. ...

At Lisle, you, as having a military turn, would have received great pleasure from what was not only irksome, but the cause of a good deal of pain to me. This was the review of a regiment of French soldiers in compliment to your papa. They did not fire, but they performed a variety of new and very useful evolutions lately introduced by the King of Prussia. The pain that I felt on this occasion did not arise from any
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consideration of the mischief that this new discipline might enable the French to do us in any future war, but from a cold that I got at the time . . . 20

The Bowood College functioned both as a nuclear family, and a daily exercise in self-government, albeit one limited by Shelburne’s paternalism. (He was no democrat, at home or in Westminster.) Jervis, in writing to Shelburne in November, 1775, shows how life within the College was lived:

The Lawyer [William, age seven] is at present, busily employed in considering the nature and punishment of the several descriptions of Treason. The College wishes very much to have your Lordship’s opinion in Council on a question of great importance, whether there be any old Law in force that prohibits the exchanging of the old College newspaper, the Middlesex Journal, for the London Evening-Post? Such a motion has lately been made in the College, and is gone through the House without one dissenting voice, but cannot pass into an Act without the sanction of your Lordship’s approbation. The newspaper has an account of the death of General Putnam, if it be true, the Lawyer is anxious to know whether it will be taken notice of or, if he should put on mourning.

William, like most small boys, had his heroes: one was the American rebel leader, General Israel Putnam, who had a talent for creating his own legends. Whether William admired him for his prowess in killing wolves, fighting Indians, or leading the Americans at Bunker Hill, William accorded him a singular honor by naming his horse “General Putnam.”

April 27, 1776, Bowood Park

My Dear Papa,

General Putnam’s back is a little sore and I have ridden my Brother’s horse. I will tell you of a fall which happened to me. I should have said a tumble. Whilst I was coming home singing Boby on a gentle gallop I tumbled down. It wanted about ten minutes of 2 o’clock. The Day was Friday. Please tell Mr. Dunning that he being a great person, his name took up a great space in my last.

Another was his brother John, whose opinion he obviously valued:

April 20, 1776, Bowood Park

My Dear Papa,

I think it is my duty to inform you of news which although it is disagreeable is useful. More than fifteen fine young trees were broken down, some of which were Ash and Beech. My Brother advises that a Centinels should be placed near it with a loaded gun.

My compliments to colonel Barre and Mr. Dunning. And please to ask the latter whether he will return with you to Bowood.
William’s other hero was John Dunning whom he paid the high compliment of imitation, by styling himself the “Great Lawyer Spin”:

May 11, 1775, Bowood Park

My Dear Papa,

I received your kind letter on Thursday last with a great deal of pleasure. Please to tell Mr. Dunning that he being a great personage, I do not wonder that his horse fell under such an immense weight.

By 1776, when revolution in America dominated British politics, the Bowood College was at the center of opposition to the North Ministry’s American policies. Both inside Parliament, as Chatham’s spokesman in the House of Lords, and outside, among British Radicals, Shelburne was a vocal critic of the American war. Price and Priestley, since 1772, had been leaders of the new Radicalism, developing in London’s “Club of Honest Whigs.” Dissenting clergymen, “friends of liberty and science,” they had first been drawn together by their interest in education, philosophy, mathematics, and affection for liberal political ideas. Priestley and Benjamin Franklin had often met there to discuss their work on electricity. But as the Government’s reaction to American resistance hardened, the Club of Honest Whigs became the center of Radical support for the American cause.

The Government determined to save the British empire by suppressing the American rebellion, and the Americans determined to preserve their fundamental political liberties by declaring independence. The Radicals were committed to preserving both the Anglo-American empire and American liberty. Initially, they worked for reconciliation, and cheered American victories. But as the war continued, and all hope of reconciliation ended, they were forced to choose between loyalty to the empire and devotion to the principle of liberty; Price and Priestley became strong supporters of American independence, but Shelburne, never as liberal as Price or as radical as Priestley, continued to hope for some Anglo-American union, until the realities of making peace in 1782 forced him to accept American independence.  

William clearly paid attention to all the arguments and ideas he heard being discussed by his father and his colleagues. When George III opened Parliament on October 31, 1776, in a speech justifying the War in terms of American treason, Shelburne accused him of conducting a “war to enslave three million British-born subjects,” then attacked the speech, point by point.  

A copy of the King’s speech was sent to the Bowood College for consideration. William, age eight, responded in Latin:

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November 2, 1776 Bowood Park

Mi pater charissime
Collegium dat tibi gratias pro oratione Regis qua est pessima omnium
unquafactaram et pro libris eis quos misisti hic ex appido Londino inter
quos erat vita Ciceronis a Middletone quodam.
filius tuus pius

Gulielmus Petty

[My dearest Father,
The College thanks you for the King’s speech which is the worst of all
ever made, and for the books which you have sent here from London,
among which was the Life of Cicero by a certain Middleton.]

As the Americans invaded Canada, then were driven out in 1776, Shelburne was
kept informed by Thomas Carleton, serving under his brother General Guy Carle­
ton; he had written from Montreal in June that “Canada is retaken without firing a
Shot,” adding, “this Country is very beautiful. I hope to have the pleasure of
travelling over it one day with your Lordship, Lord Fitzmaurice, and my friend
William.” For his part, young William followed the war closely. When newspapers
reported the defeat of the American fleet at Valcour Island under General Benedict
Arnold, at the end of October, William took the news philosophically:

[undated] Bowood Park

My dear Papa
I was very sorry to hear the defeat of The Provincial fleet at the lake of
Champlain. However there are two things to be considered viz. first that
the Americans were not beaten through want of valour and next that
Ticonderoga is strongly fortified.

Carleton later sent Shelburne details of the battle, telling him that the campaign
had ended for the season but the Americans would undoubtedly bring fresh naval
support: “I am heartily tired of the war. . . . I am sure there's no knowledge to be
acquired in fighting against armed peasants.” At any rate, he remembered his
“friend William” with affection:

December 7, 1776 Bowood Park

My dear Papa,
I was very much obliged to you for your affectionate letter and that of
Colonel Carleton which vindicated the honour of General Arnold,
shewed him to be a man of skill, address, valour, and resolution, and in
short, fit for his station. It pleased the College exceedingly, and revived
their hopes.

As 1777 began, William, age nine, was absorbed by his own surroundings. Like
his father, he was a compulsive gatherer of information, and, following Priestley’s
example, delighted in sharing his own comments on the passing scene:
February 1, 1777 Bowood Park

My dear Papa

I am very glad to hear you are well. As it seems by your letter, that you have heard of the fire at Bristol, I must inform you, that one day, as we were riding out we saw a criminal taken up for sheep-stealing, going to Devizes goal, and heard from the men who guarded him, that a man, who with two others had broken open a house at Calne was taken.

William’s letters, now frequently written in Latin, record the progress of his singular education. Priestley had continued to make his own work an integral part of John and William’s instruction: “My experiments are more in the way of chemistry than before. I shall probably go deeper in this business than ever, in consequence of having undertaken to teach philosophy to Lord Shelburne’s children, and having a noble apparatus for that purpose.” Priestley was at this time continuing his work on optics as well, and in the fall of 1777 brought John Waltire, a Birmingham scientist, to Bowood to demonstrate his recent work:

October 4, 1777 Bowood Park

My dear Papa,

I hope you arrived safe at London. Yesterday Mr. Bull and Mrs. Priestley came to see a lecture on the solar microscope, by Mr. Waltire, which lasted for 2 Hours. And the same gentleman entertained us today with a very curious lecture upon the Eye.

William’s lessons were interrupted a few weeks later with news of the shocking surrender of the British General Burgoyne at Saratoga; the grand strategy to isolate New England with a slash by British forces from Canada had failed. While his father joined the Opposition charge, hoping to bring down the North Ministry, William made his own assessment of the situation:

December 6, 1777 Bowood Park

My Dear Papa,

I am very sorry for Washington’s defeat, and Arnold’s death, the former is very advantageous to General Howe, but it is fully recompensed by the surrender of the eloquent and humane General Burgoyne. Dr. Priestley desires his compliments to you.

Throughout December there was speculation in various quarters that a new ministry would be formed with Chatham at the head and Shelburne conducting the
war as Secretary of State. At the same time, Franklin sent an emissary to London, Major John Thornton, to arrange aid for American prisoners held in England at Forton Prison, near Portsmouth, and Old Mill Prison at Plymouth. Thornton (soon to become an informant for the British) met with Shelburne, Price, and several other Radicals who decided to raise a subscription for the American prisoners. William also did his part:

December 27, 1777 Bowood Park

My Dear Papa,

I hope to see you in a few days. Mr. Jervis, Dr. Priestley, and myself intend to make a small subscription for the poor American prisoners at Portsmouth. The College are very much obliged to you for the Gazette.

A month later the College was absorbed in drama of another kind. Shelburne had recently become engaged to Miss Frances Molesworth. But the young woman suddenly fled. According to gossip, Shelburne had been angry “to lose 40,000 pounds and so pretty a wife, but put a good face upon it.” Some described her as timid, others as cunning; one explanation was that he “never entertained her with anything but politics.” But William does not appear to have been too disappointed:

January 24, 1778 Bowood Park

My dear Papa,

I am very much surprised to hear that the match is broke off, but I hope it is for the better. I had the pleasure of receiving a letter from Mr. Dunning, which I intend to answer on Monday. Mr. Jervis desires his most respectful compliments to you.

I am, My dear Papa, your ever affectionate Son.

William G. Petty

Four days after writing this letter, on January 28, William died. The circumstances of his death would not be known except for Jervis’ anger that a spurious account had been published by a Wiltshire clergyman, nearly forty years after the event. This told a maudlin story: William had become ill during the night, the result of a chill he had received while horseback riding; the family doctor had been called; as he approached Bowood, in the moonlight, William appeared before him on the road, then vanished. Reaching the house, the doctor found the child had died a few minutes earlier. Not content with fabricating this ghost story, the clergyman added an account of a dream William had supposedly confided to Joseph Priestley a few days before his death, in which he journeyed “without his feet touching the ground” along the exact route his cortege would take.

Jervis felt compelled to set the record straight, and published his own stark account: William, Lord Fitzmaurice, and Jervis had spent the day together horseback riding. William had shown no signs of illness until, during the night, he complained of “internal pain.” By morning, “inflammation soon ensued” which was “so violent and so rapid in its progress” William died less than twenty-four
hours after the first symptoms appeared. Shelburne never entirely recovered from his loss. When Richard Price was struggling with depression following his wife’s death, Shelburne, then late in life, urged his friend not to give way to his grief: “It is not from want of tenderness for [William], as my tears sufficiently witness while I am writing, but painful as it is to me to recur to the subject, I cannot help doing it to warn you, my dear friend, against incurring a disease which you may find at first a melancholy comfort, but in the end you’ll find lowering and incapacitating to a great degree.”

The life of William Granville Petty, in the simplest terms, is a human interest story, with pathos, set in England, in the distant past. But on another level, it is one brief case history, added to the mass of evidence being compiled by historians studying eighteenth-century patterns of childrearing, family relationships, and social class behavior. Like most of the evidence social historians consider, William’s biography raises difficult questions: what conclusions are to be drawn? How does his experience fit into the broad question concerning the change in patterns of family relationships in the last half of the eighteenth-century from an authoritarian to an affectionate nuclear family? What attitudes and behavior can be defined as “aristocratic,” the prerogative of an elite whose social power and wealth could command the service of even a Joseph Priestley? How much in William’s life can be explained by purely personal factors—simply by being Shelburne’s son?

William’s life, as evidence of early childhood in a noble family, is striking both for its conformity and its challenge to accepted patterns of aristocratic behavior. There was much in William’s childhood that was predictable. Shelburne understood the basic fact of aristocratic life—the family’s survival depended on his sons understanding their responsibilities and duties as members of the ruling elite. He was not unusual among noble fathers in taking seriously everything that would impinge on their social position, in using his wealth and prestige to insure its continuity. He lived in a hierarchical society, and expected the deference and obedience of his inferiors—including his sons and the men he engaged to teach them.

Historians studying late eighteenth-century English families, notably Lawrence Stone, have led us to expect to find aristocratic children raised on Lockean principles, treated with affection and compassion, respected for their individual qualities. Increasingly, aristocratic families chose to have their sons’ early education conducted in the relatively permissive surroundings of their homes. Had he survived, William would undoubtedly have followed his brother to Westminster School. But it was not unusual for Shelburne to have delayed the harsh realities of public school life.

What is remarkable in William’s childhood is how his father chose to raise him. Shelburne’s approach to parenting began with a deep sense of his own childhood neglect. There is a neurotic quality in his concern for his sons that goes beyond the anxiety one would expect to find even in a young, widowed father. His memory of being unloved was translated into what one family intimate described as “excessive fondness” for his children. Shelburne’s notions about education during William’s life were still vague, drawn largely from his own negative experiences and the lessons he had learned from Lady Arabella Denny.
By the 1780s he would have read widely in enlightened theories of education and worked out his own scheme for training the children of his Irish tenants and destitute Wiltshire weavers, but when Shelburne asked advice of Price and Priestley for his sons, he was educating himself. Shelburne’s association with these two leaders of radical Dissent, more than any other factor, distanced him from his social peers. At a time when Dissenters were excluded from Oxford and Cambridge, and Dissenting Academies were challenging aristocratic control of education, Shelburne adopted both their method and curriculum for his sons. It was the Bowood College that shaped William’s understanding; its values are expressed most clearly in Thomas Jervis’ memorial to his pupil:

The Hon. Mr. Petty was, by nature, adorned with the most promising parts, with a most lovely and engaging temper. He was endued with a sagacious, active, penetrating genius and discovered a justness of thought, a solidity of judgment, truly astonishing. He possessed a wonderful faculty of distinguishing, and a power of selecting and arranging his ideas that was rare and uncommon. He had a singular tact and discernment, and was peculiarly happy in his choice of the most simple, pertinent and expressive language. He was blessed with a most feeling, tender and benevolent heart, in the highest degree susceptible of refined and generous emotions, capable of the most liberal and steady attachments. There was an innocence in his mind, a beautiful simplicity and artlessness in his manners that commanded general love and esteem. He was uniformly actuated by a lively sense of duty and religion, by a principle of strict honour and unshaken integrity, by an inviolable love of justice, liberty, and truth, and was ever animated by a bold, manly, enterprising spirit in the cause of virtue and humanity. In short, he had such extraordinary resources both of the understanding and the heart, not occasionally dawning in his mind but shining with a bright and permanent lustre, that it is scarcely possible not to regard him almost as a prodigy in human nature. He exhibited those early indications of a virtuous and elevated mind, which might justly be considered as strong presages of future greatness and extensive usefulness; and which will reflect more lasting honour on his memory than all the distinctions of his noble and illustrious descent.

NOTES
5. Ibid.
12. Shelburne to Sophia, March, 1770, Bowood Mss.
14. Arabella Denny to Shelburne, April 15, 1771, Bowood Mss.
15. Arabella Denny to Shelburne, July 11, 1771, Bowood Mss.
19. Ibid., 15.
21. Thomas Jervis to Shelburne, November 6, 1775, Shelburne Papers, Clements Library.
24. Thomas Carleton to Shelburne, June 26, 1776, Bowood Mss.
J. Francis Ruggles,
Ye Bibliopoloexperto of Bronson

TOM NICELY

Follow Route 12, the old two-lane Detroit-Chicago Pike, westward as it rolls gently through rural southern Michigan. From Ypsilanti and Clinton the road traverses the Irish Hills area, with its small-scale tourist attractions (Prehistoric Forest! Giant Jungle Rapids Waterslide! Dwight D. Eisenhower Presidential Railroad Car!), and the small towns of Somerset Center, Moscow, Jonesville, Allen, Quincy. More than half-way across the state and angling closer to the Indiana border, the road passes through the Branch County seat of Coldwater. And finally, twelve miles further, it brings us to the tiny village of Bronson.

Michigan’s most remarkable bookseller was born in this village on April 22, 1848. His name was J. Francis Ruggles, and for some forty years, from about 1871 until his death in 1911, he amazed neighbors and far-flung customers alike with his erudition, showmanship, and genial eccentricity. He built a strange and wonderful edifice, which he usually called “The Odditorium,” in the village center; sold in-print and out-of-print books and exhibited his collections of curios; traveled to the West and South in search of customers and artifacts; wrote for local newspapers and several national free-thought journals; used inventive word-combinations, dialectal spellings, and recondite terms to explain and promote his activities; and compiled three thick scrapbooks which contain a printed record of his business, his village, and his enthusiasms.

This “famous rustling, hustling Bibliopoloexperto, professional Book Hunter, Curio Fancier, Antiquarian Literarian and Bibliomaniac Extraordinary” was the only child of James Ruggles and his third wife, Eliza Salona Pixley. James, who was again widowed when his son was an infant, had settled in Bronson in 1837, and for some years he operated his large house to the west of the village center as an inn or “public house” (J. Francis dubs it a “caravansary”) called the American Exchange Hotel.

James later married again, and the Ruggles household came to include four surviving younger half-brothers as well as his stepmother, Aurelia Parish Ruggles. It was here, at 22 Chicago Street, that Ruggles presumably lived while receiving a “common school education,” although in his late teens he spent two months at the Chicago branch of the Eastman Business College. In this same house the budding bibliopole set up shop in six second-floor rooms, while still in his early twenties.

