THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
AND HISTORICAL CHRONICLE
Published for the Edification and Amusement of Book Collectors, Historians, Bibliographers and the Discriminating General Public.

CONTAINING

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The Belvedere Club House

New York is certainly the most written about city in the United States. Hundreds of authors have chronicled its fascinating past. I.N. Phelps Stokes' six volume *The Iconography of Manhattan* (N.Y., 1915–1928) is one of the most meticulous, detailed studies of urban topography ever produced, and it has been supplemented by many fine works on the changing city landscape in particular sections of the metropolis. There is a museum specifically dedicated to telling and displaying the city's past, and New York is probably the only American city, the literature of which is sufficiently diverse and vast enough to support a bookshop specializing in its history alone—the wonderful little New York Bound Bookshop run by appointment in Greenwich Village.

Yet with all its documentation, a case could be made that New York knows less, and cares less about its past than any of the old cities on the east coast, and for obvious reasons. In historical terms, New York's past has been the victim of its success—it has built and rebuilt itself with each generation. It has attracted vast groups of immigrants who move from one section of the city to another, replaced by other groups, none of them staying in one area long enough to develop the sort of multi-generational affection and protectiveness of old neighborhoods characteristic of certain areas of Philadelphia, Boston, or Charleston.

The last twenty-five years have witnessed a growing interest on the part of academics and preservationists in the urban historical landscape. But in Manhattan, where the changes have been so thorough and frequent for most sections of the island, one has only the written and pictorial record of the past to get the slightest glimpse of the original appearance and the evolution of any particular area.

In the last issue of *The American Magazine*, we drew upon a scarce periodical, *The Cabinet of Literature* (New York, 1835), recently acquired by the Clements Library, and we return to that source for a fascinating story pertaining to a one-time New York landmark.

The Belvedere Club House was built in 1792 on a hill overlooking the East River, near what was then known as Corlaer's Hook or Crown Point, slightly over two miles along the shore, northeast of the Battery, where the shoreline of Manhattan Island curves to the north. Today, none of the original topographical features remain. The original shoreline has been pushed inland by landfill and the natural coves and indentations removed. The hill has been leveled, and the site itself is covered by high-rise housing projects built in the mid-twentieth century.

Our story involves an African princess, a haunted house, even the Prince of Wales, but before getting into the tale itself, it is necessary and most interesting to delve into a bit of New York's local history.

The unnamed editor of *The Cabinet of Literature* had obviously grown up in the vicinity of the Belvedere Club House and had been sufficiently fascinated with it and the history and folklore associated with it to write two articles—the first on the house itself, the second on one of its last occupants. We will follow the order he set for us and describe the site and the building before presenting his story.
The Corlaer’s Hook section of Manhattan had quite a history in the century and a half between Dutch settlement of the island in 1626 and the building of the Belvedere Club House in 1792. It had been the site of a massacre of Indians, who were friendly with the Dutch in the 1640s. It was the supposed location where Blackbeard had buried treasure, and generally a haunt of undesirable characters. The perpetrators of the slave revolt of 1741 had been hanged on the hill later occupied by the Belvedere, their decaying bodies left on the gibbet for some time after their execution. During the Revolution, the British built a fort and a line of defense from Corlaer’s Hook to the area of City Hall, and the hill itself was used as a cemetery during the British occupation. It is little wonder that the Belvedere House itself later gained a reputation as being haunted! So that the reader can picture the location, we here reproduce Henry Tanner’s 1835 map of lower Manhattan with the Belvedere Club House marked with an arrow.

Sixty-eight years earlier, Lt. Bernard Ratzer, the talented British military engineer, had produced one of the great maps of New York in the colonial period. It shows the Corlaer’s Hook area to be open country, interspersed with a few gentlemen’s estates and rural lanes leading westward to Bowery Lane and on to Broadway. Like most urban plans of its time, the Ratzer map is somewhat dishonest. The outskirts of the city were never quite as neat and manicured as they appear to have been on the map. The great square in the upper part of the map never materialized. The roads were merely unimproved dirt tracks, and there was no effective municipal control over development. But as the city regained its economic strength following the Revolution and began expanding out from the center in all directions, Corlaer’s Hook became increasingly attractive real estate, first as a rural retreat from the crowded city; all too quickly, as part of the city itself.

The Belvedere Club House was built and survived in this transition period. It apparently lasted on its original site only thirty or forty years, short by the standards of any city other than New York, but long enough to make its mark in the
annals of the city's history. *The New-York Magazine* for August, 1794 ran both a picture and an article on the structure:

Belvedere House . . . is situated on the banks of the East river, about a quarter of a mile beyond the pavement of the eastern extremity of the city of New-York. It was built in the year 1792, by thirty-three gentlemen, of whom the Belvedere Club is composed. The beauty of the situation induced them to extend their plan beyond their first intentions, which were merely a couple of rooms for the use of their Club; and they erected the present building, as well to answer the purposes of a public hotel and tavern, as for their own accommodation.

The ball-room, which includes the whole of the second storey of the east front, is an oblong octagon of forty-five feet in length, twenty-four wide, and seventeen high, with a music gallery. This room is occupied by the Club on their Saturday meetings during the summer season; the right to which, on that day, is the only exclusive privilege which the proprietors retain. The windows of this room open to the floor, and communicate with a balcony twelve feet wide, which surrounds the eastern division of the house, and affords a most delightful promenade. The stile in
which this room is finished and decorated has been very generally admired.

The room on the ground floor is of the same shape and dimensions of the ball-room, and is generally used as a dinner and supper room for large companies and public entertainments.

The west division of the house is composed of two dining parlours, a bar-room, two card-rooms, and a number of bed-chambers. The west front opens into a small court-yard, flanked on each side with stables, a coach-house, and other offices. The little grounds into which the east front opens, are formed into a bowling-green, gravel walks, and some shrubbery, in as handsome a manner as the very limited space would admit of.

The want of extensive grounds is, however, much compensated for by the commanding view which the situation gives of the city and adjacent country. The prospect is very varied and extensive; a great part of the city, the bay of New-York, Long-Island, the East river as far as Hell-Gate, the island of New-York to the northward of the city, and a little of the North river, with its bold and magnificent bank on the Jersey side, altogether compose a scenery which the vicinity of few great cities affords.

On the demise of a proprietor, the vacant interest in the estate can only be purchased by a person eligible by a majority of votes as a member of the Club.

Included in the description is a list of the proprietors, who appear in New York directories of the period to have been mostly merchants.
Prior to the Belvedere Clubs opening, the members formed a committee to solicit proposals from any person properly qualified to keep it as a hotel and tavern. They chose John Avery, who remained there until 1796, when he left to become tavern keeper at the Tontine Club. Under Avery's management the Club underwent a rapid number of changes and expansions.

On July 4, 1793, Belvedere House was temporarily renamed Liberty Hall, and was the scene of a dinner of a number of "Sons of Liberty." While "a select party of Gentlemen, members of the Belvedere Club, dined above stairs, and shewed every mark of tenderness and affection to the associated Sons of Freedom below," the assemblage below had "a true republican repast—Previous to dinner, the Cap of Liberty was erected in the lower hall, under a discharge of thirteen cannon. The motto it bears is,—'Emblem of Liberty, Union and Peace.' The inscription in the rear fixed upon the wall is in the words following—'may all who view it bear in mind its motto; and withered be the hand that shall attempt its removal.'"

While some pro-British sentiment among the members of the Belvedere Club may be inferred from their having remained above stairs during the dinner, the Club was neither noted as a den of monarchy nor a hotbed of Jacobin activity.

In December, Avery advertised that the "Belvidere Ball Room, for the use of public or private parties is now decorated for the reception of such Ladies and Gentlemen as may please to add to its brilliancy by their presence. . . . The construction of this room is truly remarkable for the most pleasing echo of music."2

The following summer Mrs. Pownal advertised that "there will be a concert of vocal and instrumental music, at Belvidere house, on Thursday the 4th of September; if the evening should be so serene as to permit the company to hear the concert in the Bowling green, the band will perform in an occasional orchestra erected on the balcony, in the manner of Vauxhall gardens; if the weather should prove less favorable, the Concert will then be held in the ball room."3

Now the scene of grand soirees, John Avery informed the public in November, 1794, "that the obstacles which in some measure impeded their frequenting Belvidere, are now removed, that the huge hill, in Division street, called Jone's hill, or mount pit, is now cut down and the hollow below filled up—that he has with great pains and expence repaired the street leading from that hill between the trees to his house, by filling up the ditch, and widening the street without the trees, sufficient for three carriages abreast—that he has also erected lamp posts, from one end to the

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BELVEDERE HOUSE,

BEING open for the reception of Company, and the Bowling green adjoining, being now in order for their amusement, the subscriber most respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of New York, that he will at all times be prepared to provide Dinners, Suppers, Coffee, tea, &c. and entertainment for large parties and public bodies; [for dinners or suppers, one days previous notice will generally be requisite] qouis are also provided for those who may prefer that amusement.

Having formed sanguine expectations of rendering this elegant House and delightful situation, inviting to the public, as an Hotel and Tavern, he will endeavour upon all occasions to afford the utmost satisfaction, reeling his hopes of success in this undertaking, upon a determ ination to merit the countenance of a liberal public, by every exertion in his power to provide for their accommodation and entertainment.

May 20, 1794, JOHN AVERY.
other, and lamps will be lighted at his own expence on Notice of any public or private assembling there at Night.

"For the accommodation and amusement of such parties, Belvidere Ball rooms is now opened, and decorated—there are also four other neat rooms on the same floor, and a Ladies Room on the next floor above—which altogether furnishes conveniences unequaled in this city, and the terms for Balls or Assemblies shall be made reasonable." Benjamin Taylor's *A New & Accurate Plan of the City of New York* (1797) shows the Belvedere Club House in its heyday.

Until the early nineteenth century, the Belvedere House kept up its reputation as a sociable gathering place. Arriving from Philadelphia, the British ambassador, Robert Liston, accompanied by his wife and entourage, stayed there in October, 1797; the society of the Cincinnati celebrated July 4th there in 1798; dinner for three locally renowned ship builders was hosted there on April 26, 1800. But there was no stopping the expanding city, which was rapidly moving uptown, past Corlaer's Hook, encroaching on the grounds of the Belvedere. Longworth's map of 1808 shows this development (The Belvedere is #40).

The membership of the Club was dwindling. The *New York Evening Post*, March 11, 1802, advertised that "the well known and justly admired Mansion, called the Belvedere House, with its appurtenances," was to be sold at auction on March 22. "The situation and prospect cannot be surpassed in the neighborhood of New-York. The house is modern, elegant, and commodious, well calculated for a large genteel family, or for public entertainment. It has every useful accomodation of stabling, coach-houses, &c. &c. with a large ice-house in the best state and well filled. The ground, about an acre, is laid out with acknowledged taste and ornamented with beautiful trees and shrubs, in a flourishing condition."

The Belvedere House was offered for sale again in 1803. In 1804, Jerome Bonaparte and his wife used it briefly for a summer retreat. John Glover, the last owner, offered it for lease in 1806.

Samuel Latham Mitchill (1764-1831), the anonymous author of *The Picture of New-York . . .* (N.Y., 1807), mentions the Belvedere in his citation of the Ranelagh hotel. He says:
This house and garden [the Ranelagh] has generally been known by the name of Mount Pitt. It is situated about the junction of Grand-street with Division-street, near Corlear's-hook. From the front of this hotel is an extensive prospect of the city, and the eastern and southern parts of the harbour. The adjoining grounds are shady and agreeable. At a short distance in front, are the ruins of a battery, erected during the revolutionary war, on the hill behind Belvidere. On these mouldering ramparts, there is a pleasant walk and prospect; and behind Ranelagh, are considerable remains of that entrenchment made by the enemy in 1781, across the island from Corlear’s hook by Bayard’s Hill to Lispenard’s Brewery, to defend the city and garrison against the American army. The drawing of these fortified lines from river to river, was chiefly occasioned by the imminent danger in which the British army was placed, during the rigorous winter of 1780, when the rivers were incrusted with solid bridges of ice, their navy of no use, and their whole rear exposed to assault and invasion. But these entrenchments were left in an unfinished condition; for the treaty of peace was concluded before their completion.

In another section Mitchill described the extent to which the city was changing:

The rocks in many places rise above the surface, and on the eastern side of the island, from Bellevue northward, they oppose to the tides a naked, steep and impassable barrier. Naturally the face of the land was marked strongly by the abruptness of crags and vallies, hills and dales, insulated rocks and marshy inlets, which characterize a maritime country wherein granite prevails. But many of these inequalities have disappeared before the leveling hand of improvement. Hills have been dug down, and swamps have been filled up. Knolls have been pared away, and gullies brought to a level. By vast labour and expense much of the original asperity has been taken off, and the surface smoothed as far as was desirable. A great deal of this regulating business is still going on in the newly settled parts of the city. The quantity of earth carted away, is in many places, really surprising.

William Hooker’s 1824 map clearly shows the extent to which this leveling and street building had obliterated the rural character of the area by that date. It is primarily due to the existence of the 1794 engraving that the Belvedere Club House was remembered in the years after its location had become “just another part of the city.” Stokes was aware of most of the history presented up to this point in the story. What The Cabinet of Literature provides is a previ-
ously unrecorded, last chapter in the building’s history, as well as a last visual picture of this once charming house which had been the scene of much gaiety and pleasure in earlier decades. The article is published here in its entirety:

The Belvidere or Club House

This house stood on an elevated ridge, in the “olden time” rising from the shore of the East River, and extending northerly over the ground now occupied by the range of streets from Water as far as Delancy street, and thence easterly with various peaks and undulations to Columbia street.

That part of the hill represented in our engraving, was immediately in the rear of the residence of the late Colonel Henry Rutger, now encased in the picturesque mansion of W.B. Crosby, Esq. heir and successor to the homestead of the Colonel.

This hill, in our schoolboy days, beside affording a fine view of the city and bay, was the principal promenade for juvenile recreations. On its summit entrenchments had been thrown up by the British and several cannon planted during the Revolution; and within the mounds of the fort, as it was called, we generally held our favourite sports of flying the kite, catching golden beetles, and making whistles from the limbs of the trees and shrubbery of the deserted Club House. This house indeed was an object of fearful apprehension to those youngsters who perchance had loitered till its lengthened shadows told us “the sprites were stirring.”—A tradition of a mysterious murder in the north wing was current among us—and moreover it was asserted that the room where the alleged murder had been committed was so stained with blood that the floor and wall though scraped repeatedly still the bloody marks constantly returned, and “Spirits were seen, / Black, blue, and
green," at the dead hour of night,—horrid noises were heard in the hall,—uneയerly
lights glided through the apartments of the mansion—until the room was aban­
donned, and none ever after dared to cross the horse-shoe on its threshold.

As the house was supposed to be haunted, we were not surprised that it remained
vacant a great part of the time—and we considered it an instance of fearful temerity
when any one induced by the advantage of living rent free ventured to lodge within
the purlieus of the Club House.

The story of its being the abode of spirits had probably grown out of the
circumstance of the British garrison having used the hill as a burial; and human
skulls and bones were frequently discovered washed out from the places of their
repose by the rains which had channelled its sides. And here too old Father Ned, a
veteran of many wars, and steward of the mansion before its desertion, had decked
the picket of the kitchen garden with these reminiscences of mortality, until the
house, lonely in its situation, and surrounded as it was with gloomy recollections,
became the object of apprehension and dismay.

The house which formed nearly an octagon, was certainly an elegant residence in
its day, although built entirely of wood. Beside a noble ball room and orchestra on
the second floor, a piazza extended nearly around it, affording a charming pros­
pect, and the garden was stocked with a choice selection of flowers and fruit, while
under it were spacious cellars and wine vaults.

The title of "Club House," originated from its being owned by a company or club
of gentlemen, with an agreement that the property should descend to the last
survivor. It passed accordingly into the hands of the late Mr. John I. Glover, who
held the property at the time when the house was removed from its eminence to a
humble situation in Lombardy-street, where it now remains forgotten among the
multitude of new buildings with which it is surrounded.

The view we have taken represents the house as it stood after the city corporation
had opened several of the streets around it, with the ship-yards, &c, as seen from
Cherry-street.

The article suggests that the Belvedere Club House stood empty between 1815
and 1828, when the building itself, or what was left of it, was removed to a new
location on Lombardy Street. It was standing there when the article appeared in
1835 but undoubtedly disappeared completely well before the end of the century.

In the number following the article on and picture of the Belvedere House, the
editor added a much lengthier piece on one of the Belvedere's last occupants, an
African princess of great charm and beauty, even in poverty and old age. It is very
hard to evaluate what is true, what is youthful exaggeration and innocent
misinformation.

Enough of the facts ring true to suggest that the story, amazing as it is, is more
credible than fabulous. The Ville de Paris, and the Glorieux had founderd in
September, 1782, while returning from Jamaica, and only one seaman from the
Ville de Paris survived.7 Sir John Parr (1725–1791), army officer and colonial
administrator, was appointed governor of Nova Scotia in July, 1782.8 William IV
(1765–1837), while in the Royal Navy (as Prince William Henry) visited New York
in 1782. Richard Varick (1753–1831) was Mayor of New York from 1789 to 1801. General Jean-Victor Moreau, in exile, appears in the New York directories between 1808 and 1814 as living first at Warren, then at Pearl streets, both in lower Manhattan.

The editors of *The American Magazine* would welcome information on the Belvedere House or the African princess and her remarkable career. Careful research in archival sources might shed considerable light on the story, and we invite any of our readers to pursue it. A full biographical sketch of this remarkable lady would make an interesting new chapter in Afro-American history, but it also has all the ingredients for a compelling historical novel.

**NOTES**


**Adventures of an African Princess**

Connected with the story of the Club House in our last, the following account of an African princess who resided three years in that mansion, and from whom we collected some of the materials of that sketch will be found interesting.

Her father, whose name in her native dialect was Geerham Bhirnee, reigned over a large district of the African interior, watered by the Senegal and its tributaries; and like other monarchs on that continent who measure the grandeur of their state by the number of their slaves and wives, he had united himself to eight ladies, all of whom took rank according to the time of their marriage: of these our heroine claimed the second as her parent, having but one sister preceding her as first princess of the blood royal.

About the year 1770, her father having headed his troops, in reference to one of the almost incessant disputes occurring among the native princes, was absent with a part of his household to a distant post, bordering on the country of the Moors, with whom he was at war, leaving most of his children behind, under the care of some female relatives; and particularly the sister of one of his wives, who was herself nearly allied to Seid Hamet, a most powerful chieftain of the Moors. This arrangement on the part of the monarch proved most disastrous, and resulted in the loss of several of his children. Forgetting the obligations to her royal brother-in-law, and probably induced by offers of reward from Seid Hamet, the aunt removed the children to his residence on the Senegal, about twenty leagues from the coast.
Not aware of any treachery, the children were delighted with their journey down that noble stream, while the ever varying scenery, with the rich foliage of the trees and shrubbery along its winding shores made them gradually reconciled to the long distance they were passing away from their home.

Our heroine, shortly after her arrival at the chieftain's was taken to see a large ship lying in the river, where she was presented with a variety of amusing toys, and after several more visits on board, in company with her aunt, she was told the ship would take her to see her sister, who, unknown to her, had probably been disposed of in some other direction. This inducement was sufficient to gain her consent to remain on board, and when at length she became uneasy and wanted to see her aunt, the captain told her, her aunt had been killed by a party of soldiers and that she must not go on shore as she would share the same fate. From other circumstances it is most likely that her father had discovered in some way the perfidy of his relative, and with his troops had pursued as far as the village of the chief, where, finding himself too late to rescue his children, he took plenary vengeance on all who did not make good their escape.

The ship had hardly got under sail, when immense bodies of troops appeared along the banks of the river, and with signs of the greatest earnestness implored the captain to set the child on shore. The ship being under easy way, the chiefs, through an interpreter, had time distinctly to state their wishes, with propositions for her ransom. But whether the captain of the ship was fearful of getting into the power of so large a force, or whether the offered ransom did not meet his views, cannot be determined. He, however, pursued his way unmolested, as there were no boats by which the troops could attack him; and his ship being well armed, he was in no fear that they would provoke him to open a cannonade by a futile attempt to reach him with arrows from the banks.

After landing passengers at Senegal and taking in the remainder of her cargo, consisting of ivory, &c. the captain shaped his course towards England. Nothing material occurred on the voyage, except that the captain, as soon as the ship had left her soundings, seemed to forget all his assumed kindness, and behaved with brutality toward the innocent victim of his duplicity. His severity, however was not confined to the defenceless child, but was shared by all on board. Approaching the European coast they fell in with several of the fleet of Lord Rodney, returning from the capture of the French squadron under the Count de Grasse. The disastrous termination of this splendid victory, though well known, may be related by way of episode. The ships they met were in a deplorable condition from the tremendous storm, which had proved so destructive to the fleet and convoy, that of one hundred merchantmen and seven ships of the line who left Jamaica, in the West Indies, 26th July, within a month, five of the line ships and a great number of the merchantmen were lost. The Caton particularly, one of the prizes of 64 guns, sprung a leak in the gale, and the admiral ordered both her and the Pallas to Halifax to refit. This, however, was only the prelude to greater disasters, for on the 10th of September the fleet and convoy, which still amounted to nearly ninety, encountered on the banks of Newfoundland one of the most dreadful storms which was ever known in that quarter. The hurricane increased during the night, and was accompanied with a dreadful deluge of rain. At ten o'clock in the morning, the
Ramilies, the admiral’s ship, had five feet of water in her hold, and she was obliged to part with several of her guns and other heavy articles, to enable her to keep afloat. The water increasing, the admiral removed the people on board some of the merchantmen. About four o’clock the water in her hold was increased to fifteen feet, and at the same period she was so completely set on fire, that captain Moriarty and the people had quitted her but a few minutes when she blew up.

The fate of the Centaur was still more dreadful. After losing her masts and rudder, she was by the unwearied exertions of the crew kept afloat till the twenty-third; but the struggle was then at end. The ship rapidly filling with water, while the aspect of the sea indicated that neither boat nor raft could live for any length of time, the majority of the crew had given themselves up for lost, and remained below. In this extremity captain Inglefield came upon deck, and observed that a few of the people had forced their way into the pinnace, and others were preparing to follow; upon this he threw himself into the boat, but found much difficulty in getting clear of the ship’s side, from the violence of the crowd that was passing to follow his example. Of all these Mr. Baylis only, a youth of seventeen, who threw himself into the waves and swam after the boat, had the good fortune to be taken in. The number of the persons who were thus committed to the mercy of the waves, amounted to twelve; their whole stock of provisions consisted of a bag of bread, a small ham, a single piece of pork, a few French cordials, and one quart bottle of water. A minute detail of their sufferings would exceed our bounds; suffice it to say, that they were sixteen days exposed in this forlorn state; when at length their provisions and water being totally exhausted they were happy enough to gain the port of Fayal. The rest of the crew, it is presumed, perished with the vessel.

For an account of the fate of the Ville de Paris, and the Glorieux, the public are indebted to a singular accident. A Danish merchant-ship returning from the West Indies, found a man floating upon a piece of a wreck, who appeared to have been insensible when taken on board. When restored to his senses, he reported that his name was Wilson; that he had been a seaman on board the Ville de Paris; and added, that when she was going to pieces, he clung to a part of the wreck, and remained in a state of insensibility during most of the time that he continued in the water; he perfectly recollected that the Glorieux had foundered, and that he saw her go down on the day preceding that on which the Ville de Paris perished.

The crew of the Hector, after suffering great hardships, was saved by the good fortune of meeting with a merchant ship called the Hawke, commanded by Thomas Hill, of Dartmouth, who humanely received them on board his own vessel, and conveyed them to Newfoundland. The Hector had previously had a desperate engagement with two of the enemy’s frigates, who left her in that miserable condition in which the merchant-ship found her. — But to return:—

They arrived in England the latter part of September, and the captain transferred his princess to the mansion of his owner, Mr. Seamark, a considerable merchant, and well known in the metropolis. It may here be remarked, that in England there seems to be little or none of that feeling of distinction that obtains in this country in respect to Africans, and this will account for the facility with which the princess passed into the good graces of the higher circles. The time of her stay in Great Britain was accordingly divided between the families of Mr. Seamark, Lady Hut-
chins, a frequent visitor of the merchant's, and Mr. Mayo, of the Court of Admi-
ralty. From Great Britain she went to Havre, in France, as attendant to a lady of
the name of Smith, whose object seemed nothing more than a mere fashionable
visit for pastime, as she remained in Havre only a month, when she returned to Mr.
Seamark's residence, where she was introduced to his brother, a captain, who took a
peculiar fancy to her, and soon arranged matters in such a way that she became the
companion of all his subsequent voyages, for although also a merchant, he gener-
ally disposed of his cargoes himself by visiting various ports in his own vessels. Her
first voyage with Captain Seamark was in a frigate he had purchased of the govern-
ment, being condemned as unfit for long cruises in the naval service. After refitting
her she was laden with a valuable cargo of wine, intending to sail in company with
the New Foundland squadron, but having missed the fleet he determined to
proceed to sea alone.

After sailing near 400 leagues from the coast the ship sprung a leak, and obliged
the captain to return to Dartmouth. A second attempt to prosecute his voyage
resulted in a similar disaster, and when he had again returned within two day's sail
of the north west of Ireland, a French privateer hove in sight, and as they were in
too leaky a condition to resist, the vessel of Captain Seamark became a rich and
easy prize.

After removing the most valuable part of the cargo to the privateer, Captain
Seamark was permitted, with some of his men and the princess, to remain in his
own vessel. But the privateer, getting tired of the burden of a ship almost water-
logged, on descrying a sail at a distance, abandoned the prize to her fate without the
least compunction. They were fortunate, however, in falling in with some English
vessels in the afternoon of the same day, who assisted in towing them into a harbor
of the island Jersey. Shortly after this, on the occasion of Sir John Parr and suite
going to Halifax as governor of the province of Nova Scotia, Captain Seamark
freighted the transport ship Hero with merchandise, and designated our heroine as
an attendant on Lady Parr during the voyage. The ship being at Gravesend and
ready for sail, some business having detained him in London, he was obliged to go
to the Bridge for a barge to convey him on board. While waiting here, an elegant
navy yacht was rowed up to the stairs of the bridge, and an officer who was about
entering the yacht, on learning from the captain that he was waiting a passage
politely offered the service of the yacht.

Our heroine at this time was about fourteen, and possessing an unusual elegance
of form, discoverable even now in her 67th year, and withal from the manner in
which she had been treated, having none of that low servility in her carriage so
common in African slaves, and her dress corresponding in richness with the rank
she was understood to possess in her own country, of course rendered her an object
of interest to the officers of the yacht.

British seamen, from the Lord high Admiral down to the lowest grade, in their
hours of relaxation, possess a naivete of character which seems to despise the
stiffness of rank. And after learning the particulars of her history from the captain,
one of the officers playfully raised her from her seat, placing her on the knee of one
apparently his superior, exclaiming that "he had taken the liberty of presenting the
Prince with a Princess." This was received in perfect good-humour on the part of
the noble personage, who, smiling, retained her where she had been placed, and affected to be delighted with the compliment. Subsequent events showed this to be no less a personage than the present king of England—then Prince William Henry, commandant of the Hussar frigate, under Admiral Lord Rodney, named before in connexion with the capture of Count de Grasse.

The Yacht, after putting the Captain on board of the Hero, proceeded with the officers to Gravesend.

Halifax, where the Hero was bound, the colonies at this time being severed from the mother country, became one of the most commercial parts possessed by the British in North America, and as a consequence enlisted the enterprize of some able merchants, and among these Capt. Seamark held at this time the first rank.

Possessing no family of his own, he still found it necessary in order to maintain the etiquette of a flourishing establishment, that he should domiciliate while on shore, and our Princess from time to time, was found worthy of being entrusted with all his household affairs.

Fifteen months had passed away, when an occasion presented, of again introducing her into public notice. An illumination having been proposed by the city authorities in commemoration of some national achievement, an artist in the neighbourhood of Mr. Seamark's residence, chose as the subject of a large transparency, the Genius of Africa in the figure of the Princess, leaning with folded arms on the stern of the Hussar frigate. Whether the artist had done this as the mere amusement of his own fancy, or whether it had the deeper desire of showing the Prince, then in Halifax, that the eyes of the people were directed to him as the future protector of the rights of Africa, cannot be determined. It, however, attracted the attention of several naval officers, and particularly Capt. Dalrymple, well known in the British service, who, being at Seamark's had introduced the subject of the transparency in conversation, relating the history of the person that had formed the subject of the artist's pencil, when an officer who seemed somewhat interested in the story, inquired if it was not the same he had escorted in the yacht from London Bridge; Dalrymple being in possession of the facts from his intimacy at Seamark's answered in the affirmative. Thus again brought under the eye of the Prince, who has ever showed an uncommon interest for the welfare of the children of that once most powerful, but now enslaved and degraded continent, our Princess claimed no mean share of his sympathy, and as she was ever desirous to be restored to her friends he determined to carry her wishes into effect and he was more ready to do this, as it came within the very letter of his instructions, to prevent persons being detained in slavery under any plea, who had been enfranchised by breathing the air of Britain. The hospitality received from Seamark, would not, however, allow of an interference on the ground of the decision of government, and as the Captain asserted she had cost him the sum of 1000£ sterling, that sum was tendered back to him as an indemnity.

