Department: Making A Point—Pencil Manufacturing in the Nineteenth Century; From the Kitchen—There Were Always Oysters; Another Slice of the Big Cheese—Jeffersonian Era Poetry; “The Ewing Papers”—Part Three; and Recent Acquisitions: Books and Manuscripts.

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Nearly one third of all officers serving in the British army during the War for American Independence were Irish. These officers were typically members of Ireland’s leading families. Their great-grandfathers had come from England to conquer Ireland in the seventeenth century and remained to rule through the army, local government, and the Irish Parliament. They received their commissions in the British army from the King of England’s representative in Dublin, the Lord-lieutenant of Ireland. The Lord-lieutenant used commissions as patronage to build a majority in the Irish House of Commons and to ensure support for British troops stationed in Ireland. Because British governments were eager to have troops in Ireland and to have the Irish pay for them, those governments gave their Lord-lieutenants considerable latitude in dispensing commissions. So it was that 464 of 1,463 British officers whose nationality was recorded between 1774 and 1777—thirty-two percent of all the officers in forty-eight regiments of foot—were Irish.

Notwithstanding the substantial number of Irish officers in the British army in 1775, diaries and letters of those officers from the American War are comparatively rare. Irish officers do seem to have had their share of service in the colonies: all of nine regiments in which a majority of the officers was Irish in 1775 went to America. Nor is there any reason to suspect that Irish officers were less literate than English or Scottish officers. It may well be that the Irish wrote as often of their experiences as any other officers but that their writings either have been destroyed or have remained as yet in trunks and attics. Whatever the reasons, comparatively few Irish accounts of the American War are known. Only eight of some eighty-two collections of British officers’ papers for the American War are Irish; and only two of the eight contain the private correspondence of a junior officer.

Thus the emergence of twenty letters written by an Irish officer who served as a company commander in the American War—twenty letters that appeared at Sotheby’s in 1984 and that are now in the Clements Library—has raised some intriguing questions and possibilities. These twenty letters will not make it possible to judge definitively the homogeneity of an officer corps that was forty-one percent English, thirty-two percent Irish, and twenty-seven percent Scottish. They will support comparisons between one Irish officer’s views and those of other British officers, and they will provide that officer’s perception of the inner workings of a regiment of infantry. Were his attitudes toward the revolution and the war different from those of his fellow English and Scottish officers? Did he behave or perform differently from them? If not, what did shape his perceptions of the rebellion, combat, and regimental life? In short, who was this Irish officer? Who was Loftus Cliffe and what was his American War?
Loftus Cliffe was a poor relation; that is, he was the youngest surviving son of a younger son of a prominent Anglo-Irish family. His relations, the Clifftes and Loftuses by birth and the Tonks and Leighs by marriage, had dominated County Wexford and supported British kings since the mid-seventeenth century: as members of the Irish House of Commons, as officers in the British army, as clergymen in the Anglican Church, and as officials in Wexford. His great-grandfather had migrated to Ireland as secretary at war of the army under Cromwell, acquired land in Wexford, and served as a member of Parliament and as high sheriff. His grandfather had supported William III and sat for twenty-three years in the Irish House of Commons; of four uncles, two had been members of Parliament and two had been officers in the army; and his cousins held among them no less than five seats in Parliament, eight commissions in the army, two Anglican parishes, and three civil offices in Wexford. But notwithstanding the prominence of his family, and the support that uncles, aunts, and cousins could give, Loftus Cliffe and his brothers had been unlucky. Their father had never attained the status of their grandfather or of some of their uncles, and their father had died while they were children and before providing fully for them. Loftus' brother, Bartholomew, had become "one of the Attorneys of his maties court of Exchequer in Ireland," and his brother, John, an Anglican clergyman. Yet neither Loftus nor his brothers had the wealth, standing, or prospects of their nearest relations.

Indeed, Loftus Cliffe barely had the resources for a career in the British army. He struggled constantly to pay his bills, to gain promotion, to educate his illegitimate son, and to provide for his own retirement. He never found a way to take a wife and establish a family. He had begun his military career in 1760 at a time when junior officers could no longer expect to live on their pay and allowances and in a regiment that was created temporarily for the Seven Years War. As soon as the war ended, his regiment was disbanded, and he was retired on half pay. Lacking wealth and influence, he was unable to get a commission in an established regiment—a lieutenant in the forty-sixth foot—until 1771. Thus when he embarked for America in 1776, he was thirty-four, six or seven years older than the average lieutenant, and without the experience of war to sustain a claim to promotion—to offset his lack of money and influence. He did see action at New York in 1776, and in New Jersey during the following winter. But not until he had served a second campaign—until he had taken part in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown—was he successful in getting a captaincy in the
fifty-second foot. Sent home with his new regiment in late 1778, he passed the remainder of the war in England, training his company and debating the merits of the American War with the local militiamen. Finally, in early 1783 he was ordered to India, where he hoped to make his fortune—to provide both for his son Arthur and for his own retirement in County Wexford. His dreams of “coming home independent” evaporated among banyan trees and water buffalo. He died soon after reaching Madras; his last letter was written at Poonamalle in January 1784.

Perhaps because he could not rely on wealth and influence for promotion, Cliffe tended to be unusually attentive to his duty and unusually concerned with his reputation. Although ill with the “bloody Flux” at New York, he refused to be left behind when his regiment was going into battle: “I thought I was too young a Soldier [too inexperienced] to run the Hazard.” Subsequently, fearing that sightseeing in New York City had cost him another chance for action, he resolved not to “run the Hazard again by lying out of camp.” And when accused of disobeying an order that he had not received, he stubbornly refused to acknowledge being disobedient or to compromise his reputation. He appealed to the commander in chief of British forces in America and remained confined in a soldier’s tent for more than a week, unable to “stand erect” or gain relief from the summer sun. On yet another occasion, he was prepared to accept orders to the West Indies, where he stood a far better chance of dying of disease than of gaining promotion or glory. He would go because, he said, “its my Duty.” Cliffe was not obsessed with duty or reputation, but he was unusually attentive to both.

Indeed, Cliffe’s sense of duty as well as comparatively limited means and opportunities kept him from finding much pleasure in America. Some British officers, particularly those with money and staff appointments, vigorously improved their leisure. They organized elaborate balls; wrote, directed, and acted in plays; enjoyed sleighing, shooting, and bathing; laid out a track and staged horse races; and even played golf on the “maneuvering ground” of Long Island. Cliffe certainly approved of entertainments and enjoyed his fellow officers. But having little money and serving in a regiment that spent one winter at sea and another skirmishing with rebels—a regiment that was almost constantly employed—he had to be content with modest pleasures. He dined and drank with other junior officers; visited his cousins, Lieutenant Charles Leigh and Ensign Walter Cliffe; went sightseeing; or played whist. He was occasionally, he said, tipsy; and while at New York in 1778, he engaged in a “spurt of folly” that left him seriously in debt. But inclination—and necessity—kept him close to his duty.

Necessity may also have made Cliffe more dependent on his family than many British officers. At least he was remarkably concerned with hearing from his family, having their advice and support, and retaining their esteem. He shared with them the frustrations of seeing younger men promoted before him—“a parcel of Boys jumping over our Heads, some of whom might scarcely blush to be at School.” He asked whether he should seek promotion in one of the regiments being raised in the British Isles. He borrowed money from his brothers for new clothes and old debts; he asked them to be guardians for his illegitimate son; he was deeply hurt and excessively apologetic when they reproved him for his “spurt of folly”; and he shared with them his satisfaction and relief at having done his duty and
survived the battles of Brandywine and Germantown. He clearly preferred the company of his family whether in New York or Yorkshire; and he longed for the time when he would have money enough to retire among his brothers and cousins in Wexford. More than anything, he sought news from home. When no one wrote to him, he complained stridently: "for God's sake do write"; "I have more impatiently expected the opening of each packet . . . than ever I did the Relief from the most disagreeable Picket. . . ." When someone did write he was most appreciative: a few lines from mother, especially before a battle, were "better than a drham to any Irishman."

Cliffe's dependence on his family made him a good correspondent. He was not a gifted writer, and he knew little of great events or leading men. But he was determined to please his family and promote a correspondence. He was, therefore, willing to take great trouble describing the details of his life and making those details as dramatic, amusing, and vital as he could. Join him floating down the Delaware River under rebel batteries in the fall of 1777:

... it was full Moon, and I thought gave greater Light than ordinary that Night we were stealing down in the profoundest Silence, with muffled oars when unluckily I coughed, tho' very softly the Naval officer told me the Consequence; Bang comes a twelve pounder close to our stern then another, they fired the fourth and some small arms, providentially without hurting our Boat & only grazing one, when a few shells thrown in from Province Island . . . had them quiet. . . .

Hear him describe his commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Enoch Markham:

... the younger Brother to the A[rch] B[ishop] of York; Nature fore­knowing their future Occupations, bestowed (instead of dividing) the mental powers upon the Clergyman & seeing the other then unworthy of further notice, did not deign him even the requisite for a Soldier . . . but in lieu gave him an insensibility of Danger, that will some day or other (if it does no greater mischief) uncollonel the Regiment."

Or, consider Cliffe's use of imagery to make his correspondence more vivid. He found himself "packed up on board an East India man like a Mouse in a cheese not able to turn about for want of room untill we shall eat our way"; Wat Cliffe was "getting fat as a porpoise"; rebel fire at Germantown "came ding dong about us"; and he was reduced to bread and cheese at New York in part because he was "too close Neighbours to the Hessians to find an Ox or Sheep in the Woods . . . if they meet even a milch Cow, take her aside and knock her in the head at once and say this be vary good for Hesse Mans. . . ." These images may have been commonplace among British officers of the American War, but it was most unusual for an officer to bring them into his correspondence or diary.

If, then, Cliffe lavished time on his letters—if he provided not merely vivid images and amusing vignettes but also remarkably detailed descriptions of his
service—what did he have to say about America, the rebellion, and the war? Like many British officers, he found the land, the cities, and the people unexpectedly attractive—indeed, poignantly so against the “waste” of war. Although rural Manhattan was “very barren, being hilly & full of brushwood,” he had never seen “a more beautiful country” than Long Island: “peaches & Nectarines grow upon Hedges so plenty that even the Soldiery were not able to consume them. . . .” And the cities clearly were “worth talking of.” New York, he thought, “a very pretty town near as large as Cork and nobly situate for Trade” and Philadelphia, “most spacious . . . built in a regular Quadrangle designed to reach from Delaware to Schuylkill . . . now tho in infancy capable of containing at least 50,000 Souls . . . the houses . . . of brick but not quite so superb as in New York, but I could spend 5000 a year in many of them. . . .” Were Philadelphia “built entirely to the Schuylkill [it] wd equal most of your Capital Cities in Europe, the Streets have each a foot path on either side floored with Brick and Sloping from the Houses to channels washed by numberless pumps. . . .” Even the people were “remarkably clean” and orderly. The “Police of this City [Philadelphia] before the troubles would have shewn you a Pattern notwithstanding the wisdom of your Mace & Rod. . . .”

Cliffe had no such praise for rebels in arms. Only gradually and grudgingly did he concede that some might be worthy of respect. The first American soldiers that he encountered at New York in 1776 seemed cowardly, drunken, dirty, and disorderly. They abandoned formidable earthworks without a fight, showing “the greatest pusillanimity that can be imagined from Men who pretend to fight for liberty & independence.” Their dead and wounded “stunk infamously of Rum”; and those who surrendered were “pale as Death & tottering every Limb . . . expecting instant Death as the reward for their iniquitous temerity.” Learning from a captured orderly book that Washington had punished his men severely for cowardice, plundering, and drunkenness, Cliffe concluded that nothing could instill discipline in the “Rebel Rabel.” He seemed genuinely surprised to find that some Americans had “made a very good stand” on Long Island and that a “Captain of the Rebels” hanged as a spy was “a very genteel looking fellow.” He continued to doubt that the Continental army would be able to survive a general engagement; and even when it did during the Philadelphia campaign of 1777, he found fault with American soldiers. Those who stormed the Chew House at Germantown were “culpable” for their “Licentiousness” —for throwing away their lives in a mad assault. Those who defended Mud Island “must have been brave fellows, altho the remains did not wait for the Storm that was intended. . . .”

The rebels’ stubborn defense of Philadelphia in 1777 together with their capture of General John Burgoyne’s army at Saratoga in October forced Cliffe to consider whether or not the war could be won. Until the autumn of 1777, he had said little about the nature of the rebellion or Britain’s prospects for success. He had rather casually assumed that the rebellion was near collapse, that it had been sustained into 1777 by Washington’s fortuitous victories at Trenton and Princeton and that it would end as soon as the rebels risked a general engagement, “which God Grant.” Once the rebels had survived Brandywine and Germantown and defeated Burgoyne at Bemis Heights and Freeman’s Farm, Cliffe began to question his assump-
tion of a British victory. Although he conceded that Burgoyne’s surrender had “deranged our Plan of Operation, & perhaps will retard the Opening of the next Campaign,” he thought the most the rebels could expect from their success “would be to obtain Terms of Grace.” This optimistic assessment was based on the assumption that European countries would not tolerate an independent America:

... for certainly if she could hold herself United, what with Emigration & Increase of Population in time she must become a Match for the United Powers of Europe, beside the more immediate Consequences of the Defection, that every American appenage must fall from Europe. ... 14

Yet Cliffe recognized that America had already shown “herself a Match for all the Powers of her Parent State;” and after France entered the war on the side of the rebels, he could only “hope this [1778] and another Campaign will finish to the Honour of our Country this unhappy Rebellion. ...” His confidence shaken, he was glad in December 1778 to “say farewell America.”

Cliffe was certainly not alone in his admiration for the beauty and abundance of America, his growing respect for American soldiers, and his diminishing confidence in ultimate British victory; these views were widely shared by British officers serving through the opening campaigns of the war. But he went quite beyond most officers in his praise of George Washington. With the exception of Charles Stuart, who seems to have lauded Washington as a way of denigrating Generals Sir William Howe and Sir Henry Clinton, British officers rarely said anything positive about the American commander in chief. Although Cliffe did hold Washington responsible for fomenting a rebellion that was destroying a flourishing country, he came gradually to admire his skill as a general and politician. His praise was at first tentative: “If this [the American success at Harlem Heights] was a Scheme of Washingtons it certainly was well concerted.” By the following year he was willing to say that the attack on the British lines at Germantown “was silent & well concerted tho’ unsuccessful” and that Washington was shrewdly pragmatic in allowing the farmers of Pennsylvania and New Jersey to sell food to the inhabitants of Philadelphia while the British were there.

That Cliffe could acknowledge the increasing effectiveness of Washington and the Continental army and still hope for a British victory—that he could have thought of keeping the colonies after Burgoyne surrendered and France entered the war—was primarily the result of his confidence in the British common soldier. Cliffe and nearly all other British officers continued throughout the American War to think their men superior to any enemy. They did so because British troops repeatedly proved they had the discipline and morale needed to succeed in the close ordered combat of muskets and bayonets—in battles that required men to stand, load, and fire while under fire or to use bayonets to drive an enemy from fortifications, woods, or houses. Cliffe learned at New York in 1776 that his men did not need rum to sustain them in combat. Not one of seven men in his regiment wounded at Harlem Heights allowed himself “to be taken precipitately off and some continued to fire after being severley wounded. ...” So too in the campaigns
1777 and 1778. Although there was no rum and much bad weather on the long march to Brandywine, the soldiers “never murmured”; they attacked and routed “an Army strongly posted, numerous, & unfatigued.” The following June at Monmouth they relied on their bayonets “with true British spirit” to repel an American attack. Only exhaustion (at Brandywine and Monmouth) or vastly superior enemy forces (at Germantown) could even temporarily stop British infantry.

Cliffe was not so confident in British commanders as in the rank and file. Most of his fellow officers had been pleased when the King appointed General William Howe commander in chief. Most also approved Howe’s first efforts to end the rebellion—his victories on Long Island and Manhattan in the late summer of 1776. But when the war continued into the winter of 1776 and then through another campaign, many began to blame Howe for prolonging the war unnecessarily: for failing to exploit his victories, for wasting good weather with ineffectual maneuvers, and for putting too much emphasis on a negotiated settlement. Cliffe shared the initial enthusiasm for Howe, particularly his efforts to avoid frontal attacks on rebel fortifications and by refusing to let his men be drawn into meaningless engagements. Cliffe also admired Howe’s bravery. But when the war dragged on inconclusively, Cliffe did not join those who blamed Howe. He merely stopped discussing his performance. Since Cliffe continued to praise the British rank and file even when they suffered defeats, it is significant that he suspended judgment on Howe. He may well have begun to lose confidence in Howe late in 1776, but he remained reluctant to criticize him while relying on his support for promotion. Of Howe’s successor as commander in chief, Sir Henry Clinton, Cliffe said only that he too was brave, “as little sparing of his own Person as of the Rebels . . . .”

Did Cliffe blame anyone for Britain’s failure to end the rebellion? At the beginning of his service in America he was confident that the British army could defeat the rebels and restore royal government. By the end of the campaign of 1777, he was very uncertain; he thought America “a Match for all the Powers of her Parent State.” How then did he explain the decline of Britain’s prospects? The British army had done its duty; perhaps Howe had not. But Cliffe and many other British officers had no doubt that the Hessians—the various German contingents serving with the British—bore a large share of the blame. He conceded that the Germans were brave and that their Yagers were “the best opponents in the world to the [American] Rifles to whom they shew no mercy.” But he condemned the Hessians for plundering indiscriminately: “the Houses of friends or foes are equally damned rebel Houses especially if there’s a good Celler.” Thus Loyalists became rebels, and rebels, desperate opponents of the Crown. Cliffe also held the Hessians responsible for suffering “themselves to be taken prisoners” at Trenton in December 1776 and for giving Washington the victory he needed to preserve his army and save the
rebellion. Cliffe was not so adamant as some of his colleagues in condemning the Hessian officers. He was clear that they had alienated the colonists wherever they went and that they had given the rebels a chance to save themselves during the critical winter of 1776-1777.

After returning home, Cliffe discovered another cause of British defeat. His fellow officers had long accused some members of Parliament of encouraging the American rebellion by criticizing the ministry’s coercive policies. Cliffe probably heard these accusations while in America, but he paid little attention to politics until he returned to England and was posted to Yorkshire, a center of political opposition to the North ministry and to the American War. By early January 1779, Cliffe was complaining of being “surrounded with Rebels even in Regimentals.” The local militia officers who shared a mess with Cliffe and the other officers of the fifty-second regiment turned every meal into a debate and made each toast a test of political loyalty. Lord Lumley, a militiaman who was also a member of Parliament and a staunch opponent of the American War, bolted from the mess whenever one of the regulars proposed a toast “repugnant to his principles.” Cliffe obviously enjoyed drinking “Confusion to all Rebels” or “desolation abroad”—both of which sent Lumley (“Lord Luney”) into retreat. Outside the mess, opponents of the War did have the upper hand. When Lieutenant Colonel Turner Straubenize of the fifty-second visited his brother, he found that even a child could be sympathetic with the Americans:

Colonel Strawbenzie . . . fondled a fine little boy his Nephew on his lap who seemed to admire his uniform was handling his Epaulets Sword &c the Col: sd. my Boy you’ll be a Soldier. no no says the Bratt so long as you’re oppressing the poor Americans I’l be no Soldier . . .