The best source for these early years is a series of “Bibliopological Reminiscences” that Ruggles wrote years later, in 1894, for the Bronson Journal. “In 1871,”
he recounts, “while clerking for C. & H. Powers, I ordered from London, Eng., for my own reading some philosophical works, and then hungering for more but lacking the necessary funds for their procurement, concluded to advertise for sale, in a Boston paper, these and some other crumbs from my literary table.” The advertisement produced duplicate orders; and soon Ruggles was circulating a manuscript list and then a printed broadsheet catalogue. The issuing of the catalogue, or “Circularissingularis” as Ruggles, with his characteristic love of word-play, named it, quickly became a yearly (usually fall or late summer) event. Featured in the publication were an Annual Message from the proprietor, lists of new and out-of-print or rare books for sale, testimonials from satisfied customers, a “Books Wanted to Purchase” section, and a melange of quotations, notices, and poetry, all embellished with a fanciful variety of printer’s ornaments, display types, and curious cuts.

In addition to issuing the early catalogues, which probably relied on mail order responses, Ruggles in 1874 “Turned [his] back forever . . . on all salaried positions,” by adding the job of canvasser to his repertoire. At twenty-six he took to the road—a periodic occurrence in later years—selling newspaper subscriptions and framed chromolithographs entitled “Cute” and “Sunbeam” from publishers of The Fireside Friend; a subscription book, T.S. Arthur’s Woman To the Rescue; and related sundries such as rubber erasers and glass ink stands. He also represented an area bookbinder and a job-printer. It is recorded that he subsequently sold about 200 “Illustrated Weekly” chromos and many frames in an “efficient canvass” of Ann Arbor, but within a few years Ruggles had resolved to handle only books, which he would sell “on the road, through the mails and in my own store.”

What kind of store was it, on the second floor of the large Ruggles house? A nice description is provided in The Book Fiend (Minneapolis, ed. Leroy Clark) for January, 1888, in an article titled “Romance of Bibliopolism. A Peep Into ‘ye’ Bibliopole’s Sanctum”: “Up a flight of rickety stairs, through a narrow, winding, dingy hallway barri­caded with book stock . . . we are ushered along into what might at first pre­sentation be taken for a wizard’s den, cavern of curiosities, or reclusive retreat of some studious hermit . . . occupying altogether six cozy little rooms.” This narrative is amplified in an earlier article from the Bronson Index (Leroy Clark, ed., Minneapolis, Minn.), which describes a stroll “into the extensive book mailing establishment, old curiosi­
ity shop and philosophical sanctum of J. Francis Ruggles, the Great World-Renowned, International Bibliopole". After noting the stuffed animals and walls covered with paintings, engravings, and mottoes, the writer continues: "... The collection of books is a rare one. ... In Americana Poor Richards' Almanac puts in an appearance. ... 'Ulster Co. Gazette,' 1800. ... Also some of the early anti-slavery papers. ... Among the archives we find hundreds of autograph letters. ... Now come curiosities in archaeology, geology, mineralogy, conchology ... flint arrow heads ... postage stamp albums ... old play bills ... Confederate bonds ... rare coins ... stereoscopic views ... and souvenirs of eccentricity ... till the curiosity seeker is wearied, and the tired brain cries for rest."

Ruggles continued in this location for almost twenty years, and doubtless would have remained had not a disastrous event occurred while he was canvassing out West. In the early morning hours of February 20, 1889, a fire destroyed the Ruggles homestead, and with it the shop and all its contents. Ruggles grieved, in poetry and prose. But armed with the pluck that he admired, as well as $3,000 from the insurance company, he determined to "phoenixize" in a marvelously grand manner, and within the year had constructed a two-story building that was the wonder of the village. Arising just one or two doors west of the main four corners, on the south side of Chicago Street, this remarkable combined shop and residence is described at some length in Ruggles' 18th Annual message to his customers:

"The front is made of Grand Rapids white brick with panels of Philadelphia Peerless pressed red brick, the joints are penciled in blue, and the smiling countenances of two portraits in clay, representing probably a pair of some ancient twin brother antiquarians, are seen to beam forth. The front doors and windows of both upper and lower story are of extra polished plate glass, with selected colors of stained glass for transoms. Above the center bay window, in the cap thereof, is a 'coat of arms' composed of pens pendant and ink stands militant, inlaid in gold, while over each of the side bay windows stands out in bold relief the Latin inscription, 'Lux,' indicating that the physical light, the earth's source of warmth and life, enters the window to be metamorphosed into intellectual illumination. ... The gable of the cornice has an embossed figure of an open book with front page blackened as if by fire, the newly turned leaf pure white, but from both of which shine forth in brilliant radiancy the gilded figures, 1889, while underneath appears in golden letters the cognomen of the Bibliopoexplopero."

"The corner block is of Buckeye sandstone and has this inscription, 'Curioso Bookery. J. Francis Ruggles,' which signifies that it is not only a place where books are sold but a depository for peculiar bric-a-brac and the abiding place of a virtuoso as well. Entering beneath a welcoming arch we find ourselves in the salesroom, filled with elegantly hand carved, mahogany veneered and glass door book cases, stored with tempting volumes, which are thus kept secure from the ravages of dust and therefore always appear fresh, clean and inviting. Sandwiched between these are cabinets of specimens in numismata, philately, currentia, autographiana, etc. ... thence ... we ascend a short flight of stairs and seek entrance to the ... Sanctum Sanctorum ... [and thence] upward a few steps into 'Bachelor's Hall,' (so lettered in Greek on the glass panel of the door), which we find in reality to be a miniature art gallery of statuary, portraits, etc. Opening a door to the left and we
are in the magnificent ‘Drawing Room’ from whence we get a glimpse of the
‘Kleiderschaufl’ and ‘Lavitorium;’ then up a longer flight to the ‘Observatoire,’
cupola] which is a reading room, recuperatorium, and studio all in one. Now
slipping out at the rear entrance, down stairs, we wend out way into a veritable
‘Cave of the Winds,’ which is the one and only well equipped tornado grotto in the
state. . .

“Various nations and localities have contributed materials for our ‘greatest show
on earth,’ and all the departments are sufficiently light, airy and spacious, as
sunshine and ventilation are among our ‘best ridden hobbies.’ . . . The business
office . . . is finished with luxurious Georgia pine, the packing room in wavy,
quarter sawed sycamore, the reception parlor in sumptuous black ash, the store
proper in sturdy red oak, the bath room in southern gum wood, the wardrobe in
anti-moth red cedar, the single man’s lobby in durable hard maple, the cellar in
lasting hemlock, the cyclone cavern in Wolverine granite and swamp oak, the
white-bricked . . . ‘Necessario,’ in native water elm, while the towering ‘owl’s nest,’
being intended for taking bird’s eye views, to make the sentiment and finish
harmonize, is cased up with costly bird’s-eye maple, decorated with carved heads of
the ‘God of Wisdom,’ etc. Other rooms are also ornamented with fine wood carv­
ings . . . while the ceilings are painted in all the hues of the rainbow . . . . The apex
of the ‘Observatory’ is surmounted with a huge ball, upon the surface of which are
painted the subdivisions of the earth . . . . This emblem is not intended to signify
that we desire to possess the whole planet, but simply that we traverse the entire
globe in the sports of the chase of book hunting and aspire for the extension of our
territory for customers from pole to pole. Above the sphere, streaming in the
breeze, is Uncle Sam’s banner, surcharged with the characteristic inscription,
‘Bibliopolotriumpho,’ . . . So you see, indulgent reader, that everything is artistic,
emblematic and brim full of sentiment, from the inception of the building to the
last stroke of the painter’s brush.”

The Odditorium, sometimes called the “Bibliocurioseum,” or “Bibliocurioidealo­rium,” or other combinations thereof, held its grand opening on November 19,
1889. Thereafter—with additions in decor (fifty styles of carpet, over 100 wallpa­
per patterns, a self-heating bathtub) and subtractions in time (visitors were eventu­
ally limited to an hour’s free tour, but “the private curio collections are reserved . . .
for those who . . . help sustain our institution . . .” ) – Ruggles presided over the
apogee of his dreams and labors. Inside, visitors were often most impressed by his
magnificent 159-compartment folding desk. Outside, the colorful building-signs
announced to all that this was no ordinary retail establishment. One of these signs
was reproduced and described in the Bronson Journal and is pictured in this article.
Another Ruggles sign was later acquired by the Battle Creek rare book and auto­
graph dealer Forest Sweet, according to Clements Library Director Randolph
Adams in the Autumn 1936 Colophon, “to use on his own house, but unfortunately, the
builder put it in such a posi­tion that the face is buried in
cement.”
The most remarkable fixture of the Oddityrium, however, was the owner himself. What was a visit with him like? There exists one delightful extended account, in an 1898 book called *M. Eagle's U.S.A.: As Seen in a Buggy Ride of 146 Miles from Illinois to Boston.* Arriving toward evening in Bronson, and observing the Oddityrium and its signs, the author asked the hotel stable attendant who this “J. Francis Ruggles” was: “Darndest cuss you ever see!” he replied and stopped short. As this information did not seem much more definite than some of the signs I had been studying, I pressed for a little further enlightenment: “Just git at the critter, ’n talk to him. That’s the bes’ way to git the facts o’ his case.” “But where does he stay?” “Well, he gits his meals at the hotel yere, ’n roosts in thet there coop o’ his’n cross the street. He’s got a cheer out’n the hotel bar-room he sets in that no body else aint ’lowed to tech. He’s good natured ’nough, ’n ef ye was ter shy ’round there now, I reckon ye’d find him.”

“I walked around presently to the hotel entrance. Within, sure enough, with its back against the clerk’s desk, was the chair. Its top was embellished in gold letters, *J. Francis Ruggles.* A small, pale, little man, dressed in black, came quietly along and sat down in the chair. I backed off and pretended to be studying a railroad map, but was really, of course, looking over Mr. Ruggles. . . . He wore a brown straw hat having a brim, perhaps, half an inch wide. He was smooth shaven, with the exception of a tiny bunch of carefully nurtured chin whiskers. His clothing was absolutely spotless, and seemed as if it were worn with constant brushing. His black string tie ends . . . were brought across each other. . . . His boots had split leather tops, and were polished in the economical, spit-but-once-in-the-box style. This man’s general demeanor suggested a meek and humble ‘follower of the cloth.’

“After a while, I walked over to Mr. Ruggles and introduced myself. His greeting was cordial, and we were soon engaged in pleasant conversation. ‘Some of those signs on your building are rather unusual,’ I ventured.
"Yes," he said, 'I know when I had them put up, I agreed to pay the painter so much for the lump job, and he come near striking on me when his work was about half done, as he said he didn't contract to paint words that would reach clear down into Indiana.' . . . On the matter of books, to which we finally drifted, I found him possessed of really remarkable information, and regarding rare editions, and curious volumes, his knowledge was profound. We talked until late in the evening. . . .

"[Next morning] we entered the sacred portals . . . [and] I began to see that the proprietor was one of those who have a 'place for everything and everything in its place.' . . . The order in which Mr. Ruggles' private library, ledgers, and odd trifles were arranged would have told, if nothing else had, that the proprietor was a bachelor. No woman could have endured such miraculous method. Her very soul would have been inspired with the desire to break in here with mop and pail.

". . . As we [returned from the 'Refuge de Tornado'] I said, 'Mr. Ruggles, you certainly have everything here but a wife. Why don't you hustle around and ensnare some one of these pretty girls I see in Bronson?' 'Not much!' he answered with venom, 'I've worked like a slave to get this palace built, and if I got a wife, she'd be running the Odditorium herself and want to have me out there in the tornado cave, feeding me through a hole in the roof. No sir, I know when I'm well off. I want no female help about this institution!'

If Ruggles avoided the women, and perhaps vice versa, he did seem to enjoy children. Mrs. Helen Bowker Smith of Bronson, now in her eighties, remembers visits to the Odditorium with her father: curious odors, a big stairway, tables covered with books. Mr. Ruggles showing her stones, snakeskins, a trap-door for valuables, and "the smallest Bible in the world," or urging her to take some hard candy from a wooden pail under his desk. On one occasion Ruggles asked the young girl if she wanted to see a real bat. When she said yes, thinking he would produce one of the flying order Chiroptera, he led her to a brick (covered with carpet, and probably used as a doortop) upon which he had placed a small sign that read "BAT." That, said Ruggles with what we can imagine as mock solemnity, was his brick-bat. She also remembers
the bookseller as he walked quickly across the street for his noon meal, frock coattails flying, and the people who often arrived by train and walked up to the shop.10

The shop’s proprietor had other decided but not overbearing opinions, which he seems to have come to early in life. Ruggles was a total abstainer on personal grounds, traceable to an innocent imbibing of hard cider as a child, and politically he was an “independent voter or Mugwump.”11 He was, moreover, a “radical thinker” or believer in Rationalistic Agnosticism at a time when Robert G. Ingersoll popularized this metaphysical stance, and he wrote pieces for such journals as the N.Y. Truthseeker and Boston Investigator.

In this trait he followed in the footsteps of a freethinking father. At the elder Ruggles’ funeral, which was reported in detail in the local newspaper, there was neither a clergyman officiating nor any reference to God in the commemoration. Not coincidentally, the first extant catalogue of the younger Ruggles highlighted in-print “Free Thought” titles by authors such as Bradlaugh, Paine, Büchner, Herbert Spencer, and Swedenborg, and a book called Modern Thinkers (featuring Haeckel, Paine, Adam Smith, Fourier, Swedenborg, Compte, Spencer and Bentham) was touted in Catalogue No. 8 as “the religious-philosophical literary event of the season.” In later life Ruggles even tried out some of the more mysterious “sciences” for what they could tell him (and his readers) about himself: his head was read from a photographic portrait by the phrenological Fowlers, his penmanship analyzed by Expert Graphologist Henry Rice of New York, and his Astrological Horoscope cast by Prof. Edison.12

Above all, Ruggles saw himself as participating, through his business endeavors, in the great cause of education and enlightenment. “Mr. R’s ambition,” said the Bronson Journal, “seems to be to acquire the requisite knowledge and ability to supply any book ever published by anybody anywhere, and he goes about the matter philosophically by first forming a bibliographical library containing the titles, sizes, prices, dates of issue and publisher’s addresses of every work of which any printed record has been preserved since the origin of printing. Mr. R. is also the inventor of a ‘Great Original Panoramic System of Bibliopolism by means of Pictorial Diagram Tablets’ on which the U.S. Government has granted him a copyright. Believing that humanity’s only salvation is in education and moral suasion he is an enthusiastic advocate of cheap literature for the masses.”13

Ruggles’ “Copyrighted System of Bibliopolism” seems to refer in particular to a “new departure in sample showing” which lightened the
Important!

My Book-Loving Friend:

Have you not been for years looking for some choice volume that thus far has eluded your possession? Ordinary book-sellers say, "out of print," yet this signifies but little as to its procurability when diligently searched for by a Book Detective and Literary Expert. If any man in America can furnish any book ever seen, heard or thought of, it is J. Francis Ruggles, Great International Bibliopole, Bronson, Michigan. Books by mail post-paid. Old, Rare, Scarce, Curious, "O. P." Works a specialty. List for stamp.
To All Freethinkers, Greeting!


My Philosophical Friend:

Thoroughly impressed with the importance of a closer acquaintance and consequent stronger cooperation between the Friends of Freedom of all names, we resolved, four years ago, to plunge into the arena and open up new avenues for gospel propagandism. With this idea in view our International Book Establishment was launched forth to the world. Since then we have had worthy initiators and co-workers, while our own humble efforts to gain readers for Liberal and Philosophical Books, Tracts, etc., that embody the thoughts and opinions of the true "salt of the Earth," have been crowned with a success as marvelous as gratifying. From ocean to ocean has the nourishing manna of Freethought found welcome. Although so satisfactory in the past, yet we desire to greatly extend our operations in the future. We want to secure our patrons from every town, city and hamlet in the land, and to do this our announcements must reach the public eye through "big dailies" and high-cost weeklies as well as in our own presses, and be made to penetrate regions where even the existence of our literature now is unknown. And all this so much for pecuniary remuneration as to assist in gaining a hearing for the noble cause of Rationalism that numbers among its apostles and disciples the ablest, purest, grandest minds of the century.

To successfully carry out our plans we need the earnest, practical co-operation of every unfettered thinker. Friend, will you not help to spread the glad news of Truth to the superstition-smothered souls around you? We appeal for your support, confident that it will not be withheld. We ask no charity offerings, but shall give you "value received" for your money.

Your immediate patronage is solicited; please do not defer to be neglected and forgotten, but write at once for Catalogues, Circulars, Cards, Envelopes, etc., which will be sent free, and then favor us with an early order, however small.

For any book you ever saw or heard of, send to us. Old, rare, scarce, curious, "O. P." works a specialty! Anything published on either Continent promptly supplied. In conclusion, we cordially extend both $2-50 of fellowship, and remain, Enthusiastically Thine,

J. Francis Ruggles.

the press on the Book of Mormon, describing the original edition as "one of the scarcest issues in American literature . . . [bringing] in the market $25 and upwards." He also wrote about a locally owned 1730 Geography Annotated and surveyed rare free-thought titles for the Truthseeker magazine.

The older books were also what impressed many visitors: "The walls are lined with cases containing books both old and new, rare and common, one cabinet being devoted exclusively to old schoolbooks . . . Underneath the shelves drawers containing thousands of magazines, pamphlets, catalogues, etc., some of them very valuable . . . and what took our reporter's eye the most, a number of old newspapers . . ."

While it is probable that there were never any fabulous rarities in Ruggles' stock of books, nor indeed more than a few titles to excite the big city dealers of his own era, there was enough to provide a glimpse of the broader continuum of knowledge and scholarship in a community mostly concerned with contemporary practicalities.