Finding the Prince in earnest, the Captain actually circulated an unfounded report, that he had married the Princess, and found no great difficulty in persuading her, through some females, that the Prince merely designed keeping her on board his frigate as a waiting made to the officers of his cabin and consequently if she would be safe, she must not contradict a report circulated only from sincere interest in her
welfare. Discovering however, that the Prince would not be baffled by [so] thin an artifice, the Captain secretly conveyed her on board a vessel, he then had lying ready to sail to the West Indies. This precipitate and ill advised step, was the beginning [of] a series of misfortunes which eventually plunged the Captain in poverty and want. Arriving at Providen[c]le in one of the Bahamas, the Captain disposed of his cargo and accepting a charter for Havana, sailed for that place as soon as he had re-loaded, retaining her still in his vessel. At this port the vessel and cargo were seized as containing restricted articles, and it was not until after some vexatious delays and emense sacrifices, the Captain had his ship restored. On his return to Providence he placed his young charge in the care of a respectable planter, with whom he had formed an acquaintance. Here her eyes became somewhat opened to the real intentions of the Prince, and learning that the Captain had no right to detain her, that she was absolutely free she resolved not to allow herself to be cajoled out of her liberty and intended to stay in Providence until such time as her case might be made known to the proper authorities. Whether Seamark was apprised of this or not does not appear, but she relates, that on an afternoon, having engaged his passage in a brig bound for Charleston, S.C. after dining with the planter he told her he wished she would go with him to take some linen in charge, which he should want perhaps before he sailed. Suspecting nothing, she accompanied him until they arrived at the jail. Stating that he had a small account to settle with the keeper, he entered with her, and by a preconcerted plan, the door was closed behind them, while Seamark disappeared at another door to bring some of the crew of the vessel. When these arrived she was committed to their care by the jailor, and they hurried her with the greatest precipitancy to the warf where a boat was waiting to convey them on board. They had just put off when a company of soldiers appeared on the shore in close pursuit, but the wind being fair, the brig was soon out of sight, and it was deemed fruitless to make further efforts for her rescue.

This manouver resulted from intelligence communicated to the commandant of the place, from the Prince, who feeling somewhat chafed by the manner in which Seamark eluded him at Halifax, sent a description of her person, with orders that she should be detained until she could be transported to her own country; and not long after he came personally with his frigate to Providence expecting to find her waiting his orders. But he was again out generated; and the Princess after visiting Charleston, where she tarried a short time, having no resource, she accompanied Seamark to New-York. Here, where she still resides, she became the object of attention from the family of the French General Moreau, Lord Courtenay, and other distinguished individuals.

Thus under an indipendant government, Capt. Seamark at least considered himself safe from pursuit by the Prince, at the same time that he found himself reduced to bankruptcy by accumulated losses; and with the pressure of want he seemed to forget the obligations he had in honour laid himself under to the African Princess, (for tho' latterly aware of the advantage he had taken, she still served him with the utmost assiduity, and a sympathy for his misfortunes made her forget her own wrongs;) but driven almost to despearation; as a last resource he negotiated with a southern planter to purchase her. Unwilling however to be present while so
base an act of perfidity was in completion, he had left the city, giving a bill of sale, and making such other araignments as were deemed necessary to accomplish his object.

The whole scheme however proved abortive, the men who were entrusted with securing the Princess incautiously, after proceeding to Seamark's residence, informed the servant at the door of their object, and the Princess taking the alarm fled precipitately from the premises to the house of a gentleman who had known her in Halifax. Mr. H. was not however at home, and she proceeded in quest of the Mayor of the city—deeming his house would afford a sanctuary—she had hardly entered the door of the Mayor's residence, when the men appeared in pursuit, having traced her course from Mr. Seamark's till she escaped them, by merely selecting a refuge where she knew her rights would not be invaded with impunity. The men unwilling to lose their prey, and discovering the Mayor was not at home, pressed their claim upon Mrs. Varick the mayoress, to have their purchased victim turned out to them, but that Lady with a good deal of feeling, refused to interfere until the matter was submitted to her husband. Finding themselves foiled, after waiting two hours, hoping she might leave the house, unguarded, they retired.

The Mayor heard her story, and a lady by the name of Dixon, hearing of the matter, sent a carriage to bring her to her house until the right of Seamark could be tested.

The benevolent interference of Mr. H. mentioned above, with some respectable persons of the society of Friends, was the means of bringing her case before the circuit court of the U.S. when her history was developed, and her freedom established incontestably—and yet, notwithstanding the baseness of the Captain's proceedings, she ever retained the most generous feelings towards him, so that in his subsequent distresses, she often administered relief by giving him the whole avails of her labours, and left herself sometimes almost destitute. In the days of her prosperity many valuable presents had been made, the last of these, a silver ladle, she placed in the care of the family of Mr. H. but learning of some new want of her old friend—she solicited the ladle under some other pretence, and conveyed it to his possession.

Several unsuccessful attempts have been made to have her case laid before his Majesty, and there is no doubt but his generosity would provide suitably for her old age, could the ministers of his government be induced to lay her simple story before him.
The Winter Harvest: A Glance Backward, When Ice was a Major Crop

In our Spring/Summer issue, we included a pictorial section on the pleasures of the summer hotel at “the shore” of New Jersey in the late 1860s. Looking for something in keeping with Autumn/Winter, we came upon a delightful article on ice and the ice trade in America in the 1870s.

A goodly percentage of our readers have at least vague recollections of those solid, heavy, oak-covered, tin-lined refrigerators or “ice boxes” which were part of every household kitchen until well into the present century, and possibly of the ice man and his horse-drawn ice wagon, slowly making his way through residential neighborhoods on his regular rounds. It was a ubiquitous part of town and city life which, almost unnoticed, slipped away from us in the 30s and 40s.

Americans are so thoroughly committed as a culture to “things cold”—iced beverages, ice cream, refrigerated food—that it may seem hard to believe that this has not always been the national habit. Anyone who has visited Mount Vernon knows that George Washington had an ice house. The rivers, lakes, and ponds of northern America were freezing in the colonial period, just as they are today. But in fact, except for the very wealthy such as Washington, or perhaps those who lived in the upper parts of the United States, ice and the intentional cooling of food and beverages was not part of the everyday routine of our colonial ancestors. The “refrigerator” or “ice box” was hailed as a grand new invention in the first decade of the nineteenth century, and it was only after that time that ice cream and cooled, sparkling drinks caught on as fads and gradually came to be considered essential to life itself. The temperance movement, discouraging the use of alcoholic beverages, and a growing sense of hygiene regarding to food preparation and storage undoubtedly promoted the desirability of readily available ice.

The very considerable ice trade which developed in the mid-nineteenth century was one of those transitional industries between the ages of manual labor and technology: rudimentary technological advances made it possible, and more sophisticated developments killed it. Factory made tools furthered the gathering of the product. Steam-powered conveyor systems made possible the storage of the vast quantities of ice and the growth of a business on a large and profitable scale. The railroad made possible the delivery to ever expanding markets. But by the end of the century, ice making machinery began cutting into the trade in natural ice, and the twentieth century development of the electrically powered, home refrigerator, capable even of making ice itself, eliminated the need for the product altogether.

In the half to three-quarters of a century it existed, though, the natural ice trade was quite a business, as the following anonymous article which appeared in Appleton’s Journal for February, 1871, clearly attests. The author appears to have borrowed much of his factual information from an 1872 Burr & Hyde subscription book, The Great Industries of the United States (Chicago and Cincinnati), adding bits and pieces from other sources and joining them with a light and lively wit. We have taken the liberty of adding a few illustrations to those in the original article.
ICE:
ITS FORMATION, PECULIARITIES, AND USES—ITS COMMERCIAL VALUE AND IMPORTANCE—THE ICE-HARVEST, HOW GATHERED AND MARKETED.

“Observe, my brethren,” said a grave English clergyman, to his hearers, in one of his sermons, “what a wise dispensation of Providence it is that great rivers should always flow past great towns.” In a similar spirit of profound philosophical reflection we may remark what a wise dispensation it is that ice should be solely or mainly a product of cold countries! If it were formed in the tropics, what quantities of it would be wasted, and how it would check the rapid growth of vegetation! There is, to be sure, sometimes a little superabundance of it in those Northern regions, where, from its commonness, it is not so highly prized as it should be; but the same thing is true of tropical products.

Our neighbors in Greenland, Iceland, and Nova Zembla (not to speak of Alaska, which is a part of our own homestead), are, we are sorry to say, sometimes inclined to complain of a superfluity of ice, when, from an unusually hard freeze, it exceeds twenty feet in thickness, and is too rough for sledging, and especially when, owing to the nights being dark, they cannot follow their favorite amusement of skating in a ring round the North Pole, or dance the German on the ice beneath the illuminations of the aurora borealis. It is, it must be confessed, a little awkward at times for our daring navigators in their ardent pursuit of whales to find themselves nipped between two vast ice-fields, and their vessels crushed like egg-shells, or to have a squadron of those grand old icebergs, two hundred and fifty or three hundred feet

Clearing the surface of the ice with snow-ploughs
above the water, and at least two thousand feet below it, come sailing in among them, and paying not the slightest heed to the laws of the road. But, then, these things are good for the whales, and why should these whaling-ships persist in trying to catch the harmless monsters, when kerosene is so cheap and astral oil so widely advertised? It is evident that in this world the interests of classes must clash to some extent, and, if man has had his day, why should not the whale have his also, and enjoy the delights of his ice-clad home, undisturbed by harpoons, self-explooding bombs, or the other weapons of destruction, which have hitherto brought to light so much blubering and spouting among these monsters of the deep? But it is ice, not whale-oil, that we undertook to write about.

Manifold are the uses of ice. It is an admirable thing to skate upon, when it is smooth, and there are no treacherous ice-glades or rotten ice to interfere with the sport. With the skilful skater skating is the very poetry of motion; the graceful curves, pirouettes, and intricate figures, executed with such ease; the swift flight and pursuit; the evolutions by which the experienced skater avoids his pursuer, or, doubling on his track, becomes in his turn the pursuer—sends a joyous thrill through the veins, and the man seems for a time changed into a winged creature, who can at will spurn this dull earth. If the skater be of the fair sex, and reasonably skilful in the art, her graceful motions and her well-arranged drapery add to the beautiful illusion, and she seems a swan skimming over the glassy surface, or a bird of paradise irradiating the scene with the brilliant yet harmonious tints of her plumage.

Ice is a grand antiseptic. On the banks of the Yenisei, the Obi, and the Lena, Siberian rivers, and the shores of the Frozen Sea, there have been found, within the last two hundred years, exhumed by exceptionally-protracted rains and thaws, great numbers of carcasses of the mastodon and other huge prehistoric beasts, which had been packed in ice probably many thousand years ago—what time those frightful beasts and beastesses, so vividly depicted in the Museum department of this journal, roamed the earth, and perhaps stored away for the prehistoric man to carve with his obsidian knives, chop with his stone hatchets, or crack their bones with his porphyry hammers; but alas, poor fellow! he failed of finding the contents of this grand refrigerator, and he and his wife and little ones were compelled to drag out a squalid existence on the meat of the wild-horse or the cave-bear.

The presence of so many of these huge creatures in a region so far north,
denizens of a temperate if not a tropical climate—as from their habits they must have been—indicates with certainty the suddenness and completeness of some of those climatic changes which geologists describe, and which they attribute to a change in the inclinations of the earth to the plane of the ecliptic. The poor brutes must have been caught in a hard frost as they were disporting themselves in the stream—a frost so hard that they were fast locked in their icy bed, and, covered with the drift, borne down by the river-currents. Nor is this remarkable, if we believe the statements of Erman, the Russian traveller, who tells us that an attempt was made many years since to sink a well near the mouth of one of these rivers, and that the workmen employed found alternate layers of gravel and clear solid ice to the depth of five hundred and eighty-two feet, indicating that the internal fires had not made much progress in thawing out that part of the planet.

Mankind are exceedingly stupid; whether they grow more or less so, as the ages roll on, is a mooted question. It would seem that, from this demonstration of the antiseptic and refrigerating power of ice on so large a scale—for we are told that the flesh of these carcasses was perfectly fresh, and was devoured by the Samoïeds, as well as by wild and tame carnivorous animals, with great avidity—somebody would have taken the hint, within less than one hundred and fifty years, of the possibility of preserving meats for an indefinite period, either by the use of ice or by a low temperature produced by means of ice-packing; but it never seems to have occurred to anybody, from 1703, when the first of these carcasses was discovered, to about the middle of the present century, that there was a great, useful, and profitable lesson to be taught by this sudden uncovering of food thus preserved for ages. We know now, thanks to the enterprise of American inventors and discoverers, that it is not only possible but easy to transport carcasses of beef, mutton, pork, and venison, killed on the plains of Texas, at the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, or on the Pacific slope, and much more in the States of the Mississippi Valley, in refrigerating cars or ships, where the temperature is reduced to 34° Fahrenheit or below, by means of ice-packing, to the Atlantic coast, or, for that matter, around the globe. The effort is now making to bring beef from the South-American pampas, and mutton from Australia, in the same way to our markets, and, if it fails, it will not be from lack of antiseptic power in the refrigerating chambers of the ships, but from the inferior quality of the beef and mutton, and the defects in the proper methods of packing.

By an analogous process of refrigerating chambers in steamships, or refrigerating houses sawing the ice and bearing it off.
in our cities, it has been demonstrated that it is possible to preserve our own fruits, and the delicious grapes, oranges, lemons, guavas, pomegranates, bananas, and other tropical fruits, which hitherto have never reached us in their perfection, from any considerable decay for months, or even years.

The same antiseptic quality of ice enables us to preserve, by means of it, the remains of our friends from too speedy decay while awaiting the last sad rites of burial. Of its uses, resulting from this quality, in medical and surgical treatment, we shall speak farther on.

Some of our readers may think that it is hardly necessary to say that ice, like some of the parties who deal in it, is decidedly cool; and yet this very quality of coolness is what gives ice its principal value. Without the addition of its cooling property, the Croton, the Ridgewood, and possibly even the Cochituate water, would be, in summer at least, flat, stale, and unprofitable. What would the vendors of soda and mineral waters, of root and medicated beers, lager-bier, and similar beverages, do without ice to make their otherwise often distasteful drinks cool and palatable? Who does not know that the delicious coolness imparted by ice to more potent stimulants, the iced champagne, milk-punch, sherry-cobblers, mint-juleps, and the thousand other concoctions by which alcoholic liquors are disguised and rendered palatable, is the cause of the very great increase in their use? The confectioner's art, too, is greatly indebted to this gelid quality of ice, for many of its most popular preparations, the ice-creams, fruit-ices, and other summer confectons, owe their toothsomeness largely to the presence of ice in them.

In the latter part of the last century and the early years of the present, wealthy citizens in the country often built ice-houses on their grounds and filled them during the winter from some spring, pond, or stream, near by, for use during the summer months; the small farmers and less wealthy classes were fain to use some cool spring or a deep well, if they had one, as their refrigerator. In the cities ice, seventy years ago, was a rare and precious luxury; and various were the substitutes devised to answer its purpose. The butchers and butter-dealers usually had small quantities brought from some ice-house at a distance, but the citizens generally
could only rely on cool cellars and pump or well water. Now, in the large and small cities and most of the larger towns, every family has its refrigerator, and receives its daily or tri-weekly supply of ice during the warm season, and ice has become no longer a luxury but a necessity to those myriads of households.

In the threatened ice-famine of the summer of 1870, though the price to which ice advanced caused a great decrease in its consumption, still there were thousands of families who would have as soon abstained from the use of meat as of ice; and to many of them the enhanced price was as real and as cruel a hardship as the quadrupling the price of bread would have been.

It remains that we should speak of the use of ice for medical and surgical purposes. This, like most of its other economical uses, is for the most part of recent discovery and application. For arresting haemorrhage and allaying pain, by its benumbing influence, in surgical operations, ice is one of the best and most efficient appliances of the surgical armory; it is also used to some extent in the treatment of aneurisms, and sometimes in encephaloid tumors. In medicine it is, in judicious hands, one of the most valuable and potent articles of the materia medica. It is used in the treatment of inflammation of the brain, inflammation of the stomach or intestines; in the discussion of inflammatory tumors, carbuncles, etc.; in the treatment of cholera, yellow fever, and metritis; as an application to the spine, in spasmodic diseases, and in inflammation of the spinal cord or its membranous coverings; in mania-a-potu, and delirium tremens, and in various other diseases, characterized by excessive excitement of the circulatory system. It ranks among the best remedies in the hands of the profession; yet, though it may be
considered valuable for both internal and external use, it is not, like the much-vaunted salve, to be used "externally, internally, and eternally."

In midwinter, with the thermometer at zero, it must be a fierce fever or inflammation which will require a very free use of ice; but, amid the inflammatory diseases of the summer months, it is not only beneficial, but generally very agreeable to the patient. Ice has its peculiarities. While chemically it is only crystallized water, we find, in investigating the circumstances of its congelation, some things which surprise us, or would, if we gave them thought. The freezing-point of fresh water is said to be 32° Fahr.; yet, if the water is kept perfectly still, and nothing is thrust into it, the temperature may fall to 15°, or, as some chemists assert, to 5° before it congeals; the moral to be drawn from which is, "Keep still if you do not want to get into a fix." Another of its peculiarities is that, while most liquids contract on assuming the solid form, water expands. It does this, however, only within certain limits. Till it reaches the temperature of 39°, water, in giving up portions of its latent heat, contracts, though very moderately; between 39° and 32° (the point of solidification), and this expansion is so irresistible as to form an explosive force nearly equal to that of gunpowder, calculated by physicists at twenty-seven thousand seven hundred and twenty pounds to the cubic inch. The reason for this departure from the general law in the case of the solidification of water is obvious, though it has never, so far as we know, been adduced as among the evidences of design on the part of the Creator. If water, like the oils and the mineral salts, became heavier when it became solid, it would sink to the bottom of the lake, pond, or stream, on which it formed, and the successive layers of ice formed in a cold season sinking as they congealed, the body or stream of water would be wholly solidified, and would only become liquid again after a long season of excessive heat. This would lead to the destruction of the finny tribes which inhabit the waters, to the diminution of the evaporation from their surface, and the consequent diminishing of the rainfall; to a lower mean of animal temperature, backward seasons, and small and imperfect crops. The regions where the ice sank as it froze would soon become a bleak and barren desert. Under the existing natural law the water beneath the ice retains a temperature not below 32°.

Another peculiarity of ice is its greatly increased density and tenacity under protracted and severe cold. Most liquids, on assuming the solid form, retain that form, without material change, so long as the temperature remains below the point of liquefaction, a further decrease of temperature effecting no perceptible difference in their density; but the ice, formed at a temperature of 25° to 30° Fahr., is as
different from that which is found when the temperature has ranged for some time between 10° and -10° Fahr., as chalk is from granite. The ice at the lower temperature is dense and hard as a flint; it strikes fire with the pick or the skate, and, as in St. Petersburg, in 1740, when masses of it were turned and bored for cannon, though but four inches thick, they were loaded with iron cannon-balls, and a charge of a quarter of a pound of powder, and fired without explosion.

Still another peculiarity of ice is that in the process of freezing the impurities (salts, etc.), held in solution in the water are eliminated, and only the pure water takes on the crystallized form. This is a very important fact, and is often made use of by practical chemists in concentrating tinctures, vinegar, alcoholic preparations, etc., by freezing out the water which they contain.

The ancients gathered snow, and packed it in caves and pits, for use in cooling the water and wine which they drank, and even the nectar of the gods was said to be cooled by snow from Mount Olympus. The Italian peasants still gather the snow from the Apennines, and pack it in caves and pits; and in Naples, Rome, and Florence, there are numerous snow-shops, where this soiled and impure snow is sold during the warm season. Mr. W. J. Stillman, late United States consul at Rome, attempted a few years since to introduce American ice there, offering the pure Wenham-Lake ice at the price the people were paying for this dirty snow; but he was informed that it could not be permitted, as the right to gather and vend this snow was a vested right of the Italian peasants, and must not be disturbed.

The ice business has grown up from small beginnings to be one of the largest of the minor industries in this country. It employs a capital of not less than twenty million dollars, and the aggregate sales of ice are somewhat more than thirty million dollars. Forty years ago the capital invested was less than one hundred thousand dollars, and the aggregate sales not more than one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

There are now in New-York City five or six ice companies, with an aggregate capital of nearly four million dollars. They will market in average years about a million tons of ice, supplying not only New-York City, but Brooklyn, and the other towns and cities of Long Island, Staten Island, Westchester, and the cities and towns of New Jersey adjacent to New York. Nearly one hundred thousand tons are exported to distant cities and foreign countries.

These companies have their ice-houses at between thirty and forty points on or near the Hudson River, and at such lakes as are accessible by railroad, and within
convenient distance of the city. These ice-houses have an aggregate capacity of about a million tons, but some of them are filled more than once a year, the sale continuing to a moderate extent throughout the winter months. They will employ the coming season about forty barges of from four hundred to eight hundred tons each, five steamers, nearly three hundred wagons, about five hundred horses, and seven hundred men. In the summer of 1870 the prices of ice were, to the large hotels and packing-establishments, seventy-five cents per hundred pounds; to butchers, druggists, and the larger grocers, one dollar per hundred; and to families and small consumers, from one dollar and fifty cents to two dollars per hundred pounds. Even with these exorbitant prices, which the companies justified on the ground of a threatened scarcity of ice, there was great, and, in many instances, just complaint of short weight and frauds in the delivery. This was undoubtedly often the fault of the drivers, who made a considerable daily profit in selling to other than their regular customers; but their delinquencies were overlooked or very leniently treated by the managers themselves, and there was some reason to believe that some of these participated in the fraudulent gains.

The export of ice to foreign countries had its origin at Boston, within the present century, and has only attained to any considerable importance within the past thirty-five years. It has been stated, jestingly, that Massachusetts had but two agricultural crops for export, granite and ice; but she has made both the sources of great profit to her. The ice-crop, however, was not discovered as an article of export till 1805, when Mr. Frederick Tudor, of Boston, sailed in his own brig, with a cargo of one hundred and thirty tons of ice, for Martinique. Much of this melted on the voyage, and the remainder sold slowly and only at a loss; but Mr. Tudor persisted in the business, though without profit, till the War of 1812 commenced, and for the time put an end to the trade. In 1815 Mr. Tudor obtained some exclusive privileges from the Cuban Government, and between 1817 and 1820 began to send cargoes also to Charleston, Savannah, and New Orleans. But he met with frequent disasters, and often, from long passages, lost the greater part of his cargoes. As late as 1832, his whole shipments for the year amounted to only forty-three hundred and fifty-two tons, all of which was taken from Fresh Pond, in Cambridge. In 1833 he sent his first cargo to the East Indies. Of one hundred and eighty tons shipped, eighty melted on the passage to Calcutta, but what was left sold promptly at a remunerative price. From this period the business began to thrive. In 1836, the exports from Boston were twelve thousand tons; in 1846, sixty-
five thousand tons, in 1856, one hundred and forty-six thousand tons; in 1866, nearly two hundred and fifty thousand tons. The export from the Northern ports is now in all about five hundred thousand tons. A very considerable amount is sent to British and Continental ports, and large quantities also to Brazil and other South-American states. About two hundred thousand tons are sent from Boston, Portland, Bangor, and New York, to the southern Atlantic and Gulf cities. Immense quantities of ice are harvested every year from the great lakes, not only for the supply of Chicago, Detroit, Buffalo, Toledo, Milwaukee, and other lake cities, but to send to Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Memphis, New Orleans, and other cities and towns of the Southwest.

The gathering of the ice-harvest is a lively and stirring season. We have already said that the supply of ice for the New-York market comes mainly from the Hudson River above tide-water, from the coves, bays, and inlets along its shores, and from the small and pure lakes near to the river, or to some one of the great railroad routes leading to the metropolis. The Boston supply, both for home consumption and export, is derived from several lakes at no great distance from Boston; that of Portland and Bangor, from the Kennebec, Penobscot, and Androscoggin, above tide-water, and from some of the lakes of Maine. In the West, the great lakes, and the smaller lakes of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Michigan, yield an unlimited supply. The ice-houses are huge buildings, from one hundred to two hundred feet in width, and from two hundred to four hundred in length, generally of wood, though sometimes of brick, with double, triple, or quadruple walls, the interstices usually packed with some non-conducting substance, such as spent tan-bark, saw-dust, etc., with doors closing tightly on each floor, but no windows, and with inclined planes, movable, and adapted to each story, without as well as within, and, in the case of the larger ice-houses, a steam elevator is employed to drag the blocks up the inclined planes and lower them on the inside.

A favorable time having arrived for storing the ice, after a considerable period of severe frost, the fields are temporarily fenced; the snow, if there is any, is scraped off by a broad scraper, drawn usually by one horse, and the ice planed by another scraper, armed with a steel blade, to the depth of two or three inches, to remove the porous ice. Then comes the marker, a sort of plough which cuts a narrow groove, perhaps three inches deep, drawn by one horse—for, in this harvest, the ploughing and reaping are done the same day—and, when the marker has run a series of parallel lines five feet apart, it is turned the other way and crosses these with other grooves, also five feet apart. These grooves are deepened, and the size of the blocks reduced, by a sort of harrow, with three or more parallel rows of long and sharp teeth, about two feet apart, one row running in the grooves already made. Sometimes another plough, with a long, sharp, and comparatively thin tooth, or blade, is run through the principal grooves, if the ice is very thick. One row of the blocks is then cut through to the water underneath, by means of handsaws, and these blocks are hauled up on the ice adjacent, and run to the inclined planes, or loaded on sleds. The work now begins to be lively. As it is always uncertain whether there will be another favorable time for housing the ice, all hands drive their work as rapidly as possible. One gang, armed with crow-bars, thrust them into the grooves, and pry off the blocks; another catch them with a kind of spear and hook combined,
and drag them into the canal formed by raising the blocks already described. Others attach to a sheet of perhaps fifty squares, a grappling-iron, with a long chain, and it is towed by horse-power toward the ice-house, either through the water, or, one end being tilted, it is raised on the icy surface and dragged swiftly to the elevator. Here, in blocks of five feet square, or smaller if desired, it is run up the inclined planes by the elevator and lowered on the inside, men being ready to receive it and pack it, standing on edge, with layers of sawdust, shavings, rice hulls, or spent tan. One story or floor being filled, the sliding-doors are closed, and the next floor above is towed in the same way, gutters and drainways near the walls receiving and carrying off the drainage and water from the melting of the ice. The houses, as fast as filled, are closed as tightly as possible, and they are only opened as the ice is wanted for immediate consumption. During this harvest season—which seldom lasts more than four or five days at a time—if there is moonlight, the work is often continued through the night as well as the day, and the scene is an animated and beautiful one. The men and animals seem stimulated to the utmost exertion, and all work with a will; at some of the houses of the Knickerbocker and Washington Ice Companies, six hundred tons are housed in an hour. Ice is too perishable an article, in warm weather, to bear many handlings. If wanted for export, the vessel to be laden comes, if possible, to the ice-house, and receives its cargo with but a
single handling. The shippers have usually, at the port to which they are bound, a suitably-constructed ice-warehouse, where the cargo can be stored till sold; but each transfer is attended with heavy loss from melting. If the ice is intended to supply the city trade, it is loaded on the barges, which are peculiarly constructed for this business, and a half dozen or more of them are towed down by a steamer (barges and steamer being both owned by the company) to the company's docks, and either stored in their city warehouses, or, if the demand is active, loaded immediately upon those huge, heavy wagons which shake all the houses on the street by their jarring thunder. In an average season, the net cost to the company of the ice ready for delivery to the customer, does not much, if at all, exceed three dollars per ton. When there is a scarcity of the commodity, and the company are obliged to supplement their own stock by purchases from Maine or elsewhere, this cost may be doubled; but this is very rarely the case. The average price to the consumer, of the three classes already named, during five years past, has been about eleven, thirteen, and sixteen dollars, the average being considerably increased by the extraordinary high prices of the last season. The competition from the organization of new companies, and the pressure to sell the vast quantities of ice stored during this very favorable season, will probably materially reduce the price of this commodity to our citizens, but will be very certain to increase largely the quantity exported to foreign countries. In 1870, prices at home ruled so high as to render foreign exportation comparatively unprofitable, and it had accordingly fallen off to about sixty-three thousand tons. The home market, in fact, is much the largest and most certain. In 1856, New-York City consumed and shipped two hundred and eighty-five thousand tons of ice. In 1866, the supply was four hundred and fifty thousand tons; in 1871, it will exceed one million tons. Very few branches of business have had so rapid a development.
Requisites For, And Complete Method of Hog-Teaching

The training of animals to perform simple acts of obedience has delighted audiences since antiquity. While our domestic pets are expected to respond in various ways to the commands of their masters, it is the tasks and tricks taught to the more exotic, or seemingly untrainable species, which have brought together large crowds and made fortunes for their owners.

In the latter eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, the training of pigs to spell and count with cards, distinguish the sexes, and tell the time of day, attracted such gatherings in England and America. Ricky Jay, in his marvelous, recent book Learned Pigs & Fireproof Women (New York: Villard Books, 1987) describes in detail this theatrical evolution. Popular in England throughout the 1780s, the learned pig took a decade to reach this side of the Atlantic, appearing first in New York in September 1797. Porcine performers soon appeared in Boston and other cities, in grand theaters, and in humble taverns.

The first original work on conjuring to be published in America was William Frederick Pinchbeck's The Expositor: or Many Mysteries Unravelled (Boston, 1805), of which the Clements Library has a copy. Pinchbeck devoted the first section of his work on legerdemain, ventriloquism, and animal training to the Learned Pig.

