

New York N.Y. Sunday 8th July 38

Ever dear and Honored Parents

Your agreeable letter of the 8th ult came duly to hand - I say agreeable in general, but the portion written by our dear and so often afflicted Mother, made our hearts ache to the core, though it was more on Mother's account than our own - We are as truly sensible of the deep sorrows which Mother has been compelled to undergo, as any one, and most humbly do we beg her forgiveness for all that we have caused, and deeply, anxiously, and affectionately do we sympathize with her, in what she has had to bear from others - We never for an instant forget how near and dear to us, you our dear Mother, and we think we are old and experienced to judge and say, that but for that same sweet anchor, which Mother possesses in the person and character of our honored Father, her frail heart would have been long ago strangled - Mother's present trouble I consider as a minor affair, and regret that it worried her so much - I cannot attach any more importance to it, than to a transaction which occurred a few moments since - Charles took it into his head to go to church - As he was going out, he took from a bunch of dogwood out of Judith's pitcher, a rose - Judith discovered it, and is quite huffy about, and declares she will not speak to him for the day, and is tempted to pick the blossoms off his hill of potatoes - He will be in directly, and she will be the first one to run and greet him, to ask if Amelia R. Abbeams was at church, and if she saw that new work straw bonnet, with the pink ribbon - What Father says of domestic affairs, the new beer, the turnpikes &c is highly interesting to more than our own immediate family - Harriet retains a lively recollection of the localities of the various objects about the house, and the subparent fields, orchards &c. Her companion listens with large eyes, and various feelings, at her relations of apples and deep, riding on horseback, a round dozen of cones in one apartment, and "Lester Debnaks Julia" is the very achme of anything connected with household. We have had it very dry and hot for some time and the gardens and upland grass suffer - Lydia sits fanning and reading the Enquirer - Harriet is up in her chamber, and I suppose "making observations, on this one look and that one sleep" Judith is up in her baby house, (a commodious cabinet) has dressed all her dolls for Sunday, and is giving them an early dinner, served up in

young shells - Lydia and Harriet melt easy, but as for "samuel"
Judith, I tell her she is as unkind as a young tiger or a Sumatran
hyena. - They are all this far all we can wish them. - The girls have
now missed getting a prize at their respective examinations, since they
have been going to school. - Judith has obtained next to the highest,
twice, in succession, and competing with girls of 10, 11 and 12 years of age.
Not so with Charley. - Though ^{ad} for advanced as any of them of his age,
that long string of demerits at the end of the quarter interferes.
hunting out his pen-knife to see if the tongue is safe - smuggling
a suck from his pickled lime - snuffing orange peel into his
desk mat for flag mat, - all of which delinquencies are duly
noticed and registered, by the hawk-eyed Spiritants, the Miss Barney's,
Miss Easton &c. The school is now closed for three weeks or usual
account of the heat. - In the school house next door to us, there are
congregated twice a day 400 children between 4 and 14 years of age.
I dreaded its near locality at first, but we should feel quite
benign to have it removed now. - Their cheerful voices, when
in their respective yards, at recess, is to me delightful. - When they
goe out at noon or in evening I am generally upon the look out,
peeping through the blinds, or through the crack of the front door
to see the fun. There are few boys now of from 9 to 13 who bear
quibbles enough among themselves to have a book down, but come fugaciously
to the "lie," under our windows, with regard to the locality of a
City or province in Europe, or Ohio, its boundaries &c. Dr. Coates, then
gave a couple of girls, doing as they think a "great smack," as Aunt
Abby says, dragging on his belly a lump of a 4 yr. old boy, because
he was going to run away and go in swimming! His Mother said he
might if he was a good boy, but afterwards, told his sister, to ask
Betty her Cousin, to help her bring him home, and if he would not
come and was naughty, she'd whip him! Away he goes and at
every yell, scoops up with his lower jaw a mouthful of sand,
steering about as wild, as an old fashioned one horse plough, with
the coulter unshipped. - The little fellow goes home, and sitting
aside the poignant disappointment, of which his thoughts and
ignorant Mother was the author, (perhaps, and as often the case
Father) he is denied a portion of his dinner, is sent again with
throbbing brain to his studies. - I do not say that such cases
are very common, but they do occur, and when such materials and
in such a state is sent to the teacher, he is censured if he does
not enlighten the heart stuck ^{boy}, and cursed if he attempts to
come at, and enliven their sensibilities, and stimulate them
to industry, by their same Parents, who laid the foundation
of their present ignorance and misery, and secret hatred