And of course Ruggles' strange and wonderful Odditorium was much more than a bookstore to the local visitor, the farmer in town to buy supplies, or the wide-eyed school children who crossed its threshold. It was a captivating museum of curiosities gathered during Ruggles' American and English tours over the years: from Texas a sample of mescal and fragments of the skull of a hapless Black man, Jim King; a 55 1/2 foot Japanese panoramic scroll from London reportedly valued at $235,000; a facsimile of "an epistle purporting to be in the handwriting of the notorious 'Mr. Beelzebub Satan'"; and a mammoth peach "left on exhibition" at the Odditorium.

Despite his travels, Bronson's best-known bookseller was apparently never tempted to relocate. Early in his career he wrote: "We have been urged by city friends to remove to New York, Chicago, etc.—but here is our birthplace, our business, our home and our friends." As time went on, Ruggles began sending reports of his travels back to the local press, and became something of a cultural interpreter for the village. The village, in turn, seems to have been proud of, if also sometimes nonplussed by, the accomplishments of their resident virtuoso. Ruggles
probably enjoyed both reactions. On a larger stage he would not have found the audience he needed, nor they an actor with such an interest and stake in the community.

If Chicago or New York was beyond Ruggles' orbit, writing his own obituary certainly wasn't. Write it he did, and had it printed, perhaps several years before his death. Never of robust constitution, Ruggles succumbed to a fever in his sixty-third year, on September 14, 1911.23 Funeral services were held at the store, and, as Ruggles had specified, his obituary peroration was read "by some person other than a minister of the gospel".24 A small, simple stone marks his burial spot, flanking other family members, at the local cemetery.

What happened to the books and curios is something of a mystery. Some residents think there may have been a general sale, and some of the stock may have been taken over for a time by a local merchant. The building passed through various hands and uses. Today, as the offices of Walter Wohlers Real Estate, the cupola and protruding upper bay windows and lower columns have vanished, and all that remains to readily identify the Odditorium are the second-story flat, square "gargoyles" (or "big Who-is-its") in red clay, and the cornerstone to the left of the entrance.

Bronson itself remains for the most part a quiet, pleasant southern Michigan village. But recently, as NBC-TV "Today" show weatherman Willard Scott announced, it "made the Guinness Book of Records for the world's largest stuffed sausage."25 P.T. Barnum, who was mentioned by Ruggles several times in print over the years, would have loved it. And so would Bronson's own native showman, J. Francis Ruggles, truly Ye Bibliopoilo Originaloextraordinaro.26

NOTES

1. The scrapbooks, all bound in contemporary 3/4 morocco of different colors, are spine-titled BRAINDROPS, LIFE IN BRONSON, and BRONSON IN MINIATURE. The first two are currently available at the Branch Co. Library, Coldwater, the second also on film, and the third is in the safekeeping of local historian Mrs. Loranetta Diebel of Bronson. Residents believe that the scrapbooks turned up at a local garage sale or auction within recent years. Based upon Ruggles' introductory manuscript notes in the first two volumes, as well as internal evidence, the scrapbooks replaced three earlier compilations that were destroyed in an 1889 fire, and were begun in 1890, 1892, and ca. 1894 respectively. BRAINDROPS collects printed sources regarding the book business, the other two record village happenings, though there is a fair amount of duplication. Sources for the pasted-in clippings are mainly Ruggles' own yearly brochures and local newspapers. Given the format, compounded by detachment of the unnumbered scrapbook pages and the fact that Ruggles often re-used his own copy and probably wrote many of the articles about himself, it is sometimes difficult to establish the original source, date, or authorship of a piece with certainty. A half brother was also editor of one of the local newspapers.

2. From an article beginning "With his name left out ...", Bronson Journal (?) ca. 1890, probably by Ruggles; in BRAINDROPS and in LIFE IN BRONSON.

3. Jas. F. Ruggles is listed as a "dry goods clerk" in the Branch County Directory (comp. by Stevens & Conover), Ann Arbor, 1871.

4. "Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement ... blateratious battology, colligated cassation ... and don't use big words" wrote our neologist in his Catalog No. 11 ("A Ramble among the Obsoletes").

5. Catalogue or Circular No. 1 was a single-column sheet printed at the Republican Office, Coldwater. No. 2 was a folder printed in Detroit; and No. 3, the first extant example (in BRAINDROPS),
was an oblong folio sheet folded twice to make a 6pp large 12mo: CATALOGUE NO. 3 OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN/FREE-THOUGHT AND MISCELLANEOUS/BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, ETC., FOR SALE BY J. FRANCIS RUGGLES, Bibliopole, 22 CHICAGO ST., BRONSON, MICH. [Worcester: Independent Tract Society, 1875]. After a while Ruggles took to bestowing a new title on each year's offering. No. 7 is BIBLIOPOLOGICAL BROADSIDE, No. 11 BIBLIOPHILISTIC MENU, No. 14 BIBLIONUGGETS, No. 34 BIBLIOTALKO, and Ruggles addresses his patrons variously from the "Executive Sanctum," "Ye Denne," "Thinkery," "Biblio-crankery," and "Bibliobower," among others—all, presumably, his office.

6. There are similarities in the two articles (contained in BRAINDROPS), perhaps traceable to Ruggles' own contributions.

7. For another description, quoted in part later, see the article in BRONSON IN MINIATURE entitled "An Interesting Place./ J. Francis Ruggles Is Original. The Reporter's Representative Visits Bronson's Bibliophile . . .", ca. 1896.

8. "Notes & Queries," p. 134. Julia Sweet Newman believes that this must have been her grandfather, Forest Glenwood Sweet, who lived at 46 Green Street. Later, her father Forest Helmer Sweet used No. 46 as an office, then it stood empty, and in the 1960s burned down.

9. Though the quoted passage is in the first person singular, the book was co-authored by John Livingston Wright and Mrs. Abbie Scates Ames (Hartford, 1898). Two issues have been noted, cloth and pictorial mauve wrappers.

10. The image of Ruggles, "in his black suit with swallow tails, hurrying across to the hotel for meals," was also recalled by Bronson resident Mrs. Rena Robinson, according to Marge Scott, who interviewed her while completing a paper on Ruggles, a copy of which is at the Branch Co. Library.

11. See his temperance broadside "Alcohol," in BRAINDROPS.

12. "The vibrations of your chirographical aura show that you are not fully appreciated in your present location" wrote the graphologist, with perhaps some accuracy. Ruggles' BROADSIDE No. 34; "You are not one to say much about what you have done" wrote J.A. Fowler, who obviously missed his diagnosis! Information from "The Bibliopole's Bumps," probably printed by Ruggles.

13. See note 2 above.

14. "Bibliopological Reminiscences/How It All Began" Bronson Journal, Sept. 21, 1894. See also "His system of samples is copyrighted by [the] U.S. government, his card of introduction protected by an act of the legislature, but I guess there's no patent on the gait for there's no immediate danger of anyone's exactly immitating it" (from BRONSON IN MINIATURE). Ruggles' sample showing may have been aided by use of his broadsheet "Chartabibliosisa, or Chart of Book Sizes," a copy of which is included in BRAINDROPS.

15. The American Catalogue, under the direction of F. Leypoldt, first appeared in 1880 (see Gro-well, Book Trade Bibliography in the U.S., Chapt. VI, Nos. 84-85). Ruggles had "his Leypoldt-Jones [Catalogue] . . . bound to special order [and lettered "THE BOOK OF BOOKS, J. FRANCIS RUGGLES" on the side] by those princes of bibliopegists, Messrs. A.J. Cox & Co., Chicago, and this fat 'bibliographical bible' has expended its owner $62.45. Bronson Journal, as reprinted in Catalogue No. 23. This bit of information, incidentally, plus mention of the LIFE IN BRONSON scrapbook as having been "made to his order specially for the purpose" (Bronson Journal, July 8, 1892) seems to indicate that Ruggles did not do his own binding work, though some local residents believe he did. An earlier pre-fire volume of the American Catalogue is noted in the aforementioned Book Fiend article as being lettered "BIBLIOGRAPHICAL BIBLE" on the side.

16. See the middle section of BRAINDROPS for samples, as well as illustrations herein. The materials usually featured his and/or the shop's picture. The William L. Clements Library presently has seven volumes with Ruggles' book-labels or stamp (all different) in its collections. The volumes appropriately include John Dunton's Religio Bibliopolae (London, 1692, acquired 1944), as well as six nineteenth-century titles (acquired 1980-83). One of these labels is reproduced in my Leaves of Grass (Rare Books) Catalogue 10 (Ann Arbor, MI, 1980, Plate 6/Item 839), and a different label is pictured in Larry Dingman's Booksellers Marks (Minneapolis: Dinkytown Antiquarian Bookstore, 1986, p. 43). The cover of Heartwood Books' Catalogue 37 (Charlottesville, VA, Spring, 1987) illustrates yet another Ruggles book-label, this one with his portrait framed by a book's front cover.

17. "AB's late original editor Sol. M. Malkin's goal was always 'to get the right book to the right
party at the right time at the right price.'" — Terry Belanger, in Michael Winship's Hermann Ernst Ludewig: America's Forgotten Bibliographer, Columbia University School of Library Service, 1986.

18. "Finds a 'Fifteener'," Detroit Evening News, quoted in Catalog No. 32. See also the pre-fire Book Fiend description of his stock.


20. "A Rare Tome," in BRONSON IN MINIATURE.; "Radical Papers, Old and New. An Expert in Rare and Curious Literature Extends the List of Them," Truthseeker, September 1, 1906.

21. See Note 7 above.

22. "Annual Message" dated December 1, 1877, apparently from Catalogue No. 5.

23. Mrs. Smith thinks he had "stomach trouble." "But then," she says with a twinkle in her eye, "everybody was diagnosed as having stomach trouble in those days."

24. The Coldwater Republican, September 15, 1911.

25. Newsweek, September 1, 1980, p.40. Said Scott, "I wonder if it might be the missing link."

26. My thanks for assistance to Branch Co. Library Director Phyllis Rosenberg and to staff members Cindy Sebald and, with a special nod for her interest in the project, Christie Kessler; to Mrs. Loranetta Diebel for an informative and helpful historical tour; to Mrs. Helen Smith for her sprightly reminiscences of J. Francis; and to Julia Sweet Newman for her gracious responses to my questions. For the record, I first discovered the existence of the Ruggles scrapbooks at the Branch Co. Library in August of 1984, when, on a trip through Bronson, I decided to inquire about the fellow antiquarian book dealer whose book labels had fascinated me for several years.
A recent acquisition by the Clements Library contains the seventy-nine annotated engravings herein reproduced which were suggested as “requisite articles” for running a household in mid-nineteenth century America. *The American Home Cook Book* (New York: Dick & Fitzgerald, 1854), written by “An American Lady,” thus provides some of the earliest illustrations of such utensils and offers much insight into America’s culinary past.

For example, one item is thousands of years old, one was developed in 1680, and one had just recently been patented—yet all are included as necessary for the American housekeeper. The Lignum Vitae Mortar and Pestle (#3), a utensil known to most civilizations for millenia, here made out of a tropical American hardwood probably from the West Indies, is recommended because of the suspected adulteration of commercially ground spices. (Clearly, *caveat emptor* has also been with us for millennia.) This utensil would have been used extensively by the American housewife, especially for powdering the cinnamon and mace which, along with nutmeg and lemon juice, were the quartet of spicings religiously used in the Pound, Federal, Washington, Franklin, Election, and other cakes Americans have long been so fond of. Although our anonymous author has included the utensil necessary to extract the lemon juice (#52), we note with interest that she has neglected to list the nutmeg grater which most certainly should be here. The mortar and pestle also would have been used to crush cloves for gingerbread, and almonds for both marzipan and macaroons. In addition, they would be needed to bruise the peppercorns, celery seed, mustard grains, anchovies, and other flavorings employed to enhance vinegars, sauces, catsups, preserves, and conserves.

While the origin of the mortar and pestle is shrouded in the past, the history of the Soup Digester (#17) can be thoroughly documented. In 1681 Dr. Denis Papin presented to his fellow members of the Royal Society the results of experiments he had been conducting in the laboratory of the famous scientist R.A. Boyle. These experiments were on the nature of gases under pressure and included a study of chemical reactions, such as the cooking of food, at high temperatures in closed containers. One result was a book entitled *A New Digester or Engine for Softening Bones . . . with an Account of the Price a good, big Engine will cost, and of the Profit it will afford* (London, 1681). This “engine” is the prototype of the modern pressure cooker. Item #17 is a later version of Dr. Papin’s engine. The recipe suggested for making a nutritious soup is one that in many earlier cookbooks went one step further and reduced the soup to a gel or semisolid, called Portable Soup, the forerunner of the bouillon cube. Early American cookbooks and manuscripts often included recipes for Portable Soup. However, by the time *The American Home Cook Book* was published, commercial variations on the bouillon cube were beginning to be readily available and the housewife would no longer make her own.

This change is illustrative of the many that were taking place in industry and
commerce which would, within two generations, transform the American housewife from a producer to a consumer. Inclusion of items such as the Water Filter (#6), Ice Cream Freezer (#8), Coffee Roaster (#14), Ice Breaker (#22), Preserving Pan (#28), Jelly Strainer (#38), Sausage Meat Cutter (#42), Bread Slicer (#45), Jelly Bag (#58), Bread Trough (#59), and Ice Mallet (#61) indicates that the American housewife was still filtering her own water, making her own ice cream, putting up her own jellies and preserves, roasting her own coffee beans, chopping her own ice, preparing her own sausage, and baking and slicing her own bread. Sixty years later she would no longer make these items but would buy them.

The inclusion of the Ice Cream Freezer (#8) as a necessity is a further indication of the changes taking place in the American kitchen. Although ice cream had long been a favorite in American households, it was considered a luxury. It was only the then recent progress in ice harvesting and storage techniques, and the granting of the first patent (1848) for an easy-to-use hand-cranked freezer, which transformed this luxury into a necessity.

The Sardine Opener (#64) is an early example of the can openers which, along with the canned foods, were to become ubiquitous in American kitchens in the twentieth century. Sardines were first canned in America in 1841; a dozen years later a Sardine Opener was considered requisite to running the American kitchen.

A study of these illustrations provides further insights. Note the large number of items called "French" or using French terms—thirteen out of seventy-nine. French culinary influence is obvious. Yet this is an American list; note the Corn Popper (#62). In no other place on the globe would this be considered a necessity.

Both the corn and the popper are New World products. The early settlers and explorers found the native Amerindians popping corn, using a variety of methods, in all parts of North America. The wire corn popper displayed here was probably introduced as a manufactured product at the beginning of the nineteenth century by the Bromwell Wire Goods Company of Coopersville, Michigan. This firm, founded in Cincinnati in 1819, is considered the earliest known manufacturer of corn poppers and the oldest housewares manufacturer continuously in the business in America. In addition to its role as an evening snack, the popcorn was used as the earliest puffed cereal for breakfast and, ground, as the basis for various puddings, breads, and cakes.

Also very American is the large number of items devoted to rich, cholesterol-laden foods; count the number of items related to meat, butter, cream, cheese, eggs, and ice cream. Three items, however, are devoted solely to the preparation and serving of fish.

It appears that coffee had not yet gained its predominance over tea in America, as items for preparing both are illustrated. We note, however, that the coffee grinder is strangely absent. Also absent is a corkscrew to open the wine bottles being cooled in Item #37. No temperance sentiment in this household!

The Flat Egg-whip (#68) was a very important gadget but was soon to be almost exclusively replaced by the rotary eggbeater, first patented in 1856 and then mass produced by the Dover Stamping Company, beginning in 1869.

America's oft-commented-upon preoccupation with sweets is well documented here with a goodly number of items devoted to their preparation and service. We
also note numerous items which were necessary to protect and preserve foodstuffs before the advent of refrigeration and pasteurization. Surprisingly, this list offers only a hint of one revolution which was taking place in America's kitchens—the transition from open hearth cookery to the use of modern stoves. And in a longer perspective, we know that a number of items on this list can be found illustrated in the renowned Renaissance cookery manuals of Messisbugo (Venice, 1549) and Scappi (Venice, 1570). On the other hand, a surprisingly large number can be found today in my own kitchen.

Thus this cookbook offers us an opportunity to learn more about our culinary heritage. Some of the utensils are modern, others are as timeless as the very good advice offered by our anonymous author: “In furnishing a kitchen there should be everything likely to be required, but not one article more than is wanted; unnecessary profusion creates a litter; a deficiency too often sacrifices the perfection of a dish, there should be a sufficiency and no more.”

1 Waffle Furnace.—A very ingenious article, making four good-sized waffles with less labor than is required in making one with the ordinary iron.

2 Chafing Dish with alcohol lamp, to keep steaks hot, or to cook oysters, venison, mutton, &c., on the table.

3 Lignumvitae Mortar and Pestle.—The adulteration of ground spices, makes this an important article where good spices are wanted.
4 **Whip Churn.**—For making whip cream syllabub, &c.

5 **Knife-cleaning Machine.**—By the use of which knives need never be put in water, and are kept bright with less time or trouble than in the old fashioned way.

6 **Water Filter.**—For purifying cistern water for cooking or table use.

7 **Wire Dish Covers.**—To cover meats, pastry, milk, butter, &c., from dust, flies, &c., in the pantry or on the table.
8 Ice Cream Freezer and Moulds.

8 Patent Ice Cream Freezer. — By which Creams, Ices &c., can be frozen fit for table use in a very few minutes. The forms are easily managed and now coming into general family use.