An earlier and little known work, Requisites For, And Complete Method of Hog-Teaching (Philadelphia, [1802]), is also in the library's collection. This pamphlet, attributed to Michael Leib, is here reproduced in enlarged facsimile. Leib was a noted physician, jurist, and Jeffersonian congressman and senator.

The author, a literary conjuror in his own right, sets out to provide a method of instructing a pig to do simple tricks with cards. Along the way he manages to touch on the subjects of local and national finances, the nature of philosophy, and the gullibility of mankind.

He suggests taking a six-day-old pig to a specific room, naming it, then teaching it that you provide its food when it responds to the name. The pig can be taught to retrieve a card scented with food for a reward. The student pig can also learn to move in any direction by stick-prodding.

Two years will produce a fully trained animal of show quality. With tongue-in-cheek, the author recommends as the ideal tutor an even-tempered, patient individual who has an aversion to labor and a disposition to avarice and slight-of-hand deception. The author's stated reason for publishing the text is to expose the trick and the trickster, but the seriousness of even this purpose is questionable.

It would seem to be improbable that Leib, then a United States Congressman, would have taken the time to compose this piece. But there was a tradition of satirical writing on the part of the establishment of Philadelphia from the time of Benjamin Franklin and Joseph Hopkinson. Whoever wrote it, Requisites For, And Complete Method of Hog-Teaching is great fun to read.
REQUISITES FOR,

AND

COMPLETE METHOD

OF

HOG-TEACHING.

PRICE SIX CENTS.

PHILADELPHIA:

Printed for the Author.
REQUISITES FOR,
AND

COMPLETE METHOD OF

HOG-TEACHING.

ALL animals have instinct; and all, or at least all I know of, are possessed of five properties, which may be called senses, namely, seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling and feeling, some in a greater, and some in lesser degrees of acuteness—in most, if not all animals, there may be something discovered like passions, as joy, anger, &c. all have a natural propensity for food, to avoid danger, seek safety, &c. By application to the various senses, passions and propensities, there is scarcely an animal but may be taught more or less, certain habits, and those habits more or less, in proportion to the docility of the animal.

In the hog has been discovered one instinctive property, which is very extraordinary, viz. his attachment to, and capacity to discover his native place of abode: let a pig be kept in the pen or yard with the dam till it becomes six weeks old, convey it then in a bag or close box, to the distance of 5 miles or further, even across small rivers, and when set at liberty it will go directly back. In most other respects, the hog has the appearance of a very stupid animal; experience however has proven the contrary, that he is one of the most docile and tractable animals.
we have; that he may even be taught science, to understand language, the use of letters, the art of computation by arithmetic, and the use of mechanical machines, as a watch, and also to play at fashionable games, as cards, &c. This appears to be a fact well known; it likewise appears certain, that it highly gratifies and entertains the public, excites general liberality, meets great encouragement and support by voluntary contributions, or generous payment for the entertainment and information which it afford and communicates; if then the public are convinced that a hog may thus be taught—if they are highly gratified by his performances when taught—if they consider this entertainment worth their money, it is fairly to be presumed they will not despise a plan proposed for facilitating the education of pigs, for affording such an aid to teachers, as might render their talk caller, increase their number by adapting the method to common capacities, and consequently in a short time, enable us to boast of a very respectable number of scientific pigs, and such a plan too as would greatly diminish the expense. At the present time, allowing every person in this city who is capable of understanding, to attend the lectures of the learned pig only once in a year, the cost would amount to about $12,500 dollars; whereas by the plan I propose, the city might be accommodated with a couple of teachers, or one man to teach, and another to attend on the hog when taught, in delivering his lectures, for about $1600 dollars; at these lectures, an engagement being made by the year, every person in the city might attend once a fortnight, so that it appears clear that the price would be reduced about 160 fold, because if 50,000 people might be entertained but once in a year for $12,500 dollars on the old plan, and the same number could be entertained 24 times in a year for $1600 dollars, the difference in expense must be very striking; or in short, every gentleman so disposed, might easily be supplied with an able teacher amongst his own pigs; besides the abundance of entertainment and utility it would afford, here would be a saving of at least $10,000 dollars a year, which might be applied to some subordinate purpose, such as educating orphan children, supporting of hospitals, towards water-works, or
any such little matter, or every man might keep his money himself if he chose. "The pamphlet comes only to five-penny bit gentlemen: I can't afford to enlarge much on the value of the work, but will proceed to give you the Requisites for hog teaching.

I. That the tutor should be a man of genius.

II. Have a peculiar spirit, and a certain demension of soul, to dispose him to apply his genius to the noble purpose.

III. An aversion from all kind of useful industry, particularly from labor.

IV. A man of unwearied patience and even temper.

V. Somewhat of avarice in his disposition, some prospect of gain, however remote, and to perfect the art of passing deceptions for realities.

VI. And last, in order to complete the wonderful accomplishments of the pig, he must be an adept in the games at cards, and understand many flight of hand tricks with them.

A person thus qualified, might be found I presume, without much difficulty, none of the qualifications being of the most rare kind, except the second, which I believe has hitherto been rather rare in the United States; if then those are the qualifications requisite, and a person thus qualified easy to be found, the prospect as yet is fair to accomplish by this pamphlet the object contemplated, viz. both to furnish the directions for increasing hog literature and reducing the expense; every man however will be at liberty to judge for himself, when I have laid before him, the

Complete method and progress of Hog teaching.

Being qualified as above, you must take a pig, say six days old, keep it in a room large enough for the purpose, where no creature is to be admitted, but yourself and the pig; give it a certain name, as Dick or Tom, which name you must repeat, pretty loud as often as you offer it food, which must be in small quantities and frequently; in one month he will be taught to approach towards you at the sound of his name—you have him to far perfect in understanding your will when you with him to come to you. You now provide a small switch, in order to teach
him to go from you; apply the switch gently accompa-
nying the application with the word go, (pretty loud) ac-
cording to the nature of animals, having a sense of feeling
and an instinctive propensity to avoid danger and injury;
this application will be to his fears, he will naturally go
from you, the word go always accompanying the whip,
will in time apprise him and cause him to go without the
latter, this must be practiced every day during another
month, by which time he will be taught to go at the
word; two months are now elapsed, and you have ac-
quired by means of found, both the attractive and repul-
itive power over the pig—he will come and go at your
word. You now let the pig have a good appetite, you
bend a card in such a form that he can pick it up with
ease, on the end of which you rub something agreeable
to his appetite; you place the card on the floor, at the
distance of eight feet from you; having the pig by your
side, you bid him go, the card attracts its sight, he ap-
proaches it, being in quest of food, takes in his mouth the
end on which you rubbed bait; when you see him take it
up, you then call or command him to you, he will approach
as usual, and will not drop the card till he stops; he then
lays it down as their manner is in order to eat it; as he
lays it down, you at the same instant drop some attractive
food on the same spot, which will divert him from the
card, which you then take up; you now feed him in no
other way for another month, but by sending him in this
way for a card, recalling him with it near to yourself, where
he stops naturally, drops the card, and there finds his food;
three months are now elapsed, you now have him perfectly
taught to come and go, to take up a card and drop it at
your feet. You now place a number of cards in a circle
or on the sides of a square at equal distances around, you
put a string on the pig’s neck and fasten thereto a stick
just long and strong enough to guide his course; you com-
mand him to go as usual, and by means of the stick, com-
pel him to depart in and keep one certain direction from
where he hears the word; this direction you must always
make exactly the same, for example, when the pig is be-
side you, take your position so that a line drawn from
where you stand, through his head, would strike the card

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you want; by means of the flick, you compel him always to move in direct opposition to where he hears the word; you now feed him in no other way, nor suffer him to depart at the word, in any other than an exact opposite direction from where he hears the word go, for three, or as it is an essential point, perhaps six months, and in that time this direction will become his habit, and he will move in it without the flick, with great exactness; or if you compel him to move in any other direction, it will be the same, so that he be confined to one direction; or the most complete way is to compel him to move in a certain direction from the position in which he stands himself, for example, if he stands in such a position that a line drawn from his nose to the card you want, would make an angle of 90 degrees with a line drawn from his nose along his back, you oblige him with your flick to change his position 90 degrees, or his head to turn upon a circle 90 degrees before he starts; for this purpose you must have your voice at a certain pitch when you give the word for the angle on which he is to turn; this method is very difficult, requires nice skill and considerable practice in the tutor; a good billiard-player would soon acquire, and would require at least two years to make the pig perfect, but when his habit becomes once fixed he never alters nor becomes embarrassed; there are many other ways of driving the pig to a certain spot without being observed by the spectators, but one method is generally thought best for one pig; I have made choice as a theory, of the first method, it being most simple, yet quite sufficient here, because it will readily be admitted that the art of pig teaching like other arts, may be diversified, and will admit of continual improvement.

When thus you have got the pig perfectly at command to come, go, pick up a card, drop, &c. and to drive it to any particular card you choose, your theory is then complete, and you may begin to practice; for example write what words you please on a certain number of cards, and place them as before, you demand of the pig a question, a direct answer to which is on one of the cards, you can easily by the foregoing, or a rule similar, drive or fend the pig to the very card, which he takes up as usual, &c. and in the same way for any letter, figure, &c. that you may re-
quire—it has been observed in the introduction the extraordinary, propensity, and capacity of the hog to return to his native place; this may be an argument in favour of its retaining a more perfect impression, and for a longer time, than perhaps any other animal the habits he once acquires.

But the knowledge of the pretent learned pig in cards seems to be considered more extraordinary than all the rest of his accomplishments; this I confess I cannot explain fully, not being acquainted with such tricks with cards myself; it is a fact however that I have seen a poppet show, do many things with cards which I could not understand, I have drawn a card from a pack, on looking at it found it to be the ducal of diamonds, but the showman said I had drawn the nine of clubs and on looking a second time, though the card was never out of my hand, I found to my surprise it was the nine of clubs, it is then certain that men who have long studied such tricks, may do and tell things which a spectator who never spent a thought on the subject, much less had the opportunity of information from many other trick inventors, cannot account for; therefore it is plain that the hog tutor may have this art; he may know, and no doubt does the secret; admit this and the difficulty how the pig knows vanishes, because in fact the pig knows nothing about it; but a pack of cards being laid open in the manner I have stated, the man knowing what card you hold in your hand can as easily drive the pig for the fellow to it as, for any other card. You now have the art sufficiently, the pig is taught, or rather you have acquired the art of making it appear so to the eye of a spectator, but admitting that the pig is taught, for he is taught some mechanical habits, what is the end proposed? I confess I cannot tell, nor do I for my own part admire taught hogs, nor the art of teaching them, but this I hope will have no effect on the utility of my pamphlet, for I have not wrote it with a view to advocate hog literature generally, so much as with a view to get the new plan adopted instead of the old as a saving of expense particularly. Therefore since I am through that part; and have a better room left, I must beg leave to write something more, for I am fond of writing; besides, as I am myself ignorant in some respects as to all the general utility of the art, I wish to state a few
enquiries that some other person may answer, while in the mean time I shall state a few ends which I think it is, and some others which I think it is not intended to answer. It seems that the present learned pig is a native of Massachusetts, possibly his tutor too, I don't know, this is one of the New England States: now if this man had been employed there in breaking oxen to the yoke, and had displayed his genius as he has on the pig, I am confident he would have done more to excite my admiration, at least approbation. I have known a New England man who could command his ox, at the distance of 20 or 30 yards to come under the yoke, I have known Germans of Pennsylvania have their horses taught to stretch, kneel, and lay down; a fowler whose dog would lie down though eager to pursue the game. Now these things are all very natural because these creatures are thereby rendered more serviceable in their respective stations by being under good command, but why any man would spend much time and exercise an able genius to teach a hog, or a knowledge of language when he can never speak, or arithmetic when he never can be a merchant, or fashionable games when he never can be a companion, can be answered by me but one way, that is view of gain, by imposing on the folly of men; what does it demonstrate that a hog is possessed of reasoning faculties, no I think it plain, it argues that the hog has strong instinctive propensities, and this argues a want of reasoning faculties. I think I am glad it is so, because if it had been discovered that a hog is endowed with reasoning faculties like a man, the next thing contended might be that he has a soul immortal like a man, if this opinion was to gain credit, it might next become a question, whether a hog has a soul like a man, or whether a man is without a soul like a hog, and we would then, as far as natural reason goes, have as much reason to credit the one as the other; and the result would be, that it would be much doubted whether, either had a soul; because if the hog has a soul every other animal has one, only it has not been yet discovered; if every animal has a soul, man is no more than any of them; if no more than any of them, it is very doubtful whether him or them have any prospect of future existence, the strongest argument we have from natural philosophy in favour of immortality.
is taken from man's reasoning on the subject, the above position would completely destroy that, this destroyed, we have nothing but revelation, every thing else having become doubtful, this would soon become doubtful also; but the fact is otherwise the hog has no reason, nor no soul. Now if this discovery of teaching hogs had originated in this country, and was a thing new, it might be well enough to let the author enjoy it a while without attempting to adopt a cheaper plan, let him have as it were a patent for a few years for, fake of his genius, for I would consider such a discovery to denote a genius which might lead to something better; but the fact is I don't know where it was discovered, but when I was in London 8 years ago, I saw it practised there. Therefore as the English nation has many of the ketch penny arts in much greater perfection than we have, I have some doubts that both this hog and his tutor might have come from there or some other foreign country, though, they say not—or if the man be an American he may have imported the art, and I think it one kind of importation that we could have done without, he very possibly to obtain this, might have been fooled out of all the money he had scraped by gambling for some years, which money he is now in his turn fooling back from the public. All such men are downright sharpers and gamblers, any art therefore which they invent for that purpose ought not to be suffered to dupe the public, nor ought it by any means to be considered as having any claim on the public for support, I think, but every one to his motion—to come to a close, I have in the beginning of the pamphlet proposed it for a five-penny bit, and in-it promised for that five-penny bit to furnish a method of satisfying the public curiosity, or afford the entertainment of a literary hog at a very reduced price; now if any should approve and adopt the method I have laid down, I will answer for its success in accomplishing the pigs, and in reducing the expense; the object proposed would then be completed, I think therefore I am intitled to the five-penny bit—again if in pointing out the requisites and laying down the method, I should have thrown any light on the deception, and thereby satisfied any with respect to hog literature, they will be at no further expense, the object I proposed is there accomplished,
curiosity is satisfied, and expense saved, I think I am there intitled to a five-penny bit, if any complaint should arise, that I have filled up the pamphlet with introduction and conclusion, and that but a small part in the centre is on the subject proposed. I reply, you saw the size. What I proposed was to furnish you with a complete system of hog teaching, if that was all you expected, and I had completed that in 2 lines, I would have in them 2 lines fulfilled my engagement, in hopes therefore that what I have wrote before and after can do no harm, I still think I have not deceived you out of the five-penny bit.

Should any say after reading my pamphlet, that it is an ill-natured and envious thing, and regret having lost a deception which afforded amusement, I would reply as to the first part, who in the name of deception would envy the hog-teacher his employment; as to his art I profess it already, and as to his money, I am in hopes there is too much good sense in this place, to afford him more than one quarter of a dollar a piece; as to that I will confess I would rather see it in the hands of the public; but as to the latter part, namely, any to regret being undeceived, I am done, for I confess I would be at a loss there, and would not know how to reply to any man who would be so highly entertained by really believing a hog to be on a par with him in point of intellects; I should still however claim right to having fulfilled my engagement, and that I have a right to the five-penny bit; however gentlemen, if you don't like to give me your five-penny bits, you are welcome to the pamphlet, as to my part without any; there is only one request I have to make, and that is not to give them to the present hog tutor, unless he should offer to sell you the hog for a roaster.
The Ewing Papers—Part Two

We begin the second installment of Ewing family letters in the fall of 1823 and continue the chronicles through the winter of 1827. Maskell Ewing (1807–1849), recipient of all the letters, was a cadet at West Point until his graduation in 1826, when he was assigned duty at Fortress Monroe in Virginia. Family letter writing was a communal activity in the Ewing family, and most “letters” posted actually included letters from mother Jane Hunter Ewing and one or both sisters. The mother’s contributions tend to be admonitory and moralistic rather than informative, and in only one instance (#5) is a portion of her correspondence included.

The primary writers of these letters are sisters Louisa and Mary. Both were attractive, single girls in their teens, full of enthusiasm for all aspects of life and sufficiently naive and impressionable to find almost every experience worth retelling. The letters include descriptions of parties, weddings, a state agricultural show, a visit to the synagogue in Philadelphia, and theatrical performances.

What makes the correspondence particularly interesting is the level of detail with which the girls describe events and things which older, worldlier narrators would omit. The pen picture of the Sims House in Philadelphia (#3) is one of the best sources which may exist on home furnishing, by this time a little threadbare, at the height of the Regency Period. The detailed accounts of weddings, of parties, and fashions are exceptional for their exactness and could be useful for anyone trying to recreate the style of a social occasion of the 1820s.

A certain amount of historical background information is useful in reading the correspondence. The Spread Eagle and the Buck Taverns, where the rather elegant country dances were held, were on the Philadelphia-Lancaster Turnpike which cut through Delaware County, not far from the Ewing home. We are inclined to picture the taverns of the era as essentially bars with hotel accommodations attached, but they also served as post offices and gathering places for the surrounding community.

We tend to think of “suburbia” as a twentieth century phenomenon and think of nineteenth- and eighteenth-century America as divided, rather neatly, between “the city” and “the country.” In actual fact, there were gray areas on the perimeters of urban centers which were not entirely rural in character. The Ewings did live
in proximity to farmers and farm laborers, and
their letters frequently notice the activities of
this earthy, yeoman class. But scattered
throughout the area were also families, like
themselves, whose social, intellectual, and
financial ties were largely to the city.

For the Ewings, the Hunters, the Twells, the
Gaskills, and others, farming was more an avo-
cation than a financial necessity. Their primary
incomes came from real estate, stocks, or profes-
sional fees. Woodstock, the Ewing home, and
nearby houses of this “rural” elite were more
elegant than simple farm houses in architectural
style and furnishings. They did their shopping
in town, and when they needed new curtains or
the piano tuned, artisans were summoned from
Philadelphia to do the work. The Ewing sisters
paint a wonderful picture of this semi-urban,
semi-rural world of a by-gone era.

1. Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Woodstock 26th October 1823

Dear Maskell,

Your letter of the 12 I received last Sunday
and would have answered it before but we have
had company all this week from Jersey to see
the cattle show. It was on Wednesday, Thursday,
and Friday. The last day was for ladies, and
sister and I went up with papa, cousin Bedford,
and his son. We saw Mrs Roberts, cousin
Matilda and a great many more ladies; we
walked out into a field where there was a plat-
form raised in the middle of it and seats fixed
below for the ladies. Mr Roberts gave us a
speech on agriculture and some very handsome
compliments to the ladies, the seats were then
moved, and we went to see the ploughing match
with horses. It was very amusing to see how
eager the men were to beat, for you must know
the best ploughman gets 25 dollars that is very
good wages for 20 minutes work. The seats
were moved again and we saw the oxen plough.
After that we went to the platform and saw all
the premiums delivered. Cousin Matilda got
the premium for butter 20 dollars. Mr Joseph
Morgan got 50 dollars for his Arabian horse,
they called out “Captain Morgan, 50 dollars for
the finest horse, Captain M will please step up
and receive it,” so it was with all of them. When
they came to cousin M they called out “20 dol-
to Mrs Doctor Harris for the best butter.”

"Now," said I, “cousin, walk up and receive
your premium,” but in stead of that Mr Blight
the treasurer came down and presented four
half eagles to her. I will now leave the rest for
sister and mama,

your affectionate sister Louisa

Mary P. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

[Woodstock 26th October 1823]
My dear brother,

I suppose you received Mama’s and my hasty
letter. The coachman called for Jenny (alias
Mrs Merrit) just as Ma was half done. Poor
Jenny, she felt very much at parting from us,
she has a very affectionate heart. She bade us all
farewell, but when she came to ma—she burst
into tears and could not speak. She wrote after
she got down to the city to me saying she had
put your letter in the post office and delivered
the package safe I sent by her, which was a very
handsome dancing doll for W. Fox’s little nieces
in Ireland and his miniature he sent us. With
her letter she sent a parcel containing a ball of
very nice soap for me and a little paper box of
paints for Louisa. I gave her a straw basket of
my make—my pink one I had when you were
here—I put new bows and strings and smarted
it up to look like new. Louisa gave her two
paintings, a honey suckle and acasia, she
painted from nature and papa gave her a
present of some money, sister E. gave her 75
cents with which she meant to get a keep-sake,
so on the whole I take it Mrs Merrit had a
tolerable pleasant visit. She is fonder of finery
than ever, a watch and trinkets, breastpin, rings
on almost every finger, and dresses for every
day in the week and many other things “too
tedious here to mention.”

We spent last Tuesday afternoon at Mr Hoskins
and when we returned found Mr Daniel Elmer
from Bridgeton here, who came to see
the Cattle Show. On Thursday he had his
pocket-book containing papers of importance
and a hundred dollars cut out of his pocket and
bore off. It must have been an accomplished
sharper. It was an inner pocket. It was so cut
with some crooked instrument no doubt for the
purpose as not to injure the cloth of his coat at
all. It damped all the pleasure he had for a 100
dollars is no trifle to loose. He left us on Friday
morning and missed one of the most pleasant
days of the show—there was more to be seen on
Friday than any day previous. We were much
pleased indeed and had more deferance and
attention paid than we ever had before any place.

The society wish to encourage the ladies to attend. There was not much ladies work sent, a hearth rug took a premium of 5 dollars, and pa says if L. or I will undertake one he will give us every thing to make it handsome and Louisa has taken him at his offer and means next year to try for the premium—what success she will have we cannot tell. The one shewn had a Leopard worked on it. I did not think it at all handsome and if none handsomer than that is shewn next year L will beat it. I am sure I could.

The concourse of people was immense. We got home at 5 in the afternoon much pleased but very tired and hungry. We were politely and handsomely invited, nay pressed to dine with the society but declined. Cousin M. and Mrs Roberts stayed to dinner. Dr Harris was one of the committee of arrangement and Mr Roberts president of the society.

... your affectionate sister Mary

2.

Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

November 2d 1823

... you remember Mr Somerville who was engaged to Mary Ann Engle of Chester. He went out last winter against the pirates and this fall he took the yellow fever and died. It appears since his death that he was engaged to two ladies, for a Miss Gambol of Phila has gone in deep morning for him and M A Engle keep her room for a week. Would you have thought that he was such a man?

It has been very sickly up in the Valley. Mrs Roberts has been very ill but is now better; Holland Bowen that kept the ship tavern is dead and his two brothers—it was very strange—Holland died first and his two brothers who were in health at the time made his will and only left enough to the widow to prevent her breaking the will and took all the rest to themselves—in about a week they were taken sick and are now dead—they little thought they would be the next to be laid in the ground.

Sister and I went to Mr Amies the other day and borrowed Wilsons Ornithology which has some most elegant birds in them which I intend to copy some of the handsomest of. I have painted a pair of fire screens which are thought very well done for one that never had any instruction. I have also painted on silk the top of a pincushion and work box which I made for William J Fox's mother, but he had no way of taking it as he was going by Liverpool—the duty is so high and they examine so close that he would have to pay twice the value or give it up and he said he would rather throw it over board than let them have it so I thought it was best to keep it.

... Uncle Hunter had the upholster up last week putting up the curtains in the two best parlours. On thursday I went up to see them, they are very pretty. You remember the ones they had in the city—it is the same stuff but they made five out of three. I suppose you would like to see them, so I have drawn you a model. If you want any put up in your room to ornament it can take pattern by these Mrs Jones was the person that put them up. Perhaps you may have heard of Kitty Bob—it is the same person and a most wonderful talker. Dr Physic gave a large party last winter and she superintended it and got all the things. Among the rest she got two turkeys boned and stuffed with Jelley. She gave all the bills to the Dr and he read them all and said nothing intill he came to two turkeys 20 Dollars. He then began to object to it, but she soon stopped him by saying, "why Doctor, if you give a party you must have all that other people have[, and what is 20 Dollars for 2 turkeys when you get 100 Dol for cutting off a leg."

I believe you did not get a discription of Jane Thomas's wedding. We went and Miss Miller, and Miss Gaskell's and Alexander. I got them a front seat where they could see all that passed. She and Mr Clever came in first, then Mrs Jones and Mr Thomas, then his father and all the rest of the party, 45 in number. She had on a white satin frock made in the fashion with a thin lace scarf down to her feet, white shoes and silk stockings, a white figured silk hat trimmed very full with lace and a great many curls—not at all like a quaker. He had on a suit of Black, white westcoat, silk stockings and pumps, a ruffle shirt and dandy hat. After they were married they went out and stood some time before they started. They say there was a very handsome dinner and supper. Mr and Mrs Hoskins were appointed to over look them and after supper they went home and the young people got to dancing and danced untill twelve o'clock. That is like a quaker wedding.
Papa went to the city last Thursday and he and Wade and Holly went to the circus. There is great performing now. There is also a great Lecturer now in the city on astronomy. He has transparencies of the moon and stars. He gives lectures in the theatre for 5 dollars a course. Uncle Patterson goes and is very much pleased.

3.

Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Jan 12th 1824

Dear brother

I received yours and one from brother Hunter on Friday. He has been to Bethlehem on Christmas and gives us a full description of all that happened. I suppose he will write you all about it.

The week before Christmas I spent in town and as Sims’s furniture opposite to Uncle Pattersons was sold I went to see it. The front parlour had an elegant organ which took up one side of the room, there was another organ for chanting, and an old piano. The carpet was Turkish but very much worn, the chairs were mahogany with hair seats, very old fashioned and worn out. The two back parlours had folding doors between and Brussels carpets. One of the rooms had white velvet chairs with paintings of landscapes and flowers on them—they were all arm chairs and between everyone was a stool with gilt legs and the top blue satin with gold stars and gold fringe— they were the same heigh as the seats of the chairs. The curtains were blue crimson and yellow damask with a portrait of Washington in the center of the middle drapery, they were the handsomest I ever saw. There was two pier tables with gilt legs and marble tops. The rooms were painted in flowers and musical instruments—in the center of each room hung a chandelier; both rooms had windows like our back parlour[r] only much larger and opposite a lookingglass window. In the other room was a grand piano and in front of the looking glass window was what they called a sideboard but I call it a large table with imitation draws, over it a gilt eagle holding a chandelier, and standing on the table was three elegant lamps. Over the mantle was a glass that reached to the ceiling with a gold and bronze frame. The whole house from garrett down had marble mantles. The parlour mantles are splendid, they are pink and white mottled marble and white, supported by figures and a great deal of gilding. Upstairs was a very handsome library with glass ships, chinese mandarines, busts, paintings, marble figures etc. to fill it up. All the china had the tomb of Washington in the center of every piece. I have now given you a description of all that was worth notice.

There is to be a ball on Thursday at the Spread Eagle. I intend going and after that I will write you. I must now stop to give room for sister, I am

your affectionate sister

L E Ewing

Mary P. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

[Jan 12th 1824]

Dear brother

Papa was in the city last Friday. On his way up he stopped at the post office and got your letter of the 2nd Jan and one from brother H giving a curious account of the Bethlehem festival at Christmas. It is really the most singular kind of worship I ever heard of: During the music (which was very scientific and elegant) the congregation were served with cakes and coffee and brother H. wonders what quantity of coffee it took as there was not less than 1000 persons in the church. The school rooms were all decorated with transparencies representing our saviours birth and principal events in his life. Through Mr Seidel, the clergyman and principal, he saw every thing and received from him very great attention. He visited the school rooms the day after Christmas. He will write a more particular account to you. He may well wonder what quantity of coffee it took. Did you ever hear of any thing so singular? They were also served with cakes almonds etc. etc. by the young ladies in the school rooms. Our Christmas was spent at Mr Curwens pleasantly but soberly.

On New Year’s Eve Holderness S[mith] after
tea started with Jim to go to Mr Gaskells to join Thomas and Alexr and some others to fire away the old year. As it was dark Jim gave them the slip, thinking it but dull business, went down to the Cross-keys, there to have a frolic something like as he thought. The next morning (New Years day) we were all roused from our bed with a report that Jim had just crawled home with one of his teeth knocked out and his arm broke. In great trepidation mama proceeded to the kitchen—found him faint and beat to the jelly—his arm he could not lift. We immediately had a mattress put on the floor and him laid on it and dispatched little James for Dr H. who arrived at eleven O'clock in the morning, found his arm not broken or dislocated but bruised to a liver. He bled him copiously, ordered a poultice of bran and vinegar, and departed after Papa had paid him a dollar for his visit (a New years gift for Jim). He is now nearly well, tho' has not done a stroke of work since. He is daily and hourly growing worse and worse, keeping us all in a continual broil notwithstanding the kind attention he has received since his hurt. A few days after, when he was taken himself off against pa's positive orders, papa went after him with a cane, determining to drive him back. At the head of the back avenue pa overtook him, raised his cane to strike him, when Jim up with a club four times the size of pa's cane and told him if he dared to strike him he would stave his brains out on the spot, so then pa had to reason him into a good humor and bring him home by coaxing. Papa has advertised him in the Norris-town paper and stuck notices up everywhere in Phila and at the taverns about here. You therefore will not think from what I have written this year was ushered in very merrily by us. That Jim is rascal of the first order you will readily acknowledge and quite above papa's manage ment.