Indeed, reported Cliffe, “the Inhabitants have petitioned to have us removed and we are to march next Thursday . . .”

On the whole, Cliffe’s attitudes toward the American War were quite similar to those of other British officers. He was perhaps more willing than most to concede Washington’s merits and to ignore Howe’s faults. But he and other officers believed that the British army had served well in America and was not responsible for the continuation of the rebellion. Flaws in Howe’s strategy, indiscipline among the German allied troops, and criticism of the American War in Parliament had allowed—even encouraged—the rebels to gather strength. By 1778 Cliffe and many of the officers who had served in America were unsure whether Britain could sustain its authority in America, whether it could continue to govern a powerful, rising people with abundant resources. That Cliffe’s views of the war were so ordinary, so widely shared, shows how British he was in his attitudes and assumptions. There was little that was distinctive in his general appreciation of the American War.

But Cliffe was a far more sensitive observer of details than most British officers. Most, for example, seem to have shut their minds to the suffering that fighting brought, especially to rebels and other Americans. Cliffe always remained aware that foe and friend alike shared fear and pain and a fragile claim to life. His
awareness may have been heightened by the harsh conditions of his service, by his proximity to the enemy, or by the illnesses that beset him during his first year in America ("a bloody Flux," "rheumatism," and "Scurvy" of the "Breast"). He had an inherent aversion to rebels. Yet when he saw prisoners trembling with fear or a "genteel" young officer swinging from a hangman’s rope—when he noticed a "Captain Van Clift" and a "General Clinton" among his enemies—he was moved by a sense of shared humanity. He also found the destruction done to New York by fire and armies of occupation very depressing: "the gloomy prospect the Town affords would affect even a Hessian." Invalids and women had been "left inhabitants of the streets, their poor effects they were able to save from the fire becoming a prey to soldiers & sailors, notwithstanding night & Day watched by the wretched owner. . . ." Even after a year's experience of war, he could still feel repelled by news that the British had put some four hundred sleeping rebels "to the Bayonet" at Paoli. "Jack this was necessary for our own preservation, but I am happy that it was not my Duty to see it done." Rebels remained individuals, sometimes with hopes cut short: "among those desperate Quixots [who attacked the Chew House at Germantown] fell a Captain very genteely dressed and a fine looking fellow."

Cliffe's passion for details also served to illuminate British tactics. Consider his description of how one company commander fought the rebels at Harlem Heights in September 1776:

... Johnson and his . . . Company behaved amazingly, he goes thro his Maneuvers by a Whistle, for which he has often been laughed at, they either form to right or left or quat [squat] or rise by a particular whistle which his men are as well acquainted with as the Batallion with the word of Command, he being used to Woods fighting and having a quick Eye had his Company down in the moment of the Enemies present & up again at the advantagious moment for their fire, killed several and had not one of his Company hurt during the whole time he drove the Enemy before him. . . .

Captain Mathew Johnson was not the only officer who sought to minimize casualties while attacking the rebels. On Long Island, General Howe had ordered his troops to close as rapidly as possible with the enemy, limiting thereby the amount of fire that his men would receive before they were able to use bayonets and superior discipline to gain a victory. Other officers employed Howe's tactics or modified them slightly; there was room for tactical innovation within brigades and regiments. But Cliffe's description of Johnson's company at Harlem Heights shows more clearly than any British account of the Revolution how far a junior officer might go in modifying conventional tactics. Had Johnson followed the general orders issued on Long Island and Manhattan, he would have received one volley from the rebels and then rushed upon them with bayonets, relying on speed and discipline to save British lives and defeat the American troops. As it was, Johnson sought to save lives and defeat the enemy with fire power and discipline, ordering his men to take cover while the rebels were firing and to fire when the rebels were most vulnerable—when they were loading their weapons. (Cliffe did not say when
the British stood to load their own muskets.) Johnson's tactics may have gone beyond what other officers could do, particularly in getting his men up and down without disordering the company. But if his method succeeded—as Cliffe says it did—Johnson could hope to gain a victory and keep his men together to pursue the beaten enemy, to avoid the confusion that accompanied a bayonet attack and that could forestall a pursuit. Unfortunately for Johnson and his tactics, his success at Harlem Heights was fleeting: he was surprised by a large number of American troops and was forced to withdraw.

Just as remarkable as his account of Johnson's tactics is Cliffe's narrative of two disputes that disrupted the forty-sixth regiment. King George III, his secretary at war, and the senior officers in the British army took considerable trouble to ensure that the officers in each regiment lived in harmony, that they worked well together. Whenever a general inspected a regiment, he inquired into the relationships among the officers and noted any ill will. Officers might not always like one another, but they were expected to reach accommodations and work effectively together. The most serious disagreements might lead to reassignments or to courts martial. Yet as policy required harmony, it was rare for a British officer in the American War to describe a quarrel among the officers in his regiment.

Cliffe did far more than describe quarrels; he was at the center of them. In the summer of 1777 while the British army was preparing to embark at New York for the Chesapeake, Cliffe and six other company commanders in the forty-sixth regiment failed to comply with an order that they had not received. The new major of the regiment, Joseph Ferguson, put all seven officers under arrest and threatened to keep them there unless they acknowledged their disobedience. Although confined to their tents, Cliffe and one other officer refused; both appealed to Sir William Howe; and both remained under arrest until the army sailed for the Chesapeake, when Ferguson decided they had confessed to disobedience. Cliffe, of course, denied having made a confession. Subsequently, after the British had captured Philadelphia, Cliffe and Ferguson quarreled again. Cliffe had obtained his colonel's permission to use a vacant house as a junior officers' mess. Ferguson, angry at not having been consulted, seized the house. When Cliffe protested, Ferguson asked whether Cliffe had "the presumption" to charge him with "misappropriation of Qrs.?" The dispute ended in the spring of 1778 when Cliffe obtained a captaincy in the fifty-second foot.

Cliffe did have the last word, providing his family and posterity with caricatures of his colonel and major. Lieutenant Colonel Enoch Markham, who commanded the forty-sixth foot, had not "even the requisite [intelligence] for a Soldier." He was a "good person," but his stupidity together with "an insensibility of Danger" jeopardized all who served with him. Major Joseph Ferguson, a Scot without the usual "insinuating manners & address," was considered no "wiser than our Colonel." He might weigh "every thought & word," but his scale was not, as Cliffe put it, "always on the Balance." Together Markham and Ferguson had sought "to support a Consequence by Tyranny" in the forty-sixth regiment.

Although Loftus Cliffe thought of Ireland as his home, although he relished news of Irish scenes and friends and longed for retirement in County Wexford, his deepest attachments were to his family and to the British army. He wanted, above
all, to have the esteem and affection of his family and the respect of his fellow officers. As his family had long been closely tied to the British army and British administration in Ireland, Cliffe had little trouble reconciling familial and professional duty or finding both compatible with his attachment to Ireland. Indeed, family, army, and Ireland were so closely blended in Loftus Cliffe that there was little prospect of his seeing the American Revolution as an Irishman. It was quite natural that he should have viewed the revolution and the war as did most other British officers. He and they admired America, detested rebellion, gave only grudging respect to rebels in arms, and remained confident in the British common soldier. He and his fellow officers also came gradually to doubt whether or not Britain could win the war and to blame the Hessians and Parliamentary opposition for the growing strength of the rebellion. What did distinguish Cliffe’s accounts of the American War from those of other British officers was not so much perspective as detail. Determined to please his family, Cliffe took the time to write full and vivid descriptions of his life in America. Thus he created remarkable glimpses of men and women suffering from war, of a British officer experimenting with tactics, and of a regiment disrupted by disputes over authority and reputation. Nothing distinctively Irish, but original and arresting, nevertheless.

NOTES
2. The regiments with a majority of Irish officers were the 9, 27, 28, 29, 45, 46, 49, 55, and 63, ibid. The eight Irish officers: William Bamford, Guy Carleton, Loftus Cliffe, W. Glanville Evelyn, Frederick Mackenzie, Enoch Markham, Francis Lord Rawdon, and Peter Russell.
5. This sketch of Cliffe’s career is drawn from published army lists and from his papers. His age is estimated from the return of the forty-sixth foot, reviewed at Dublin, May 15, 1775, when he was thirty-three, W.O. 27/35. That he died soon after reaching Madras is an assumption. He does not appear in the army lists after 1784.
6. Loftus Cliffe letters Sept. 21, 1776 (to Jack), Sept. 21, 1776 (to Bat), Feb. 17, 1777, and [Feb. 15–17, 1783], Cliffe Papers, Clements Library.
8. Nov. 12, 1777, ibid.
12. Sept. 21, 1776 (both letters), Oct. 24 and Nov. 12, 1777, ibid.
13. June 11 and Nov. 12, 1777, ibid.
14. Nov. 12, 1777, ibid.
15. Nov. 12, 1777, July 5 and Dec. 11, 1778.

17. Cliffes’s letters Sept. 21, 1776 (to Jack), Oct. 24 and Nov. 12, 1777, Cliffes Papers, Clements Library.
22. Sept. 21, 1776 (to Jack), Jan. 2 and Mar. 5, 1777, ibid.
24. Sept. 21, 1776 (to Jack), ibid.
25. Feb. 17, 1778, ibid.
“Apple Bee” and “Quilting Bee” in New York State in the 1830s As Described by Richard Weston, Edinburgh Bookseller

The vast literature of European travelers in America in the nineteenth century has always found a receptive audience among history students and scholars. While visitors tended to bring strong prejudices of their own which colored their impressions of the new land, each of these books will include at least a few anecdotes or descriptive passages which are unique and which document some aspect of our social and cultural history. A few of these travel accounts are exceptionally illuminating.

Richard Weston’s *A Visit to the United States and Canada in 1833* (Edinburgh, 1836) is one of the most unusual and original of the travel narratives of his era, but due to its great rarity, is largely unknown.

Weston was a very literate, perceptive, and opinionated bookseller from Edinburgh. On the death of his wife, with his personal finances in disarray, he decided to visit America with at least half an intention to settle. An older brother had emigrated decades before, seemingly had prospered, but had lost contact with the family back in Scotland. Like so many would-be immigrants, Weston had highly impractical ideas about how to make a living in America—he had visions of a maple sugar farm until he discovered that sugar making was far too much work for even the locals! His Scottish ways caused him to dislike other non-Scottish British immigrants and to find most characteristics of American democracy offensive and oppressive. On his way across the Allegheny Mountains of Pennsylvania, he noted that, “I am getting familiar with the nasal sound of voice and the high cheek-bones by which an American is so easily identified. Every generation descending from the ancient stock exhibits a gradual assimilation in voice and features to the Indian.”

On departing from Cincinnati, “with joy and humility I thought on the kindness of providence in protecting me thus far in this my voyage of discovery. America had long been the object of my idolatry . . . but the reality has dispelled all these pleasing illusions—I find it to be a fit place for the destitute, and for swindlers and bankrupts of all kinds. . . .” Weston decided that America was “good for the Old Country, for it acts as a safety valve for the scum, the froth, and the steam to evaporate.” He apparently wrote the book in large part to discourage fellow Scots from emigrating.

Weston’s negative impressions are neither unusual nor historically significant, but in spite of his professed attitudes, he was fascinated by American insti-
tutions and folkways and he was a careful reporter of what he saw, particularly in the rural, backwoods areas of New York. His descriptions of a county election, of a camp meeting, of court proceedings and a militia court-martial are exceptionally good, and perhaps uniquely complete are his narratives of an “apple bee” and a “quilting bee” he attended while visiting a nephew in Warren County, New York. His account of these festivities are here reprinted in their entirety.

One evening I was invited to an “apple-bee” at the house of Mrs. M’Queen, a widow lady who resided a few miles from my nephew. As this species of amusement is peculiarly national and characteristic, and has not been described, so far as I know, by any other writer, I think it proper to give a few specimens. I have frequently had occasion to be of opinion that society in America, more especially in the less populous districts, is still to a great extent in its infancy; and the reader will probably consider that opinion strengthened by the puerile and frivolous sports of which I am now about to give an account. Our party arrived about sun-down; the stranger was made welcome, and a chair set for him nearest the fire, a large blazing wood one. A number of ladies were employed taking the rind off the apples, dividing them into quarters, and taking out the seeds; while others strung the pieces on cords with a needle, and hung them in festoons on the walls inside and outside of the house, till they were completely dry, to be afterwards boiled with sugar and water and eaten. The ladies were all neatly dressed, some in silk and others in cotton; they sat very quietly in a group by themselves, seemingly anxious to get their work soon over, and rarely looking up, except when a new visitor arrived, when an occasional titter or giggle might be heard. The gentlemen were in a group also, and employed in a similar manner, some having paring machines to strip the skin off the apples. The room was large; and I counted forty males and forty-five females. A glass of cyder was occasionally served round, but the most perfect silence was observed. I whispered to a person beside me, “The lads and lasses in my country would not be so quiet.” “Oh,” said he, “stop a little—you will see by and bye that we can be as merry here as your people.” Finding myself the only idler, I requested to be allowed to assist, which was granted me, but apparently with reluctance. I then offered to sing them a Scotch song, which was listened to; but still no interruption to the silence maintained by the rest of the company. “By and bye,” our entertainer said, “we shall have enough.”

The company now went out to a brook that gurgled past the house, and washed their hands, the lads and lasses seeming now a little more merry. During their short absence, the room was swept, and all the apples removed; and on their return the ladies and gentlemen again sat down in groups by themselves—still not a word was spoken. Tarts and cyder were handed round by the lady of the house and her two young daughters tastefully dressed. The sports of the evening then commenced with the following play:

Act 1st. “Marching to Quebec.”—(This is quite national). A gentleman steps into the middle of the room, and eyeing the ladies with a keen glance, selects a partner, and leads her by the hand into the middle of the floor, then putting his arm round her neck, salutes her (kissing is very common in America, and the ladies rarely blush). They then march together round the room, singing the following words:
The drums are loudly beating—the British are retreating,
The Americans are advancing—and we'll onward to Quebec.

When they come round to the spot they started from, the lady on the floor selects another gentleman, who salutes her; her late partner acts in a similar manner, and the two couples march round the room singing the same words. This ceremony goes on till the whole party are on the floor.

Act 2d. "Dodging the Devil."—The ladies and gentlemen being again all seated as before, the two parties stand up, leaving a small space between them and the seats. The gentleman at the head takes the hand of the lady opposite, leads her into the midst, and putting an arm round her neck, salutes her; they then walk together between the lines singing. The lady darts off, and the gentleman pursues till he catches her, when he again salutes her, and conducts her to the foot of the row. The next couple then commence in the same manner, and so on till the whole have gone through.

Act 3d. "Lose the Supper."—The whole company being formed into a circle, a lady and gentleman alternately, a gentleman goes into the middle, turns himself round, and selects a lady. He then leads her into the middle of the circle, and salutes her, when she darts off, and he pursues; and if she does not get into her former place, she must stand in the midst and select a gentleman, who salutes her; and then she darts off as before through the ring (for they must take their places from behind). Should the gentleman get into her place, she has to repeat the same ceremony again and again, and be kissed by every one she selects. This creates a great deal of laughter and merriment, especially if the lady be often beaten.

Act 4th. "Pleased or not pleased."—A gentleman steps into the centre of the room, and turning round to the ladies, selects one, leads her into the midst, and salutes her. As she appears to be angry and sulky, he leads her back to her seat, regretting, as it were, that he should have offended her. She is still cross and fidgety; and her partner says, "Miss So-and-so, you are displeased; what will please you?" She answers, "If Mr So-and-so will measure so many yards of tape with Miss So-and-so, I will be pleased." Perhaps she orders twenty yards of tape to be measured, that is, twenty kisses, sometimes on the brow, the cheeks, the mouth, the hand, the foot, on bended knees, through the back of a chair, through the tongs, or in the bob-stay fashion—which last is performed by the gentleman kneeling on one of his knees, and seating the lady on the other, their hands being folded round each other's necks, and sometimes back to back, kissing over each other's shoulders. The first lady being now restored to good humour, another is selected, who appears sulky in her turn, and has to be propitiated in a similar manner and so on.

Act 5th.—The company being formed into a circle, a gentleman seated in a chair in the centre, they walk round him singing,—

Here are as many wives as are stars in the skies,
Some are as old as Adam—
Stand on your feet, and kiss complete,
Your humble servant, Madam.
The gentleman rises, selects a lady, takes her on his knee, puts his hand round her neck, and salutes her, then seats her in the chair, and retires. The rest of the party continue walking round her singing,—

Here are as many boys as are stars in the skies,
   Some are as old as Moses,
Stand on your feet, and kiss complete—
   Take care, don't bump your noses.

She now rises, and selects a gentleman, who seats himself, and repeats the same ceremony as before. Sometimes the rhyme is changed to the following words:

My love is little and pretty,
   She wears a little straw hat,
Her cheeks are as red as a cherry,
   Her eyes are black as jet;
Why can't I love my love,
   Why can't she love,
Why can't I love my love,
   Better than anybody?

*Act 6th.*—The company being formed in two rows like a country-dance, the gentleman at the head takes hold of the lady opposite with both hands crosswise, and suiting the action to the word, sings as follows:

First a step advance—now again retire,
   First this hand—then that hand,
Is all my heart's desire.

He now puts his arm round her neck, salutes her, and sings—

Now we'll cast off all worldly cares,
   And meet again in bliss;
Come walk with me, my dearest dear,
   And take a social kiss.

again suiting the action to the word. They then walk hand in hand down between the lines, singing till they reach the foot, when he salutes her, and the next couple commence.—Sometimes the following words are used, with a slight variation in the figure:

Arise, my true love, and present me with your hand,
And we will march together to some far distant land,
To some far distant land my true love and I will go,
And we'll settle on the banks of the pleasant Ohio—
   Where the girls do card and spin,
And the boys do plough and sow,
   And we'll settle on the banks of the pleasant Ohio.
Act 7th.—The company again in a circle, with a gentleman in the centre, who selects a lady, leads her in, put his arms round her neck, and salutes her. They now stand up together, holding each other’s hands high up to allow the whole party to pass through between them, while the two sing,—

The needle’s eye it goes so swift,
The thread it runs so true,
It has caught many a smiling lass,
And now it has caught you.

At this last word they lower their hands and capture a lady, who is saluted by the gentleman; the first lady now retires to her seat—the arms are held up as before, and a lady and gentleman alternately caught till the whole have had their turn.

Act 8th.—The company standing in a circle as before, a chair is set in the midst, which is taken by a gentleman, who looks disconsolate. The company march round him singing,—

Here is a young man forsaken,
He has a contented mind,
And tho’ his true love has left him,
He will get another as kind;
He will get another as kind, Sir,
I will have you for to know,
He is so well provided for,
He has two strings to his bow.

He rises and selects a lady, sits down on the chair, takes her on his knee, puts his arm round her neck, and salutes her; he then leaves her sitting on the chair, and to go through a similar course.—Occasionally the same figure is gone through to the following words:

O, Brother Jonathan, how merry were we
That night we sat under the juniper tree,
The juniper tree, he-ho!
Rise up, Brother Jonathan, and choose you a woman;
Best to have a good one, or else to have no one,
And see she be handsome and young.

With the words altered when the female’s turn comes round.

