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Advice for British Workingmen in New York in the 1830s

CHARLES KNIGHT

Charles Knight, a self-described British mechanic from London, spent the better part of four years working in New York City in the 1830s. Although he expressed sincere modesty in regard to his literary talents, The British Mechanic's and Labourer's Hand Book, and True Guide to the United States (London, 1840) is a remarkable book, perhaps the finest picture which survives of everyday life for a young laborer or artisan living in New York in this era.

Three chapters of the book are republished here in full: those on “Boarding-Houses,” “Drinking-Houses,” and “Self-Boarding.” They were written specifically for the guidance of British immigrants, warning them of the differences in living conditions which they could expect to find and suggesting ways to “fit in” with the native inhabitants and to avoid being imposed upon. In the process, Knight tells us a great deal about American character, and a bit about the British emigrant as well. He provides us wonderful details about the politics of boardinghouse life, dress, diet, and recreation. Unlike the writers of the dozens of British travel accounts that were published in this period, he had lived here long enough to get his facts straight, had no obvious political biases, and made no attempt to reform American customs. He merely describes them in fascinating, well-written descriptive prose and gives hints to his countrymen on how they can adapt their own ways to this new environment.

Along the way, Knight provides us insight into national characteristics and customs that live with us still, as well as a number of surprises. For example, were you aware that the modern game of bowling, or ten pins, developed in America as a method of evading legislation against the older European game of nine pins, or that the grand old London pubs of today, with their polished mahogany woodwork and mirrors, were based on American models of the early nineteenth century?

What makes the volume so valuable as an historical source is the fact that the author describes details of everyday life which contemporary American writers would take for granted that everyone knew. And perhaps then, in the 1830s, they did, but the world he illuminates has pretty well disappeared in the course of the present century. Boardinghouses, particularly those with two to a bed and several beds to a room, have gone the way of the horse-drawn carriage except among the very poor. The last part of the nineteenth century gave rise to numerous institutions aimed at providing assistance, education, and recreation for working men and women if they cared to take advantage of them. Generally, we have far more advantages and opportunities, although it would be impossible to live, today, in Manhattan on comparable wages at the standard of living described. In a sense, Charles Knight documents on a personal level the compromises our society has made to raise our standard of living above that of the developing nation we were in
the 1830s. We now demand far more in the way of conveniences, leisure time, and privacy.

*The American Magazine, and Historical Chronicle* will undoubtedly return to Charles Knight's book in future issues. The volume's purchase for the Clements Library was made possible by proceeds from the Millard and Mary Pryor Fund.

Boarding-Houses

Boarding in all parts of the Union is essentially the same; it may differ in some slight respects, particularly with regard to the more southern cities, but in the eastern and other parts there is hardly any variation whatever. The system so peculiar to the country is everywhere in use, and in its main features everywhere alike. In the cities of the sea-board or the remote parts of the interior, large or small places, manufacturing or otherwise, it is the universal practice with the unmarried of all classes, male and female, of the American people, and frequently also of the married ones. The native of Great Britain, therefore, will have to follow the example, and though unaccustomed to such a mode of living must strive to accommodate himself to it. The system has its advantages and its disadvantages, and it is more particularly the object of the writer to point out to the stranger the nature of the latter, and offer to his notice their proper remedies.

There are various rates of boarding in all places, but it would be useless here to refer to any but those which concern the working man, and as the subject is of importance it will be better to risk being charged with tediousness than deficiency of information. In any of the principal eastern cities he may meet with very good boarding for two dollars and a half, or about 10s. 6d. sterling per week, but for
three dollars or three dollars and a half, he can get first-rate fare at all mechanics' houses, which will suit him much better than those which have the reputation of being a step higher, and for which he would have to pay four or five dollars. At the higher-class houses he will undoubtedly receive a greater share of attention, have better accommodation, and obtain some delicacies at table which it would be unreasonable to expect at the cheaper ones, but he certainly does not stand in need of the latter, and should remember he has to pay dearly for them. The medium-rate houses, therefore, are in every respect best adapted for him: he will at those places get good substantial fare much better suited to him, and will, generally speaking, find just enough of accommodation for his purposes. If he should chance before being properly acquainted with the nature of things to alight upon anything inferior, the murmurings and general discontent likely to prevail amongst the majority of his fellow boarders who have a better understanding of affairs, or the comparing of notes with acquaintances at other houses, will soon enlighten him upon the subject, and draw his attention to the propriety of removing elsewhere. This he can always do at a week's or even a day's notice, if not too scrupulous in the matter; he will never find an American standing “nice upon leave taking,” when things are not in accordance with his wishes. He removes immediately, and so should the foreigner; moving occasions him but little trouble or inconvenience, and his comfort and welfare so much depend upon his proper treatment in this respect, that he must be foolish indeed to neglect either by putting up with anything inferior when the remedy lies in his own hands.

As there are peculiarities attached to the manner of eating and drinking at all American boarding-houses, it may not be amiss perhaps to furnish the British mechanic with some little information on the subject.

There are three meals in the day, and at each meal meats are always provided; at least at mechanics' boarding-houses. Hot vegetables are also served up, as well for the first and last meals as at dinner. At breakfast the meats of the previous day, if any be left, are hashed or rather minced together, with the cold vegetables, and put on the table hot; pork or mutton chops, beef-steaks or sausages, occasionally salt mackerel, shad, and other fish, and that which is considered a great relish, if not a delicacy, by most native Americans, fried bullock's liver; new or rather smoking hot bread, and rolls and butter, with coffee, complete the service. At dinner, joints various, sometimes with fish, other times poultry; vegetables are in great variety, some of rather a novel kind to the foreigner, amongst which the most general, and by no means the most inferior, so soon as accustomed to it, is the Carolina or sweet potato; also squash, a fruit-like vegetable, and boiled Indian corn, a downright delicacy when of proper growth; egg-plant, vegetable marrow, &c., the latter-named articles depending of course upon the summer season. Pies, puddings, and tarts of various kinds are also invariably set on the table, and conclude the meal, and occasionally coffee is supplied, but seldom anything else; never beer as a beverage. At tea, or supper rather—for both terms are used—the cold meats from dinner are served up, and as a relish in meats, dried or smoked beef, cut or rather shaved very thin, and eaten uncooked; salt fish also, sweet cakes, sweetmeats, as marmalades, &c., stewed peaches, pears, and other fruits, new bread again, and tea instead of coffee, as at breakfast. At both the first and last, and indeed all meals, a
plentiful supply of apple-sauce is mostly to be found, sometimes peach sauce—made in the summer of fresh fruits, in the winter of dried. In the proper season radishes, peppergrass, onions, cucumbers, and at all meals during the whole of the year, boiled beet-root, plain or in vinegar.

This is the customary fare at houses of this description; as before stated, some are much better than others, and if the mechanic fail in obtaining what is satisfactory at one place, it really is his own fault if he does not get it at another.

But there is one great drawback to the foreigner in the anticipated enjoyment of these good things—however numerous they may be, he must not sit to indulge over them as he would at home; that is, in his own country. "Presto" is the motto here at meals—despatch the word—what he may have heard respecting the rapid mode of eating in America he will find no fable. Every one seems disposed to outvie the other in this respect. Almost as soon as things are served up they are gone—disappearing, in fact, as if by magic. In general each person rises with the last mouthful; it seems to be one universal struggle to avoid being the last at the board, as though some very unpleasant feeling or sensation was attached to such a position; in short time the foreigner himself begins as much to dislike the situation, at least the rendering himself singular thereby, and in order to avoid it is compelled to make as little use of his teeth as the natives themselves. At first this is very unpleasant to him; but he will get accustomed to the manner, and after all be disposed to look upon it altogether as a thing of minor consequence, consoling himself perhaps with the reflection that, "when at Rome, he must do as Rome does."

The desire thus evinced by all to rise quickly from table will teach the stranger the necessity of a timely attendance at it. It must be clear to him that the sooner he commences, the more likely is he to be amongst the first who finish. There is another no less important reason likewise, if desirous of obtaining a fair share of the best which is afforded he will find this the only means of obtaining it; for he may rest assured the choicest is not left to the last. It is as well always to be near at hand when the table is preparing; a bell is kept in most houses to announce the proper time, and summons the boarders from their respective rooms, or the neighbourhood of the house where they may be in waiting.

The propriety and advantage of a punctual attendance at meals is perhaps more fully experienced at tea or supper time, when there are little delicacies furnished, which disappear in an amazingly short time, and when the tea after the first cup, if not before, is usually but an apology for hot water. If there is anything in his fare with which the foreigner may really find fault, it is in the management of this, at least to him, agreeable and necessary beverage. Go where he will, except occasionally in private families, it is most execrable. Although the article itself costs not
more than half the price it does in Great Britain, yet there seems to be an almost universal desire among housewives, boarding-house proprietors, and others, to economise to the very utmost in it—indeed, the practice seems really to have established in the people themselves an utter dislike for what in England is called "a good cup of tea;" and in order to prevent even the slightest possibility of such an occurrence, has given birth to a system the most abominable that could ever have been devised. At the supper table the hostess or other female of the house invariably presides, and in companionship with the teapot before her stands, if not an urn, a pitcher of hot water, for her discretionary as well as necessary use. With this, whenever the tea from the pot is in strength above a straw colour, each cup is plentifully supplied before it passes from her hand; but in spite of this very admirable provision for those who are apprehensive of its effect upon their nervous system, so much has the practice influenced both taste and desire, and confirmed the habit, that ever and anon will some veritable disciple of a temperance creed or doctrine, with a Dr. Sangrado-like faith in the virtues of warm water, repass his tea, pale as the cup which holds it, for more of the pure element, until with the exception of the milk, which in cities is never either too good or too abundant, it becomes a perfectly colourless liquid.

But there is not much use here, either in complaint or remonstrance; for where the plan is universal and every body indifferent to improvement, very little heed would be paid to anything that might be urged against it. Should there be nothing else for the boarder to complain of in his fare, this must be borne with, unless, indeed, by the employment of a little tact or management, which in this as in other cases seldom fails of success, he can contrive a remedy—in short, let him take a position as near as possible to the hostess at the head of the table upon these occasions, and keep always upon as good terms as possible with her, and this will effect much that may be desired.

As before stated, in his complaints on this score the native of Great Britain is not likely to meet with anything like a responsive feeling among his fellow-boarders, he will find no sympathy, and therefore no support in any attempt to effect a remedy of this grievance; but in a case of common interest, where all feel alike concerned, he may always safely calculate upon a sufficient co-operation to work out the object. It does happen sometimes that there is absolutely a necessity for this management on the part of the boarders; it is no uncommon thing even at very respectable houses to meet occasionally with a falling off in the general fare; every now and then their proprietors taking it into their heads to experiment a little in this way; this should be boldly and determinedly met, but perhaps the better plan is to attack with the united force of wit and ridicule. If in most other respects the boarders are comfortably situated, it may be worth while, perhaps, to try the effect of this before proceeding to extremities, for, with proper management, it will be almost sure to succeed. The writer often smiles at the recollection of an occurrence of this description which took place at a boarding-house where for a long time he resided, and shall not soon forget the amusement afforded to all parties concerned in it. Being no bad illustration of what has been stated, and also recommended, on this head, it may not be amiss just to mention it. These experiments, by-the-by, are generally made when it chances that several boarders of old standing may happen

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to leave about the same time, making room for a sudden accession of as many new ones, who, unaware of the previous treatment, are not likely to murmur quite so much at what they meet with, and whose indifference may serve also to give some countenance to the new mode of proceeding. It was at a time like this, and when, it must be confessed, provisions were rather high, that the experiment which had been tried once or twice before, was again repeated. A falling off was discernible, particularly in the first meal—day after day it grew worse, until at last the only thing furnished in lieu of the ample and varied supply described before, as belonging to the breakfast, was a solitary mackerel with bread and butter. At first the ignorance of some respecting the customary fare, and the indifference of others, caused but little notice to be taken of the change, and most partook of what was set before them with hardly a comment; but as the same plan began to be applied, though on a more moderate scale, to the last meal also, upon the presumed success of the first attempt, a determination was at once entered into by all, that when the mackerel was next served up, it should remain untouched, and be “left alone in his glory.” This was done, but still it continued to be supplied. Many were the jokes passed upon it at meals—often, it must be admitted, rather in bitterness of spirit; several “were satisfied the markets or stores supplied no other articles;” some “believed it to be the self-same fish that had put in its appearance there a week before;” others said “they could swear to it, because it was impossible to be mistaken in the features of such an old acquaintance;” some acknowledged the wisdom or propriety of doing penance for their former sins in the indulgence of the table, and professed to feel deeply indebted for the opportunity afforded them; but all this drew forth nothing either in the way of reply or amendment. It was a bold push on the part of the proprietors; perseverance was thought to be all that was necessary to accomplish the end—they had failed before, but were determined now to succeed, presuming, in fact, upon the superior accommodations which in other respects the house afforded. But it was not long before the boarders hit upon an expedient which fully answered the purpose, and was attended with the most complete success. It was resolved to attack on the side of fear or shame, where it was considered the parties were somewhat more vulnerable. For this purpose it was agreed that a coffin should be made conformable to the most approved fashion of the country, of fine mahogany, French polished, by a cabinet-maker, a fellow boarder and sufferer; that the mackerel, when next served up, should be placed in it, and in funeral procession conveyed to an open and waste lot of ground somewhat adjacent, and solemnly deposited therein, or else be taken down to the river (the noble Hudson) and recommitted to that element of which it had formerly been a tenant. There were, as indeed is usual, many boarding-houses in the same street; the street itself in one of the most public parts of the city; and, as we rightly judged, the mischief which such an exhibition might produce would be much too great a risk for the proprietors to run.

The design was no sooner in thought than in execution. At the following meal one got up when the fish came on, and gravely measured it, communicating at the same time the dimensions to another, the party appointed to furnish its last receptacle: before the day was out the coffin was finished; twelve out of seventeen were appointed as “merry mourners” for the occasion; and the following morning fixed
upon for the carrying out of the solemn farce. All were anxious for the morrow. When it came, each bestirred himself more than usually early for the purpose, and waited with breathless anxiety for the first summons of the breakfast bell: it came at last, and with it a very different picture from what had been anticipated: instead of the mackerel "all forlorn," a goodly array of everything that could be wished for was spread before the wondering gaze of all. Some were in high glee, rubbing their hands with delight at the welcome change; the majority, perhaps, were a little chagrined at not being able to carry out their joke; but a very short time served to put them in good humour, and great were the congratulations upon the agreeable alteration. The truth was, in spite of all attempts at secrecy regarding ultimate objects and intentions, the whole of the plan became known to the proprietors: the consequences were too clearly seen to permit it to be proceeded with; there was but one method of preventing it—that was decided upon and adopted; and never afterwards was there the slightest occasion for complaint upon the same score.

These proceedings at boarding-houses are by no means uncommon, particularly since the enormous rise in the prices of all articles of provision; and the writer in giving this instance thinks that it affords no bad proof of the occasional necessity of a little determination on the part of the boarders, and the utility also of it when managed in a proper manner.

But with regard to boarding-house management, this is not the only complaint he may have to make, or the only thing he has to attend to. Decidedly the most fertile source of grievance in most cases is the inconvenience and the unpleasantness arising from the crowded state of the sleeping-rooms, and for which, indeed, there will be found but little remedy. This is a considerable annoyance to natives of Great Britain, and too often exists where everything else is perfectly unexceptionable. Even the very best of houses are badly off in this respect, economising to the very utmost in it.

In taking boarding, therefore, one of the first things to which the attention should be directed is the intended accommodation for his sleeping purposes. Let him by no means neglect this; for, where a house is full, the very worst shifts are often made for the last comer, who is sure always to fare the most indifferently. As others leave, however, better chances of accommodation may offer; and where things in other respects are good, it is often well worth while to wait for the occasion, as, perhaps, there might be no better accommodation elsewhere. It will always be a difficult matter in all mechanics' boarding-houses to get a single bed, still more so to obtain a single-bedded room; there are mostly two persons in a bed, and frequently three or four beds in the larger apartments. In the summer this makes the heat and general unpleasantness almost insupportable, and leads to the common but very bad practice of sleeping with the windows open during the night. The changeable nature of the climate renders this extremely hazardous to the health, as well as liable to considerable additional annoyance from that day and night tormentor, the musquito, whose scent is as keen as the vulture's for his prey, and who will not fail to take full advantage of so favourable an opportunity. The annoyance from this insect, together with that of the bed-bug (This noisome insect is thus distinguished in the United States, that it may not be confounded with other insects which, as well as flies, are all termed bugs; flies in particular.), as it is
denominated, which, even in the most cleanly and respectable houses, private or otherwise, swarm in the summer season, give the foreigner, at least, but little chance of proper repose at night time; and the work of tormenting is taken up in the morning by the host of house-flies, so abundant in all parts of the United States, possessing also an increased faculty of tormenting, and whose task of annoyance commences with the very first peep of morn.

It must be observed that the charges for boarding, already given, include board and lodging only, nothing more. Among the additional expenses washing and mending form no inconsiderable items; the charges for both, but particularly the latter, are extravagantly high. Washing is done by the piece or dozen, at the rate of six shillings per dozen, American money; so that every article, however trifling (as a handkerchief, a collar, or stockings) costs the same as a shirt, waistcoat, or pantaloons,—rather more than threepence sterling; and as the number of the larger articles is trifling compared with the others, the charges on the whole are extremely high. Yet during the "strike" for increase of wages, in 1836 and 1837, the washerwomen took it into their heads to include themselves among the claimants, and actually raised their charges to eight shillings, or one dollar per dozen. But many have now returned to the old rate, which, indeed, seems amply sufficient. The things are called for at the boarding-house, and brought home when done; so that the owner has no trouble in the matter, the hostess, indeed, giving the requisite attention to it.

The most important head, however, of expense is that of dress. Here the foreigner will soon find a vast addition to his expenditure; for the American mechanic almost invariably dresses well, and he must necessarily do the same. There is very little difference, if indeed any, in point of appearance, between the young men of most trades and their employers, or, in fact, the first tradesmen and merchants of the city. This is the effect of early habit,—a habit which here "grows with the growth." The boy, or rather child, may and indeed frequently is neglected; but from the moment he becomes an apprentice the case is totally altered. From that date forward he imbibes and cherishes ideas of his outward embellishment: the provision that is then made by his employer, in a reservation of a part of his wages for that especial purpose, gives the first impression, which deepens as he grows up: his overtime, which he is always allowed, and the product of which is generally considerable, furnishes him with additional means, which are mostly disposed of this way, till he dresses in a style that would be deemed the very height of extravagance anywhere else, London and Paris, perhaps, excepted. In short, all classes of the American people dress well—no nation to the same extent, male or female; they have a passion for it, particularly as regards the head and feet. If deficient in other respects, they will be smart there. No passion, perhaps, is more contagious than that for dress, at least with young persons: the foreigner, affected by the general example, soon imbibes it, and at the same time discovers that this external display is likely to be a tax much greater than he had calculated upon, and which will require considerable exertions to furnish the means of sustaining.

Perhaps one of the greatest inconveniences belonging to the boarding-house system and management, at least with the mechanics' or the more inferior ones, is the entire want of anything like accommodation for in-door enjoyment and gratifi-
cation, no matter of what description. This is an evil in the very heart of the system, the bad consequences of which are but too often seen in the effects produced by it, and which there is great reason to regret.

After the labour of the day, which ceases at six o'clock, the mechanic has much leisure time upon his hands, which it were well for him, perhaps, if he had the means of properly employing. There are many hours between his last meal and his time for rest, to be occupied in some way or other; he must do something to fill them up; he cannot stop in-doors, being contrary to general custom, and adverse also to the inclination of the proprietrix, who usually does all in her power to discourage the practice. He has, to be sure, the liberty of using the principal room, which after meals is always prepared for such purpose, and is common to all; that is, for a very short time, merely for a few minutes' conversation or to take a turn or two, but it will soon be apparent to him that he is not, for any length of time, wanted there, and it is likewise contrary to custom to remain. He must also find some employment: this can be little else than reading, but if his taste lead him that way, he cannot indulge in it, either for profit or amusement, when he is liable to constant interruption; his bedroom affords him no greater privacy, being not exclusively his own; he would have to provide himself also with both light and firing, and will find that his presence is equally obnoxious even there. He must, therefore, for he has no alternative, leave the house; and the question is "to go where?" There are none of those sports, pastimes, amusements, and recreations such as he has been accustomed to in his own country, as cricket, quoits, rackets, fives, &c. &c., although many attempts have been made on the part of "old country" people to establish them: to walk much about the city is contrary to general custom, and therefore only renders him singular; few, if any, Americans doing so for mere pleasure, Sundays perhaps excepted, and then only for a few hours in the middle of the day, never in the latter part of it. The hour of tea or supper, six o'clock, is always the signal for return to all who may have strayed away. It is not advisable to affect a singularity in this, any more than in other respects; it is therefore a species of enjoyment he cannot well have recourse to: in short, the mechanic has very little choice left him in the matter. He must go to a tavern or drinking-house, or to theatres or other places of amusement, and should his taste or his desire lead him to the first of these, which is very probable, as being the too common practice in his own country with the working-man, he will find the mode and manner in every respect perfectly different. A little information to the stranger on the subject may not, perhaps, be altogether uninteresting or unserviceable.

Taverns, or Drinking-Houses

Drinking-houses are divided in the United States into two classes, designated three-cent houses and six-cent houses, which means the sum charged for each distinct glass or quantity taken; the former also are mostly termed porter-houses, the latter taverns and hotels; but latterly it has become the fashion to dignify nearly all with the latter titles. As may be supposed, the higher priced houses are superior in their accommodations, and the quality of their liquors. Brandy, which is the general drink, may occasionally be had good at these superior places; but generally
that, as well as all other spirits, wines, and liquors, is most execrable at the inferior ones.

At the more respectable of the six-cent houses, for even they differ, they supply for the gratuitous use of their customers, relishes consisting of crackers (a particularly nice biscuit) and cheese, dried salt-fish, dried or smoked beef, with other kinds of biscuit also. These are kept on a convenient part of the bar-counter ready to the hand; and here all may help themselves to what they choose, and as often as they think fit; but it is seldom taken by anyone except as a snack or relish. Chewing tobacco is likewise given gratuitously, and with an unsparing hand; but this is common to all drinking-houses. A great variety of newspapers from all parts of the Union is to be found at these superior houses, arranged for reading, and filed for reference, as at some of the coffee-houses in London.

It is at these houses the more respectable people congregate, whether mechanics, clerks, tradesmen, &c., or the better order of foreigners. If the stranger should think proper to adopt this mode of passing his time, he will find that in every respect it will be much to his advantage to frequent these six-cent houses, in preference to the others. On entering, if he wish for immediate refreshment, he goes at once to the bar, which usually runs the whole length or breadth of the room, and is handsomely fitted up at the back with polished mahogany and looking-glass, in the style and taste of some of the recent fittings of the London gin-palaces, an idea evidently borrowed from brother Jonathan. Having expressed his wants and wishes, the bar-keeper will hand him a tumbler to hold about half a pint, and he is left to help himself to that which he prefers from decanters kept within a slight railwork at each end of the counter. The customary quantity taken, whether of wines or spirits, is about one-fourth of the glass, but if double or treble is taken it calls forth no remark, only it is likely perhaps to be remembered upon any future occasion. This is drank off undiluted, and afterwards about the same quantity of spring water, which is kept in a pitcher or tap on the counter ready to the hand. If it should be required mixed, that is with sugar and water, the bar-keeper himself prepares it. The customer will have to pay to the amount of the smallest silver coin (Spanish money) six and a quarter cents, a trifle more than 3d. sterling, for which he can choose from all the wines of ordinary use, as well as spirits, with the exception, however, of genuine Scotch and Irish whiskey, the duty on which renders it a little too costly. There is home-made spirit called whiskey, and also a rum; but these are hardly ever taken except by coloured people, who, it may be observed, are never suffered to enter houses of this description frequented by
whites. After having thus refreshed, he can then, which is the general practice, retire to other parts of the room, enter into conversation, or read the papers, both of which are usually done in a standing position, there being but little accommodation in fact for sitting: here and there a stool or a settee may be found, but no boxes, benches, or seat-fittings of any description, as in “Old Country” houses. The newspapers are arranged generally along one side of the room, upon a raised frame about breast high, which serves the purpose also of resting upon.

But it is not only the superiority of the accommodations which form the great recommendation to these houses, it is the society which, as before stated, is undoubtedly of a much better character and description, than at the inferior ones. There are, however, many respectable three-cent houses, frequented, too, by tolerable company, but it cannot be denied that their liquors, cigars, &c., are all of an inferior description; while, as many of them in their exterior appearance resemble the six-cent houses, full advantage is taken of the foreigner’s ignorance respecting their real character, it serves to justify an excess of charge, and he is made to pay the same amount as at the best sort of houses.

The better sort of houses of both descriptions are always in the most public places, and at most of them gambling amusements of some kind or other are practised; as cards, dice, chequers or draughts, dominoes, bagatelle, the old English game of shovel-board, and, at the more superior ones, billiards, and skittles. The French game of billiards is played; and with regard to skittles, the game is totally different from any of the English modes. There being, in many parts of the States, an existing law prohibiting the game of nine-pins, the penalty is most ingeniously evaded by having ten-pins; and this has now become the general practice throughout the United States. The play is upon a long frame, or alley as it is termed, carefully laid down in small strips or pieces, and firmly put together in order to be durable as well as properly level. These are from fifty to sixty feet in length, some of them entirely of white marble—the pins tall, like Dutch pins, the balls (for several are required) perfectly round, weighing from five to ten pounds each, the smaller of which are called ponies. The mode of play is bowling the whole distance so many balls,—size of balls left to the discretion of the players, each taking those he likes best, the number of pins thrown down, scored,—the greater number being the winner; and if all down in less than the complement of balls, the spare balls go to the next game. An inclined shoot, or gutter, is constructed on one side the alley, for the return of the balls, which come down to the hand ready again for play.