Holderness was with us ten days, was by far too much with Jim for his own good, and we were all glad when he left us, which he did with great reluctance. He takes but little pleasure in study. We could not help contrasting you, dear Maskell, with him. Such a contrast—one delights in study, the best of company, and books while the other is not for either. It makes us proud and happy to have two such dear brothers who also feels I am sure in return proud of their sisters, for you thought your sisters would have graced the ball room, and brother H. wished all the time at Bethlehem we were with him to enjoy it. It was quite flattering to us to think our brothers were not ashamed of us.

We have an invitation to a ball at the Spread Eagle next thursday. Sister L will go but I shall not, as I do not like staying all night and not getting home 'till next morning. It does not agree with my wholesome. If it was near enough to take leave when I chose I would not mind going but should like it vastly. If Mr Trexler and brother come down this winter we are going to have a hop here with the Miss Gaskills and Alexr. to play for us. Gibbs has the small pox, or as they call it now by the more fashionable name of Varialoid, and as it is fatal among blacks it is feared he will not recover. He will be quite a public loss. I do not know what they will do for music at the Spread Eagle ball.

We still have our good girl Sarah, who desires to be remembered to you. Little Jane, Jim, James, and an Englishman of the name of William compose our kitchen establishment. The latter came to us destitute of clothes and money. We have made him decent by giving him new shirts and trousers. Papa gave him a christmass gift of 1/2 dollar, the first money he has had since he came, with which he got royally drunk, but has been since sober and obliging.

Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

[Woodstock January 27th 1824]

Dear brother

I promised you I would write after the ball and give you an account of it. Sister Mary said she would not go and as I had made up my mind to go I must find a way. I went over to Mr Gaskell thinking to be sure there would be no invitation, and all I could say they would not believe there was one sent or if had, the stage driver must have lost it, so I came home and told papa. He said that there must have been one written and he would go and see Mr Shainline, this was wednesday noon. He started and went to Mr Holsteins where he saw him. He asked if there had been invitations sent to Mr Gaskells family, for they had not got one. Mr S said it was very strange for he saw them written and sent by the stage, but he wrote another and papa brought it to them.

The next morning sister and I went over and
asked the girls if they would not go. They said no, that it would look strange for them to go, having no time to get ready, and another thing it seemed like asking for an invitation, but just then Alexander came and handed a letter to Eliza and what should it be but the original invitation, so they now said they would go. It had laid at Bartlesons for a week and no body but Mrs B knew any thing of it.

Sister and I went to work and soon got the girls dresses trime. I pined Eliza up a turbin like one Christean got in town. They are very pretty, made of pink and white guaze handker-chiefs with white fethers. About noon Mr Gaskell and Thomas came home from Washington. Thomas said he would go and it was fixed to have our carriage [pick them up] after dinner. We came home and sister says, “well, I believe I will go fix [my dress. This?] has put me quite in the humour of it.” Mama said she was very glad [to hear] her say so and help her to get ready. Well you must know this was [at (?)] Ocloc. She got out her dresses and looked which she would ware and after putting on one she said it was so late she could not get ready, but mama said if she would let her trim it she would, so to work we all went, me to dressing, sister and mama to fixing, and at five we were both dressed, ready to go. Mary Hoskins and Anna came over to see us.

Sister had on a mullmuslin and figured gaue over trime with a lace flounce and white satin puffing wrapped with blue, sash of blue, my blue guaze handkerchief looped down on each shoulder and behind with gold rings, and before, her breastpin and my blue beads, her gold comb, and some flowers in her head. I had on my figured muslin trime round the botom with a new worked triming, three tucks with pink run in a wreath of ever green and rose buds and white flowers, above that a pink satin spencer with lace round the neck, short sleeves and long white kid gloves. Sister Elinors watch and a pearl necklace, my white silver flowers and a pearl, and brilliant headdress with white kid shoes finished my dress.

We had a very pleasant ball of about 30 ladies and 40 gentlemen. The supper was not near as handsome as the buck was but the managers were very attentive handing round cakes and wine, almonds, raisons, chesnuts, and apples between every dance.

The music was very good. We had two of Jhonstons men and Gibbs, who has got well but looks very bad—he lost his wife and one child—he plays very well and has taken lessons of Jhonston. There was two violines and a tamborine which was played better than I ever heard it before, so soft as not to be unpleasant. He called out the figures very plain so that every one could hear in the room.

The managers were Mr Shainline whom you know went to dancing school with you. They say he is to be married in the spring to Anne Holstein. The other was a Mr Roberts, a quaker but not any thing like one, very lively and dances very well. The other was a Mr Bertholomew that lives in the valley.

I danced two or three times with all the managers and with a great many more gentlemen. I danced 20 sets, which makes between 100 and 5 or 10, and you may think I was tired enough next day. Sister wants to make it out I came down stairs next day on my hands and knees, but I did not. However I was limping for three days. It was 5 O’clock when we got in bed. Coming home we saw the comet, the morning star, and the eclipse of the moon, which was very handsome—almost total—but what was the fun, you must know, A. Gaskil asked me to dance, and after the dance was over left me standing on the floor to find a seat the best way I could. I thought he knew better than that. I danced with my old school master Mordica Morgan, which is now Dr Morgan. Mary Morgan was there and told me John Ewing had been there learning to be a farmer but got tired and went home. I wonder what he will be if he keeps shifting about.

5.
Jane Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing
Woodstock February 29th 1824

...there has been a ball at the Eagle and one at the Buck, both very pleasant. Your Sisters will tell you of them. There has been Little partys: one at Mr Amies, one at Mr Gaskell, and one at Mr McClanagans, and we have had one. They came at four O’clock. We had the back parlour carpet untack’d, taken up, well shook, the room scrub’d the day before, and the Carpet laid down.

When the party went into tea in the dining room the table was full from end to end. While eating of all the good things prepar’d, such as Tea, Coffee, cake of many kinds, ham, Sausages, cheese etc., your Sister Louisa and your
Sister Elinors Girl took up the carpet, lited up the two rooms, and when they went into the front room the Ladies (the Gentlemen got their music, Mr Alexander Gaskell the violin, two young Mr McClanagans their Clarinets, and they play'd sweetly) dance'd Cotilins Miss Amies, Miss McC, three Miss Gaskells, two Miss Wilsons, Mrs Curwen and two Miss Ewings, three Mr McC, two Mr Amies, Two Mr G. Alexander and Thomas, Mr George Wilson and Mr Curwen. They kept it up untill twelve O'Clock. Your Brother and you was often wish'd for in the number, both by the company and your fond mother.

Thomas Gaskell goes in the Alexander to Liverpool to Dublin from there were his Uncle that has sent for him, often live'd, and died last October. He left the Estate to old Mr G. here during his life with Legacy to all his children, at his death to Thomas. I suppose if he ever returns to this country he will be qu[ite] the accomplish'd. Mrs Randolph talks of giving a party so you see the Country is quit lively.

Mary P. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing
[Woodstock 29th February 1824]

... Old Ben Limehouse was found dead in his bed last tuesday night from intoxication. Papa was there all day on Wednesday, had to summon a jury of 12. Ben and Caphas Bartleson had a quarrel on sunday, the latter struck Ben on the temple with the tongs, and it is the opinion of some it caused his death. They sent for Dr Blackfan and had the place opened but found his scull not at all injured. It was not more than skin deep. This, however, did not satisfy the jurors. At length however they decided it must be drunkenness. This is papa's firm belief. However, they parleyed about it so long poor Old Ben did not get carried to his long home 'till candle light. You know he was a great drunkard. A few weeks ago papa told Ben if he did [not] keep sober he would be found in a fence corner some cold night dead and have to hold an inquest over him, but did not think he would so shortly have to do it.

We had a very brilliant Ball at the Buck on the 23rd to celebrate Washington's birth. The room was very tastefully decorated with evergreens and wax flowers and candles placed behind the greens, a great number of them. The floor was chalcked, a large spread Eagle in the centre, rays from the chimney to represent the sun, and some sort of quivery Equeues—quite stylish this for a country ball. We are coming out, don't you think? The ladies were very handsomely dressed. A Miss Teebault of Germantown was the most splendidly dressed—a purple thin crape, spangled all over with a rich border nearly a qr. of a yd. deep, pearl necklace and earrings, rich brussels lace round neck and sleeves. Your sisters I think stood next on the list. They were dressed exactly alike, gold muslin dresses, painted trimmings over pink short sleeves, with pink crape cut in points and quilled round the sleeves, headgear quite stylish, but can't be decribed more than Louisa's was blue and silver with a bunce of pink roses, mine blue and pearl with a bunce of pink roses, gold chains round the neck, with lace quilled on the bosom of the frock. All the rest very beautifully equipted.

Every gentleman lead a lady (to the number of 65—35 gents and 30 ladies) into the Ball room (the music playing Washingtons march) from the door to the head of the room. They then took partners and opened the ball with a country dance. Miss Rachael Holstein inquired for you and praised you not a little. In dancing the jig cotillion Dr Moore, one of the managers, by accident got his foot entangled in the trimmig of her dress and bore it off, she says tore 65 [ ? ] it, and she would make him pay dear for it, you know what [a] rattle she is. The lady with the spangled dress got a woeful [rend?] in hers, and I had a glass of water upset on me. All helped to make a charming variety. I wished more than once you and Brother H. was with us.

Our dance here at home was quite in the stylish order, three rooms thrown open, violin and two clarionetts to dance by. This sounds great, but in truth it was a very pretty party. You know what we can do if we try, not in any mean way was any thing conducted, but good things in abundance, almonds, raisins, figs, sweetmeats, Pound and sponge cake, jumbles, and heaps more goodies "too tedious here to mention." If we all enjoy our health 'till next June and have the delightful pleasure of meeting as we did last we will see if we cannot knock up another hop of the like decription.

Mark Bartleson had his intended with him at the Buck, a very pretty, modest looking girl. 'Tis said they are to be married next Thursday. Sister L. observed to him while dancing she understood his belle was there and said she
would like to see her. He said she should be gratified and pointed her out. He was extremely attentive and very proud of her (as he ought to be).

Sister L. cut for the Miss Gaskells two beautiful Valentine's. I altered and improved the grand rhymes for Christians, leaving out two of the lines and having but six instead of eight. For Eliza I also wrote some grand ones. We had great sport with them as we took them over the day they had their party before the company assembled. We have also received one, a piece with some elegant poetry, the cutting by sister E., the lines by her better half, of course very good. This is a secret known only to you as we do not tell every body who our Valentine is. Sister L. advises her to forsake the giddy dance and take a shepherd, as he styles himself. At the Buck ball she had a secret paper with candy in it, you know such as they hand round at parties. It was in the same style and reads as follows:

Oh bid to grandeur and to pomp farewell,
And share my cottage in the rustic dell.

Papa is going to have a dinner party next thursday of 12 gentlemen. He and Uncle bet a dinner, Uncle that he would raise so much wheat to an acre and papa that he would not. Papa lost and now is to give it. Drs. Harris and Wilson, 2 Mr Curwens, 2 Mr Gaskells, Mr Twells, Hoskins, Lawrence, Faux, Hunter, and Brown are to be the company. Thus you see we go on. I think I have eked out a good sizeable letter, whether good or otherwise you must judge, and will conclude with:

My Pen is bad, my ink is pale,
My love to you will never fail.

6.
Mary P. Ewing to Maskell Ewing

Woodstock
Monday morning, June 7th, 1824.

... Aunt Beatty and a student of divinity spent three days with us week before last. We also had at the same time they were here Mr. Frederick the piano tuner. He came up on Friday evening and stayed 'till Saturday afternoon. He came just as all the family were going to Uncles to tea and I congratulating myself I would only have my own tea to get. He shortly joined the piano and I to getting tea, as I thought after riding from the city on horseback his appetite would be keen. He however eat very sparingly of the substantial supper I had provided. He then walked over to Mr. Gaskills and tuned theirs, returned and staid all night and next morning after breakfast went up to cousin Matilda's and was back to dinner and after dinner went to Judge Jones and Mr. Humphreys. . . .

7.
Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing
November 27, 1825

... Mr Thomas Penn Gaskell has arrived in this country and been to see us. He called one morning on an elegant grey horse and fastened him to the tree, he was most too fiery, jumped back, and run off before Mr G. could get into the house. We had no man so he was obliged to catch him and put him in the stable after that, he came in, and we were ready to see him. You never saw such a pair of wiskers, as red and down to his chin. His hair is cut short behind and before, it is quite long and stands out like a brush. He is not near as good looking nor his manners are not improved. He speaks in the english style, leaving out the H. Instead of Horse he says Orse. He told Mr Charles Hanphries if he would call at the mantion house hotell he could see his ound, in other words hound, that he brought over with him. He also told Mr H. he understood he had an orse for sale and if it would carry a certain number of stone he would take it, but it did not suit. He lives at Mrs. Bensons, keeps an orse an ound, and a servant boy. He told us the next time he came to the country he would bring his servent to hold his orse.

Speaking of his sister Jane's being at Mr Jameson's school, he said with his consent she should not have gone, for he thought a lady could not have a polished education without she had a private goveness, for in England the first families always had govenesses for there children. I think Tom Gaskell ought not to talk in that style after the education he had. If any one will ask him what collage he was educated at he will be a little stumped I guess . . . .

8.
Mary P. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing
January 1st 1826

... Mama and I are all that are at home. Sister L has been in the city since saturday week and
expects to stay a week longer. It has been rather dull in doors and out as Mama has been all the week engaged putting up our beef and Pork, making sausages, scrapple, etc., etc., and has not set an hour with me during the day, so that I had the parlour solely to myself.

We have had a great deal of trouble this winter for want of steady man and indeed a man at all, as we have been without any to chop us a stick of wood, and Mama and Ann had to attend to the cattle. Our neighbors think it strange Uncle should leave us. The man we now have is very clever when he is at home, but he is so often going off and leaving us for two days. He went away yesterday morning and has not yet made his appearance. He has cut his hand very bad and says he cannot work, but if he would only stay and look after things. Ann chops wood and fodder cattle, 'tis well she is so good natured, but it is so great a charge for Mama she can scarcely sleep at night. I shall be glad when we give up the farm.

Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

[January 1st 1826]

... I went last Saturday morning to the Jews Synagogue, it is in Cherry Street. The room is round and at one side is a place raised three steps with a desk covered with crimson velvet and back of it a seat with a cushion. The carpet is very handsome brussels all over, the center which is an open circle, the seats all facing it round. Oposite this desk or pulpit is four steps and then the partition raises and there is a closet with crimson curtains and under them is kept the roll or holy rit. The men all set down stairs and the women up in the gallery. It does not appear like church. The priest reads to one man out of this roll standing at the desk. After that all begin to sing, then another comes and he [?] goes three or four of them, then the roll is taken by one man, and two boys come, one rolls a ribbon round, and the other puts a cover of crimson damask over and on the top two balls with bells round of silver on the top. After this the priest sings and then a man bearing this goes first, after him the priest, after him two others, and they walk slow, singing until they get to this place, where they deposit the roll and then all sing, which closes the service. There is a lamp all the time with one taper burning over where the rolls are kept.

In the afternoon we all went to see the magic lanthron shown by Mr Bedell to the children of his class. They are scripture pieces, Joseph and his brethren was the subject, and they were questioned on them. It was very handsome. I never saw it shown in that way. Before, there was a frame perhaps 8 feet square covered with thin muslin, behind it was the lanthron and the one that shewed it. The pictures you saw as if they were painted as large as life on this muslin. The room being dark you could only see them.

I have seen a great many pretty Christmas gifts since I have been here, though I have not received any. At Mr. E. Twells they had desected pictures which were very entertaining to put together and baby houses with chairs, tables, a bird cage, The bird sung in the way the cookoo is made.

9.
Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Woodstock April 14, 1826

There was a dreadful thing happened a few weeks ago up in the Valley. A young man by the name of Matlack, cousin to Mrs. Ledom, had been learning the tanning business and wanted to set up for himself in Bucks County. He came on to his mothers in the Valley and asked his gardian (his father being dead) for some money. His gardian collected five hundred dollars for him, this was on Saturday. That evening some young girls took tea with his mother and he went part way home with them, was very lively, and the girls meeting their brother, he bade them good night. He went to a tavern on his way back, called for a light and a piece of paper. It was given him, he wrote something, and put it in his pocket. He did not go home that night and the family thought nothing of it, but next morning one of the men went to get corn out of the crib and found him hanging and stif. He was hung with a silk handkerchief and his hands tied to gather with another. There was a place where he must have stood to do it and then swung himself off. What a dreadful thing for his poor mother. In his pocket was found a piece of paper with "farewell dear mother and brothers, this is the last night," and there he stoped.

There was a sale of Jewelry at Auction last week and brother Hunter went to it. He got himself a most elegant diamond breast pin. He shewed it a jeweler who told him the real value was between 40 and 50 dollars, and he got it for
8. What do you think of that bargain? I told brother if there was another to try and get you one.

10.

Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Woodstock, May 2, 1826

Dear brother

I have been all day nailing up rose bushes and fixing our yard and house to make it look smart. I have cut some very handsome leaves to go round the candlesticks, four long ones to hang down, and the same number of short ones to stand up. After they are cut in different patterns they are dipped into spermaceti and gives them the appearance of wax.

They have commenced building the Arcade in Chestnut Street where Judge Tilman's [Tilghman's] house stood. It will make that street the broadway of Philadelphia. Two gentlemen (the paper says) were walking past there. One observed to the other "they are gutting that house?" "Yes," said the other, "for the liver went out yesterday, and they are taking out the lights today." I think this was a very good pun. There is another one quite as good. Two gentlemen walking early were met by a man carrying a basket of bread who happened to knock against one of the gentlemen, who turning to his companion observed "that is an impudent fellow." "Oh! no," said the other, "he is the best bread man in the city." You perhaps have seen these before, but I thought they were so good I would send them to you.

The miss Gaskells have returned from the city all accomplished. I have not yet seen them for they have not been over here and I could not go to see them. Alexander is still in the city. I have a notion he is not much improved, for when I was in the city he was walking up chesnut street, oposite the state house, gapeing about him with one hand on his hip and the other swinging. I thought he could not see the town there was so many houses. Thomas is not much improved in some things, for last sunday he brought his wife to church, left her, and went to the buck tavern. I don't think that looks well in Tommy who used always to go to that church. Uncle said it put him in mind of a remark Mrs Allen made when they were there. She said there was one family came to Hyde park Church that thought they conferred a favour on the deity by coming, but Mr Gaskell would not even do that. I know when I was in the city mary said she would like to go to Dr. Wilsons church, but she could not get Mr Gaskell to go any place but the church of England. Now you know before he went to England he very seldom went to Episcopal church and now he must take great airs on himself.

We have a new store at Radnor which promises to be very good and cheap. Yesterday Sarah Benedect (Aunt Hunters niece) and I went there. We got very good domestic muslin for 12 1/2 cents per yard and a great many more cheap things. Now I do not see how they can afford to make so cheap, for the weaving I should think would be worth 12 1/2 without the cotton. I do not think it will be long cheep for the factories in Philadelphia are almost all stopped on account of failures. It really is a distressing thing to see so many people going. Mr Edward Twells made an agreement last week. It is said he has failed for one hundred thousand dollars and can pay, if they will give time, ten shillings in the pound. He has part of Mrs Godfrey Twells property in his hands. Whether she will lose any thing I do not yet know.

Last summer Uncle had a gardner, an old man by the name of Michel, who went over to Ireland with his daughter to leave her with his mother, his wife being dead. When he was going Uncle and Aunt gave him a ham and some other things. He was so greatful for what they did that last week he returned to this country and brought as a present a pair of silk stocking apiece for Uncle and Aunt, and more than that he has brought a wife with him. He was quite disappointed when he found Uncle had another gardner, for he was in hopes he could get there, for a greater Lady and Gentleman never lived.

Uncle was telling me a very good anicdote of
Judge Peters. You know he is full of wit and humour. Some time ago the sailors of a ship brought an action against the captain for giving them bad bread. The Judge took his seat and the piece of bread was put before him. While Mr. Tilman was examining, the witnesses the Judge was eating, little by little, of the bread until he had eaten it all. When Mr. Tilman turned round for the bread, he said "why Judge, you have eaten all my evidence." "Ah, well," said the judge, "you know I have to digest, so it was better to eat it." I think that was evidence enough of it being good, for the Judge to eat it.

11.
Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing
Woodstock 5th June 1826

... Sister Elinor, Miss Benadict, and myself have become teachers at the Radnor and Mer­ rion Sunday school which is held at the Method­ istic Meeting house. We have quite a large school, I think about sixty, and it is increasing every Sunday. I have some very smart girls in my class. One you know, Catharine Jourdand, she used to go to Mr. Blakeway when we did. She says almost every Sunday seven hymns and twelve verses of scripture from memory, but such a singer you never heard. No one can follow when she is by, for she is three notes higher than any one else and no tune in it, just squeal, squeal like a pig in a fence. ...

Mary P. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing
[Woodstock 5th June 1826]

... I was nearly five weeks in the city, had rather a dull visit, as Mrs Twells with whom I staid was in trouble from the time I went there until I came away. Mr Edward Twells (to the astonishment of every body) failed, and as the money for the sale of the stock and produce of her place was in his hands to the amount of two thousand dollars, and altho' Mr Godfrey Twells had relinquished all concern in the house when he moved to our neighborhood, they had neglected to publish the dissolution of partnership and of course his property was involved. A week after his failure Mr Biddle, her brother in law, also failed for near five hundred thousand. This involved her brothers, the Mr Stokes, and they had to give up. This threw Mrs T. into so much trouble as to affect her health, and what with low spirits and bad health, it was as much as I could do to try and cheer her up. I heard from her yesterday. She writes she is no better. They all move to the country again to a place of her fathers near the falls of Shuylkill, as the city is no place for broken fortunes. She intends making us a long visit this summer in return for mine. We are all quite anxious to hear how you will pass. I was quite surprised to see Mr Markleys and John Kane's name among the examiners. The latter may do, but the former is surely not at all capable.

12.
Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing
New York Jany 16th 1827

I must now tell you of the wedding which I officiated as first bridesmaid for the first time. You perhaps know it was Miss C Gaskell that was married as it was before hinted to you. We had a very pleasant time and looked quite smart. Our dresses were all alike, book muslin over cambrick muslin and long white satin sashes, short sleeves and long white kid gloves (the sashes and gloves the bride gave us), white shoes and silk stockings. The bride was dressed in white satin, over it a lace dress with rolles of satin put in waves and at the top of every wave a leaf of satin. It was very elegant. An elegant set of pearl earings and breast pin, a present from Mr hall, finished her dress. She looked better than I ever saw her. The old Bishop was up and married them.
After the wedding we had some fun in running the cake through the ring and writing names. After that there was a cake with a ring in it and all were to cut for it. As I was the first bridesmaid I must cut first, then sister cut and took the piece out, and on the side I cut the ring stuck. However they all said I did not get it, so sister Elinor took the cake and put the ring in another place. I then cut, sister next, the first groomsmen, Mr Smith, then the second, Dr Black. After that the piece was taken out, and sticking to the side Mr Smith cut was the ring, just as it was when I cut, so he and Dr Black could not decide which was to have it. After this I was asked to play. I did so and among the rest of the songs was “Mr Po,” which pleased the old Bishop very much.24 He said it was the best song he had heard for a long time and some other compliments on your sister[s] fine voice. Don’t laugh, I will come on to Fortress Monroe and sing on the stage I believe—be Miss Kelley or Miss Jefferson or any one that will please you best. By and by, talking of Miss Kelley, I heard her sing this winter the Mermaid song and was very much disappointed. I had heard she sang so elegantly. Her acting I liked and her singing was very good but not so soft a voice as Mrs Burk or Miss Jefferson.

13.
Louisa E. Ewing to M askell C. Ewing

New York Feb 21st 1827

I have been to see the Battery and Castle garden from which there is one of the handsomest views I ever saw. The snow on the mountains at a distance shewed very plain. I do not think the city generally as handsome as Philadelpia. I have been over a great part of it, as Mrs Brown most always rides when she goes out, and I am often invited to accompany her which gives me a good opportunity to see places which would be too far to walk without being tired. They are building an Arcade here it is very pretty but not more than one third as large as the one in Phila. The week after I wrote you Mr. and Mrs. Hall came on to this place. Mrs. Brown called with us an invited them here to tea and some other company to join them. Mrs. Hall told me that evening they were going the next evening Tuesday to the english opera to hear Sigionia Garcia [Signorina Garcia] as she is still called and invited me to go with them.25 I accepted of course much pleased to have an opportunity of going, and they called for me in a carriage. The play was “Love in a Village,” the after piece “Actor of All things.” I was delighted. She is certainly the finest singer I ever heard, her voice is so sweet and the Italian accent is very sweet. She speaks the english much plainer than I expected to hear her. There is a Mr. Kean acting with her sings very well. Her songs were “Home Sweet Home” and “Oh young maidens hearts beware,” these she sang herself, then she and Mr. Kean sang two Duettts which were very handsome, then Mr. Kean sang two or three songs among which was one from Moore, “Farewell but when ever you welcome the hour,” the tune composed by himself. It is a most beautiful song and I have tried to get the notes but they tell me he has not published them. The after piece was one man imitating all the different actors, which was very good to those that understood it, but I did not any but the comic songs which were very amusing. As I was bridesmaid to Mrs. Hall she invited me but not Miss Benedict, who was quite offended, but I do not think she ought to be, for Miss Gaskell invited her to her wedding and instead of staying to attend it as Uncle and I did she came off to N.Y., so I think she could not expect they would invite her. She, it appears, had quite a crying spell after I started, and Aunt H the friday afterwards said she would take Sarah and told Mr Brown to ask Theodore Allen to get tickets. Uncle did not want to go but Aunt had made up her mind and told Mr B— to get three tickets, one for Uncle, Sarah, and herself. She asked me if I wanted to go again. As the play was the same I said “no, I believe not.” However, in the evening, Theodore came and said he was going also.
“Well,” said Uncle, “I will give Louisa my ticket, I don’t want to go.” I told Uncle I did not care about going as I had been before, and Mr. Allen said he did not like to take charge of three ladies in a crowd, but he would give me his ticket and get one at the door. I asked him if he was sure he could get one. He said yes and as Uncle would not go without me I went the second time and was as much pleased as the first. The afterpiece was different, or the frontpiece it ought to be called for it was first. It was the “wedding day.” Lord and Lady Contest were the principal characters in the play.

There is now two or three ballad [ballet] dancers here just arrived from France making a great noise. There is not many ladies attend as they dress rather indelicate it is said, but the dancing surpasses any ever before seen in this country. A Mrs. Huton is the leader.26

I must now tell you of the parties I have been at. One at Mrs Dickey’s, it was small, what they call sociable parties, about twenty besides there own family. We danced to the piano and spent a very pleasant evening. I was very much pleased with the miss D., they are very pretty and agreeable. Another party at Mrs. Crosbys, very pleasant and an object to be invited to next Friday again. Another at Mrs Bakers, very agreeable except the weather, which was bad, pouring rain and freezing as fast as it fell, and Monday last Mrs Brown gave one.

Oh!, I wish you had been here, there was seventy invitations but only thirty three, rooms open and the music was a violine, tamborine, clarinette. They played very well and we had a most delightful time. All the good things there could be got. The fashion is for a table to be set in the middle of the floor and on it two pyramids of sugar candy webs, one with candied oranges and the other coconut cakes in them, and bunches of flowers on the top, one pyramid of ice cream in the center, then chicken salled, sliced tongue, bread and butter, pickled oysters. The gentlemen help the ladies and take it round the room too them, then the gentlemen all go into another room where there is more substantial food but all cold, and there they eat after that champain is handed round. Then we went to dancing until two O’clock when the party broke up. So, as it is time to dress for receiving calling company, after the great occasion. . . .

Mr Brown had a dinner party some time ago. Among the gentlemen was one Captain Terril (?), one of Mr B ship captains. He is from Delaware county. He inquired of Mr B after we had left the table who I was. Mr B told him. He said he knew papa very well and he thought I was an honour to the county I came from, I was such an elegant looking lady. What do you think of that for a compliment? If it had been from a young gentleman instead of an old one you might have said “good-by miss, you are off now.”

To be continued . . .

NOTES
1. The first annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Society for the Promotion of Agriculture was held “at the Paoli” on October 22, 23, and 24, 1823. Agricultural shows of this sort, the precursors of state and county fairs, were very popular in the decades before the Civil War. Poultson’s American Daily Advertiser (Oct. 20, 1823).
2. Alexander Wilson’s American Ornithology (Phila., 1808-14) was the first extensive work on American birds published in this country. It contains hand-colored plates. The 1826 edition was printed on paper made by Amies, a Ewing neighbor whose mills in Delaware County produced especially fine writing and drawing paper.
3. The aptly named Philip Syng Physick (1768-1837) was a leading surgeon and medical school teacher in Philadelphia in this period.
4. The series of eight astronomy lectures were being delivered at the theater in Philadelphia by Robert Goodacre for a second time, due to widespread popular interest. Goodacre had presented the course previously in Washington. Outlines of the lectures were published in both cities. Poultson’s American Daily Advertiser (Oct. 30, 1823).
5. The magnificently furnished Joseph Sims residence, at the southwest corner of 9th and Chestnut Street, was designed by Benjamin Latrobe and built in 1801. After Sims’ bankruptcy, the house was acquired by Edward Shippen Burd. It survived until the early 1860s, long enough to be recorded for posterity in photographs. Kenneth Finkel, Nineteenth-Century Photography in Philadelphia: 250 Historic Prints from the Library Company of Philadelphia (New York, 1980), 51, 59, 81.
6. The older brother, J. Hunter Ewing (1798-1827), was a doctor in Berks County. See American Magazine, v.2, n.2 (Autumn/Winter, 1886/87), 27-48, and v.3, n.1 (Spring/Summer, 1887), 45-54, for perviously published letters of Dr. Ewing.
8. Gibbs was a Black musician who appears to have been associated with Frank Johnson. See note 9 below.
9. Frank Johnson (1792-1844), a Black man believed to have been born in Martinique, was undoubtedly the most talentated instrumental musician in the United States in his era. He was a brilliant cornetist, and showman, a composer, and a superb organizer and businessman. His military band was famous and his dance band was the first to take an

10. The lunar eclipse occurred on the night of January 16, 1824.


13. Thomas Penn Gaskill (1796–1846) was the son of Peter Penn-Gaskill (1763–1831), descendant of William Penn’s eldest son who had inherited Penn property in Ireland. Peter emigrated to the United States in 1785, married Elizabeth Edwards of Radford Township, and lived at “Ashwood,” in present-day Villanova. When Peter’s father died in 1823, he inherited the Irish estate, on the condition that he affix the Penn name to his own. Howard M. Jenkins, The Family of William Penn (Philadelphia, 1899).