perhaps in after life to all hands - Men because he was often deceived
during his juvenitude by a lie - I was led imperceptibly to these fine
remarks, and don't wish you to think that such things, (though if
in one instance too much so) are now common - We have already approv-
ed to a state of things which would greatly surprise Father and
Mother - No distinctions are made - The female student (No 1) in
the Coffin School, is daughter of David Luce, and will pass examinations
with any of the Boston ladies of her age - One of the Little Holmes's
(a large portion of the family, now amalgamating, on the frontier of
New Guinea) obtained at the New Town school house the highest
prize for two successive quarters - Time was, when Jents was stemming
a storm! - When masses both land and sea were heaped upon him,
by the rich, (aristocracy) - and No! not the millionth part of a
farthing would they give for, i.e. by law, to "educate other
people's children" - I have heard in thy good times, when I was saying
the fatiguing arguments of Father, many such observations and
in fact assertions, and thou seem to, with denunciations
against what they called a "direct tax, in a new shape," as heavy
almost as their silvers in the vaults, or their credits at the banks -

"How is it now? Why," Jents is a smart writer - What a fine
exhibition of such a school - Was you there to day? Let me fetch
on their Boston school - I'd have had given something out of
my own pocket if the Committee had been done so and so -"
(meaning, had things been) Jents and myself hear much of this,
for I have been always sined by in the same coteries with him,
and I have made one, however small, when the wicks of lamps
in the reading room began to get dry, and I have found mine
in the corner, and "all asleep" - I laugh sometimes, and say to
Jents, then, when some one of the old opposers, if every thing,
which you wrote, said, or did in favour of our paying the
tax agreeably to law for schools, smaggers round heads, and throbs
be thrown - need, in your eyes, by asking, pompously,
"who, opposed the introduction of public schools upon the 15th?"
Why don't you, before he can answer the question with "Not I!"
clap your finger upon his shoulder and say as Mathew
did unto David? - He laughs and says "taint worth while,
they know they lie, and the only idea of their thus undervaluing
my reeds, memory, and discernment, is a proof that ^{they} did not
know the advantages, their children equally require, and are now
receiving -" I looking back, I see that I had one subject
on to another, with perhaps too short a reply, but I am not
engaged in a historical essay, and believing that Parents

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feel the deepest solicitude for the well being of us and my, I would
forgo indulge in one remark, and hope not to be considered as boasting.

Our children have never been told a lie, by either of us - With regard
to the provisions, water and small stores stored, they know as well as
we do - what such an article cost - and all about it - They are never
now never have been told, that this was not a mite of cake in the house,
and a few minutes afterwards saw a plate full come upon the table
for Company -! - As for stealing we don't think of it, if them -

We keep nothing locked up - A lead purse, containing upon an
average a dollar or two in change, is in the old work bag, which
Lydia had in Ohio and hangs near the bed room fire place -

Either, or the whole amount to it to get change, and when returning
from an errand, the only question from either is, "how much a hawk
did you give, or how much a pound?" - the purse is put back, and
that settles it -

To call Harriet or Charles up, and say here, I
want to count, and see if you have taken any, would multiply them
beyond measure - Lydia is slender, but I tell her she is tough -

Our acquaintances and valued friends are numerous, but we are tied to
no visits of ceremony or uncomfortable parties - In this respect, we
work as admirably in the traces of matrimony as did old Charley & Hall
in theirs of the plough -

When on duty abroad, or when travelling I
have enough of the hypocrite to act, and to see acted, stiffened
with the insignia of brief authority, to induce me to enjoy some of
the moments as they fly, and always eschew, (politely of course) the
idea of going to parties, when they attempt to imitate the dances
of Washington, and Paris -