This is decidedly the best pastime or amusement which the United States afford, but by no means an economical one. Money is easily got rid of at it, and it will not do therefore to indulge too much in the game. The stake is sixpence; that is six and a quarter cents each player, the loser paying the winner’s stake; half the amount of the whole goes for the use of the alley; the other half is received by a ticket, which is negotiable at the bar of the house, for whatever the party may require in the way of refreshment.

In summer all liquors and mixtures, even beer and cider, are taken with ice in them; in winter with warm water. Whiskey or brandy punch is then the favourite drink; as sangaree, made of white or red wines, with nutmeg and sugar, and mint julaps made of brandy or wines with fresh garden mint, well steeped and mixed in
with them, are equally in request in summer. This last is a very general and favourite drink throughout the Union, more particularly in the Southern States, where it is considered an antidote to the cholera, and various complaints of the stomach and bowels.

At many of the inferior, or three-cent houses, there are harmonic meetings twice or thrice a week, in the manner of the English free-and-easy, but they suit not the taste or the spirit of the people, therefore make but little progress.

But the native of Great Britain, accustomed to enjoyment arising from this source, will, if he be still disposed to seek after it, find himself not without the means of gratification. In some of the principal cities there are English ale-houses, where every thing is conducted entirely upon the “Old Country” plan. In New York there are several, three or four of which are of a very superior description. The original, and for many years the most eminent of these, is in Thames-street, Broadway, near the City Hotel, kept, until recently, by Reynolds, well known for his eccentricity at one time, but latterly remarkable only for his coarseness and incivility, which deservedly lost him much of his patronage. The “Shades” is another respectable house in the same street, a little below. It is kept by Evans, formerly in the employ of Reynolds, who was encouraged some few years back to start in opposition, and has ever since been so well supported that he is rapidly making a fortune. Breese’s, likewise, in Hudson-street, is another place of the same description.

Here, at any one of these houses, the Englishman may enjoy himself in the true “Old Country” fashion, taking his pipe instead of cigar, his jug of ale or beer, sitting also to regale himself instead of standing, and perfectly free from the critical remarks which these peculiarities would subject him to elsewhere. The best of malt liquors also are constantly supplied, and at certain seasons of the year, perhaps, they are the only safe places at which to partake of them. It is difficult at all times to procure good malt liquor in America, but more particularly so in the summer months, during which time it is seldom touched by a native American, and unless the article could be depended upon, it were well for the foreigner to follow the example. It differs much in different places. Of all cities, Philadelphia ranks the first, the quality of its water, and the care in the manufacture, enable them to supply a very superior article; but the beer made in New York, or city beer, as it is termed, is, generally speaking, most abominable stuff, and really unsafe to drink. The Albany and Poughkeepsie beer, and that from other places likewise, up the Hudson river, is considerably better, particularly the first named, an extensive consumption of which takes place in the city of New York. Philadelphia beer is drunk throughout the Union. In Philadelphia, also, there are many English houses. At all those in New York a good supply of “Old Country” and American papers will be found, and they serve up a variety of English relishes in first-rate style, as Welch rare-bits, chops, steaks, ham and beef, &c., particularly for supper, which, from the early hour of taking the last meal, at the boarding-houses, is found by many very acceptable, or indeed necessary. The society at these places is of a very respectable order, particularly at Evans’s, where there is a select harmonic meeting occasionally; the attention, accommodations, &c., all that can be desired, and certainly to those accustomed to such enjoyment it will be utterly impossible to find in the
ordinary houses of entertainment things so congenial to the taste, or in any way so well adapted to their views. Few Americans frequent these houses, which is certainly one disadvantage; occasionally, some are to be met as casual visitors, and these invariably profess to like the mode in which things are managed, as well at least as their own manner, though so totally different from it.

In offering these particulars to the stranger, the writer is aware that he has run to a somewhat unusual length; but his object has been, not merely to give the peculiarities of a national mode of regaling at the ordinary drinking-houses, but to point out to the foreigner, that although it is the common practice of mechanics and others, particularly the single man, to frequent them, it is one surrounded by many temptations, which, perhaps, without very great caution, are likely in some way or other to be injurious to him. If he choose to adopt this practice, instead of employing other modes to fill up leisure time, for it is quite clear he must do something, let him act temperately, and then there is little to fear either in the way of hazard or expense. Wisely managed, indeed, it may be made a matter of economy rather than one of extravagance, saving him from the more heavy expenses attendant upon other means of filling up his time to which he might probably have recourse, as theatres, far too numerous in most of the principal cities, and other entertainments, constantly spreading their attractions before him. In short, from the very great demand for gratification in this way, for a people whose craving for it derives its origin from their peculiar mode of existence, most of the large cities in America are the very hot-beds for amusement and entertainments of every possible description; and as for New York, it will in this respect, allowing for the difference in the amount of population, throw London, or even Paris, completely in the shade.

With such temptations as these before him, it need not be wondered at that the foreigner, in his search after the means of filling up his leisure, should have recourse to some of them for such purpose. If the native himself is compelled by existing circumstances to the same course, what is the stranger to do? He has no alternative. The American has his circle of friends and relatives with whom he may pass some of his time, or, which is a much more general custom with young men, run a round of visits among their female acquaintance. Perhaps the foreigner has, however, no very great reason to regret the privation of this latter mode of passing his time, likely, as in nearly all cases it is, to lead to still greater expenses than the others. The universal taste for dancing amongst all classes of the American people, which, with most young persons, females in particular, amounts to a downright passion, often involves the single man, who is in the habit of cultivating such acquaintance, at least during the season for this pastime, which is the greater part of the year, in expenses for dress and other matters almost beyond his means.

Private Lodging—Self-Boarding

The greater part of the preceding information and advice may be said, strictly speaking, to apply only to the single man. With the married mechanic the case of course is entirely different; for he labours under none of the disadvantages resulting from the boarding system, which almost the whole of these disabilities proceed from, and therefore is not driven to any such means for filling up his time. Having
a home of his own, where he can do what he likes, he is no way obliged to subscribe
to the modes of others. This is an important privilege, and the writer has often
thought, while reflecting upon the value of its possession, that the single man
might also endeavour to obtain it. That it would be found no way impracticable the
result of experience enables him to affirm, for he has made the experiment, and
known others, also, who have done the same successfully. The plan, it must be
confessed, is wholly contrary to custom; but it has too many recommendations to
be slighted, or renounced because of its singularity. All that is necessary is, to
procure a room, furnish it with sufficient requisites (which can be done at a very
small expense), and take meals partly out, partly at home, according to conve-
nience, and in the way and manner hereafter described. This could be very well
managed by an individual, but still better in conjunction with another, not only on
the score of society, but economy also. Rents are excessively high; the expense of
which, as well as of many other things, would, of course, be materially lessened by
a division of it between two persons. But it is not economy which in this case is the
main consideration: the arrangement, certainly, would have very little to recom-
mand it on that head; in fact, upon the whole, with regard to the boarding part of
the management, the plan is more expensive. Boarding, at least at the mechanics' house, is, by the effect of competition, brought down as low as it possibly can be;
and it is only by number, perhaps, that it does pay at all. But if the expense of
living, in the way now proposed, should be slightly increased, it is fully compen-
sated for by obtaining what is so congenial to “old country” feeling—something like
the comforts, and nearly all the conveniences of a home, which in fact could not be
procured in any other way; and also the opportunity of employing leisure time
according to inclination, instead of being forced by a want of that opportunity to
fall into the methods generally adopted by persons of the same class, however
opposite to the taste or perhaps to the principle.

Should this plan, therefore, be pursued by two persons of congenial views and
dispositions, perhaps, too, of about the same age, there is not the slightest doubt of
its success. The chief difficulty will perhaps be found in the arrangement as to
meals, and that will be best met in the manner following: Breakfast, which is
always taken at an early hour, should be had out, at any of the refectories or houses
of refreshment, which unite the accommodations of both the coffee and eating
houses of London and other large towns and cities in England, and are everywhere
numerous in all the principal cities of America. Dinner should be obtained at the
same places, and as nearly as possible in the vicinity of employ, and ready attention
is always to be met with. But three meals, as before stated, are customarily taken;
and the tea, or last meal (for the preparation of which there is the fullest leisure,
and after which the opportunities spoken of are most desirable), should be taken at
home. Whatever is requisite for this purpose can be easily procured, and with the
great liberty also, in this case, of consulting the taste and fancy in the matter, and
being as it is the almost invariable custom for men to provide the table-necessaries,
even with the first of merchants and tradesmen, there would of course be nothing
singular or unpleasant connected with it. From the many facilities to be afforded,
even the most unpractised hand would soon get familiar to it.

The average increase of expense attending this arrangement throughout the year
would not exceed three-quarters of a dollar a week. This of course includes everything, rent, cleaning, and occasional attendance; extras of washing, fuel, lighting, boarding out and at home, with all things consequent upon it. Four dollars a week would accomplish this well, which, at the utmost, would only be a dollar per week more than the boarding-house charge at the medium rate, and but half a dollar above the more superior ones; but when all things are taken into consideration, the regular and economical habits it induces (which the boarder has little chance of acquiring—business, pleasure, &c., being frequently the cause of his absenting himself from meals, and thereby occasioning no small addition to his boarding expenses), the advantage will be found wholly on the side of such a system. Under the head of refectories or eating-houses, the charges for which will now be given, the mechanic will have a better opportunity of judging respecting the correctness of some parts of this statement, and will thereby be enabled to judge whether there is any false calculation or mistake in the matter.

Eating-houses, or refectories as they are termed, are very numerous in all American cities, and their accommodations, generally speaking, are by no means bad. They differ, of course, both in their character and their charges, and may be found suited to every grade and station. The system of boarding encourages and gives to them great support. There are few persons who, in the course of the week, are not compelled to avail themselves of their accommodations for some meal or other. At their own table they seldom can get anything after the regular hours, and as nothing is supplied after the tea or last meal (and that is taken at the early hour already mentioned), most persons are likely to stand in need of something before the time of rest. These, therefore, are the places frequented for such purposes. At taverns, hotels, or drinking-houses, it is difficult to procure anything beyond pastry or oysters; the latter of which are articles of great consumption in all parts of the
United States, at least wherever they can be obtained; and even in the far-west, or the interior, where they cannot be procured fresh, they may be found pickled. Houses of refreshment of every description furnish them, and it has a very odd appearance to observe in a tavern or hotel, by the side of an elegantly fitted-up bar, an oyster-bin, and people standing round it while the articles are being prepared for them. In the Atlantic cities one-half of the houses of refreshment, or rather cellars (for this description of places are always in the basement part of the building), supply nothing else, and some have a very considerable reputation for them. To suit the fancy, and adapt them to taste and palate, they are stewed and roasted, fried and scalloped, pickled and preserved, and tortured in numberless other ways, besides being eaten from the shell. They are much more expensive, even in the cities on the sea-board, where they are plentiful, than in most parts of England; and most decidedly inferior, although it would be a very difficult matter, perhaps, to persuade an American of the fact.

The charges at eating-houses are moderate, and are rated more perhaps by the respectability of the establishment than by any very great difference either in the quantity or quality of the article supplied. With many it consists solely in the style or manner of serving up. The charge is made by the plate, and is subject to the same sort of distinction as the price of liquor—that is, the amount is doubled at the more respectable places, though here there is a grade or two of them, at the highest of which the charge is even tripled. At the more inferior ones in New York a very tolerable dinner may be obtained for a shilling, as it is there termed; and in other of the principal cities, where the denomination of money differs, for an amount equivalent to it, which, as before observed, is about equal to sixpence sterling. This will consist of a small plate of meat, or meat-pie, with a proportion of vegetables, small portion of pickles, and half a slice of bread, with two small plates of pies or puddings afterwards; being six cents or three pence British for the plate of meat, and three cents or three halfpence each for pie or pudding; and at the same rate, likewise, for whatever else may be required. Poultry, as geese, ducks, fowls, or turkey, the latter a very favourite article of food, are charged at a shilling per plate; but double the quantity of vegetable and bread is then furnished. With both pie and pudding, after this even, the charge would be only one shilling and sixpence, New York, or nine-pence halfpenny English money. This of course produces a superior meal, and the quantity even of the meats, furnished for the above amount, would by a moderately abstemious eater be deemed quite sufficient. For those, however, who are not quite so easily satisfied, an additional plate of meat and vegetable, for, as before stated, six cents, or of fish, boiled or fried, at the same price, and taken previously, would certainly be found sufficient. Thus a dinner at these houses, consisting of the various articles named, and sufficiently abundant even for a strong appetite, can be obtained for eighteen and three-quarter cents, which, as near as possible, is nine-pence halfpenny sterling. Beer or other liquors are all extra, but can be procured at the bar, with which most of them are furnished, and at the same rate as at the ordinary porter-houses or liquor-stores, that is, at three cents per glass.

The articles at most of these places are good, cooked well, and served attentively, and therefore it certainly would not be prudent in the mechanic to incur a double
expense (which he would in all things, however, except poultry, for in that the charge at most places is alike), by frequenting the more superior establishments. Some of these ordinary sort of houses are, of course, better than others, but after having, by search or by recommendation, obtained a good one, his taste must indeed be fastidious who is not content as well with the mode as with the supply. Since the enormous advance, however, of all articles of provision—at one time confined to season, and invariably attended with an after reduction, but now apparently of permanent duration—the writer is afraid that most visitors must lay to their account the additional charge of an extra plate of meat, at nearly the whole of these places, before they are sufficiently satisfied. The dinner at these houses is decidedly the cheapest and best meal, at breakfast and at tea the cost is just as much, while the quantity bears no manner of proportion. Indeed both in quantity and in quality these meals are far inferior to those which can be obtained at a respectable London coffee shop, and for nearly one third less. At all the principal houses these charges, as usual, are doubled, and there these two meals may absolutely be called dear.

The cheapest of these ordinary or inferior dining houses, and in many respects also the best, in most of the eastern cities, are in the neighbourhood of the markets, called, in fact, market houses, where they keep open tables at so much per head. Thither most persons repair who are desirous of indulging unlimitedly at a really cheap rate; a dinner may here be obtained for nine-pence halfpenny sterling, consisting of poultry and meats in variety, frequently fish included, with vegetables of all descriptions in abundance, bread, pickles, &c., with pies and puddings, and the full liberty to partake of one and all to whatever extent may be desired. In point of respectability, however, they have not the greatest reputation, being frequented chiefly by carmen, porters, labourers, and the market people, very few artisans or mechanics; but all who may wish for a good meal, and are not too scrupulous respecting their company for the time being, can certainly procure it here. At none of these places it is customary to give anything to waiters or attendants; it is not looked for, their salaries are as much as they require; any attempt at additional remuneration would be treated with contempt, and their independent conduct in this respect forms a pleasing contrast to the begging manoeuvres of these gentry at all houses of this description in any part of Great Britain, or indeed the whole of Europe.

The author is not ignorant of there being statements and opinions before the public, on the subject of American dining houses (or refectories as they are termed), widely different from his own. It is no uncommon thing for writers on American matters to differ in this respect. But perhaps this is no where so remarkable as in the case of two of the most eminent, whose statements and representations are so utterly at variance with each other, as to make them deserving of especial mention here.

Stuart, in his “Three Years,” while treating on the subject of New York ‘dining houses,’ accuses Captain Hall not merely of error but of downright misstatement. The work of Captain Hall the writer has never met with except in extract, but of course takes it for granted that Mr. Stuart in his reference is correct. The captain, upon a visit to one of the better description of dining rooms before mentioned, the
"Franklin," in Maiden Lane, complains greatly about the enormity of the charge, which Stuart states to be represented as "nearly three time more" than it possibly could be. He then gives in proof the charge made to himself at the same place for a dinner, as he terms it, of "three courses," consisting of fish, turkey, and a slice of ham, three sorts of vegetables, pies and puddings, which altogether amounted to but twenty-five cents—a quarter of a dollar, or about twelve-pence halfpenny sterling; with an extra charge of one penny for a glass of beer or cider.

The reader who may have recollected the various charges given in the former part of this chapter at all houses of refreshment, will see at once the total impossibility of getting, even at the most inferior houses, a dinner such as described for less than the sum stated by Mr. Stuart, and their charges are, as mentioned, from one third to two thirds less than at other places; but at the house alluded to, (Messrs. Brown and Clark's, one of the best in New York), or any other of a similar description, it would be impossible to obtain it for less than half as much more. For instance, the fish at least would be 6 1/4 cents the plate—the turkey, to say nothing of the slice of ham, 18 3/4 cents (vegetables and bread in each case included), pies and puddings each 6 1/4 cents, making together 37 1/2, the charge that must of necessity have been made, unless some mistake had occurred. This sum of 37 1/2 cents is about equal to 1s. 8d. sterling, which is a little different from "twelve-pence halfpenny!" As to the charge of "one penny for the glass of beer or cider," every body in the slightest degree acquainted with American affairs knows full well that not the meanest porter-house or liquor-store would furnish it at less than three cents per glass (The author conceives it particularly necessary to fully elucidate this point, seeing that so much is always expended in the summer season upon beverages of various descriptions and as the charge is alike for all.), or "horn" as they sometimes term it, and then the quantity would be a very indifferent apology for a half-pint imperial measure.

What can have been Mr. Stuart's motive for thus endeavouring to mislead his readers—that is, if mistake be not the cause, and that is hardly excusable—it is almost impossible to say. Certainly if Captain Hall was in error, he, Mr. Stuart, has well followed his footsteps, and in a manner more calculated to do mischief. But both statements, perhaps, partake of the true nature and character of the works to which they belong, the one to partial condemnation—the other to universal and unqualified praise, and in offering thus his own statement, or refutation as it may be termed, the writer has only to say that his knowledge is the knowledge of lengthened experience, not gathered from others—not obtained by an occasional or a solitary visit to such places, or depending upon favour, mistake, or accident.
One of the universal challenges of biographers of persons who have achieved a measure of worldly success or fame is to look back at their subjects' early years and try to figure out what it was that prepared them for playing a greater role on life's stage than their contemporaries. In the late 1830s, Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, himself a noted naval commander, began working on a biography of Oliver Hazard Perry (1785–1819), hero of the Battle of Lake Erie. He wrote to Matthew Calbraith Perry (1794–1858), later to achieve lasting fame for his mission to Japan, soliciting anecdotes of Oliver's childhood. Matthew, though, was nine years younger than his brother and had been only six years old when Oliver went to sea, so he passed the request on to his sister Sarah, hoping that since she was three years older, her memories might be more full and useful to Mackenzie. An older brother, Raymond (1789–1826), had died. Sarah more than rose to the occasion.

Sarah Wallace Perry (1791–1851) was the third of eight Perry children, the only one who did not marry. In replying to her brother Matthew, she protested that she had little of substance to offer, partly because she was six years younger than Oliver, partly because she had been deaf since infancy and therefore had missed conversation and discussions which would have added to her understanding of events of their childhood. In actual fact, her deafness may have been an advantage, because she was exceptionally observant and thoughtful.

The three long letters published here were used in part by Mackenzie in his biography, but they deserve to be published in full, not only for what they say about Oliver Hazard Perry's childhood and for the wealth of anecdotal family and local historical lore presented in such a charming way, but as compositions of a rather remarkable member of the Perry family in her own right. We know almost nothing about her other than what we can learn from these letters themselves, that she never married, and the dates of her birth and death. She was too modest to tell us very much. We do not know the degree of her deafness, but clearly her hearing was considerably impaired. In spite of it, the whole tone of her writing suggests a woman of good education, common sense, and exceptional sensitivity. She documents how important family, and the oral tradition of family anecdotes were in
eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century America. People tended to know who their ancestors and cousins were and something about them long before written genealogy came into vogue.

Whether or not the youthful experiences of Oliver Hazard Perry described by his sister in any way explain his victory on Lake Erie is debatable, but they make for delightful reading. Sarah Perry’s sincere modesty is one of the many becoming traits that come out in her letters, but one senses that, in her own way, she was as exceptional as her two famous brothers. The original letters are part of the Oliver Hazard Perry Papers at the Clements Library.

New London August 21st [1839]

Dear Calbraith

Betsey informed me that you wished me to write down any little anecdote that I could recollect of our Brother Oliver. The constant bustle in the house at present renders it almost impossible to write, even if I knew any thing that would answer your present purpose, more than you already know yourself. I once tried the subject, at your request, for the use of Doctor Parsons, but I doubt whether there was any thing in my communication to him that would be of use to you. The fact is, I was too young, and too deaf to have known, or heard much of the earlier part of our Brother’s life, supposing it to have been more full of events than that of boys generally, which however it was not.

I remember that I looked up to him as a man when he could himself have been little more than a child. I have been told that he was always from his birth a favorite with old and young, and I have myself heard the late Mrs. Dockray, an old friend of our parents, say, that he was so noted for beauty and attractive qualities when a child, that she rode many miles to get a sight of him before she knew our Mother. His teachers, from the first, down to Mr. Frazer, the last, took the warmest interest in him. His first teacher, after our Mother had given him the first rudiments of education, was a Mr. Rodman of South Kingston, whom I have heard described as possessing great simplicity, and goodness, and considerable acquirement. Oliver attended his school daily at the distance of four miles from home, with his cousins, who being all older than himself, and having no brother of their own, by making him their companion and protector in all their adventures on the road, soon began from the manliness with which he acquitted himself in those char-aters, to look upon him with a respect his age alone could not have entitled him to—and such, I believe, was the case in every instance where he became known.

I never remember to have heard him spoken of at any age but with respect, and regard; nor saw him in company with any person who did not treat him with an unusual share of deference, and consideration. There must, I think, have been a certain peculiar something that attracted affection, and good will to him, as well as respect, even from his very cradle, for when he became known as the victor on Lake Erie, and his earliest friends heard of the honours paid to him by the different cities, they almost uniformly, and many with tears in their eyes, exclaimed, after congratulating his parents, and seemingly casting a retrospective glance over his past life—“But Oliver deserves it all!”—or sometimes it would be—“But it is no
more than we might have expected from him.” These are simple phrases but to me they imply more than a thousand high flown compliments. Oliver was an uncommonly handsome boy, and was, at all periods of his life, extremely modest—it was this last trait, I am led to believe, combined with manliness, and dignity of character, that gave him while still so young, such unusual influence over the minds of his companions, and elders—the latter I have heard often said, when speaking of him, that he “was no common boy,” and would make no common man.

He was early taught to disdain fear, or rather, he never seemed to know what it was, and when still young enough to ride a stick horse would never go to bed till he had gone alone some distance from the house to “turn his horse into the pasture,” as he would say. And once when not more than two years old, the family then living in the country, he strayed into, and sat down in the middle of the road with an older child, who observing a horseman coming towards them, said, “Jump up Oliver! There is a horse coming,” but Oliver sat still until the man was near, when he looked up in his face and said, “Man! you will not ride over me will you?” The “man,” happening to be an acquaintance of the family, dismounted and brought him in the house, and told the story with as much apparent glee as if Oliver had been his own child. He thought his behaviour gave token of a confiding and courageous disposition and for this reason I mention what otherwise might seem too trifling to notice, but after all, it is only such trifles that I can have to tell, for every thing relating to him after he entered the Navy at thirteen, you are more competent to communicate than myself.

One more little circumstance, which in the opinion of our parents indicated future character, I will mention, and it will also account for my having always been given up to his influence by them. I tell the story as it was told to me. When I was very young, being then the only daughter among three sons, our Father petted me extremely, and had me in his arms from morning till night when ever he was at home, and one day that he was looking over some valuable papers, and I was, as usual, near him, he after a while missed a paper, the loss of which would greatly compromise him. He set me down to look for it, assisted by Oliver, who was getting his lesson in the same room. After a long search they found the fragment of the paper, which I had been playing with, and torn to atoms. After gathering them together, and reflecting on the mischief I had unconsciously done, our Father in the imitation of the moment lifted his hand as if to strike, or drive me away, when Oliver, who had been observing him, stepped forward and threw one arm round me, and held up the other to ward off the blow, and said, “Oh! Papa, dont strike her!” Our Mother has often told me that his manner at the time was indescribable, so protecting and kind to me, and so respectful, and at the same time so firm to his Father, who she said was completely overcome by it for the moment, for you know he was a man of very keen feeling, and he always afterwards seemed to take pleasure in leaving me to his guidance on all occasions. Oliver at the time referred to was but a mere child himself, not much older than your Bell. But these little anecdotes are of no farther importance than as showing that his character was at all times consistent with itself, and that his generous and courageous qualities were as full exercised in the retirement of home as they were when the public eye was upon him. It is true that the relative importance of the occasions that called them forth
was very different, but the impulse from which they sprung was the same.

I was in hopes to have been able to have written more before the girls left, but it has been utterly impossible for me to find a quiet moment, and I cannot write, on this subject at least, unless I am completely alone, and then there is the uncertainty of whether what I have written can be of the slightest use to deter me from going on. I could mention a few more slight facts relating to Mr. Frazer's fondness for Oliver and the pains he took to make him a first-rate navigator, frequently walking to the beach with him for the purpose of making the lesson as much a practical one as possible—and he used to boast that Oliver was the best navigator Rhode Island ever produced. Mr. Frazer lived to see three of his pupils do him great credit. Walter Cranston at Yale College, Frank Hunter at Edinburgh University, and our Brother on Lake Erie. You will see that my hand is too tired to continue writing now, and the girls leave in a few hours, but if you still think there is any thing more for me to tell, you will be so good as to let me know, and I will at least try. What I have written is nothing more than a few hints for you to amplify on.