14. Scrapple originated with the Pennsylvania Germans, but by the 1820s was obviously popular among non-Germans as well. It is made of pork scraps, cooked in broth and thickened with corn meal and flour. It remains one of the few distinctively regional foods, loved by Philadelphians and their descendants, mistrusted by all others. It is generally sold in cakes which are cut thin and fried to a crisp for breakfast. Mary Anne Hines, et al., The Larder Invaded (Library Company of Philadelphia, 1987), 53.

15. Congregation Mickveh Israel (Hope of Israel), the oldest Jewish organization of worship in Pennsylvania, dedicated the new synagogue in Cherry Street, above Third, on January 21, 1824. The building served the congregation until 1860. Henry Samuel Morais, The Jews of Philadelphia (Philadelphia, 1894), 44–64.

16. Gregory T. Bedell (1793–1834) was the highly popular and energetic minister of St. Andrews Episcopal Church, 8th and Spruce Streets. In the age before film, magic lantern shows of the sort described were very popular attractions. Appleton’s Cyclopaedia of American Biography (N.Y., 1887–89), v.1, 215.

17. “Detected pictures” are, of course, picture puzzles, and “baby houses” are what we would call doll houses.

18. M. & S. Thomas Auctioneers, 87 Chestnut Street, held a jewelry auction on April 5, 1826, which included a sufficient quantity to justify issuing a printed catalogue. Poultson’s American Daily Advertiser (April 5, 1826), 2.


20. Richard Peters (1744–1828) was appointed by Washington to the federal District Court for Pennsylvania in 1792 and held the position until his death. He was an authority on maritime law and was noted for his wit. Appleton’s Cyclopaedia of American Biography, v.4, 743–44.

21. As was the case with many of the early Sunday schools, that of Radium and Marion in 1826 was obviously interdenominational. By the 1830s, even Protestant churches found this sort of cooperation difficult, and regional Sunday schools were replaced by strictly Methodist, Baptist, or Presbyterian efforts connected to each individual church.


23. The “old Bishop” referred to here was William White (1748–1836), first Episcopal Bishop of Pennsylvania, who was at this point semi-retired, and helped in his parochial duties by an Assistant Bishop.

24. The song which Bishop White enjoyed so much was “Mister Poe,” the first line of which was “Mister Poe was a man of great riches and fame.” It appeared in the Songster’s New Pocket Companion (Boston, 1817). Richard J. Wolfe, Secular Music in America, 1801–1825 (N.Y., 1964), listing 6817.

25. Signorina Maria Garcia (1808–1836), Mrs. Malibran, was the finest singer to perform in America up to this date. She and other members of her family had accompanied her father Manuel Garcia to New York in 1825, and in the course of two seasons they introduced Italian opera to North America. Maria had sung lead roles at the American premieres of The Barber of Seville and Don Giovanni.


Peeping Thomson

James Thomson (1700–1748), poet, was born in Scotland, the son of a Presbyterian minister. After attending the College of Edinburgh from 1715 to 1725, he decided not to pursue a career in theology and moved to England to pursue a literary career.

A prolific poet and playwright, he attracted attention in 1726 with the publication of Winter, the first of a series of long, blank verse poems. He followed up with Spring, Summer, and Autumn in the next two years. They were published together as The Seasons in 1730. Thomson revised this work constantly until his untimely death, and it was one of the most popular, widely read and published pieces of poetry on both sides of the Atlantic over the following century. The Dictionary of National Biography states that “From 1750 to 1850 Thomson was in England the poet, par excellence, not of the eclectic and literary few, but of the large and increasing cultivated middle class.”
The following anecdote undoubtedly originated with his detractors. We cannot vouch for its truth, but, if a little naughty, it is amusing.

Original Anecdote of Mr. Thomson, author of the Seasons.

Every circumstance that throws light upon the lives of great men is of consequence.

Mr. Thomson, notwithstanding the liberality of his mind, was remarkably subject to vulgar terrors, or in other words, afraid of ghosts and hobgoblins: and, however extraordinary it may seem in a man of such a philosophic turn, for the first twenty years of his life, at least, he durst never permit his room door to be shut; and was perfectly miserable when he was obliged to sleep in a strange house, when he did not know his vicinity to the family. With this weakness of mind the following anecdote is somewhat connected.

While a student at the university of Edinburgh, Mr. Thomson was entertained as private tutor to Lord Cranston's eldest son, and spent the summer months at the seat of that family. During his continuance in that character, young Thomson was smitten with the beauty of Miss Cranston; and, as he could have no hopes of gratifying his passion, he was willing at least to gratify his curiosity, which he did in the following manner: He lay in the room immediately above Miss Cranston's; her room was not ceiled, a circumstance which may seem extremely singular to the reader of these days, but which was by no means singular in Scotland at that time. He was desirous to see Miss Cranston undressed, or if possible naked; he therefore found means to make a hole through the floor, into which he put a cork to prevent discovery; and when he thought the young lady would be going to bed, of which it may be supposed he had in general pretty good information, he pulled out the cork to admire the beauties of his beloved object.

One evening, however, when either his curiosity had led him more early to his station, or when Miss Cranston was later of going to bed, or whatever else was the cause, he fell fast asleep; and instead of his eye his mouth met the hole, and there he lay, and he snored.

Miss Cranston was alarmed at the sound: She called her maid, and enquired the cause. Waiting maids are a kind of Arguses; her maid was no stranger to the Phenomenon.

"O lud! (cries she) it is Mr. Thomson; he is fallen asleep at his hole"

"What hole."—replied the young lady.

"Have patience, madam, and I will tell you: so you knew nothing of the matter."

"How should I."—interrupted Miss Cranston.

"How should you not? For if any man had looked half so tenderly on me, I should have known it long ago: Mr. Thomson, madam, is desperately in love with you. He talks about you in his sleep so loud that I can hear him in the garret; which, to be sure, is not far from his room: howsoever he is almost out of his wits about you; and, in sweeping the room, Betty tells me, she has for some time past discovered a hole filled up with a cork, of which I can easily conceive the use."

"How the girl raves!"—cried Miss Cranston.

"It is no raving, I assure you, madam; and if you will only let me make use of the candle, I will shew you some sport."

So saying she seized the candle and stepping up on a chair, applied it to the lips of poor Thomson; who, forgetting where he was, sprang up with as loud a roar as if all the devils in hell had been torturing him; and it was not without the utmost difficulty he could be prevailed on to go to bed, though entirely ignorant of the affront.

The Freeman's Journal: or, North-American Intelligencer.
Philadelphia, October 15, 1783.

From the Kitchen
by Jan Longone

An expectant hush fell over the crowd. Strong men stared and shook their heads in wonderment that any rational person would so tempt fate as to eat something everyone knew was poisonous. Women held their breath; they say one fainted. A medical doctor stood by. He had already advised both the crowd and
his client that this mad act would result in frothing and foaming at the mouth, acute appendicitis, brain fever, possible stomach cancer, and in all likelihood, certain suicide! The date was September 26, 1820; the place, the courthouse steps in Salem, New Jersey; the principal actor, the eccentric Col. Robert Gibbon Johnson; the mad act, eating a basketful of raw tomatoes.

So the story goes, has gone, and has been repeated scores of times in almost yearly articles in major American newspapers and journals. “Everyone” believes that before that time, Americans did not eat tomatoes because they were thought to be poisonous; and after that event, which acted as a catalyst, tomatoes slowly entered the main stream of American diet. Is this bit of culinary lore true? Well, yes and no.

Culinary historians are just beginning to examine the use of the tomato in America and throughout the world. Special mention must be made of the pioneering research of Rudolf Grewe and Karen Hess, to both of whom this author is indebted. To trace the history of the tomato in America, one must examine travel and discovery literature, garden books, herbals, materia medica, diaries and a wide range of other sources in addition to printed cookbooks and handwritten receipt books.

Rarely has there been so much misinformation, contradiction, plagiarism and misinterpretation as is found in historical references to the tomato, or Lycopersicon esculentum to use its correct, scientific name. The literature, however, does reveal a fascinating chronological tale of the travels of the tomato from the New World to the Old, back to the New.

Native to the New World, the wild berry-like tomato spread northward from its ancestral home in the Peru-Bolivia-Ecuador regions of South America to become fully cultivated and a staple in the diet of the Aztecs by the time of the Conquest. Indeed, our word “tomato” derives from the Nahauatl/Aztec tomatl. Accounts of sixteenth century Mexico mention tomatoes in the market place and as a major ingredient in numerous dishes. The most common use of the tomato, combined with chili peppers, was as a multi-purpose sauce, and, combined with red, yellow or green chilis and crushed squash seeds, as the gravy in casseroles of meat, fish, and fowl.


The Tomato seller sells large tomatoes, small tomatoes, leaf tomatoes, thin tomatoes, sweet tomatoes, large serpent tomatoes, nipple-shaped tomatoes, serpent tomatoes. Also he sells coyote tomatoes, sand tomatoes, those which are yellow, very yellow, quite yellow, red, very red, quite ruddy, ruddy, bright red, reddish, rosy dawn colored.

The bad tomato seller sells spoiled tomatoes, bruised tomatoes, those which cause diarrhea; the sour, the very sour. Also he sells the green, the hard ones, those which scratch one’s throat, which disturb—trouble one; which make one’s saliva smack, make one’s saliva flow; the harsh ones, those which burn the throat....

Although references to the tomato are not prominent in the early literature, the first published European citation appeared within twenty-five years of the arrival of Cortez on the Mexican shores. In Della Historia e Medicinale (Venice, 1544), Petrus Andreas Matthioli mentions the tomato as having been brought to Italy “in our time.” He goes on to indicate that in Italy the tomato was eaten “fried in oil and with salt and pepper.” This last observation is repeated and repeated, with slight variation, for about 200 years by authors writing in a dozen European languages.

Ten years later, in his Cruydboeck (Antwerp, 1554), Rembert Dodoens devotes an entire chapter to the tomato. It is here that we begin to find reference to the “coldness,” the danger, the possible poisonous aspects of the tomato. This information, often with contradictory statements of the efficacious uses of the plant (helpful for eye disease, good against scabies), is also repeated in the literature for two centuries.

By 1553, an illustration of the tomato, drawn from plants in the author’s garden, is found in the Herbarium des Georg Oelinger (Nurnburg). In the first Spanish book on gardening, Agricultura des Jardines (Madrid, 1592), Gregorio de los Rios mentions the tomato and observes that it was said to be good for sauces.
The first edition of the renowned John Gerarde Herball (London, 1597) states that tomatoes "do grow in Spain, Italy and such hot countries from whence myself have received seeds for my garden where they do increase and prosper." He then repeats the earlier information that, "In Spain and those hot regions, they used to eat the apples, prepared and boiled with pepper, salt and oil; but they yield very little nourishment to the body and the same naught and corrupt. Likewise they do eat the apples with oil, vinegar and pepper mixed together for sauce for their meat, even as we in these cold countries do mustard."

The term "apples" refers to the tomato. It was also variously known as the golden apple, love apple, apple of Paradise, Peruvian apple, Turkish apple, apple of the Moors and wolf peach.

Thus by the end of the sixteenth century, the literature establishes wide knowledge of the tomato and its use as food. The northern writers, however, are still emphasizing its possible poisonous aspects even as the southerners are eating and enjoying it. It is abundantly clear that tomatoes were grown throughout Europe and around the Mediterranean basin within one hundred years of Columbus' voyages and only seventy-five years after they were first encountered by Cortez in Mexico.

Seventeenth-century sources document the continued spread of the tomato throughout the world. In Paradisi in Sole (London, 1629), John Parkinson, referring to tomatoes as "apples of love" and "Yellow Amorous Apples," indicates that although they grew naturally in the hot countries of Barbary and Ethiopia, he grew them in his gardens in England only for curiosity and for their "amorous aspect or beauty of their fruit." He then repeats the earlier information that, "In the hot countries ... they are much eaten of the people, to cool and quench the heat and thirst of their hot stomachs."

Joannes Eusebius Nierembergius' Historia Naturae (Antwerp, 1635) mentions that the tomato is "described as being used to make a pickle, and as bringing out the flavor of foods and stimulating the appetite." He then offers a dozen positive medical uses of the tomato plant. Writing of his voyage to North Africa in An Account of West Barbary (Oxford, 1671), Lancelot Addison notes that, "Besides the salad ordinary in other countries, they have one sort rarely met in Europe which they call ... Tomates. This grows in the common fields, when ripe is plucked and eaten with oil; it is pleasant but apt to cloy."

By the end of the seventeenth century, the first formal printed recipes using tomatoes appear. They are found in Lo Scalco alla Moderno (Naples 1692/4) by Antonio Latini. Naples was then still a part of the Spanish empire and, intriguingly, all the recipes using tomatoes are labelled alla Spagnuola or Spanish style. In this work the recipe for tomato sauce harks back to its Mexican origin in that it includes chili peppers. Fifty years later a Spanish cookbook, Juan de la Mata's Arte de Reposteria (Madrid, 1747), offers a very similar tomato sauce recipe but this time without the chili peppers. As culinary historian Rudolf Grewe has pointed out, "The tie with its Aztec origins cut, the tomato has finally been assimilated and integrated into Spanish culinary traditions."

By about this time, in fact, the tomato was being integrated into the culinary traditions of many of the world's cultures. Eighteenth-century literature is replete with references to its use in Bohemia, Syria, Egypt, the West Indies, India, the East Indies, the Moluccas and Cochin China, in addition to the countries already discussed.

By mid-century the tomato was no longer a culinary curiosity in northern Europe. Philip Miller's Gardeners Dictionary (London, 1752) mentions that the tomato is "now much used in England," especially for soups and sauces. Abbé François Rozier, in his Dictionnaire d'Agriculture (Paris, 1789), indicates that the tomato is used in sauces for all kinds of foods and that the juice is expressed and preserved for winter by the addition of salt and a little vinegar. He calls the tomato a "delicate and refreshing food" and observes that it is much sought after in Italy, Spain, Languedoc, and Provence.

By the last third of the eighteenth century, cookbooks from England, France, Italy, and Spain frequently contained tomato recipes. We know that books from all these countries influenced American cooking. Cookbooks containing tomato recipes were brought to and bought in America during the eighteenth century. This includes various editions of the most influential English cookery book of the day, Hannah Glasse's The Art of Cookery. No tomato recipes appear in the first edition (London, 1747) but later editions, including some we know were used in the Colonies, did contain them.

In addition, it is clear that immigrants from these countries brought their food preferences...
and customs with them to America. There are stories of an Italian painter abortively attempting to introduce the tomato to Salem, Massachusetts in 1802; of a French refugee from St. Domingo somewhat more successfully attempting to do the same in Philadelphia in 1798; and of old French settlers on the banks of the Kaskaskia in Illinois growing and eating them around 1802.

The American writer Kenneth Roberts tells us that, although many New Englanders shunned the tomato in colonial times and in the early days of the Republic, seafaring Maine families did not. In Trending into Maine (Boston, 1938), Roberts explains that sea captains were introduced to the tomato on voyages to Cuba, the West Indies, and Spain and brought seeds back with them. He goes on to say that the wives planted the seeds and used the tomato in sauces and ketchups (variably spelled catsup, catchup, ketsup and ketchup). He explains that ketchup was an integral adjunct to many Maine dishes from those days to his own. His family recipe for ketchup is for a completely unsweetened variety; he strongly agrees with State of Maine who feel that sweetened ketchup is “an offense against God and man, against nature and good taste.”

The first printed reference to tomatoes growing in America appears in William Salmon’s Botanologia (London, 1710). Salmon mentions that he has seen them grow “in Carolina which is the south-east part of Florida.” A half century later, Bartram mentions the tomato in its context as a food plant in his “Diary of the Journey through the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida from July 1765 to April 10, 1766,” Transactions of the American Philosophical Society (Philadelphia, 1942).

In Notes on the State of Virginia (Paris, Lond., 1784-85), Thomas Jefferson indicates that tomatoes were common in Virginia gardens in 1782. He records their yearly appearance in the markets of Washington from 1801 to 1809, the years of his presidency, and he includes tomatoes routinely in his Garden Book from 1809 to 1824.

A manuscript recipe “To Keep Tomatoes for Winter Use” is found in the 1770 records of Harriet Pinckney Horry of South Carolina, and another handwritten treasure calling for one hundred tomatoes to make ketchup appears in the 1801 receipt book of Mrs. Samuel Whitehorne of Newport, Rhode Island.

Additional evidence of the acceptance of the tomato in late eighteenth-century America is its appearance in various seed catalogs, including those of the David Landreth Seed Co. (1784) and the Bernard McMahon Co. (1794), both of Philadelphia. American farm books and garden calendars of the day routinely list working with tomatoes among the chores to be done season by season. Bernard McMahon, in his American Gardener’s Calendar (Philadelphia, 1806), mentions that the tomato is “much cultivated for its fruit, in soups and sauces . . . is also stewed and dressed in various ways, and very much admired.”

The first cookbook published in America containing a recipe using tomatoes appears in 1792. The recipe, “To Dress Haddock in the Spanish Way” is found in Richard Briggs’s New Art of Cookery (Philadelphia, from the London edition of 1788). This book was very popular among the Quakers of Philadelphia and influential through its use in Mrs. Goodfellow’s Cooking School, which flourished in that city in the early nineteenth century. For the next twenty-five years, many cookbooks published in America contained some tomato recipes. For example, tomato sauces and methods for preserving tomatoes can be found in Nicolas Appert’s The Art of Preserving (New York, 1812); A Society of Gentlemen The Universal Receipt Book, (New York, 1814); Mrs. Maria Eliza Rundell’s Domestic Cookery (New York, 1817); Priscilla Homespun The Universal Receipt Book, (Philadelphia, 1818); and Dr. William Kitchener’s The Cook’s Oracle (Boston, 1822).

And so we come to 1820 and Col. Johnson’s mad act of eating tomatoes. It is now clear that many Americans were eating tomatoes prior to this time although it is only with the publication of Mary Randolph’s The Virginia Housewife (Washington, 1824) that tomato recipes began to appear routinely and in abundance in American cookbooks. The usual lag time between the development of a body of recipes and their first appearance in print, as well as knowledge of Mrs. Randolph herself, indicate that both she and her compatriots were using tomatoes prior to 1800. Mrs. Randolph offers more than a dozen recipes for tomatoes, including marmalades, soys, gazpachos and catsoops. This is one of the earliest printed appearances for tomato catsup in any cookbook. Prior to this time, most catsups were made from mushroom rooms, walnuts, anchovies, and oysters.
After Mrs. Randolph, American cookbooks invariably included tomato recipes. For example, the first culinary encyclopedia published in the United States, Mrs. Lee's *The Cook's Own Book* (Boston, 1832), lists more than a dozen tomato recipes. These include French, Italian and Regular Tomato Sauces, Tomato Soup, and three different ketchup recipes. And a splendid but little known regional American cookbook, Mrs. Lettice Bryan's *The Kentucky Housewife* (Cincinnati, 1839), offers two dozen tomato recipes including Gumbo, Ochra Soup, A Fricandoo of Veal, Mutton Casseroles, To Fricassee Rabbitts, Fried Squirrels, To Bake Salmon, Spanish Mangoes, Fried Tomatoes, Tomato Jumbles and Tomato Jelly.

As culinary use of the tomato became more widespread, its medicinal qualities were once again being touted. An article in *The Cultivator*, Vol. 5 (Albany, N.Y., 1838) proclaims that, "There has been of late so much said in commendation of this vegetable as promotive of health, that we need not recommend its culture. It is a grateful and healthy vegetable... an excellent ingredient in soups, makes a good catsup, and... a fine sauce for meats."

One year later, a letter to the editor in *The Farmer's Monthly Visitor* (Concord, N.H., Oct. 20, 1839) supplies ample evidence of the apparent health-promoting properties of the tomato:

This plant is one of the most valuable and productive in the gardener's catalogue. When the Cholera raged at Cincinnati, some years since, it was found to be an excellent remedy; and in several instances persons given over by their physicians, have ascribed their cure to the eating of ripe Estomatos, in a raw state.

One person in almost the last stage of the disease, being left for a time alone, crawled out into his garden where a luxuriant bed of these plants was growing; thinking that the juice of the fruit would cool the burning fever that raged within him. He ate several, and was revived. He ate more, and was soon able to return to the house with more strength than when he crawled out. He ate them every day, and recovered his health. This fact I learned from one who witnessed the horrible ravages of the Cholera in the west seven years since.

Agricultural journals and books of the 1830s through the 1850s repeatedly refer to the increasing popularity of the tomato. Phrases such as the following are found sprinkled throughout this literature, from every part of the country:

"... at last, become common in our market..."—Charleston, 1831.

"... rapidly gained favor and is now one of the most common of all culinary vegetables..."—Washington, D.C., 1854.

"... extensively used in the west and southwest..."—Albany, 1835.

"... a useful article of diet and should be found on everyman's table..."—Maine, 1835.

In an article in *The Practical Farmer, Gardener and Housewife* (Cincinnati, 1843), E.J. Hooker observes that the recent discovery that the tomato was a “sovereign remedy” for dyspepsia had greatly increased consumption of the vegetable. He says that “you can’t lose with this vegetable. What can’t be sold raw can be sold as catsup.” He reports that one Cincinnati farmer “cleared $1000” on his tomato crop and he predicted that four times as many people would be using tomatoes in 1843 as had done so the previous year.

And finally, an observation in *The Cultivator* Vol. 9 (Albany, N.Y., 1842) succinctly sums up the situation: “Everybody cultivates the tomato and every one who has not deliberately made up his mind to be ranked among the nobodies has learned to eat it."

Thus we have traced the tomato from its wild origins in South America to its cultivation in Mexico and its dispersal, via the Conquistadors, to all parts of the earth. We have demonstrated its growing popularity in the United States from the mid-eighteenth century until one hundred years later when it had become the fashionable vegetable.

As to that bit of culinary lore about the role of Col. Johnson in all of this, is it true? As I said at the beginning of this article—well, yes and no.

*To Make an Olla—A Spanish Dish*

Take 2 lbs. beef, 1 lb. mutton, a chicken or half a pullet, and a small piece of pork; put them into a pot with very little water, and set it on the fire at ten o'clock to stew gently; you must sprinkle over it an onion chopped small, some pepper and salt, before you pour it in the water; at half after twelve, put into the pot two or three apples or pears peeled and cut in two, tomatoes with the skin taken off, cimblins cut in pieces, a handful of mint chopped, lima beans,
snaps, and any kind of vegetable you like, let them all stew together till three o'clock; some cellery tops cut small and added at half after two, will improve it much.

Gaspacha—Spanish
Put some soft biscuit or toasted bread in the bottom of a salatd bowl, put in a layer of sliced tomatoes with the skin taken off, and one of sliced cucumbers, sprinkled with pepper, salt, and chopped onion; do this until the bowl is full, stew some tomatoes quite soft, strain the juice, mix in some mustard and oil, and pour over it; make it two hours before it is eaten.

Tomato Catsup
Gather a peck of tomatoes, pick out the stems, and wash them; put them on the fire without water, sprinkle on a few spoonfuls of salt, let them boil steadily an hour, stirring them frequently, strain them through a colander, and then through a sieve; put the liquid on the fire with half a pint of chopped onions, a quarter of an ounce of mace broke into small pieces, and if not sufficiently salt, add a little more, one tablespoonful of whole black pepper, boil all together until just enough to fill two bottles; cork it tight. — Make it in August. Mary Randolph, *The Virginia Housewife* (Washington, 1824).

Tomato Marmalade
Gather full-grown tomatoes while quite green; take out the stems and stew them till soft; rub them through a sieve; put the pulp on the fire, seasoned highly with pepper, salt and powdered cloves; add some garlic, and stew all together till thick. It keeps well, and is excellent for seasoning gravies. Besides the numerous modes of preparing this delicious vegetable for the table, it may be stewed, after being peeled, with sugar, like cranberries and gooseberries, producing a tart equal to either of those fruits. Tomatoes make good pickles, pickled green; to peel them, pour boiling water on them, when the skin will come off easily.

Mrs. Lee, *The Cook's Own Book* (Boston, 1832).

Tomato Soy
For this purpose you must have the best and ripest tomatoes, and they must be gathered on a dry day. Do not peel them, but merely cut them into slices. Having strewed some salt over the bottom of a tub, put in the tomatoes in layers; sprinkling between each layer (which should be about two inches in thickness) a half pint of salt. Repeat this till you have put in eight quarts or one peck of tomatoes. Cover the tub and let it set for three days. Then early in the morning, put the tomatoes into a large porcelain kettle, and boil it slowly and steadily till ten at night, frequently mashing and stirring the tomatoes. Then put it out to cool. Next morning strain and press it through a sieve, and when no more liquid will pass through, put it into a clean kettle with two ounces of cloves, one ounce of mace, two ounces of black pepper, and two table-spoonfuls of cayenne, all powdered.

Again let it boil slowly and steadily all day, and put it to cool in the evening in a large pan. Cover it, and let it set all night. Next day put it into small bottles, securing the corks by dipping them in melted rosin, and tying leathers over them.

If made exactly according to these directions, and slowly and thoroughly boiled, it will keep for years in a cool dry place, and may be used much to the richness of soup and chowder. The garlic should be taken out before it is bottled. Mrs. [Lydia Maria] Child, *The American Frugal Housewife* (Boston, 1832).
for many purposes when fresh tomatoes are not to be had.

Miss [Eliza] Leslie, Directions For Cookery (Philadelphia, 1837).

Ochra Soup
Make a plentiful broth in the usual manner, of fresh beef, veal or poultry. Put into it equal proportions of ripe tomatoes and young ochras, having sliced the ochras very thin, and pared and sliced the tomatoes. Boil them gently till completely dissolved, pass it through a sieve, and return it again to the pan. Have enough of the tomatoes and ochra to make it tolerably thick, season it to your taste with salt, cayenne and butter; and as soon as it comes to a boil, pour it into a tureen, on some small bits of toasted bread.

Gumbo
Peel two quarts of ripe tomatoes, mix with them two quarts of young pods of ochra, and chop them small; put them into a stew-pan, without any water; add four ounces of butter, and salt and pepper to your taste, and boil them gently and steadily for one hour; then pass it through a sieve into a tureen, and send to table with it, crackers, toast, or light bread.

To Grill Rabbits
Take two fat young rabbits; case, clean and split them open on the backs, beat them flat with a roller, season them with salt, pepper, nutmeg and mace, and broil them on a gridiron till they are done and of a light brown, turning and basting them with butter as they may require. Have ready in a pan four ounces of drawn butter, to which add a glass of sweet cream, two minced onions, two ripe tomatoes which have been peeled and sliced, a teaspoonful of pepper and a small handful of grated bread; lay the rabbits in, let them simmer a minute or two, and serve up all together in a dish.

Tomato Jelly
Break up some fine ripe tomatoes; mix with them at least half the rind of a lemon to each pound of the tomatoes, and boil them slowly and steadily to a mash. Squeeze out all the juice, drip it through a thin jelly bag; to each pint of which, add a pound of loaf sugar, broken up, and the juice of half a lemon. Boil them steadily together till they form a very thick jelly; put it up in small jars, and cover them securely. This jelly will be found very nice and convenient, answering for many purposes that a thinner jelly would not.

Fried Tomatoes
Select them large and ripe, take off the peelings, cut them in thick slices, and season them with salt and pepper. Have ready a plate of finely grated bread, dip each side of the sliced tomatoes in it, taking care to make as much of the bread adhere to them as possible, and fry them brown in butter, which should be hot when they are put in. Serve them warm; mince very fine an onion or two, fry them in the gravy, and transfuse the whole over the tomatoes.

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

Tomato Honey
To each pound of tomatoes, allow the grated peel of a lemon and six fresh peach-leaves. Boil them slowly till they are all to pieces; then squeeze and strain them through a bag. To each pint of liquid allow a pound of loaf-sugar, and the juice of one lemon. Boil them together half an hour, or till they become a thick jelly. Then put it into glasses, and lay double tissue paper closely over the top. It will be scarcely distinguishable from real honey.

Miss [Eliza] Leslie, Directions for Cookery (Philadelphia, 1848).

The World of Maps
by David Bosse

For many collectors and scholars, a map's decorative and stylistic elements are as fascinating as its geographical and topographical content. Strange creatures and fantastic designs found on many early maps are not only entertaining, but are also revealing of the cultural milieu which produced them. The interplay of art, science, technology and culture can be dis-
cerned in cartography, providing a concise record of man's interpretation of the world. A recently published collection of essays edited by David Woodward, *Art and Cartography* (Univ. of Chicago Press, 1987), illuminates several aspects of this multi-faceted topic which is yet relatively untouched. The insights found in this book make one eager to scan familiar maps in search of overlooked information. Title cartouches, often crowded with symbolism and allegory, are an excellent starting point.