9 The Japanned Tin Boxes keep cake, bread, &c., perfectly fresh without the undesirable moisture of the stone jar.

10 Tea and Coffee Caddies.

11 The Spice Box.— Has six separate boxes that take out, so that whole or ground spices may be kept nice and separate.
12 French Julienne Mill.—To cut into fine parings all kinds of vegetables for soup.

13 French Butter Forcer.—There are 12 different forms to each, that give an infinite variety to this decorative manner of serving butter.

14 Coffee Roaster.—To each pound of coffee put one table-spoonful of water. The coffee will thoroughly roast without being burned.

15 Sauce Pan and Potato Steamer.

16 Butter Pat in Case.—This gives the butter a handsome form and print at the same time.
17 Soup Digester.—The great importance of this valuable utensil, the Digester not only to poor families, but to the public in general, in producing a larger quantity of wholesome and nourishing food, by a much cheaper method than has ever been hitherto obtained, is a matter of such serious and interesting consideration, as cannot be too earnestly recommended to those who make economy in the support of their families an object of their attention. The chief, and indeed the only thing necessary to be done, is to direct a proper mode of using it to most advantage; and this mode is both simple and easy. Care must be taken in filling the digester, to leave room enough for the steam to pass off through the valve at the top of the cover. This may be done by filling the digester only three parts full of water and bruised bones or meat, which it is to be noticed are all to be put in together. It must then be placed near a slow fire, so as only to simmer (more heat injures the quality,) and this it must do for the space of eight or ten hours. After this has been done, the soup is to be strained through a hair sieve or cullender, in order to separate any bits of bones. The soup is then to be put into the digester again, and after whatever vegetables, spices, &c., are thought necessary are added, the whole is to be well boiled together for an hour or two, and it will be then fit for immediate use. In putting on the lid of the digester, take care that a mark, thus (X) on the lid, is opposite to a similar one on the digester. The digester may also be obtained to contain from four quarts to ten gallons. There are also saucepan and stewpan digesters to hold from one to eight quarts.

18 Roasting Screen and Jack.—The screen is adapted to the ranges and cooking stoves in general use. The jack is wound up and runs so as to keep the meat constantly turning till cooked.
19 Closet or Upright Refrigerator
The door on the side insures ventilation, and the closet form is most convenient to arrange dishes.

20 Fish Scissors.—For cutting and trimming fish.

21 French Bake Pan.—Of wrought iron, to put fire or embers on the cover if needful.

22 Patent Ice Breaker.—To break ice for table use and for making ice cream.

23 Cheese Toaster.—To make Welsh Rarebit with double bottom for hot water.
24 Charlotte Russ Pans.—Oval shape, and nice to bake any other kind of cake.

25 Fish Kettle.—With strainer, to boil fish and take it out whole.

26 French Basting Spoons.—Deep and with side handles.

27 Russia Iron Roll, or Corn Cake Pan—Gives a handsome brown soft under-crust.

28 Enamelled Preserving Pan.—For sweet meats, jellies, marmalade, &c.

29 French Milk Sauce Pans.—To boil milk cook custards, &c., without boiling over, by an arrangement of valves in the lid.
30 Copper Cake Form.—To bake cake for icing.

31 Soap Stone Griddle.—To bake cakes without grease or smell.

32 Marble Slab, and Marble Rolling Pin.—Pastry made with these is light and flaky, from its being cold.

33 Gravy Strainer.

34 Soup Strainer.

35 Copper Stew Pan.—Tinned inside.

36 Egg Coddler.—To cook eggs on the breakfast table.
37 *Wine Cooler.*—For cooling bottles of wine, &c.

38 *Jelly Strainer.*—Is made double and filled in with hot water, this heat keeps the mass limpid and a much greater amount of jelly is made from the same materials.

39 *Ala Mode Needle.*—With split end to draw in strips of fat pork, bacon, &c., into beef for a-la-moding.

40 *Larding Needle.*—Same for poultry, game, &c.

41 *Flesh Fork.*—To take ham, boiled meat, &c. from the pot.

42 *Sausage Meat Cutter.*—Will cut four pounds of meat per minute for sausages hash, &c.

43 *Iron handle, steel blade Chop Knife.*
44 Game and Chicken Carvers.—With long handles and short blades.

45 Bread Slicer.—With gauge to slice bread uniformly any desired thickness.

46 French Decorating Knife.—To make flowers of carrots, turnips, beets, &c.

47 French Chop Knife.—Heavy, to cut through small bones.

48 French Saw Knife.—To cut ham, cut through bones, joints, &c.

48 Boning Knife.—To bone turkey, ham, beef, &c.

49 Beefsteak Pounder.—To make steak tender, and potato masher on the other end.

50 Beefsteak Tongs.—To turn a steak, to avoid puncturing holes with a fork, which lets the juice escape.

Oval Pot.—For boiling ham, corned beef &c.
Porcelain Lemon Squeezer.—To preserve the fine oil of the lemon that is usually absorbed by the wooden squeezer.

Fancy Patty Pans.—For baking ornamental tea cakes.

Oval Omelet Pan.

Boxwood Scrub-brush.—To clean beautifully unpainted wood, table tops, meat and pastry boards.

Fry Pan.

Vegetable Slicer.—To slice potatoes, to fry and fricasee, green corn from the cob, cucumbers vegetables for soup, cabbage, dried beef, &c.

Felt Jelly Bag.—Is seamless and strains jelly hand somely.
59 Wooden Bread Trough and Scraper
For mixing bread.

60 Revolving Enamelled Gridiron with fluted bars to convey the gravy to the cup.

61 Ice mallet with pick that slides into the handle.

62 Wire corn popper, a half tea cup full of dry pop corn will fill the popper by being agitated over the fire.

63 Water cooler, filled in with charcoal, preserves the ice and keeps water icy cold.—The water is kept cooler than the atmosphere without ice.

64 Sardine opener, to open tin boxes of sardines, preserved meats, preserves &c.

65 Double wire oyster gridiron to broil oysters, chops, cutlets, steaks, toast bread &c.
66 Wire pea or vegetable boiler, for peas, beans, rice, boils dry and when taken out no grains are left in the pot.

67 Tea Boiler.—The leaves are put into the ball and then the ball into the tea pot, the tea steeps without having the leaves poured into the cup.

68 Flat egg-whip.—The best shape and easily cleaned.

Egg Whip, various patterns.

69 Pudding Mould.—Who likes boiled pudding? can have it dry and light if cooked in one of these moulds.

70 French Oval Meat Pie Mould.—Opens at one end.

71 Pastry Cutter.—Various patterns

72 Jelly or Blanc Mange Mould.

Ice Cream and Jelly Mould.
73 Plated Fish Carver and Fork.—Useful also to serve asparagus, buckwheat cakes, &c.

74 Improved Weighing Balance.

75 Puree Presser.—For pressing vegetables for soups, pulping fish, &c.

76 Egg Poacher.—Break an egg in each cup and submerse the whole in hot water.

77 French Sugar Scoop.
78 Farina Boiler Double.—Place water in the outer boiler and cook the farina, custard, corn starch milk, &c., in the inner one.

79 Meat Safe.—To protect food from mice, insects, &c.

Meat Safe, of wood and wire.
The Ewing Papers—Part One

In the last issue of The American Magazine (Vol. 2, No. 2) we introduced our readers to the Ewing Family Papers at the Clements Library by publishing five travel letters of Dr. James Hunter Ewing (1798–1827). The entire collection consists of several hundred family letters and personal business papers of the Ewing and Hunter families, of Radnor Township, Delaware County, Pennsylvania.

Maskell Ewing II (1758–1825) was born at Greenwich, New Jersey, son of Maskell Ewing I (1721–1796) and grandson of Thomas Ewing, Irish immigrant. Maskell Ewing I served, at various times, as Justice of the Peace, Clerk and Surrogate, Sheriff and Justice of the Pleas of Cumberland County. His son, Maskell II, saw military duty in the Revolution, and at the age of twenty was elected Clerk of the New Jersey Assembly. He held office for twenty years, practicing law as well, in Trenton. He married Jane Hunter (d. 1831), daughter of James Hunter (d. 1797), a merchant of the Revolutionary era in Philadelphia who amassed extensive landholdings in Philadelphia and throughout Pennsylvania in the 1770s and 1780s.

Maskell and Jane Ewing had five children who lived to maturity: James Hunter Ewing, Princeton graduate and medical doctor who practiced in Berks County and in Philadelphia before his very premature death; Elinor, who married George Curwen, and resided at Walnut Hill, near Lancaster Road in Delaware County, close to the Ewing and Hunter homes; Maskell Ewing (1807–1849), 1826 graduate of West Point; Louisa, who in 1837 married William Bell and moved to Louisville, Kentucky; Mary P., who after the death of her parents lived with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. James Hunter.

At the death of her father, Jane Hunter Ewing inherited, with her brother James Hunter, a Philadelphia lawyer, interests in considerable landholdings which her husband and brother jointly administered. In 1805, apparently in part due to personal financial reverses, Maskell Ewing II removed his family to Philadelphia and then to Radnor Township, Delaware County, where he farmed, operated a distillery, helped to manage the Hunter family rental properties, and held a variety of elective offices—Commissioner of Militia Fines during the War of 1812, Justice of the Peace, and mem-
number of the State Senate for six years. He died suddenly and unexpectedly while visiting relatives in Greenwich, N.J. on August 26, 1825.

Maskell Ewing, his wife and children, were particularly close to Mrs. Ewing's brother, James Hunter, and his wife, who were childless, and after Maskell Ewing's death in 1825, Uncle James Hunter assumed a fatherly role, particularly for the two unmarried daughters, Louisa and Mary.

While neither the Hunters nor Ewings were descended from the old Quaker families which dominated Philadelphia society in the early nineteenth century, they were highly respectable and they lived in the comfortable style of the upper class. The two families lived in close proximity, the Hunters at Woodstock Vale, the Ewings at Woodstock, both attractive homes, yet standing, in present-day Villanova. Until Maskell Ewing's death, Woodstock was actively cultivated with resident farm help and the house staffed by several servants. After Ewing's death, the farm was rented out and the staff cut back, and when the mother, Jane Hunter Ewing, died in 1831, daughters Louisa and Mary moved in with Uncle James Hunter. There seems to have been some thought of leasing out Woodstock, and an auction of household goods took place on the premises in 1834, but the Hunters took over the larger home at that point, and it would remain in the possession of the Hunters and Ewings until the present century.

Modern editorial convention tends to frown upon excerpting letters, but in the case of many collections such as the Ewing Papers, material of historical value or importance is to be found buried among vast sections of personal matter. The Ewings and Hunters did not play a sufficiently important role in society to warrant biographies. The correspondence will never be edited in its totality, and yet the bits and pieces, however miscellaneous and disjointed they are, which will make up "The Ewing Papers" series add to our understanding of life in the third and fourth decades of the past century and deserve to be made available to scholars. Anyone desiring a more complete knowledge of the Ewings and their world can consult the original letters at the Clements Library.

In this first selection we draw upon eight letters dated between 1821 and 1823. All are written to Maskell C. Ewing, who in the summer of 1822 entered West Point.

The first three letters are written by Maskell's eldest brother, James Hunter Ewing, who was just establishing a medical practice in rural Long Swamp Township, Berks County, in the heart of Pennsylvania Dutch country and in an area rich in mineral deposits, where iron mines and furnaces rivaled agriculture as a source of employment. Dr. Ewing resided at the center of the township, in a store building owned by Reuben Trexler, the spirited and likable proprietor of a nearby iron furnace. The fourth letter, from Louisa, dated Nov. 4, 1822, describes a visit the girls made to Long Swamp and to nearby Reading, Allentown, Bethlehem, and Kutztown.

Rural Berks County, described in these first four letters was, as late as the 1820s, culturally a world apart from the Philadelphia area where the Ewings lived. Dr. Ewing notes that in the course of his practice, he could spend a day among people who hardly know a word of English. The Christmas customs described in the first letter, providing a very early and important portrait of Christ Kinkle, precursor of Santa Claus, were yet localized to Pennsylvania-German areas.

The cultural isolation of the area would quickly give way in the course of the next few decades. Ewing notes that the Trexler family was learning English, and whether by formal training or osmosis, the majority of their neighbors would have made the linguistic transition by the Civil War. Christ Kinkle soon would merge with the Dutch Santa Claus by means of children's books and New York-Philadelphia merchants' encouragement of a holiday trade and be part of national folk custom by the 1850s.

All in all, these first four letters, with their light-hearted accounts of town and village life, public and household amusements, travel conditions, of the ingenious Reading clockmaker, Mr. Rose, and the Moravians of Bethlehem, document a part of the country less commonly visited and described than the major cities and tourist attractions.

The fifth letter is written by the mother, Jane Hunter Ewing, from Woodstock, and conveys local gossip of arson in Philadelphia and revelry among the local tavern crowd— as much a part of nineteenth century life as it is today, but less frequently documented in print.

While "Woodstock" and "Woodstock Vale" were the primary residences of the Ewings and
Hunters, they were essentially “country seats.” The center of social and business activity for the families was Philadelphia. For the teenage girls in particular, Louisa and Mary, life in the country had none of the excitement of the metropolis, and they would spend several days of each month in town. The last three letters excerpted here describe city happenings—a bankruptcy and an execution, visits to the theater and church services, and the latest fashions.

Louisa and Mary Ewing, young and impressionable, finding almost every aspect of life exciting and interesting, will be the primary writers of letters edited in this series. In our next installment, we will have descriptions of a country agricultural fair, a room by room inventory of the magnificent furnishings of the unfortunate Joseph Sims being sold at bankruptcy sale, fancy balls at the local taverns of Delaware County, amusing caricatures of the self-important, last of the Penns, and even a suicide!

1.
James Hunter Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing
Long Swamp Decr. 24th 1821.

... I have not a very great number of patients but they reside at such distances, and the roads are so bad, that it occupies all my time to see them. Scattered as my patients are, I have no doubt, I am doing quite as much business as either Dr Harris, or Dr Blackfar; and I have as little doubt with quite as much profit, for the people here pay well, and willingly, and mostly cash. I begin now to feel myself quite a money making dutchman, but by no means, as you say “quite at home” for here are not the friends I have left in Delaware Co., nor the society with whom I have been accustomed to associate. Yet I am satisfied, for I am fulfilling the purposes for which I came, viz. improving myself a practice, making money, and learning dutch—the last of which I am becoming quite expert in. Indeed, I really think I shall ever long be a blunderer in engliah, as there are many days that I do not utter a word in that language. You are aware how many germans there are here who do not understand english yet would be surprised to find how few in a day’s ride are capable of understanding the most commonplace english words.

Mr. Trexler and his family manifest the most friendly disposition towards me and I spend many pleasant evenings at the furnace. The place of the piano is supplied by a very excellent organ and we are often entertained by its pleasing notes. Mr. T’s family are quite english this winter. He has brought his son and daughter home from school at Easter and brought an english preceptress with them, who instructs his children and indeed all the family and some of the neighbours children in the english language. ... Tonight is the eve preceding Christmas, a period when the germans indulge much in mirth and merriment. Here the Christkinkle is personified by a young man in ludicrous [sic] masquerade who with a rod in one hand and nuts and cakes in his pockets—awards the first to the idle and ignorant and the latter to those whose meritorious actions are narrated by their friends and parents and who shew their worthiness to such reward by the repetition of a tremendous round of dutch prayers. This scene is acted in almost every family much to the gratification of the large children or those who are grown up and greatly to the chagrin of the witless who have neglected their lessons and the advice of their parents. But all these Christmas gambols gladly would I relinquish to enjoy the pleasant circle at Woodstock, to all whose inhabitants I wish a happy christmas.

2.
James Hunter Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing
Long Swamp Aug. 13th 1822

... I was last week at Reading. The Court was in session, and the town of course in a bustle! Reading is about the size of Trenton, N.J. The Court house stands in the centre and the 4 principal streets run at right angles from it. The buildings are generally good, many new, and some very handsome. It is the residence of the present Governor of Pennsylvania. The inhabitants are German English and English German. The Schykill runs near the town, but is here a small stream, over which is however thrown a very handsome bridge, ornamented by a figure somewhat similar to that on the High St. Bridge, Philadia, on the city side.

They are now busily engaged building a very handsome bridge over the creek below Mr Trexler's Store, which will contribute much to the appearance of this place.

The storehouse is going on rapidly and it is expected that the store will be removed in the course of a few weeks. These two works render the spot now quite lively whilst the rest of the
country looks very dull on account of the very dry weather. We have had no rain of any consequence here for nearly six weeks . . .

I was yesterday at Mr. Trexler's. He and Mrs. T. were getting their likenesses taken by a travelling German clergyman. A man of some talents in some things but certainly none very great for taking likenesses, as those of Mr. and Mrs. T. are really ludicrous. He has but one colour for all complexions and that is the true brick dust tint. This has rendered Mrs. T nearly a mulatto woman in comparison with her own complexion which is fair . . .

3.

James Hunter to Maskell C. Ewing

Long Swamp Octr. 29th .22

Dear Brother,

Seated by a Lehigh coal stove in full blast, which I have today had erected in my shop, I write to you the following familiar epistle. My shop you would now scarcely recognize as the old establishment you used to inhabit. At each end of the old shelves I have had others erected and new drawers with gold labels at one end and a closet in imitation of a secretary at the other. These shelves appropriately ornamented by bottles jars etc. show off the establishment to considerable advantage.