Believe me your affectionate Sister

S W Perry

New London Feby 19th 1840

My Dear Calbraith

I have just received your letter of the 16th inst. and have set myself down to day with the determination of stating everything that I can remember, or have ever heard respecting our Brother's early life—only premising, that you must not be disappointed if the facts and recollections should prove meagre, and of little interest, for, as I have before mentioned, my childhood at the time he entered the Navy (I was then eight years of age) and my deafness at all times, prevented my understanding much of what passed even directly before my eyes. But still, by putting down such anecdotes as I do know, Mr. McKenzie may be able to draw from them, inferences, and conclusions, which will, in the absence of more important facts, in some measure answer the purpose he has in view—and indeed, this is generally all that can be done in relation to the first years of any person whose life has become the subject of history, unless where there has been a very precocious development of talent, in that case the child is noted, and the facts respecting him remembered. I shall write at random as memory suggests the circumstances. If I attempt to study method and correctness, it will be too much at the expense of my recollections, and I must therefore leave them to the biographer to "turn them to shape" should they be found worthy of his notice.

I have, in a former letter, given some description of Oliver's extreme beauty when a child, his modesty, and the great ascendancy he uniformly acquired over his companions, and the notice he always elicited from his elders, and from strangers. As a proof of the latter, Count Rochambeau, (son I believe of the one who commanded the French land forces in this country at the time of the revolution) to whom he was introduced, took great notice of him, inviting him, though but a little boy, to dine with him on Fridays, the Count's public day, when he gave a dinner at his lodgings. He often had Oliver with him at other times, and when he left
Newport presented him with a beautiful little French watch, which I remember to have frequently seen.

I believe it was near the same time that the Bishop (there were but one, or two Bishops then in the country, and in fact, I am not sure that there was more than one, and as such a dignitary of the church was in those days considered something more than a mere man, I never heard any name for him but the “Bishop,” but presume it was Bishop Seabury) came to Newport for the purpose of confirmation. Oliver was not thought old enough, by our Mother, to receive that rite, but the Bishop who had seen, and taken a great liking to him, on conversing with him on the subject, requested that he might come forward for confirmation, and on afterwards taking leave of our parents, again blessed him, and also laid his hands on your head (then an infant, or very young child), and blessed you in a manner so solemn and emphatic, that our Mother has often said nothing could exceed the impression it made on all who were present, nor did she ever doubt that the blessing would follow you through life, as I too trust that it may.

I have sometimes wondered, remembering as I do, the manners, and style of living of the people of South Kingston, when I knew them, how Oliver could so early have acquired his striking elegance and deportment, for I cannot recall the time when he was not looked upon as the model of a finished gentleman, and though the manners of both his parents were polished, his father’s unusually so, as many of his old friends have told me, yet one would suppose he would have contracted less refined habits, and sentiments from his companions at school, and elsewhere. But perhaps I may, from what I remember to have heard, account in some degree for his not having imbibed the coarser influences with which he must sometimes have come in contact.

In the time of our Great Grandfather, Rhode Island, and particularly its capitol, Newport, was considered the very garden of America, and the seat of learning and elegance. Many of the inhabitants were wealthy merchants, concerned largely in navigation, and owning many slaves. The style of living, both in Newport, and on the main land, was much like that of the Virginians in their best days, the farms being cultivated by slaves, and their owners keeping open house with boundless hospitality. The Hazard family were at that time among the most wealthy and conspicuous in the state. Oliver Hazard was noted for his wealth, his hospitality, and for his great personal beauty (I believe he was not thought equal in talent to his brother, or brothers). He never left home without being followed by a retinue of servants, nor made his appearance any where without being “the observed of all observers.” He built a large house (which you must well remember, a few miles from the Ferry in S.K. where Mr. Rose, whose son married one of our cousins, afterwards resided), where he lived in profuse style. Its “great room,” as it was then the fashion to call the best room, witnessed many a festive scene, to which the guests came on horse back, with a train of servants, and its great kitchen fire-place, which extended the whole of one side of the kitchen, sent forth many a bountiful dinner, while in his possession. The fireplace of the great room was so large, that our cousin Betsey Perry, once when on a visit to her sister in summer time one day that she was expecting her admirer J.L. Boss, wishing to conceal its old fashioned appearance, had it filled with branches from the neighbour ing woods. The quan-
tity required to fill it was so large, that Mr. Boss, soon after he entered, happening
to cast his eye in that direction, rose, and offering his arm, politely requested her to
take a walk in the grove with him. Poor cousin Betsey was, with all her sweetness of
temper, so vexed at his thus quizzing her handywork, that she would never again
exert her skill in adorning the big fireplace. The house has lately been pulled
down, and a new one built in its place, and the stones of the old chimney help to
form the new wall around it, their smoke blackened colour contrasted with the new
stone making a sort of mosaic which attracts the observation of the passersby.

When Oliver was about three or four years old, he was taken by his mother to
visit a friend, where they met a very aged lady, whose attention being attracted to
him, she asked him his name, and on hearing him reply Oliver Hazard P— and
discovering him to be a descendant of Oliver Hazard, whom she had known, she
entered into an animated discription of him to our Mother, and among other things
told of her having first met him at a grand ball at his own house, when she was
about sixteen years of age, and how perfectly fascinationed she was with his appearance
and manners. She could not turn her eyes from him, and how, just as she was
thinking that she might as well “love some bright particular star, and hope to wed
it” as to expect to attract the attention of such an elegant man to a young thing like
herself, he luckily, the room being crowded, in stepping backwards, happened to
tread on her toe—when, oh dear! the pain of her foot was nothing to the joy of her
heart, for he instantly turned and apologised so gracefully for his inadvertence, and
afterwards paid her such polite attention that she was made, for the time, perfectly
happy. The old lady must have had a lively memory as well as animated manners,
but to return to my story, our great grandparent was connected by marriage with
some of the most distinguished families of the time, having had three wives, by
whom he had sixteen children, to some of whom he transmitted his beauty and
elegance.

One daughter in particular attracted much admiration. Oliver Wolcot, afterwards
the Signer of Independence, among others, paid his addresses to her, but her
Father would not consent to her marrying him, as he was then without property,
and consequently not thought equal to her pretensions. It is probable that in the
time of the Colonies, when there were comparatively few openings for the exercise
of talent, parents, in the settlement of their daughters, looked more to wealth than
to industry and talent, for she married a person of property, which he afterwards by
some misfortune lost, when Mr. Wolcot, then Governor of Connecticut, who had
always retained a strong interest in his first love, gave him some appointment in the
State, for her sake.

One of our ancestor’s wives was of the family of General Green[e]—her daughter
by her first husband (she being a widow) married the late Welcome Arnold, of
Providence, who then lived in almost princely style. Mrs. Arnold was warmly
attached to her step fathers family and particularly to our Grandmother Perry,
whose children, and especially our Father were much with her after her marriage.
One of her daughter’s married Tristam Burgess very much against the inclination
of both her parents, as he was not thought by any means her equal, and this
explains our connexion, and former intimacy with the above mentioned families,
which time, and the inroads of death had in a great measure dissolved before your
remembrance. If we are more nearly connected with the Green family, as I believe we are, I cannot explain how, even if it is of any consequence to know, but Jane Butler perhaps can, for the brother of Genl. Green, the late Christopher Green, once gave her the whole history when she was at his house at Greenwich. The Revolutionary War, by destroying commerce, and the abolition of slavery in Rhode Island, combined with his expensive mode of living, by degrees impoverished our great grandfather, and he died almost dependent on his daughter, grand mother Perry, at whose house our Mother first saw him on her arrival in this country, and I have often, and often heard her speak of the courtly grace and dignity with which he rose from his easy chair to receive, and welcome his new granddaughter from the old country, though then upwards of ninety years of age; his features, she has said, though sunken were even then beautiful, and he had possessed remarkable symmetry of person, as did a namesake of his, our Father's brother, who being lost on his passage to Charleston S.C. about the time of his Grandfather's death, Oliver, who was born soon afterwards, was, at the request of his grandmother Perry, named after them.

From the foregoing account of Oliver Hazard, we may infer that his friends and associates were elegant and refined as well as himself, and indeed, I have understood such to have been the case, from our Mother's graphic description of some aged persons from whom she received much kind attention when she came a stranger, to South Kingston, particularly of an old gentleman named Potter (father of the late Governor Potter of R.I.), who made an entertainment for her, as the bride of his friend, and neighbour's son; his personal appearance was commanding and dignified, and he received her with such courteous kindness as to give her a very high idea of the manners of the generation then passing rapidly away. There were others, the descendants of whom we have ourselves known, but from the change of times, and from the circumstance of the large estates having been divided, and subdivided among those descendants, and being in many instances cultivated by their own hands, their habits of living had become more sordid, and their manners much less refined. But they are still very far from being wholly degenerated from "Their noble sires"—for—"Still in their ashes live their wonted fires," as time, and occasion will again show, and at the time of Oliver's birth, and during his boyhood, and youth, there must have been enough of the old school of manners and feeling left, to have had, with the example and precepts of his parents, a very decided influence on one of his naturally elevated character.

I presume that you have collected all that is necessary for the present purpose, respecting our Grandfather Perry. I mean of his character, standing, and certain incidents in his early life that had a bearing on his after career. This letter is already so long, and I fear so little to the purpose that I am loth to lengthen it, and unless you wish me to give you such accounts as I may myself have heard of him, which I can do in another letter, I will not touch upon the subject, particularly as I am in a hurry to send this by Capt. Allyn, who goes in the next packet.

Oliver's first teacher was a scotchman named Kelly, and not Rodman as I thought. "Old Master Kelly," as he was called, had taught four generations, in S. Kingston not one of which had ever seen him out of temper, a wonderful circumstance in any case, but when we consider his trying occupation, most marvelous.
He was very aged when Oliver attended his school, and was succeeded by Mr. Southworth, a native of Connecticut, who is still living, I believe, in one of the new States. It was to his school on Tower Hill that Oliver had daily to walk three or four miles. He was a good teacher, and had a happy faculty of attaching his pupils to himself, as I should infer, for Oliver and his cousins always spoke of the time they were under his tuition as their happiest school days.

Afterwards our Uncle, Doctor Perry, on Mr. Southworth's leaving the neighborhood, finding no good school within a convenient distance, hired a private tutor named Bryer for his daughter (to whom, having no sons, he gave a better education than was usual for females in those days to receive), and Oliver shared with them in the advantages of his instructions. Mr. Bryer was a highly educated Scotch gentleman as I have been informed, who, having run through his property at home, had come to this country to seek a living. He was first a tutor in Governor Brown's family, but his tendency to dissipation prevented any one from retaining him long, yet while he remained in our Uncle's family, of which Oliver at the time was a member, he was devoted to the improvement of the cousins, being not only a very competent instructor in school hours, but an instructive and entertaining, as well as gentlemanly companion at all times that he was with them, for it was only at the end of the term of four months that he indulged himself, and then too he had the grace to take himself away. But as during that time the children were without instruction, our Uncle was at length obliged to dismiss him, and Oliver was taken to Newport, and placed at Mr. Frazer's school, where, with the exception of a year which our family spent at Westerly, he remained until he entered the Navy.

Mr. Frazer had an evening class of young men, which Oliver requested permission of his parents to attend, and was allowed to do so, I suppose for the purpose of receiving extra instruction in Navigation, and the branches connected with it. When Oliver first attended this school Mr. Frazer, who was a very passionate man, one day, in a moment of anger, threw a stick at him, which hit him on the head, and cut him severely. He went immediately home with the determination, as he told his mother, of never entering the school again. She bound up his head, and soothed his feelings without making much reply to his declarations, but the next morning, or as soon afterwards as she thought it prudent, she put a note into his hand for Mr. Frazer, and told him it was school time. Oliver was surprised, and loth to go, but did not think of disputing his Mother's will. She told me, when relating the circumstance, that she had a hard struggle with her own feelings of resentment on the occasion, before she could make up her mind to the course she took, but she reflected that as Oliver was a high spirited boy, and his Father then absent, if she yielded in this instance to his wish of change, he would expect the same indulgence, in all probability, whenever he felt in the least discontented with any school she might place him at, which would not only be an injury to him in respect to his studies, but would have a tendency to weaken her authority over him, which, as his Father was so much from home, it was essential for her to retain. In her note to Mr. F. she stated her reasons for sending Oliver back to him, and also expressed her belief that, after such a mark of confidence on her part, he would never give her cause to regret it, nor was her confidence misplaced, for, from that time Mr. Frazer devoted himself, as I have mentioned in a former letter, to Oliver's improvement,
and also became warmly attached to him, and Oliver very sincerely returned his regard. This little anecdote, though unimportant in itself, shows, I think, a good trait in Mr. Frazer's character, and proves that it is not always true that "They ne'er forgive who have done the wrong," and it also displays our Mother's prudent judgment, as well as Oliver's obedient submission to her will.

My own remembrance of Oliver may be dated at the time we resided at Westerly, when I was from seven to eight years of age. That period, as connected with him, is impressed on my memory from the circumstance of his being in charge of the family during a whole winter, it must have been in 98, when our Mother accompanied our Father to Warren where he was superintending the building of the Genl. Green, and where she was detained much longer than she expected to have been when she left home. Oliver had just entered his thirteenth year, but though so young, he conducted the affairs of the family, of whom Ann was then the youngest, with all the prudence and regularity of a man, attending, and seeing that we also attended school, and keeping up a constant correspondence with his parents, that they might be fully informed of every thing relating to home. I have seen some of the letters written at that time, but do not know what became of them, or of many others that I should have been glad to have kept, and which now perhaps might have been useful.

I can perfectly well remember seeing Oliver making purchases, and attending to the ordering of the family, the same as his parents would have done had they been at home, nor did we younger ones think of disputing his authority any more than we should have rebelled against theirs, and of this I well remember a proof. The pretty young woman, Sally Ely, who had charge of us, was engaged to a young man named Stephen Lanpheer, who frequently came to see her, and one day that he was there, he, perhaps for the purpose of teasing her, climbed on the roof of a shed, or lean to, as it was called. She was, or pretended to be, frightened at his danger, and of course infected you, and myself, who were looking on, with her fears. She tried to coax him down, but he seemed to pay no attention to her persuasions till at last, on his going so near the edge of the roof that probably she really was alarmed, she screamed out, "Come down this minute Stephen, or I'll tell Oliver!"—and Stephen, thinking he had teased her enough, or not wishing to shew disrespect to the one in authority over us, instantly came down, much to our satisfaction, for we should have been very much astonished at any appearance of insubordination on his part, after such a threat. Yet with all this, Oliver was still a boy, and loved the usual play of a boy. For at this time, you and myself frequently stood at the window to see him, our Brother Raymond, and cousin George Perry, who was that winter staying with us, play at ball, and other games, before the house. His power as head of the family, so remarkable in one of his age, could therefore only have proceeded from his own self command, and not from any undue assumption of manhood on his part.

I have no recollection of Oliver's first leaving home, owing, I suppose, to the circumstance of the removal at the same time of the family to Tower Hill. But I well remember his return from his first cruise. You, Raymond, and myself used to go into the fields before the dew was off the ground, to gather blackberries for him, they being the only dainty at our independent command, and we followed him
about with never tiring affection, and some little awe of his uniform. He had commenced learning the flute during his absence, and I doubt if his best performance afterwards ever charmed us more than his first attempts then did. You one day found a stray page of our Father's music, and ran with it to him as a great prize, and asked him to flute it for us, which he very good naturedly did, but indeed his every act to us was kind, and affectionate. He was devotedly attached to our dear Raymond, as who that knew him before his unhappy marriage was not? and the latter returned his affection with a love “passing the love of woman.” But it is not necessary to dwell on this subject.

Oliver inherited from both his Parents a love of reading, and read with such attention as to give him a much larger share of general information than might have been expected from one in his active profession, or than his unobtrusive manners led him to display. After our Father left the Navy, Oliver was some time under the almost paternal care of Commodore Campbell, who was strongly attached to him. You have, however, no doubt got all the particulars of his naval career, and I will only mention in addition a slight anecdote that one of his brother officers once told me. About the time he was promoted to a Lieutenancy, being then if I am not mistaken on board the Nautilus or some other small vessel, it was complained that the proper form of receiving a Lieut. on board the Commodore’s ship was not complied with. Oliver said that the matter ought to be rectified at once, and the first time he went on board the flag ship as a Lieut., finding the complaint true, he stated the omission to the Commodore (Rodgers) who gave orders to have the regulations in future attended to. This fact may be trifling, but I thought I might as well put it down.

My facts are all trifling and perhaps I am only tiring your's, and Mr. McKenzie’s eyes to no good purpose. I believe I have already told you of Commodore Creighton’s describing the impression it made on him the first time he heard Oliver “work a ship.” He said that for weeks afterwards he was constantly trying to imitate his voice, and manner, but I am not sailor enough to know very well what he meant, and I recollect another attempted to describe to me the power of his voice, and commanding manner, when he once, in a stormy night, flew on deck at the terrible cry of “A man overboard,” but I could not then bear the subject, for it was soon after we had lost him, that it was refered to.

I do not know whether Mr. McKenzie was old enough when he knew our brother, to have observed a trait of manners which I think was peculiar, but which I never could describe. I used to call it the moral centripetal and centrifugal power, for it attracted the most unbounded affection, while at the same time it repelled the slightest approach to undue familiarity, and you must yourself remember it.

I will not farther take up yours and Mr. McK's attention, by apologising for the manner in which I have acquitted myself in this task, the letter is too long to copy again for the purpose of correcting its style, and I must therefore trust that you will both excuse its errors, and deficiencies, and believe me to be your affectionate Sister and friend

S.W.P.

PS—
I send you an old newspaper, in which you will find an interesting account of R.
Island and which perhaps Mr. McKenzie may like to read. I had another containing a piece written I believe by William Ennis of Newport, but I cannot at present find it, and fear it is lost; he mentions several other very distinguished men, particularly a learned Jewish Rabbi who resided there, but whose name I have forgotten. Truro street in Newport was named from a learned and wealthy Jewish family of that name.

If it is not too much trouble to you I should like that you would preserve this old newspaper for me.

S-

New London March 27th [1840]

Dear Calbraith

I received your letter by Mr. Billings this morning, and you will perceive by the parcel that you will receive with this that I had anticipated your request for the few papers I have in my possession, and had prepared them to send by the first good opportunity, which offers this evening by Mr. Lewis, who goes so soon that I have but little time to add much, but will try to answer a few of your questions, and in the first place tell you that I have no copy of my letter to Dr. Parsons. I never yet thought a letter of mine worth keeping a copy of, but there was not a single thing in it that I have not already given you in my late letters, excepting the mention of the date of Oliver’s birth, and the house in which he was born, and I was under the impression that you were aware he was born in the Homestead, the house of Grandfather Perry. He was I think of the fifth generation born there. The farm had been in the family from the time of its first purchase from the Indians, but I do not know in what year, but probably about the time of the first settlement of the state. Fourteen or fifteen families, among them the Perry family, together purchased the whole of that portion of the state, and settled it.

The book of Edmund Perry I never heard of till I was in Lebanon last Fall, when cousin H. Champlin mentioned it. She said it had been her Mother’s, and by her given to her son William, who lives in Wilksbarre in Pensylvania. From what I could learn it was but a small volume, containing some sermons and a sketch of the writer’s life, and I should suppose we should have heard more of it if it had been considered of much value, but I will write to Lebanon and make inquiries, and also get cousin William’s address for you.

The name of our Mother’s Father was James Alexander, a Scotchman, who
married Sarah Wallace of Newry in Ireland, but she dying young, our Mother was adopted by her Grandmother Wallace, then a widow, and her Father returned to Scotland (I believe his native place was Paisley, or near there) where he afterwards married again and had a large family, but our Mother never saw him again. She barely remembered him.

Oliver and Captain Rodgers met on their last cruise in the Mediterranean a young man who claimed to be a cousin of Oliver's. His name was Alexander, he was then private secretary to Governor Don of Gibraltar, and was a nephew of Lady Don. I do not know any thing more of the Alexanders, nor did our Mother seem to know much about them, for as the marriage of her Mother was not particularly agreeable to her family, either because the parties were so very young, or some other cause which our Mother never knew, she seldom heard him mentioned. This, however, might have been partly owing to her being but a child when her Grandmother Wallace died (ten years of age), too young to have felt much interest in or to have been made the confident of family matters, and after she became a member of her Uncle William Wallace's family, she considered herself, and was treated by him so much as an own child, as probably to have thought but little of her real parentage. When our Mother was about fifteen years old she came to this country to visit an Aunt named Corbett, her Mother's sister, who being in the last stage of a consumption had sent for her that she might see a member of her own family before she died. Mama came out under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Calbraith. The former was appointed her guardian. Mrs. Calbraith was a distant relation. But her Aunt Corbett had died before she arrived, and meeting and renewing her acquaintance with our Father (whom she first met, I think I have heard her say, at some fashionable watering place in Ireland where he then was with a friend of his who was also acquainted with her Uncle and the rest of her party and who introduced him to them, the name of the friend I do not remember—he was a baronet), they were married and she never returned to Ireland, but she kept up a close correspondence with her Aunt and Uncle Wallace till her own family became so large and scattered as to occupy all the time she could devote to her pen. Those letters were destroyed many years ago. I do not know what became of the family of Mrs. Corbett, but presume they returned to Europe, as Capt. Corbett of the English Navy, whom some of our Brothers, and perhaps yourself, have known up the Straits, is a son of hers. I know nothing of the Wallace family excepting that they were originally from Scotland and claim to be descended from Sir W. Wallace, but this latter circumstance I never was told until about the time of the battle on Lake Erie when inquiries were made into Oliver's descent. There are I believe some members of our great Uncle's family left, who reside in Dublin—their son in the English Army and another in the Navy, but they both died young. Baily, the eldest, married and settled in Dublin. Robert was single the last I heard of him, as were the two daughters, Ann and Eliza. Baily's wife was an heiress, or coheiress, and niece and ward of the late Earl of Charlemont. I was told this once on my asking Mama how her cousin Baily could have gone so apparently safely through all the troublesome times of the rebellion (I used to see his name now and then as counsel with Curran on the trial of some of the leaders of the rebellion), and she thought his connexion with so popular a man as the Earl of Charlemont had been a
safe guard to him. As Mama was brought up with these cousins she looked upon them in the light of brothers and sisters. They sometimes talked of coming to America to see her.

I write in such haste to be ready for Mr. Lewis that I dont know as you can read what I have written. Mr. Brandegee goes to New York in a few days and I will try to remember something of our Grandfather Perry, but you must not look for much assistance from my family knowledge—I have it not to give, at least nothing that can be made use of in the biography. It would have been better if Mr. M.Kenzie had made a list or note of those little things that I might be most likely to know, which he wanted. I was under the impression that much had been collected from other sources, and that every thing would have been found among the papers that Ben Hazard had in his possession. I have just asked Ann if she can remember any thing relating to the subjects I have touched upon in this letter which I have omitted, having given her the letter to read. She says that Mrs. Corbett’s husband was a Major in the British Army but resigned and came to this country. He purchased a place some where in New Jersey where he and his wife both died before Mama came to America. They left one son, named William Wallace Corbett, the one I before mentioned as a Post Captain in the British Navy. So you see my dear Calbraith the biographer may safely speak of Oliver’s family and connexions as being, on the paternal and maternal sides, of great respectability.

Make every allowance for the haste in which I have scribbled this, and take into consideration that I was, as Mr. Lewis can tell you, at a party till late last night at Mr. Thatcher’s, where I expended all the little force I had.

I will write Sarah next opportunity—am much obliged to her for attending to my commission.

Love to all
Your affectionate
Sister
S. W. Perry

I am really ashamed of this letter, but this or none to day, for I have not time to write another or copy this. My hand was so tired that I let the pen fall and made blots.
Views of New Orleans in 1840

Two years ago the Clements Library purchased a delightful little book entitled *Historical Epitome of the State of Louisiana, with an Historical Notice of New-Orleans, Views and Descriptions of Public Buildings, etc. etc.* (New-Orleans, 1840). It is in its original, contemporary boards and cloth spine, and our copy belonged to the noted Cincinnati antiquary, Daniel Drake, who signed his name on the inside cover in 1843. What is very odd about the book is that the text begins with page 221 and goes through page 372 and is made up mostly of lists and descriptions of state and city offices, militia companies, organizations, public buildings, etc., the sort of thing normally found in city directories, although there is no New Orleans guide of this approximate date which matches its pagination. Fortunately, a superb new *Bibliography of New Orleans Imprints, 1764–1864* (Historic New Orleans Collection, 1989) by Florence M. Jumonville solves the puzzle. This 1840 volume, with a new title page, was made up from sheets left over from *Gibson's Guide and Directory of the State of Louisiana* (New Orleans, 1838). Both volumes are relatively scarce.

It is the “views” that make it a special gem; thirteen sheets containing thirty-five separate engravings are tipped in to the volume at the approximate location of textual descriptions of the buildings. Several of the cuts include the name of Fishbourne as artist and either Clark or W. Greene as engraver/lithographer. Because of their seeming scarcity, we felt it would be worth reproducing the entire set in *The American Magazine*. In order to accommodate our page size, some of the cuts have been slightly reduced from the originals.

*Exchange Hotel*

*The Verandah*
Bank of Orleans

Banks Arcade

Union Bank of Louisiana

Merchants Exchange

Canal Bank

Citizens Bank

City Bank
In Search of a Mistress

Among the miscellaneous manuscripts at the Clements Library are five letters, all of them written in Washington, D.C. in 1850, by John Howard Payne to an actress, M. A. Tyrrel, which on several counts deserve to be published. They are rather remarkable survivors—the sort of correspondence normally consigned to the flames by the recipient or a friend or relative at the recipient's death.