The cartouche, believed to be of Italian origin, began as a panel within a border on which the map title appeared. By the late sixteenth century it had evolved into an elaborate configuration of scrolls, strapwork and architectural renderings. Christopher Saxton's 1579 atlas of England and Wales incorporated heraldry, "classical" motifs, and iconography of the two countries into the titles. Perhaps the height of cartouche design was achieved by Dutch and Flemish engravers of the Renaissance who produced rich imagery mirroring contemporary schools of painting. Later, naturalism replaced abstract composition. Inhabitants of

the mapped region, along with native fauna and flora, were portrayed, supplementing and enhancing the geographic data.

The iconography of the New World was decidedly exotic and often sanguinary. Countless Europeans were the hapless victims of Indian cruelty in the ornamentation of American maps. The dichotomy of representing native peoples as ruthless savages and unspoiled prototypes of humankind can be found in numerous cartouches. A fine example is George Willdey's map of North America published in London in 1717. Here a serene Indian maiden looks heavenward to a portrait of George I, her upraised hand holding an arrow in offering, while at her feet lies the severed head of a colonist, pierced through with a similar arrow.

The cartouche of Willdey's map, engraved by H. Terasson, is typical of the formulaic style common to eighteenth-century British maps of America. Represented with the obligatory Indian are an alligator, two snakes, one with wings, and products of the land, in this case sugar cane and pineapples. The map is dedicated to the King and features his portrait supported by a pair of putti and flanked by Mercury and a female angel trumpeting his glory. Where Willdey deviates from his contemporaries and adds a truly innovative touch is in the panel below the title. Rather than add further decoration or armorial crests, Willdey chose the highly pragmatic tactic of advertising the goods available in his shop.

As a member of the Spectacle Maker's Company and manufacturer of optical instruments and toys, Willdey's business interests were broad. In 1710 he became partners with Charles Price and began selling a series of two-sheet maps published that year by Price, John Senex, and John Maxwell. This apparently
marked his entrance into the map trade. By 1713, several of the plates were owned solely by Willdey, the others being retained by Senex. These earlier plates were reissued by Willdey in 1717 as an atlas with additional maps engraved by Terasson and Emanuel Bowen. The map of North America is one of these. Geographically, it is an exact copy of the 1710 Senex map, the sole difference being the new cartouche and advertisement.

Drawn with no regard to scale, the presentation of Willdey's wares is all the more curious. This odd assortment of goods may have been familiar to the eighteenth-century consumer, but modern viewers will be hard pressed to identify certain items. Willdey's blatant commercialism may come as a surprise to cartophiles. Certainly mapmakers had long promoted their interests by dedicating their works to patrons or soliciting favor in that manner. This, however, was an unprecedented use of cartographic space which strikes one as very modern. Studies of the British economy indicate that the merchants of post-Restoration London developed the principle of display, be it in store windows or newspapers. In this mercantilist climate, Willdey, a minor figure in the map trade, carried the practise to an extreme. Fortunately, it was not adopted by his contemporaries.

Perils and Pitfalls

There was a literary genre, especially popular in the late nineteenth century, which dealt with the "light and shadows" of big cities. Although based on fact, the rich and fashionable sections of the metropolis, as well as the slums and centers of vice, were presented in a sensationalized manner in these books.

The library recently procured a particularly unusual one, in that it is a guidebook to the shadowy parts of a particular city, at a time when it was the focus of international attention. The city is Chicago, and the event was the World's Columbian Exposition.

_Chicago By Night_ was published in 1893 by the Diamond Publishing Company of Palmyra, Pennsylvania. Subtitled _The Pleasure Seeker's Guide to the Paris of America_, its publisher was a pulp merchant who sold his wares by subscription, and no author of the book is stated. The stranger is told about the attractions of the city—the parks, theaters, and the hotels, as well as the amusements and resort areas.

What is unusual about this particular guide, considering the way it was sold, is the fact that it was well written, by someone who actually knew the city and the subjects discussed, and it is neither moralizing nor sensational in nature. It is a guide to the amusements of the city, legal and illegal. The visitor is not so much told what to do or not to do, but what to watch out for if one does choose to stray across the line. The result is a particularly reliable account of criminality and human frailty in our parents' or grandparents' generation, which is both interesting to read and historically important in documenting the part of society which had good reason not to document itself.

We publish here two chapters, the first dealing with confidence men, the second, with adventuresses. It is part of the overall story of the Columbian Exposition which is left out of the standard guidebooks and histories.

*Perils and Pitfalls*

It is not insulting the intelligence of the stranger to warn him against the unscrupulous persons who will beset his path, for they are so numerous and make their appearance at such unexpected times and places that the very smartest of us all are occasionally in danger of being victimized. There are probably more "crooked" people in Chicago at the present writing than any other city in the Union, and it is altogether probable that this number will be largely increased during the progress of the Fair.

The criminal classes who infest Chicago at all times are extremely varied. The common tough, whose exterior and manner of comporting himself proclaim his worthlessness, is not very much to be feared. Such gentry will be well cared for by the police during the great rush to the Fair. Indeed, it is quite probable that all suspicious or known disreputable characters will be spotted at once and given a chance to leave the city, a failure to avail themselves of which, will result in their imprisonment until the Fair is over. But there are other gentry who are infinitely more dangerous. The term "bunco-steerer" perhaps best signified their calling. The term bunco-steerer originally
meant a decoy, or “capper,” who led or “steered” the confiding stranger against a bunco “lay-out.” Lately, however, its meaning has broadened. By “bunco-steerer” is now meant the oily, genial gentleman who approaches you on the street corners and politely inquires after your health, supplementing this query with another as to whether you would not like a chance to get into any sort of game whatsoever. The bunco-steerer will turn his wits to almost any scheme to make money at the expense of his more honest fellow-creatures. He belongs to the great army of confidence men who prey upon mankind in general and upon gullible strangers in large cities in particular.

The confidence man! Ah, beware of him if you value your peace. He may make his appearance at any moment and in any guise. The very suave and polished gentleman who sits opposite to you at the table in the dining-car and chats so delightfully with you as you ride into the city together may be a wolf in sheep’s clothing, with designs on your purse. The very clumsy confidence man who walks up and slaps you on the back with a cordial “How do do, Jones, how are all the folks?” and immediately tries to scrape up an acquaintance, is not to be dreaded except by very green people who have never been in a big city before. It is the polished villain, the polite, well-dressed person who, while preserving a dignified demeanor, nevertheless tries to scrape up an acquaintance and then proceeds to divulge—as he will sooner or later—a chance by which a little easy money can be made, who is to be feared. A very good rule to go by is to preserve a polite manner to all strangers, but not to enter into confidential relations with any man who hasn’t been introduced to you by some one whom you thoroughly know. The pleasures of a chance acquaintance may be great but they are accompanied by dangers to your purse. If you go into a quiet little game of cards at a hotel it is a “cinch” that you will lose your money, because the men who invite you into it are cheats and will not give you a fair show. They are confederates and the money they show cuts no figure, because they have entered into a combination to fleece the stranger.

The rhapsodical gentleman who rushes up to you and proceeds to tell you glibly of all the people who live in your town has spotted you for a victim. Look out for him. It is easy to account for the knowledge he displays. Such people make a habit of hanging about the hotel and studying the history of every guest. That is how this sleek gentleman succeeded in ascertaining so much about you, my friend. The hotel people watch very closely for such gentry and when one of them is caught he is never given an opportunity to repeat his offense.

There are two bits of advice which if followed closely will probably save the unwary stranger from all harm. In the first place never enter a place you would be ashamed to have your family at home know you entered; and in the second place never sign any papers or lend any money or valuables at the request of strangers.

Among the devices for snaring the wayfarer’s honest dollar is the “snap” auction sale. Passing along a leading thoroughfare one encounters a big shop flanked on the outside by two well dressed young men who are doing all they can to attract custom. Inside, a red-faced auctioneer is expatiating on the magnificence of the plate and jewelry he is offering for sale. Don’t be deceived by the plate and jewelry. It would probably be expensive at $5 a ton. Nevertheless, the auctioneer is eloquent. It is possible, too, that he may exhibit for a moment a really valuable watch or ring, only to deftly conceal it and substitute a worthless one for it as soon as somebody shall have made a bid. Scattered about among the spectators are numerous “cappers” who, whenever an article is put up, bid a few dollars against each other. As soon as a stranger makes a bid of any sort the article is promptly knocked down to him and handed over. When he gets away he discovers too late that he has been duped.

One has not space at command to cite all the methods by which the unwary are fleeced out of their wealth. Besides, new and treacherous
schemes are constantly being invented. It is impossible to tell what plot the genius of the confidence man will strike next. These shrewd geniuses have even gone so far as the selling of banana stalks to farmers for seed. It must not be supposed by this that all Chicagoans are dishonest, although many foolish people who contrive to get fleeced generally go home uttering loud cries at the greed and dishonesty of the big city by the lake. But as long as there are geese to be plucked there will be rascals looking out for the chance to do the plucking. Take reasonable precautions and you stand in no danger. But make merry with chance companions in questionable resorts, and, unless Providence has taken you under its especial charge, you will go home a sadder, wiser and poorer man.

As to Adventuresses

This should perhaps have been included under the head of the preceding chapter, for if there are any pitfalls and perils more dangerous than those laid by fair and unscrupulous members of the fairer sex we have yet to be made aware of them. The adventuresses of Chicago, however, deserve a brief and exclusive chapter, inasmuch as they constitute a separate class which might, with very great propriety, be asked to go about labeled with the initials D.F. (signifying "Dangerous Females"). Even then, however, it is safe to say, they would not want for victims, for there are some men who would run after a pretty woman if they were morally certain that the pastime would lead to their everlasting damnation.

The term adventuress is applied to women of careless reputation who, being much too smart to endure the ignominious career of professional demi-modaines, resort to various shrewd schemes to fleece the unwary. Some of their class work in concert with male partners and in such cases the selected victim generally becomes an easy prey. The confidence man may be dangerous; The confidence woman, if she be well educated and bright, as well as pretty, is irresistibl except with the most hardened and unsusceptible customers. The shrewdest old granger of them all, who steers safely through the shoals and traps set for him by male sharpers, will go down like the clover before the scythe under a roguish glance, as it were, from a "white wen ch's black eye," as Mercutio said.

There is no mortal man in this universe of ours, be he never so homely or ill-favored, who does not cherish in his heart of hearts the impression that there is a woman or two somewhere whom he could charm if he wished to. It is the spirit of masculine vanity that forms the material upon which the adventuress may work. With the art of an expert she sizes up the dimensions of her victim's vanity the instant she has made his acquaintance, and plays upon it to just the extent she deems expedient and profitable. If it were not for masculine vanity the American adventuress could not exist.

Suppose, for instance, that Mr. John Smith, who is a merchant in comfortable circumstances at home and quite a great man in his town, is taking a stroll down State street in the bright afternoon sunshine. He has just gotten outside of a good dinner at his hotel, prior to which he had a good shave and a cocktail—just the combination to make a well-to-do traveler with a little time on his hands feel literally "out of sight," as the slang phrase goes. Suppose then, as John passes Marshall Field's, he observes a magnificient creature, a royal blonde, mayhap, or a plump brunette (either will do for the sake of illustration) peeping shyly at him from beneath long silken lashes and smiling ever so slightly. Now John may be a deacon in the church at home; he may even be the father of a large family, but if he is human, and animated by the latent vanity that is the paramount trait of his sex, he will instantly experience a sensation of pleasure and attribute the strange beauty's attention to his own long-dormant power to fascinate.

That splendid creature with her fine clothes, her exquisite complexion and her graceful bearing, an adventuress? Impossible! At least so John Smith thinks. She may even have a carriage at the curbstone into which she steps daintily, with her eyes still slyly following the amorous John. There is a delicate invitation in the glance, and if John is courageous he will—phew! Let us hope he wont, for it is a dead certainty that the coy beauty is an adventuress of the deadliest and most conscienceless sort. John, who in his confiding soul has set her down as a duchess or a society queen at least, fondly imagines that it is his person of which she is enamored. We, who are better posted, know that it is his worldly wealth that she is after and that even as she gives him an attack of palpitation of the heart by her warm glance she is figuring on how she may most easily possess herself of that wealth.
The schemes of the city's adventuresses are quite as numerous as those of the confidence man, but blackmail is their great card and the one that they play most successfully. As a rule a prosperous citizen of good reputation and standing in his own town, who misconducts himself when away from home, would rather pay any sum in reason than have his friends at home know of that dereliction. That is where the skilled adventuress makes her strong play. If she has the power to lure her victim into a liaison she has surely had the tact to draw from him in the two or three days they have spent together all the particulars she needs as to his relations in his own town. What a disheartening shock is must be, must it not, to have this splendid creature, who has vowed a thousand times to the doting John Smith that she loves him for himself alone, strike him on the morning of his projected departure for home for a cool thousand dollars in cash? Of course he demurs, but when she pleasantly hints at the trip she intends to make to his town and the exposure that must necessarily follow what is to be done? Poor John Smith! He is not such a gay dog now. It gradually ends in a compromise of some sort, for the lady is seldom too exacting, and if John is inclined to be docile—to the extent of four or five hundred, maybe—she will probably be very good-natured and let it go at that.

This is the highest type of adventuress—the aristocrat of her profession. From her the types descend in grades, down to the very lowest of all, the birds of the night who prowl the streets in search of victims whom they may lure to the dens of their male accomplices, there to be vulgarly drugged or "slugged" and robbed of their portable valuables.

The "indignant husband" game is a favorite one with adventuresses of the second class, by which term is signified such fair and frail creatures as occupy a somewhat lower place in the plane of rascaldom than the fairy who relies solely upon discreet blackmail without publicity for her means of support. This game is usually played upon very green persons for the reason that very few others would fall victims to it. The fair decoy makes the acquaintance of her quarry on the street, at a matinee or elsewhere. For the first interview she is on her good behavior, and by her repression of any approach to familiarity that her newly acquired friend may make she creates the impression that she is a very nice and decorous person indeed—a little disposed to flirt, that is all. She does, however, write him to call upon her and of course he does so—perhaps to-day, perhaps tomorrow, but he calls, anyway. By letting fall certain artful hints she contrives to let her victim know that she is a married woman. This of course lends an added spice of interest to the adventure. The idea of poisoning on forbidden ground is attractive to the dupe. So an hour passes in pleasant converse, and in the natural course of events the caller becomes sentimental. This much accomplished, he is hers, so to speak. At the very moment that the poor victim is congratulating himself upon his conquest there is a thundering knock at the door.

"My God!" screams the lady, with the dramatic intensity of a Bernhardt, "My husband!"

The startled fly in her net squirms in his seat. Who would not, situated as he is? "What is to be done?" he asks weakly.

"Hide! hide!" says the poor "wife" frenziedly and straightway rushes him into a convenient closet. The "husband" enters and, singularly enough, finds no difficulty in discovering the interloper's hiding-place. He is gruffly ordered to come out and as like as not finds himself looking down the barrel of a big revolver.

Of course he is willing to make any sort of settlement in order to escape with a whole skin. If he has no currency the "husbands" wounded "honor" will be healed by a check, although he would rather have his watch, seeing that the payment of checks can be easily stopped at the bank.

It must not be inferred from the foregoing that any peaceable gentleman who walks the streets is liable to be dragged by the nape of his neck into a compromising situation and compelled to disgorge all of his portable wealth at the point of a pistol. Far from it. He who walks the straight path of virtue is in no danger whatever. It is your frisky gentleman, who is out for a little lark and is reckless in his manner of carrying out the enterprise, who is likely to find himself in a snare. "Be good and you will be happy" is a maxim (modernized) that applies very handsomely to this sort of thing. "But you will miss lots of fun!" the frisky man may respond. Well, well, even so, but be very careful, for you know not how soon or how abruptly the languishing angel at your side may change into a fiery harridan, determined to have your money, your reputation or your life—whichever may suit her best.
Only a shade removed from the "indignant husband" game is the old "panel" enterprise, which is so very vulgar and simple in the manner of its operation that it would not be worthy of mention were it not for the author's desire to warn strangers of every grade of intelligence against every possible danger that may lie in wait for him. Beware! O sportive young gentleman in search of a little diversion, of the young woman who on the shortest term of acquaintance invites you to accompany her to her flat or her boudoir, as the case may be. It may be that she has a pair of sharp scissors in her pocket with which she deftly snips off your money pocket; but failing this device, the "panel" is brought into play. While the interview between the more or less affectionate lovers is in progress a panel in the wall slides back, pushed by invisible hands, and a third person, the male confederate of the damsel, slinks through it into the apartment. The amount of plunder he secures depends entirely upon the degree of absorption with which the quarry is wooing his charmer and the progress that he has made in her affections, but however that may be he is tolerably certain to emerge a heavy loser. If the presence of the third party is discovered (and it is surprising how seldom this is the case) a fight is in order and the victim is fortunate if he escapes with only the loss of his valuables to mourn and no physical injury to lament.

It is a sorry subject and one is glad to leave it. Before doing so, however, remember one thing, and remember it very distinctly: No young lady, however irreproachable her appearance, who enters into a street flirtation, can safely be regarded as other than dangerous. Act on this suggestion and you will run no risks. In other words, "Be good and you will be happy." A repetition of the maxim will do no harm.

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**Up in the Air**

Alan Shepard, Charles Lindbergh, Orville Wright, and Edward Warren? The first three individuals evoke immediate recognition as pioneers in the annals of flight, but the last, probably unknown to any of our readers, was the very first American flyer.

In the second issue of The American Magazine (Vol. 1, No. 2) we described Jean Pierre Blanchard's 1793 balloon flight from Philadelphia to New Jersey, described by Monsieur Blanchard himself as the first manned visit to the atmosphere. Blanchard's claim is supported in the majority of historical studies of manned flight, but we were quickly informed by several of our readers that, in fact, there had been an earlier successful effort made.

The earliest manned flight in the United States actually occurred on June 24, 1784 in Baltimore. We recently came across an account of the event in the pages of the Royal Gazette of Jamaica (Supplement, Aug. 21-28, 1784) as well as the story of an unmanned flight in Philadelphia the following month. The latter event inspired a delightful poem which we discovered in The Freeman's Journal: or, North-American Intelligencer (Phila., Dec. 22, 1784). The verse was composed in a spirit of good humor, and yet is remarkably perceptive in predicting commercial and military uses of aircraft which would not materialize for well over a century.

*Baltimore, (Maryland)* June 25. Yesterday the ingenious Peter Carnes, Esq. made his curious aerostatic experiment, within the limits of this town, in the presence of a numerous and respectable concourse of people, whom the same of this superb balloon had drawn together from the east, west, north, and south, who generally appeared highly delighted with the awful grandeur of so novel a scene, as a large globe making repeated voyages into the airy regions, which Mr. Carnes's machine actually performed, in a manner that reflected honor on his character as a man of genius, and could not fail to inspire solemn and exalted ideas in every reflecting mind. Ambition, on this occasion, so fired the youthful heart of a lad (only thirteen years old) of the name of Edward Warren, that he bravely embarked as a volunteer on the last trip into the air, and behaved with the steady fortitude of an old voyager. The 'gazing multitude below' wafted to him their loud applause, the receipt of which, as he was 'soaring aloof,' he politely acknowledged by a significant wave of his hat. When he returned to our tereene element, he met with a reward from some of the spectators, which has a solid, instead of an airy foundation, and of a species which is ever acceptable to the residents of this lower world.

*Philadelphia, July 20*. Saturday afternoon the large and elegant air balloon lately brought to
this city by the ingenious Mr. Carnes, was let off from the New Workhouse Yard. About six o'clock it rose from the ground, and ascended very majestically, amidst the approving acclamations of thousands of admiring spectators, (the wind carrying it slowly to the southward) until it got to so great an height as to appear to some no larger than a barrel, to others much smaller, and seemed then stationary, though rather inclining upward, when unfortunately it caught fire, and in a few moments was reduced to atoms. The stove or furnace which was affixed to supply it with the proper air, fell near the New Playhouse.

At the moment of its catching fire, the feelings of a number of people at a distance were very much hurt, on the supposition of a person having gone up with balloon; and their apprehensions were increased by the falling of the furnace, which, to those not near, presented to their imaginations the dreadful spectacle of a man falling from an immense height. Happily, however, the apparatus which held the person, broke near the ground, and he only sustained a fall of about ten feet, when, had he gone up with the machine, he must in all probability, have fallen as many hundred feet.

Let the gods of Olympus their revels prepare—
By the aid of some pounds of inflammable air
We'll visit them soon—and forsake this dull ball
With coat, shoes and stockings, fat carcase and all.

How France is distinguish'd in Louis's reign!
What cannot her genius and courage attain?
Throughout the wide world have her arms found the way,
And art to the stars is extending her sway.

At sea let the British their neighbours defy—
The French shall have frigates to traverse the sky,
In this navigation more fortunate prove,
And cruise at their ease in the climates above.

If the English should venture to sea with their fleet,
A host of balloons in a trice they shall meet,
The French from the zenith their wings shall display,
And souse on these sea dogs and bear them away.

Ye sages who travel on mighty designs,
To measure meridians and parallel lines—
The talk being tedious—take heed if you please—
Construct a balloon—and you'll do it with ease.

And ye who the heavens broad concave survey,
And, aided by glasses, its secrets betray,
Who gaze, the night through, at the wonderful scene
Yet still are complaining of vapors between.

Ah, seize the conveyance, and fearlessly rise
To peep at the lanthorns that light up the skies
And floating above, on our ocean of air,
Inform us, by letter, what people are there.

In Saturn, advise us if snow ever melts,—
And what are the uses of Jupiter's belts;
And (Mars being willing) pray send us word, greeting,
If his people are fonder of fighting than eating.

That Venus has horns we've no reason to doubt
(I forget what they call him who first found it out)
And you'll find, I'm afraid, if you venture too near,
That the spirits of cuckolds inhabit her sphere.

Our folks of good morals it woefully grieves
That Mercury's people are villains and thieves,
You'll see how it is,—but I'll venture to show
For a dozen among them, twelve dozens below.
From long observation one proof may be had
That the men in the moon are incurably mad;
However, compare us, and if they exceed
They must be surprisingly crazy indeed.
But now to have done with our planets and
moons—
Come, grant me a patent for making balloons—
For I find that the time is approaching—the day
When horses shall sail, and the horsemen decay.
Post riders, at present (call'd centaurs of old)
Who brave all the seasons, hot weather and cold,
In future shall leave their dull poneys behind
And travel, like ghosts, on the wings of the wind.
The flagmen, whose gallopers scarce have the
power
Through the dirt to convey you ten miles in an hour,
When advanc'd to balloons shall so furiously drive
You'll hardly know whether you're dead or alive.
The man who at Boston sets out with the sun,
If the wind should be fair, may be with us at one,
At Gunpowder Ferry drink whiskey at three
And at six be at Edentown, ready for tea.
(The machine shall be order'd, we hardly need say,
To travel in darkness as well as by day)
At Charleston by ten he for sleep shall prepare,
And by twelve the next day be the Devil knows where.
When the ladies grow sick of the city in June
What a jaunt they shall have in the flying balloon!
Whole mornings shall see them at toilets preparing,
And forty miles high be their afternoon's airing.
Yet more with its fitness for commerce I'm
struck—
What loads of tobacco shall fly from Kentuck,
What packs of best beaver—bar-iron and pig,
What budgets of leather from Conococheague!
If Britain should ever disturb us again,

(As they threaten to do in the next George's reign)
No doubt they will play us a set of new tunes,
And pepper us well from their fighting balloons.
To market the farmers shall shortly repair
With their hogs and potatoes, wholesale, thro' the air,
Skim over the water as light as a feather,
Themselves, and their turkeys conversing together.
Such wonders as these from balloons shall arise—
And the giants of old that assaulted the skies
With their Ossa on Pelion, shall freely confess
That all they attempted was nothing to this.

K.

The Freeman's Journal: or, North-American Intelligencer.
Windsor County, Vermont.

In her application she related how, shortly after their marriage in September 1774, at Woburn, Massachusetts, she found herself caught up in the Battles of Lexington and Concord.

That in the March following, that is to say in March A.D. 1775 she and her husband the said Samuel Wyman went to reside in Concord in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. That previous to her said husband’s removing to Concord, a number of months before his said removal to that place according to her best recollection, he had been chosen and served as a minuteman... during which time he was frequently called out with other minute men to be drilled and to be kept in readiness in case they should be need[ed] to oppose the British. Her said husband was called out a number of times to guard prisoners, which the Americans had taken and confined in Concord jail. This Declarant recollects one time in particular her said husband was called down to Concord jail to assist in guarding quite a number of Highlanders who were confined there—he was then gone several days.

On the day of Concord fight, April 19th A.D. 1775 this Declarant, on the morning of that day, well remembers hearing the alarm Bells rung and the cannon fired. Her said husband was then at home, and as soon as he heard the alarm Bells and Cannon he fired his gun upon the door-stone, which was the signal of alarm agreed upon among the minute men. He then went immediately to Concord and as this Declarant afterwards understood engaged in fighting the British—he was gone several hours, when he came running back to the house and said the enemy were coming—this Declarant looked out and saw them coming towards the house where she and her said husband lived, which was on the main road. This Declarant was then sick, having just been confined with her first child which was then only seven days old—she was sitting up in her chair, when her said husband came running in from the fight. He took her up and threw her on to the bed, and wrapping a coverlet round her, caught her in his arms and carried her off into a swamp more than half a mile from [the] house—here he left this Declarant with the woman that was nursing her and went back to the house. Finding that the enemy had passed, he returned to the swamp, carried this Declarant back to the house—he then took his gun again, and went immediately after the British and was gone till after dark. He told this Declarant when he came home that he had followed the British as far as Lexington—he went down again the next day to Lexington to be ready in case of any further invasion and returned home after dark as he had done the day before.

Rhoda and George Streeter were married October 30, 1775, in Rhode Island. The following year he joined the militia, serving at various times throughout the war. His wife remembered that his frequent absences required her to do much physical labor on their farm and that this was a common experience among the women of her neighborhood. She was granted a pension in 1837.

That she is the widow of George Streeter who was an Ensign and Lieutenant in the company of militia commanded by Capt. Samuel Day and other Officers during the whole of the revolutionary war and in Col. John Angell’s regiment, of Rhode Island Militia. He was an Ensign in 1776 and after that year a Lieutenant until the end of the war in said Company in said Smithfield. As to his particular services she cannot remember them, as to time and place, but during the time the enemy had possession of Newport her said husband was absent from home on service as much as four months each year he was absent on service before that time also.

I well remember he always went when it came to his tour, and I also well remember that the women had to work out doors on the farm when the men were gone to the army. I myself did much hard labor in necessary farming while my husband was absent in the service. I have pulled flax and harvested the rye. This kind of labor most all the women had to do, for the men were all gone to defend against the incursions of the enemy.

Samuel Dickinson (1748-1824) was born in Stonington, Connecticut. An ardent patriot, he first enlisted at Cambridge, New York, June 6, 1776, as a private in Captain Theodore Woodbridge’s company, in Colonel Samuel Elmore’s regiment, and was discharged April 15, 1777.

While residing in Washington County, New York, he was engaged in 1779 in protecting the neighborhood against the Tories and Indians. Moving to Stonington he served three tours of one
month in 1781 under Captain Perrigo. He enlisted in April 1782 in Colonel Samuel Canfield’s Connecticut regiment, and was discharged April 4, 1783.

Dickinson was granted a pension in 1818 and died in 1824 in Warrensburg, New York. His widow Hannah applied for a pension based on his services in 1847 in Warren County, New York. In her application she described how she had tried to trick him into missing a ship in whose service he wanted to enter, an act that led to his subsequent enlistment in another outfit.

She is the widow of Samuel Dickinson who was a privet in the Revolution and served under Seven Different ingagements. Of the first two She has no personal knowledge but was told by her said husband that he enlisted into the Continental Service and served nine months at fort Stanwix in the State of New York in the year 1776 for which service he was Pensioned under the act of 1818.

His second tour Commenced in the month of August 1777 after moving his family to Maloomscoik [Walloomsac, N.Y.] near Benington, Vt. He was attached to a Company of Militia (Captains name not recollected) under General Starks and on the 15th or Day before the Battle of Benington by the request of General Starks and Conect of his Captain he went to an eminence where he had a full view of Baumbs Camp and ascertained as near as he Could the Strength of the hessian army, but unfortunately he was discovered and before he got to the foot of the hill he was taken by the Indians and Carried to Baumbs Camp where he was Examined as a Spy and sent to Burgoyns Camp at fort miller where he was reexamined. His Discharge of 1776 (the only thing they could find against him) was taken from him and Destroyed and after this he was kept under guard nights and Compelled to work Days until a few Days before the battle at Stillwater, when he was taken sick and in that situation he made his escape. He went immediately to the American army where he had an interview with general Gates and gave him a full Discription of Burgoyns Army which he had been unable to gather from witnessing a General review, but the Ague and fever prevented him from Shareing in the honors of the battle at Stillwater. This tour, including his imprisonment, as her said husband said was several Days over a month.