Between the front door and window stands a very elegant 8 day Clock. You already conjecture how I come to have a clock. Perhaps a present, perhaps taken as payment for medical services, or perhaps put up by Mr Ttrexler to sell, he having got it in the course of trade. This last is just the truth, and here it is to stand till some of my patients having no means to ascertain when to take their medicines shall take it along or some other person chooses to take it home to amuse himself; his wife and his children—himself by its regularity, his wife by its click-clack and to teach his children how to count.

Having now detailed the improvements and elegancies of my habitation internally let me narrate to you its external improvements. The external is but little altered, except that since building the new addition the fence has been down and the hogs have been exerting their abilities to improve the soil and the sod by their snouts and their tails. If we overlook these elegancies and extend our view to the creek below we there see a new bridge which the wisemen of Berks have erected over the stream called Little Lehigh. The bridge being built during the dry season, behold when the rains came the young river rose and to shew its superiority to man it flowed majestically and triumphantly around the new bridge and the people had to wade through the water to get to it. This compelled them to go again to work and they are now engaged in enlarging their bridge.

I now proceed, having detailed the local improvements, to narrate to you the fashionable amusements of the Swamp. The period has arrived when apple butter and Husking frolics and shooting matches are in vogue. But their routine has been somewhat interrupted by a Shew coming into the neighbourhood. Two camels, a lion, a bear (and that a learned one too), several learned apes, and a tumbling boy comprise the Show. The boy's powers are extraordinary. He can bend himself back ward until his head comes between his feet and he picks up with his mouth money placed between his feet on the floor. He stands on his head and looking steadfastly one way walks with his feet round his head. He stands on his head on a table and pours out liquor from a decanter into a glass placed before him and drinks. He takes hold of the back of a chair with his hand and throws his feet into the air and bends himself back until his feet touch his head. This with numerous other feats which he performs makes me consider him the most expert tumbler I have ever seen and I have seen many.

These with a private concert at Mr. R. Ttrexler's a few evenings since by Messrs Jonas, Nathan, Danl. Ttrexler, two gentlemen amateurs from Philadia, Mrs. Ttrexler and the Miss Ewings, comprise all the late amusements of Long Swamp. Sisters Mary and Louisa left here last Monday after a visit of 3 weeks during which time they went to Easton, Allentown, Trexlertown coots town [Kutztown] and Reading. From them you will doubtless hear of their adventures . . .

4.

Louisa C. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

November 4th 1822

Dear Maskell

. . . Mr. Ttrexler came to see us and said he wanted one of us to go home with him in the gig that he had got on purpose, and as sister and I both wanted to go, I asked Uncle to let me have
browney to ride. He said I might have him in welcome. Mr. T said that if we could drive he would ride so it was agreed to and we started next morning.

The day broke just as we got to the swedes church. When we got about a mile the other side of Norristown it began to rain. We stopped at the William Penn and borrowed a blanket, for the apron of the gig was so short it would not keep the rain off. We then went on and it rained as hard as it could pour until we got to skippack—there we stopped to dry ourselves and it cleared off. We got to Mr. Trexlers at four oclock in the afternoon, just twelve hours going.

When we got almost to brothers Mr T—r rode on and told brother we were coming. When we turned round by Sandses, brother came running after us and said he was very glad to see us but he had four miles to go and then he would be with us.

The friday after we got there brother brought Mr Jonas Trexler, Nathan and Danny to play for us on the Clarionet, Violin, and flute. After they had played some time Jonas and Nathan took there fifes and played better than I ever heard the fife before. After they had done there was a man there from Phila. on business to Mr Trexler, he played on the violine and we danced until ten O'clock, when they bid us good night and went away.

The week but one after, Mr T—r took sister, Mrs T and myself to Allentown, Bethlehem and Easton, where we arrived at six. We put up at a tavern and Mr T went to see Miss Johnston. He told them he had brought Mrs T but would not tell who else, so Mrs Wolf came with him and when he got her there he told who it was with him. She was very much surprised as you may suppose, not expecting to see us. The next day Mrs Wolf and Miss Johnston came and took us to a large hill called Jeffersons hill that over looked the whole town and country for many miles around. On the other side of the hill from where we went up there is a very great precipice, from the top of which an only child of a lady was reaching for flowers, he lost his balance and fell to the bottom into a creek—he was taken up but did not live many hours—this Miss Johnston told us of.

At twelve we started and got to Bethlehem at two, where we stopped to feed. We went up into a parlour. There was three ladies and three gentlemen. We thought it was a wedding party, and so it proved to be, for one of the gentlemen went out and brought another one in with him, which was the squire. He stepped into the middle of the floor and they rose up and were married (the first wedding I ever saw). There is a doctor Green living at Bethlehem that shewed us all that was worth seeing. He took us first to the water works where all the town is supplied with water by pipes; from there we went to the grave yard, the graves are all in rows with a piece of marble about half a yard square laid on every grave with the inscription on. There is a house separate from the rest where they take the dead as soon as they die and keep them for three days before they bury them. We then went to the church—it is a very large building and from

Bethlehem, Pennsylvania
the top is an elegant view of the hills around. From there we went to the sisters or single women’s house, and saw the work of the sisters that they have for sale, and one or two other rooms. We then went to the school—it is a very large building with a fine yard for the girls to play in (we were introduced into the schools as ladies and gentlemen from New York)—we saw some playing on the piano, some working worsted work, and variety of other employments. We then got into the carriage and continued on home.

The next day we spent with brother at Mrs Yagers and the next day we all went to Reading, Mr T and sister Mary in one gig, brother and Mrs T in another, Nathan T and Miss Louisa in the gig that was Uncles, and I felt quite at home. We went to Cootstown and stopped to feed. Brother went to see Mr Overhouse. He came up and invited us to step over to the opposite building with a fine yard for the girls to ladies and gentlemen from New York—we saw that they have for sale, and one or two other rooms. We then got into the carriage and continued on home.

From there we went to Reading. When we got most there Mr T was first. He called to brother who was behind that he intended to cut a dash and show ourselves and drive all through the town, so we went as hard as the horses could go, down one street, up another, and at last stopped at a tavern and got out. We went into a parlour, the only one there was, and there we asked a girl to show us up stairs to dress. She did and left us. And now what sort of a room was it? To begin, it had a door, but half of it was glass and just at the head of the stairs where the gentlemen boarders were passing up and down all the time; it had two windows that looked out into a yard where people were walking about constantly. The short of the matter was we could not dress unless we got under the bed, and that would not be quite the thing and rather close work for three of us, so sister placed herself at the window until she saw a girl and called to her to send some one. Up came the girl and sister told her we could not dress unless she put something up to the door. She got a curtain and bowed to the window. We then asked for water and a bason. She brought us one bason of water for all three, so we wet the towels and managed very well.

We had a very nice dinner and after it was over the tavern keeper asked us if we would like to see the church. We told him we would, so he got the key and we all went to see it. Mrs T played on the organ. It is a very handsome church with two chandeliers in it. We then walked down to the bridge and up again. We stopped to see a Miss Busher who said she had been to see us but we were out. We were invited to spend the evening at a Mr Richards and Miss Busher went with us. We spent a very pleasant evening. There was Mrs Richards, her two daughters an[d] son, a Mr Romic, a Miss Nagle, Miss Busher, and our party. Miss Richards was asked to play on the piano—she did without being asked twice. Her sister sang second and her brother base. After playing some time the brother got his violin and accompanied her. We staid until ten O clock and then went back to the tavern. There was a piano at the tavern which brother asked me to play upon. I told him it was much too dirty and I believed had the consumption, it was so weak in its voice.

After some time the tavern keeper shewed us up to bed. He and Mrs T went first, sister and I after. Sister was for posting into the room where we had dressed, but he called out “dont go in, there is a gentleman sleeps there!” “Oh mercy,” said sister, “I hope he has not broke my comb, for I left it on the bed,” so he went in to get our things, and the gentleman called out “take care, you will set me on fire.” “Oh, no danger,” said he, “I'll take care,” so he gathered up the things and brought them out and said “come on ladies, dont be afraid” (for you must know we had to go through a room where there was about a dozen beds and some gentlemen in bed), so we let him and Mrs Trexler get into the room first and we ran through as hard as we could go. We went close round the head of one gentleman’s bed.

The next day we went to see a Mr Rose who was in the legislature with papa. He is an old man of seventy and a great musical genius, and a clock and watch maker. He has an elegant house and a great many curiosities. He asked us first to take a pinch of snuff from his silver snuff box. We thanked him but declined. He then said if we would not have snuff we would perhaps have some music. He touched a spring and it played one or two waltz’s. He then shewed us a time piece and made it play a cain. He then asked us to walk upstairs in the parlour. There was in one room a clock that he had been fourteen years making, to sound like an organ. It had a little bellows and played the copenhagen waltz and morning star most delightfully. There was pictures all round the room. In the next was an organized piano,
french horn, and a whole band. In the fire place was the Pennsylvania coat of arms gilt and green box put all round it, and pictures round that room. We then went to another room. There was an elegant organ with a figure of a lady on one side, and gentleman on the other. In one corner of the room was the figure of a black girl holding a pitcher, in the other corner a boy with a waiter. He then shewed us his watch that is very handsome. He sent to Italy for it. On the back is raised work in colors; he pushed in the handle and a lady began to pump; there was a little man on horseback and the horse put down his head and drank, then lifted it up again. It is the most elegant thing I ever saw. He then took us to the top of the house and we had a view of the whole town. We then thanked him for his politeness, bid him good bye, and went away.

We started from Reading and went to Mr Jonas Trexlers to dinner, and from there home. . . .

Jane H. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Woodstock 26th January 1823

. . . on the day I wrote you last I was told the reason Wade did not come up—that Mrs Toney was buried, and on Saturday night after, there was a great fire in Bank Street a four Story Store that I suppose he was at. That, and as it burnt late, he was too tired to come next day. There has been a number of bad fires in the City—corner of third and Chestnut Street a book auction Store and book store joining burnt, and the large Quaker Meeting house in Arch Street was set on fire, but before much damage it was put out, and many others that no doubt there is people that does it.3 At the fire in Chestnut Street a man was seen blowing a Segar to [till] he got it all lighted and then threw it into a stable loft of hay. He was seiz’d but the person that seiz’d him was attack’d by numbers, that the villain got away, but there is a reward of three Hundred Dollars offer’d for all or any of them. . . .

There was a fox Hunt about two weeks ago. Harris at the Cross Keys bought one from a waggoner and when the hunt took place let it go twenty minutes. The Dogs lost the sent over the fields woods and fences, the followers next—Bill Thomas and some very low people, [?], Mr Rudolph’s Dick, etc. Bill T. got thrown off and left far behind, and as they could not get the fox, they got a red cat and a tyed a Wiskey rag to her nose for a drag and had a rare drunken time of it. At the Cross Keys, old Gill say’d his [wife] could beat any of them dancing, so home he went for her. [She] refus’d to go. He got a hickory and beat her then and ma[de] her dance, for he made a bet and would not loose his wiskey. This is Mrs Twelves news, as she was up at your Uncles about a week ago. . . .

Mary P. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Philadelphia 6th February

The great Mr Sims opposite here has jailed and assigned all his property real personal &c for the benefit of his creditors. There are five ships and brigs advertised for sale.4 They leave their big house as soon as Mrs Sims recovers from a spell of sickness and is able to move. What a sale. ‘Tis said they go to the country. Alas, I pity them . . .

Saturday Afternoon 8th February

. . . I suppose you have heard of the unhappy man of the name of Grosh who murdered a woman and was sentenced to be hanged.5 Yesterday the execution took place. The throng was immense. I however did not see it as they went

TO THE PUBLIC.


This day is the day appointed for the execution of WILLIAM GROSH; it is deemed proper to publish the following for public information. The prisoner will be brought out of the prison door on Walnut-street, as nearly as possible at 10 o'clock, in the forenoon. The procession will then move up Sixth-street to Arch, up Arch to Schuykill Fourth-street, and up Schuykill Fourth-street to the place of execution, which is the public lot on which Richard Smith was executed.

It is particularly enjoined upon all persons that they do not injure either public or private property by pressing against fences or otherwise doing injury. That the public will deeply commiserate the condition of the unfortunate criminal is not doubted; yet it is not deemed improper to press upon the public the necessity of observing silence and keeping good order as much as circumstances will permit. Humane and the condition of the unhappy convict plead strongly in favor of whatever indulgence may be shown him, and they will it is hoped and believed, deeply impress every spectator, so that the public peace will be unbroken, the feelings of the criminal unwarmed, and his devotional exercises uninterrupted.

Jacob G. Tryon, Sheriff.
along 6th to Arch and out Arch St. to the same place Smith was hanged. I have just read his confession. They say he seemed quite penitent.

7.
Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Woodstock March 23, 1823

Dear Maskell

I promised you when I returned from the city to write you an account of my visit to the Theatre, which I will now do. When I got to the city every body was waiting for Mr Mathews, the great comic performer, to come on, and he was expected every day, so I thought I would wait, as those that were performing were very poor Cousin Helen said, and that if I would wait, I should have a seat with her in two weeks. Mr M came and the two first nights it was so full that we could not get seats. Wade Smith asked me to go with him but I said I was engaged to go with cousin H., so on Friday I went to see if cousin H. had got a box. She said they had engaged Mr Strickland to get them one and would know at twelve Oclock and send me up word in the afternoon. I told her if they did not I knew of a gentleman who had a box and perhaps would spare me a seat. In the afternoon she sent me up word that they could not get seats, so in the evening I asked Wade if he had disposed of his seats. He said no, and would be happy of Harricts and my company if we would go. I told him how I had been disappointed and he said he was glad of it as he should now have the pleasure of our company. We went and the play was the "Heir at Law," the after piece "Monsieur Tonson." I was very much pleased, indeed more so a great deal than I expected. The Theatre is very handsome, and the scenery is beautiful. The ladies all dress as if they were at a party.

I will give you an account of my dress. I had on a white frock, pink handkerchief, and sash, my hair dressed with a great many curls, and white and silver flowers—a new fashion kind just come up this winter which are very handsome. There are very few hats worn this winter in the theatre. I think it a very good thing for they are so large they would hide the view if they were to wear them.

Wade Smith said to me look in the next box, "what do you think of that?" I looked and there was cousin Helen and all the Leipers. So much

NEW THEATRE.

Mr. Mathews' Third Night.
This Evening, February 28,
Will be presented,
George Coleman's admired Comedy of the
HEIR AT LAW.

Doctor Pangloss, ............... Mr. Mathews
Lord Duberly, ................. Mr. Warren
Dick Dowla, .................. Mr. Wood
Zekiel Homespun, ............ Mr. Jefferson
Caroline Dormer, ............. Mrs. H. Wallack
Cicely Homespun, ............ Mrs. Burke

AFTER WHICH,
Will be presented, (for the second time,) the Comic Farce of
Monsieur Tonson.
Monsieur Morbleau, .......... Mr. Mathews
Madame Bellegarde, .......... Mrs. Burke

for there politeness. They did not choose to take me when they found they could get off. The Theatre was crowded but not near so much noise as I expected. They clapped but never hissed. Sister Mary had intended going, but papa came in for her the day but one before, and I would not go out. I was wishing you was there all the time—I thought you would be so much pleased.

Mary P. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

[Woodstock March 23, 1823]

Ma wrote you word I think I was making myself a reticule. It is first made of paste-board with pink paper over it, then what is vulgarly called cat-gut (politely millinette) with split straws put through the holes which forms a very beautiful, indeed by far the prettiest kind of bag the ladies have carried for a long time. Have you seen any thing of the kind on the point. This is the shape—not a handle but strings over the top. If Miss Zantzinger had not been in black I would have sent mine when finished as a present to her for her kindness to mama. They are very troublesome to make.

8.
Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Sep 20th 1823

I have finished painting a set of fire screens which are said to be very handsome. I was at the paper mill the other day and Mr. Amies told me he was making me some drawing paper, hot
press, as he heard Miss Gaskell say I wanted some.7 I wish there was an opportunity to send me on some of your drawing paper and as you have got so much of it. I was weighed and have lost since you were here twelve pounds. What do you think of that? Papa has just gone to the peoli [Paoli] parade. He wanted me to go with him but as sister Mary is in town I did not like to go by myself. Yesterday the Artillery went up from philadelphia. When they got to Humphries gate they refused to pay. The captain said he was a free man and would take what he chose without paying so Humphries went to John Elliott and got a warrent and came to papa to sign it and then went on. We have not heard any more about him. Since Freddy Worrel was here this day week we asked him to get us some black cat skins. He said he thought he could get some, and as they were for you he would send his boys the next day where he thought there was some and we should have them the next week, but they have never come, but you shall have a hat if the country will afford black cat skins. . . .8

Mary P. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Phila monday morning 22nd. Septr.

. . . I went yesterday in the morning to Mr Bedells magnificent church.9 If I had room I would describe it. You never saw any church to equal it. In the afternoon I went with Uncle P—to his church and heard an excellent sermon from a Mr Maderville of Savannah—in the evening to Mr Skinners new church, corner 10th and arch St.10 If I had not seen Mr Bedells in the morning I should have thought nothing could be handsomer. It is an elegant church indeed—the pulpit is all mahogany, highly varnished, of a round shape with fluted pillars, the top edged with pure white marble, but you must see them both and judge for yourself. They can now I think boast as well as the New Yorkers. I have been in town a week to day—expect papa down for me tomorrow. I have received very handsome attention from several of my friends. This morning I am going up to Mr Kletts to leave a couple of pr of flannel drawers to be sent to brother H.—this cold weather he will need them. The thermometer was 56 yesterday, 44 to day. It is time now to look for winter frost I expect in the country for the first time . . .