Sunday 15th. Reuben Coffin and wife
having done up their visit will be off on Wednesday. Day before yester
day, I was rebuking one of the children for some trifle, but they
caught me foul, for Harriet could accuse me of the same
trick - "Oh," says Lydia, "but that's an iron ore" - in minutes
afterwards I was walking down the street as they
were docking the mail packet, and who should I meet but
John Starbuck! seven days from Cincinnati. After shaking hands I
put some questions, but he knew nothing, nor anything about
any body - I asked him if had a new garden this year -
he replied "ayay" - I told him they had got to using
saws with iron teeth to them here, and wondered if they had
them in Ohio yet - "Oh, I got two," said he, "and one, 'I've had'
says he, "I Kellato, I do no how long" - it some laughing in
his face, I bade him good day in a hurry - During his is at
a very low ebb. Carvers, Mechanicks & out of employ and the
necessaries of life very dear. A great many have turned

their attention to farming! Oh, farming! imported can, ranges
during the year from 85 to 110 cents per bushel, in short, to keep
a horse costs about \$200, or \$250 per year. The dropping from 25 to 62 cts
per load, to be carried from 1 to 2 1/2 miles and yet many a man
who's master try to convince themselves that they are saving their
money in spite of the result shown, after figuring one voyage.
The silk bubble soon burst - I never knew folks to pursue a rather
illy wove vent so tenaciously before. I heard him a great deal,
and said to him, you are bragging one day of the self satisfaction
you feel in having been instrumental in collecting under the
roofs of school houses the whole as it were of the juvenile portion
of the community, the next you say that children can tend
silk worms. I made so much sport about it, that I was set
down as a radical, and as a believer that there was nothing
good except in Ohio, and that nothing good could come out
of Maryland - Such hauling and pulling for bundles of mulberry
trees - Men inserting trees into the ground, that never inserted any
thing in their lives, without it was a lance or harpoon, or a
pole into their sockets. One man, ploughed two Cato lots (4 acres)
and filled it with trees, about the size of ones thumb -
In other words, he set them out in rows 8 feet apart with a space
between the rows of 12 feet. They all died of course - In short,
at considerable expense these men set out about 5,000 trees,
and all the hay they ever produced would not have grown 500
silk worms a bunch. It used to make me laugh to hear the
"very wise things" chattering of the excellence of the *Morus Multicaulis*.
Cousin Feb calls it, and in they pour into his wake - He has
a couple of thousands - what of it - But a they loss who
cannot afford it. Lydia rode out with me yesterday for the
second time since I came home - We rode round the hammock
pond - There was a gang of the south head, so we rode down about
two thirds the distance to the popony lot, caught 27 perch and
had them at tea time - Lydia caught two. It is a grass year this
year in the ponds, and difficult to burn the shore to them inside of
grass any where - and in the north head, you can't at all.
I like to walk over the hills, and being to recollect two Tom's and my
boyish ramble to the hummock - Methinks I see the self same
whistles which stung me then, because I kept my eye huddled of
any thing else, steady up the bluff bank, wondering if I should
ever get there. The same red wing gave his hoarse chuck over
my head, and when I come to the little gutter running from
the swamp, I always lay down and drink, and think how I
felt when Tom and myself caught a turtle there - Oh me

both saw it at once it became joint stock - But we always thought that Bud Crosby stole it the first night from the hoghead. At the time of the great fire here, one of the engines became suddenly useless and remained so, or nearly so, during the conflagration. Half of a turtle was found 50 feet along the hose, the other jammed in, some where, about the valves. Mem. boys should not put turtles in rain water hogheads.