Act 9th.—The company all standing on the floor, a lady and a gentleman alternately, holding each other by the hand; one of the ladies stands in the centre apparently weeping, with a handkerchief in her hand, which she occasionally applies to her eyes. The rest walk hand in hand around her singing,—

Over the hill and mountain,
The fields are covered with snow,
There is a chrystal fountain,
Where murmuring waters flow,
There stands a young maiden forsaken,
    Lamenting over the green,
Crying Charlie, Charlie, Charlie,
    Come to my arms again.

The lady now chooses a gentleman as her Charlie, and puts his arm round her neck, and salutes her; she then retires, and the company continue to march round the gentleman, who in like manner seems grieved, and wipes his eyes with a handkerchief, singing the same words, with the substitution of the word "Sally" instead of Charlie,—and so on.

*Act 10th.*—The party all on the floor in two rows; the gentleman at the head takes the lady's hand opposite, puts his arm round her neck, salutes her, and then marches with her to the bottom, singing,—

Hey Charlie Cole, are ye waking yet?
The drums and fifes are beating yet;
If you are waking, I will wait,
And we'll kiss our girls in the morning.
When Charlie Cole heard tell of this,
He thought it would not be amiss
To give his girl a hearty kiss,
    And to stop with her till morning.

When they come to the bottom, after again saluting, each falls into their several ranks, and the rest follow in the same manner, till the whole have gone through.

*Act 11th.*—The company being all seated, a gentleman rises, and going to the ladies' side, selects a partner and salutes her; the couple then march down the floor singing,

It's a very pleasant night,
    Since a long stormy day,
We are going to the ball, boys,
    Fal lal de ray!
We are going to the ball, boys,
    And will dance till it be day,
And we do not care a cent
    What the old people say.

"And so it is day," I exclaimed, as the play concluded just when the sun had begun to throw his light on the eastern sky. The party now broke up, after an entertainment in which there was no drunkenness nor quarrelling, every one seeming only to enjoy the fun that was going forward. We had many country dances between the acts; sometimes we partook of a piece of sweet-cake, home-baked, but even in eating we were temperate. Next day I called with a copy of the last night's entertainment, which I presented to Mrs. M'Queen, who prized it highly. This lady and her husband had emigrated from Thornhill, in Scotland, many years ago, and had never been happy. She appeared still more miserable
when she heard I was about to return, and begged that I would take one or both of
her daughters with me, who however, she said, were in happy ignorance of the
comforts of home, a phrase she could never apply to the country of her adoption.
The soil of her farm, which she had long occupied, was exhausted, her husband
was dead, and she expected shortly to be under the necessity of hiring out her son
and two daughters as helps. After a life of toil, and hardship, and privation, she had
no prospect in her old age but misery. Many were the evils she denounced against
the person who had entrapped her to come here. “Oh,” said she, weeping aloud,
“that I could but get back! Surely you will take one of my daughters with you; they
are both smart, and can turn their hands to any thing.” I was exceedingly grieved at
her distressed situation, but was compelled, from my funds being then low, to
decline her request.

When I returned to my old quarters, I found that my manuscript of the plays had
excited some curiosity, most of them being traditionary. There was in the
neighbourhood a Mrs. M'Laren from Dennyloan-head in Scotland, who, with her
husband and family, had been induced to settle here about five years ago, under the
delusive prospects held out to them. They had been very comfortable at home, but,
like many thousands, had thought to better their condition. They were, however,
miserably disappointed; the husband, as well as herself, had to hire himself out,
and they struggled on for some time without making matters better. At length he
requested a relation to lend him some money, as he wished to go to Scotland to
dispose of some property he had at Denny, promising to return and pay the money.
He accordingly left his wife and two children, having been upwards of two years
absent when I was in the place, never having even sent a letter.

This lady told me that a Mr. Aldridge, her next neighbour, was to have a
“Quilting Bee” that night; and if I would promise to write it out, as I had done Mrs.
M'Queen's entertainment, he had said that he would keep it in remembrance of me
as long as he lived. This I promised to do. I accordingly accompanied Mrs.
M'Laren to the house of this gentleman, whom I had met several times before. The
following is a description of the entertainment prepared for us: A square frame was
fastened together at the four corners, and suspended from the roof. I may remark
here that the Americans use few blankets, the duty on woolen goods imported
being 50 per cent; the covering on the beds may possibly be a pair, very often a
single one, the rest being quilts, such as I am about to mention, perhaps a counter­
pane, which, however, is generally too expensive. The lining of cotton was laced to
the frame, several folds of cotton cadice being laid on it, above which was placed
the upper covering, also laced to the frame, and around the frame itself a square of
clap boards for seats to the ladies. A Mr. Vantassel, who kept a home or public­
house at some distance, was in attendance with liquors of various kinds, his bar­
room being a closet. The ladies began to assemble and take their seats before
sundown, each having provided herself with quilting needles, thread being fur­
nished to them; a pasteboard pattern was used to form the dicing, which was drawn
on the cloth with chalk. After sundown, the gentlemen began to arrive, and took
their seats at a respectful distance from the ladies; but as these fair dames knew
there was no such ceremony in my country, I was allowed a greater latitude, and sat
between two of them,—not a word was to be heard among them, scarcely a look
given, only an occasional titter perhaps. The gentlemen also were as silent as if they had been figures of wax-work; but their feet were not idle, the see-sawing being carried on with one knee over the other by many of the company. There were 38 males and 35 females present. The scene was strange, but I knew that fun and kissing were coming, and that the real bee was in their minds, though at present lying dormant. The quilt was finished in about three hours, and taken down, hands washed, the frame put away, and the room swept. A fiddler, the same at whose house I had been at the raising, was engaged, and he could play well; refreshments were handed round to each, the women and men sitting separate, with the solitary exception of myself.

The mirth began with the play, “The British are retreating, and the Americans are advancing.” Then country dances commenced, with an occasional play, such as I have formerly noticed. The next was a new one, which I shall here insert. “The Grandees of Spain.”—A lady is seated in a chair at the end of the room, the rest of the company likewise seated, the ladies on the one side and the gentlemen on the other. A gentleman rises, and taking hold of another gentleman’s hand, leads him towards the lady in the chair, and says,

Here is a knight just come from Spain,
He means to court your daughter Jane.

_Lady Mother._—My daughter Jane, she is too young,
To be caught by our flattering tongue.

_Gentleman._—Be she young or be she old,
For a price she may be sold;
But fare you well, my lady gay,
For I will go another way.

_Lady Mother._—Turn back, turn back, thou Spanish knight,
And scour thy boots and spurs more bright.

_Gentleman._—My boots and spurs have cost you nought,
And in this land they were not bought,
Nor in this land shall they be sold
Neither for silver nor for gold;
So fare you well, my lady gay,
For I will turn another way.—(_He goes away._)

_Lady Mother._—Turn back, turn back, thou Spanish knight,
And choose the fairest in thy sight.

_Gentleman._—Yes, I will choose, thanks my lady,
And take the fairest that I see.

He now looks among the ladies, and selects one, takes her by the hand, leads her into the centre, and putting his arm round her neck salutes her, then leads her away.
and seats her at the bottom. He then selects a gentleman, as the first had done, he having resumed his seat, and makes the same proposal to the lady-mother—and so on till the whole are gone through.

The first Spanish knight now takes his lady by the hand, and leading her up to her lady-mother, puts his arm round her neck, and salutes her,—she seems to be sore lamed with hard walking, and has also a halt. The knight says to the lady in the chair, “Is this your daughter?” She replies angrily, “No.” He then leads his lady away, threatens, scolds, and beats her, while she promises to behave better; sometimes she will not till she gets several beatings. At last, however, she behaves herself, and is again led up to her mother by the knight, who puts his arm round her neck, kisses and fondles her; he then says to the old lady, “Madam, is this your daughter?” and she answers, “Yes.” The knight now says,—

Here is your daughter safe and sound,
And in her pocket a thousand pound,
On every finger a gay gold ring;
Here is your daughter back again.—(He then retires.)

The mother bids her daughter take off her glove, and perceiving that she has no gold rings on her fingers, says “Where are the rings?” “I never had any,” she replies. “Where is your thousand pounds?” “I never had them.” “How did he use you?” “Very ill.” “What had you to eat?” “Mud.” “What had you to drink?” “Muddy water.” “Where did you lie?” “On needles and pins, the points uppermost.” The mother gets into a rage, rises and pursues the Spaniard, overtakes him, and thrashes him well with a stick. This ceremony is continued till all the parties are gone through.

“The Manual Exercise.”—The whole company formed into a circle, a lady and a gentleman alternately; a gentleman standing in the midst says, “Attention! put your left hands on your right shoulders every one.” (Done). “Put your right hand on your left shoulder—be steady; kneel down on your right knee every one—be steady.” One of the circle leans against his neighbour, and overbalances him, when the shock being communicated to the rest, in a moment they are all lying sprawling on the floor. They then rise up and run to their seats.

“The Ladies’ Toilet.”—The company being all seated, the ladies and gentlemen separate, a chair is set in the midst, which is taken by one of the former. She proposes going out to visit, and requiring some finery alleges how very awkward it is for her to visit Miss Such-a-one, and others, who will all be dressed. One of the ladies then offers to lend her a petticoat, another a pair of stockings, a third gloves, and so on, every one offering something. (They do not give them, but only say so.) She goes out, and returns again; and throwing off her finery, asks each what article of dress they had lent her, when, if any of them claims an article which they did not previously say they had given, she orders a gentleman to kiss her it may be twenty times. This is a stirring play. The lady now leaves the chair, which is taken by another, and the same form is repeated.

Matters were kept up with great spirit by the dancers, of whom Mrs. M’Laren was decidedly the best; she was frequently asked to perform by herself, which she
did gracefully. A young man challenged her, saying he would dance her down, but she fairly beat him. Several of the company congratulated me on the activity and noble carriage of my country-woman, and asked if the Scottish girls could all dance as well; I said it was not uncommon for our servant girls to spend half a year's wages in order to acquire this graceful accomplishment, and it was always reckoned a part of female education. The last play was, as on the former occasion, "We will dance till it is day, and we don't care a cent what the old folks say;"—and it was day when the play ended.

I was invited to many apple-bees, quilting-bees, and husking-bees, in the neighbourhood, every one vieing with another to show me all that was to be seen.
“Journal of My Tour in Fall of 1825,”
Accompanied by Sketches in Watercolor and India Ink

REV. JOHN HENRY HOPKINS

John Henry Hopkins (1792–1868), author and artist of the following illustrated travel journal, was rector of Trinity Church in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The Protestant Episcopal Church had been very slow in meeting the challenge of denominational expansion on the frontier, and at the time Hopkins made his trip from Pittsburgh to Meadville, then on to Niagara and back to New York by way of the Erie Canal, his parish was one of the few congregations in Pennsylvania west of the mountains. The purpose of his excursion was to encourage the formation of a new church in Meadville and to solicit funds in New York and Boston for the new Gothic church Hopkins had designed in Pittsburgh. A permanent congregation did materialize in Meadville as a result of Hopkins’ visit (Christ Church), but donations for Trinity Church were not forthcoming, the east coast financial world momentarily being hit by an economic slowdown and the established clergy wary of giving to an individual parish beyond their dioceses.

At the time the journal and sketches were made, John Henry Hopkins was a relative newcomer as a clergyman (ordained in 1824), but he was a rising, energetic presence in the Episcopal Church. Born in Ireland, the only child of Thomas and Elizabeth Fitzakerly Hopkins, he emigrated with his parents in 1800. His father had been a merchant in Dublin but never achieved much economic success in America, and he separated from his wife. Hopkins records in his journal (November 23) meeting his father in the street in a way that suggests a strained and distant relationship. Hopkins’ mother was the dominant influence on her son. She ran private schools in Trenton, N.J., and Philadelphia, had high social aspirations, a love of art, a fiery Irish temperament, and an iron will, all of which her son inherited and improved upon. John Henry Hopkins, the future Bishop of Vermont, was a man of remarkable energy and ambition, broad in his intellectual interests but narrow in his interpretations of right and wrong, and possessing a sense of determination which commanded both respect and hostility. In the course of his life, he accomplished the work of a half dozen men: he was master of an iron furnace in western Pennsylvania, a prominent member of the bar in Pittsburgh, headmaster of several innovative secondary schools, architect and author of the first American book on the Gothic style, musician and composer, lithographer, painter, editor, pamphleteer, missionary clergyman, and bishop. His children carried on the tradition of accomplishment, sons becoming clergymen, a noted geologist, a physician, a leading figure in the

Trinity Church, Pittsburgh
insurance business in California. His namesake composed "We Three Kings of Orient Are." During the Civil War, Hopkins stridently promoted pro-slavery views which infuriated fellow northerners, but as Presiding Bishop of the General Convention of the Episcopal Church, he accomplished what none of the other major Protestant denominations were able to effect—a reconciliation between the northern and southern branches immediately after hostilities had ended.

The travel diary itself is not particularly valuable as a historical source, other than providing a time framework for the sketches and incidental observations. But the sketches are highly significant, not merely as records of Hopkins' artistic talent, but as the very earliest views we have of several localities on the just-completed Erie Canal, and as particularly fresh and original glimpses of Niagara Falls and its vicinity in its early period of tourism.

Because most of the names and places mentioned in Hopkins' travel journal are easily identifiable, footnotes have not been thought necessary. Full names, provided in brackets, have been obtained from Laura G. Sanford, *The History of Erie County, Pennsylvania* (Phila., 1862); lists of clergy appended to the *Journals* of the General Conventions, Protestant Episcopal Church, for 1823, 1826. The most complete biography of Bishop Hopkins is John Henry Hopkins, Jr., *The Life of the Late Right Reverend John Henry Hopkins* (New York, 1873). Hopkins' architectural publication is *Essay on Gothic Architecture with Various Plans and Drawings for Churches, Designed Chiefly for the Use of the Clergy* (Burlington, Vt., 1836).
Journal of my tour in fall of 1825.

*Tuesday*, October 25th, 1825. Commenced my journey to Meadville in the stage. Arriving at Mercer that night found that a few Episcopalians lived there and in the neighbourhood, and that some likelihood existed of the establishment of a small congregation if an acceptable preacher could occasionally attend them.

*Wednesday*, Octob: 26th. Arrived at Meadville and took up my abode in the hospitable dwelling of J[ohn] B. Wallace, Esqr. The Court was in session and business prevented the same attention to church affairs that was desirable. The use of the Meeting house however was again obtained and notice given accordingly.

*Thursday*, Octob. 27. Appointed to preach this evening, but the weather became stormy and it was recommended by Mr. W. to postpone service, as many of the congregation could not attend without great difficulty. To this I acceded of course, not desiring to produce inconvenience to any.

*Friday*, Octob. 28. Visited several of the families in company with Mr. W. and preached in the evening, when I baptised 36 children, 3 of Mr. Herrington Junr. and 3 of Mr. Shryock. Sermon on Repentance.

*Saturday*, Octob, 29. Visited some more of the families of the place, and conversed with Mrs. W. on the subject of amusements as connected with the christian education of children, and with Mr. Atkinson on Baptism.

*Sunday*, Octob. 30. Mr. W. under a necessity of going in the stage to Erie on account of a cause expected to be tried there the following day, much to his regret as well as my own. In persuance of previous arrangement with Mr. Selden I attended the Episcopal Sunday school a little before 11 O’Clock A.M. and addressed the scholars and teachers in a brief and plain manner. Then preached in the meeting house, to a full congregation on the *reasonableness* of an atonement. Again in the afternoon on the character of a virtuous woman, after which I catechised the scholars who answered very well, and lastly at night on *prayer* I delivered a third sermon to a very full auditory. Could not avoid comparing the happiness of this day spent in some poor manner in my Masters service, with the listless and almost useless days which preceded it. On this Evening I also baptised a child of Mr. Pearsons.

*Monday*, Octob. 31. An unprofitable day chiefly spent in preparing for travelling—declined several invitations to tea, using this as an apology.

*Tuesday*, Novr. 1. Set out with Mrs. W. and her family for Erie but progressed no further than the turnpike gate next beyond Waterford. Roads were bad and the night set in with rain.

*Wednesday*, Novr. 2. Arrived at Erie by 9 O’clock and found there a few Episcopalians. Preached at night in the Court house to a very full congregation and baptised 8 children, 2 of Mr. Justice [Thomas] Forster, 2 of Mrs. Bailey his sister, and 4 of Sailing Master Tewkesbury. Much gratification was expressed and a good hope appeared that in this place a small congregation could be formed without difficulty. The Presbyterian clergymen attended the services with devout attention and expressed themselves to me after it was over with much kindness. Mr. [David] McKinney, the Pastor of this handsome new Meeting house desiring that I should officiate there on my next visit.
Thursday, Novr. 3. At 4 O'Clock A. M. started in the stage along with Mr. W. and his family for Fredonia where we arrived that evening, distance 45 miles.

Friday, Novr. 4. At 4 O'Clock A. M. pursued our journey to Buffalo. Distance 45 miles.

Saturday, Novr. 5. Took a Post coach and drove to Niagara on the American side, distance 28 miles. Arrived at the house of Whitney in the village of Manchester about 1/2 past 4 P. M. in time to take two sketches of the falls.

Sunday, Novr. 6. Crossed the River below the falls in hopes to attend Divine Service at Chippewa, 3 miles above on the Canada side, but were too late, service beginning at 9 O'clock. We spent the morning in examining the falls, dined at Forsyths and returned to Whitneys in the afternoon. Notwithstanding the pleasure derived from this stupendous display of the sublime and beautiful in the works of the great and beneficient Creator, yet such a mode of spending his holy day was exceedingly discordant to my feelings. But there was no help for it. At Manchester there was neither building nor congregation for an Episcopalian, and Sunday on this occasion shined no Sabbath day to me, altho my meditations and reflections were of a character suited to the time as far as practicable. After all, I felt in some considerable degree self condemned, and doubt much whether I should not rather have tried to hold a family worship rather than indulge my curiosity in looking at the falls. Or if others had been unwilling to join me, have worshipped my Saviour in reading and prayer alone.

Monday, Novr. 7. Rose at dawn of day to make sketches of the falls, as our journey was to be recommenced at 1/2 past 9 O'clock. Succeeded in securing 3 interesting views, and then proceeded in the stage to Lockport, where I procured specimens of their minerals. On the way sketched the Devilsport. Got on board the canal boat in the evening.

Tuesday, Novr. 8. Proceeding down the canal to Rochester where we stopped to view the town. Was much disappointed in the New Episcopal church of which I had heard so much. Several mistakes obvious which a greater familiarity with the Gothic style would have enabled them to avoid. Not a single buttress about the building. The pinnacles are set down on the roof, and there is an unfortunate union of Roman pediment and cornice with Gothic battlements. The interior has a handsome ground and cieling for which they deserve credit, but the details are unhappily selected. The gallery runs strait between the pillars which has a very bad effect and the pulpit and chancel look gaudy instead of solemn. I made some sketches of the Gennesse falls below the town, but saw nothing in the church worth carrying home.

Wednesday, Novr. 9. Still on board the boat proceeding to Utica. Arrived as far as Montezuma by night fall.

Thursday, Novr. 10. Still progressing towards Utica. Arrived at night where we took another boat.

Friday, Novr. 11. Arrived at Schenectady at 2 O'clock in the following morning and started in the stage 15 miles to Albany and thence in the steamboat on Saturday to New York, 165 miles.