But John Howard Payne (1791-1852) was a notable figure in the early history of the American stage, best remembered for his composition of the timeless air “Home Sweet Home,” or at least the words, which he set to an existing tune. He was born in New York and was a brilliant theatrical prodigy, publishing a theatrical review at 14, the first of dozens of plays a year later, and taking the New York and Boston stages by storm as a Shakespearian actor in 1809. His acting brilliance was relatively transitory, but he established life-long acceptance among America’s early literary elite—James K. Paulding, Charles Brockden Brown, Washington Irving. Between 1813 and 1832 he resided in London and Paris, acting, editing, and writing plays, usually hounded by creditors. On the basis of personal friendships, he was appointed U.S. Consul at Tunis in 1842, was removed in 1845, but again secured reappointment in 1850.

In the nine months of 1850 in which these letters were written, Payne was in Washington, lobbying to secure himself a government appointment. Obviously, he attended the theater, where a number of his plays were performed that winter and spring.

We know very little about Payne’s private life, but his biographers all indicate that he never married. While in Europe, he is documented to have fallen madly in love with Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley—she told him that she preferred Washington Irving, and apparently cooled his ardor! Perhaps he went through life with a series of romantic infatuations; we don’t know. But in January 1850, he clearly had developed a romantic interest in M.A. Tyrrel, leading lady then appearing at the Adelphi Theater in both Shakespearian and other roles. Miss Tyrrel was born in London in 1815 and had made her stage debut there in 1833, and her American debut as Lady Macbeth at the Bowery Theater in New York in 1848.

On January 12, 1850, Payne wrote an anony-
John Howard Payne

amous letter to “Miss Tyrell,” bold in its intentions, decidedly timid in its method, inviting her to become his mistress and discreet companion. Portraying himself as a man of great respectability, as a potential protector and patron who could bring her theatrical success and financial security, without the slightest loss of her reputation, he asked her to drop her handkerchief if she wished to meet him. In the letter he says that “I am married—but unfortunately there are reasons which for years have seperated, and will forever seperate me from my wife,” which is either a fact unknown previously to Payne scholars or simply a falsehood, motivated by a desire to clearly define the nature of the relationship he sought—decidedly dishonorable in the eyes of many.

Miss Tyrell obviously had failed to rise to the bait at her performance on the 16th, and Payne sent another anonymous letter the following day, this time in a somewhat condescending tone, but renewing his kind offer and emphasizing that he hoped she would accompany him “beyond the Atlantic” where he enjoyed great influence and high connections.

There is then a break in the correspondence. In late February, Tyrell appeared in one of Payne’s plays, “Young Norvell,” at the Adelphi, and on April 19 she performed in a benefit perfor-

mance written by Payne. At some point during this period, the two of them met and Mrs. Tyrell, as she is addressed from then on, succeeded in declining his offer but developing a friendship. Payne, perhaps even with Mrs. Tyrell’s encouragement, had shifted his romantic sights to the Adelphi’s other leading lady, Rosa Jacques, had fallen deeply but briefly under her spell, again with the thought of serving as patron and teacher, and again had failed to secure his prize.

When writing Mrs. Tyrell, who now was performing in Buffalo, N.Y., on May 2, his infatuation for Rosa had turned to scorn. The letter is a masterpiece of gossipy sarcasm, of a rejected lover who protests a bit too much. From his perspective, the obviously beautiful and captivating Rosa had shown herself to be of a mercenary, immoral character, incapable of higher feelings or faithfulness to anyone.

Miss Jacques, or for that matter Mrs. Tyrell, undoubtedly could have penned an account of their relationships with Payne from a perspective far more to their credit and distinctly not to Payne’s. Both were women attempting to achieve professional success and preserve their personal freedom in a distinctly male-dominated world which respected neither. Payne was obviously very lonely, and his intention to further the careers of both actresses was probably sincere, his ability to do so considerable. But turning the coin over, because he did have a degree of influence and power in the theatrical, political, and social world of the day, his advances did contain an element of aggression akin to the stuff of which sexual harassment suits are made in today’s world. He was clearly not offering marriage, and how he intended to further the career of an actress by making her a traveling companion was never explained in his letters.

Less than two years after writing the last surviving letter in this series, Payne died in Tunisia. He was buried there in April 1852, but was reburied in Washington thirty-one years later as something of a forgotten American hero. Rosa Jacques died near Baden Baden, Germany, in 1857, presumably still quite young, which Payne probably would have considered the just rewards of a thoughtless and immoral life. Mrs. Tyrell was playing in Philadelphia in 1852, but beyond that we know nothing, except that she preserved these letters, probably as a relic of her own age of dramatic success and romantic
attractiveness. In so doing, she gives us a glimpse at a part of life rarely documented except in court testimony or romantic novels.

Factual detail on players and plays for the foregoing introduction was found in: Thomas Allston Brown, History of the American Stage (N.Y., 1870); Daily National Intelligencer for 1850; Gabriel Harrison, John Howard Payne . . ., Dramatist, Poet, Actor . . . (Phila., 1885); Charles H. Brainard, John Howard Payne (Washington, D.C., 1885).

Washington January 12 1850

My dear Miss Tyrell

I know very well that to a lady of your profession an anonymous note will be regarded with distrust; yet there are reasons why this message should be so—the character of any future one, depending much on yourself.

I have seen and admired you and wondered that a lady of your evident intelligence should consent to occupy a position in the little circle of which you are the sole redeeming feature. I desire to know you. My history is in brief that of a gentleman engaged here on public business during the session of Congress. I am married, but unfortunately there are reasons which for years have separated, and will forever separate me from my wife.

I have seen you almost on every occasion in which you have appeared, with a growing interest. You deceive me, or you are a woman of warm and trusting heart. In the Spring I design to leave the U. States, unless present expectations deceive me.

If, then, understanding this note, you desire to farther know me—or, rather, if you will permit me to do so—drop your handkerchief, or resort to any other device to assure me that I may make your acquaintance and, trust me, your confidence will never be betrayed. I will (presuming that this will reach you on Monday, the 14th) visit the theatre, if you are announced, on that evening, or on the first subsequent evening that you may appear.

I have adopted this course, because I would wish to know if, under the circumstances indicated, a personal knowledge of me would be agreeable. For a woman of mind and heart, such as yourself, there is no reasonable sacrifice I would not make. My knowledge of the world is varied and extensive enough to enable me to know how to protect both of our names, under all circumstances, from comment: and, were it not boastful I might add that, perhaps, I have a weight of character which would deter vulgar scrutiny.

If, then, as if accidental, in the second scene of your next appearance you drop your kerchief or glove I shall, fully trusting in your honor as in my own, search you out: then should you be displeased with one who could love you most fondly, your name will [remain] buried in my heart—never uttered truly.

Washington January 17th 1850

Dear Miss Tyrrell

I had the pleasure to see you last evening, and, though no sign of recognition was made by you, I cannot resist the temptation of expressing again my deep sympathy that you find yourself compelled to remain in a position so little worthy of you. I would not desire to make you unhappy with your lot; the fate of the best of us is heavy enough. If poverty has its sharp trials, its agonies to the sensitive mind, if it brings with it sometimes the question—“what is life that we should cherish it?”—so wealth is not without its bitter history of affection blighted, of deceit—of over satiated excitability. To every one of us there comes the

“Leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemployed.”
Genius is most often a curse. Giving to its possessor feelings and aims so far beyond and above those of the grovellers on earth, its course is not that straight forward and thrifty one which renders the instinct of gain so happy—content as the brute is content, because its wants are all brutal. And, therefore, thousands like yourself, dear Miss, with hearts which the world can never appreciate, run their eccentric course “unpitied and alone,” too proud to stoop and too susceptible to struggle with the herd of mankind; ever full of those deep yearnings, never to be gratified, which the inspiration of a poetic temperament inspires.

Forgive me, then, if I pity you. I know there is something abject in that word “pity,” but the sense in which I use it is designed to convey an idea which does you honor, as implying a conviction that you are far, far above your present position.
If I have wounded you in this correspondence by intimations of any kind, forgive me. I shall see you if you appear next week, on your first appearance, and then if, by some token, you do not recognize me, I will never intrude again upon you. I would that you could accompany me beyond the Atlantic. I go to New York tonight to return on Sunday.

eyers

PS. To prevent any remark I have directed this as if left in my care by some friend of yours.

Washington May 2: 1850

Many thanks, my dear Mrs. Tyrrell, for your kind letter. It did not get here till yesterday, though dated the 27th, or it would have been answered earlier.

I feel obliged by your communication to and from Mr. Bass. There is in our country a want of ardour for dramatic literature and for the higher claims of the drama in every respect, which renders the experiment of any single novelty, whether of authorship or of acting, if unconnected with personal interest, rather hopeless; but I believe that a series of such attempts in either way would create character, and character, in these cases, ought eventually to create money. If "good wine needs no bush," it is only after the wine has been tasted under the sign of the particular bush which has flung its sheltering shadows upon gratified visitors; and even then, it is not every visitor who knows good wine from bad, or who might not prefer brandy or small beer. I think I could supply a spirited manager with an assortment of stage lottery tickets, some of which might perhaps prove a high prize; but, in order to do that properly, I would require an adequate salary, while making the trial, with further arrangements for suitable remuneration whenever there should come a hit, if ever. I do not know whether Mr. Bass is in a position to offer such a plan. Should he be so, and success ensue, it might lead to my uniting with him in some project like the one I was hinting to you—i.e.—a line of Theatres—the only way of making Theatrical speculation in the United States really and largely profitable.

I hope the letters I had the pleasure of giving you, may turn out to be serviceable. Introductions, in any case, only put one in the way of favorable chances; they can do no harm and they ought to do good—only, what ought to happen, sometimes don't.

The "true and good" "little Rosa" shot through this place last Saturday, but "made no sign" to your humble servant of either her truth or goodness—reserving demonstrations, no doubt, for some future occasion. Mr. Moelling came straightway from the cars to me and entered my apartment gushing over as soon as he appeared with a torrent of assurances that he had discovered how virtuous the lady was, and how entirely she had been wronged by his and my imaginations to the contrary. I assured him that I had indulged no such imaginations, but that his evidence upon the subject, especially in the way he gave it, would scarcely be accepted in a court of justice; for that not only had he become an interested witness, but an openly suspected one—a friend of mine who had met Miss Rosa in Richmond having assured me that he had himself felt it his duty to tell the Nightingale that people had begun to notice her permitting the pianist to pass the greater part of his time too near her nest.

"Will you not believe me," spluttered he, "if I will take my solemn oath? I know she has been talked of, and that she has been talked to, about me, but everybody was wrong—upon my solemn oath, every body was wrong!—I remained so much in her room and wrote all my letters there, only for economy—the door was almost always open—I swear to you that I had not been with her a day before I discovered her to be a person with whom no one could have ventured a liberty—I know Miss Tyrrell thought ill of me—She said so in her letter."

"Oho! Then Miss Jacques showed you the letters she got?"

"She showed me Miss Tyrrell's" "Did she show you mine?"

"No, but she told me pretty much all it contained. She told me what you said about me."

"Then she told you precisely what she ought to have kept to herself—her having told you such things only proves a degree of intimacy, which, under the circumstances, was not entitled to have existed between you."

"But why do you suspect any harm in that intimacy?"

"Simply because you yourself declared to me before you went with her, that it had been said to you, you would be a fool if you did not use the chance in the way which your manner and expressions proved you were meditating."

"But I did not."

"Vety likely. Nevertheless, if you did not, you
still believe that at some future time you may. To say the truth, I should hope for her own sake that the lady had not compromised herself, but above all, with you, if for no other reason, though many stranger ones might be offered, than because you became acquainted with her on my introduction. From the beginning, however, I always insisted, not only to her but to others, that I only considered appearances as being against her. I said so in my letter, which, of course, you know, as you have read the letter.

“No, I never saw the letter, I only heard her account of some parts of it.”

“Especially of that part relating to me[?]”

“Indeed!”

“Then,” continued I, “you had better hear the passage relating to you, exactly as I wrote it—it will be more satisfactory than a second hand account. Here is a copy of the letter—listen to what it says of you.” I then read the passage, giving due effect to the contemnous manner in which it remarks that it might find her “in the midst of a flirtation even with Mr. Moelling,” upon hearing which the pianist laughed and in a manner which convinced me that the letter itself had been shown to him, though he persisted in averring it had not.

On the following day he called again and nearly the same scene was renewed. Meanwhile I had discovered that Miss Rosa found Mr. Pulvermacher, the German through whom I became known to her, at the cars, and that they had travelled together as far as Baltimore. Moelling was very solicitous to find out whether I had repeated to Mr. Pulvermacher any of the disparaging remarks he (Moelling) had made on our Jessica's [Rosa] talents and morals, prior to their departure for Virginia. I told him I had repeated every one of them, though I doubt much whether I did; and I added, “Dont be so ambitious of her good opinion; for notwithstanding your intimacy and her smiles, she, at the very time she was making herself so fascinating to you, observed to a friend of mine, ‘Mr. Moelling is of no use to me—he has no head—whatever is done, I have been and am compelled to do myself unaided.’” This speech seemed to cure Moelling of his disposition to chatter with me about Miss Jacques and I have not seen him since. He informed me ere we parted that the damsel meant to repose a month in Philadelphia and afterwards to travel with him to Canada and elsewhere. She had already mentioned to me while here, that in June, Mr. Adams, the Charleston manager, was to be in Philadelphia. I presume she is timing her arrangements for a meeting with him. He paid all her expenses and purchases, in addition to the proceeds of her engagement (did he not?) when she was in his employ. This, which some women would consider too equivocal a compliment to be allowable on a week's acquaintance, if at all, has, in her view, a charm, under the effects of which the faith of “even Mr. Moelling” may be destined eventually to fail.

A friend connected with the Washington political correspondence of the Herald, writes to me from New York, which he is now visiting, “I have made some inquiries about Rosa Jacques from the musical critic of the Herald. He tells me some queer stories about the intimacy between Rosa and the son of Mr. Sutton, I believe, who was the Musical Director of the Broadway Theatre. The rides &c were in Philadelphia. He is to get me all the particulars. I should judge that Rosa xxxxxxxx xxx.” And at the close of his letter, he adds “Glad you are clear of Rosa.”

Another friend, who had introduced himself at Alexandria and afterwards at Richmond, by reference to his knowledge of me and of the interest I had taken in her, told me he believed that with three days earnest pursuit and skilful disposition or cash, he might have been received without reserve. She asked this gentleman to correspond with her. He is an elderly and a married man.

Now, though I repeat these things to you, I cannot permit myself to think so ill of the fascinating little vixen as nearly all those do who speak to me about her. I have even become in some instances her earnest defender against them. Nevertheless, I certainly think she suffers by the “sober second thoughts” which come forth concerning her, when her winning manner and her earnest eyes are no longer present to keep them down, spell-bound. The true test of a character, especially in the attractive and youthful, is, how it affects us when we are beyond its personal influence. I confess that our Rosa has puzzled me; yet I cannot persuade myself to judge more sternly of her than that she is a sort of female swindler—an obtainer of hearts upon false pretences and merely to turn them to pecuniary profit. Swindling, by the bye, is in the blood. It came out, at Richmond, that one of
her three brothers who some time ago had started a business there, would have been sent to the penitentiary had he not escaped to Europe. The sister's swindling, however, seems only an intense and somewhat vulgarized degree of what is dignified among ladies of the higher class by the title of coquetty—thus it was that when she allowed Fuller to detain her clasped to his bosom "in silent ecstasy," she probably never thought of wronging his wife, but might only be considering how much the permission would reduce his bill. When she called me in her letters doubly dear and sent me her best love and respect, she, no doubt, merely regarded every compliment as returnable in profitable influences and devotedness which would cost her nothing and bring her much. In short, though she may be many things to many men, I cannot yet imagine her "all things" to any of them. At the same time, unguarded as she confesses herself to be by religion, which, of course, includes moral principle, I cannot find any basis to sustain a belief that she is not exposed to concede to policy, even more than she may have yielded yet, especially should its solicitations be seconded by passion—I was about to add—and opportunity—but with her, opportunity is incessant. The result I mention is rendered all the likelier by her irresponsible position, by the recklessness of her temper and by the facility with which she could withdraw from notice. For awhile I fancied that any capable person who could interest and influence her, might work the good sense and genius and artistic power which she seemed to possess, into something very superior, but I apprehend I was calculating prematurely. I think, as the French say, she has taken her fold in every respect, and that all the spreading out and ironing in the world can never efface the original marks, nor prevent her character, both personal and professional, from falling back into the lines with which it is already stamped. I am sorry for all this on some accounts, for I found her a pretty little dream, while she lasted; but I am very, very glad that she waked me from the dream so soon.

By the way, Mr. Pulvermacher, who had been my introducer to Miss Rosa, told me she never named me on the road from this to Baltimore—excepting, as he afterwards recollected, once—when she observed "I believe Mr. Payne is jealous." I doubt the story a little. I rather conjecture that she was very communicative to the German and flirted anew with him, to render him politic; for he had looked cloudy and vexed for a long time in speaking or hearing of her, but on his return was still and smiling. Of the two bills for printing which I forwarded to the damsel, no notice has been taken. I asked Moelling about them and he answered evasively. He told me they sold the Richmond Concerts, but would not disclose for how much. When I reminded him of his denial, prior to her departure, of her talent, he replied, that "then he might have been out of humour with her—and, besides—he had not then heard her to advantage—in Virginia, she was herself." (?) I could not have believed that she would have descended to make a man like Moelling her confidant!

Miss Cushman has been, as I am told, very successful—crowded houses at $1. to the Boxes and 50 cents to the gallery. Owens of the Baltimore Museum brings her and at Baltimore she plays at the Museum, not in Holliday St. Theatre. I have not been to see her yet, nor to call on her; but I will try to look in upon her today or tomorrow, as she is an old acquaintance and one of whom I always prophesied favorably. I would be glad to hear your opinion of Mrs. Butler's Comedy. Does it draw? Of course, it must be well written and artistically contrived. Believe me it will always gratify me to hear from you. You need not be frightened from writing by the apprehension of such long answers always. I only regret that Washington gossip affords you so poor a return for yours, to begin with.

Believe me, most truly yours

John Howard Payne

Washington July 29: 1850

My dear Mrs. Tyrrell,

My omission to answer your last, arose exclusively from my idle imitation of your delay in replying to mine; which created another proof of the proverb, that, a response once postponed is seldom ever given. Besides, I had nothing to say that would interest you, as I presume you care little for political changes or movements or aspirations.

Deeply do I lament your annoyances at Buffalo. The persecution you have encountered from those literally Buffalo managers exceeds the worst things I ever heard of among the
worst of adventurers in small management. I do not see how they could evade payment of your salary, even had you failed, or deserved to fail, unless the engagement were entirely conditional. At present, even if you get all your salary, you will be a great loser; for such conduct, though unjustifiable, cannot but impair your chances elsewhere. Your counsel should dwell, to the Jury, upon this wanton injury, so much greater than all the rest, and for which the law gives you no redress. I will cheerfully offer any testimony I can in your support. I did notice much of your acting but I can safely bear witness to your having appeared to me perfectly capable of the situation at Buffalo for which I understood you to have been engaged.

Our musical friend [Rosa Jacques] is in Hamburg by this time, I suppose. She sang two or three nights in Baltimore, but did not come to Washington, I believe. Her conduct to me has entirely cured me of all the interest I took in her; and I rejoice that it has. It is gratifying to hear that she has expressed herself considerately towards you.

The Adelphi is open again, but, I believe, rather unprofitably, notwithstanding the engagement of Jim Crow, the first of all the Niggers. I learn they have a huge fan so fixed as to keep the judicious few who congregate there in a perpetual breeze; and also that there is a plentiful distribution, gratis, of iced water; but the public have thrown so much cold water upon the enterprise in return, that I doubt much whether all the parties concerned will not leave with lighter pockets than hearts. Your friends the Carmans have been giving a sort of family entertainment, but not very productively, I apprehend. My own movements are yet uncertain. I have some hope from the new government. Should I be sent abroad again, I do not mean to go without first seeing Niagara, in which case I shall have great pleasure in finding you upon the road.

I am sorry about the failure of Mrs. Parmelee to introduce you among her female friends, but, as a general rule, the smaller the town, the larger is the prejudice against all connected with Theatres, especially if they wear petticoats. It gives me much satisfaction to find that Parmelee became civil to you. Pray remember me to him particularly and believe me ever and faithfully, your friend

John Howard Payne

Washington Sept 5: 1850

My dear Mrs. Tyrrel,

You will, I am sure, forgive the seeming indifference to your letters, which might have been inferred from my long delay to write, when I tell you the cause of their not having been attended to more promptly. My own affairs had become a source of great anxiety to me. All my faculties were kept for some time on the alert to elicit a decision about my aspirations, from the new President and Cabinet. At length (though it is to be kept a secret till “further notice”) they have decided to send in my nomination to the Senate for the post whence I was removed—the Consulship at Tunis, on the African side of the Mediterranean. I am now busy electioneering among Senators to prevent a rejection by that body, as such appointments are never complete, according to our laws, until sanctioned by a vote of the majority there, after a secret examination of character and qualifications, in the progress of which accusations of any and every sort may be sent by unsuspected enemies, without the candidate’s knowledge; so that he must run the gauntlet in the dark, before he can gain his goal. This is my present position. If confirmed by the Senate, I get my commission at once and shall be off to my destination in the earliest Steamer to England, which is about two thirds of the way to it (my destination).

I am very glad you have settled your affairs in the manner you have, at Buffalo. I have not found any opportunity of learning about Richmond. Col. Myers owns the Theatre and a letter from you, direct, addressed to him as “Proprietor of the Richmond, Virginia, Theatre,” would be the surest mode of eliciting a reliable answer to your inquiries.
I do not understand, from your letter, precisely what it is you wish me to write; but I annex a card and a notice—quite in the rough—either, or both of which, if available, you will know how to revise and modify, as events may render expedient. Such matters ought to grow out of local occurrences at the moment, and only some of those, and they the earlier. Being [unk]nown to me, I apprehend that my scraps will not be of much use. I am so busy, selfishly, that I rely on your not regarding my brevity as a slight; but I hope, ere I leave America (if I am to leave it), that I may have a chance of making up for a short letter by a long talk.

Believe me, ever faithfully yours,
John Howard Payne.

A Card.

Miss Tyrrel, from England, begs leave, on her departure from Buffalo, to return her sincere thanks to all, who, during the many months when she was recently suffering unprovoked insult and illegal deprivations, upheld the stranger in a foreign land, against the persecutions of momentary managerial power. A woman—and attempting to earn an honest livelihood by untiring labour in a difficult profession, against which there are many prejudices—she would have been indeed desolate but for the cordial and disinterested support of a few in this city, who gave most creditable proofs that no misfortune ever happens without a counter-balance of kindness, if such consolation be not altogether unmerited. To those true friends, who, though they have “done good by stealth,” would “blush to find it fame,” she offers in general terms this public assurance of a gratitude, which shall express itself less questionably than in words, should she ever meet with an American in her own country who may have the misfortune to be so uncomfortably situated, as she, for awhile, lately found herself in this. With unfeigned wishes for the prosperity and happiness of the city, where, though she has passed many wretched days, she has also experienced justice, with reasons for admiration and attachment, Miss Tyrrel, most respectfully bids Buffalo farewell!—

—Paragraph—

Miss Tyrrel took her Benefit at the ______ Theatre, on ______—the result was altogether complimentary to the recipient and creditable to the bestowers. Miss Tyrrel has certainly been compelled to suffer very unwarrantable annoyance through the petty and prejudiced wrong headedness of the mock Emperors of our green room, but the energy of the impartial law, and the still more irresistible power of public feeling, with its “strength beyond the law,” have combined to protect a foreign lady, against whom calumny, which seldom spares any in her profession, has never ventured to utter a reproach; and the stranger will not, now, we trust, carry from Buffalo the ill opinion for which she might have had super-abundant grounds, had she been less firm and more unfriendled. The denouement of her struggle has been what it ought to be. Our artists in every department, and especially in hers, seek and receive cordiality and fortune in the land she came from, and it is exceedingly unfair that we should shrink from returning such compliments whenever we have a chance. We trust that the future career of Miss Tyrrel will be less troubled than much of her stay has been in Buffalo, but always equally honorable to her as an actress and a woman, with its triumphant close.

NOTES
1. Charlotte Cushman (1816-1876), brilliant American singer and actress who was widely acclaimed in London, toured America from 1849-52. She appeared in a series of tragic and comic plays, staged during the first week of May 1850, for her benefit, at the Adelphi Theater. The Daily National Intelligencer for May 6 reported that “During the past week the Adelphi was crowded almost to suffocation to witness the performances of Miss Cushman.”; D.A.B.

Book Production Speed, 1817

The age of the computer has revolutionized the printing industry, eliminating the absolute necessity for manual or mechanical typesetting, cutting back labor costs, and speeding up the process of transforming a manuscript into permanent, “hard copy” format. In contrast, we tend to think of book production in the early era as a slow, time-consuming process.

As in many ways, we should not underestimate our ancestors in their ability to produce a book quickly. The advent of popular
novels in the late eighteenth century in this country, the majority of them pirated from English editions, put a premium on speed of production. The American publisher who could produce the latest best-seller, already promoted in the newspapers and periodical press, could make a fortune in a week or two if he could beat the competition. An article in the *Federal Republican and Baltimore Telegraph* (April 23, 1817), reprinted from the *New York Daily Advertiser*, documents production of a 628-page, two-volume novel in 1817 in less than a week, and the speed was probably equaled or surpassed many times in the later decades of book piracy's heyday in the nineteenth century. Word-processing and computerized typesetting may have cut back on no-longer-cheap labor, but in terms of producing and marketing a finished product rapidly, is there any publisher of today who could compete with this time schedule?