A Frenchman who was in a state of derange-

ment lived by himself in a large house in 9th st—was very sick but miserly. He laid a train of gun powder round his bed and last friday night blew himself up.11 His name was De Mowbray. Uncle H. says he was a man of great science before he became deranged. He had an idea that there was a conspiracy against him, that many had tried to poison him. He had papers posted on his window offering great rewards for the apprehension of the villains who thus molested him. He drank river water as all pump water was poisoned to kill him. He laid this train he said some weeks ago to blow up the villains should they come to his bed to kill him—this he told his neighbors, little thinking poor wretch he himself would go with them into eternity.

It is wonderful they should suffer such a person to remain by himself. They should have reported this, that is what they heard him say, to the city police and had him confined in the hospital, as it was evident he was stark crazy. One of the inquest told Uncle P— that he thought he did not mean to blow himself up, but a spark must have dropped as he was found in his bed. Be that as it may it is awful. . . .

NOTES

1. Joseph Heister of Reading served as Governor of Pennsylvania from 1820–23.
2. Daniel Rose, a Revolutionary War veteran and one of the leading clockmakers of Reading, was a representative in the Assembly from Berks County in 1799–1804, 1806–1808, 1811–12. Morton L. Montgomery, Historical and Biographical Annals of Berks County (Chicago, 1909), v. 1, p. 76. James W. Gibba, Pennsylvania Clocks and Watches (University Park, Pa., 1984), 152.
3. The city of Philadelphia was beset by a series of fires of suspicious origins in January, 1823. On January 21, at 1:45 A.M., flames were discovered at 3rd and Chestnut, which destroyed Thomas Passmore's auction rooms and the S. Porter & Co. bookstore. While the fire was raging, "a most judicious attempt was made to set fire to the Friends Meeting House in Arch-street" by throwing lighted combustible trag into the building. It was saved by a vigilant watcher. Poulsen's American Daily Advertiser (Jan. 22, 1823).
4. Poulsen's American Daily Advertiser for Feb. 6, 1823, includes advertisements for the sale of five vessels belonging to Joseph Sims. Sims is listed in the 1823 Philadelphia directory as residing at the southwest corner of 8th and Chestnut. His counting house and wharf were on S. Water Street. Desilver's The Philadelphia Index, or Directory for 1823 (Phila., 1823).
5. William Gross, publicly executed in Philadelphia on February 7, 1823, had murdered his mistress, Kesiah Stow, in a jealous rage. She was keeper of a notorious bawdy house. The Only True Confession. The Last Words and Dying Confession of Wm. Gross, Who Was Executed on the 7th February 1823, for the Murder of Kesiah Stow, in the City of Philadelphia (Phila., 1823).
6. Louisa Ewing and her escort attended the performance of Friday, Feb. 28, 1823. See illustrated advertisement in the text from Poulsou's American Daily Advertiser (Feb. 28, 1823). The "new Theater" was the Chensn Street Theater which had opened two months earlier, replacing a structure which had burned in 1820. Reese D. James, Old Drury of Philadelphia (Phila., 1932). 

7. Thomas Amies purchased a paper mill, known as the Dove Mill because of its distinctive watermark, on Mill Creek, in Lower Merion Township. He and his sons also leased other mills on Darby Creek in the 1820s, and they were one of the largest producers of writing paper in the country in the first half of the nineteenth century. Thomas L. Gravell and George Miller, A Catalogue of American Watermarks (N.Y., 1979), 157-58. 

8. As the black cat is not a natural inhabitant of America, one wonders which neighbour's pet was likely to be sacrificed, seemingly without a second thought, by Louisa Ewing in order to make her brother a hat! 


10. The Rev. Thomas H. Skinner was pastor of the 5th Presbyterian Church, 10th and Arch Streets. Desilver's Directory for 1823. 

11. "On Saturday morning last, between 2 and 3 o'clock, there was an alarm of fire in this city. It was found to proceed from Ninth near South-street, where the front and side wall of a house were found blown out by an explosion of Gunpowder. The house was inhabited by a Frenchman, of the name of J. Riout de Mowbray, whose advertisements in the newspapers have for some time evinced mental derangement. His body was found lying under the ruins near a bed. His head was much injured and his body severely scorched. He had no clothes on him. The Coroner has held an Inquest over the body; they returned a verdict that he "came to his death by being blown up with powder, in a state of mental derangement in his own house." He was interred on Saturday morning in the public burying ground." Poulsou's American Daily Advertiser (Phila., Sept. 22, 1823), 2. 

"by de villainy we live"

The French Revolution affected America in many ways, complicating our early diplomacy during the first two decades of our nation's existence, indirectly encouraging the development of political parties, and bringing thousands of refugees to America's shores from France and from Santo Domingo. During the early 1790s, sizable French communities existed in New York, Baltimore, Wilmington, and particularly Philadelphia. Talleyrand, Moreau de Saint Méry, Volney, Noailles, and even the Duc d'Orleans, the future King Louis Philippe, resided here, a lively French press developed, and for a time at least, French manners and ideas gained wide favor among the urban elite. The terrible Yellow Fever epidemics of the decade initially broke up the community, but as political changes occurred in France, the aristocratic emigrés returned to their native land. 

Very few of the refugees from France remained in this country and rose to any prominence, but one who did so was Eligius Fromentin (d.1822), United States Senator from Louisiana and a Federal judge in Florida who became entangled in a political dispute with Andrew Jackson and lost. Relatively little has come down to us about the man, the most readily available being a derogatory letter from Jackson to John C. Calhoun of July 29, 1821, where he indicates that Fromentin was a fortune hunter who married a woman of wealth, abandoned her to return to France only to have his ecclesiastical career ruined by word of his marriage, and returned to this country and reestablished himself on the basis of his wife's family influence. Fromentin had issued a writ of habeas corpus, freeing the former Spanish Governor of Florida who the then Governor Jackson had summarily imprisoned, and although both men were appointees of President Monroe, Jackson's, not Fromentin's actions were given official backing in Washington. 

Two years ago, the Clements Library acquired papers of Rev. Horace Holley. Holley had encountered Mr. and Mrs. Fromentin at a party given by Harrison Gray Otis in Washington in March, 1818, and in a letter to his wife dated March 25, he noted that the Senator had questionable command of the spoken English language: "Mr. Fromentin amused me last evening by speaking of a 'counterfeit' child. He meant a deformed one. He speaks of a false position, when he means a dangerous one."

The recently acquired Isaac W.K. Handy Papers contain a letter of J.F. Polk of Washington, Clerk of the U.S. Court of Claims, dated Aug. 2, 1858, which provides an interesting and amusing sketch of Fromentin and his wife. Mrs. Fromentin was a relative by marriage of both Polk and Isaac Handy, being the daughter of Judge William Polk and "the widow Handy" of Maryland.

As Mr. Polk relates: "Elizabeth—She married Eligius Fromentin shortly after the beginning of the present century. They both died in New Orleans, within the same hour—about 35 years ago and left no children. They never had any.
"Her husband was a French refugee. He was educated for the priesthood, and was located in a monastery in Paris when the Revolution of 1793 broke out. When his companions were seized and dragged to the guillotine he escaped by means of a disguise previously furnished him by a friend in the mob and dexterously uniting with them as they entered the building and acting as one of them. It was several days before he found means of escaping to this Country. I heard him say that he stood ankle deep in blood by the instrument of death and witnessed the decapitation of all his relatives and friends.

"After his arrival in this country and suffering many and severe hardships and privations, he found his way to the hospitable abode of Judge Polk. There he opened a school for a small class of young gentlemen, consisting chiefly of the sons of my uncle and his near relatives, whom he instructed in the higher branches of Philosophy, Mathematics, History, Rhetoric, etc., etc., also the French language. My uncle's oldest daughter Elizabeth was one of his scholars. . . ."

"Fromentin concluded to abandon the Priesthood. He studied law under my uncle, and after marrying his daughter (much against the will of her father) went to Baltimore to reside, in the hope of making a living by the practice of law. Soon after this, however, the purchase of Louisiana was effected and he removed to New Orleans. A field was there open to his exertions and he found a profitable practice. There he felt at home; but his wife, though content to remain, disliked the place.

"I met them once in Washington. It was in the winter of 1820-21. I recollect to have heard her remark that she despised New Orleans, and to his inquiry for her reason, she replied that it was on account of the villainy that existed there in such an extraordinary degree. I never can forget his singular shrug and expression as he said in his still broken English with extravagant emphasis: 'Why, Beets! Beets! (he always pronounced her name thus), I am surprise! I am astonish! You despise de villainy? Why, Beets! Beets! 'tis by de villainy we live! What should we do widout de villainy?"

"Fromentin was Secretary of the Convention that formed the Constitution for the State of Louisiana; was elected by their first Legislature United States Senator and served a term of six years; and after the purchase of Florida was made Chief Judge of that Territory by Presi-
much attention as it deserves. I have found it advantageous to disguise such books under some other name. For instance I have a Life of Wm. Gilliland, which is to be called The Early Settlement of the Champlain Valley, by Wm. Gilliland—for who would take the trouble to open the work under the first title. Mr. Sheppard wished me to undertake a biography he has ready for press, which I would gladly do if I could see the pay for the paper and type setting. I believe when we have slumbered in dust a few years, this neglected branch of letters will be appreciated.”

Nason’s biography was published by Munsell in 1865 under the title Sir Charles Henry Frankland, Baronet: or Boston in the Colonial Times.

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**Diving For Treasure**

Underwater salvage work, so frequently in the news in the present era, has been practiced for hundreds of years. The diving bell, the earliest “practical” although highly dangerous equipment providing an underwater source of air, was being used by the sixteenth century.

In November, 1779, while the British occupied New York during the Revolution, HMS Hussar went down at Hell Gate, supposedly with vast amounts of British gold on board. At the present time, efforts are being made to locate and salvage the wreck, and we were therefore intrigued to come upon the accompanying woodcut showing an 1835 attempt to find the Hussar, published in a fairly obscure, short-lived periodical, *The Cabinet of Literature* (N.Y., 1835), p. 165.

Accompanying what the editors describe as this “very spirited representation of the whole apparatus,” was the following description of its operation:

“It is well known that air is possessed of solidity as well as elasticity, and hence any open mouthed vessel, such as a bowl, tumbler, or bell, when inverted and held perpendicularly, may be immersed under water without receiving any of the water in the cavity of the bowl. This experiment is familiar to every school-boy. Hence, if a bell inverted, and made sufficiently weighty to preserve a perpendicular position, be sunk in the water, the elastic force of the air keeps the water out of the vessel, and persons may live in the vessel and perform any labour at the bottom of the water. As a man will consume a gallon of air per minute, it is obvious that the machine must require apparatus for a fresh supply; this apparatus consists of a tube or pipe, as represented on the left in the engraving. Some curious specimens of bottles covered with oyster-shells, &c. may be seen in the American Museum, procured from the above vessel.”

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**The Shore**

For those of our readers contemplating a summer excursion, might we recommend the Arlington House at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, or Ross’ Bath House and The Broadway Bathing House nearby? This was summer at the beach in 1878, when T.F. Rose published his spectacular *Historical and Biographical Atlas of the New Jersey Coast* (Phila., 1878), one of the finest and relatively unappreciated viewbooks of the nineteenth century.
Across the Plains

Film and television have created a popular image of the overland travel experience of the gold-seeking 49ers as accomplished by small groups of men and women in wagon trains, isolated in vast stretches of wilderness inhabited only by hostile Indians who greatly outnumbered them. It is a surprise, then, to realize what large numbers of men were in motion simultaneously at the height of the gold fever in 1849 and the early 1850s, with groups of all sizes virtually tripping over each other all the way from the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains.

There were a variety of routes across the country from which the 49ers could choose: from Independence or St. Joseph, Mo., along either the Santa Fe or the Oregon-California trails, or from Council Bluffs, Iowa, along the north side of the Platte River, known as the Mormon Trail.

A. J. Stryker of Auburn, N.Y., writer of the following letter, provides an amusing account of his fellow gold seekers and graphic picture of the magnitude of the migration. His statistics are somewhat inflated, and his fears of the traffic jam expected at South Pass exaggerated, but it provides us with a sense of the flavor and excitement of the gold Rush at its peak. The Clements possesses no other accompanying letters, so we have no idea whether the author succeeded in getting to California, or making a fortune when he arrived.

Eddyville April 18/49

Dear Sisters & Friends

I have the opportunity to write a few lines to you. you perceive I am on the road by this time to the Gold Region. I am now about 150 too 200 miles of the Counsel Bluff in Company with two other friends Mr Whitcomb & Shirewood they are very good fellows all of them (that is) I can get long with them by hand Scratchen. I am quite healthy more so than I have been in 2 years I think & thats not all I Still continue to grow fleshy Mr Whitcomb used to Preach 2 years ago he is not much of a preacher so he went on the farm he was not much of a farmer So he goes to California he is not much of a Californian So I dont know what he will do one of these days but I think hell get broke into it by the time We get to the rocky mountains, we have had Some hard times already & Some good times to. But I Say we have had middleing good times So far & expect to have some better & Some worse. we Shall have Some better because the road has been allmost impossible in many places & cold the weather has been. now the roads are better & wether warmer, & we Shall have worse times in going over the desert & Sandy plains & it will be hard for our cattle & our Selfs there will be So great a rush that many cattle will be Stopped or will Stop at many places where the rout will be narrow they cant all crowd over at once & many cattle will dye no doubt — being Starve & chokes to death. the road on the South pass the road we take is ten miles wide So you See there will be Some 400 waggons Side by Side & Probably reaching from C.B. to N.Y. & crouded at that there will be not less than 30,000 to Start from St Joseph. 10 000 will Start from Independence & at the least calculation 10,000 from the B[luff] making 50,000 With 12,500 teems on an average — each waggon have ether 3 or 6 mens each team will have on an average ether mules & Oxen, 5 to a team making 62,500 cattle, we Shall go with the Mormans in there team they are a very peacible community they Say there, we have or will have by tomorrow noon 4 yoak of good cattle & one cow we mean to get another so as to make a Yoak Green C is or keeps in our Company that is he Stays with us he has Mr Hall & Chopen in his mess Six of us we Shall stay together untill we get to the gold reageon we have a large tent between us he does the cooking in his & I do the cooking in our mess. we have done all our cooking ever Since we left Galena Wis. we buy our crackees & bread meat & Potatoes Eggs &c. very cheap we have given as high price as 3 cts for eggs per Dozen in South port we used to give 2/- per Doz I beleave. I am now in Eddyville its a Small place of about 200 Inhabitents we laid up here yesterday on account of our getting feed handy & recruiting our cattle as the feed will be Soon gone after we get west the Des Moines river there is no more hay oats, nor corn then in fact we hant fed but little hay Since we left Galena principle on oats & even at 2 bits a Bush there is great many companies now wajiting here for the grass which will be Some 10 days yet, but We shant wait for the grass no longer then till to morrow morning we are deterrent to get on a head of all wisconsin boys we have not Seen any from S.P. yet but we Shall meet them Soon I think. I have not received any thing from you as an answer to my last letter, but I expect to receive 1/2 Doz or less when I get
to the Bluff or St Joseph from you & James I dont like the cooking much but I think it will be the easeest part after while I get long So far very well although the boys grumbles little once and a while when the ham & eggs is cooked to much to Sute them for You know I like my eggs well done. we have just got our flour 300 lbs each man 900 lbs in all to our waggons we have now to get our Bacon & little more Sugar tea &c then our load is made for a tour of 7 months. lay in 200 lb Bacon to each man Now I am 400 miles from S_Port & 1500 miles from you I am thinking we Shall be Still farther Soon . Lydia I want to hear from you once and a while if I can possibly. I Shall write to you occasionaly whenever I have a good opportunity So to do nothing makes me So home sick as when the weather is unpleasant & Stormy & cold but I am not very home Sick just yet no telling but what I may be though I cannot write any more at present give my best respects to all enquiring friends. tell Mother She must not feel hard in my taking this journey for I beleive if I live I Shall come home the very first thing. I do. Yours from your Brother A. J. Stryker
I cant tell you all this time but may write soon

Miss L. C. Stryker
Auburn
Cayuga Co
N.Y.
Eddyville Ioa.
Apl. 23

Christopher Blundell's Diary
As one is assaulted, weekly, by news accounts of acts of political violence and terrorism around the contemporary world, the American citizen cannot help but be thankful, and perhaps wonder why we remain essentially a society respectful of the rule of law and the orderly democratic process. In spite of an historical heritage marked by frequent acts of violence, and a present-day educational system which woefully neglects American history and civics, the average American and the majority would appear to respect the orderly elective process, the judicial system, and the ideal of fairness and equality for all persons.

The United States was fortunate to have established its constitutional existence at a particularly fortuitous era—the high point of eighteenth-century rationalism—and from a background of more than a century of practical familiarity with the British political and judicial system. The colonies of the Revolutionary era, and the nation for decades thereafter, enjoyed a high degree of general cultural and ethnic homogeneity—a shared respect for common western European values—which gave our political and legal systems time to develop their own aura of tradition and permanence. The relative affluence of the country, the richness of the land and its ability to absorb and support a vastly growing population, and the infrequency of warfare throughout most of our history, have certainly done much to promote a positive and generous attitude on the part of the average citizen toward government and toward other members of society. The outrages of the French Revolution, Nazi Germany, Cambodia, or the Middle East today seem utterly foreign to our dominant national attitudes.