Hobart] by whom I was received with great cordiality and kindness. He invited me to drive with him and then proceeded to say that I should make his house my home while I staid at New York. This invitation I accepted with much satisfaction. Heard the Bp. preach in the afternoon at Trinity and was much pleased both with the matter and manner of the sermon. At night I preached at Dr. [Thomas] Lyells (Christ church) a large congregation. Sermon on first clause of the Lords prayer. Bp. thought I was not full enough on *baptisimal regeneration* and we had a frank and pleasant argument about it.

**Monday, 14.** Got my letters from the office and delivered them. Found no encouragement as to my object of raising money for the church. Bp. and all the principal clergy unanimous in determining to do nothing lest they should draw down censure from the laity. I thought I would wait a week to see what could be effected.

**Tuesday, 15.** Saw Dr. Lyell married in church to his 3d wife. The couple did not kneel nor was there any other service but that of the ceremony itself. The Bishop officiated. Here I may as well note two departures from the Rubric. They baptise in church *after the congregation are dismissed*, and they frequently read the *whole burial service* in the church, instead of reserving the latter part for the grave. These things are not a little strange in such staunch advocates for rubrical propriety. They are also in the habit of repeating the Gloria Pater after every chant and after each of the psalms for the day as well as after *all* the psalms in metre and they likewise read the *whole Litany*. They sing after sermon in the afternoon and the clergyman sits while they sing until they come to the doxology. Their churches are fine and expensive buildings. St. John's for instance cost $190,000. There is a singular incongruity as it seems to me in the groined arches of St. Pauls, which is designed to be of the Corinthian order, as thus, exhibiting a *plain* arch springing from the centre of the entablature. To my eye it has a very bad effect the foot of the arch being quite too small for the size of the columns, and the contrast between the richness of the one and the poverty of the other being altogether abrupt. Trinity and Christ churches are intended to be *Gothic*, but are altogether incongruous. The portico of Trinity church has some beauty indeed, but considerable defect, and the rest of the building is neither one thing nor another. Christ church is little better. But St. Thomas's Church now almost completed is much more correct as a Gothic building and has many handsome points about it but the octagonal towers are not high enough and there are no buttresses between the windows. The cieling is an unfortunate selection and the mode adopted for its support belongs not to the ecclesiastical but to the college or hall style, as thus a section of it. On the whole however, the architect Professor [John] McVickar deserves credit for his taste and skill and it is certainly the only church at all entitled to the epi-thet of *Gothic* in the city altho Gothic windows and arches are common. St. Georges Church (Dr. [James]
Milnors) is very handsome. The pulpit and desk are chaste and tasty, as thus. The lamps are very well supported.

**Wednesday, 16. Novr. 1825.** Lectured for Mr. Eastburn this evening, extempore. The New-York night service was used. Congregation met in a school room which is under the church, a very good arrangement in my opinion.

**Thursday, 17. Friday 18. Saturday 19.** This whole week spent in dining out visiting &c., sounding my way, with but little opening for expectation, yet still trusting that the Lord might clear my way. The Bp., Mr. Schroeder, Dr. Rogers, Dr. Lyell, Mr. Richardsons friend entertained me, and on the whole I felt the full weight of an unsuccessful enterprise oppressing me.

**Sunday, 20.** Preached at the Bp.'s request for Mr. [William] Berrian at Trinity on Procrastination, at St. Paul on Hope, and in the evening at Zion Church for Mr. [Thomas] Brintnal[]. Mr. B. read prayers morng. and afternoon and Dr. [George] Upfold at night. Congregations reasonably numerous and very attentive. Was introduced to a Counsellor Sullivan and his lady from Boston, of Dr. [Samuel F.] Jarvis's late congregation, who heard me the whole day, and with their brother Mr. Boudoin were very polite and friendly.

**Monday, 21.** Bp. H. subscribed $10 but would not put his name to it. Shewed me a number of good prints and described his voyage through Europe. Altho I cannot see exactly as he does in all matters yet I cannot but feel truly grateful for his very kind frank and cordial deportment towards me, in which he was seconded by all his amiable family.

**Tuesday, 22 Novr. 1825.** Dined with Dr. Milnor with whom and his family I was most pleased. He subscribed $10. At his recommendation I applied to the richest man in N. York who is also very liberal, Thos. H. Smith. But he told me to call again. In the evening went to a tea party at Mrs. Kemp's and Miss Hoffman with the Bps.'s family. Like all tea parties flat and unprofitable. Miss Milnor, Berrian, Muhlenberg, and Ridgely there also.

**Wednesday, 23d.** Dined with Mr. Berrian and met there my old friend Francis B. Ogden. Met my father in the street, and spent part of the evening with him. B. M. Richardson and Mr. Dick a last visit, they going to Philad. to morrow, and made up my mind to go myself to Boston, and try what could be done there. Called on Dr. Rogers and Mr. Sullivan and Boudoin, who gave me letters. Also spent a very interesting hour with Dr. [Jonathan M.] Wainwright who had just returned from Boston and who also gave me letters. Great commercial depression in N. York.

**Thursday, 24.** Heard Mr. [Manton] Eastburn preach an excellent thanksgiving sermon and got on board steam boat *Commerce* for Hartford at 4 P.M.

**Friday, 25.** Arrived at Hartford and proceeded to Ashford 70 miles from Boston.

**Saturday, 26.** Arrived at Boston at 7 P.M., delivered some letters of introduction and was hospitably invited to the house of Wm. Appleton, Esqr.

**Sunday, 27.** Preached for Dr. [John S. J.] Gardiner at Trinity Church, both morning and afternoon. Morning on Sobriety and watchfulness, afternoon on Affliction. A Lady whose daughter was on a sick bed, sent a note to Mrs. Gardiner to request the favour of the mornings sermon which was given accordingly.
View of the Toll Bridge over Cataracaus Creek, with the stage wagon used for that section of road which crosses the Indian reservation. Nov. 4th 1835.

no 9
View on Lake Erie, on the Stage route from Cataractus to Goodrich, about 18 miles from Buffalo.

Where the Stage travels in the water. Nov. 4, 1835.

Indian Summer.

Roger Agate,
View of Niagara River with part of Black Rock, showing the pier or embankment constructed by Gen. Porter, and forming the intermediate part of the Grand Canal from Black Rock to Buffalo. Nov. 5th, 1826. H. Delaro, A.M. Indian Summer.
View of the Whole Falls of Niagara, Taken from the American Side where Visitors first step. Nov. 5th 1825. at 5 P.M. Indian Summer.
Genesee Falls at Rochester. Nov. 1825
Monticello,

The Canal Path

extends from path across the Louisa March.
The week passed pleasantly, with but little prospect of any one's interesting himself for our church, since the clergy here also could do nothing.

_Sunday, December 4th. 1825._
Preached and administered the communion at St. Paul's Church. In the afternoon read service and preached at night at Christ Church. Congregations numerous and deeply attentive. Morning sermon—*What shall I render to the Lord &c* afternoons—*They comparing themselves among themselves* Night—*Except ye be converted and believe as little children.* This week the prospect looked a little better. My friends among the laity appeared disposed to exert themselves if I would stay another week to which I consented. Meanwhile however the news of Mr. Williams failure in London threw a damp on the commercial world of Boston and nothing was done.

_Sunday, Decemr. 11. 1825._ Preached at St. Pauls on the reasonableness of an atonement and again on the resurrection—read prayers each time. At night preached at Christ Church—*_Be not afraid only believe._* Congregations more numerous to the last, and much interested.

_Monday, Dec. 12._ rec'd a communication from the vestry of St. Pauls inviting me to spend 2 Sundays more and engaging to exert themselves in regard to my object and to give for themselves not less than $100 and as much more as they could. At the same time I rec'd sundry private intimations that I was to receive a formal call to this parish, also that the vestry of Trinity church were talking about calling me to an associate rectorship there. I had some days before, after revolving the subject in my mind, come to the conclusion which I now gave for answer. That the sum spoken of was not a sufficient inducement to justify any additional detention from my own parish, and besides to be frank with them I understood perfectly well that if I remained I should be considered as being a _candidate_ for a call. That I thought no clergyman who was already settled where he was acceptable and useful, ought in conscience to take any measure direct or indirect to invite a change, and that I would not willingly consent to _appear_ to be doing that which I would not do in _reality_. That I must therefore decline remaining any longer while I thanked them both for their great kindness and good intentions.

They afterwards sent me a letter of thanks inclosing $50 and I left Boston the next Thursday, loaded with expressions of friendly interest and deeply impressed by the admirable character of the Society I had met with there.
Making a Point

Of all our commonplace objects, the lead pencil is one that is most often taken for granted. It is found almost everywhere, in home and office, in most rooms, and is frequently carried with us from place to place with little attention paid to original ownership! While the typewriter, ball-point pen, and computer have gained widespread use and popularity, the pencil was probably the first implement with which we were taught to write and it holds its own as a vehicle of literate communication.

It was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that pencils were widely manufactured in America. A history of the pencil’s usage and the various technical innovations which made possible its widespread distribution appeared in an article in The Manufacturer and Builder for April 1872. This New York monthly journal of arts and engineering, apparently a short-lived rival to Scientific American, provides illustrations of the manufacturing process by which pencils were produced in quantity at that date.

Lead-Pencils

Taking the whole world together there is perhaps no one article more extensively used than the lead-pencil, and, aside from the steel-pen, there is probably no single article that contributes more to human progress. In even the most ancient manuscripts we find marks resembling those of a hard lead-pencil, but a little research leads to the discovery that the ruled lines were made with sharp-edged disks of lead, and not by an instrument like a pencil. The use of black and red chalks dates to the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1564, the black-lead mines of Burrowdale, County of Cumberland, England, were discovered, and the following year black-lead-pencils were made in substantially the same form as we use them at the present day.

Black-lead, graphite, or plumbago is a mineral form of carbon, with a slight mixture of iron. Of great value in the arts and extensively used, yet, from its great abundance, only the finer and purer qualities find a ready market. The discovery of the Cumberland lead, as it is called, was most valuable. The manufacture of pencils from it at once became exceedingly important, and the English government deemed it necessary to forbid the exportation of the sub-
stance. A market was established for it, and every Monday, sufficient lead was sold to meet the supposed wants of the manufacturers. The prices were exceedingly high, ranging from less than ten dollars per pound up to nearly $40 per pound. The mine was never allowed to remain open more than six weeks in the year, yet the value of the yearly product is said to have reached the sum of £40,000, or much above $200,000, if we take into account the greater value of money in those days. But even the moderate working of six weeks in a year gradually diminished the supply and at last exhausted the yield, and it is now many years since any thing has been obtained from the mine except impure refuse.

Before the mine was exhausted processes were invented for cleaning and refining this refuse, which were applied to the poorer grades of the ore which had formerly been thrown aside. This purified material was then pressed into cakes, which were cut up in the same way that the natural products had been; but even this was not at all satisfactory, the pencils were of a poorer quality, in spite of all efforts.

In 1795, Conté, a Frenchman, mixed powdered clay with the plumbago or other colored powder and, by molding into the proper form, produced crayons of all shades of color and degrees of hardness. Isinglass, glue, sulphur, gum, and a hundred other ingredients had been tried, but only to result in complete failures. The new process was a complete success, and gave what could not be obtained from the native ore—a complete graduation in degrees of hardness, from the softest and blackest up to a pencil so hard that its point is like metal.

The earth or clay used has the property of diminishing in bulk and increasing in hardness in exact proportion to the length of time to which it is exposed to heat. The clay is washed until only the finest particles remain; these are mixed in the proper proportions with the plumbago and kneaded until they are thoroughly incorporated. The washing, grinding, kneading, and the proportioning of the quantities of clay to lead are in fact the most important parts of the pencil manufacture. The cake, after it comes from the machine, is put into a cylinder, and, by a slow, heavy pressure, forced out through a hole in the bottom in the shape of a square, octagonal, or round (as the case may be) continuous thread, which coils up like a rope on the board below. This is the lead for the pencils. It is then straightened, pieces cut to the proper lengths, placed close together in layers, and kept in place by a slight pressure which prevents warping. They are then dried at a moderate temperature, and when dry, are packed in crucibles and submitted to a high heat in ovens or furnaces. Upon the quantity of clay and length of heat are dependent the degree of blackness as well as the hardness of the product. This is the modern process, and, with one exception, is the same as that employed by Conté.

In 1846, a Frenchman, John Peter Alibert, living at that time in Asiatic Siberia, started on
We are, it will be seen, indebted to Frenchmen for the two great discoveries which have given us the modern admirable and indispensable lead-pencil. Still later improvements in the manufacture and purification of the best grades of lead have given the world a complete independence of any particular mine or region, and it is now asserted, and it appears pretty well substantiated by facts, that pencils equal to the best in the world may be made from ordinary or inferior kinds of plumbago, if the improved methods of purification and treatment are used.

The wood universally employed for pencils is red cedar, \((\textit{Juniperus Virginiana})\) from Florida. With its characteristics every one is acquainted, through the medium of the pencil. It is the only wood that can with profit to manufacturer or comfort to the consumer be used for pencils. It is the practice in the best manufactories in this country to cut the logs of cedar into planks the thickness of which shall be just equal to four pencils. This plank is then cut into strips of a thickness about half that of a pencil. In this condition the wood is seasoned, and when thoroughly dry is ready for making into pencils. The next step is cutting into strips the length of a pencil, and, of course, four times as wide. These go to rotary cutters that groove them on one side for the leads, and on the other side make another groove for a division between the pencils. Then the lead is dipped in glue and laid in the grooves and a plain slip of cedar fastened

Fig. 3. Polishing the Pencils

a business tour through the mountain regions of Eastern Siberia. Searching on his way the sandy beds of various rivers flowing into the Arctic Ocean he hoped to discover gold. No gold was found, but in the mountain gorges near Irkutsk he discovered in the sand what was of more importance and of greater value to mankind, smooth rounded pieces of pure graphite. Immediately recognizing the importance of the discovery, he at once abandoned the search for gold and began to follow the various streams in which the graphite was found to their fountainheads in order to find the original deposit. In 1847 the deposit was found in a mountain about 170 miles west of Irkutsk, near the Chinese frontier. Men and material had to be transported through the mountain wilderness. For seven years he labored taking out granite rock and an impure lead exactly resembling the refuse of the Cumberland mines. At the end of that time he discovered an unbroken layer of “superb graphite,” from which immense pieces could be taken. He had now reached the material, the next thing was to bring it to the world. In 1856 he received the first rewards for his labor in the shape of a decoration from the Emperor of Russia. Favor was shown him everywhere, but it was two or three years more before the graphite from his mine made its appearance in the market in the shape of pencils, it not being until 1865 that it was introduced into this country.

Fig. 4. Machine for Cutting
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Fig. 6. Gilding the Pencils

down upon it. The whole is then fed to a set of circular saws, which cut the pencils apart, and which, without stopping, are pushed forward to a shaping machine, where revolving cutters give them the final shape round or octagonal. Polishing is the next operation; it is accomplished by passing the pencils on an endless belt beneath vibrating surfaces covered with emery. After coloring, which is done by machinery, comes the lettering. Here the pencils are operated upon one at a time. The length of time required for all these processes, leaving out the time occupied in seasoning the wood, from the log to the finished pencil ready for the market, is about four days. This, of course, is in a large establishment where machinery is employed to the greatest possible extent. The complicated machines employed in the manufacture such as we have just described, render it almost impossible to show by means of cuts the course of a pencil from its earliest stage until it is complete. We therefore present our readers with a series of cuts showing the process of making a pencil by hand-labor. These will be of still greater interest when we say that, with unimportant exceptions, the processes represented are the same as those used in the manufacture of the famous Cumberland lead. The first process is to cut the strips of cedar or thin planks of the length of three or four pencils and width of a dozen into the proper width. This is done by a simple machine shown in Fig. 1., and a small circular saw at the same time cuts the groove for the lead, also the cover for the pencil. The next process is to fill the groove of the pencil with the lead, which is fastened in its place by glue. The cover is then glued down, and our pencil is ready for the rounding machine shown in Fig. 2. Here a man takes one of the long sticks in each hand and places them between the small wheels shown in the cut by which they are carried to revolving cutters, which perfectly rounds the pencil as it passes through them. They are next smoothed with a plane, and then taken by boys who, holding five or six of the sticks in their hands at a time, pull them up and down between a leather-covered revolving roller, and a board also covered with leather. See Fig. 3. The pencils are now cut into the proper lengths by a circular saw. Another workman then takes them, places them in a block of iron which has proper holes to receive them. The ends projecting a trifle, a razor blade is then brought down upon them cutting the ends off perfectly smooth. This is shown in Fig. 4.

Very often pencils have a plain stamp upon them, as well as a gilt one. This plain stamping is done by a wheel which has the required letters upon it, a grooved wheel beneath keeping the pencil in place. Fig. 5 is a representation of the machine showing the pencil as it enters. The gilt inscription on the opposite side of the pencil is affixed by a small hand press, Fig. 6. The die in this case has the lettering arranged in a straight line, and not around a wheel. The dieholder is made hollow, so that it may be kept hot by a red hot iron inserted in it. The gold or silver leaf is put upon the pencil in a narrow strip. The pencil is then carefully placed under
the die which is brought down by the screw, and the type imbeds the gold or silver in the pencil.

Nothing now remains to be done but to sort the pencils, tie them up, and pack them in the form in which they reach the market.

Of the number of pencils used in a year, and of the ratio in which the different kinds are consumed, there are many interesting facts. The black round pencil seems to be the favorite, and the No. 2 is the special style. The average number of pencils consumed in the United States in a year is estimated by good authority to be about 20,260,000. The lowest retail price would be about five cents, which would bring the commercial value at $1,013,000. The duty upon pencils of from 30 to 50 cents per gross prevents the importation of any except the finest grades. All the cheap pencils are of American make. In regard to the waste of pencils, a word should be said, namely, that only three quarters of each pencil is really used, and the remainder, or one fourth, thrown away. In effect the people of the country waste no less than $250,000 worth of pencils by throwing them away before they are used.

From the Kitchen
by Jan Longone

There were always oysters—in Antiquity. Prehistoric kitchen middens the world over attest to their ubiquity and popularity. Schliemann found large numbers of oyster shells at all five prehistoric settlements at Troy. Aristotle refers to oysters and Plato speaks of the soul being tethered to the body “like an oyster to its shell.” Pliny, Cicero, Martial, Juvenal, Seneca, and all the Roman writers who mention food, write about oysters. Pliny informs us of the first attempts at commercial oyster farming. The Romans understood the physiology of oysters, and thus were not only able to cultivate them, but to transport them great distances.

Roman writers tell us that oysters had the place of honor at feasts, that they were the appropriate prelude to dinner, and that the luscious bivalve was eaten in great quantities, such as the legendary 1,000 at a sitting consumed by Emperor Vitellius. There are many references to the use of oysters in cooked dishes, such as a stuffing for meat and fowl, as well as to the more usual practice of eating them raw on the half shell. The earliest extant Roman cookbook has a method for preserving oysters and several other oyster recipes. One piquant sauce for oysters contains, among other ingredients, cumin, pepper, lovage, parsley, mint, bay leaves, honey and vinegar.

As early as the Roman era, the combination of overconsumption, natural disasters, and pollution caused the disappearance of various oyster beds and resulted in legislative investigations and controls. It is during this era also that we find emphasis being placed on qualitative differences among oysters depending on their geographic origin. Time and again in the Roman literature we read that the only good thing about Britain was that it had good oysters. Witness the ruminations of Sallust in 50 B.C.: “Poor Britons—there is some good in them after all—they produce an oyster.” George Bernard Shaw repeated this theme in Caesar and Cleopatra. He has Caesar proclaim that he had gone to Britain in search of its famous pearls, which turned out to be a fable, but in searching for them, he found the British oyster. Appolodorus enthusiastically responds, “All posterity will bless you for it.”