**Despatch in Printing**

A new novel lately received from England, entitled the "Pastor's Fireside," by Miss Porter in two volumes, making together 628 close printed pages, was put into the hands of the printers on Wednesday morning, and delivered by them complete to the bookseller on the Tuesday morning following, in time to permit him to offer it for sale by six o'clock—a little over four days and a half—a despatch in the line of our profession seldom equalled.

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**From The Kitchen**

by Jan Longone

Throughout its history America has been blessed with a remarkable group of talented and influential cookery writers. From time to time we will comment upon these authors and their works. Most appropriately we will begin this series with Eliza Leslie, perhaps the most popular and prolific.

In her classic bibliography *American Cookery Books 1742-1860* (Worcester, 1972), Eleanor Lowenstein lists more entries for Miss Leslie than for any other author. There are seventy-two listings for works in various editions by Miss Leslie compared to those for her nearest rivals in popularity, Sarah Josepha Hale and Lydia Maria Child, who have twenty-seven and twenty-six entries respectively. This is a remarkable preponderance. In addition, Miss Leslie's works were re-issued with regularity until the early 1880s; as late as 1890, more than thirty years after her death, her first book was included in an omnibus collection published in Chicago, the *Complete Library of Cookery*. Nor has Miss Leslie's influence and popularity waned; at least three reprints of her cookbooks have appeared within the last fifteen years.

Every writer on America's gastronomic history has offered praise to Miss Leslie. In *The Taste of America* (New York, 1977), culinary historians John and Karen Hess go so far as to claim that American cookery, with Eliza Leslie as its guide, had reached its highest level in the second quarter of the nineteenth century. "From then on," they say, "it was downhill all the way." One need not agree unreservedly with this assessment to appreciate the excellence of Miss Leslie's writings and of her contribution to the shaping of American cuisine.

Typical of many of America's most influential culinary writers, Miss Leslie was more than simply a cookbook author. She was involved with numerous other literary and social pursuits. She was, in fact, a bit ashamed of the fame and fortune she received from her cookbooks, considering them "unparnassian," and assumed that her reputation would survive based upon her novels, children's books, and stories. By and large, however, Miss Leslie's prose writings have long been forgotten; her reputation rests on her culinary works.

Much of our information about Eliza Leslie's early life is derived from a charming autobiographical letter which is included in J. S. Hart's *Female Prose Writers of America* (Philadelphia, 1852). Here she proudly records that her Scottish great-grandfather had arrived in America in 1745 but that her parents and all her grandparents were natives of Cecil County, Maryland. Soon after her parents' marriage, they moved to Philadelphia where her father was a respected watchmaker and friend to Franklin and Jefferson. It was upon Jefferson's recommendation that her father was elected to membership in the American Philosophical Society.

Eliza Leslie was born in Philadelphia on November 18, 1787. When she was five years old her family moved to England where they lived for six and a half years. Miss Leslie's liter-
ary education was shaped during her early years in England. In her autobiographical letter she writes:

"My chief delight was in reading and drawing. I could read at four years old, and before I was twelve I was familiar, among a multitude of other books, with Goldsmith's admirable Letters on England, and his histories of Rome and Greece (Robinson Crusoe and the Arabian Nights, of course), and I had gone through the six octavo volumes of the first edition of Cook's Voyages.

"The 'Elegant Extracts' made me acquainted with the best passages in the works of all the British writers who flourished before the present century. From this book I first learned the beauties of Shakespeare.

"Like most authors, I made my first attempts in verse... At thirteen or fourteen, I began to despise my own poetry, and destroyed all I had. I then, for many years, abandoned the dream of my childhood, the hope of one day seeing my name in print."

This idyllic existence came to an end with the family's return to Philadelphia and her father's illness and subsequent death in 1803. Her father died heavily in debt and Miss Leslie comments: "My mother and her five children (of whom I was the eldest) were left in circumstances which rendered it necessary that she and myself should make immediate exertions for the support of those who were yet too young to assist themselves."

Among Miss Leslie's siblings were her brother Charles, who became a well-known painter in England, and her sister Patty, who married Henry C. Carey of the famed Philadelphia publishing firm. When we discuss below the confusion surrounding the publication of Miss Leslie's The Indian Meal Book, it might be well to remember her childhood years in England, her brother's reputation and life there, and her sister's connection with a leading publishing house.

In some ways there appears to be an aura of mystery surrounding several of Miss Leslie's cookbooks. For example, in her autobiographical letter she proceeds rather directly from her father's death in 1803 to the publication of her first book, Seventy-five Receipts for Pastry, Cakes and Sweetmeats (Boston, 1828). She neglects to mention that the "immediate exertions" for the support of the family which she and her mother undertook was the running of a boardinghouse. This was one of the few occupations considered respectable enough, at that time, for a genteel woman to undertake when she found herself in need. Respectable enough to do perhaps, but obviously not respectable enough for Miss Leslie to mention in print.

She does, however, mention that her first book was compiled from a "tolerable collection of receipts, taken by myself while a pupil of Mrs. Goodfellow's cooking school in Philadelphia." However, when Seventy-five Receipts appeared, there was no mention of Mrs. Goodfellow, no attribution of any kind. Miss Leslie simply states that the recipes are "all original, and have been used by the author and many of her friends with uniform success."

From its first printing in 1828, Seventy-five Receipts went on to become one of America's most popular cookbooks. It went through at least twenty editions on its own by 1847, with additional printings of the "20th edition" being recorded as late as 1875. It was also published as addenda to various other cookbooks; for example, it appeared with Mrs. Lee's The
In her autobiographical letter, Miss Leslie almost apologetically explains that she wrote Seventy-five Receipts only because of the many requests from her friends for the recipes. The fact that this book and her later cookery works were so successful commercially that they supported her for the rest of her life was, she made quite obvious, never very pleasing to her.

In his introduction to a recent reprint of Seventy-five Receipts (Journal of Gastronomy, San Francisco, 1986), culinary historian W. W. Weaver carefully traces the recipes therein to Mrs. Goodfellow and indicates that the success of the book was probably based on a combination of two remarkable talents, "Miss Leslie's as a writer and Mrs. Goodfellow's as a cook."

In her preface, Miss Leslie stresses the fact that her recipes are "in every sense of the word, American; but the writer flatters herself that (if exactly followed) the articles produced from them will not be found inferior to any of a similar description made in the European manner."

Miss Leslie's next cookbook was, however, decidedly not American. In 1832, she published Domestic French Cookery, chiefly translated from Sulpice Barué (Philadelphia). This book went through at least six printings in twenty-three years. Mysteriously enough, Miss Leslie makes no mention of this work in her autobiographical letter. But the mystery goes deeper than that. For many years there has been some question as to the identity, and even the existence of Sulpice Barué. In her Gastronomic Bibliography (San Francisco, 1939), Katherine Bitting states that the author from whom this translation allegedly was made is not listed in Vicaire's Bibliographie Gastronomique, the definitive bibliography of French language cookbooks. But a bit of recent detective work has allowed me to resolve these long-held doubts. Examination of many French bibliographical sources did not uncover a Sulpice Barué, but the catalogue of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris reveals that Barué was editor of the 6th, 7th and 8th editions of Louis-Eustache Audot's gastronomic classic, La Cuisinière de la Campagne et de la Ville, first published in Paris in 1818 and reprinted, under varying titles, until the appearance of an 87th edition in 1887. This information can, in fact, be found in Vicaire. The Barué-edited editions, printed in 1827, 1828, and 1829, are recorded as supplemented by 150 recipes by the editor. In most printings of Miss Leslie's Domestic French Cookery, the paper label on the cover reads "200 Receipts for French Cookery," although this number does not appear on the title page. Miss Leslie never tells us anything about who Sulpice Barué is or exactly where the recipes come from and she does not even mention Audot. A brief comparison of several recipes will, however, reveal Audot's contribution. I have been unable to obtain a copy of the Barué-edited Audot, but the following recipes from the first Audot edition, followed by Miss Leslie's translations, prove instructive.

**Cailles grillées**

Prenez des cailles que vous flambez et videz; fendez-les a moitié par le dos; mettez-les dans une casserole avec de l'huile, laurier, sel, poivre; couvrez de bardes de lard; faites cuire à très petit feu sur de la cendre chaude. Quand elles sont presque cuites, panez et faites griller; mettez dans la casserole un peu de blond de veau, du bouillon; détachez tout ce qui peut tenir après, dégraissez, passez au tamis, et servez dessous les cailles.

**Broiled Quails**

Split the quails down the back, and flatten them. Put them into a stew-pan with sweet-oil, salt, pepper, and a leaf or two of laurel. Cover them with thin slices of bacon or ham, and let them stew slowly on hot coals. When nearly done, take them out, strew over them grated breadcrumbs, and broil them on a gridiron.

Put into the stew-pan a little warm water, and scrape down whatever adheres to the sides; skim it, and let it come to a boil. Pour this gravy into the dish in which you serve up the quails, and lay the bacon round it.

The recipes are obviously quite similar. The major differences are Miss Leslie's substitution of water for the bouillon and white veal stock, and her addition of a bacon garnish.

**Sauce Robert**

Mettez dans une casserole un morceau de beurre, avec une cuillerée de farine; faites rous­sir d'une belle couleur; hachez très-fin une demidouzaine d'ognons, mettez-les dans la cas­sereole avec un bon morceau de beurre, sel, poivre; faites cuire et mouillez avec une cuil­lére de bouillon; dégraissez la sauce, et laissez-la
put into a sauce-pan a quarter of a pound of butter, with a spoonful of flour. Simmer them till of a fine brown color. Mince half a dozen large onions, and a large slice of cold ham. Put them into the pan, with another piece of butter, and a very little broth or warm water. Skim the sauce well, and let it stew gently for twenty minutes. Before you serve it up, stir in a table-spoonful of lemon-juice or vinegar, and a teaspoo nful of mustard. This sauce is used chiefly for fresh pork, or white poultry.

Once again, the similarity of the recipes is obvious. And once again, Miss Leslie substitutes water for bouillon and adds some meat, perhaps to make up for this. Sauce Robert is still popular although modern recipes differ somewhat from these. It is interesting to note that a full translation of Audot’s work was published in New York in 1846 with a second printing in 1855.

Miss Leslie’s most influential cookery book appeared in 1837, Directions for Cookery (Philadelphia). It was the most popular cookbook printed in America during the nineteenth century; a 60th edition (including variant titles such as Miss Leslie’s Complete Cookery) appeared in 1870. This book was so popular and so well received that later, when Miss Leslie published a new cookbook, the advertisements took great pains to explain that the new work was “supplemental” to Directions: “All persons who have had Miss Leslie’s former book, entitled ‘Directions for Cookery,’ should get this at once, as all the receipts in this book are new, and have been fully tried and tested by the author since the publication of her former book, and none of them whatever are contained in any other work but this.” (Advertisement in and for New Receipts for Cooking [Philadelphia, 1854]). It is easy to agree with the many culinary authorities who consider Miss Leslie’s Directions to be one of America’s greatest cookbooks. The writing and instructions are clear and elegant; the author’s comments on the nuances of good cooking, on the importance of good ingredients, on honesty in the kitchen—all combine to make this work an American classic.

Miss Leslie’s next book of culinary interest is The House Book, first published in Philadelphia in 1840, and appearing (sometimes called Miss Leslie’s Lady’s House-Book) in a 19th edition in 1863. This was meant to teach the American woman how to run a household and was a companion to her cookbooks. In her preface, Miss Leslie explains the purpose of this work thus: “The design of the following work is to impart to novices in house-keeping some information on a subject which is, or ought to be, important to every American female so that they may be enabled to instruct unpractised domestics, or, in case of emergency, to assist personally in forwarding the indispensable work of the family.”

The book is subtitled “A Manual of Domestic Economy, containing approved directions for Washing, Dress-Making, Millinery, Dyeing, Cleaning, Quilting, Table-Linen, Window-Washing, Wood-Fires, Straw Bonnets, Silk Stockings, Rag Carpets, Plated-Ware, Porcelain, House-Cleaning, Laundry-Work, Coal-Grate Fires, Evening Parties, &c.” It appears
that Miss Leslie's years at the boardinghouse were well remembered. This work was the one book anyone needed to learn how to run a proper household of the day. It is indispensable to modern social historians as well.

Miss Leslie's *Lady's Receipt-Book* (Philadelphia) appeared in 1846 and her *Lady's New Receipt-Book* (Philadelphia) in 1850. With varying titles (*New Receipts*, *More Receipts*, *Miss Leslie's Cook Book*, *New Cookery*) and often slightly varying content, these books appeared in at least ten editions prior to the Civil War, with additional printings in the 1870s and 1880s. It is virtually impossible to ascertain the definitive publishing history of these various printings as there is no one location where all the editions can be found for direct comparison.

As mentioned earlier, the advertising for *New Receipts* was replete with comments on the “newness” of the recipes and the need for the customer to buy this volume as a companion for *Directions*. In her preface for the 1854 printing of *New Receipts*, Miss Leslie forcefully repeats this plea. She explains that since her last book, she has “obtained new and fresh accessions of valuable knowledge, and new receipts for cooking . . . connected with the domestic improvement of my countrywomen, all of which I have been careful to note down . . . to carefully try and have them fully tested, and have now given them all in this work—minutely explaining them in a language intelligible to all persons.” Miss Leslie further tells us that a large number of recipes in this new volume were obtained from the South and that many were “dictated by colored cooks, of high reputation in the art.” In reality, these books do contain new and more marvelous Leslie recipes as well as fascinating sections on household hints, remedies, information on embroidery and needle-work, and many pages on menu planning and entertaining.

In her autobiographical letter (written in 1851), Miss Leslie writes that “the work from which I have, as yet, derived the greatest pecuniary advantage, are my three books on domestic economy. The Domestic Cookery Book [Directions], published in 1837, is now in its forty-first edition, no edition having been less than a thousand copies; and the sales increase every year. The House Book came out in 1840, and the Lady's Receipt Book in 1846. All have been successful and profitable.”

Miss Leslie ends her letter by indicating that she hopes “soon to finish a work (undertaken by particular desire) for the benefit of young ladies, and to which I purpose giving the plain, simple title of 'The Behaviour Book.’” This book, first published, I believe, in 1853 went through at least half a dozen printings, sometimes entitled *The Ladies' Guide to True Politeness and Perfect Manners*. The work offers invaluable insight into contemporary manners and etiquette. A most perfect example of Miss Leslie’s writing style, her wit and her testiness, can be found in the complete preface to this work:

"It is said that soon after the publication of Nicholas Nickleby, not fewer than six Yorkshire schoolmasters (or rather six principals of Yorkshire institutes) took journeys to London, with the express purpose of prosecuting Dickens for libels—'each and severally' considering himself shown up to the world as Mr. Squeers of Dotheboys Hall.

"Now, if Dickens had drawn as graphic a picture of Dotheboys Hall, we firmly believe that none of the lady principals of similar institutes would have committed themselves by evincing so little tact, and adopting such impolitic proceedings. They would wisely have held back from all appropriation of the obnoxious character, and passed it over unnoticed; as if it could not possibly have the slightest reference to them.

"Therefore we wish that those of our fair readers whom certain hints in the following pages may awaken to the consciousness of a few habitual misbehaviours, (of which they were not previously aware,) should pause, and reflect, before they allow themselves to 'take umbrage too much.' Let them keep in mind that the purpose of the writer is to amend, and not to offend; to improve her young countrywomen, and not to annoy them. It is with this..."
view only that she has been induced to ‘set
down in a note-book’ such lapses from les bien-
seances as she has remarked during a long course
of observation, and on a very diversified field.

“She trusts that her readers will peruse this
book in as friendly a spirit as it was written.”

Strangely, Miss Leslie never mentions in her
letter a cookbook she had already authored, The
Indian Meal Book. A most intriguing mystery
revolved around the printing history of this vol-
ume. It has long been assumed that the first
edition was published by Carey & Hart in Phil-
adelphia in 1847. However, bibliographical fer-
retting has led me to two earlier editions, both
published in London. Why, one might ask,
would a book for using Indian meal, until then
a much-despised article of food in Europe, be
published in London? The date reveals all. It
was published to teach the Irish how to use
cornmeal to survive the great potato famine. In
fact, it was one of a series of little-known books
and pamphlets explaining the use of cornmeal
which were published during the famine years.

A phone call to culinary historian Alison
Riley, on the staff of the New York Public
Library, unearthed their bedraggled copy of the
first London edition, published in 1846. The
Publishers’ Advertisement clearly states the pur-
pose of the book:

“The almost universal failure of the potato
crop throughout England and Scotland as well
as Ireland, must inevitably produce distress
among the poorer classes, that can only be al-
leviated by the introduction of some substitute
for potatoes less costly than wheaten flour.
Maize, or Indian corn, is generally admitted to
be the best and most available, as it may be
procured at little more than half the price of
wheat, and is much more nutritious than the
potato, while the vast continent of America is
able to supply the British markets with almost
any quantity required.

“The following pages will, it is hoped, tend to
facilitate the adoption of maize or Indian corn
as a staple article of food among all classes of
the community; the receipts comprising the
richest as well as the simplest modes of cooking
this wholesome and palatable grain.”

The author’s preface enlarges upon this
theme: “... The author is sanguine in her hope,
that this little book may be found a valuable
accompaniment to the introduction of Indian
Meal into Great Britain and Ireland. She
believes also that it may be useful to strangers
newly arrived in the British American prov-
ces, and consequently unacquainted with the
various modes of preparing for the table
unground or green Indian corn.

“Miss Leslie, having lived in England, flatters
herself that she has been enabled to make
her directions clear to the comprehension of
English cooks. She has indicated the utensils
used in America for preparing Indian meal,
supposing that if any of them are found indis-
pensably necessary, they will either be made
in England or imported from the United States.”

When The Indian Meal Book was published
in the United States, there was no mention
whatever of the previous English editions or of
the original genesis of the work. How Miss Les-
lie came to write this book I do not know. Per-
haps the previously mentioned English and
publishing connections, or perhaps her great
popularity, led to her being requested to author
such a book. The answer to the mystery may lie
in Miss Leslie’s papers which are at The
Library Company of Philadelphia. Mary Ann
Hines of the staff there has been most helpful to
me during my research for this article. What-
ever the true story behind the publication of
The Indian Meal Book, we must be grateful for
its existence as there are few such wondrous and imaginative compilations of recipes using cornmeal. There are puddings and porridges, cakes and cup cakes, pone, flappers, fritters, mush, gruel, dumplings, biscuits, breads, grits, hominy, griddle cakes, hasty pudding, Johnny cakes, muffins, puffs, samp, slap-jacks and both summer and winter saccatash.

Miss Leslie died on January 2, 1858. Copies of her works, especially those on cookery and domestic economy, have lived on. We have just begun to explore the contributions of Eliza Leslie to America's culinary history; more work remains to be done.

Cat-Fish Soup

Cat-fish that have been caught near the middle of the river are much nicer than those that are taken near the shore where they have access to impure food. The small white ones are the best. Having cut off their heads, skin the fish, and clean them, and cut them in three. To twelve small cat-fish allow a pound and a half of ham. Cut the ham into small pieces, or mouthfuls, and scald it two or three times in boiling water, lest it be too salt. Chop together a bunch of parsley and some sweet marjoram stripped from the stalks. Put these ingredients into a soup kettle and season them with pepper: the ham will make it salt enough. Add a head of celery cut small, or a large table-spoonful of celery seed tied up in a bit of clear muslin to prevent its dispersing. Put in two quarts of water, cover the kettle, and let it boil slowly till everything is sufficiently done, and the fish and ham quite tender. Skim it frequently. Boil in another vessel a quart of rich milk, in which you have melted a quarter of a pound of butter divided into small bits and rolled in flour. Pour hot to the soup, and stir in at the last the beaten yolks of four eggs. Give it another boil, just to take off the rawness of the eggs, and then put it into a tureen, taking out the bag of celery seed before you send the soup to table, and adding some toasted bread cut into small squares. In making toast for soup, cut the bread thick, and pare off all the crust.

Before you send it to table, remove the backbones of the cat-fish.


Lobster Soup

Having boiled a large lobster, extract all the meat from the shell. Fry in butter some thin slices of bread, put them into a marble mortar, one at a time, alternately with some of the meat of the lobster, and pound the whole to a paste till it is all done. Then melt some butter in a stew-pan, and put in the mixed bread and lobster. Add a quart of boiling milk, with salt, mace, and nutmeg to your taste. Let the whole stew gently for half an hour.

Miss [Eliza] Leslie, Domestic French Cookery (Philadelphia, 1832).

Pumpkin Mush

Pour into a clean pot two or more quarts of good milk, and set it on the fire to boil. Have ready some pumpkin stewed very soft and dry, mashed smooth, and pressed in a cullender till all the moisture has drained off. Then measure a large pint of the stewed pumpkin; mix with it a piece of fresh butter, and a tablespoonful of ground ginger. Stir the pumpkin, gradually, into the milk as soon as it has come to a boil. Add, by degrees, a large pint or more of Indian meal, a little at a time; stirring it in very hard with the mush-stick. If you find the mush too thin, as you proceed, add, in equal portions, more pumpkin and Indian meal, till it becomes so thick you can scarcely stir it round. After it is all thoroughly mixed, and has boiled well, it will be greatly improved by diminishing the fire a little, or hanging the pot higher up on the crane, so as to let it simmer an hour or more. Mush can scarcely be cooked too much. Eat it warm with butter and molasses, or with rich milk.


Nantucket Pudding

Six large ears of Indian corn; full grown, but young and soft. A pint of milk.
A quarter of a pound of fresh butter.
A quarter of a pound of sugar.
Four eggs.
Half a nutmeg grated, and five or six blades of mace powdered.
Having first boiled the corn for a quarter of
an hour, grate the grains off the cob with a coarse grater. Then add the butter (cut into little bits) and the sugar. Having stirred them well into the corn, thin it with the milk. Beat the eggs very light, and add them to the mixture, a little at a time, and finish with the spice. Stir the whole very hard. Butter a deep white dish, put in the pudding, set it directly into the oven, and bake it two hours. Send it to table warm, and eat it with butter and sugar, or molasses. It is not good cold. What is left, may be put into a small dish, and baked over again next day, for half an hour; or tied in a cloth, and boiled awhile.


Carolina Rice Cakes

Having picked and washed half a pint of rice, boil it by itself till the grains lose all form, and are dissolved into a thick mass or jelly. While warm, mix into it a large lump of the best fresh butter, and a salt-spoonful of salt. Pour into a bowl a moderate sized tea-cupful of ground rice flour, and add to it as much milk as will make a tolerably stiff batter. Stir it till it is quite smooth, and free from lumps. Then mix it thoroughly with the boiled rice. Beat six eggs as light as possible, and stir them, gradually, into the mixture. Bake it on a griddle, in cakes about as large round as a saucer. Eat them warm with butter; and have on the table, in a small bowl, some powdered white sugar and nutmeg, for those who like it.


Pork and Beans

Allow two pounds of pickled pork to two quarts of dried beans. If the meat is very salt put it in soak over night. Put the beans into a pot with cold water, and let them hang all night over the embers of the fire, or set them in the chimney corner, that they may warm as well as soak. Early in the morning rinse them through a cullender. Score the rind of the pork, (which should not be a very fat piece,) and put the meat into a clean pot with the beans, which must be seasoned with pepper. Let them boil slowly together for about two hours, and carefully remove all the scum and fat that rises to the top. Then take them out; lay the pork in a tin pan, and cover the meat with the beans, adding a very little water. Put it into an oven, and bake it four hours.

This is a homely dish, but is by many persons much liked. It is customary to bring it to table in the pan in which it is baked.

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

Chicken Gumbo

Cut up a young fowl as if for a fricassee. Put into a stew-pan a large table-spoonful of fresh butter, mixed with a tea-spoonful of flour, and an onion finely minced. Brown them over the fire, and then add a quart of water, and the pieces of chicken, with a large quarter of a peck of ochras, (first sliced thin, and then chopped,) and a salt-spoon of salt. Cover the pan, and let the whole stew together till the ochras are entirely dissolved, and the fowl thoroughly done. If it is a very young chicken, do not put it in at first; as half an hour will be sufficient to cook it. Serve it up hot in a deep dish.

A cold fowl may be used for this purpose. You may add to the ochras an equal quantity of tomatoes cut small. If you use tomatoes, no water will be necessary, as their juice will supply a sufficient liquid.


Raspberry Pudding

Fill a deep dish with a quart of ripe raspberries, well mixed with four or five large table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar. As you put in the raspberries mash them slightly with the back of a spoon. Beat six eggs as light as possible, and mix them with a pint of cream or rich unskimmed milk, and four more spoonfuls of sugar, adding some grated nutmeg. Pour this over the raspberries. Set the dish immediately into a moderate oven, and bake the pudding about half an hour. When done, set the dish on ice, or where it will become quite cold before it goes to table.

A similar pudding may be made with ripe currants, picked from the stalks; or with ripe cherries stoned.
A pine-apple pudding made in this way is excellent. There must be as much pine-apple as will measure a quart, after it is pared, sliced, and grated fine. Sweeten it well with loaf-sugar.


Tea Custards
Boil a quart of cream or rich milk, and pour it (while boiling) on three ounces of the best green tea. Add two ounces of loaf sugar. Cover it and set it away. Take eight eggs, and beat them well, leaving out the whites of four; and when the tea is cold, stir in the eggs. Then strain the whole mixture; put it into cups, and bake them in an oven with water. Grate sugar over the top of each.

Miss [Eliza] Leslie, Domestic French Cookery (Philadelphia, 1832).