His third tour was not performed untill after she was married to him and they had moved on a farm previously purchased on the east bank of the Hudson river near Saratoga falls in the State of New York and her husband had been appointed first Sergeant in Captain Lakes Company of Militia, many of whom had taken Protection under Burgoyn and had pledged themselves not to take up arms against the king or his allies, among whom was the Lieutenant. And the frequent Depredations Commited by the Indians Soon Caused the Captain, his ensign, and several others to quit the place, and after several had been killed by the Indians, General Philip Schuyler Sent an order to her said husband in the month of July 1779 to warn out Captain Lakes Company and march them Down to his quarters. He obeyed the order and the Command of the Company was imposed on him and he was ordered to reconnoiter the woods and Dislodge the Indians from their lurking places and Drive them back if Possible—in this Service he was Ingaged Some Days over half a month and was honorably Discharged, for which service several years after the war Closed he received Several Dollars in Current money.

But obeying Schuylers orders exposed him to the vengance of the Tories and Indians, and on the 8th of September, 1779, one of his neighbours (who soon after fled to Canada) was seen to Set a party of Indians across the river as was supposed for the Purpose of killing him or taking him Prisoner, but fortunately her husband Discovered them in a thicket while walking his fields about Sun set—he affectioned not to have seen them and walked leisurely to the house where she had just got up from a fit of ague and fever for her nurse to make her bed, and in a few minutes their Little family had Silently left the house, her babe ten Days old at her breast to keep it quiet. They Decended the bank of the Hudson in a Direction to have the house Screen them from the sight of the enemy and then walked on the margin of the water untill they made their escape—after this a volantary night guard was kept up in the neighbourhood in which her husband was ingaged about a month when he moved his family to Stonington his native town in Connecticut, and while living in Stonington in the year 1781 he performed three tours of Service of a month each and each as a Substitute, the first of which Commenced about the middle of May at
New Port in the State of Rhode island under Captain Robert Perigro.

And when his month expired he returned home and told her he could stay but a short time as he had ingaged to go a Privateering on board the Ship Florow which was to Sail on such a Day and Such an hour, not recollected, and as She had an aversion to this kind of service she tried to persuade him not to go but in vain. He would not break his promise, and when the time came for him to start which, she thinks was about the 25th of June, she ingaged him in conversation and went a short Distance with him, and when she thought he would have his match to git there in Season She returned home. And in a month from that time he returned home and told her that when he Came in Sight of the Port he saw the Florow under Sail, and to Come up with her for Detaining him he went to New Port and Substituted for an other month and had Performed the service. She thinks he served under the same Captain as before, namely Perigro.

There was a body of French troops at new Port During one or both these tours of service and from her husbands intercourse with them he acquired a variety of words and sentences in the French Language which he retained through life—he told also of seeing a French General at New Port by the name of Rushambo. He Performed his third tour of service at Fort Griswold in Connecticut, a substitute for one Ross Coon of Stonington, Commanding while the blood was yet fresh in the fort where Ledgere and his men were butchered.

He returned home a few Days before his month expired and told her that Coon Came to the fort and told him if he wished to see his wife alive he must go home a mediatly, for She Lay at the Point of death—the Same was Communicated to the Commanding officer who (Considering his time so near out) gave him a full Discharge, and they had traveled some Distance before Coon undeceived him. The names of the officers under whom he served have Escaped her recollection.

Soon after performing this tour of service her husband moved his family to Vollentown, New London County, Ct., where in April 1782 he ingaged as a substitute for one year at Stanford, Commonly Called horse neck, in Connecticut. He returned home in April 1783 with an honorable Discharge, which together with his Several other Discharges have long since been Destroyed. This was his Seventh and Last tour of Service, for five of which She fitted his Cloaths and well remembers the Deep anxiety She experienced During every one of them. She further Declares that she was married to the Said Samuel Dickinson on the third Day of November in the year Seventeen hundred and Seventy Eight; that her husband the aforesaid Samuel Dickinson Died on the twenty second Day of January in the year Eighteen hundred and twenty four and that She has remained a widow ever since that Period . . .

† † †

Catharine and William Douglass married January 1, 1778, and he died March 1, 1832. She then married William Oakley, September 11, 1834. Oakley was a Revolutionary War pensioner, and he died November 2, 1835.

In 1857 she applied for and received a pension for the services of her first husband. Making her deposition in Rensselaer County, New York, she described having been attacked by both soldiers and Indians.

That she is the widow of William Douglass who was an Artificer in the war of the Revolution. That in the summer of the year 1775 said William Douglass first enlisted in a company commanded by one Captain Fisher in Colonel Van Schaicks Regiment and marched to Ticonderoga and there assisted in building the Bateaux and rafts for the conveyance of the troops up Lake Champlain. He thence proceeded northward in the expedition for the invasion of Canada under Gen. Schuyler. He was in the siege of St. Johns—at the taking of Montreal and in the subsequent attack upon Quebec. He was brought home sick the spring following.

In the spring of the year 1777, he again enlisted in the service of the revolution as an artificer, marched to Ticonderoga, and in the summer of that year, at that place, he was taken prisoner by the Hessians, while attempting to secure and remove his chest of tools, which however he lost. While thus a prisoner he endured much cruel treatment and severe suffering. He made his escape and returned home late in the summer of that year.

The above account of his services I state from his relation of the same, often made to me, from the accounts of others, and from general reputation. And about 20 years since while on a visit
to our friends at Ticonderoga, he showed me the room where he was confined a prisoner and from which he escaped.

In the spring of the year 1778 after our marriage, he again enlisted in the service as an Artificer, under one Captain Persels, and went to Fishkill early in the spring, and there worked at making carriages for cannon about eight months according to my best recollection. I was there with him during that time and drew his rations.

Samuel Hewes (d. 1816), enlisted April 22, 1777, in the New Hampshire regiment commanded by Colonel Cilley and served for three years, attaining the rank of corporal.

While quartered near Newtown, Connecticut, he met and married Betsey Foot. Their marriage was violently opposed by her Tory father but encouraged by her patriot brother, as she described in her pension application of 1837, given in Norwich, Vermont, at the age of seventy-six.

I was born as my parents informed me in Newtown (Conn.) and lived in that Town about 21 years—that in the winter of 1778 and 9 in the month of January 1779 I attended a Ball in said Newtown at which several soldiers were present and among them Samuel Hewes. Here I first became acquainted with said Hewes. He then belonged to Col. Cilley’s regiment in Gen. Poor’s Brigade, which regiment was at that time quartered in Reading near Newtown.

Shortly after this I received a letter from said Hewes, and by advice of my brother I consented to receive his addresses. Accordingly about the last of March or first April of the same year we had engaged to be married and our publication was written. My Father George Foot who was a tory was violently opposed to the match and forbid the publication. My Father however at last told Hewes that if he would postpone the marriage until after the next campaign, and if he would go into the Indian country that season, that on his return he would give his consent to the marriage.

Hewes accordingly went with Sullivan’s expedition to the Susquehannah country (where my father was in hopes as he said that he would be killed). Hewes however returned with the regiment in the month of November 1779 the week before Thanksgiving, and on the 16th day of December 1779 I was married to said Hewes, and several of the soldiers were present at the wedding at my father’s. The Minister, Mr. Beach, was sick and could not come but sent word if we would come to his house he would marry us. Accordingly we went with a part of the company and a part remained at my fathers, to which place we returned after we were married and there had the wedding party.

My husband remained in the army until April 1780 but frequently came to see me at my fathers. My father’s opposition was violent against Hewes because he was a soldier, so that he was frequently turned out of doors and I was compelled to leave my father’s house by the influence of the Tories. But I was determined not to yield the point and so persevered unto the end. At the time of our marriage Cilley’s regiment was quartered in Danbury a town adjoining Newton.

Hannah Bartholomew married Ichabod Russell in Wallingford, Connecticut, sometime between 1759 and 1762. Her husband joined the Connecticut militia shortly after the Battle of Lexington and remained in service throughout the war, attaining the rank of Lieutenant. Hannah Russell lived in East Haven, Connecticut, with their six children throughout the war. Her husband returned home whenever possible. On these occasions he would recount his services, but these memories had dimmed in her mind when she filed for a
pension in Herkimer County, New York in 1837. She did remember her manual labor during her husband's absences.

... she cannot state the times he was called into the service but he was absent from home most of the time according to her recollection in the war and came home at different times and then went away again into the service; that at one time she sowed rye when he was gone into the service, and she in haying time pitched the hay and her son a little boy loaded the hay; her sons name was Stephen who was then eight years old; and she made fence on the farm and see to the putting in crops and harvesting them in her said husband's absence in different years during the war.

† † †

Lydia Attwood, the widow of Samuel Lee, applied for a pension in Bristol, Rhode Island, in 1837. Her husband, who had been a coastal sailor prior to the war, had just finished nine months of service in the Steanze, Massachusetts militia when they were married in 1777.

One of her most vivid memories was of a messenger rushing into her bedroom at the time the British landed at Warren and Bristol. Her husband reentered the service for short periods in order to answer alarms in Rhode Island and was a captain of a cartel that made two or more trips between New York and Rhode Island in 1782.

Samuel Lee died in January 1795 in North Carolina, and his widow then married Sheffield Attwood of Bristol, Rhode Island, who died in 1829. Her claim for a pension for her first husband's service was granted.

... after this guard service she does not recollect any other military service performed by her husband until the enemy landed in Bristol and burned a part of that place and Warren, which was in the spring of 1778 and a few weeks only after her said husband had left the guard service. She well recollects that occasion. A messenger came to their house early in the morning. Her said husband was out, but she had not risen from her bed, being confined with a young infant, and the messenger in a hurry to give the alarm that the enemy had landed near Warren burst open her bed room door, said the enemy were coming, and that the militia must repair without a moments delay to a particular place he mentioned. Her said husband had heard the news and soon came in, took his gun, and left home immediately and did not return for several days, she can not tell the number...

† † †

Betsey Cross married Abner Wood November 15, 1769 in Stafford, Connecticut. Her husband was commissioned an ensign in Colonel Chapman's Connecticut regiment June 10, 1776, and served six months, after which he served in various tours as lieutenant and captain. The length of his service was not stated. He died in 1821.

His widow was allowed a pension on her application executed March 15, 1837, in Cortland County, New York. Ninety-one years old at this time, she recounted how she not only had to do the farm work during his absences, but was the recipient of frequent complaints, due to her husband's recruiting activities, from other women in her neighborhood.

That she was obliged during her said husband's absences to work out doors doing farming work to support herself and children, and it was so for several seasons. Whether her husband went as a volunteer or was drafted, she does not know. She knows he was often engaged in drafting the soldiers, and she recollects that women were frequently complaining of him for drafting their husbands and friends.

† † †

When Hannah Robertson successfully applied for a pension in 1838 in Fairfield County, Connecticut for the services of her husband, Seth Robertson, her attitude was still one of resentment at her husband's frequent absences.

... Seth Robertson, formerly my husband, was born about the year 1756 the I can not be exact for the family records I do not now find. I understood that he had been a soldier in the United States' service in the war of the revolution before we were married. I believe that it was in a town to the North in the year 1775 as stated in the annexed Deposition of Abram Bulkley.

Also I well remember of his returning from a tour to New York and the soldiers dress that he had on. I believe that he was under the command of Capt. Samuel Wakeman in the winter of 1775-6 and that the time of service was long as three months or more as stated in the annexed Deposition of Mrs. Sarah Wheeler.

We were married by the Rev. James Johnson,
then Pastor of the Church and Congregation in Northfairfield in that part of the town of Fairfield that was afterwards set off as said town of Weston in said Fairfield County. But it appears that said Pastor did not keep any records of marriages during the revolution and that he is dead. And although I think that there was a family record of it yet after great search we presume it to be lost. But from circumstances and my impressions I think that we must have been married before the 1st day of April 1776. But I clearly remember of going down to see my said husband while he was on guard on the shore of Long Island sound at or near Black Rock in said town of Fairfield in the service of the United States in the war of the revolution and carried him some cakes &c. to eat and remember the mans horse that I rode upon, which was said after we were married and I know that he said a long while after that I should think as much as several months longer. I think that it was in the year of 1776 and that the time of service in all was as much as eight months according to the annexed Deposition of Nathan Bulkley.

When the enemy went up and burned Danbury in Connecticut in April, 1777, we lived within about 50 rods of the road where they passed, and we had then one Son of several months old, who was born before we moved there. I was terrified and distressed and fled with my child, my husband being gone pursuing the enemy and in return as I have understood was in the battle at Ridgefield, and my impression is that the time of service was about or was one week and that he was in said United States service as much as six months more in that year under Capt. Wakeman as stated in the annexed Deposition of Oliver C. Danford Esqr. or otherwise.

In the year 1778 I believe that he was enlisted in the said United States service under Capt. Jonathan Squier and performed somewhere about the North River as long as six months according to the annexed. Deposition of Joseph Gray and that he served in the Continental team service.

In the year 1779 my said husband was gone at the burning of said town of Fairfield. I've heard him tell that he was among the militia at the burning of said Fairfield and of a narrow escape from the Regulars and other circumstances and I should think that the time of that service was about one week [sic., month?].

In 1780 or 1781, the year in which Eben Davis served with him three weeks, I believe that he was on guard at said Fairfield as much as six months at that time in all.

Indeed my said husband was gone in the United States service through a great part of the revolutionary war. I was troubled to think that he should love to be going so much in the war and leave me with helpless children in very poor circumstances. I must certainly think that he was in said service as much put all together as three full years or more.

I do not know that my said husband ever had any Commission or that there is any documentary evidence of his services or any other evidence except the annexed. Many old persons that knew the facts are dead. After the revolutionary war we lived in said Weston where my said husband died in the year 1811. I have continued to reside in said Weston ever since his death, am the only wife he ever had, and remain his widow.

†††

Margaret Strozier was 101 years old when she applied for a pension in Meriwether County, Georgia, in 1842. Her husband, Peter, whom she married in 1758, volunteered for service in Georgia in 1779, and served five years according to her testimony. After their first two years of separation her farm was overrun by Tories, and she was forced to become a refugee.

After the war her family was reunited and returned to Georgia, where Peter Strozier died January 18, 1807.

... She said Margaret Strozier remained on the Farm where her husband left her in 1779 for two years. About the end of that time she was broken up by the Tories and every thing of any consequence destroyed, she being known as the wife of a Whig who was absent in the Army with Clark fighting. She fled with her family of little children through South Carolina, half begging and starving, suffering greatly from want and cold, exposure and raggedness during the months of January and February 1781, and joined her husband in North Carolina not long after the battle of Kings Mountain. Her husband served sometimes as Cavalry and sometimes as Infantry, but generally in the Cavalry. Captain Carr was intimate and often at her house before he went into the Army... Whilst her husband was absent she seldom and only
occasionally heard from him, such was her desolate situation, the broken intercourse of the country, and the disturbed state of the times.

†††

Sarah Knight had been a widow twenty-four years when she applied for a pension in Christian County, Kentucky, in 1847. Her husband, John Knight, died while visiting North Carolina and Georgia “to hunt up evidence to establish his claim to a pension,” after their house at Red River, Tennessee, had been destroyed by fire.

According to her testimony, her husband served seven tours of three months each in the North Carolina militia. She described how their marriage ceremony had been guarded by soldiers and how her husband would sneak about their neighborhood to visit her, presumably to avoid the many Tories in the vicinity.

. . . she is the widow of the late John Knight who was a Soldier in the Revolutionary war, from Randolph County North Carolina. That when the war first begun in the South (she is informed in the year 1779) that said John Knight had some little dispute and difficulty with his family relations and he run off from home and entered said Service at headquarters, she does not know where headquarters were, being quite young and paying no attention to such things, neither does she know the name of his officers, and continued in said Service until the fall of the year before the battle of Guilford, when he returned home.

And she further saith that said Knight often told her that he was in the States of South Carolina and Georgia—that he was sometimes at Charleston and Sometimes at Savannah that he was marched about nearly all over those States and continued in that Service until his return home as above mentioned. . . . She states that said John Knight and herself were raised in the Same neighbourhood and that he was Seven years older than herself . . . she was married to the said John Knight in the County of Randolph, North Carolina in the month of June subsequent to the battle of Guildord, to wit, in June one thousand Seven hundred and eighty one. There was “cider” made out of early June apples at the marriage makes her think it was June. She was married at the age of eighteen, making her present age 84 years, by Capt. Edward Williams, who was a magistrate in said County as well as Captain, and that she was married by the publication upon three separate days of the “Banns” by a minister of the name of Richard Shackleford at a Meeting House within a mile and a half of her home. That John Knight was then commanding a company and that he had a number of his men with him at the wedding, among whom were William Crabtree and Joseph Newton and that the house was well guarded during the festival, which continued two days and, then said Knight rejoined his main company again. That Said Knight, when his company was near, would sometimes, stealthily visit her and when he did so, at the approach of night he had to take a bed and lie in some concealed place until morning and thus it continued until the end of the war.

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Francis Ketner (1748–1831) married Elizabeth Miller in Berks County, Pennsylvania, July 10, 1771, and shortly thereafter moved with her and her father to Surrey County, North Carolina.

Beginning in 1776 her husband served a number of tours with various North Carolina militia units. Francis Ketner was away on duty in 1781 when the British army passed her house, and his wife defiantly confronted them. A pension was issued to her in 1841 when she was eighty-six years old.

. . . The next he went a tour of two Months with a Waggon load of Ammunition from Salem to Henry Court house in Virginia and from there to some place where the Main Army was and carried the powder to them, and while he was gone the British army passed by her house, coming from the Shallow ford on the Yadkin River to Houser Town, and Robed her of all her corn and small grain, meet, and every thing almost that her and family had to live on, even her Ducks and Chickens. Some of them asked her if she had a husband. She said yes. “Where is he,” they asked. She told them he was gone with a waggon to haul a load of ammunition to the American army “to Shoot you red coats that have robed me of my living.” This happened shortly before the Battle of Guilford, and on the very night of said Battle her husband said Francis Ketner return home, as she heard the Cannons firing in morning of the Battle. . . .

†††

Mary Magdlena Schaffer married John George Pfeifer, or Peiffer, in 1781, in Berks County, Pennsylvania. While he was away in service the
following year she relates that she became paralyzed with fear of an Indian attack.

Although John George Pfeifer was unable to obtain a pension during his lifetime, his widow was pensioned by the state of Pennsylvania on account of his services in 1838. She died October 10, 1844.

After their marriage, deponent states, that her said husband was out twice on military duty, and both times went, as she then understood and now believes, up the north branch of the Susquehanna River, above Northumberland in pursuit of Indians. The first of these two last services, must have been in March or April 1782, from the recollection that her eldest daughter, Barbara, was not more than one or two months old at the time, and lasted, she would say, at least two weeks, and the other was the summer following for about the same length of time. She cannot remember under what officers he marched or served at either of the periods mentioned, and if she ever did know, it has entirely escaped her memory.

During her husband's first absence on duty, in the spring of 1782, deponent was baking bread in an oven, a short distance from the dwelling, and while attending to it she became so much alarmed, from dread of the Indians, that she fastened herself in the house, and was unable or unwilling to return to take her bread from the oven in consequence of which it was lost.

Polly Fitzgerald, the former widow of Nathan Faris, or Farris, applied for a pension in 1835 in Pulaski County, Kentucky. She described how their home on the Kentucky frontier was attacked, and witnessed the brutal murders of both her husband and one of their children.

... Nathan Faris her late Husband entered the Service of the United States as a Captain Commanding a Volunteer Company under the Command of the then Colo. George Rogers Clark, and joined the Army at what is now called Louisville in the State of Kentucky and Continued in the army in service during the campaign and was at the taking of an outpost on the Wabash and also at the taking of Vincennes in the Illinois and got an honorable discharge.

Shortly after his return from the Campaign aforesaid he engaged in the erection and establishment of a Station in that part of Kentucky now called Green River within about ten miles of Colo. Caseys Station. A party of Indians one morning about day light attacked and took the Station, and killed my husband, the said Captain Nathan Faris, his Brother, and One of Our Children, with sundry other persons. They took my child by the feet and dashed his brains out against a tree. As soon as my husband was wounded he said he must die and directed me to take the two surviving children and make my escape, which I did, and carried with me our two surviving children herein and before mentioned, Polly and Rebecca, now Polly Hudson and Rebecca Johnson. The Indians burnt destroyed and carried away every thing about the Station, among the rest my husbands discharge above mentioned.

Barbara Mercereau nee Van Pelt, was born October 19, 1752. She was the second wife of John Mercereau, whom she married in 1777. Although John Mercereau was unable to obtain renumeration for financial losses he incurred during his four years of service as a spy for General Washington, she applied for and received a pension for his services in Broome County, New York, in August 1842, at the age of ninety. She died in Union, New York, March 10, 1847.

That she is the widow of John Mercereau who in the Revolutionary war was a Spy for Gen. Washington for more than two years after the war commenced and an Assistant Commissary of Prisoners.

That a few days after the British landed on Staten Island Gen. Mercer came to her husband's house and engaged him to go to Staten Island and get what information he could in relation to the strength of the British Army and report to General Washington, which he did, and gave to General Washington the information required. That he continued in this service for several years under General Washington and done no other business but to spy out the strength of the enemy, their situation and their movements. He had the confidence of Generals Washington, Lee, Putnam, Green, Lay Fayette and others. That when General Washington was retreating through New Jersey with his army in 1776 he put up all night at the deponents house and this deponent provided supper for Washington and Eighteen other officers.

That on the following morning after the Army had moved onward this deponent
thought best her husband being gone on duty to follow the army and started just before the British arrived at that place which was Woodbridge, Middlesex County, New Jersey. That she overtook the retreating army at New Brunswick landing and stopped there all night. From this they continued to retreat until they crossed the Delaware. The Army made a halt and this deponent stopped with the army where she remained in the family of a Mr. Ingraham nine months. Her husband was all this time on duty watching the motions of the enemy and otherwise such information of their movements as he could for the Americans.

That after this nine months she moved from place to place as the army moved, her husband being continually in the service as a spy and an Assistant commissary of Prisoners. That her husband John Mersereau from the beginning of the war served as a spy and as an Assistant Commissary of Prisoners at least six years until the end of the war. That her husband and Joshua Mersereau by their exertions and watchfulness after the American Army had crossed the Delaware saved the army from being attacked by the British. In searching along the River they found several boats such which the British intended to raise and cross the River. By this timely discovery they prevented the British from crossing the River.

This deponent's husband in the beginning of the war was considered a wealthy man but when the war ended he was worth nothing. For his losses he in 1819 made application for a renumeration of damages sustained by him during the war but his claim was rejected. From old age and loss of memory she is unable to state the exact length of the different services of her husband but the foregoing is according to her best recollection.

She further declares that she was married to the said John Mersereau as his second wife on the 19th day of October 1777 by the Rev. Mr. Jackson, a Dutch reformed minister at her mothers house on Staten Island, and that her husband John Mersereau died on the 21st day of February 1820, and that she still remains a widow.

+++ Eunice Lewis applied for a pension in Orange County, New York, in 1842, at the age of seventy-eight. She stated that her husband had enlisted in the spring or summer of 1776 or 1777 and served three years in the Connecticut Line under Captain Strong and Colonel Bradley, returning to his home in Monroe, New York, at the end of this term of duty. He reentered the military in April 1782 and served for nine months under Captain Abraham Westfall in the regiment commanded by Colonel Weisenvelt, guarding the western New York frontier. His last service occurring shortly after their marriage, she recounted how he went to join him in the field, and stood watch with him during the night. Her pension was allowed. . . . she was married to the said Jacob Lewis on the 26th day of November 1781 by Nathaniel Satterly then an acting Justice of the Peace in and for the said County [Orange Co., N.Y.] and who was authorized to perform the marriage ceremony. Her name before marriage was Eunice Miller and her marriage took place at her father's house in the town [Monroe], county [Orange], and State [New York] aforesaid. She further states that she was married to the said Jacob Lewis at least four months before her husband entered the service under Capt. Westfall, and she has a perfect recollection of going across the Shawangunk mountain and living with her said husband Jacob Lewis three days in a block house called Kuykendalls block house, and of standing and keeping the company of her said husband one night while he was standing out as a guard. And that her said husband Jacob Lewis died on the 26th day of July 1820 and that she has ever since remained a widow as will more fully appear by the proof annexed.

+++ Alexander Kelsoe enlisted November 1, 1775, as a private in Captain John Bartley's company, in Colonel Richardson's South Carolina regiment, and went on an expedition against the Tories. After his discharge he moved about Virginia, then settled in Sullivan County, North Carolina. There he reenlisted about September 1, 1780, serving as a private in Captain George Maxwell's company, which under the direction of Colonel Isaac Shelby was at the Battle of King's Mountain. Discharged in November, he married Margaret Balch in May 1781 in Washington County, North Carolina. From the fall of 1781 until the following spring he twice enlisted for a tour against the Cherokee. He was granted a pension in 1832, and died in September 1835.

Margaret, his widow, applied for and received a
pension for his services in 1843, while a resident of Perry Township, Morgan County, Indiana. Then eighty-eight years old, she described her many displacements during the war. Although unable to remember the year of her birth, her recollections of the war were vivid.

That she is the Widow of Alexander Kelsoe who was a private of Militia in the service of the United States in the Army and War of the Revolution.

That said Alexander Kelsoe about the Year eighteen hundred and thirty two or three, as she believes from information of her family (her memory of late events not being as good as of things that took place when she was Young and was never good of dates) then residing in Morgan County in said State of Indiana made his Application for and obtained a Pension of twenty dollars per annum under the Act of Congress. For more particular proof as to his service, she refers to his declaration in the War Office.

She states that she was always informed and believes that she was born in the fall season of the Year, but of what year she has forgotten. She very well recollects that she was married to the said Alexander the next spring after the Battle of Kings Mountain and in the month of May (in which Battle he was engaged as she believes). She distinctly recollects that she was twenty six years of age at the time of her marriage.

She resided in Mecklenburgh County in the State of North Carolina near the Town of Charlotte in the early part of the War. She recollects well when Captain Scotts Company of Volunteers started out on the Snow Campaign (so called on account of the Snow being on the Earth all the time). She had two brothers James and William Balch in said Company. She remembers that she furnished her brother William who was the Ensign in said Company with a silk Hankerchief for a flag for his company.

She recollects being at Meeting at Captain Scotts when the Company arrived upon its return, whilst the preacher was preaching, and recollects the exclamation of the Captains Wife and the falling [feeling] it produced. She recollects very well going from the South side of the Cataba River where she lived across the river a journey of thirty miles to her brothers to ascertain if he had returned from Gates's defeat. As she was going on her way when she crossed the River at Beatties Ford there was a guard, they stoped her and questioned her about her name, and business. She answered them. One of them said he knew her connexions and that they were all good whigs. She then understood from them that they were stationed there to keep the Tories from crossing the river. Her youngest brother John Balch went out for the Battle of Ramsoms Mill and was in it as she was informed and believes.

She had three brothers in Gates's defeat James, William and Amos as informed and believes. After this (Gates's Defeat) she with others fled with the intention of going to her brother Stephen B. Balch a Presbyterian Preacher of George Town in the District of Columbia, but being informed that grain was scarce in the district they stoped at Staunton in Virginia and stayed there one winter and part of the next summer. Thence she with others returned to a place called Little Limestone in then North Carolina now Tennessee. She remained there until the Spring after the Battle of Kings Mountain when as she before above stated she was married to the said Alexander according to an agreement made before the Battle of Kings Mountain.

They (the declarant and the said Alexander Kelsoe) were married in Washington County then N. Carolina now Tennessee. She recollects that their marriage License was issued by Colo. Sevier the Clerk of the Court of said County at Jonesboro.

The Minister who solemnized their marriage was John Causson a presbyterian preacher, who resided near them, their regular preacher Samuel Doke being absent at Presbytery. After their marriage they remained in the same place about two years. She recollects the said Alexander's going out for the expedition to Kings Mountain, and his bringing back with him a led horse said to be got there. She does not recollect whether said Alexander was in the foot or horse at Kings Mountain, she thinks he served part of the time on foot and part on horse. In some of his tours he was on the foot service and most of which service was before their marriage as she is informed and believes.

After their marriage and after the Battle of Kings Mountain her said husband served two tours of duty against the Cherokee Indians and Tories. One of these tours she thinks (it is her best impression) he performed on horse. She
does not recollect whether on the other he was a footman or horseman. She does not recollect the length of the tours, nor whether they were in the Same Year or not. She recollects that the Indian depredations which rendered the call necessary first broke out in Blount County. There were many forts in that County at the time. She had a sister in one of them as she was informed. She forgets the name of it. It was attacked with only two men in it. They assisted by the women kept up a fire and the enemy gave up the siege and retired. Another fort about the same was burned.

She recollects the first family attacked by the Indians in that Season. They were by the name of Kirk. The Old gentleman and one son escaped. Just after this it was that her husband started out on the first of the two tours which took place as before stated after the Battle of Kings Mountain.

She recollects that about this time Young Mr. Cunningham went out with his sister to milk (in her neighbourhood) and both were killed by the Indians. In the first of said two tours she has the impression that her husband was under Captain Carson or that Captain was along, his first name she has a faint impression was Robert.

Her husband she has the impression (not confidently) in one of his said two tours was destined to a place called Hightower, as she supposed in the Cherokee Nation. The expedition was in warm weather. John Wallace was killed in that expedition as she was informed and believed. She recollects that after this a short time they brought a few Indian prisoners in the part of the county near where she lived. The young man above mentioned by the name of Kirk whose family had been attacked rushed among the prisoners and killed some of them—was about to kill an old Indian Woman—but spared her upon her protesting that her Indian son John had never killed white men. She can not state where her husband started to go in his Second tour. Both tours she thinks were not far apart.