There were always oysters—in the Old World. Historical writing, travel literature, and manuscript and printed cookbooks all proclaim the popularity of the oyster. The themes found in the earlier Roman literature (praise, gustatory qualities depending on origin, popularity at banquets, use of raw and cooked, methods of transplanting and transporting, overconsumption, depletion of beds, and attempts at legislative control) are repeated in the European literature. One sixteenth-century visitor to England tells of oysters “being cried in every street.” Shakespeare has numerous references to the oyster, including the now classic, “... the world's mine oyster,” from The Merry Wives of Windsor.

In one of the most influential seventeenth-century cookbooks, The Accomplisht Cook (London, 1660), chef Robert May offers thirty-two methods for preparing oysters. He broils them
and roasts them, fries them and pickles them, makes them into pottages and pies, stuffs them into meat roasts, and has half a dozen ways of stewing them. In many well-to-do English homes, oyster tables were a standard part of the kitchen equipment.

In his Almanach des Gourmands (Paris, 1803), Grimod de la Reyniere, the arbiter of fine dining of his day, indicates that “oysters are the usual opening to a winter breakfast... Indeed, they are almost indispensable.” The French gastronome Brillat-Savarin tells us that any banquet of importance begins with oysters and that some guests could, and did, easily down a dozen dozen before beginning dinner.

At times, in England and on the Continent, oysters were so plentiful that they were equated with poverty. Dickens has Sam Weller in The Pickwick Papers offer the opinion that, “the poorer a place is, the greater call there seems to be for oysters... here’s an oyster stall to every half-dozen houses.” The streets lined with ‘em.’ But at other times, when they were threatened with extinction, oysters became a luxury item.

This pattern, already known in Roman times and endemic to the nineteenth-century English and French oyster industries, was to be repeated in America.

The English cookbooks used in the American colonies abound with oyster recipes. The most influential of these, Hannah Glasse’s The Art of Cookery (London, 1747), offers a dozen such recipes for sauces, soups, collups, pickles, and oyster loaves. Oysters were also used in stuffings and dressings for fish, flesh and fowl, including turkey. Mrs. Glasse also offers a marvelous ragoo recipe combining oysters with chestnuts, pistachio nuts, mace, wine, cream and lemon. What is abundantly clear is that the colonists who came to the New World were always oyster eaters.

There were always oysters—In the New World. When the earliest explorers visited the shores of North America, they found ample evidence that the Indians of all regions were well acquainted with the edible qualities of oysters and other shellfish. Eight million cubic feet of oyster shell heaps at Damariscotta, Maine, bear mute but poignant testimony to this. The Passamaquanddy Indians held seasonal feasts at this location, consuming enormous numbers of oysters during the festivities as well as stunning others to take inland for future consumption and as an item of trade.

Oysters were one of the best loved foods in America from the very earliest European settlements until the nineteenth century when they became an obsession. Visitor after visitor, writer after writer, comments upon the American love for oysters. We are told that the Americans “eat oysters at all hours;” that the difference between rich and poor Americans is that the former ate their oysters with champagne, the latter, with beer; that oysters, along with tobacco and spirits, were the only three necessities for any American.

In the October 1895 issue of Table Talk, a magazine billing itself as “The American Authority upon Culinary and Household Topics,” we are informed that, “There is no country on the face of the earth where oysters are so abundant, so cheap, so easily procured, and so generally eaten as in the United States.” Artemas Ward in The Grocer’s Encyclopedia (New York, 1911), sums up the American fascination with oysters thus, “One of the most democratic of luxuries is the oyster—you find it in high favor in the most expensive establishments, yet it is equally abundant in ‘popular price’ restaurants, in lunch rooms and in the cheapest eating stalls. In stores it is sold both in and out of the shell, fresh and canned, and it is eaten in every conceivable way!”

The consumption of oysters in nineteenth-century America was simply awe-inspiring. In his fascinating and indispensable work, The Oyster-Industry (Washington, D.C., 1881), Ernest Ingersoll has mind-boggling statistic after statistic on its commercial importance, especially to the Chesapeake Bay area and to the economies of the cities of Baltimore and Philadelphia. For example, “Total Quantity of Oysters Harvested Annually in Philadelphia (1879/80): 2,680,000 bushels, or more than 800,000,000 oysters, worth not less than $2,500,000 wholesale.

Number of Those in Retail Trade, selling Oysters to the Public in City of Philadelphia (1879/80):

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Numbers</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>150 hotels, 2 persons each</td>
<td>300 persons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>376 oyster houses, 5 persons each</td>
<td>1,800 persons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>441 restaurants, 1 person each</td>
<td>441 persons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1,452 lager beer saloons, one-half person each</td>
<td>721 persons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>158 peddlers and curbstone stands</td>
<td>158 persons</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>3,500 persons</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Number of Bushels of Oysters Caught in Maryland During 1879/80 and Disposition:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Bushels</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Packed in the state, of Maryland</td>
<td>6,653,492</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shipped out of state</td>
<td>2,021,840</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Local consumption in Baltimore</td>
<td>818,600</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Local consumption in other cities of the state</td>
<td>200,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Local consumption in counties</td>
<td>875,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imported “fancy” oysters</td>
<td>30,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>10,599,612</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Number of Men Employed in Oyster Industry in Maryland, 1879/80: Dredgers, packers, etc. 24,662 with wages of $3,820,521.”

Although we know that raw oysters were being shipped inland from Baltimore very early in the nineteenth century, the first recorded oyster packing house in that city was opened by C. S. Maltby in the 1830s. He established a line of wagons to take oysters from Baltimore to Pittsburgh long before the Baltimore and Ohio railroad was completed. Early efforts at canning and processing oysters began shortly thereafter. By 1850, Baltimore had six packing houses, producing 400,000 to 500,000 cans a year. By 1865, 1,875,000 bushels of oysters were packed raw in Baltimore and another 1,300,000 bushels were preserved. In 1869, fifty-five packers in Maryland, each processing 500 to 2,000 cans per day, put up twelve to fifteen million cans in a seven-month season. They employed 7,500 men while the sixty raw houses employed an additional 3,000 hands.

With the coming of the transcontinental railroads and improved methods for canning and preserving, oysters were shipped to every corner of America. There were oyster bars and oyster taverns, oyster stalls and oyster cellars. Every “free lunch” counter in America offered oysters. Many a great restaurant built its reputation on the quality of its oysters. Two which survive today are the Union Oyster House in Boston and the Grand Central Oyster Bar in New York City.

The newly rich patrons of the saloons and restaurants in the boombowns of the mining frontiers of Colorado, Nevada and California, all demanded oysters and champagne. In 1874 the Capitol Chop House in Reno advertised, “Fresh and transplanted oysters always on hand and served at all hours and in any style desired.”

Virginia City mining lore has it that oysters and champagne were used as bribes to keep miners virtual prisoners underground, so that the new discovery could be kept secret.

America had oyster festivals and oyster roasts. New Englanders and Midwesterners wax nostalgically about the “Old Fashioned Milk-Pan Baked Scallop Oyster Suppers” which were used as church fundraisers. In the Savannah Cook Book (New York, 1933), Harriet Colquitt Ross tells us that the oyster roast was “one of the most fashionable of our winter sports, and every stranger must needs be entertained in this alfresco manner during the season.” She describes one such roast in mouth-watering detail, expressing astonishment at the number of oysters consumed—and those but a prelude to heaping dishes of Hopping John, accompanied by salad and hot biscuits.

There were a large number of specific utensils devised for the oyster trade—from rakes and dredges used to harvest them to the diverse regional designs of knives used to open them, to the cutlery and dishes used to serve them. Everywhere there were oyster feasts and famous oyster trenchermen. During the last century, virtually every great banquet in America began with oysters. Menus from restaurants, large and small, the country over, featured oysters. The menu from the Midway Plaisance Cafe and Vaudeville Theater in San Francisco for the week of July 3, 1899, illustrating this article, is typical of the period.

There were always oysters—but they were not always the same oysters. As overconsumption and environmental hazards depleted natural oyster beds, new beds were seeded from other
locations. Ingersoll in *The Oyster-Industry*, informs us that the natural oyster beds of the Bay of Maine and of much of Cape Cod were extinct long before the mid-nineteenth century. These areas were then seeded from the Long Island beds. When the native Long Island oysters died out, that area was seeded from the Chesapeake. And when the natural beds off San Francisco died out shortly after the Gold Rush, the waters were seeded with oysters from Washington and Oregon and from New York and the Chesapeake. Ingersoll describes the latter: "Upon the completion of the transcontinental railways an important epoch began in the history of the California oyster-business, by the introduction of living oysters from the Atlantic coast..."

"These first shipments were only experimental, at any rate, for it was needed to know whether the Atlantic "seed" would grow inside the Golden Gate, whether it retains its natural flavor or acquires a bad one, and whether it could be sold at a profit at the close of the process. It was not until 1875, therefore, that any San Franciscan dealers felt justified in ordering large quantities, but in that year large shipments began, which have been continued with regularity and slowly increasing amounts ever since, until now something like $560,000 worth... are annually transported across the breadth of the American continent—an almost unexampled movement of living food...

"The oysters sent are of two classes: first, those of marketable size and designed for immediate use; and second, those intended to be planted.

"For the first purpose stock is selected from York bay, Blue Point, Staten Island sound, Rockaway, Norwalk, and occasionally from Virginia, and from Egg Harbor and Maurice cove, New Jersey; but the whole amount of this class constitutes less than one-fifth of the total shipment. These oysters are either placed on sale at once in the California markets, or are 'bedded down' for a few days, to await a favorable sale.

"The class of oysters sent as 'seed' is entirely different, and is derived chiefly from Newark bay and the North river, stock from there standing the journey better than the East river oysters, which otherwise seem preferable. Beside these is sent seed from Raritan river, New Jersey, and Prince's bay, Staten Island. This seed is so small that a barrel holds from 3,000 to 5,000; this number, of course, includes even the 'blisters,' or oysters so young that you cannot easily detect the double character of the shell, which looks like your finger-nail. Although the average time of passage is only eighteen days by the fast-freight lines, it is expected that about one-fourth of each barrel full will prove dead or too weak to survive transplanting at the end of the journey. The 'blisters' will be found to have died far more frequently than the larger oysters, none of which, however, are older than a few months and larger than a silver quarter. The cars in which they are carried are double-walled, so as to preserve an equality of temperature, so far as possible, and 22,000 pounds is the limit of the cargo allowed by the company. The freight charges at present are about $10 a barrel. This makes it unprofitable to import any seed except that which is very small, and which by growth can add very greatly to their size and consequent value."

"There were always oysters—and those who wrote about them. The bibliography of the oyster is probably as long as that for any single item of food. Hector Bolitho, *The Glorious Oyster* (New York, 1961), claims that no animal has inspired poets, gourmets and gourmands so much as the oyster. He says that it has been "sought and praised in almost every place where civilization has spread." Edward Bunyard, in *The Epicure's Companion* (London, 1937), says that "To write of oysters and all about them would be a lengthy task." He then goes on to explain that just such an attempt was made by John R. Philpots, in *Oysters and All About Them* (London, 1890), and his efforts ran to 1,370 pages. And this is just the beginning! Edwin Joyce's *A Partial Bibliography of Oysters, with Annotations* (State of Florida: Dept. of Natural Resources, 1972), is 846 pages, with 4,116 entries.

Much of the literature deals with technical aspects of oyster culture and the oyster industry. But to a surprising degree, the oyster has been sung in poetry and prose, by philosophers, journalists and others. Among the most rewarding books which any lover of the luscious bivalve must consult are *The Oyster: Where, How and When to Find, Breed, Cook and Eat It* (London, 1861), possibly authored and illustrated by George Cruikshank; Mary Francis Kennedy Fisher's book *Consider the Oyster* (New York, 1941); and Eleanor Clark's *The Oysters of Locmriaquer* (New York, 1964).

"There were always oysters—and those to praise..."
them. The following is a sampler chosen from the thousands of words of praise written about the oyster.

Dr. William Kitchiner in The Cook’s Oracle (Boston, 1822), suggests, “Those who wish to enjoy the delicious restorative in its utmost perfection must eat it at the moment it is opened, with its own gravy on the underside: if not eaten absolutely alive, its flavor and spirit are lost.”

In a chapter comparing American and English cookery in The Pleasures of the Table (New York, 1903), George Ellwanger says that American oysters are “unequalled in delicacy and cheapness. . . . When one thinks of the oysters with their rank, tinny, fishy flavour and their high admission fee, that do duty in England and on the Continent alike, one may trebly appreciate the delicate Blue Point, the Narragansett, Glen Cove, Millpond, Lynn Haven, Cherrystone, Rockaway, Shrewsbury, and many other tributes of the ‘deep sea’ wherein the very essence of the ocean seems concentrated.”

According to Saki (H.H. Munro) in his Chronicles of Clovis (New York, 1911), “Oysters are more beautiful than any religion. . . . There’s nothing in Christianity or Buddhism that quite matches the sympathetic unselfishness of an oyster.”

On being served a bowl of oyster stew and after noting its “fine, straightforward smell of stew,” M.F.K. Fisher in Consider the Oyster (New York, 1941), remarked that it “was as good as he had said . . . mildly potent, quietly sustaining, warm as love and welcomed in winter.”

As he sat at the seaside with a “plate of succulent fat oysters” on his knee, Hector Bolitho, in The Glorious Oyster (New York, 1961), ruminated that “the oyster is the loveliest of foods, raw or cooked.”

After explaining that one can’t really define the taste of an oyster, that music or the color of the sea are easier to describe, Eleanor Clark, in The Oysters of Locmariquer (New York, 1964), does say, of a fine oyster, that the taste “has the relationship of love to tedium, delight to death of the soul . . . You are eating the sea . . . .”

And for the last word on the subject, we quote Julia Child who, when asked, in the January 1983 issue of Food and Wine, what she would have for her last dinner on earth, responded, “We would start with French Chablis and Cotuit oysters . . . .”

There were always oysters—and recipes for them. There are several dozen cookbooks solely on oysters. Among the most intriguing are Mrs. De Salis’s, Oysters a la Mode (London, 1888); Mrs. Sarah Tyson Rorer’s, Fifteen New Ways for Oysters (Philadelphia, 1894), and New Ways for Oysters (Philadelphia, 1903); May Southworth’s, One Hundred and One Ways of Serving Oysters (San Francisco, 1907); Helen Mar Thomson’s, Oysters in a Hundred Ways (Chicago, 1911); Henry Moore’s, Oyster: the Food that Has Not “Gone Up” (Washington, D.C., 1915); Louis De Gouy’s, The Oyster Book (New York, 1951); and John Reardon and Ruth Ebling’s, Oysters: A Culinary Celebration (Massachusetts, 1984).

In addition to these books, hundreds of others on fish and shellfish contain lengthy sections of oyster recipes; and seemingly every general cookbook published in the United States contains them as well. A sampler follows. Note that whatever the historical era, whatever the region of the country, and whether the book was assembled by housewives or by leading professional chefs—there were always oysters.

The first southern cookbook, Mary Randolph’s, The Virginia Housewife (Washington, D.C., 1824), one of the earliest western cookbooks, Mrs. Lettice Bryan’s, The Kentucky Housewife (Cincinnati, 1839), the most popular cookbook of the nineteenth century, Eliza Leslie’s, Directions for Cookery (Phila., 1837), and a very early Quaker cookbook, Elizabeth Lea’s, Domestic Cookery (Baltimore, 1853), all contain

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### BILL OF FARE

#### EASTERN OYSTERS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Large</th>
<th>Small</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Half Shell</td>
<td>Half Shell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fried</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baked in Deep Shell</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pan Roast</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fancy Roast</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pepper Roast</td>
<td>50</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stewed</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Steamed</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Box Stew</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Six Eastern Oysters</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

#### CALIFORNIA OYSTERS.

| Raw on Plate | 35 | 35 |
| Half Shell | 25 | 25 |
| Pepper Roast | 25 | 25 |
| Fried | 35 | 35 |
| Pan Roast | 35 | 35 |
| Oyster Loaf (large) | 60 |
| Oyster Loaf (small) | 40 |
| Oyster Cocktail | 35 |
about a dozen recipes for oysters. In addition to the soups, stews, pickles, fritters, pies and catsups, Mrs. Randolph offers an oyster ice cream and Miss Leslie suggests a Minced Oyster recipe which calls for making a batter of oysters, pickled cucumbers, parsley, bread crumbs and egg yolks which is then fried in a pound of lard.

A famed Baltimore hostess, Mrs. B. C. Howard, compiled the earliest charity cookbook published in Maryland, Fifty Years in a Maryland Kitchen (Baltimore, 1873). It has about twenty-five oyster recipes, including five different stews, two additional soups, a gumbo filet and a Yellow Oyster Pie, enriched with a scalded egg yolk.

Halfway across the continent in the first charity cookbook published in Kansas, the Ladies of Leavenworth’s, The Kansas Home Cook-Book (1874), there is a complete chapter on oysters containing all the usual recipes plus one for Macaroni with Oysters. In a section on Bills of Fare for daily and holiday use, the ladies frequently recommend oysters. For Christmas dinner, for example, they indicate that, “In cities and towns where raw oysters can be had, they are often used as a first course. They should be opened and the shell washed an hour or so before dinner, and be put in a cold place.” One hundred years ago, even in Kansas, it was not uncommon for a family to own oyster serving utensils, but just in case they didn’t, the ladies offer an alternative. “When wanted for the table, if one has not the proper oyster-plates, arrange six of these shells, with an oyster in each, on a dessert-plate, with the narrow part of the shell inward, all meeting in the centre, where two or three slices of lemon are laid.”

The first cookbook published in Texas, by the Ladies Association of the First Presbyterian Church, The Texas Cook Book (Houston, 1883), contains a chapter on oysters. They are fried, scalded and broiled; they are used in Oyster Loaves, Oyster Omelets and several kinds of Gumbo; and they dress the turkey and accompany veal cutlets.

In 1895, Charles Ranhofer, chef at Delmonico’s in New York, perhaps the most famous American restaurant of its or any day, published his magnum opus, The Epicurean. He includes forty recipes for oysters from the simplest preparations to the most ornate, such as one for Oyster Soup with Oyster Raviolis, which contains more than fifty ingredients.

Ranhofer suggests Bills of Fare for every month of the year. In the “r” months, some oyster dish is included about a third of the time. Even more telling is the number of times oysters were served at banquets held at Delmonico’s between 1862 and 1894. Eighty-eight specific menus are presented; sixty-four contain oysters. Of the twenty-four banquets at which oysters were not served, half took place in summer months.

One of the most authentic Creole cookbooks, The Picayune’s Creole Cook Book (New Orleans, 1901), has a great deal to say about oysters. In addition to the recipes mentioned above, we also find oysters being cooked with bacon, en brochette, in croquettes, and steamed, coddled, and pan-fried. Included is a recipe for and the story behind New Orleans’ famed oyster loaf (see recipes).