Lafayette Gingerbread
Five eggs.
Half a pound of brown sugar.
Half a pound of fresh butter.
A pint of sugar-house molasses.
A pound and a half of flour.
Four table-spoonfuls of ginger.
Two large sticks of cinnamon,
Three dozen grains of allspice, powdered and sifted.
Three dozen of cloves.
The juice and grated peel of the two large lemons.
Stir the butter and sugar to a cream. Beat the eggs very well. Pour the molasses, at once, into the butter and sugar. Add the ginger and other spice, and stir all well together.
Put in the egg and flour alternately, stirring all the time. Stir the whole very hard, and put in the lemon at the last. When the whole is mixed, stir it till very light.
Butter an earthen pan, or a thick tin or iron one, and put the gingerbread in it. Bake it in a moderate oven, an hour or more, according to its thickness. Take care that it does not burn.
Or you may bake it in small cakes, on little tins.
Its lightness will be much improved by a small tea-spoonful of pearl-ash dissolved in a table-spoonful of milk, and stirred lightly in at the last. Too much pearl-ash will give it an unpleasant taste.

If you use pearl-ash, you must omit the lemon, as its taste will be entirely destroyed by the pearl-ash. You may substitute for the lemon, some raisins and currants, well floured, to prevent their sinking.

This is the finest of all gingerbread, but should not be kept long, as in a few days it becomes very hard and stale.

[Eliza Leslie], Seventy-five Receipts for Pastry, Cakes, and Sweetmeats. By A Lady of Philadelphia (Boston, 1828).

Remarkable Voyage
In perusing early issues of the Detroit Gazette, the editors discovered an account of a most unusual incident in our nation's maritime history—the 1817 "voyage" of a two-masted schooner from Rome, New York, to Cincinnati by way of the Great Lakes and Allegheny River before the construction of the Erie or Welland Canals, the vessel apparently built and manned by Mohawk Indians! The article had apparently been reprinted from a Cincinnati newspaper, and it indicated a return voyage by way of the Wabash and Maumee Rivers. We reprint the article in full and would welcome any confirmation of the completion of the trip.

Cincinnati, (Ohio) July 12

Singular arrival.—Arrived at this port on Monday morning last, (30th June,) a small schooner built boat of about six tons burthen, 30 days from Rome, on the Mohawk river, state of New-York! The boat was conducted by capt. Dean and four Indians;—passengers, two squaws and an Indian boy. It was a handsome model, painted in a neat style, with two masts, and sails, and an appropriate flag.—They sailed hence on the afternoon of the same day for the Wabash; their avowed object is to enter lands on behalf of their tribe, and then to ascend the Wabash to its source, cross over with their boat to the Maumee, and return by the way of Lake Erie. This boat left Rome on the 1st of June, passed into Lake Ontario by way of Wood
Creek, Oneida Lake, and Oswego river, and after navigating the greater part of the southern coast of that Lake, was conveyed around the falls of Niagara on wheels, eleven miles; then by the way of Buffaloe, across the end of Lake Erie to the mouth of Cataragus creek, and up it to a portage of eight miles and a half across to the head waters of the Allegany river. It arrived at this place, after passing two portages amounting to nineteen & a half miles! During this time they were detained nearly ten days by head winds and rains.

Detroit Gazette Vol. 1, No. 4, Detroit, Michigan Territory, Friday, August 15, 1817

The World of Maps
by David Bosse

Last year the National Geographic Society introduced Geographical Pursuit, an instructional board game designed to familiarize the player with world geography and geographical “trivia.” Promoting knowledge of geography through the media of games and puzzles is, of course, hardly new. In the mid-seventeenth century Pierre du Val, a prolific cartographer and geographer to the king of France, invented a board game consisting of a map, dice and markers. Du Val’s game was based on a popular gambling pastime; the inclusion of maps being an attempt at refinement.

By the mid-eighteenth century English publishers began producing geographical board games with a pronounced educational component. These games required the player to follow a track across the board, usually a map of England, Europe, or the world. These games and other whimsical uses of maps are described by Gillian Hill in Cartographical Curiosities (London, 1978), the catalog to an exhibit of the same name mounted at the British Library.

American cartographic publishers also entered the market early in the nineteenth century, examples of which can be found in the Clements Library map collection. The New York firm of Frederick and Roe Lockwood published The Travellers Tour through the United States in 1822, to be played by two or four persons with markers and a tetotum, a top with numbered sides. The object of this “pleasing
and instructive" game is to proceed from Washington to New Orleans naming each place on which one's marker lands; the first to complete the tour wins. Players may at first refer to the numbered key, giving each town's situation, population and brief description, but at some point agreed upon by all, players are required to name locations unassisted. Lockwood's rather chaste and serious game is clearly intended to teach American geography.

Similarly, John Melish's card game, *A Dialogue of the Geography of the United States, Comprised in a Pack of Geographical Conversation Cards* (New York: A.T. Goodrich, 1824), was also a method of teaching geography in the guise of a game. The deck consists of 60 cards: 30 map cards and an equal number of question cards with answers printed on the verso. Questions are identical for each state or territory. The player must examine the map card for information on latitude and longitude, major rivers, cities and other geographical facts. The instructions explain that the purpose of the Dialogue is to "combine instruction with amusement, and from the manner in which the answer is derived from a figure, it is calculated to make an indelible impression on the mind, which the mere learning a thing by rote can never accomplish so fully."

Recently the Library acquired a third type of geographical game: a map puzzle titled *Game of the Star-spangled Banner, or Emigrants to the United States* (London: Edward Wallis, c.1845). John Wallis, and later his son Edward, produced cartographical games and puzzles from the end of the eighteenth century until the mid-nineteenth century. As the title implies, this dissected map was originally issued as a board game with accompanying booklet of instructions, markers, tetotum and cards. Apparently Wallis decided to create a puzzle out of the "board" of the Star-spangled Banner game, thereby creating another product from the same printing plate.

Wallis' United States map is both colorful and exotic. The emphasis is on flora, fauna, products and events, although cities and toponymy also figure in the game. Unfortunately, the Library's copy lacks the numbered key, so many of the map's intriguing images are indeed puzzling. From what is known of Wallis' games, most numbered locations represent hazards to the player who must travel the face of the map. Here he may encounter a raging forest fire in Iowa, a slave lynching in Arkansas, bears in northern Michigan, Indians trading furs in Tennessee, alligators in Florida and the Mississippi delta, a ferocious shark cruising the Gulf coast, or huge coiled snakes scattered throughout the countryside.

The impression English children formed from such a "tour" could easily have been one of barbarity and menace. Consider the description of a farm scene in Ohio, quoted by Gillian Hill: "40. Pigs. These filthy animals are so extensively reared in the United States as to amount to a pest in some of the towns." Wallis' game was presumably intended simply to entertain, but it reflects certain British attitudes about the American scene. The contrast between the benign, educational pastimes of the Lockwoods and Melish and the Game of the Star-spangled Banner is marked.

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**Fancy Squirrels**

It is well known that cats and rats are extensively used in some countries as articles of food. The *olla podrida* of Spain and Italy, are composed in part of cats, fattened for the purpose; while rats and other vermin are regular articles of consumption in the Canton and other Chinese markets. But it is not so well known that these articles are in use in many parts of our country, principally by foreigners. Dr. T. a physician of Butler County, Penn., and a native of Holland, was extravagantly fond of cats which he fricasseed or smothered in onions. Although as honest as steel in every thing else, it was notorious that he had slight scruples in making free with his neighbors cats, which disappeared rapidly, most of them being traced by the pelts and loose fur to the Dr's. residence. The ladies of Woodville, near which he resided made a general outcry on the Dr's taste as well as lamentation for the fate of their feline inmates, and wanted their husbands to interfere. These however did not think it worth while to quarrel with so useful and necessary a man as the Doctor for the sake of a few cats; he being a very pleasant and popular neighbor otherwise.

I am reminded of the circumstance by a rum­pus kicked up in the 5th street market a few days since. It seems that a farmer from Colerain
township brought in a lot of rats which he sold for squirrels a few market days since. They brought him five cents each. The affair leaked out in the neighborhood, and a man of the same name being accused with it, it almost occasioned a fight. I should like to know who bought three squirrels; that the problem might be solved whether public prejudice deprives us of an addition to the existing luxuries of our Cincinnati markets.

Cincinnati Miscellany. January 1845.

Bathing

In present day America, where a daily bath or shower is considered to be almost a social obligation and fundamental human right, it is hard to imagine what life must have been like in the days before indoor plumbing and bathrooms, particularly in urban areas. Most people did wash themselves to some extent with pitchers, basins, and towels. But until the nineteenth century, total immersion or exposure to running water was an experience restricted to those very few persons physically fit enough and living close enough to a convenient stream or lake, providing also of course that the water was sufficiently warm to bathe in. John Quincy Adams, while President of the United States, 1824–28, took a daily morning dip in Tiber Creek, in front of the White House, but it was a luxury few city dwellers enjoyed.

Christopher Hughes (1786-1849), Baltimore-born career diplomat, served as secretary to the American Peace Commission in Ghent negotiating the end of the War of 1812, and as chargé d'affaires in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and the Netherlands for almost thirty years before retiring in 1845. Somewhere along the way, while in Europe or perhaps in New York on his return, he seems to have encountered a modern-style bathtub and shower and decided he wanted one in his own home. Among his papers, which are housed at the Clements Library, is a letter of Henry C. Rabineau of New York, describing what it would take to install a bath/shower.

Rabineau came from a family which had been in the bathhouse business in New York for years. His father operated public salt water baths for forty years, and the son ran a warm salt water bath “at the foot of Descrosses Street, North River.” Public baths of this sort were located at shoreline and used untreated water.

It was only with the advent of elevated reservoirs and systems of waterpipes, or small steam pumps which could raise water to cisterns in roofs or in attics, that indoor plumbing and bathrooms were practical. As was true with many of the household conveniences we now take for granted, it was the advent of the American hotel, such as the Tremont House in Boston or the Astor House in New York, that introduced modern conveniences. The construction of Croton Aqueduct at the beginning of the 1840s had insured New York a dependable source of pure water under pressure, and Rabineau had gained experience installing bathtubs at the Astor House at about the time Hughes made his enquiry.

We do not know whether Christopher Hughes ever built his shower and bath tub. If so, it probably would have been one of the very first to be found in a private residence, and Rabineau’s letter makes it obvious that as of 1845, a bathtub was considered a “special order” that had to be constructed, piece by piece. Clearly, this is one aspect of daily living, where society has made definite progress in the past century and a half—at least as long as we continue to have sources of water!

New York Novr 1st 1845

Dear Sir

I have just rec’d. a letter from you bearing the date Oct’r. 30th. in reference to the purchase of a Bath Tub suitable for your Bathing Room. The letter is directed to my Father but intended
for me (I open his letters during his absence from the city) as he is not connected or acquainted with the warm Bath business, having confined himself strictly for the last 40 years to the plunge and showers of the pure salt sea.

I understand percievably what you want, having your room before me, but there are some little difficulties in the way so far as speed is concerned that I must acquaint you of immediately. In the first place I shall be obliged to procure the necessary sheets of copper of a certain thickness and have them tinned with pure tin and hammered into the metal and polished. They must then be sent to the Plumber for working which in all will require about one weeks time at least. The framing and carpenters work added will occupy a day or so longer. Priming and painting and allowing for time to dry will consume two more days, so you see at the least calculation it would take nearly two weeks before I could fit you out in the real Astor Style. At present I know of only one man who has the apparatus and can be depended upon for tining with pure tin and whether he will undertake to tin with the pure article such a limited number of sheets of copper I am not able to answer but think he will. He follows the business of tining altogether and is constantly engaged, but the mixture used unless specially ordered is one half tin and lead and which is used in all such work as Bathing Tubs for sale or common use. You can hardly tell the difference except by use, as the tining unless pure, hammered and polished will wear off in a short time and leave the copper exposed which destroys the looks of the Tub and to my notion one half the comfort of the Bath. This mans kettles are filled with this half and half stuff which must be well cleaned before he can use them for pure tin. I merely mention that I may meet with some detention in that quarter as he may have some jobs on hand but I will see him at an early hour on Monday when I will write you on the subject. I shall order the frame for the tub made immediately and go on with the other arrangements for if you should conclude that it would consume too much time and would delay you too long it will not make any difference to me, as I can use the fixtures etc. at the Astor House, or Desbrosses St. warm Baths. The price of the tub will be from $30 to $35. The Tubs at the Astor House cost me $30 by the quantity and I suppose I can get you up one for about the same price altho to be certain I say $35. That includes all but the water cocks and outside panel work which together with the painting I would advice you to have done after the Bath is put up for fear of damage in transporting. Any carpenter can fix it with a little instruction. The head piece must be cut from 1 1/2 inch stuff and fitted close to the wall and the pieces running lengthways made to cover as neat as possible all the top raw edge of the copper flush to the inner edge of the Tub and run over with a round edge to the outside panel work projecting from one to two inches as fancy dictates.

Very Resp'y Your obt sert
Henry C Rabineau

Since writing the above I have rec'd yours dated 31st inst. enclosing the note from Mr. Stetson to yourself, as also the dimensions of the Bath Tub as taken by Mr. Johnston (my cousin) in charge of the Astor Baths. His dimensions as I understand them I believe are correct but by another might be misapplied. The Tub however he choose for a pattern will not suit you as well as the one I shall adopt, there are some trifling fault which I have lately discovered and which I shall hereafter remedy in fitting up Public Establishments. Speaking of Shower Baths I confess you bother me a little unless you order the Groton. Please explain to me in your next how you intend to raise the water (cold) above the Bath Tub. Have you a cistern above, or do you wish a small pump. Wests portable Showers at 50cts a piece are capital arrangements for a Tub. You can easily imagine what they are from the price. By lowering them in the water and placing your finger on the air hole you have perfect command of the water till ready. His Large Patent Portable Showers at $20 are the best in the market, but they take up a great deal of room and are not the article you describe, the one you wish if I understand you correctly is to be placed over the head of the tub or nearly so and a pipe to lead to it with stop cock etc. at command. You can write however and explain more fully in your next if you need a pump. You can raise the water by the boiler. The Facets [faucets] can be procured plated or brass as you desire, the
additional expense but trifling. Please direct your letters to the Destrosses St. Warm Sea Baths as I will receive them a day sooner.

Res'y HCR
To Christopher Hughes Esq.
Baltimore

The Flavorful Weed

A number of states have recently considered passing laws which would require warning labels on smokeless tobacco, which some health officials are calling a "chemical time bomb."

The use of snuff having found favor among the current generation, who choose to "dip"—to place an amount of it between their teeth and lips—some medical observers are predicting an epidemic of mouth disorders. The addictive nature of snuff has also been emphasized.

One aspect of "the flavorful weed's" addiction which to date seems to have escaped the attention of our new generation of tobacco prohibitionists is the amount of time the habit consumes. Men and women of the eighteenth century tended to prefer ingesting snuff through the nostrils rather than the mouth, probably more time consuming than present methods, but the statistics given below certainly can be applied to some degree to tobacco users in general, perhaps especially pipe smokers.

That the arguments pro and con concerning the deleterious effects of ingesting this substance are not new reminds us of the following "Essay on Snuff-Taking" written by the Earl Stanhope, and reprinted in The American Magazine (New York, 1788).

"Every professed inveterate and incurable snuff-taker, at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes."

"Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances consumes a minute and a half."

"One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing fifteen hours to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of every ten.

"One day out of every ten amounts to thirty-six days and a half in a year.

"Hence if we suppose the practice to be persisted in forty years, two entire years of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it."

Stanhope added comments on the expense of snuff, snuff-boxes, and handkerchiefs, and suggested "that this luxury encroaches as much on the income of the snuff-taker as it does on his time; and that by a proper application of the time and money thus lost to the public, a fund might be constituted for the discharge of the national debt."

The Ewing Papers—Part Four

The fourth installment of the letters of Louisa and Mary to brother Maskell Ewing (1807–1849) has little of the dramatic, but the usual wealth of social gossip, personal detail, and exuberance to provide an entertaining glimpse into life in Philadelphia in 1830. Maskell Ewing, a topographical engineer with the U.S. Army, was stationed in Washington during the entire year, essentially waiting for Congress to fund various surveys and public works projects. The Ewing Papers at the Clements Library contains almost none of his correspondence, but a vast collection of social invitations dating from that year indicate that he spent much of his time going from one party to another.

Back in Pennsylvania, the girls seem to have spent a good portion of their time in Philadelphia, staying with their friends the Edward Lowbers and pursuing an active social life, mostly among neighbors of the Lowbers in Pine St. Their mother, who was not well, remained at home at Woodstock. The girls took two trips during the year, in June to Baltimore where they met Maskell, and in October to Greenwich, New Jersey, to visit Ewing family relatives, with a side excursion to Cape May.

1.
Louisa Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing
Dr. Lowbers, 81 Pine Street
Philadelphia Jany 25th 1830

Dear brother,
On Tuesday last we came down to the city to make a visit to our kind friends in Pine street
[the Edward Lowber family]... as for visiting we have done none of that as yet, as we have been getting our hats done up. They are the black velvet ones we had last winter altered into bonnets with blue strings and bows in the face, blond lace round them, and large velvet flowers. They look wonderful dashing and handsome. It was my intention to have had a large feather, but the handsomest ones were all taken and as flowers were more worn we concluded on having them.

Yesterday we went to the new church, corner of Walnut and Twelfth street, and took possession of Uncle Hunter's new pew. We had an excellent sermon from Mr. McAuley. After church we called to see Mr. Gaskell's family. They are very handsomely fixed and insisted on our staying to dinner. We declined and on our way home were overtaken by Mrs. E. Twells son, William, who came home with us and dined here. William Lowber was with us. In the afternoon we went to hear Dr. Ely but did not like him, in the evening to hear Mr. hawk's an Episcopal clergyman who has lately come to St. James church. He is an excellent preacher and fine orator. We spent one evening at cousin Moores. They are all well and enquired very kindly for you. Aunt Patterson, dear old lady, said she hoped you would keep you[r] health, for you were a sweet fellow, she liked to look at you. I suppose you reminded her of papa and he was her only brother as it were, for Uncle David never was so kind to her.

Mrs. Twells is to be married the 18th of February. She has asked me to be bridesmaid, but if I can get off I will not be, as it will cost more money than I shall like to spend for finery. Another thing, I dont know what mama will say. I have written to her but have not yet received an answer to it.

They are all well at home and recieved your paper saying the Topographical bill had passed. I am happy to hear it for your sake as I think you will have more ready cash which is the main thing. The turbins the ladies wore you want to know the name of is Toke-they are not so much worn here as they were I believe.

Tuesday—Last evening we spent with Mrs. Twells. She had quite a company: Mr. Shoemaker, his sisters, and brother—the last I think one of the most foolish young men I ever was in company with in my life. Very homely and forward, he offers his heart to every lady he is ten minutes in company with. He did not to me for I was disgusted with him and behaved very stately, only polite. He told me he thought I was the most stately young lady he had met with for some time. I told him I did not like such flurting. He said he flirted with ladies because they liked it. I told him I did not, and he not taking a fancy to me went to the other side of the room. I have made up my mind not to be bridesmaid as I should have no pleasure in his company—there was some more relations—I did not fancy any of them. The Miss Hains, Miss S. Miller, and ourselves were the only genteel ones in the room in my opinion excepting Mrs. Twells and her brother and the Mr. [Francis] Shoemaker she is going to be married to. He is quite a pleasant man.

On Sunday morning there was a fire in Lombard street, the Engines going to it. When one of them got to the corner of Spruce and third street, a young quaker gentleman by the name of Thomas who was going to meeting took hold of the rope to help pull. His foot sliped, he fell, and being the last one, the Engine ran over his neck and broke it. He was carried into an Apothecary shop and I understood was dead—how dreadful it must have been to the men who were attached to the Engine when they saw him... 6

2.
Louisa Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing
Phila Feb 10th 1830

My dear brother

... we often wish you were here to share our sports. There has been some fine sleighing and is still. Yesterday Dr., Sarah, and myself rode out to the falls of Schuylkill. There we stopped at the hotel, got some mulled cyder. I then told the doctor we were not far from Mr. Lees [Lea?]. He said if I would like to go he would take us there, so we left the hotel full of people, some dancing over our heads until I feared the cealing would come through, and proceeded to Mr. Lees. There we were recieved with the greatest kindness by all—found Albert in the parlour, he is able to walk without his crutches, only a cane, and is in hopes he will get well. We staid there about fifteen minutes and then returned to the city.

This morning we were shopping all the morning, getting dresses for Mrs. Twells wedding, which is to be next tuesday night, and this afternoon Mrs. Lowber and I went with the doctor...
out sleighing down by the Navy yard out towards Gloster point. Finding the snow rather thin we were obliged to turn off and go round by pointbreeze marine hospital—so into the city. When we got into town we went down to the doctors store for William. The school had just let out and the boys were very troublesome. About fifty of them undertook to snow ball us, but the doctor drove so fast we only received three balls, one apiece. The doctor keeps a horse and sleigh. He is very fond of sleighing and while it lasts I expect he will go every day, but as we are preparing for the wedding we will have no time to go. I wished sister to go today but she was not disposed to try it.

A young lady friend of Mary Lowbers brought a fortune teller she had made for me to make one like it. There is a large piece of pastboard with characters going from the center where a little woman stands dressed like a Gipsy with a wand in her hand. You turn the pastboard round and wherever her wand stops that is your fortune. Her head is a shellbark, the end of which is her nose, and two glass beads gummed on for eyes, the rest of it painted, then a close bonnet put on. It looks just like the face of an old woman, sharp nose and chin. If I had got it sooner I would have made one and sent you on but there will not be time for me to make it.

Mr. and Mrs. Pleasanton are to be in Washington. She is said to be very handsome and will be very rich, as she lives with a maiden Aunt and bachlour Uncle who are both very rich, and as she is the only niece of course will get the cash. What is a good joke, her Uncle would have had no objection if Mr. Pleasanton had asked him, but they wanted to make a talk, and she knew her Uncle would forgive her. Mary Picton was my informant.

Mary P. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

[Feb. 10, 1830]

Dear brother

. . . Mrs. Twells is to be married next tuesday. She intends having a very dashing wedding, about forty. I expect we shall have a complete squeeze, for you know her room is quite small. We have been out to day shopping. Sarah L. and Louisa treated themselves to very handsome dresses which are to [be] made tomorrow by Miss Roberts, the mantuamaker who made that handsome silk dress of Louisa's. The one she has got now is straw color with bars of satinn. The dress is thin. Sarahs is pink crape. I intend making the one I wore to Mrs. Hall's wedding do, as I could not see any thing I liked, not wishing to get like Louisa's, which was the only pretty thing we saw, but what was too expensive. I wish we could have afforded to send you on something pretty and useful, but this wedding runs off with our cash as there are a great many little eceteras such as belts, flowers, gloves, &c, all of which must be handsome and of course expensive, for mean finery is of all things the meanest.

We send on the handkerchief you left behind. I wish your friend Mr. Berrian would do me a piece for my Album. If he has leisure suppose you give him a hint and Mr. Perkins can bring it on. Our books are rather larger than the common sized letter paper. If he will you can get him a sheet the size.

We have been out very little since we came to the [city?]. The weather and walking [have been very] bad. I think your city mutst indeed be gay, such immense crowds. It is well they go so early and break up soon, or it would soon wear the ladies out. Here it is the fashion to go at nine and ten, the last that comes are the most genteel, and at two break up. This would not do for every night in the week as you have it. I have one piece of advice to give which is do not put Cologne water on your head as it will make you as grey as a rat in a short time. This I heard the other night. I should think it was not good for the skin either, and you know you must not spoil your beauty before you get that promised portrait taken . . . .
My dear brother

Your very agreeable letter of the 17th I received at Woodstock where I have been for the last week. Sister Louisa is still in the city and forwarded your letter to me. The Friday after the wedding I came home. The Monday previous to the wedding I was told Uncle was at the door in the carriage. I went out to see him and was told that Ma was very sick and wished me to return home with him. I was much alarmed, being sure Mama was worse than Uncle was willing to tell, also knowing how desirous Mama always is to give her children pleasure and how very unwilling she would be to call me home at such a time, the very day before the wedding, unless she was very ill. I had a very anxious ride up and was agreeably surprised to find Mama walking about her room nearly as well as ever. Sister Elinor was with her. She told me Uncle had not been off half an hour before she regretted having sent for me as she felt so well.