Three entirely unrelated items of fairly recent acquisition by the Library suggest that we might pause before adopting any attitude of smugness as to the depth or permanence of our respect for the rights of all our citizens. The first of these appeared as a short piece, buried in the fourth column, page three, of The Colored American (New York, August 12, 1837), a unique, complete volume of which the Library obtained a couple of years ago. This was the first “Colored” (the term which the editor popularized, insisting it was not degrading, as were the terms “Black” and “Negro.”) antislavery newspaper. The published letter is as follows:

POSTSCRIPT.

My Friends will please notice.

Ten o'clock, Thursday morning, N. Y., August 10.

I have just returned from Pattinson’s Eating House, where I have been refused a cup of tea; on the account of my color—it is the first time in my life, that I have been so treated in this city.

I am accustomed to visit most of the public places, and never before met with a landlord nor a guest, that ever hesitated in giving me as good
fare, and the same privileges, as they did to any other gentleman.

Twice last year, I visited Niagara Falls, and all the intermediate places of fashion and resort, and never saw, on any occasion, the least disposition to keep me back, on the account of my complexion.

It remained for a foreigner, in a cellar cook-room, to insult a native citizen, of 17 years, residence in this city; and to deny a minister of Christ, of gray hairs, and twenty-five years' standing in the Presbyterian church, a cup of Tea.

Reason assigned, and persisted in—"because his customers would not put up with it."

Should not such men know better, than to measure community, by their own little shriveled up souls. But I will no more. \[Contempt will not reach such a man, and pity would be wasted upon him.\]

**SAMUEL E. CORNISH.**

**EDITOR OF THE COLORED AMERICAN.**

Samuel Cornish was not an average man by any means. He was a person of broad learning and exceptional strength of character. He would have commanded respect in any company, whatever its racial makeup, so that it is very probable that doors had been open to him which might not have been for others of his color. But it still remains most remarkable that in his seventeen years of residence in New York previous to this 1837 incident, Cornish had never experienced overt racial prejudice!

The second document comes from the recently acquired papers of the Rev. Isaac W.K. Handy. Handy was a Presbyterian clergyman in Portsmouth, Virginia, during the early part of the Civil War, and his diaries are a superb narrative of events during federal occupation of the city. His entry for September 17, 1862 was as follows:

"Wednesday Sept. 17th One of the grossest acts of wickedness was committed last night by Capt. Seely, & a party of some fifty, or sixty men, that has yet occurred in our midst. About 12 o'clock, this ruthless posse entered the house of 'Jew Myers,' with false keys, routed his sleeping family, & commenced a pretended search for arms. They rifled every thing they could lay their hands upon. Drawers & trunks were opened with their skeleton keys, & these, with closets, handboxes, pitchers, & every other probable & improbable place were examined in their eager search. In their determination to assure themselves of success, they drew the cases from the pillows, which with clothes, sheets, bonnets, &c, &c. they threw indiscriminately on the floor, & walked over them at random. Worse then all, the little children, & larger girls were ordered from their beds, & the negro girl was examined, as she lay protesting that all was right about her person.

"The shop was searched from top to bottom, & from one end to the other, whilst Myers & his wife were disallowed to enter, not even to look after some money, that had been left in a book. One hundred & fifty dollars of this was afterwards discovered to have been stolen but, of course, there could be no redress.

"Poor Myers was ordered to put on his hat, & because he hesitated was spoken to in the harshest, & most peremptory manner. Failing to find anything more than a few articles which had been left by a U.S. soldier, for safe keeping, they dragged the little Jew to jail, & then shut him up, until this morning. His wife was refused a light—tho' afterwards it was permitted & the poor woman sat up all night, under the greatest excitement & alarm. This morning when I passed down the street I found a guard moving to & fro, in front of the store, & the windows, & doors closed.

"All this disturbance of an innocent & worthy family was occasioned by the flash of a pistol somewhere near Myers' house, & which it has since been ascertained was fired by parties wholly unknown to Myers, & whilst he & his whole family were sound asleep.

"I am told that Seeley made an apology this morning, but as is his custom, the case was prejudged & the punishment inflicted in advance."

The third item is a piece of recently acquired sheet music, Our Country's In It Now, We've Got To Win It Now, dating from 1918. The author of the words, Arthur Guy Empey, described as "Author of the Famous Book & Star of the Vitagraph Feature Photoplay 'Over the Top,'" covered the back page of the music with an essay entitled "Our Real Enemy." A few excerpts will suffice to indicate its character:

"The German that we have to watch and exterminate is the only one who wears the American flag in the lapel of his coat, (I call them Lapel Americans); the one who wears the Red Cross and Liberty Loan buttons below this
flag and who, under a camouflage of patriotism, stabs our fighting men in the back; holds up war action; spreads his snakelike propaganda; creates an anti-Ally sentiment; preaches on inconclusive peace; spreads rumors of disaster to our troops at the front, and tries to cause general dissatisfaction against the method our government uses in conducting the war. “Americans, it is not the German we all suspected that is arrested as a spy. It is the one who has lived next door to you for twenty years, who has broken bread at your table, and who right now, this very minute, extends to you the glad hand, and boasts of what the United States will do to Germany. It is the one who has an oily smile on his face, and who is always advertising his patriotism. This is the type who, as soon as your back is turned, whispers ‘Deutschland über Alles!’ Beware of the German who sympathizes with you and sheds crocodile tears when he reads the name of your son in a casualty list. When he leaves you and is alone, he takes that same casualty list and gloats over it, and prays to Gott that it will continue to lengthen . . .

“If there are any persons in the United States of America, who have German blood in their veins, or who have not German blood in their veins, and who take the slightest offense at what I have written, I am tickled to death, because I want to reach them. They are not one hundred per cent Americans. They must be pro-German, and mark my words, before this war is over, they are going to be put where they belong—in an internment camp, behind barbed wire, with an American soldier standing guard over them with a fixed bayonet, watching their every move. But if I had my way, I would line them up against a wall in front of a firing squad, and shoot them as traitors and enemies of the United States of America.”

Prejudice against Blacks and Jews and wartime hostility to Germans in 1917-1918 are well known facets of our history, at least for readers above the age of forty, but all of the items reprinted here are to some degree surprising. With the Samuel Cornish piece, the unexpected feature is the lack of overt prejudice which the author had experienced until 1837. Obviously, the seemingly permanent system of racial discrimination in accommodation at hotels and restaurants which would be broken by the Civil Rights legislation of the twentieth century was not quite as fixed and timeless in all parts of the country as it appeared. Prejudice for at least some members of Anglo-Saxon America had been a learned rather than inherent system of attitudes.

The immigration of large numbers of Eastern European Jews at the beginning of this century aroused prejudices in terms of accommodation and employment which were pervasive until fairly recently, but there is a general sense that before that time, American Jews experienced little discrimination. The Handy Papers piece tells another story. German Americans were clearly put on the defensive during the first World War, but Mr. Empey’s “solutions” to the problem, with loose talk of concentration camps and summary executions, are disturbingly reminiscent of Nazi logic in the following decades.

Something in our national makeup allows us to simply forget the seamiest sides of our history. In many ways this is probably to our advantage. Relatively few of us harbor deep-seated grudges and hatreds for wrongs done our ancestors or even ourselves in years past. The seemingly hopeless polarization of the Middle East or Ireland is thankfully foreign to our society in any long term way.

The American Magazine does not consider that its purpose is to moralize or preach. But it is our mission to delve into every corner of our past, some of which are less than pretty or honorable. We should not forget the sort of thing recorded in these historical documents, not to revive old hatreds and resentments, but in order that we appreciate that we are not immune to the worst tendencies of organized societies. Massive immigrations and wars have tended in the past to bring out the worst in us, and severe economic depression could do the same. An awareness of the historical seeds of discord can only help to make us vigilant in maintaining a very precious heritage.

Getting To The Point

“Probably many of our readers are familiar with the story of the shipmaster from New Bedford, who, after performing many whaling voyages, commanded a small brig to Denmark. An altercation ensued between him and an English military officer in a public coffee house, which ended in an invitation to the Yan-
kee, on the part of the British officer, to meet him on the beach the next morning. His antagonist, with his friends and a host of spectators, were astonished to behold the New Bedford captain approaching the spot, attended by his mate bearing two harpoons. He put one in the hands of the astounded officer—then measured his ground and took his station, exclaiming, "as I am the challenged party, I am entitled to the choice of the weapons—I have accordingly selected harpoons—distance, eight paces. Here, continued he, addressing his mate, 'take the end of the line, and stand by to haul that fellow in.'

"He then raised the ugly looking weapon, poised it above his head, and was in the point of throwing, when the English officer, not particularly liking to have a harpoon thus unceremoniously drove through his body by the stalwart looking Yankee, started back aghast, declaring that he would not fight with such ungentlemanly weapons. The Yankee as obstinately persisted in fighting with no others—and the duel did not take place."


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**Confederate Californiana**

Harry Macarthy is not a name which produces instant recognition. Had the Confederacy won the Civil War, it probably would be. Born in England, a small-time musician and performer in the 1850s, he emerged during the Civil War as the most popular song composer in the South. While playing in Mississippi and New Orleans in early 1861, he composed "The Bonnie Blue Flag." It became an unofficial national anthem for the South and went through eight editions between 1861 and 1865. Calling himself "the Arkansas comedian," he performed in Richmond, Wilmington, N.C., and Petersburg and followed up his first success by "Missouri" (six Confederate editions), "The Volunteer; or, It is My Country's all" (five editions), and "Our Flag and Its Origin," later called "Origin of the Stars and Bars" (two editions).

Macarthy's Southern reputation took a rapid decline when, sensing the inevitable Southern defeat, he slipped through the lines and resurfaced in Philadelphia in late 1864, supposedly a quickly reconstructed Union man. Little more is known about him, other than the fact that he died in Oakland, California, in 1888. A bound volume of sheet music recently acquired by the Clements Library adds a bit to the mystery if not the facts of Macarthy's career.

The common practice of the nineteenth century, when playing the piano was almost an obligatory accomplishment of the young lady of refinement, was to periodically send miscellaneous sheet music to local book binders, thereby preserving it in book form. When these volumes have survived intact, the context in which a piece is found can often tell us something about the date of an unasccribed piece, or at least provide some indication of retailing practices and regional musical tastes.

This particular volume contains 35 pieces dating between 1853 and 1865. Although nine cities are represented by imprint, seven of the pieces were published in San Francisco, and all the retail stamps are from San Francisco, Stockton, or Sacramento. The volume was clearly put together in California, probably in 1865.

What makes the volume particularly interesting is the presence of three of Macarthy's songs—"Our Flag and Its Origin," "The Volunteer," and "Missouri." The lithography is decidedly and perhaps intentionally amateurish, and there is not the slightest hint as to who published them, or where.
The context of the volume as a whole makes it possible to speculate on two equally plausible theories as to the origins of these furtive imprints. Confederate music, due to shortages, was almost entirely published on thin, flexible paper of a smaller size than the large sheets of the North. These are on the larger paper, and on the basis of their provenance, they were almost certainly published in California.

At the beginning of the war, the state had harbored many vocal Southern advocates, but it had become increasingly Union in sentiment as the conflict continued. These three pieces may simply be the publications of a Southern sympathizing printer, during the war, who went to great lengths to disguise their origins. The other possibility is that Macarthy was already in the San Francisco area by 1865 and issued them himself.

The World of Maps
by David Bosse

On July 5, 1790, a notice appeared in The Boston Gazette announcing the recent publication of what was the first American atlas of coastal charts. Described as "A Complete Chart of the Coast of America, from Cape Breton into the Gulf of Mexico—upon a large scale—neatly bound," the atlas was published by Matthew Clark, a seventy-six year old Boston merchant and auctioneer. Although no title page was issued, a preliminary dedication leaf, addressed to Massachusetts governor John Hancock, was printed for the atlas. Clark was assisted in the project by Osgood Carleton, surveyor and teacher of mathematics, John Norman and Joseph H. Seymour, engravers, and possibly Bartholmew Burges, astronomer and mathematician. The history of the atlas is still uncertain, and the purchase of a previously unknown copy by the Clements Library Associates suggests that a review of the subject is in order.

The genesis of the Clark sea charts would seem to be found in an earlier collaboration of Carleton and Norman. An advertisement in The Boston Gazette of January 1, 1790, offered their new chart of the West Indies and indicated that "charts of all the coasts of America, upon a large scale," were being engraved. These may be the three plates in the Clark atlas dated October, 1789, two of which are identified as being engraved by John Norman. Quite possibly the charting venture was later appropriated by Clark who apparently provided necessary capital. At some point Seymour became involved; four of the charts credit him as engraver and a fifth appears to be his work.

The original prospectus, which appeared during early February, 1790, in The Massachusetts Centinel, called for fifteen charts to be delivered weekly to subscribers at a cost of two shillings apiece. These were "intended to comprize one general chart, but for convenience, it will be divided into five parts, each part to be lined with blue and delivered at nine shillings: It is also calculated so as to be bound into a book, and will be delivered at thirty-six shillings." The accuracy of the charts was to be certified by Osgood Carleton, representing the Boston Marine Society. The prospectus went on to claim that no chart would be published without this certificate, signed in manuscript by Carleton. In fact, however, eighteen charts were published, there is no evidence that they were distributed as lined groups of three, and not every chart includes an engraved sanction.

As far as can be determined, all copies of the atlas, of which there are only twelve known, lack the printed certification on three plates—numbers 8, 13, and 18. Those charts that bear it read: "Being recommended by the Boston Marine Society for the purpose of examining Mr. Clarks Charts I have carefully examined and compared this with Des Barres & Hollands and other good Authorities and find it an Accurate Chart of the coast &c. it contains." It should be noted that Holland's name is not always included and there are variations in
spelling and punctuation from one statement to another. Plate 8, which was cut by John Norman and dated October, 1789, states: "I have examined this Chart and find the Head Lands & Angles confined to their true Latitudes & Longitudes & the Data Mathematically true & I approve of it as a true and accurate Chart." Here Carleton's signature has been engraved. The accuracy of this chart was attested to by Thomas Barnard as well.

Similarly, the adjoining chart (number 7), also the dated work of Norman, is certified by three local pilots. The Clements copy has been signed in manuscript by Carleton, but the style of the engraved certification differs from that of the rest of the plate, indicating that it was added later. Evidence of reengraved title cartouches on the Norman plates further suggests that these charts gave rise to the Clark atlas.

While a single edition of the charts was issued, two distinct printings of the dedication page exist. In both cases the content of the text on the recto is identical, but there are significant typographical differences in font and spacing. Variations on the verso also distinguish one copy from another. The advertisement of the earlier printing states, in part, "These charts I believe to be the most accurate of any before published." In some atlases this has been altered in manuscript to read: "These charts I believe to be more accurate than any before published," a modest retraction which can be considered a second state of this printing.

Both states explain the certificate engraved on the charts: "Although the charts are sold singly to some, and for that reason, a Certificate of the examination is engraved on each plate; yet as the whole are bound together in this Book, and have all passed the same inspection, it is presumed, that signing this will be satisfactory, without putting my name to each particular Chart;-- Teacher of the Mathematics in Boston. N.B. Those sold in separate Sheets, will be signed as above." On some copies Carleton has signed his name in the space provided.

The second printing differs from the first in several respects. First, the above claim, here set in type, indicates that the charts are "more accurate than any before published." Secondly, two paragraphs of text providing sailing directions for the coast of North Carolina are included, and the sailing directions for the entrance of Cape Henry are no longer set in italics. Thirdly, the border is a double ruled line, whereas that of the first printing is a scalloped floral pattern. Finally, there is no explanation of the certificates, and Carleton's signature at the end of the advertisement is engraved.

Because the charts were offered either singly

To His Excellency

John Hancock, Esq.

Governor and Commander in Chief of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

SIR.

THE great and unremitted zeal your Excellency hath manifested for many years past to promote the Arts and Sciences, as well as the Rights and Liberties of your Country, emboldens the Publisher of these Charts to take the Liberty of Soliciting the Honor of your Excellency's Patronage.

That your Excellency may for many years yet to come, continue the Ornament of your Country, and the Delight of all the Friends to a Republican Government, is the wish of

SIR,

your most obedient
Humble Servant,

MATTHEW CLARK.
or as a volume, the number of Carleton manuscript signatures varies from atlas to atlas. P. Lee Phillips of the Library of Congress concluded that since all but one of their charts were signed, their copy of the atlas was assembled and bound from stock. This would seem to be the case with the majority of existing copies. That of the Clements Library has fifteen signatures, one on each plate with the engraved certificate. None of the charts in the atlases at Harvard University, the Boston Athenaeum, or the New York Public Library are signed. The dedication page of the Harvard copy being the first state of the first printing indicates that theirs is probably an original issue of the atlas. Since individual charts from the atlas are extremely rare, the only recorded institutional copy being at the Essex Institute in Salem, Massachusetts, it is difficult to judge if many single charts were sold or were mostly made into atlases on order.

No definite printing chronology has been established for the Clark atlas, but it is highly likely that the second printing of the dedication page occurred before 1792. In that year John Norman’s American Pilot appeared. A printed certificate on the title page, endorsed by Osgood Carleton and dated September 10, 1791, claims that the charts “are as accurate as any of the kind hitherto published.” The publication of this atlas with Carleton’s endorsement may very well indicate that the Clark charts had been superseded. Reasons for this could include commercial rivalry, limited publication of the Clark charts, or the need for more accurate, local surveys.