On the Pacific shores, Charles Lummis’, Landmarks Club Cook Book (Los Angeles, 1903), among the most treasured early California works, has about a dozen oyster recipes, including a Spanish American dish called Ostras de la Buena Mujer. Here we find the small California oysters (“at least twenty to a person”) being used in Cocktails and a mouthwatering dish for Fricassee Oysters with Mushrooms.

Meanwhile, down east on the North Atlantic, in the General Knox Chapter’s, D.A.R. Cook Book (Thomaston, Maine, 1909), there are about fifteen different methods for preparing oysters, including Curried, Celerged and served over Shredded Wheat Patties.

Finally we recross America to San Francisco to examine Victor Hirtzler’s, The Hotel St. Francis Cook Book (Chicago, 1919). Hirtzler, chef at the St. Francis during its heyday, offers thirty recipes using oysters, including Angels on Horseback and that famed western staple, Hangtown Fry (scrambled eggs and oysters). In suggested menus for every day of the year, oysters are included about a third of the time. Specific oysters are named: California, Blue Points, Toke Points, Seapuit, Lynn Haven and Cherrystone.

Yes, there were always oysters—and oyster recipes. To gild the lily, we end with the following poem, published anonymously in The Detroit Free Press of October 12, 1889:

Let us royster with the oyster—in the shorter days and moister,
That are brought by brown September, with its
roguish final R;
For breakfast or for supper, on the under shell or upper,
Of dishes he's the daisy, and of shell-fish he's the star.
We try him as they fry him, and even as they pie him;
We're partial to him luscious in a roast;
We boil and broil him, we vinegar-and-oil him, and O he is delicious stewed with toast.
We eat him with tomatoes, and the salad with potatoes,
Nor look him o'er with horror when he follows the coldslaw;
And neither does he fret us if he marches after lettuce
And abreast of cayenne pepper when his majesty is raw.
So welcome with September to the knife and glowing ember,
Juicy darling of our dainties, dispossessor of the clam!
To the oyster, then, a hoister, with him a royal royster
We shall whoop it through the land of heathen jam!

**Oyster Soup**
Put on two quarts of oysters, with three quarts of water, three onions chopped up, two or three slices of lean ham, pepper and salt; boil it till reduced one half, strain it through a sieve, return the liquid into the pot, put in one quart of fresh oysters, boil it till they are sufficiently done, and thicken the soup with four spoonfuls of flour, two gills of rich cream, and the yolks of six new laid eggs beaten well; boil it a few minutes after the thickening is put in. Take care that it does not curdle, and that the flour is not in lumps: serve it up with the last oysters that were put in. If the flavour of thyme be agreeable you may put in a little, but take care that it does not boil in it long enough to discolor the soup.

**Oyster Cream**
Make a rich soup, (see directions for oyster soup,) strain it from the oysters, and freeze it.


**Stewed Oysters**
Take the oysters from the shells, trim off the hard part, and put them in a stew-pan, season-
A Baltimore Oyster Pie
Make a crust after the directions given for puff paste; grease the bottom of a deep dish, cover it with paste; then season two quarts of raw oysters, (without the liquor,) with spices to your taste, (some preferring nutmeg, mace, cayenne pepper,—others, black pepper alone,) add butter and a heaped tea-cup of grated bread; put all together in the dish; then cover it with your paste, cut in strips, and crossed, or ornamented as your fancy dictates; a pound of butter to two quarts of oysters makes a rich pie; if the oysters are fine, less butter will answer.

A pie of this size will bake in three-quarters of an hour, if the oven is in good order; if the heat is not quick allow it an hour.

If in baking, the crust is likely to become too brown, put a piece of paper doubled over it, and the light color will be retained; when taken from the oven, if it should look dry, pour some of the liquor that was drained from the oysters in the dish, having previously strained and boiled it.

As paste always looks more beautiful when just from the oven, arrange your dinner so that the pie may be placed on the table immediately it is done.

Elizabeth Lea, Domestic Cookery, 5th ed., (Baltimore, 1863).

Roast Oysters
There is no pleasanter frolic for an Autumn evening, in the regions where oysters are plentiful, than an impromptu "roast" in the kitchen. There the oysters are hastily thrown into the fire by the peck. You may consider that your fastidious taste is marvellously respected if they are washed first. A bushel basket is set to receive the empty shells, and the click of the oyster-knives forms a constant accompaniment to the music of laughing voices. Nor are roast oysters amiss upon your own quiet supper-table, when the "good man" comes in on a wet night, tired and hungry, and wants "something heartening." Wash and wipe the shell-oysters, and lay them in the oven, if it is quick; upon the top of the stove, if it is not. When they open, they are done. Pile in a large dish and send to table. Remove the upper shell by a dexterous wrench of the knife, season the oyster on the lower, with pepper-sauce and butter, or pepper, salt, and vinegar in lieu of the sauce, and you have the very aroma of this pearl of bivalves, pure and undefiled.

Marion Harland, Common Sense in the Household (New York, 1871).

To Stew Oysters
Mrs. M. Hunt
Have a faultlessly clean and bright stew pan, into which put the oysters and liquor as well. To two quarts allow a quarter of a pound of butter, a light teaspoon of salt, and enough black pepper to season, but not burn the mouth. Stew gently, stirring occasionally, over a clear bright fire, for fifteen or twenty minutes. When the oysters are nearly done, add one gill of rich sweet cream, not more than twelve hours old. When they are quite done, serve up with little delay upon a chafing dish, heated by a spirit lamp. If such a dish be not handy, use a china tureen, covered tightly. Water or soda biscuit, or bread lightly toasted to freshen it, are the proper accompaniments.

Ladies of Leavenworth, The Kansas Home Cook-Book (Kansas, 1874).

Beef and Oyster Sausages
Scald three-quarters of a pint of oysters in their own liquor. Take them out, and chop them fine. Mince one pound of beef and mutton, and three-quarters of a pound of beef-suet; add the oysters, and season with salt, pepper, mace, and two cloves, pounded. Beat up the yolks of two eggs, and mix the whole well together, and pack it closely in a jar. When to be used, roll it into the form of small sausages; dip these into the yolk of an egg, beaten up; stew grated bread crumbs over them, or dust them with flour, and fry them. Serve them on hot fried bread.

Ladies Association of First Presbyterian Church, The Texas Cook Book (Houston, 1883).

Oyster Sauce for Fowls
Plump the oysters for a moment or two over the fire; take them out and stir into the liquor, flour and butter mixed together; salt and pepper to taste. When it has boiled, put in the oysters and add a glass of wine.
**Oyster Sausages**

Miss McCarney

Chop a pint of oysters with a quarter of a pound of veal; some bread crumbs, seasoned with salt and pepper; pound them in a mortar; make them into little cakes, dipped into an egg; flour and fry them dry. Serve hot.


**Oyster Cream**

Take a quart of milk, let it come to a boil, then drop in one pint of solid meat oysters, salt and pepper, stir gently until hot, but don’t boil. Skim out the oysters into a hot earthen dish. Have ready one teacupful of oyster crackers, rolled, sifted and mixed with the yolks of three well-beaten eggs and just cold milk enough to stir smooth; stir this into the milk with half cupful of butter, let it simmer and last of all stir in the whites of the three eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Place three or four oysters in each cup and fill a little more than half full of the cream. Serve as first course at a lunch, with a slice of bread.

Ladies Aid Society, Episcopal Church, *The Good Cheer Cook Book* (Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, 1889).

**Oysters Served On Ice**

Use a perfectly clear block of ice weighing ten to fifteen pounds. Put the ice in a pan, heat a flatiron or a brick and melt a space in the centre of the ice-block, leaving a wall one and a half to two inches thick. Tip the block on one side and carefully empty all the water out and fill the cavity with freshly opened oysters garnished with slices of lemon. Lay one of two folded napkins on a large platter to prevent the block from slipping, cover the dish with parsley or smilax with pinks or nasturtiums mixed so that only the ice is visible. This is not expensive and does away with the unsightly shells in which raw oysters are usually served.


**Fried Oysters, Philadelphia Style**

Drain the finest oysters you can get, and dry one by one on a soft cloth, taking them up in the fingers, by the beard of the oyster. Season on both sides with salt and cayenne. Beat up an egg in a saucer, add one tablespoonful of boiling water and half a teaspoonful of salt. Dip the oysters one by one in the egg, and then in fine, stale bread crumbs, and fry in boiling hot oil or lard, deep enough to cover the oysters. Fry a few at a time.

**Fried Oysters, New York Style**

Drain the oysters, season with salt and pepper, and dip in stale bread crumbs. Put three or four tablespoonsfuls of butter in a frying pan, and when very hot, put in enough oysters to cover the bottom of the pan. Brown on one side, turn and brown on the other, and serve at once.

Ladies of the Church of the Messiah, *My Mother's Cook Book* (St. Louis, 1901).

**Oyster Loaf**

La Mediatrice.

Delicate French Loaves of Bread.

2 Dozen Oysters to a Loaf.

1 Tablespoonful of Melted Butter.

This is called the “famous peacemaker” in New Orleans. Every husband, who is detained down town, laughingly carries home an oyster load, or Mediatrice, to make “peace” with his anxiously waiting wife. Right justly is the Oyster Loaf called the “Peacemaker,” for, well made, it is enough to bring the smiles to the face of the most disheartened wife.

Take delicate French loaves of bread and cut off, lengthwise, the upper portion. Dig the crumbs out of the center of each piece, leaving the sides and bottom like a square box. Brush each corner of the box and the bottom with melted butter, and place in a quick oven to brown. Fill with broiled or creamed oysters. Cover with each other and serve.

*The Picayne’s Creole Cook Book* (New Orleans, 1901).

**Oyster Loaf**

Very good for supper or luncheon. Buy a stale loaf of Vienna bread, and after cutting off a slice from the top, scoop out the crumbs, or most of them. There should be a good half inch of bread left inside the crusty shell. Drain a quart of oysters, season with salt, a little Tabasco or red
pepper, and a tablespoonful of catsup. Fill the loaf with the oysters, and dot well with bits of butter. Replace the slice cut from the top. Bake in a rather quick oven for twenty-five minutes, basting frequently with the oyster liquor. Better moisten the loaf with the oyster liquor before placing in the oven. Serve with a cream sauce.

Silver Thimble Society, First Baptist Church, How We Cook in Tennessee (Jackson, Tenn., 1918).

Another Slice of the Big Cheese

One addition and one clarification to the anthology of poetry about the Big Cheese presented to Thomas Jefferson by the citizens of Cheshire, Massachusetts, in 1802 (The American Magazine, Vol. 2, No. 2) have come to our attention since the article appeared.

“The Mammoth Cheese; or, The Wonderful Patriot,” appears in Moses Guest’s Poems on Several Occasions . . . (Cincinnati, 1823). According to the author many of his poems, perhaps this one among them, first appeared in New Jersey, New York, or Philadelphia newspapers.

“Ode to the Mammoth Cheese,” (American Magazine, Vol. 2, No. 2, p. 19–21) which was published in broadside form and attributed to Thomas Kennedy, seems conclusively to have been his work. We discovered the poem in an anthology entitled Poems by Thomas Kennedy (Washington, D.C., 1816), published “For the Author.”

THE MAMMOTH CHEESE; OR, THE WONDERFUL PATRIOT.

Ye patriots now, of every state,
What wonders have ye seen of late?
Great Leland rises to our view,¹
A patriot son, and reverend too.
His patriotism has been found
To weigh more than twelve hundred pound;²
'Tis made of milk, it's wond'rous strange!
From cattle that do pastures range;
All pigmy patriots of the fed's,
May now hide their diminished heads;
Laid in the balance, they'd appear
As light indeed as empty air.

This patriotism, a full load
For horses twain on level road,
Has been conveyed to Washington,
A present there for Jefferson.
This Mammoth Cheese, a sight for all
True patriots, both great and small,
This priest attended day and night,
Lest fed'ral rats should get a bite.
No wandering pilgrim ere could be,
When bound Mahomet's tomb to see,
More anxious than this Cheshire son
To see his prophet, Jefferson;
When e'er he preached, this was his text,
"Of all earth's cheese sure this is best,
"I'll take it on to Washington,
"An offering for fair freedom's son."
This was the text he most admired,
In preaching from it never tired;
This was his subject night and day,
Could broach no other all the way.
Arrived—he made a great parade,
And much in flatt-ring strains was said;
Could now his idol safely greet,
His happiness was now complete;
He now could view his heart's desire,
And hear the gaping crowd admire.
Some said 'twas Jefferson's intent,
'T'rect it as a monument,
In central part of fed'ral city—
To eat such cheese would be a pity.
Whilst others said it might be eat,
But should preserve the rind complete,
That armed band therein might enter,
And lie concealed—this they might venture;
Should war commence, and we be beat,
And forced to sound a quick retreat,
This cheese, like Trojan horse of fame,
Might serve our city to regain.
But others said it would be handy,
In case of war 'twould be the dandy,
Columbia's sons no doubt 'twould please
To have a battery formed of cheese;
It might be called, and without flattery,
The patriotic Leland's battery.
This worthy man heard all was said,
And viewed the wonderful parade,
Then raised his voice, and thus addressed
The wond'ring crowd, which on him pressed:
"This cheese, my friends, was made in Cheshire
"Come clear the way, why all this pressure—
"Intended for fair freedom's son,
"My much beloved, my Jefferson:
"This cheese was formed to be eat,
"And for my Solomon a treat."
'Twas then presented in due form—
He gave it as a "pepper-corn."
His free-will-offering now was made,
And he in gracious smiles was paid.
What though he'd left his flock and home,
And full five hundred miles had come;
He now enjoyed rapturous scenes—
The end must sanctify the means.
What patriot son will ever dare,
With the great Leland to compare?
His fame shall sound from shore to shore,
When Mammoth Cheese shall be no more;
Millions unborn shall catch the flame,
That raised to honour Leland's name;
From east to west, from north to south,
Each patriot's offering shall come forth;
Brewers no doubt will take the hint,
As they will see it now in print,
Inspired by a reverend sir,
No doubt to me they'll make a stir,
And quickly send on, at a word,
A tun as large as Heidleberg;¹
So that with store of cheese and beer,
Our President may have good cheer;
For surely it would be a pity,
Not to live well in federal city.

1. A clergyman of the State of Massachusetts.
2. The weight of the cheese.
3. In presenting it to Mr. Jefferson, he said he gave it as a pepper-corn.
4. The Heideberg tun contains 600 hogsheads.

The Ewing Papers — Part Three

The third installment in the series of Ewing family letters covers a fairly brief period from the summer of 1827 to the fall of 1829. Of the eleven letters here excerpted, nine are written by Louisa Ewing, two by Mary, sisters of the recipient Maskell Ewing (1807–1849). Maskell had graduated from West Point in 1826, sixteenth in a class of forty-one which included Albert Sydney Johnston and other future Civil War Generals, Heintzelman, Pleasonton, Silas Casey, and Kirby Smith. He was assigned to the artillery and was stationed at Fort Monroe, Virginia, in 1826–27. He then received an assignment as a topographical engineer and was sent to Governor's Island, New York, and Washington, D.C., in the period covered by this correspondence.

At home in Pennsylvania, the family consisted only of the two unmarried girls, Louisa and Mary, and their mother Jane Hunter Ewing. Maskell Ewing, the father, had died in 1825. Although they continued to reside at "Woodstock," Radnor Township, Delaware County, without the father's supervision and with difficulties getting and retaining dependable help, their farm was much reduced in its productivity. Brother James Hunter Ewing (b. 1798) died in 1827, and to some degree the girls were observing a period of mourning in the following year by not attending large parties. But relatives and friends, Uncle James Hunter, the Lees, the Blights, the Gaskells, obviously went out of their way to relieve the sadness of these family tragedies by inviting the girls for long house visits and including them in various social activities and outings. The girls were as always irrepressible and their letters to their brother bubble over with the same enthusiasm for life of earlier letters, making the correspondence delightful reading.

The letters included in this installment describe nothing of monumental historical importance, but there are many bits and pieces of social history to intrigue and satisfy the reader by documenting social customs and amusements of their place and era: day excursions along the Schuylkill and a trip to a summer resort at Schooly's Mountain, New Jersey, dinner parties, a concert and a theatrical panorama in Philadelphia, tours of china and glass manufactories, and visits to the studios of some of Philadelphia's portrait painters of the 1820s. This was the era when politics emerged as popular sport, invading even the ballroom; when the waltz and Italian opera first captured a wide American audience; when rudimentary efforts to marry art, mechanical ingenuity, and showmanship with such exhibits as Mæzel's panorama were creating what would eventually be the market for the cinema. The Ewing girls were always doing "fancy work" of some sort—sewing and making decorative items, and their comments help to document and date fads and fashions of this sort which the mute surviving examples in museums and antique collections cannot provide.
Tuesday June 26th 1827

My dear brother

I received your very affectionate letter of the fifth and would have answered it before but being at Mr. Lees I did not receive it so soon. Mr. and Mrs. Lee came over for me three times before I was able to go with them as I had a very bad swell'd face and tooth ach. Doctor Harris who came to our house advised me to have it lanced and wonderful to tell I let him do it—after that it got well directly. It is now two weeks since I came here and my time has been spent very pleasantly. It is a very pretty place situated one mile from the Schuylkill on the road to Germantown. There is a great quantity of fruit such as strawberries, cherries, and raspberries now ripe—the first is just gone but the others are in abundance.

I have been twice to the city since I came here. As it is only six miles they think nothing of going in and out again before dinner and do shopping besides. It is two miles from Mr. Blights here. I spent the day there yesterday and heard of a marriage which has made some talk in the city—a Mr. Ingram and Miss Mead, daughter of the Spanish consul I think [sic] he is. The story is Miss M. is very high tempered, behaved very bad to her mother, and her father told her if she did not know how to treat her mother with proper respect she had better keep her room. This was morning. In the evening there was some gentlemen there and the family were playing cards. One of the sisters saw Miss Mead come down stairs with only a shawl on and told her when she was tired of staying in her room and would take a walk in the garden. Her sister did not mind her but passed on to the kitchen where she was going. It appears instead of Miss M. walking in the garden she went out of the door after throwing a bundle of clothes over the garden fence to Mr. Ingram and joined him. They went to Dr. Abacomacy and were married. After that he wrote a note to her father saying by the time he received this he would be the husband of Miss Mead; the reason he had taken this step was he thought it useless to urge his suit. She wrote to her Sister and said by the time you receive this I shall be Mrs. Ingram. The father was still playing cards when the notes were brought in and you may suppose it made no small uproar.

I will now give you some idea what kind of a man she run off with. He has been for some time past trying to be a setter of fashion. He has no other bussiness and no money, the extent of his wealth is one hundred acres of land without a house or any thing to build one with. His father is a rough farmer at Holmesburgh and a drunkard in the bargain and as he had no place to take his bride he wrote to his father to come for them which he did, and the reception he gave his new daughter was, “So you are the girl Alfred has chosen for a wife. Well, get up and let me see you,” so after turning her round he said, “Well, I don’t like your appearance but come along, we must make the best of you.”

Her father sent her clothes all to her and returned a second letter which she wrote in a blank cover but said he would not see her now. What do you think of this?

Signors on has been giving concerts in the city to the admiration of every one. Last Saturday she performed in the Theatre and the house was a curiosity. To the third tier of boxes was ladies

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**NEW THEATRE.**

The Signoria's Second and Last Concert will be given at the New Theatre, THIS EVENING, the 23d inst.