The next day just as we were sitting down to breakfast Uncle came down and insisted on my returning to the wedding and as I was already and somewhat of a disappointment, Mama so well, I concluded to go. Mr. Curwen took me in Uncle's horse and gig. We arrived at Dr. Lowber's just as the Dr. was stepping up his own steps to take his dinner. There was a great hue and cry, "here's Mary, here's Mary." I was soon surrounded by the whole household and most devoted with kisses, Louisa greatly relieved as it assured her Mama was well. After dinner we all went up to our room where was a fine fire. Our dresses were all arranged in order to put on and as the afternoon wore short we had to bustle about quite smart to be ready by 1/2 past seven. We had several spectators to see us dressed. Mrs. Chancelor sent Mrs. E. Twells children in her carriage to see us. The young lady who made our dresses came to help dress us and see how we looked. All agreed we looked very dashing. The Dr. said I looked like a princess (an Indian one you will say). I assure you your sister L. looked very dashing, her dress was elegant, none handsomer in the room (the bride and attendants excepted), none more attended on. Sarah and Mary L[jowber] looked sweet and William went to a barber and had his head dressed Ala'mode. The Dr. procured an elegant carriage, coachman, and footman, very handsome lamps and glittering with plating, a most comfortable and elegant conveyance, none handsomer there. I rather think Branch St. never displayed such a range of carriages before at any private house in it. As the night was damp all had to ride. At eight O'clock, all the company having assembled, the Bride and Groom with their attendants entered looking very elegant indeed. She was most splendidly dressed, I never saw a[s] handsom a dress, white satin with white lace over embroidered in satin, a rich veil very tastefully arranged on her head, and white flowers on silver wire, the groom white casimere pants, silk stockings, pumps, white vest, with sky blue silk under vest and blue guard chains same color as inner vest, blue coats, bridesmaids dressed similar to the bride only not as elegant, bridesmen like the groom. After the ceremony which Dr. Delancy performed tea came in, then the elegant immense cake. Bogle the celebrated waiter attended—he knows his business so well all passed off in style. We had elegant refresh-
boisterous beyond bearing. She did not get spoiled in Washington, for she was always beyond control from a child. In vanity she might, for she is fully conscious of all the beauty she has. She is certainly very pretty, but knowing her temper I never could think her as pretty as some do. At eleven the company retired, all I believe fully satisfied with themselves and the entertainment. There were thirty seven, not counting her children. They seemed to enjoy it as much as any one. Little Johnny went up after the ceremony, kissed his Mama, and said he congratulated her, shook hands with Mr. S[hoemaker], and wished him much happiness, wrote bride papers for the ladies. He said he was delighted. I hope they may continue to be so. At ten O’clock wine was handed and all took a glass at the request of a groomsmen who went round. After all was helped one of the groomsmen rose on a chair and announced a toast from Mr. James Stokes of Germantown—“The Happy Pair, Long may they live, Happy and enjoy ourselves. The next morning I (with Louisa and Sarah) called to bid “good morning.” They were all setting in state, attendants and all, to receive company, any who had not called the evening before.  

On thursday night she received her friends, every thing again very elegant. One hundred called dressed out as for a party tho’ they only staid a short time, walked round the room after making their curtsies and bows, and then walked off. We however did not do so but staid and enjoyed ourselves. The next morning I (with Louisa and Sarah) called to bid “good bye” to the bride. They were all setting in state, attendants and all, to receive company, any who had not called the evening before.

In the afternoon (Uncle, who had come in in the carriage for me) I came home as sister E. had to go home and I thought it not prudent to leave mama alone. I found sister here with all her children—quite a family for us—ten in number. On Saturday afternoon she went home and mama and I were left alone. We are also to be left without a cook as since my return our Irish girl has taken a notion to town. She will go to be with her brother, the only relation she has in this country, and next monday she leaves us. When we can supply her place I know not.

On Wednesday young William Thomas was buried. His death was occasioned by hard drinking. His brother in law William Cleaver who married Jane is in the same lamentable way, and was very much shocked when he heard of his death, it seemed to him an awful warning. He was so agitated, when he got into the gig to attend the funeral he had to be helped and had not proceeded far before an awful shriek from his wife stopped the procession. He had fallen down in the bottom of the gig in a frightful fit. Dr. Anderson was instantly called. They took him back to the house. In the afternoon they removed him to his father in laws where he now is, Mr. Levering says he heard at the turnpike gate not any better, in extreme agitation of mind. . . .

Louisa Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

My dear brother

I see sister has given you an account of the wedding and as she has almost filled it up I cannot say much, but I have been to see West’s picture of “Christ Rejected.” It is now exhibiting in the State house and will remain there for sometime. It is an elegant thing but not so large as the “Coronation of Napoleon” which you and I went to see at the Washington Hall. It represents Christ dressed with a white robe and crown of thorns, his hands bound before him, and holding a staff over his shoulder. Next to him is Pontius Pilot who is interceding with Caiphas the Jewish priest to save the life of Christ but he in all his robes with great rage depicted on his countenance refuses. On the fore ground is the cross and the executioner telling some boys with great unconcern what he is going to do. Magdaline has thrown herself across a cross and is pleading for his life. John is supporting Mary the mother of Jesus who looks perfectly resigned though deep sorrow is on her countenance. They say her likeness is taken from Mrs. Siddons. There are more females and a great number of people more than I can discribe. I wish you would come on and see for yourself. Now if you could come to us to be at Sarah’s party which will be on Friday night it would be delightful. Tonight we go to a party at Miss Shoemakers, tomorrow at Mrs. Platts, on Thursday night there is to be a Concert at the musical fund—it is to be the “Creation” and I expect the doctor will take us. I often wish you were stationed here so we could enjoy ourselves together. On Friday I took tea at Mrs. Mackleys and saw Dr. Plumbsted. He shewed us the most elegant collection of shells and minerals I ever saw. I wish you could see them. They have just called me to breakfast therefore I must close.
My dear brother

I will now endeavour to give you some account of the way in which I have spent my time. The first party I was at after the wedding was given by the Misses Shoemaker. Sister Mary had left the city but Sarah Lowber, William, and myself went. It is about two squares from here, therefore we thought it was not worth while to get a carriage. We went at eight O'clock. There was about sixty persons. The first of the evening was rather stiff but about half past ten the violins and tambourine struck up and then we had some pleasure for of all things a party without music is the dullest. I danced every dance until half past one O'clock. At twelve there was an accident happened which made quite a disturbance through the rooms. Mr. Sml. Welsh was dancing with a young lady and ran a pin (which was bent up in the carpet) into his foot. It was with difficulty he drew it out and was obliged to go immediately home. His brother left the room with him but returned again.

At half past twelve I proposed coming home but I could not get William and Sarah started, therefore it was past one before we left the room, William and I, Sarah and Mr. William Welsh. When we came out of the front door we found the pavements covered with snow over shoe top and, no carriage provided for us, we were obliged to walk home. Here we found Mrs. Lowber ready waiting for us with some hot toddy and a good fire to undress by which we did in short order and got into bed.

The next day we were rather stupid and as we were engaged to a party that evening at Mrs. Platts, in the afternoon we went to bed as if it had been night and never got up until after five, then for dressing again. I am barber general. Having so much to do I have become a very expert hand.

At eight O'clock we had an elegant carriage, driver and footman, and drove off in style to Mrs. Platts where we had a most splendid party. There was about one hundred (they live in Arch Street, the house Mr. Janeway built for himself and afterwards removed to Pittsburgh). The rooms were elegantly furnished and very light. There was no music which was not quite so pleasant but Prominading was all the fashion. Mr. McLanahan was there and to our astonishment both the Mr. Welshs were there. Mr. Sml. said he took such good care of his foot that he felt no bad effects from it. We had refreshments in elegant style. There was two waiters went round with two pyramids of ice cream and a dish of jelly on each in this form if I can give you a drawing of it. The[y] were the

“this was a coiled fish but I cannot draw it correctly.”

handsomest ornaments I ever saw in ice cream. There was candy oranges and a variety of sugar ornaments I do not know the name of. Towards the last was what gentlemen like most—oyster and chicken salad, porter, hot punch, and then the large cake. After that we took our leave. I went with Mr. Saml. Welsh and Sarah with William and made our adieus. We got home at half past twelve.

The next Friday we were invited to Miss Hoods, one of the bridesmaids, but as we were not much acquainted with her and Sarah not wishing to keep up the acquaintance we declined going.

The following Monday Sarah [Lowber] had her party. There was between sixty and seventy. I made some wax flowers and ornamented the parlours. They were all wishing here that you would come on. Mrs. Lowber said he would be the most agreeable beau in the room. You are a great favourite here I can tell you. Among the young gentlemen who were here that evening was Rancler [Rensselaer?] VanWick. Mr. Perkins was also here. The latter told us the former had been fighting a duel for a very foolish reason. Now I want you to let me know when you write what it was about as Mrs. Lowber was quite worried she had invited him but she had never heard of such a thing and when she asked him if his lameness was occasioned by a fall he said “Yes.” That is all we knew of it until Mr. P. told us. He was very much pleased with his visit to Washington and
your attention to him. He speaks of [you] in great praise. His brother regrets not knowing you, as he did not see half Abraham did.

We had a violine and tamborine played by Mr. Johnston and his son. About twelve O'clock the doctor asked Mr. Johnston to play on the piano. He did so and played a comic song about the three men that went a hunting. You have heard papa sing it, but Johnston had much more to it. I will give you what I recollect.

“All night they hunted, nothing could they find, but the moon a sailing, sailing with the Wind. One said it was a moon, the other said nay, the third said its a Yankey cheese and half cut away. The next thing was a Pig in a pen. One said it was a pig, the other said nay, the third said it was an Elephant and its trunk cut away. Next thing they saw was a frog in a well. One said it was a frog, the other said nay, the third said its a canary bird with its feathers washed way. Then on they went a hunting, and nothing could they find, but an owl in an ivy bush and that they left behind. One said it is an owl, the other said nay, the third said its the ‘Old boy’ and all three ran away.”

This was the last of the songs and sung to the tune of “Poor Paul Pry,” therefore you can try it, but be sure to begin every verse with “On they went a hunting.”

On Wednesday evening Sarah and I were at a party at Miss Bucks, they are neighbours corner of third and Pine Streets, a german family. They were all the foreigners in the city collected, consuls from all parts. Mr. Bush asked me if I spoke French, Sapanish, German, or any foreign language. I told him ‘no.’ Because, said he, there are so many foreigners who cannot speak much English here I would introduce to you if you speak any language. There was waltzing in true style. I got separated from Sarah and got into the other parlour where the piano was. I was standing alone when the youngest Mr. Percival (one of the neighbours in this row) came up to me (and although he had not been introduced to me, yet he had seen me on the doctors steps) and said Miss Ewing, I see you have got near the piano, I suppose you are fond of music. I told him I was. Just then as that room was small they came and carried it into the other. He asked me to take his arm and walk into the other room. I did so. He was very polite and attentive to me in getting a seat near the piano, and Sarah Lowber seeing me came forward. The eldest Mr. Percival came up after the waltzing had stoped and took a seat by me. He I had been introduced too at Dr. Lowbers party and his sister who is an elegant looking woman and waltzes very handsomely. We had a long talk together. Then the two Mr. Welsh’s who had been to another party and just come into the room came up and spoke to us. I told Sarah we had the handsomest beaux in the room and the most agreeable. About twelve the doctor came for us and we took our leave, much pleased with our entertainment. The next night Sarah went to Miss Wayne, but I declined going as I did not think it would be very agreeable, nor was I wrong, for they were not much pleased, neither she nor William. On Friday last Miss Mary Miller gave a party out at the Buck. Neither Sarah nor I went but both sister, Mr. Curwen, Miss Benedict, and Allen were there. I suppose you will recieve a letter from sister telling you of it as neither Sarah nor I went.

If I had thought when I first came to town I should have staid so long I would have got a guittar and took lessons. By this time I could have played very well. The best pattent screws they ask only twenty two dollars for, but Mama is at present low of cash or I think I would have got [one] and learned the first rudiments so that I could have practiced at home. If I should live until n[ext] winter I think I will try it . . .

5.
Louisa E. Ewing to Mancell C. Ewing
Woodstock April 12th 1830

My dear brother

. . . I will now give you the finishing account of my visit in the city. The last party I was at was given by the bride to finish off— it was on the 23 of March—Sarah, William, and myself went. As the evening was very pleasant we walked. I wished much to ride and proposed it but the doctor said he would pay no more hack hire for Sarah this year so I said no more for, although I was willing to pay half, I did not choose to pay all. Therefore we walked.

When we got there, after taking off our cloaks, we went down into the parlour where Mrs. Shoemaker [formerly, Mrs. Twells] received her company. After talking some time with her she asked me if I had been into the back room where there was tea, coffee, and the bridesmaid’s to attend. I told her I had not. She
then introduced me to Mr. Biddle who handed me into the tea room and after helping me he went away, much to my pleasure I assure you for I did not admire him at all. After I was done, finding Sarah Lowber was upstairs, I went there and found the front chamber prepared for dancing, a Miss Biddle mistress of ceremonies. The floor was chalked, a vase of wax flowers and two candles on the mantle. Between the windows was a board with holes in to bow out and candles put in them. The board was then wrapped with evergreen. As the room was small they had benches put round. About ten O'clock the music struck up. I danced every dance until the clock struck twelve, when I proposed going, but Sarah and William were not willing to go as it was the last dance they expected to be at. I sat still for two dances. The third one Mrs. Shoemaker, Miss Wayne, Mr. Welsh, and myself danced up in one corner. After that was over Sarah said she would now go as it had struck one. William was not very willing. Therefore as Sarah and I was supplied with beaus, the two Mr. Welsh's, they told him he could stay and they would see us home safe, so we bade Mr. and Mrs. Shoemaker good night and left the room, when we went to the foot of the stairs, after putting on our cloaks, there we found William with the two gentlemen, so we had three gallants to see us home, where we arrived at quarter before two. I think I hear you say “bad hours you keep in Phila.” That is true, we understood they did not all leave there before three O'clock.

On Friday Mrs. Lowber, Sarah, and I went sociably and took tea at Mrs. Welsey's—there was two Miss Smiths, Mrs. Lapsley, Mrs. W.[s]' daughter, Miss West, and Miss Evans—the last is a niece of Mrs. W[esly]—a very pretty agreeable young lady which I should like to have introduced you too. I there heard one of the best musical boxes I ever heard. The eldest of the young gentlemen drew it in a raffle—there was two put up and he got one—it plays "La Dame Blanch" in three parts elegantly. We spent a very agreeable evening and got home about ten.

On Sunday morning as I was going up to church I met Mr. Curwen who told me Mrs. Hall was very ill, not expected to live, and he had been sent for. I went immediately up there and found her much worse than I expected, they did not think she would live from one hour to the next. Finding I could be of no service I [went] to church at the corner of twelfth and Walnut. After church I went again, she was still alive, but they were blistering her head. I staid about a quarter of an hour, then went to Mr. Cooks where I dined. After church in the evening I went again to see how Mrs. Hall was but there was no change. I then went down to Dr. Lowbers so tired I could scarcely move. The next morning I called with Sarah on some of my acquaintances, and about twelve went up to see how Mrs. H. was, but was told before I reached the house by the house being shut up she was no more. The family were in the greatest affliction. I sat with them for an hour and then went home.

Blight's Houses, Colonnade, Row, Phila.

In the afternoon Sarah, William, Miss Evans, and myself walked up to Mr. Blights new house and went through it. They were moving in. I expect when it is furnished it will be more splendid than any thing in this city can turn out. It would take a sheat of paper to discribe it to you. There I will leave it until you come on, which I hope will be before long. . . .

6.

Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Thursday July 1, 1830

Dear brother . . . After you left us in Baltimore we felt very much lost I assure you, talked about you all breakfast time. After that we dressed and went to the Cathedral. There we found all the pews locked and no person there excepting some common looking persons. The doctor asked one of them if we could not see the painting. He said after church we could, but they were not uncovered until then, so we walked through it and then went to St Pauls. I sat in Dr. Alexan-
Cathedral pew—Mrs. A. came just after I got there and was very polite, her sister Miss Merriman also. After church she walked to the door. There I introduced sister, Dr., and the girls to her. She gave us a very polite invitation to tea, told us Mrs. Boyce was to be there—she had gone to Haver de grass and would return that afternoon. We accepted the invitation and Miss M. went with us to the Cathedral. When we got there the doors were fastened. The Dr. asked a woman in the house near if we could see the chapple. She said yes and took us in. After we had seen the pictures, which are splendid and gave much satisfaction to all, we went round, and the woman explained all to us. We went out and the doctor handed her 50 cents for her trouble. She said it was customary for visitors to pay 25 cents apiece, but as it was Sunday he might give what he pleased but that was too little, so he handed her another 50 and she said that would do. We had a talk about it afterwards and think it very wrong to pay on Sunday any thing. Just after we left there it looked very much like rain so we made the best of our way to Barnums [City Hotel] and had just got our hats off when it began to pour with rain. We had an elegant dinner and wished more than once you were there. You remember I said I was fond of lobster the day before, and to be sure we had an elegant one, and sister had remarked how refreshing ice creams would be after so warm a walk, and when the desert came on table we had elegant ice creams. It rained until five O'clock when we dressed and went to take a walk. Called to see old Mr. and Mrs. Brown, took S. and M. with us, as the doctor had gone out before. Mrs. Brown was better. Sister went up stairs to see her, and she sent for me to come up which I did. Just then Mr. B. and Mr. George B. came in. The latter invited us to walk in and see his wife. We did so and was very politely received, gave us some port sangaree, and invited us to stay to tea, but as we were engaged at Dr. Alexanders we declined. Mr. G. Brown then went round part of the city with us and we returned to Barnums, from there went to Dr. A's. There we were met on the steps by the Dr. and Mrs. A. Saw Mrs. Boyce, Mr. and Miss Merriman, and Mrs. Nesbit. We staid there until near nine oclock when Mrs. N. asked if we had seen the Unitarian Ch. We said we had not and at last come to a conclusion to go. Our party and Mrs. Boyce went. We got there just as the clergymen had taken his text and about the last preacher I ever did hear—forlorn enough—but the church is elegant. I suppose you have seen it. We got back about ten and after packing up our concerns we went to bed. The next morning William awoke us at half past four. When we came out of our rooms it struck five. I told William to go and ask if there was a letter came by the Washington stage for us. He went and returned saying he had asked in the bar and office and there was none, so we did not get your note. At six we left Baltimore, Capt. [Layton] was happy to see us back and asked what we had done with our other beau.

"Oh," said sister, "Cpt., he did not find us agreeable, so he left us."

"Impossible, Madam, impossible," said he. We had quite a merry conversation.

After he left us he went to the doctor and said "upon my word, Sir, your one of the happiest men in the world to have charge of such charm-
ing agreeable young ladies."
We got to the canal quarter before eleven. There he bade us good buy, said he was sorry to part with such agreeable company, and hoped soon to see us again. We arrived in Phila. quarter before five. Just before we landed we had a very heavy rain and hail storm but no rain through the day but very warm. We took a carriage at the warf and rode home, found Mrs. Lowber looking out for us. In the evening Mr. Welsh came in and we talked over our jaunt.

The next day sister and I went out shopping, bought ourselves black silk dresses, and looked for some others. In the afternoon I called at Mrs. Welshs, and Mrs. Evens and sister went with me to see Aunt Patterson. She enquired for you and said it gave her much pleasure to see you, short as the time was, for you reminded her so much of papa when he was your age she loved to look at you. We sat there half an hour and then returned, when Sarah, sister, and I went round to Mrs. Mercers and sister treated us to ice cream. At tea Sarah told her papa, so after tea some time the doctor came in and said "Girls, go put on your hats, and take a walk with me to Parkinsons and I will treat you," so we did and had each a glass of ice cream, took a walk in Washington Square, and returned home . . .22 I tried my Aeolian harp on board of the barge and steam boat but I have not had time to learn it yet but think I shall be able to make some head before the fall when I hope we shall see you . . .

7.
Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing
Woodstock July 20th 1830
My dear brother
. . . On Saturday last we had a mantumaker here making your sisters look quite fashionable. She brought us letters from Sarah and Mary Lowber requesting us to come down on Saturday last and go with them on monday to Cape May, but we had written to them the day before saying we could not as mama told us if we went to Baltimore we must not expect to go any place else this summer. We have not heard from them since, so presume they went on monday and at this time are enjoying the sea breezes if there is any, but for the last three or four days it has been the warmest weather I almost ever felt. The thermomiter has been as high as 98, which you know is very high for this climate. Now I hope dear brother you will not expose your self to the heat or night air. By that I do not mean you should stay in the house all the time but only walk early in the morning or evening.

How has that spot got which was on your face? We feel quite anxious to know for Mr. Sargent about two months ago was shaved at a barbers in the city. Just after a small spot came on his chin as large as a sixpence. He took no notice of it and it increased. He then tried something simple such as salt and water viniger and a cent, but all to no purpose. He then sent for doctor Harris.23 By this time it had spread all over his chin. The Dr. did not say what it was but tried everything he could think of and then told Mr. S. he had better go to the city and try some of the physicians in the city. He went down with Mr. and Mrs. Sargent on Saturday last and this morning I rode down to hear how he was. Mrs. S. and her brother came up last evening and were just starting as we got there. They told us he was in great pain and had been cuped, bled, leached, and bled. They are in hopes it was a little better, as it had now got to running, what the doctor has been trying to get it too for a week past. He is in great agony and so weak he can not leave his room. Dr. Thomas Harris and Dr. Deweys [William P. Dewees] are his physicians and he is not out of danger. You see from what a small spot so much danger can come. I dont wish you to feel hurt but cannot help feeling anxious about that spot on your face. Do write me word how it is. I have not spoken of it nor will I to any one but sister and mama. Therefore burn this and no one will know any thing more about it, but do answer me if well or not.

Miss Eliza Gaskell has been dieting all summer for beating at her heart and tightness in her head. On monday morning at three O'clock Uncle was wakened with a knocking at the door and then the bell rung. He asked who was there and Mr. Hall answered him that Miss Gaskell was sick. They had gone for Dr. Spackman, who is up at Mr. Rudolphs, and he had ordered her wine whey immediately, and knowing Uncle had some old wine he had taken the liberty of coming over to get some. Uncle told him he was happy to let him have it, and after breakfast Uncle came down and told us mama went over and learned that from dieting so closely she had become so reduced she felt quite alarmed. They are now getting her to take nourishing food in small quantities. This morning she is
better. We were there and saw the Dr. He told us Catherine and her babe was at Mr. Rudolphs and would be glad to see us. We intended going over but not while the weather is so very hot. I have just been looking at the thermometer, it is one O'clock and 99, almost blood heat. I am really so warm I can scarcely write. I dont know how you stand it so far south. Let me know how warm it is with you. About a week ago Uncles girl sent us word she heard there was a girl to be had above the Eagle so sister and I started. After seeing the girl and engaging her to come we went up to see cousin Matilda [Moore], intending to stay to dinner, but just before we got there I observed a table set on the piazza and told sister I expected it was harvest day, but sister said they had the farm rented out, therefore they must have company. When we arrived cousin came out with a dreadful long face, said they had twenty reapers, and made a great fuss. After freting for some time she said "come, take off your bonnets, I can try and give you some dinner after the men are done." We told her no, we would not stay, it was too much trouble. She said to be sure they were very busy, but as it was just dinner time she hated to let us go away without our dinner or something to eat and asked us to take a piece of pie. We were determined not to give her the least trouble, for if she made such a fuss after her being down here the day before we went to Baltimore when she knew how much we had to do, it was too bad. Upon my word I was real mad about it. We did not go for what we got to eat, but you know she asked us to go up after our return and tell her what kind of a jaunt we had. Just as we left there all the men came in to their dinners and Mr. Latta was with them. He called out, "ladies, where are you going this time a day?" "Oh," said cousin, speaking out, "they are frightened to see so many men."

Think I, that is high enough to make Mr. Latta believe that. I have seen enough men not to be frightened at the sight of them, but it is in the nature of some people to fret, and cousin is one of that kind. Thank goodness I am not one of that kind. Let me be ever so busy, I'll try to give my relation a welcome with a smile. . . . I have been practicing on my Aeolina and find it quite easy to learn. I do not know whether I shall ever play with skill, but I can play by note almost all the tunes in the book. It is very sweet music, but some of the tunes are not set exactly like the thing because it will not sound the notes—for instance in "home sweet home," where it ought to be high it is low, for the first part of the tune goes on the highest notes, but some of the tunes are very good.

8.
Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing
Monday night, past ten O'clock and all have gone to bed

Woodstock Octr 18 1830

My dear brother . . . Cousin Belford met us in Phila. and on Saturday we started in company with him and cousin Matilda Moore at sunrise. We crossed the ferry to Camden where we took the stage (which was rough enough—they may talk of their Jersey roads being very good and easy to ride on but there carriages are so rough it does away all the good of the roads and I was quite stiff the next day). We breakfasted at Woodbury and arrived safe at four O'clock in the afternoon at Uncle Ewing's door where we were met by Aunt Ewing, cousin Sally Watson (pap's oldest sister's daughter), and Rachel Fithean (Aunts granddaughter). Uncle came in just after and all were as kind as it was possible to be. They asked for you and have a great desire to see you, Aunt Hunt in particular, who asked if you looked like your father? I told her you did look more like him than any of us. "Oh, the dear fellow, how I should like to see his sweet black eyes," said she. Then looking up at me, she said "you have not got black eyes, but your Old Aunt loves you for all, for your tall like your father was and you look like your mother who is a sweet woman and I love her as if she was my own sister."

On Sunday we went to church and I sat on one side of the church with cousin Rachel, and mama on the other with cousin Belford. Aunt Hunt says she saw mama and not seeing any one with her but cousin B. she thought I was not there, but when I came in with Rachel she thought to herself can't that be her, I cannot see her face, but she's a fine looking girl, but still she did not know it was me. After church I went round to mama and found Aunt speaking to her. Mama introduced me to her. She looked at me then, kissed me and then looked again. She turned round to mama and said "her eyes are not black, she dont look like her father." We then walked out of the church and went to see
papas grave. The tombstone is a very handsome one.\(^{24}\) I believe you have never seen it. I hope you will be able to visit Greenwich before long and hope you will be as much gratified as I was. The next morning Aunt came to see us before we were up and staid until the next day. I laughed more that day than I have for a long time. She is full of fun. On Tuesday we were invited to Mr. Seeley's to tea. They live very handsomely. He married a sister of cousin Moore, and Matilda went with us and staid there. There are two young ladies, Mr. Seeley, and a housekeeper. Mrs. Seeley has been dead some years. They have a piano and one of them plays. Mr. S. plays very well on the violin. The next day we took a ride round the neck where grandpapa used to live, in the morning, and in the afternoon over the creek to see a granddaughter of Uncle David who is married and lives on the banks of Cohansy on the other side. It is a very pretty place and there and on the creek side I saw a small crab they call fiddlers, something quite new to me. The next day we spent with cousin Mary Fithian, the next with cousin Sally Bacon—they are Aunt and Uncle's only children. They each have nine children apiece and cousin Mary has three grand children. She is about the age of Sister Elinor.