Relying heavily on British charting, the Clark atlas is remarkable for its early publication rather than its cartography or artistry. Several plates are indifferently engraved, and a number of place names are oddly positioned. Considering the apparent haste with which they were produced, the charts are not unduly flawed, but they do not demonstrate the skill evidenced by their established British counterparts. The atlas is, however, the progenitor of the highly successful work carried on by John and William Norman, Samuel Lambert, the Blunts, Richard Patten, George Eldridge and others, and on the basis of priority and scarcity, deserves to be considered one of the most desirable rarities of American cartographic history.

Getting There

The inconveniences of modern travel may be tiresome and irritating, but take a look at what it took to get from Richmond, Virginia, to White Sulphur Springs in the summer of 1846—three days of travel, including getting up at 2 A.M. to catch stages on the second and third “mornings.” The railroad, which printed the card, obviously considered it to be rapid and convenient travel!

ROUTE TO THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS, VIA Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac and Louisville Rail Roads.

Richmond to Gordonsville, Rail Road, — 74 miles.
Gordonsville to Charlottesville, — Stage, — 22 "
Charlottesville to Staunton, — do. — 57 "
Staunton to Clover Dale, — do. — 20 "
Clover Dale to Warm Springs, — do. — 321 "
Warm Springs to Hot Springs, — do. — 5 "
Hot Springs to White Sulphur Springs, — do. — 57 "

Passengers by this agreeable route leave Richmond at 8, A. M. lodge at Charlottesville the first night, leave the next morning at 3, A. M., lodge at Clover Dale the second night, reach the Warm Springs the next morning to breakfast, and arrive at the White Sulphur to tea on the same day, whence Stages diverge to all the other Springs.

Office Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac.

Rail Road Company, July 30th, 1846.

Saint Patrick’s Purgatory

Lieutenant Richard Browne of the 51st Regiment of Foot served throughout the Seven Years’ War in Germany. At the end of that conflict the regiment was ordered to Ireland, being stationed at various posts between 1764 and 1770. Lt. Browne’s company was quartered at Enniskillen from mid-1765 through 1766. A brother, meanwhile, was serving in the 28th Regiment in America.

Twenty-one letters of Browne in a collection recently purchased, dating between 1757 and 1765, are largely chatty and descriptive accounts of his service and the places he was stationed during the war, but the last three letters are of post-war date, from Enniskillen.

His letter of August 24, 1765, includes an amusing description of Saint Patrick’s Purgatory at Lough Derg, on Station Island, in County Donegal.

From the latter half of the twelfth century, the twin islands of Lough Derg, Saints’ and Station Islands respectively, have been visited by Roman Catholic pilgrims and revered as the
place where St. Patrick was permitted a view of the underworld and Purgatory.

Throughout medieval times a cave on Saints' Island was considered to be the entrance to Purgatory, where mortals could purge themselves and gain absolution of their worldly sins. After renouncing pursuits of the flesh and undergoing self-mortification, penitents were permitted to observe a foretaste of what awaited their souls in the hereafter.

In the medieval era, wealthy emissaries and mystics, princes and commoners ventured to the spot, where after nine days of ritual fasting and prayer at various stations known as Saints' Beds, and a warning by the Prior against the dangers of proceeding, supplicants were locked in a cave overnight. Many returned with visions ranging from heinous depictions of Hell to beatific descriptions of what awaited the contrite and repentent. Some were rumored not to have returned.

In the modern age we tend to draw a rather strict line between the spiritual and secular worlds, but the distinction was less clear in earlier days. A visit to Saint Patrick's Purgatory, while of serious religious purpose, must also have been an adventure, not unlike the camp meetings or church camps which developed in this country in the following century—a break from the dreary routines of everyday labor.

In 1632, on orders from the Protestant Lords Justice and Privy Council, the cave and the few buildings and places of veneration of Saints' Island were destroyed. Although forbidden by law, pilgrimages continued to take place, albeit illegally, with the location being moved to the smaller Station Island, nearby, early in the eighteenth century.

Although Lt. Browne was not a particularly sympathetic or comprehending observer of the ritual which he observed, his description is of historical interest, as one of the earliest records of the place and the practices of the Pilgrims after the relocation to Station Island.

Inniskilen 24th Augt.—65

My dear Father
I should not be so long without writing but that I have been on several little Excursions about this country, the first was to a place call'd Patrick's Purgatory where above ten thousand people every year (Roman Catholics) make a pilgrimage not only from the remotest part of this Kingdom, but even from France, Spain, and Portugal. This famous place is about 18 miles from this town, in the country of Donegal. It is a small Island in the Middle of a large Lake call'd Lough Derg, or the red lake from a Story of St. Patrick's having kill'd there a Devil of so monstrous a size that the blood that issued from the wounds turn'd the whole water blood red, however the water at present is quite Clear and we kill'd 2 dozen of fine trouts in it. The passage to this place is very disagreeable ther's no road nearer than three miles of it, the rest of the way thro' a most dreary mountain full of rocks precipices & bogg, and tho we had our horses with us were Obliged to lead them all the way, at length after 3 hours of this kind of travelling we discovered a little flat Island in the Lake about 2 miles from any shore covered with a few houses which looks exactly at a distance as if they grew out of the Water, there not being a tree or any other plant or vegetable on this holy spot to acquaint one of its being terra firma, nothing but houses appearing above the Water, we arrived at the Ferry where we found two good boats which ply constantly between the Island & Shore with the religious. On our approach to the Island we found it cover'd with a Multitude of both sexes mostly indeed of the poorer sort. I confess I never saw any thing so truly Absurd as their penance, in one place there are built seven small places of a circular form like Pounds in which place the penitents are Obliged to run so many times round bare foot on sharp pointed rocks repeating so many Ave Marias &c, in commemoration of the Seven deadly Sins, and tis Merry to see them trotting round like Mill horses, and quickening their paces as they come to a conclusion of this part of their pennisance. in other parts they are Obliged to wade to the middle in the Water and stand there for a stated time repeating a certain number of prayers, when this is Over the next penance is to retire to a vault made purposely, where they must remain 24 hours without eating, drinking, speaking or Sleeping, for they are sure if they do either the Devil has a power of carrying them Away, and to prevent sleeping, every one that goes in there supply themselves with pins which they thrust into any one they find dozing without Mercy. The Last ceremony is Washing in the Lake where they wash away all their Sins, and have no Other covering than decency requires, upon which Occasion the women are so charitable as to lend a petticoat to those men who have not provided a modesty
piece, then After a Stipend payd to the Priest they get A General Absolution and go home purged of all their sins. The place is govern'd by a Prior, and seven Assistant Priests, Who generaly repair there the beginning of June, and continue till the last day of Augt. at which time the Boats are laid up, not a creature remaining on the Island after that time. There are two large Chappels and a tolerable cabbin for the Priests, the other houses are open like Barns with Straw on the ground for the penitents, every one of whom must enter the Island bare-footed and bare headed and continue so all the time they remain, Which is according to the heniousness of their Sins, Some stay but three days, some six and others Nine. They bring their own provisions with them, which is no more than as much oatmeal as will serve their time, which they then bake into cakes, and drink the Water of the Lake. After seeing all that was curious in the Island and drinking a Glass of Whiskey with the Prior we took the boats, and fish'd for 2 hours on the lake and then set out for Pettigoe the nearest village on the High Road Where we got a good Dinner, and I returned with the Gentleman I came with, it was very agreeable, for at that Village by Appointment I met Col: Daulhat, and some other Gentlemen from Bally shannon Who also had a desire of going the pilgrimage to this place, and every one was pleased with the Expedition.

Military Piety

One of our distinguished visiting scholars of the past year, Dr. Inge Auerbach, of the University of Marburg, and the Hessian State Archives, came across the following bit of Revolutionary wartime humor in our Clinton Papers (Sir Charles Hastings, incomplete ALS, Spring, 1777) which we share with our readers. Major Morrison presumably was responsible for issuing rations to his regiment at Newport!

"Major morrison is going to be married to Miss Polly Wanton, everything is settled, the poor man is so much in love, that he forgets entirely what he is about, which made the Soldiers address him a Prayer, Viz—Our Comr. who art in Newport, honored be thy name, may thy work be done in Newport as it is in York, give us each day our dayly bread, and forgive us our not eating it, if we dont like it, but deliver us from Musteness, & bad Bakers, for thine is the power, to get wood & good flour, for some time to come, Amen."

To Set Before the King

Undoubtedly, the staff at Buckingham Palace of today has been reduced to the point where but a single cook prepares an everyday meal. Such was not the case in days of yore, and we recently encountered a fascinating anecdote of how, in the eighteenth century, His Royal Highness came to know exactly which cook had prepared which dish. It appeared in The Universal Magazine (London, August, 1780. pp. 86–87). We cannot vouch for the story's truthfulness, and suggest that our readers take it with a grain of salt, if they see fit!

The Origin of marking the Dishes, served at the King's Table, with the Cook's Name that dressed them.

His Majesty, George the Second, was accustomed every other year to visit his German dominions, and always took with him the greater part of the Officers of his household, especially those that belonged to the kitchen. Once on his passage at sea, his first cook was so ill with the sea sickness, that he could not hold up his head to dress his Majesty's dinner; this being told to the King, he was exceedingly sorry for it, as he was famous for making a Rhenish soup, which he was very fond of; he therefore ordered enquiry to be made among the assistant-cooks, if any of them could make the above soup, when one named Weston (father of the late Tom Weston, the player) undertook it, and so pleased the King, that he declared it was full as good as that made by the first cook. Soon after the King returned to England, the first cook died, which when the King was informed of, he said, that his Steward of the household always appointed his cooks, but that he would name one for himself, and therefore asked if one Weston was still in the kitchen; being answered that he was, That man, said he, shall be my first cook, for he makes most excellent Rhenish soup. This favour of the King begot envy towards him among all the servants, so that, when any dish was found fault
with, they used to say it was Weston's dressing: the King took notice of this, and said to the servants, it was very extraordinary, that every dish he disliked should happen to be Weston's; therefore, said he, in future, let every dish be marked with the name of the cook that makes it; in consequence of this, the King found out their villainy, for in future all Weston's pleased him most. This custom has continued ever since, and is now practiced at the King's table.

**Recent Acquisitions**

**BOOKS**


Watson, John. *Souvenir of a Tour in the United States of America and Canada*. Glasgow, 1872. This, and preceding two titles are all scarce narratives of Scottish travelers in the U.S. and Canada—the two latter being privately printed for friends and family. The author of the first does not reveal his name, although he includes a portrait engraving as a frontispiece! All followed the well-beaten path—The Wanderer and Lumsden, New York to the Lakes, Watson from Canada through Detroit and Chicago to St. Louis and back to the east coast—but each has moments of valuable observation or insight.

Scott, Mary S. *Indian Corn as Human Food*. Nevada, Iowa, 1889. A very good cookbook devoted exclusively to corn recipes, which has escaped the bibliographers.

*Conditien, Die Door de Heeren Burgermeesteren der Stadt Amstelvedam . . . Amsterdam, 1656*. The Banning edition of a promotional pamphlet, urging settlement of New Amsterdam in the last era of Dutch control.


*Historical Epitome of the State of Louisiana*. New Orleans, 1840. Daniel Drake's copy of guide to the city, in contemporary boards as issued, but seemingly made up from pages intended but never used in a directory. It has separate title page and pp. 221–372. Of special importance are pages of wonderful, small lithographic and engraved views of New Orleans public buildings, churches, hotels, etc., by Clark and W. Greene.


To the Voters of Mississippi, Scott, New Madrid, Stoddard, Pemiscot, and Dunklin Counties, State of Missouri. n.p., 1861. Pro-secession broadside.


The Carolina and Georgia Almanack...for...1784. Charleston, S.C., 1784.

Holley, Mary Austin. Texas. Lexington, Ky., 1836. Second, thoroughly rewritten edition of pioneering description of Texas.


MANUSCRIPTS

A. Collections and Bound Items

Lewis Cass (1782–1866), 15 ALS to David Bates Douglass (1790–1849), 1820–1827. Dated at Detroit and Washington, these letters were written while Cass was governor of Michigan Territory and when Douglass was an engineering professor at West Point. They touch on a myriad of contemporary concerns, such as Indian policy in Michigan, Moravians, mining, domestic cultivation of wild rice, and of greatest interest, the mapping of Michigan. Gift of Dr. S.W. Jackman, Victoria, British Columbia.

John Greenwood Memoir, 1809. 179 pp. A memoir of Revolutionary War service written by John Greenwood (1760–1819) who later became dentist to George Washington. The book begins with brief memories of the Boston Massacre and Boston Tea Party, of which the young Greenwood was only a witness, although a close friend was among the dead at the Massacre. At fifteen, he joined the patriot troops and saw service in the Boston area before marching to New York and participating in the Battle of Trenton. The journal describes Indian depredations and many details of military life. This memoir was copied from a now lost original diary and slightly edited by the author's son. Gift of Mr. & Mrs. John Duxbury, Pine Plains, New York.

Handy Family Papers, 1819–1934. 150 pieces. Third major accession of the Handy archive (see descriptions of the Moses and Isaac Handy Papers, American Magazine, I:2 and II:2). Adds two of the “missing” volumes of Isaac Handy’s diary, including his eyewitness account of the Merrimac’s maiden voyage at Portsmouth, Virginia, in 1862, as well as an autograph autobiographical letter of Confederate Gen. Basil Duke, written while a prisoner at Fort Delaware. The complete Handy Papers are now cataloged and occupy some twenty-two linear feet.

Horace Mann Papers, 1825–1896. 121 pieces. Collection contains 95 holograph and signed printed legal documents dating from the years when Horace Mann (1796–1859) practiced law in Massachusetts (1823–1837). Twenty-four personal ALS, 1842–1856, date from the period when Mann was Secretary of Education in Massachusetts and an anti-slavery Whig Congressman. These letters contain choice quotations from Mann on the topics of education, slavery, and contemporary politics, as well as examples of his caustic wit. The last letters concern Mann’s abortive attempts to administer Antioch College. Gift of Duane Norman Diedrich, Muncie, Ind.


Signature Book of a Bank, 1809–1821. Semiannual (March and September) record of dividend payments, each investor acknowledging receipt. Probably from a Baltimore bank.

Daniel Hoit Papers, 1790–1850s. 1500 pieces. Family papers of Daniel Hoit (1778–1859) of Sandwich, New Hampshire, twenty years a state legislator and several-time Free Soil candidate for governor of New Hampshire. The correspondence is between Hoit and his first wife, Sally Flanders, and their four children: Eliza, wife of Ira Bean, Urbana, Ohio, lawyer; Julia, wife of Enoch W.P. Sherman;
Albert Gallatin Hoit (1809–1856), a Boston portrait painter of some note; and William Henry Harrison Hoit (1815–), Episcopal priest and Vermont U.S. Circuit Court clerk who became a Roman Catholic priest in his widowerhood. Large quantity of political correspondence detailing local affairs and national trends. Albert's letters (a total of several hundred pages) illustrate all aspects of the artist's lifestyle and career.

John Henry Hopkins Papers, 1825–1932. Three linear feet. Archive of the family of John Henry Hopkins (1792–1868), Irish-born ironmaster-cum-lawyer-cum-clergyman who in 1832 became the first Episcopal Bishop of Vermont. Following the Civil War, he was influential in reuniting the Northern and Southern wings of the Episcopal Church into one communion, an accomplishment in which most other denominations failed. The collection contains some 300 letters, principally by Hopkins, his wife, and two of their sons, John Henry Jr. (1820–1891), who followed his father in the ministry, and Casper Thomas (1826–1893), who went west with the Gold Rush and settled in California. The collection also includes a large number of speech and lecture drafts by Caspar Hopkins, manuscript music by Caspar, printed music, photographs (incl. excellent pictures of San Francisco post-earthquake, 1906), and copies of pamphlets and books authored by the multi-talented Hopkinses. There is a good deal of artwork, including Bishop Hopkins' sketchbook of a tour through upper New York in 1825 which includes watercolor images (black-and-white and color) of Niagara Falls and the earliest known views of various spots along the Erie Canal. Bishop Hopkins was also a skilled amateur architect, and the collection contains drawings and carpenter's contracts for the Vermont Episcopal Institute in Burlington. Portion of collection donated by Mr. & Mrs. Dana Hinckley, Southwest Harbor, Me.

B. Individual Letters and Documents

Richard Nicholls to Abraham Staats, DS., April 24, 1667. Deed for Hudson River land, signed by first English Governor of New York. Gift of David Syrett, Leonia, N.J.

William Ledra. ADoc., cy. made in 1716 of trial proceedings and death sentence, March 5, 1666, of Quaker executed in Boston. Original records lost in eighteenth century, making this the only existing record re. last person executed in Massachusetts purely for religious views. Gift of John C. Dann, Dexter, Mich.


NEWSPAPERS


MAPS AND ATLASES


Clark, Matthew. A Complete Chart of the Coast of America... Boston, 1790. First American atlas of navigational charts. (See article in this issue by David Bosse.) Clements Library Associates purchase.

FINIS.
Cover: "A View of the Battery and Harbour of New York, and the Ambuscade Frigate."


Clements Library.

Pages 9, 11. Petty Letterbooks, Shelburne Papers, Clements Library.

Pages 16, 19, Page 7.
20-24. Cuts relating to Ruggles and the Odditory are all from book labels at the Clements Library or the Ruggles scrapbooks at the Branch Co. Library, Coldwater, Mich.

Page 17. Photo courtesy of Mrs. Loranetta Diebel, Bronson, Mich.

Pages 30-44. The cuts and text from The American Home Cook Book (New York, 1854) have been enlarged 159%


All printing devices used in this issue are taken from eighteenth-century English and American editions of the works of Joseph Priestley and Richard Price.