**PART I.**

Overture of the Barbiere di Seviglia, Rossini
Un voce poco fa, Signorina, Rossini
Aria, Signor Rosich, Rossini
Home, Sweet Home, (by particular desire,) Signorina, Rossini
Duetto, Mille Sposere di Lugarno, Mr. Boyle and Signorina, Rossini
French Song, Tallara la Signorina, Aubeuf
Aria Buia, Signor Rosich, Rossini

**PART II.**

Song—When William Tell, Signorina, Graham
Spanish Song, Bajelito Nuevo, Signorina, Garcia
Duetto, Con Pazienza Sopperti mano, Signor Rosich and Signorina
Ouverture Tancredi, Triavante
Di tanti palpiti, (by particular desire,) Rossini
Duetto, Il vivo lampo, Signor Boyle and Signorina, Rossini
In the Songs of the Barbire di Seviglia and Tancredi, the Signorina will be dressed in Character.

Leader of the Orchestra, Mr. Humphred.
M. De Conicchi will preside at the Piano Forte.
Principal Violoncello, Mr. Gildas.

The doors will be open at 7 o'clock, and the Concert begin at 8 o'clock precisely. Boxes and places to be had at the Theatre, from 10 to 2 o'clock, this day. A communication will be open between the pit and boxes and the gallery and boxes.

Tickets may also be had at the Music Stores of Messrs. Klemm, Blake, Whig, Bacon & Hart, and at Mr. T. Deslver's Book Store, Market-Street.

Tickets one dollar each, for every part of the house.

June 25—1827
and not more than two or three gentlemen in every box to guard them. The pit and sides of the stage was covered. They had the music from New York which she sent for. Her exertions that night was so great that after the last act she went into convulsions. Mr. Blights family were there and were my informers.

You speak of coming on in the fall. I hope you will for I want to see you very much now, and by that time more. Any of your friends you know will always be welcomed by all of us. Mr. & Mrs. Lee, Capt. Conner, and myself took a ride to the Wisahicken creek and from there along the Schuylkill to the flat rock bridge. It was a most beautiful ride and the canal looked so clear and smooth it was a most elegant sight. The sun was just then setting which also gave a more elegant appearance to it.

I was very sorry to hear you got your table cover so badly greased. Mrs. Lee says the only thing to make it look well will be to have it well washed and pressed. If a scourer was to do it you would think it new, as Mrs. Boyce has some done look like new. Mrs. Lee has a better kind than cloth—they are cotton like doilies are made of. Perhaps you do not know what that is. They are scarlet and blue cotton wove like damask in flowers and birds all over and when they get dirty you can have them washed and ironed. The table covers are four dollars and a half. Doilies are about half yard square, which the fashionables use after eating fruit to wipe their fingers.3

I have no new[s] worth telling you but as I always like to hear from you I thought you would from me. Is there any thing you would like made by the time you come home which I could do? If there is just let me know and it shall be done. There is a book of views here called Daniells picturesque voyage to india from which I have taken a drawing of Camoens Cave, Macao, which is very pretty.4 If I stay long enough I will take some, some elegant sea views, storms, etc. . . .

there is a tree in Philadelphia exhibited said to be all one body large enough for a drawing room, all furnished. I have not seen it but Mr. Lee who has just come home from there says he saw it in the back room of the masonic hall, so they must take it apart to get it in, and I think it must be made out of one or two trees. . . .5

THE BIG BLACK WALNUT TREE.
The Monarch of the American Forest.

The public is respectfully informed that this great natural curiosity will be exhibited at the Masonic Hall, in Chestnut-street, on Wednesday evening, the 21st. inst. at 8 o'clock, when the room will be brilliantly lighted with gas.

This natural House attracted great attention in New York, for a period of six months—it was visited by his Excellency Governor Clinton and Lady—the late Chancellor Sanford—Bishop Hobart—Doctor Milnor and Wanwright, and about one hundred other of the Clergy, with their families—By the late Honorable Mayor, Recorder and Corporation—the learned Doctor Mitchell, and nearly thirty thousand others, including a great proportion of the most enlightened and respectable citizens and strangers.

The interior of this Tree is furnished as a Drawing Room—fifteen persons may sit around its interior circle—51 persons have been at one time enclosed in it—its centre is occupied by a splendid table, three feet in diameter—the floor is covered with a Brussels Medallion Carpet. Among its ornaments are an original Letter and Engraved Likeness of Washington—A Portrait of Lafayette—Fine Engravings of the Bishops of Pennsylvania and New-York—Of Penn and of Franklin.

A Panoramic View of Liverpool—The Village School in an Upright, from the original picture in the possession of William Chamberlayne, Esq. M. P. and unpublished Travels in Greece—Perspective Views of all the great Cities in the World, occupy two Tables.

After Wednesday evening, the Hall will be open for visitors, from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Admission 25 cents—Children half price.

Tickets at the front door.

june 20 1846
2.
Louisa Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing
Woodstock Dec 22nd 1827
My dear brother
... in the afternoon we went up to Uncles and took tea. The Miss Millers are there teaching Aunt and Sarah to make wax flowers and as I understood the art I turned too and helped. Uncle got a stopper to one of the liquor bottles and said that would make a handsome flower so I tried and moulded two very handsome morning glories, one I painted pink, the other blue. Well, now I am talking of painting I must tell you I have made a pair of card racks for Mrs. Graham which are said to be very handsome, ha ... m, ha ... m!! One is like Mr. Graysons, the other is a design of my own, but I hope you will see them and leave a card as you go to New York to decorate them.

Susan Miller says the ball was a very pleasant one and some quite elegant dresses. John Gemel and Sister were there, she had on a thin dress embroidered with silver which was very elegant. This is to give you some idea of the splendour of our country lasses. The room was hung round with ground pine and flowers, at one end was Genl. Jackson crowned with laurels, the other was a portrait of some gentleman Susan said she called Adams, and she would not even dance on Jacksons side of the house, so they need not ask her she would keep to Adams. ... 6

3.
Louisa Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing
Roxborough Farm Jany 28th 1828
Dear brother
... I got you letter at Rankins and was much disappointed at not seeing you but it looked so much like rain I could not stay. I staid all night at Mr. Gaskells and heard Mrs. Gaskell was going to a fancy ball to be held at the Washington hall. They all went in some character. Mr. G. went as an English huntsman, Mrs. G. as a Scotch queen. Her dress, I saw it, was plaid sattin, rich colours like my cloak, a hat of the same with a gold tassel on the top, and six black plumes falling on the shoulder, the dress trimmed round with gold fringe, which looked splendid. One of the Miss Carters went as Amie Robsart, a character in Kenelworth, and Mr. Willing who they say is courting her went as the Earl of Lienster, who is Amies lover. Mrs. Becket was to have gone as Queen Elizabeth but her Aunt, a Miss Hambleton, died the day before, which put a stop to it. The taylors and mantumakers were all full of work and it was the whole town talk. Rodger and Page told Mr. Boyce they had to work their finger ends off and some of the dresses would cost one hundred dollars. What do you think of that for one night? I have not heard since how it was conducted but expect to this week as we are going into town. ...

I was quite amused with those fashions in your letter. I think with you the gentlemen look like frights. They must look still worse than the ladies do, but I think Phila. almost as bad for the ladies large hats. ... 8

4.
Louisa Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing
Philadelphia Feby 16th 1828
Dear brother
I wrote you a short letter from Mr. Lees which I hope you received. The day after it was sent I went with Mrs. Lee to the city, which was wednesday...

We have called to see all our friends and relations and recieved a great many calls, some from people we were not acquainted with before. Mrs. Gaskell had a party on tuesday last of about twenty. There was every thing good and handsome, candy baskets, ice cream, &c., &c., which I suppose you get in New York. Mrs. Twells was here and staid until the next night when a large party of us went to see the exhibition of Maelzels burning of Moscow. It is the most elegant thing of the panoramma kind I ever saw, it is so very natural, the inhabittance leaving the town and the soldiers entering it with their baggage waggons, a band of music playing. The fire at the furthest part of the town commences with one house, then spreads, the bells ring, guns and cannons fire, and at last a mine explodes in the foreground and the curtain drops. We were wishing you had been here with us as I think you would have been so much pleased.

M AELZEL'S Exhibition of the Conflagration of Moscow, &c. taken place every Evening,
(Sundays excepted,) precisely at 7 o'clock, at No. 45 South Fifth-street, between Walnut and Prunestreet.
Doors open half an hour previously.
Admission 50 cts. Children half price.
jan 21
The next morning Mrs. Kinsing [Kintzing] called and invited Mr. & Mrs. Gaskell and the Miss Ewings to a supper. She told us it was only a small one, that we need not object to going on that account (for we have refused one or two invites on account of there being large). We accepted and on Thursday evening went. There was Mrs. Kinsing's two sisters and their husbands (one Mr. Slater, the other Mr. Hopkins), Mr. & Mrs. McCauly, a Mr. Davis, Mr. & Mrs. Penn-Gaskell, the Miss Ewings, and Mr. & Mrs. Kinsing was the company. They live up Chesnut street near Broad street. We went at nine o'clock and at half past ten the folding doors were opened and an elegant supper—terapins, oysters and everything good, I could not tell half, set out in cut glass and looked elegant but tasted better. After supper the champain went round and then Mr. Kinsing sang "the Soldie's bride." After that Mrs. K. sang and played on the piano two songs, then Mrs. McCauly. After she had done we found it was past twelve so made a move and came home. We enjoyed ourselves very much.

Last evening we took tea to Mr. Cochran's. Mr. and Mrs. Kinsing were there and among other subjects they got to talking on riding on horseback. Mrs. K. told an anicdote of Mr. K. just before they were engaged to be married. He was a great buck and dressed in the top of the fashion. One day he was dressed out in a suit just from Paris, Green coat, buckskin small clothes, silk stocking, white top boots, and a little hat stuck upon the hairs. He started out of town on horseback and when he was some distance from the city a carriage with some ladies and gentlemen that he was acquainted with came in sight and just before it passed him the horse took fright and pitched him into a duck pond full of mud and dirty water. He says from head to foot he was nothing but black. However he was not far from a farm house where he got a suit of clothes and cleaned off his face and hands, but his suit was compleatly ruined.

There has been three dashing weddings which has made a great talk. The first was the Sardinian Consul, Caravadosia, to Miss D'Avranvill, who lives next door to Mr. Cooks, the other was Mr. Pettit to Miss Dale, the other was Mr. M. Dale, US. Army, to Miss Willing. This is the last and made a great talk. Mr. Penn Gaskell went the next day to the punch drinking, came home and told us how they were dressed. The groom was in uniform. The first groomsman was Mr. Willing, the great dandy. He had on white pantaloons, blue coat lined through with white silk, white westcoat and pumps. I think I should have taken him for the groom. The other groomsman he did not speak of.

I forgot to tell you of a sweet little child we saw at Mailzel's exhibition, a little girl of about two years old. After the little Automaton baby which says mama and papa was exhibited Mr. Mailzel handed it to this little child. She reached out her arms and kissed the baby and seemed delighted. When ever it would say mama the child would hug it up with so much pleasure Sister observed they will have some trouble to get that away from the child, but it was not so, and he let it go all through the company, and after they had all seen it one of the little boys sat it on the table. As soon as the little child saw it she ran across before the company, took it off the table, and after kissing it ran back to her mother. I thought when the firing commenced she would certainly be afraid, but it appeared to please her, for she ran forward and stood close by. The rest of the children seeing her go thought they might, but Mailzel told them to go back, and in going they threw this child down. Mailzel picked her up and held her some time. She never cried nor said a word...

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Louisa Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Phila June 6th 1828

Dear brother

... While I was at Mrs. Lees I made you four stocks of the finest linnen I most ever saw, but saw some Mrs. Lee had made of fine mariesiles which I thought very handsome and as I mean to get some for a waistcoat for a young gentleman. No hints!! I will make some of it into stocks if the ones I send fit. If they do not let me know what alteration to make. There is no new pattern for waistcoats so I can make one from the old one that is something like the white silk one you speak of. Uncle and Aunt have been gone most two weeks. When Uncle came to the city to bid mama and sister good buy I had gone to Mr. Lees, so he wrote me one of the most affectionate letters bidding me farewell...

The little pictures you sent are very pretty and I will be much obliged to you for any you
have to spare as I intend begining a scrap table as soon as one can be procured. The Miss Engles have a very handsome one they made and with their brother Williams assistance. It cost very little for he gilt the rim and balls of the feet. I wish you could see it and were here to help me with one, for your taste and help will be very much needed. If you were to pack Graysons picture in a small box and put the pictures you have for a scrap table in with it Mr. A. Brown could forward it to the compting house here and we would get it safe.

We are quite pleased to hear you like your station. It must be very beautiful by your discription and I should like much to see it and the country around. I think you will have to take us on with you as we have got materials for riding dresses and new hats called naverina. They are as white as paper and look something like chip hats—they were as great bargains as your images were. I cannot tell you the price for fear you would not think them handsome enough for your sisters to wear.

The weather is very warm which reminds us how pleasant the country looks and today we have been paying off our visits. The Washington Square is now opened for visitors and it is a beautiful walk. When cousin Charles Beatty was in the city I went with cousin Moores family and his wife, himself, and some others to the Philosophical Hall where I saw a great variety of elegant books with coloured plates, fruit, flowers, and animals of all kinds. It was quite a treat and more than once I wished you were there to have a sight of them. I had some thoughts of asking Mr. Vaughn [Vaughan] to let me spend a day there and draw but I had not the time.

The Academy of Fine Arts has been open for some time, but we did not go as they say there is not many new pieces and very few portraits. We have been visiting the different painters for this reason. We went to Mr. Bruisters to see Aunt Beattys likeness which was very good and cheep, for frame and all only twelve dollars. The frame is beautiful, the size is about as large as half a sheat of music. We then went to Mr. Grimes to see Mrs. Bart [?] likeness that is very good, common size portrait, 25 dollars without fram[e]. Looking round we saw Dr. Blacks face as much like him as it could [ — — ] and Mr. Grimes seemed quite pleased when we said so.

From there we went to Mr. Eickholts where Mrs. Penn Gaskell is sitting. Now of all attitudes, she has chosen one of the worst for so homely a woman—it is resting her cheek on her hand, her eyes cast up, and a vase of flowers on a table by her. The price is to be 45 dollars. When she told him how she wanted to sit, he said, "you must be very romantic, madam, are you not?"

"Why no," said she, "a married woman romantic, to be sure not."

"O, then perhaps you are very pious?"

"No," said she, "it is my wish to be taken in that way."

He told her it would be very difficult to get a likeness as the eyes were the most expressive part of a face, and when they were turned up he could not answer for a good likeness. I guess he must think her a little crazy. To tell the truth, however, if he goes on it will be a handsome picture but no likeness at all, or I can see none as it is now.

That song of "Mild as the moon beams" I shall not be able to learn, for it is set for four voices, and some rest while others sing. I tell you this so you may guard against the like mistake when you buy music again. I will try if I can learn it, but Miss Oldmixon says not.

6.

Louisa Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Woodstock Sept 7th 1828

My dear brother

. . . the weather here for sometime was very dry and dusty, but last week we had rain for three days, and since that it has been quite cool. I suppose you have received Uncle's letter in which he no doubt informed you we were about starting for Schoolies Mountain, that is Uncle, Aunt, and myself in the carriage and Richard (Mr. Curwens man) to drive. We left here the 17 of August, went to Phila. where I got myself a very handsome travelling hat and veil, which with my new riding dress made me look quite smart. The next morning at 7 o'clock we left the city. Had a very cool but dusty ride fifteen miles where we stopped to feed the horses. The place is called Willow Grove. There is a mineral spring a quarter of a mile from the hotel where we stopped, and while the horses were eating, we walked there. The walk is part through an avenue of willows and part woods, with summer houses here and there to rest. The spring has a summer house over it and seats.
The water tastes very strong of iron, which I cannot say I admired much. When we returned to the house the carriage was ready and we proceeded on seven miles to dinner. Called to see Dr. Wilson, the Clergyman, who resides 20 miles from the city, where he has gone for his health.

In the afternoon we rode fifteen miles further and stopped for the night. There was a piano and Aunt proposed while supper was preparing I should play, but Oh! Alas, it was as impossible to make a tune sound like any thing as it would be to pound on a kettle, so I gave it up for a bad job and walked round the room until supper was ready. After that we went to bed and the next morning rode twelve miles to breakfast. We then proceeded along the river road to Easton. It is a beautiful romantic ride, high hills and rocks on one side of the road and the river a small distance from the other. We arrived at Easton to dinner. This is a very pretty town situated at the junction of the Delaware and Lehigh rivers.

Left this place at three O’clock and arrived at the Mountain at nine O’clock at night after a ride of 47 miles that day. We stopped at Belmont Hall, a large white stone house three stories high with piazza and gallery round two sides of the house, kept by a Mr. Bowen. The house stands a little back from the road with a white circular fence round it and two gates, one to drive in at, and the other out, which makes a semicircle before the house filled up with forest trees of different kinds, half grown, which gives it a very beautiful appearance. The lights all through the house and the piazza lamps gave it the appearance of an illumination.

When we drove up a waiter came forward and opened the carriage door. Uncle asked if Mr. James Brown and family were there from N. York. The answer was, “Yes, Sir,” so out we got and went into a large hall where we met Mr. & Mrs. Brown who received us with a great deal of pleasure. There was music in one room and cards in the other.

The next day Mrs. B., Aunt, and myself rode to the spring one mile. It is situated about ten or fifteen feet above the road with steps to ascend, a large summer house with seats round built over it. The water runs out of a solid rock through a piece of bark, as thick as your two fingers. It has been running in this way for thirty years, summer and winter always the same. The water is very cold and tastes somthing of Epsom salts and iron. I could not drink but one tumbler at first, but before I left there, which was a week, I could drink four before breakfast.

We had very pleasant company at Bowens. There were six Miss Johnston’s from Savannah, all very charming young ladies who I became quite intimate with. The only young gentleman that stayed was a Mr. Ker of Savannah, a very pleasant young gentleman. I wished often you were only there to join in our play, which consisted of Shuffle board, nine pins, and Billiards. I became quite expert in playing the first game, and when we began Mr. Ker and I played against Mr. Brown and Miss Jane Johnston, but we won every game, so the next time they said we must divide, so I took Jane, and Mr. Ker took Louisa Johnston, and then we won game about for six games.

For the two first days there was a play party from Flemingtown which consisted of Mr. Cox, his two daughters, Miss Hazelhurst, Miss Bray, Miss Taylor, and two Mr. Taylors. Miss Cox was, I found, related to Mrs. Barton, so she and I made up an acquaintance. She plays very well on the piano and one of the Mr. Taylors on the flute. I did not want them to know I played, but Mrs. Brown told the company I did, and then I had to perform my part before thirty five or forty people. There were two old bachelors, Mr. Kingston and Mr. Bennet, both very pleasant agreeable gentlemen, but I believe they would have had me play and sing all the time, for Miss Cox did not sing, and as the instrument was very much out of tune they would have me play, which I found no easy matter to remember tunes enough without my notes to satisfy them. However I made out by making small mistakes, playing by ear, etc.