She recollects that Saml. Handy or Hanly whether about this time or not she is unable to remember went to Cumberland Mountain with a Company. Being attacked by Indians his men all fled, leaving him to stand alone. His company reported him dead. He was much respected. His funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Henderson who was his preacher. She was present and heard it. It was highly affecting. She still recollects the words of one of his sentences describing the manner in which he died "So died our brave and noble Captain." In a few days afterwards and which rivited the words upon her memory Captain Handy returned sound and well. It was said his men appeared to be sorry that he lived.

Her husband the said Alexander may have been in the foot service at Kings Mountain she remembers his stating upon his return that the British overshot the Americans as they went up the side of the Mountain.

She states that she well recollects that her oldest son (Charles) was a child when the said Alexander went out in one of said expeditions against the Indians. In one of the said Indian Campaigns she thinks Dougherty was an Officer, what office he held she can not state nor whether said Alexander was under his command or whether under the command of Colo. Hubbard. Said Dougherty was at one time she recollects a major or Colonel and was afterwards in her impression a general.

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Lydia and Joseph Ray were married March 21, 1771. Filing for a pension in Smith County, Tennessee in 1837, his eighty-five year old widow described how she was plundered by the British in 1781, shortly after her husband's death and while pregnant with their last child.

That she is the widow of Joseph Ray who was a private Soldier in the army of the Revolution. He was drafted in the Month of September 1780 under Captain George Hodge, to serve a tour of six months. She and her husband lived at this time in Orange County State of North Carolina about Seven miles from Hillsborough. They had been married ten years before that time by Captain Robert Lytle, a Justice of the peace. They had three children when he entered the Service. In august before, Colonel Armand was Stationed in the neighbourhood with his troop of light horse. She thinks that they had to support and feed thirty men and thirty horse for a short time in order to recruit them. When Col. Armand left he gave her husband a tickett on the Government which was never paid.

In September as above State[d] her husband entered the Service. In two or three months after he entered the Service her oldest child
James sukumed and died and she wrote her husband a letter, as the army was not far off. Her husband, rather than leave his family in a forlorn situation, made an arrangement with his captain and gave him one thousand dollars in the currency of that time which was continental paper money. This the Captain received for the purpose of hiring a substitute for the balance of the time he required it and hired a Substitute who served out the balance of the time of her husband's service, which was six months in all.

It was in the February following as well as she recollects that the battle of Guilford was fought. The British army marched before this—passed in one half mile of where she lived. She was then a widow. Her husband was sick when he returned and died—Doctor Gillett attended him until his death. Left in this situation with three small children to take care of, the British army as above stated camped close by, and the consequence was, knowing that her husband though dead still had a Substitute in the American army, they took everything that suited them, her flour, meal corn, and fodder, oats, a large number of cattle, (she had 14 Milch cows the summer before, but they stripped her of every one except one cow which was out of their reach), her husband's clothing, and the most valuable of and her children she put into her chest and then put it into the Stable and buried it there, but it was all in vain for they found and took it.

Another circumstance [which] tended greatly to add to her distresses and hurried her husband to make the arrangement with his commanding officer was her State of Pregnancy, but she was not confined nor was her youngest child born until after her husband's death, for she recollects distinctly her helpless situation when the British army stripped her of almost everything she had.

I was born 20th June 1756 in the City of Limerick in the Kingdom of Ireland, the daughter of George Patterson and Catharine Teulon his wife. From Limerick my parents removed from Kilkenny in the West of Ireland and afterwards to Glasgow and from thence to the neighborhood of Edinburgh. To avoid a press my father enlisted in the Regiment which was afterwards ordered to America. He served at the siege of Quebec and after his discharge got his bounty land and took his abode not far from Charlotte, North Carolina, and sent for his family. My mother came out to him with one of my sister Jenny. We landed in Charleston in June 1768, where my father met us and carried us to his house in what was afterwards called the New Acquisition.

I was married first to George Henderson in March, 1772, a Lieutenant in Captain Sumter's Militia Company. He died after the Snowy Camps [Snow Campaign], as well as I recollect in 1775. He had resigned his Commission sometime before on account of ill health.

On the first of January 1779, Charles Teulon and I were married at Briar Creek in the State of Georgia by the Reverend Mr. Lewis, a presbyterian minister. Teulon was a warm and active friend of America. During the war he was almost always out with the Militia and always a volunteer, never stood but one draft that I know of, and that was in an Expedition against Quarter House under Captain McGaw. He was at the battle of Fort Moultrie a private in Captain Snipes Company and received three wounds and had a rib broken on Goat Island. At the siege of Augusta he was in a party of scouts and received in a skirmish a Sabre wound in the head. He was in a great many expeditions which from the great lapse of time I cannot now recollect.

During the siege of Augusta I staid this side of the River at the house of one Lamar, where a Mrs. McFoy was living. One day while at the house of one Flanagan a foraging party of British and Tories came. They charged me with being a rebel and having a husband out and knowing where they were. I denied knowing where they were, as I did not know in fact, and a man called Conner pushed at me with his bayonet and gave me a severe wound in the left breast, and I believe he would have killed me if one Blainy had not pushed him back as he made his lunge, which shortened the blow. I still bear the scar of this wound, from which I suffered a long time and felt the pain many years after it was healed, particularly while nursing, and feel it even yet sometimes.

Christiana Teulon was twice married to soldiers of the American Revolution. It was as the widow of her second husband, Charles Teulon, that she applied for and received a pension in Abbeville District, South Carolina, in 1836. In her application she described how she had encountered a party of British foragers, one of whom stabbed her in the breast.
My husband died the 12 October, 1812. In the latter part of his life, when he was hypocondriac, a set of swindlers got away his land which was all he had and I was left in poverty. . . .

† † †

Mary and Eddy Phetteplace were married in the fall of 1775, and the following year he died of fever, after having served for ten months in Captain Benjamin Hoppin's company of Colonel Christopher Lippitt's Regiment of Rhode Island State Troops. She married Thomas Smith in 1789.

When her daughter Phoebe Paine sought an arrears payment in 1854, Thomas Paine made the following declaration in which he remembered that as a widow of Eddy Phetteplace, Mary Smith had not smiled for a year after his death.

I Thomas Paine of Gloucester in the County of Providence and State of Rhode Island in the 81st year of my age on Oath testify and say I was formerly well acquainted with Mary Smith widow of Thomas Smith. She died the 18th day of September A.D. 1836. This I very well remember being a very near neighbor and our family assisting at the burying Grounds.

Her last husband the said Thomas Smith departed this life in march 1799, and she remained his widow till her death as before stated. They were married and settled on the farm as our neighbors, where they always lived, just about the close of the War of the Revolution, and I was then about 10 years old. She was previously the widow of Eddy Phetteplace as I was always told and fully believed.

When I was a boy I used to go there and carry yarn for this widow to weave, for she took in weaving at that time, and I recollect there was something a little singular or strange in her actions, as she moaned deeply the loss of her husband, the said Phetteplace for several years, and it was always said in our neighborhood that she moaned him so deeply that she was not known to smile or laugh for the space or term of one year after his death.

† † †

Mary Williams provides us with a touching narrative of a widow whose husband re-fought the Revolution in his old age. She related her tale in 1846 in Bulloch County, Georgia, to which she and her husband had migrated from North Carolina after the war.

This declarant says that she was born in the State of North Carolina, on the 7th of October, 1769, and is now in the 77th year of her age, and deposes that by reason of old age and the consequent loss of memory, She cannot swear positively as to the precise length of her husband's service, but according to the best of her recollection of the conversations of her husband on the subject of his military adventures, Samuel Williams served not less than five years, principally under General Green, Col. Rhodes, Armstrong and Major Ivy, but under other officers whose names have escaped this applicant's memory. Of so many names, she can only recall a few, and of the complicated details of battles, victories and defeats, of marches and counter-marches, charges and routs, returns and departures, sickness, blood and desolation this applicant only remembers to have been often told that all or most of these dire calamities occurred in the State of South Carolina. Her husband frequently recounted these melancholy scenes to her; and she has many times heard them spoken of by numerous other individuals, who were well acquainted with Samuel Williams in his lifetime.

This declarant will undertake to relate the few facts and circumstances that still linger on her memory, in the fervent hope that the wise and good men who have the sacred trust of searching out the records of the past, and of granting the claims of the widows of deceased revolutionary soldiers, may compare her imperfect account, and unconnected facts, with the most perfect details of revolutionary history, as it exists in the national archives at Washington city, and she feels convinced that her brief statements will bear to stand the test of comparison and wear the semblance of truth. This applicant declares her belief that her husband applied for a pension in his life time, and that the facts were proved by John Best, with whom he was for a time companion in arms, but that from some delay or mismanagement, or other cause, neither of them succeeded then in getting their pensions.

She has heard that her husband enlisted in the army at a very early age, (she thinks at the age of 16 years) and that he served throughout a greater part of the war. She recollects mention having been made of his great sickness and distress in a hospital in some town or city; She can swear positively to having seen large and distinct marks of wounds or bruises on each of her
husband's hips; she has heard that he deserted his father's house when a boy to fight and suffer for his country; One night, having, in company with some 30 men (she believes a scouting party) taken shelter in the second story of an old house on the road, the party were that night attacked by a company of British or Tories, and her husband narrowly escaped with his life, after refusing to stop when called, and was shot at as he fled.

Being in the Battle of Eutaw Springs, he narrowly escaped in a retreat. It appears from what this declarant has heard, that at the time of that battle Gen. Green rode a fine horse which, being a present from his father or some other distinguished individual, he highly prized, and fearing the horse might be shot in the engagement, he called to Samuel Williams and said "here my little soldier mount this horse and escape for your life," and then the General after having given some hasty directions as to his horse, plunged again into battle.

She remembers to have heard that her husband was present when the gallant DeKalb fell, and also in some engagement where a sergeant hovered over that individual, and cried aloud, "Save the brave DeKalb." She has also heard her husband discourse of his having served with DeKalb, and of having been present at a conference between DeKalb and Marion previous to Gate's defeat, at which S. Williams was present and narrowly escaped.

He often mentioned the fact that one of the companies with whom he served, was attended by a white washer woman, who on one occasion when the army reached a wide creek which they had to wade very deeply, after the whole company had ridiculed the woman and refused to help her over the water, Samuel Williams kindly offered to take her over on his shoulders which proposal the female replied that he was too young and little for such a service. He notwithstanding carried her over safely, and she told him she would remember him for that, and pay him for it some day. It was this same washer woman who afterward by her care saved his life in the hospital before alluded to.

This is nearly or quite all this applicant remembers of the circumstances of her husband's service in the war, except in reply to the interrogator propounded by the war Department. The applicant has at her house the record of her age, as well as that of her husband. She believes from report that her husband served both as a Regular and among the State Troops of North Carolina. If her husband ever received a discharge, this declarant knows not where it is. The applicant is known to many persons in Bulloch County, who will testify to her character for veracity, and their belief that her husband served as a soldier in the revolution. She has never entertained any doubt of this fact, nor has she heard of any other persons doubting this.

In conclusion it may not be improper to state, that it is generally known in the applicant's neighborhood, that her husband became insane or foolish on the subject of the Revolutionary War. In these fits of mental derangement, he would imagine that he was engaged in battle; he would order about the troops; charge upon the supposed enemy; call aloud on familiar names of persons who served under him, and would shout or bid defiance to the British and Tories. During these paroxysms he went armed with the back of an old Sythe blade and occasionally with an old gun with no Lock. During most of his life after the war, he wished and prayed to die on the 4th of July, and accordingly he expired on the 4th of July in the year of our Lord, 1833 after fighting, as is believed by all who knew him, heroically for his country. The Declarant cannot add aught else in this declaration but submits her claim to the decrees of providence and justice.

+++ For a fair number of frontier women, the war was not over for fifteen years after Yorktown. In her seventy-sixth year, Margaret Winternote, the former widow of George Ward, applied for and received a pension based on his service during the Revolution.

She made her deposition in Darke County, Ohio, in 1844, and died on November 6, 1855.

That she is the widow of George Ward who was a private in the American army of the Revolution. Deponent would state that said George Ward served in the Virginia line and that he either served under Captain Sylvester Ward or enlisted under him as a recruiting officer. All the information that she had on this subject was from seeing a written discharge that said George Ward received from George Washington and which was (lost or destroyed as herein stated) and from the information derived from said George Ward after their marriage, as well as from other persons...
And Deponent further declares that she was married to the said George Ward after his service in the Revolutionary war had expired and on the 12th day of February A.D. 1783. That she was married by a man by the name of Felty Powers, a minister of the Dunkard order she believes, in the County of Hampshire and said State of Virginia. That as near as she recollects, licence was not then required by law for marriage, but notice was given by publication that said marriage should occur. And also that it was recorded in a family Bible which was afterwards destroyed as hereinafter stated by said Deponent.

That after said marriage she lived with said George Ward in Hampshire County about four years and then removed to near Clarksburgh in Harrison county, Virginia, and lived there about two years and then removed to Tig [Tygart’s] Valley in Randolph county, Virginia, and resided there until about February, 1791, when said George Ward died of Consumption, leaving Deponent his widow and three children living viz: David Ward, Mary Ward, and George Ward. Deponent further states that after her husband’s death she went to live or stay in a house occupied by one Joseph Kenan and his family on a farm adjoining that where Deponent lived when said George Ward died. This was done for the personal safety of herself and children as the Indians were then committing depredations on the frontier settlements.

And in the month of May, as near as Deponent recollects, next after the decease of her said husband, a little after dark, when Deponent had put her three children and one of Kenan’s children in bed on the floor in the House (which was a log house) and Kenan had laid down on another bed in the same room, the said Kenan lived when said George Ward died. This was done for the personal safety of herself and children as the Indians were then committing depredations on the frontier settlements.

Deponent sprang to her children and caught up George Ward (then a babe) in her arms—David another child raised partly up and was knocked over by one of the Indians, Deponent caught him as he fell and slipped into a small back room that was dark and put her son David, then about 7 or 8 years old, out at the window and gave him the babe and told him to run to the woods. There was a small hole or window through which deponent put the children, but it was so small that she did not expect she could get through herself, until after she had put the children out, when upon trial she succeeded in getting through and taking her two children with one of the Kenans which had got out of bed and came around the house from the other side. She ran about three miles to one John Hamiltons where they found protection temporarily until the alarm was given and the Indians pursued.

Deponent would further state that her child Mary was tomahawked and scalped before her in said bed as well as said Kenan, and one of the Kenans children was killed out of doors, and Kenan’s wife was taken prisoner by said Indians and carried away captive. Said Kenan’s wife as deponent has been informed was taken to Detroit and kept about four years, until her brother by the assistance of a Frenchman succeeded in rescuing her from the Indians, for after her return she saw her and conversed with her about the appalling and afflicting scenes they witnessed on that eventful night: Jacob Lewis and a man by the name Carley and of them being in another small apartment or ketchin, made their escape at the same time. The Indians at that time before leaving the house tore up her beds and took away all of her clothes and bedding of use and destroyed every thing they could about house including her husband’s papers and books among which was the aforesaid discharge from Washington and the family Bible containing the record of her own and her husband’s ages and marriage as deponent never could find them afterwards. . . .

Two Seventeenth-Century Poems

While the history of the American colonies in the seventeenth century includes many tough, strong-willed characters and not a few scoundrels, there are a number of individuals who are remembered for their gentleness, their open-mindedness, their devotion to higher ideals. Any list of nominees for early American sainthood would probably include John Eliot (1604–1690), apostle to the Indians of Massa-
chusetts, and William Penn (1644–1718), the unusually talented and tolerant founder of Pennsylvania.

We here present a poem on each man, the one a highly laudatory memorial of Eliot by the Reverend John Danforth (1660–1730), minister at Dorchester, the other a somewhat humorous but highly critical portrayal of Penn by Francis Bugg. While neither author rivals Milton or Dryden, they were not without certain talent. The Eliot piece appeared as an appendix to Knelling to God, at Part with Friends (Boston, 1697), Danforth's first publication other than an almanac. The Penn poem appeared in Bugg's News from Pennsylvania (London, 1703). Francis Bugg had been a Quaker but left the denomination about the time Pennsylvania was settled, claiming that its leaders had strayed from the original, simple faith.

A POEM

To the Blessed MEMORY of the Venerable Mr. JOHN ELIOT, TEACHER to the Church of CHRIST in Roxbury, and a PROPAGATOR of the Gospel to the Indians in N-England. Who rested from his Labours, May, 20. Anno Dom. 1690. AEstatis Suae. 86.

Shall ELIOT slip away? & not his Sons Spy & Regret it, with Athletick Groans? None Cry Alarm, when Horse & Chariots taken? None Feel, when Israel's weal's Foundation shaken? Lately, a stately Stone pluckt out; none 'spy it? Nor run to stop the woful Breach made by it? Where's sweet Tongue'd David, sad Song'd Jeremiah, jon'than to wail, to Elegize Josiah? Where's matchless Moses's Mule? Had I his STAFF, I'd find one Grave, and 'Grave one Epitaph. English and Indian Work, he did so well, Define we cannot, which did which excell Pagans, This Paul converts; Peter doth use His Talents chiefly to confirm the Jews. Paul to Barbarians, own's Himself a Debtor; Our John a brave DIVINE, T'Himself, no better Dates supererrogate, in the vast Cost And Pains, expended to Reduce the lost.

A brave DIVINE, said I? I had not mist, Sure, had I Stil'd Him an EVANGELIST. To Trace their Pagan Genealogies Was not his Task, yet would his curious Eyes Maugre oblivions Dust, 'venture to scan At least by guess. These hideous Wrecks of PAN:

And thought, he trackt, to Palestine's Strand: How e're; He was resolv'd, to th' Holy Land Them to reduce; [might Heav'n a Moses make him]

Nor did their barb'rous Heathenism shake him. Th' Eternal Mind in Mortal Airs, nev'r blew Unformed Blast; His Sov'reign Shalms yet flew On Syriac Wings; His Gentleness equips His Sacred Chariot with Chaldean Chips; Three Other, His own Mother-Tongue beside, Upon His Pascal Cross, He Sanctify'd.

His Tharsian-bred Apostle don't refuse To sharp his Tools with Philistines, to use Greek Poets, cited to the Sacred Bar, T'wait on Effata's more Oracular.

Like Hercules toils ELIOT, left that He Should to Barbarians, a Barbarian be.

Since Babel's Trait'rous Tower was Thundresmit,

By Heav'n's Inrag'd Ire, & fell, & split ONE TONGUE into a Thousand Shivers, none Can tell the Wounds, which this one Wo alone, Hath more than scan'd the World with; next th' Expulsion

At first from Paradise, & th 'next Convulsion In Grandsire Japeth's Time, no Storm before, The Universal e're delug'd more:

But now, thro' matchless Grace, to Eliot's given The Key t'expel what lockt men out of Heaven. His Tongue sails right, with Indian Tempest tost;

Puts in for Peter's Plea, at Pentecost. The Ambassadour unto Them dares preferr Offers of CHRIST, without Interpreter.

Th' Incarnate Furys, straitway from the Pit Of Darkness worse then Egypt's, Rise & Split On all their Daemons, whilst their Breast & Brow

They to the LORD, & to His Baptist vow. One Testament Seventy Interpreters Translate to Greek Antiquity avers; Both Testaments, yet ELIOT alone Converts into the Indian Tongue & Tone; Abel, tho' dead, yet speaks, in one Tongue more;

Isay's, Apollo's Eloquence, before,
Ne're Rode in such a Chariot: Luke Physician,
(Tho, skill'd In Pulse,) would scarce tell the
Condition
Of his own Gospel: Paul, with his much Learning
Would here be Posed: — —
For 't' though to many Regions He did pass,
Yet no west-Indian Antiquary was.
Sir Thomas Eliot was Great Brittain's Glory:
Our Saint shall have a Chronicle in Ages Story:
Great XAVIER brings the Crucifix & Libel,
To Indian Souls, of Masses; Ours, the Bible.
Sanctius, for this, owns Him a Tutelary:
Calls on him & him joyns with GOD & MARY:
Eliot before such cursed Adoration,
Would chuse much rather, an Annihilation.
Yet made His Works before mens Eyes to shine,
That they might Glorifie the Name Divine.
The Indian-Work lay greatly on his Heart;
Until the Last, when He and That must part.
They parted not without most solemn Blessing,
While Clouds thereon were to his Soul Distressing.
He dyes; His Work, when Time Dyes shall survive,
'Tho' Dead, yet speaks, that th' Indian Work
may Live,
And to's Successors doth good Counsel give
'Address (I pray) our Senate for good Orders,
'To Civilize the Heathen in our Borders.
'Verue must turn into Necessity;
'Or this brave Work, will in its Urn still lye.
'Till Agriculture, and Cohabitation,
'Come under full Constraint and Regulation,
'Much you would do, you'll find Impracticable,
'And much you do will prove Unprofitable.
'In common Lands that lie unfenced you know
'The Husbandman, in vain doth plow & sow:
'We hope in vain, the Plant of Grace shall thrive
'In Forrests, where Civility can't Live.
'In English Towns, when they their Months do spend,
'Make Them, Gods Worship with us, to attend.
'Whilst I us'd (as you must) sharp Discipline,
'The saving Gains were Theirs, the Pains were mine
'Their Tender Sons to Sacred Learnings
'Throw
'None can advance, but such Divines alone,
'As are most Expert in their Dialect,
'If Teaching in their own Tongue we respect
'Such Youths, (if GOD vouchsafe to Sanctify
'Their studious minds) the sacred Oars may Ply,
'Each Sabbath too, through Starry Arches bring,
'Their Common Homage to our MIGHTY KING.
'Look well to the Uprising Nursery:
'You know full well, none more for Schools than I
'To drown their Woes, some drown their
Wits, and All
'Their Common Grace: Correct that Fault you
shall,
'If you be Instant, only OUT OF SEASON
'Your Hope soars out of sight of all my Reason,
'If you expect, (while LORDS DAYS hold their
Station)
'To Lecture them, on Week-Days, to Salvation.
'Is it impossible to make a Purse,
'T Invite a Lecturer, in Turns, to Nurse
'Your English Pocks. That those may have good
Dressing
'That have most need, upon the Day of Blessing?
'Their Indian Teachers are but Weak; I Wiss;
'Their Preaching, by their Hearers, slighted is:
'Take then this Way, to advance the Standard
Of Holiness, by late backslidings Slander'd.
'Let fire-hot Zeal, boil in your thirsty Veins,
'To save poor Caitiffs from Eternal Pains
'Our Antient Heroes, with their English Prayers
'Did edify THEIR Souls; yet then, such Ayres
'Were Unintelligible, more by far,
'Than now adays, (since long Converse) they are
'Call many English Suppliants: Let them Kneel,
'With Them & for Them; for their saving Weale.
'Joyn hand in hand: Help up the Weak, Heavn's
Stairs:
'Salvation, serves in pay of Joyned Prayers.
'The Friends of Christ, & Souls, Let none be
mute
'In any Tongue, that can GODS Throne salute:
'FAST with and for THEM also twice a Year,
'Twill shew, and bring their Resurrection near;
'May GOD in Heavn, & may poor Heathens see
'That much affected, & concern'd All be:
'CHRISTS Intercessions may they have
rebound,
'Echo'd from hence, 'Twill to their Weal
redound
'(Grand Usurer) I, nev'r gave Heavn a Mite
'But gain'd, & gather'd, Thousand Millions by't
'Never Regret (Brave Hearts!) your vast
Expence
'Twixt Indian Traders & their Teachers made;
'What Blessings These, what Blastings Those
Invade
'Those often are annoy'd with mischiefs, whiles
These do enjoy most sweet Caelesial smiles.  
His Counsels, we have done with; And return  
To close the Ashes of his Sacred Urn.  
When Pious Grand sir lately came to visit  
This Saint, then at Heaven's Gate, And said  
How is it?  
Such was his sense, he sagely made reply,  
I am Afraid: But not afraid to Dy:  
Sir! Thankfull Joy, My Motto is, (Quoth He)  
Unto Another; And I Joy to see  
What Lights CHRIST sets in's Churches, & that  
still  
GOD hath His Folk that doe His Temples fill.  
How solemnly He Blest 'em, some can tell;  
Like Paul; Begging, mean while, their Pray'rs  
as well:  
And may they Blessed be! May they inherit  
A Double Portion of ELIJAHS Spirit.  
On Golden Letters of His Name I mused;  
JOHN, distill'd HONY, ELIOT, TOILE produc'd  
Pains bring in gains; for sweets, he sweat:  
thus fraud  
With richest Lading, To His Port, He's brought.  
This Vessel yet of Honour, had not been  
So soon seen under Saile, Had not our Sin  
Deserved of Provoked such a sign  
Of Woe descending from the Wrath Divine.  
This blurs the Trophys of our New Elections,  
With Interlineaments of sad Interjections.  
Indians! Your Hearts are Marble, if Distress  
Seize you not, for Unprofitablesness.  
Fear you not Wrath poor Souls! will you not  
grive  
Th' Ambassador of Peace has tak'n his Leave.  
He Lov'd your Nation dearly; did He not?  
(Adding your Language to the Polyglott;)  
In ways unparellell'd, his strange Compassion  
Drew Soul & Substance out, for your Salvation.  
Heav'n's Fiery Balls, Flames, Smoke & Thundering Shot  
And Bloody Drops, (late Prodigies) are not  
More signal than this Death, at such a season,  
Such was Mathuselah's: and we have Reason,  
May we have Grace, t' repent the Provocation,  
With speed, that crys aloud for Desolation.  
Yet Muse! Don't overgroan" they Fathers Glee  
In's reimbraced Colleague should with Thee,  
Advance new Sonnets to His Jubilee  
Indulcity'd, sweet ELIOT by Thee.  
J.D.  
FINIS.

Dear William Penn is come agen  
To set all Things to Right;  
What' er Men say, he is as Day  
Proceeding from the Light.  
He ply'd the Court, we thank him for't,  
Much Service he hath done,  
To keep us free from Slavery,  
And hath much Honour won.  
He hath done Things with Three great Kings,  
Which no Man else could do;  
And with the Crown got high Renown,  
And mighty Favour too.  
But as by Hap, he did Kidnap,  
And promis'd us great Things;  
Of us poor Souls he makes great Fools,  
Our Moses he's with Kings.  
With Charles the King he high did spring,  
And to New-Market rode,  
Like apish Thing, and which was King  
Was hardly understood *.  
With James so high he was very nigh,  
And counted it no Sin;  
He pleased high for Liberty,  
And Jesuits came in.  
No Cross, no Crown, was then laid down,  
And good Men all forgot;  
And he, poor Fool, was made Close-stool  
To bring about a Plot.  
One time he said, being not afraid,  
That James was Lawful King;  
But since that, it is his Lot  
Another Song to Sing.  
Two Thousand Pounds is somewhat round  
To give unto King Will;  
And by C.M. to give to Jem,  
To keep in Favour still.  
With Sophistry and Flattery  
He pleased hath Two Kings,  
that seem to war, and still to jar,  
But Time to Light all brings.  
Thus he hath spent what hath been lent,  
In Hopes to be repaid;  
To be sincere, he is come here,  
And makes us now afraid.  
And now I'll tow no Man he'll know  
No more after the Flesh;  
And I foresee he'll make us flee,  
And send us home to Thresh.  
But I hope no Limb of Pope  
Shall with us much prevail;  
Now is our time, now is our time,  
Our selves for to bewail.  
Who can but see that such as he  
No otherwise can be,
But Atheist, or Platonist,  
By such Divinity?  
That lofty Thing that's call'd a King;  
And Quaker here bears Rule;  
"Twill come to pass 'twixt Horse and Ass  
Will. Penn will be a Mule.  
But I wonder such a Quaker,  
That preaches not to fight,  
Should Seal all Charms with Coat of Arms,  
That should not be by Right.  
His noble Coat by War was got,  
And most his Father had;  
With it Wills proud, and preaches loud,  
Tho' it was got so bad.  
Three Bullets brave in his Scutcheon have  
This Musroom in his Seal;  
He's grown so high, but soon must die,  
And part with all his Weal.  
The Quakers then will want Will. Penn,  
And soon he brought to Nought;  
Both he and they will in One Day  
Be utterly forgot.

*Because he kept his Hat on.

Recent Acquisitions

BOOKS
The Carolina and Georgia Almanack . . . for . . . 1784. Charleston, 1783 or 1784.
Dalcho, Frederick. Practical Considerations founded on the Scriptures, Relative to the Slave Population of South-Carolina. Charleston, 1823. Pro-slavery piece advocating religious instruction by native South Carolinians.
The Wilmington Almanac, or Ephemeris, for . . . 1794. Wilmington, Del., 1794. Previously unrecorded variant printing of early Delaware almanac.

A View of the New-York State Prison in the City of New York. N.Y., 1815.
Mailhe, Jean Baptiste. Discours qui a Reinsporte le Prix a l'Academie des Jeux Floraux sur le Grandeur et l'Importance de la Revolution . . . dans l'Amerique. Toulouse, 1784.
White, Andrew Dickson. A Letter to William Howard Russell. London, 1863. Interesting and perceptive argument, by University of
Michigan history professor, that Russell, author of the popular *My Diary, North and South* (1862), had misread American public opinion. Aimed at a British audience.


MAPS


Pages 30-39. *The text for Requisites For, And Complete Method of Hog-Teaching* (Phila., [1802]) has been enlarged 142%.


Page 51. *New York American, February 16, 1827*.


All printing devices used in this issue are taken from eighteenth- and nineteenth-century editions of books printed in Ephrata, Pennsylvania.

**FINIS.**