Mama told cousin B. if he could get a carriage, horses, and driver she would pay for them and we could go to Cape May. Cousin said he could and would go with us. Therefore on Monday morning Mr. Flanagan drove to the door at six and we three got in with him and drove off. We stopped at Bridgetown and told Mr. and Mrs. Elmer we would be back there on Wednesday evening. We then proceeded through woods and sand to Millvill, there we watered the horses, then went on to Port Elizabeth where we dined. Left there at two and arrived at Mr. Homes, fifteen miles from Cape Island, at six o'clock, having gone forty miles through very deep sand in some places. Mrs. Homes came out to meet us and was very kind. She was a Miss Leaming and an old friend of sister Elinors. We went in and were told Mr. Homes had gone with his two sons fishing. They did not return until nine o'clock at night. At seven we had supper and mama enjoyed the fresh fish, sheep head, blue fish, and goodlies. I am no fish eater, therefore they were no treat to me. The next morning the same for breakfast and at nine we left there for the Island. We stopped at cold spring, four miles from the Island, in a salt marsh and took a drink. We then went on and arrived at the sea at half past eleven, rode along the strand, and was dreadfully frightened for fear the sea would come over us. It touched the horses and they reared twice. I then begged to get out and we all looked for shells some time. Mama was tired, so she got in to the carriage and rode to Hughes house. Cousin and I looked for shells, we got some but none that were very pretty. We then went to Hughes. All the company had left, so we went all through the house, dined there, and at two O'clock rode along the strand to the light house. There Mr. H., cousin, and myself went to the top, walked round, and had a full view of the sea and Bay. Mama went part way up and looked out of the window. We left there at half past three, rode through the woods where the large pine trees hang with long sea green moss, some of which I brought home. We arrived at Mr. Homes at dusk, staid all night, left there next morning at seven, dined at Port E., and at Millvill went to see the glass works. Saw them making bottles of all kinds and covering demi-johns with willow.\(^{25}\) Left there and arrived at Mr. Elmers just before sunset. There we staid until the next Monday, visited every day. Went to see the button manufactory, saw it from the rough bone to the polished button. On Monday Mrs. Elmer, her daughter, and cousin Miss Elmer went with us to Mr. Seeley's and spent the day. They expected us and invited Aunt Hunt to meet us and some more of our relations, but none but Aunt came. Cousin Matilda had left there that morning for Phila. They had written for her to come home as her sister was sick. She got the letter on Thursday. There was no mail until Monday and when she got home her sister was well. We spent a very pleasant day and in the afternoon cousin Belford came in Uncle's carriage, we bade farewell to our Bridgetown friends, Mr. and Mrs. Seleys, and drove to
Uncle Ewings. There we were met by all the family with the greatest kindness. The next day we took tea with cousin Mary F.[s] daughter, who is married. The next day, Wednesday, all our relations came to bid us good buy, and on Thursday morning at six we left there in the stage and arrived in Phila. at four O'Clock.

9.
Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Woodstock 4th November 1830

... On Sunday last was Holloween, the night some people think they may do as much mischief as they choose. Uncle says on monday morning as they were riding along they saw a large farm wagon on the roof of a barn. Some mischievous persons had taken it to pieces and carried it up piece by piece, and put it together up there. They also saw at a store door just before day light a stuffy puddy put so as soon as the store keeper opened his door it would fall in on him. The moon shone very bright and they had a fine chance to play tricks...

10.
Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

[November 29, 1830]

My dear brother

... Our neighbour Mr. Leadom met with a great loss about two weeks ago. His second son by his last wife, a boy of fourteen, was packing corn fodder on a rick. Mr. L. was looking on and saw it begin to bend. He called to the boys to clear themselves, for the rick was falling. This boy jumped towards the wagon but did not jump far enough, but hit on the spikes at the side, and one of them run into his stomach, so they were obliged to lift him off. His entrails came out. His father put them in and sent for the doctor. He was in great pain for a week and then died. The family are in great distress. He was the most active boy at work Mr. L. said he ever saw and a fine rosy cheeked healthy looking boy as I ever saw.

Sister and I went to the city one day and returned the next. The night we were there Dr. Lowber, Mary, and I went to the Musical fund concert. The Dr. is a subscriber and is entitled to two ladies tickets. Sister Mary gave up to my going. She cannot be called at all selfish for I find if there is any pleasure which only one can join in she always gives up to me. I was gratified beyond all measure, for a Mr. Cuddy, a gentleman from England (I believe), played more elegantly on the flute than I ever heard or thought it could be played. I wish you could have heard him. His high notes were exquisite—I think Mr. Houston cannot surpass him. There was a Miss Sterling played on the piano, and I never heard a piano played with so much execution before. Her fingers went so fast you would have thought they were moved by some machinery. She played the “Downfall of Paris” with variations—it looked to be very difficult—a great deal of running up of the keys with both hands. Mr. Hufelt, the great teacher of Music,
played very handsomely on the violin. There was some songs but Mary Lowber and I came to a conclusion we could sing them just as well. Talking of songs, I have been learning one "Alice Grey." Have you heard it? It is quite a pretty, easy song. Have also learned the piece of music with variation which Mary L. played and you thought so handsome.

We have had our gig newly done up at the coachmakers by the Eagle. It looks very handsome but the stupid fellow brought it home yesterday through all the mud down the old road instead of coming the turnpike. I expect he thought he would have to pay the toll seven cents which we would rather have paid five times over than had the wheels so muddy.

You remember seeing Mrs. McCauley at Mrs. Gaskells, a small very lively young lady? She was buried week before last. She told her sister at her death not to lead such a life of gayety and thoughtlessness as she had—she was a very worldly woman it is true and quite pretty.

I have been making some wax flowers which are to nature handsomer than I ever made before. I got some elegant embossed bristol paper for fire screens while in town and hope they will be done some time before spring, but I have so much work on hand I cannot tell when I shall begin them.

NOTES
1. Edward Lowber (b. 1784) graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1804 and received an M.D. in 1807. He apparently combined medical practice with operating a drug store at 144 N. 3rd St. His home, at this time, was at 81 Pine St. University of Pennsylvania, Biographical Catalogue... 1749-1893 (Phila., 1894), 42; Desilver's Philadelphia Directory... 1831 (Phila., 1831).

2. The 10th Presbyterian Church, on the N.E. corner of 12th and Walnut Sts., was completed in December, 1829. Its first pastor was Thomas McAuley, from 1829 to 1833. Alfred Nevin, History of the Presbytery of Philadelphia (Phila., 1888), 217, 324-25.

3. Ezra Stiles Ely (1786-1861), a Yale graduate, was pastor of the Pine Street Presbyterian Church. Francis L. Hawks (1798-1866) served briefly, 1829-30, as an assistant to Episcopal Bishop William White at Christ Church. He had a long and notable career as a clergyman in Connecticut, New York, Maryland, North Carolina, and Louisiana, as historiographer of the Episcopal Church, and as first president of the University of Louisiana. J.H. Brown, Cyclopaedia of American Biographies, 7 Vols. (Boston, 1897-1903).


5. Maskell Ewing (1807-1849) was at this time a topographical engineer in the U.S. Army, stationed in Washington, D.C.

6. Poultson's American Daily Advertiser (Jan. 26, 1830) reported that while responding to a fire in Lombard St., between 2nd and 3rd, on Sunday morning between 8 and 9 A.M., the fire engine accidentally ran over the head of Edwin Thomas, giving him what was thought to be a "mortal injury." The paper of February 25, 1830, reported that Thomas was still alive but "in a very deplorable condition." The accident itself occurred at 3rd and Spruce Sts. when the streets were covered with ice. Thomas had attempted to assist the firemen by taking hold of the side of the engine and had slipped, falling under the wheel.

7. Maria Twells, widow, and daughter of James Stokes of Germantown, was married on Feb. 16, 1830, to Francis Shoemaker, merchant, by the Rev. William H. DeLancy (1797-1865). DeLancy, an assistant to Episcopal Bishop William White and Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, 1828-33, later became the Bishop of Western New York. The reception was provided by Robert Bogle, a widely acclaimed Black caterer. Poultson's American Daily Advertiser (Feb. 18, 1830); D.A.B. (for DeLancy); Joseph Jackson, Encyclopedia of Philadelphia, Vol. 2 (Harrisburg, Pa., 1831), 382-86.


10. Benjamin West's "Christ Rejected" is now part of the collection of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts.

11. This party was undoubtedly held at 126 4th St., where Francis Shoemaker lived with other members of his family until his marriage to Mrs. Twells, when he moved to her residence at 23 Branch St. Desilver's Phila. Directory for 1828, 1829, and 1831.

12. The Rev. Jacob J. Janeway (1774-1858), minister of the 2nd Presbyterian Church, did move to Pittsburgh to become professor at Western Theological Seminary. He had formerly resided at 185 Mulberry (also known as Arch St.). William Platt had resided nearby, at 201 Mulberry, but the Philadelphia Directories do not indicate that he moved from that address when Janeway left town. Desilver's Phila. Directory for 1828, 1829, 1831, 1833; Nevin, Phila. Presbytery, 179-80.


15. The Ewing girls apparently encountered sons of Joshua Percival, merchant, who resided at 89 Pine St. Desi-
16. John and Samuel Welsh, merchants, resided at 91
17. Mrs. Sarah Hall, widow of John Hall, age 69, died on
April 6, 1830, at her home at 54 S. 12th St. Poulson's
American Daily Advertiser (Apr. 10, 1830).
18. In the late 1820s, the open spaces between the older
settled areas of Philadelphia along the Delaware and
Schuykill Rivers began to be rapidly developed. George
and Charles Blight, wealthy merchants, commissioned
the architect, John Haviland, to design a row of residences,
which were, built in the fashionable suburbs of Britain and in Boston, New York,
Washington. "Colonnade Row," on the South side of
Chesnut Street between 15th and 16th Sts., contained ten
residences, the westernmost being the Blight's. An 1832
article in The Casket described this mansion as "on a scale of
magnificence unexampled. The interior of this dwelling
is decorated with East India ornaments. . . ." Unlike Europe,
though, row housing never appealed as much to wealthy
Americans as separate and somewhat unique houses, even
in the cities. Colonnade Row, rather than being the model
for fashionable domestic architecture, became more a pre­
cursor of middle-class and working-class housing in the
later part of the century. Desilver's Phila. Directory for 1828,
1829, 1831, 1833; The Casket (Phila., 1832), 405.
19. Dr. Ashton Alexander, who resided on Fayette St.,
one door east of Calvert. Matchett's Baltimore Directory . . .
1831 (Baltimore, 1831).
20. Baltimore, home of the first Catholic Bishop in the
United States, was the center of American Catholicism in
the early nineteenth century. The cathedral, designed by
Benjamin Latrobe, was one of the great examples of monument­
architectural architecture, visited by all travelers in the city. It
contained two massive historical paintings donated by the
Kings of France; Guerin's "The Descent from the Cross,"
and Stuben's "St. Louis Burying his Officers." Picture of
Baltimore (Baltimore, 1832) 126–29.
21. Capt. James Chaytor, who lived at the North end of
Chatsworth St., commanded the steamboat Carroll, which
at this time made a daily morning trip from Baltimore to
Chesapeake City for the Union Line, conducting Northern
travelers to the Western terminus of the Chesapeake and
Delaware Canal and meeting Southbound travelers in the
early afternoon for conveyance to Baltimore. Travelers
crossed the Delmarva Peninsula in canal boats and were
met by another steamboat at Delaware City for the trip to
22. George Parkinson, confectioner, had his shop at 174
Cheestnut St. In the following decades, Parkinson's Restau­
rant on 8th St. and Parkinson's Garden on Chestnut, above
10th, conducted by members of the family, were among the
most noted dining establishments in the city. Desilver's
Phila. Directory for 1831; Jackson, Encyclopedia of Phila.,
Vol. 2, 387–89.
23. Dr. Thomas Harris had an office at 9th and Spruce Sta., Dr. William P. Dewees at 10th and Walnut Sta. Desi­
24. Maskell Ewing (1758–1825), father of the writers,
had died suddenly while visiting his family in Greenwich,
New Jersey, where he had grown up, and he was buried there.
25. Milville, New Jersey, at this time had two glass facto­
ries, Burgin's and Pearsall's. They employed 75 to 100 work­
ers and were primarily engaged in making bottles. Thomas
F. Gordon, A Gazeteer . . . New Jersey (Trenton, N.J.,
1834), 180.
26. Mrs. Sarah McCauley, wife of Daniel S. McCauley,
age 26, died on November 12, 1830. Poulson's American
Daily Advertiser (Nov. 13, 1830).

Southern Speech Patterns, ca. 1827
Adiel Sherwood (1791–1879), New York
born graduate of Union College, moved for
health reasons to Georgia in 1818 and became
one of the forceful educational and religious
leaders in the South through the Civil War
period. He was ordained as a Baptist clergyman
in 1820 and during the 1820s was an itinerant
missionary throughout Georgia, not only start­
ing and encouraging churches, Sunday schools,
and Bible societies, but observing and taking
notes on the geography, people, and institutions
of his adopted state. A Gazeteer of the State of
Georgia (Charleston, S.C., 1827) provided the
first detailed description of the area.
As with generations of outsiders travelling in
the South, Sherwood was fascinated by the
speech patterns of Georgians, and to his 1827
Gazeteer he appended a list of "provincialisms,"
which gives modern linguistic historians a very
early document of the antiquity of certain pro­
nunciations and slang expressions. The appen­
dix is reproduced here in its entirety.

Provincialisms
The following list is not inserted, because we
are the only people who coin and use words
without regard to accuracy; but with the hope
that seeing them printed, we shall forbear to
drag them into service. It will be seen by refer­
ence that many of our provincialisms are bor­
rowed from England. There is no section of
country, but has more or less of them.
This long, or that long, for so long.
This far, for so far.
Tote, for carry, bear.
Raised, for brought up, educated.
Smart chance, for good deal, large quantity,
large company, great number.
Reckon, for presume, or suppose.
Disremember, for forget, want of recollection.
Monstrous, for very, as monstrous great.
Mighty, for very, as mighty well, &c.
Proud, for glad, as I should be proud to see
you.
May be he cant, for an affirmation that one
can do, or perform a thing.
Whole heap, for many, several, much, large congregation.
Misery, for pain, as misery in my head.
Done said it, for has said it.
Done did it, for has performed, or done it.
Pleasantry, for pleasure.
Et, for ate.
Fauch, for fetch, or bring.
Holpe, for help.
Beast, or critur, for horse.
Go by, for call, or stop at.
Truck, for medicine.
Truck, for produce, cloth, or almost any thing.
Like I do, for as I do.
Onct, for once.
Scrouge, for crowd.
Tight scrouging, for difficult.
Right good, for very good.
Get shut of, for get rid of.
Mout, for might.
Pertend up, for better, more cheerful.
Wrench, for rinse.

Erroneous Pronunciations
Maracle, for Miracle.
Presbattery, for Presbytery.
Impotent, for important.
Jemes, for James.
Tower, for tour pr. toor.
Alabam, for Alabama.
Kaintuc, for Kentucky.
Marci, for Mercy.
Sarment, for Sermon.
Textes, for Texts.
Oxens, for Oxen.
Ruff, for roof.
Starrs, for Stairs.
Bar, for bear.
Stare, for Star.
Drowned, for Drowned.

Emigrant Bookplate

Early American bookplates have long attracted collector and scholarly interest. The Clements Library recently acquired a highly unusual one—a bookplate printed in Germany containing specific reference to the anticipated emigration of the owner to Pennsylvania. The plate appears, pasted in a fine copy of George von Welling's *Opus-Mago-Cabbalisticum* (Hamburg, 1735). Since the bookplate itself is dated 1726, presumably Bentzel adopted it as his regular mark of ownership in the years after his immigration. The translation of the plate was kindly provided by Aaron Fogleman, doctoral candidate in the University of Michigan Department of History.

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*Johann Georg Bengel*

*Rimmt dieses Buch mit aufs die Reiss
Nach Benfolviarien / und gibt Preis
Den hochsten Ort der wird erhalten
Die Reisende mit Jung und alter.*

NB.
Fleuch vor der Schild wie vor einer Schlangen.

*Wormbs den 11. May 1726.*

Johann Georg Bentzel
Take this book with you on your trip to Pennsylvania and give praise to God on high who will protect travellers young and old.

NB.
Flee from sin as you would from a snake.

*Worms, May 11, 1726.*

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*Riding in Style*

At the end of the American Revolution, British merchants, deprived of the American colonial market for almost a decade, flooded the new nation with manufactured goods.
James Douglas, a London merchant, specialized in shipping luxury goods to American merchants. A large folio volume covering the period from April 15, 1784, to July 31, 1790, provides minute details on shipments sent to New York, Cape Breton, and Charleston, South Carolina. On October 19, 1784, he entered a lengthy invoice of goods shipped by McClure & Douglas on board the Castle Douglas, for Charleston in account with James Gregorie. Among the miscellaneous cargo of cloth, hardware, crockery, china, music and musical instruments, furniture, tools, porter, and beef, was a magnificent carriage built by Arthur Windus.

From the full description printed below, one would imagine that it turned many a head on the dusty roads of South Carolina.

To a New Handsome Chariot Made with the Best Seasoned Timber & painted a fine dark Ground Colour, with Large Handsome fur Mantles on the doors & ends Pannels with Arms & Crests, lined with a fine light Colour’d Cloth, Trim’d with The best Caffoy Lace with the Best Plate, Glass’s Oval Glass Behind with patent Veneation, shades, Wainscot Box under the seat Carpet &c—Cover’d with The Best neat Leather & highly Japan’d put on with strong plated Mouldings Plated Clasps & plated Joints, The body hung upon a neat Strait Perch Carriage Suitable to the Body with Lofty Springs Iron Screw’d Axeltrees with Wrought Iron pipe Boxes high wheels with high Rais’d hind footboard & high pump handle hind Standards Neatly Carv’d with a high Box & full Gather’d Hammer Cloth Trim’d with two rows of deep pavy [?] Colourd fringe with Gimp head, & footmans holders The same &c, The whole of the best Materials & Workmanship To a Neat strong pair of harness with Bridle bits & run’s neatly Stich’d with Whips & the Furniture & Buckles plated with Silver of best Strong Town plating &c—

Recent Acquisitions

BOOKS
Pleasanton, Augustus James. The Influence of the Blue Ray of the Sunlight. Philadelphia, 1877. Nutty theory of ex-Civil War officer that light filtered through blue window glass could cure most physical and emotional ailments. Printed entirely in blue ink!
“A Letter from Mr. John Clayton, Rector of Crofton at Wakefield in Yorkshire, to the Royal Society, May 12, 1688, giving an Account of Several Observables in Virginia,” in Edmund Halley’s Miscellaneous Curiosa., Vol. 3. London, 1708. 74pp. natural history of Virginia based upon memory of 1686 visit by a highly observant amateur scientist.
Buchanan, W. Jefferson. Maryland’s Hope. Richmond, 1864. Desperate plea for Maryland to join the Confederacy.
The Memoirs of John Ker of Kersland. London, 1726. 2 Vols. Memoir and political advice of Scottish-born British spy in Europe, with many thoughts on strengthening the American colonies and settling frontier areas.
Martin, Samuel. An Essay on Plantership. Antigua, 1785. Scarce West Indian imprint on
managing a plantation.


*The Mirror of the Graces: or, The English Lady's Costume.* New York, 1813. Early book on fashions, with charming colored plates, published while at war with great Britain!

Millegan, George. *A Short Description of the Province of South-Carolina, with An Account of the Air, Weather, and Diseases.* London, 1770.


Frossard, Benjamin Sigismund. *La cause des esclaves negres et des habitans de la Guinee.* Lyons, 1789. 2 Vols.


*La Barre, Antoine. Description de la France equinoctiale.* Paris, 1666. Description of Cayenne, with a particularly fine, large map of the colony and neighboring territory.

Clark, Louise. *General Lee and Santa Claus.* New York, 1867. Unusual, illustrated pro-Southern children's book explaining that Lee ordered Santa not to cross the lines and deliver presents while Confederate soldiers lacked necessities in the trenches.


James, Thomas Horton. *Rambles in the United States and Canada During the Year 1845.* London, 1846. Other than a brief view of Oregon, an unrelieved, hostile picture of New York City society, with contents summaries such as: "Americans adulterate everything—Eat like Wolves—Men have no Shoulders, Females no Bosoms," etc.


Sagra, Ramon de la. *Cinc mois aux Etats-Unis.* Paris, 1837. Fine, detailed travel account, New England to Washington and west to Niagara, with fine engravings, including one of an early American house trailer!

Smith, Hamilton. *Cannelton, Perry County, Ind.* Louisville, 1850. Promoting a would-be town.


*Kansas City Illustrated.* Kansas City, 1876. Wonderful tinted engravings.


Summers, Thomas O. *Art of Printing.* Nash-
ville, 1861. Apparently just pre-Confederate imprint of Methodist Printing House.


Nicholson, Francis. An Apology or Vindication of... His Majesty's Governor of South-Carolina. London, 1724, and Papers Relating to an Affidavit Made by His Reverence James Blair, Clerk, Pretended President of William and Mary College and Supposed Commissary. London, 1727. Personal justifications of the highly capable but hot-tempered governor of a half-dozen American colonies regarding disputes in South Carolina and in Virginia at the beginning of the century. The second pamphlet provides fascinating tidbits on the early history of the College of William and Mary.


Gatford, Lionel. Public Good Without Private Interest. London, 1657. Very scarce and interesting pamphlet on Virginia during the period when there is little printed documentation, advocating a variety of well-reasoned reforms such as sending a better class of governors, clergy, and immigrants, American coinage, free trade and import duties to pay public expenses, tobacco inspection, justice to the Indians, and the establishment of towns.

Gerbier, Sir Balthazar. A Summary Description, Manifesting the Greater Profits Are to be Done in Hott than Could Parts of the Coast of America, with Advertisement for Men Inclined to Plantations in America. Rotterdam, 1660.


Waterhouse, Edward. A Declaration of the State of the Colony... in Virginia. London, 1622. Primary account of the 1622 massacre accompanied by broadside listing necessities for new settlers—including a suit of armor!


Vaughan, Benjamin. Remarks on a Dangerous Mistake... Boundary of Louisiana. Boston, 1814. Argument by noted Anglo-American diplomat that New Orleans was not part of Louisiana on the basis of historical-diplomatic precedent.

Thompson, Thomas. A Letter from New Jersey. London, 1756. Scarce and informative portrait of New Jersey by SPG Anglican clergyman who had served parishes in the colony between 1745 and 1751.

MAPS


Plas, Chevalier de. Two partially finished Ms. charts, one of Cape Breton, the other of the St. Lawrence, 1755.


Collection of 16 maps, most of them printed at Sherman's headquarters in the field during the Atlanta Campaign, several of them "sun pictures." 1864.

Mount & Page. Gulf of St. Lawrence. 1754; Chart of River St. Lawrence. 1759; Newfoundland. 1760. Mounted on 18th-century rollers, probably for shipboard use during Seven Years War.

Byfield, Henry. Two of three sheets (eastern and western ends), apparently manuscript, of survey of Lake Superior. 1825. Gift of Ira Schultz of Adrian, Michigan.

NEWSPAPERS

MANUSCRIPTS
A. Collections and Bound Items
James B. Price Letters, 1815–32. 35 letters of a physician from Philadelphia who set up practice in Louisiana, 1821–32, describing conditions, public health, and his business and family situation to a sister back in Pennsylvania.
Lars Sellstedt Papers. Small collection of correspondence and ephemera of Swedish-born sailor turned artist of Buffalo, New York. Best letters date from 1849–50 to his fiance, from New York and the West Indies, at the time he first became a full-time artist.


Additions to existing collections: James M. O'Connor Papers (6 ALSs from Henry Carey, 1823–24); Nicholas Low Papers (13 ALSs); Melville Papers (undated memo. re. Ohio Indians and 5 items re. guardships in India, 1787); Fenn-Hoffman Papers (Charles F. Hoffman ALS., 1835).

B. Individual Letters and Documents
Christopher Gore to John Lowell, Waltham, Mass., Apr. 4, 1822. Critique of Alexander H. Everett's Europe (1822), which included a portrayal of the British navy which annoyed Gore to the point of his writing a rebuttal. Gift of Duane Norman Diedrich, Muncie, Indiana.

William Penn, ALS., New Castle, Eng., Aug. 18, 1708.

William Nelson Pendleton, 20 pp. memoir re. role of the artillery in the Army of Northern Virginia. Prepared for Robert E. Lee after the war, when he was considering writing a history.

Samuel K. Harryman, ALS., Robertsville, S.C., Feb. 1, 1865. Inclosing superb pencil sketches of homes of Dr. Cheves (Jan. 1, 1865) and Dr. Seabrook of Hardieville (Jan. 17, 1865) which had been used as headquarters of the 3rd Div., 20th Corps, of Sherman's army. Both homes were left in ruins.

Muster Roll, 51st Tennessee Volunteer Infantry, May, 1862, recording efforts to regroup the regiment after the Battle of Shiloh.

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Pages 32-38 Historical Epitome of the State of Louisiana . . . (New Orleans, 1840).

Page 40 Frontispiece, Gabriel Harrison's John Howard Payne . . . (Phila., 1885). Engraved by G. R. Hall from a Daguerreotype by Brady.


Page 48, 50-52 Author's Collection.

Page 56 Clements Library Map Collection.

Page 58 Doggett's New York City Directory for 1849-1850.

Page 59 Christopher Hughes Papers. Clements Library.


Page 72 Poulson's American Daily Advertiser. Phila., November 17, 1830, p.3.

All printing devices employed in this issue are from works printed by Francis Bailey of Philadelphia and Lancaster, Pennsylvania.