We rode every day round the country and saw some elegant prospects from the tops of the mountains. There is a lake about ten miles from the mountain about five miles round, beautiful
clear water. We rode there one morning and were rowed in a boat which went by a man turning a handle which moved a wheel in the water. Our party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Sarah, Grace, Uncle, Aunt, and myself. We walked round one side of the lake and got some pebbles and returned in time for dinner, after putting our names in a book kept for that purpose at the tavern on the borders of Budd Lake.24

I had heard of a cascade some place near the spring so I asked the Miss Johnstons if they would go, and Miss Jane, Louisa, Augusta, and Mr. Ker and myself started the afternoon before I left the mountain. When we got to the spring we took a drink and asked the boy that attends there if he knew the way to the cascade, and finding he did, Mr. Ker told him he must be our guide, and off we started. After going a quarter of a mile we came to the foot of a hill almost perpendicular, up which the boy said we must go, and we all began to climb by catching to small bushes and rocks, in danger two or three time of being dashed to the bottom by the boughs breaking. We arrived at the top, 80 feet, and there we saw a large rock with a pool of water in the center from which it run down the rock. The weather being very dry there was not much of a fall, but the boy says in the spring it was elegant. It is certainly a very romantic place, in a large woods over stones, creeks, etc. Mr. Ker kept us in a roar of laughter almost the whole way with his capers. When we got back the supper bell was ringing, so we were obliged to take tea before we took off our hats.

The next morning we breakfasted at six o'clock in company with four Miss Johnstons and Mr. Ker. They started for the Lake and we to come home, Aunt with Sarah and Grace Brown in our carriage, and Uncle and I in another. We came through Flemington to Center Bridge where we crossed the Delaware, staid all night, and arrived at home the next day just at sun set. . . .

7.
Mary P. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing
Woodstock 1st of October Wednesday
Dear brother

... Just as Louisa commenced this Jane Gaskell came over on horseback for her to go and see Mrs. Spackman who has just returned from a jaunt (on horseback) to Lancaster. Miss Jane and Eliza Gaskell took tea here yesterday. Their brother [Thomas Penn-Gaskell] and lady have been very near occupying two houses. A most tremendous hub-bub has taken place which makes them the town talk and newspaper remarks. What will be the result cannot be told, but I think comfort has fled from their mansion. Dr. McCall[enachan] her brother, in some conversation at Mr. G.'s house took occasion to call Mr. G. a fool and liar. A challenge ensued which the Dr. accepted. Mr. G. and Mr. Hall for his second, and the Dr.'s second met over in Jersey, but no Dr. It appears she heard of it and had her brother arrested, and they are now both bound over to keep the peace.25 Her character and temper have come out so openly as to be censured by every one. Not an hour after I got to town all of my friends I met asked if I had heard the news, the story being a long one (tho' her temper is the principal cause). We must postpone until we meet but is it not very sad? Poor Mr. G., how must he feel. . . .

8.

Louisa Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing
Phila Decmr 15th 1828
Dear brother

... This afternoon a large party of us went to see the china manufactory out Chesnut Street. The party consisted of Mrs. Twells, Govnr. Finley [Findlay], Mr. and Miss Ramsey, two Miss Lowbers, Mr. Lowber, Mrs. Twell[s] two sons James and Godfrey, who have returned from Ohio, and myself, a young lady and Gentleman, there names I do not recollect. I was very much pleased with the prosess of making. There were some beautiful specimens of china but nothing I could buy unless it was some smelling bottles and they were rather too dear, fifty cents a piece, and not as handsome china as some of the other pieces were.26 We had a very pleasant walk out and in again. The Gentleman who showed us through finding I took more interest in it than any of the rest was very polite in shewing me all that was doing. He said ladies took more interest in it than Gentlemen did.

I was wishing you had been there for then I should have had a better insite in it or talked to him and if you had been there I know you would. None of the Gentlemen asked him any questions. I asked if the pieces were painted from fancy or if they had patterns. He said large pieces were from patterns but small ones were
all fancy. There was two little boys not more than twelve years old painting and two about twenty or some where near that I should judge from their appearance. When you are in the city with me sometime we will go out and see the Glass Manufactory—they say it is almost equal to Pittsburgh and as you have seen that you can judge. Mr. Finley is one of the Jackson electors for that place. I think he said he had seen you there.

9.
Louisa Ewing Bell to Maskell C. Ewing
Woodstock June 19th 1829

My dear brother

... We had a most delightful visit in town. We went to see Mr. Finns[?] glass works and were very much pleased. It is certainly a very curious art which he appears to have in perfection. I think he asks very high for his things. I got a shade for the little vase you gave me. Sister Mary intended getting something to match but there was nothing we saw that size so handsome.

Mrs. Lowber is very fond of riding when she has company and when we were there she took us out three times. First ride was to Pratts Garden. This is the time of year to see it in perfection. The green house plants are all put out, elegant flowers in blossom, and some of the more beautiful lemon trees loaded with fruit. Some of them were so full we could not count them. We walked all through the grounds, went down on the banks of the Schuylkill and sat down to rest. There was a large swing which Sarah L. and I tried and found very pleasant. We then got in the carriage, the Doctor in his gig with a Miss Barry from Novascotia, who is some relation and staying at an uncles of the doctors. From here we took a very beautiful ride along what is called the canal road. It has thick bushes on both sides which makes it very cool and pleasant of a warm day. by the Marine Hospital and along the banks of the Schuylkill, a ride I had never been before nor did I know there was such a beautiful place. It is a very fashionable resort, there could not have been less than fifty carriages, gigs, and gentlemen on horseback going out there. I rode backwards which made me very sick but going back I rode in the gig with the doctor and the fresh air quite revived me...

10.
Louisa Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing
Woodstock Augt 13th 1829

My dear brother

... On Saturday morning last sister Mary, little Mary, and myself went over to Mr. Lees. We had a very warm ride but were fully paid for it by their kindness. . . . Jane Bryce and Carroline Bonsall were there and Louisa Bonsall came up on sunday and stayed until monday, so we had quite a gay time. On saturday evening I played waltzes while Caroline and Jane danced until my wrists ached. They waltz very pretty. They say it has become so fashionable there will be nothing else danced next winter.

11.
Mary P. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing
[Woodstock 27 of August 1829]

My dear brother

... yesterday I went with a party riding, as mama before told you. The horse was one of Mr. Rudolphs. Catherine had told me it was very [?] and Oh dear, of all the rough horses I ever rode that exceeded. Our "Bargain" is easy in comparison. We went first to Caulflesh's Hill. There Sarah Lowber got on horseback in my place. We went to Spring Mill, then along the banks of Schuylkill for three miles, got out of carriages and off of our horses, Mr. Gaskell got some poles, tied lines to them, and we all went on board a large boat loaded with marble which was laying by the shore but among us all there was not one fish caught. We walked up the bank for some distance, then returned to our carriages. I then mounted this fine easy horse. We all rode back to Spring Mill. There we got a black man as a guide and went to the indian
cave. It is on a very high hill and quite tiresome to get up but well worth seeing when you get there. After staying there sometime we returned to our horses and proceeded back to a road which leads from Matsons ford to the Gulph. On this road at a beautiful spring in a woods we spread our table and eat our dinner, this was four O'clock—fashionable hour. By this time I was so tired of my horse that Eliza Gaskell offering to ride, I took her place in the carriage (which there man drove and took care of the horses while we were stroling). We arrived safe at home about six O'clock. After a most delightful supper prepared by our dear mother the Gaskell family took leave, and we retired to bed, which I must soon do now as it is getting late...

NOTES
1. Rev. James Abercrombie was the senior assistant minister of Christ, St. Peter's, and St. James Protestant Episcopal Churches. It seems unusual that he would have countenanced such an obvious elopement, and notice of the marriage does not appear in the newspapers, nor was there a Spanish Consul in Philadelphia at that time by the name of Mead.
2. Signorina Maria Garcia (Maria Malibran), who performed mostly in New York between 1825 and 1827, was the first star of Italian opera to appear in this country. Louisa Ewing had heard her perform in New York on Feb. 16, 1827. See Am. Mag., v.3, no. 2, pp. 51, 53, and the advertisement for the performance of June 23, 1827 in Philadelphia from Poulsen's American Daily Advertiser (June 23, 1827) used to illustrate this article.
3. The "doilies" mentioned here would appear to be an early version of placemats, which doubled after the meal as napkins.
5. The much-traveled black walnut tree originally grew in Chataqua County, New York, at the junction of Silver and Walnut Creeks, half a mile from Lake Erie, 33 miles east of Buffalo. The tree blew over in a storm in the early 1820s, the trunk was sawed off ten feet from its base, a chamber hollowed out, and converted into the bar room of a tavern. In 1826 it was transported to Buffalo and used as a grocery. In October, 1826, it was moved to Albany on the Erie Canal, then to New York by barge. "As no building could be found in the city, into which it could be so taken, it was sawed twice round, thereby making three pieces of three feet in height each. It was exhibited in New York and Philadelphia to an estimated 100,000 persons, and as of 1828 was on display at 107 Regent St., London. Does it still exist? A Description of the Large Black Walnut Tree, from Lake Erie (London, 1828).
6. Ever since John Quincy Adams defeated Andrew Jackson for the presidency in 1824, politics had become an increasingly constant and popular factor in American life on all levels. Feelings intensified as the election of 1828 approached, dividing society on the local level. Taverns, which often doubled as post offices, polling places, meeting places for clubs and organizations, as well as places of amusement, were a natural center for almost continual political discussion and dispute. A proprietor had to use considerable care to maintain an appearance of non-partisanship in order to keep his clientele.

Because of the recent death of their brother, the Ewing girls were not attending public dances. The description of this one, probably at the Buck or Spread Eagle, is based on hearsay, but it provides interesting commentary on the degree to which politics influenced everyday activities in the Jacksonian era.

7. Rogers and Page operated the Shakespeare Clothing Store in the Shakespere Building on the NW corner of Chestnut and Sixth Streets. For an illustration of the building, see Am. Mag., v.3, no. 2, p.49.
8. Very large hats were the fashion in the fall of 1828, to the dismay particularly of theatergoers. For humorous comments on the fade, see Poulsen's American Daily Advertiser (Jan. 24, 1828), 2.
9. From the perspective of our generation, with television and film, it is hard to appreciate how these "illuminations," "panoramas," and magic lantern shows thoroughly captivated audiences in the early nineteenth century. In the case of "The Burning of Moscow," it would appear that there was a large painting of the city on translucent cloth which, by means of moving light from in front and behind, sound effects, and probably a second panorama cranked from one side of the stage to the other, told a dramatic story.
12. The term "stock," already somewhat old-fashioned by this period, means scarf, worn around the neck by a man.
13. It would appear that a "scrap table" as used here is a table, the surface of which is covered with a collage of pictures of the owner's choice, which are probably glued down to the wood and shellacked to make a decorative surface.
14. While in retrospect we tend to identify the "straw hat" with Victorian ladies in elegant summer dress or gentlemen of the early part of the twentieth century, inexpensive palm leaf hats were worn by almost everyone, male or female, in the earlier decades of the nineteenth century. Their widespread use is not appreciated in part because they were perishable and very few examples survive, unlike more substantial headgear.
15. Washington Square, between Walnut and Spruce, Sixth and Washington Streets, one of the five open spaces in William Penn's original plan of the city, was Philadelphia's potters' field until the early 1820s. At that time it was attractively planted, laid out with gravel walks, and fenced. At first closed, the park was opened to the public at about the time this letter was written and it became the most fashionable place to promenade in the city until eclipsed by Rittenhouse Square as the western part of the city devel-
oped later in the century. The square remains one of the most delightfully attractive and peaceful spots in the city to this day, reminiscent of London’s many eighteenth-and early nineteenth-century squares.

16. John Vaughan (1755–1841), of English birth, was the librarian of the American Philosophical Society for many years. The society was housed near the State House.

17. Edmund Brewster, 82 S. Third St., and later 168 S. Third St., portrait painter, appeared in the Philadelphia directories between 1828 and 1835.


19. Jacob Eicholtz (1776–1842), a native of Lancaster, Pa., who studied under Gilbert Stuart, was one of Philadelphia’s foremost portraitists.


21. Willow Grove, close enough to Philadelphia to make possible short excursions, began its career as a mineral spring and park. With the extension of trolley lines at the end of the century, it was transformed into an amusement park, familiar to most Philadelphia area natives in their mid-30s and older. Like so many one-rural places of amusement occupying valuable real estate, it gave way to development in recent years.

22. According to Thomas F. Gordon’s A Gazetteer of the State of New Jersey (Phila., 1834), 235, “Belmont Hall, kept by Mr. G. Bowne, situate on the highest part of the mountain, shadowed and embowered by various fruit, forest, and ornamental trees, is a fine building, 50 feet square and three stories high, with very extensive wings.”

23. “The spring is, in strictness, a till which issues from a perpendicular rock, having an eastern exposure, between 40 and 50 feet above the level of a brook, which gurgles over the stones, and foams down the rocks in the channels beneath. A small wooden trough is adapted to the fissure, so as to convey the water to a platform where the visiters assemble, and to the structure containing the baths. The temperature of the water is 56° F. being 6° warmer than the spring water nearer the summit. The fountain emits about 30 gallons per hour; which quantity does not vary with any change of season or weather. The water, like other chalybeates, leaves a deposit of oxidized iron, as it flows, which discoulours the troughs, baths, and even the drinking vessels. The bare taste and appearance shows that it is a chalybeate; and it is strongly characterized by the peculiar astringency and savour of ferruginous impregnations. Though remarkably clear when first taken, the water becomes turbid upon standing for some time in the open air, and after a long interval, an iridescent pellicle forms on its surface. . . . The carbonic acid which this water contains, is altogether in a state of combination, and hence it never occasions flatulence or spasm in the weakest stomach, whilst it gradually strengthens the digestive powers. This chalybeate is considered by medical men, as one of the purest of this, or any other country, and as beneficial, in most cases of chronic disease, and general debility, and especially in cases of calculi in the bladder or kidneys.” Gordon, Gazetteer of New Jersey, 234–35.


25. Thomas Penn-Gaskell (1796–1846) and his wife, Mary McClenachan Penn-Gaskell, neighbors of the Ewings in Delaware County, were a constant source of amusement and gossip for the Ewing girls. The abortive duel between Penn-Gaskell and his brother-in-law, Dr. McClenachan, was but one of many challenges of this era made by hot-blooded “aristocrats” in Philadelphia, few of which resulted in actual contests. Public opinion was strongly against the practice, and by the mid ’30s, the legal loopholes which had allowed men of honor to slip across the Delaware to New Jersey or across the Delaware state line were effectively closed unless the contestants wished to spend several years of their lives behind bars.

The Penn-Gaskell marriage survived the problems recorded here, and the couple died, childless, as husband and wife and are buried together at St. John’s Roman Catholic Church. Howard M. Jenkins, The Family of William Penn (Phila., 1899), 245.

26. An 1837 guidebook to Philadelphia indicates that the porcelain manufactory, on Chestnut St., west of Broad, was producing vases, tea sets, etc., “equal in respect of durability and superior in strength to that imported from abroad.” It was listed as a regular attraction for visitors to the city.

William Findlay (1768–1846) had served as governor of Pennsylvania from 1817 to 1820 and as U.S. senator from 1821 to 1827. President Jackson then appointed him treasurer of the U.S. Mint. A Guide to the Lions of Philadelphia (Phila., 1837), 56; John Howard Brown, ed., The Cyclopaedia of American Biographies, v. 3 (Boston, 1900), 90.

27. Pratt’s Garden, located at Henry Pratt’s “Lemon Hill” estate, now part of Fairmount Park, was freely open to the public by its owner until near the time of his death. Henry Pratt (1761–1838) was one of the most successful merchants and land speculators in Philadelphia. Lions of Phila., 61; Henry Simpson, The Lives of Eminent Philosophians (Phila., 1859), 620–21.

28. Although waltzes were published in the United States as early as the 1790s, the dance step first became widely popular in the late 1820s.

29. Thomas Wilson’s Picture of Philadelphia for 1824 (Phila., 1823), 352, describes “twelve saws ingeniously contrived to move by water, for cutting large blocks of marble” near the Flat Rock Bridge along the Schuykill, about where the picnic party encountered the barge loaded with marble.

Recent Acquisitions

BOOKS


Gwatkin, Thomas. A Letter to the Clergy of New York and New Jersey, Occasioned by An Address to the Episcopalians. Williamsburg, Va., 1772. A scarce colonial Virginia imprint, being the well-reasoned arguments of a
William and Mary professor against proposals to establish an American Episcopate. Original wraps and stitching.


Dix, John A. Proclamation to the People of Accomac and Northampton Counties, Virginia. 1861. Proclamation by Union commander who took control of the two Eastern Shore counties of Virginia at the beginning of the Civil War.

Ker, Henry. Travels Through the Western Interior of the United States. Elizabethtown, N.J., 1816. Account of eight years travel in the southern U.S. and West Indies and living with Indians of Alabama for three years.


Garnett, James Mercer. Seven Lectures on Female Education. Richmond, Va., 1824. 2nd ed., revised, of lectures delivered at Garnett's noted Elmwood School.


Day, Thomas. The Suicide. Litchfield, Conn., 1797. Drama acted out at Yale Commencement.


The British Mechanic's and Laborer's Hand Book. London, 1840. A remarkable guide for British workers emigrating to America, providing detailed advice on all aspects of personal and social life, as well as details on prospects in all the mechanical trades.

Hopkins, John Henry. Essays on Architecture. Burlington, Vt., 1836. Essays on Gothic architecture adapted to American churches by the talented Episcopal bishop, many of whose manuscripts are at the Clements.


MANUSCRIPTS

A. Collections and Bound Items

Edward Everett, Ms. Inaugural Address at the opening of Washington University, St. Louis, April 23, 1857.

John Cooper Correspondence, 1828–42. 200 letters of a father to his son written at Easton, Pa. Family, local, and political content.


James Mease Diary, 1835, 1841. Ms. diaries of two trips by the noted Philadelphia scientist and author: Aug.–Sept., 1835, describing a trip from Philadelphia to Easton, Allentown, Delaware Water Gap, and on to New York; 1841, to Washington, D.C., including visit with John Quincy Adams and various politicians.

Doctor Tarbell Correspondence, 1864–81. 113 letters. Primarily Civil War correspondence of a man with the unusual first name of “Doctor” (he was not a physician), Lieutenant in the 32nd N.Y. Infantry, then Commissary of Subsistence with the U.S. Volunteers, in which capacity he was captured near Winchester. Includes several letters from Danville Prison.
David McKinney Letters, 1862-65. 82 items. Well-written letters of a Lieutenant and Captain of the 77th Illinois Infantry, later appointed post quartermaster and master of river transportation at White River, Arkansas, and Asst. Q.M. for the Department of Arkansas. While with the 77th Infantry, he saw action at Vicksburg, Jackson, Miss., and with Banks on the Red River campaign. In addition to Civil War correspondence are family letters and one particularly intriguing letter of 1859 from Chambersburg, Pa., giving secret details on the John Brown Raid preparations which had taken place there. Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gamble, Ann Arbor.

John Henry Hopkins. 3 vols. manuscript music, ca. 1830s, his own compositions or arrangements, for voice.

B. Individual Letters and Documents


George Clymer to Robert C. Miligan, Philadelphia, July 29, 1803. Includes interesting discussion of the nature of “natural rights” and the “social compact.”

Nathaniel Stacy and George Messinger to Robert Owen, Hamilton, N.Y., April 25, 1826. Request for detailed information on New Harmony from group of people considering communal living. Stacy, Universalist minister whose papers are at the Clements, omitted mention of this in his detailed autobiography.


FINIS.