Our relations are generally in good health - Much Lath farms considerable - Aunt Mary is full - very - she is done up - Her youngest children are barely out of her arms - Much James carpenter, and fishes at Lenox - Aunt Deborah and her two married daughters do up a heap of tailoring - She stops frequently to see us, she says she supposes, that she has now got another brood to bring up - she has three grand children - Aunt Deborah is one of the most noble, and hard some women that walk in streets, and is much esteemed and respected - Aunt Lou, has not enjoyed much health for years - she spends all her summers at Lenox - I have never heard of Much Seave sitting foot there - He makes candle boxes during the week, and reads the bible long days Sundays - He gets but little to do this year, and they no doubt are very poor.

Much Lath has one grand child, the 2^d daughter, Rebecca. We seldom see any of the females of the Coffin family, though there is no misunderstanding, and they are, always when we meet, (the men every day) inquiring about the family in the most friendly terms -

Cousin Tub works in the sail loft - He is much broken in body but not a bit of it in spirit - He comes very frequently of an evening, "to see the little gal and her chicks" - If he misses this evening (Sunday) it will be a wonder - He is capital company, and it seems to me that he has not forgotten a single iota of any transaction connected with his existence - He is a great hand for remembering couplets of old songs, having a hearing upon individuals of his younger days, then saying, things & so "he is not on the watch now - too old they say - When he was, Lydia says that she has lain awake, listening the winter blast, and "does and minnows rattle," thinking of him, when Cousin Tub would come along and sing out the time of night, and likely enough add on the nose of a song, it would be like anodyne to her. - He came in the other day, "Well," says Lydia, "Cousin Tub, how is your health now a days?" Pretty fair harkes, pretty fair for an old man, only I have to keep a bright eye to windward, that I don't get cold, for if I do, I have to lay a hull for a week, with a blasphemous unfordonable cough!! Aunt Abby is going from old age, she gets up her about once a fortnight to draw upon Lydia in person - She being her banker - I drew the last dividend of \$10.00 for her the

last of the Church indemnity money. Nothing can persuade her to view
the blacken and charred pieces of what is left of the mission house.
Lydia went down once with me - The pieces had been taken away; the
burnt stumps of the post, and the blackened pump leg leaning
from the well, was all that remained - The powder, (a bag of 35 lbs)
blew junk of the cellar wall, several yards square, a dozen feet or
more - We placed it at the foot of the cellar stairs with a
slow match formed of tow, very slightly twisted - Poor Lydia
burst into tears at the sight and I could not refrain from joining
her - Our walks always led ^{us} around the premises - But from the
Lydia Sils house to the foot of the late rope walk, is one blackened
silly waste - One lot of Mexico strained contained 900 bbls in 6 and 8
oaked casks - What a sight to see the hoops standing in skeleton
nakedness, exactly as they were stowed when clasping their
valuable contents. James Atherton lost about 55,000 dollars worth,
but clapped his name upon the donation paper, the very first,
to the tune of \$1000.00 and of course the skin flints for Levi and
Samson, could not get off with life, for their immense and valuable
stock, was in the greatest danger - The wind was at first from South,
fresh - Had it have continued, these stores would have gone and
nothing but the North shore would have stopped the flames - But
it suddenly changed to S. W. and blowing the black columns
of oil smoke, from the E. enabled us, to get a couple of engines
and keep them damp, until the fire abated, a shed of 300
bbls of oil, and a man house burnt up - A holy neighbour of ours
a Cook ship Carpenter, told me to "mark the fingles of Providence,
the wind changed it". I told him if his god could the buildings
of the Stauntons, be the cause of burning all that was burnt,
but a very trifling; - for if he have been changed the wind to N. W.
when it was first discovered, only the head of the walk would
have been burnt - "But, Neighbours, don't you think that Providence
interferes, and controls all?" In reply, I told him that, our habits,
prejudices, and particularly education, disqualified us from any
argument upon such speculative points, but, as he had before
said, that all I wanted to become a perfect man, (in his estimation
of course) was to think as he did, I owed him all due gratitude -
Though as for subscribing to such a partial Providence as he
imagined, it would seem by a god of one of the New Zealand
subject to no mutations of form or character, except those
wrought by time -

I might continue on for pages, and still have something
left to say - I will report every change in my affairs, which on of
course more to none enough now, and will be, until there is some change

in the administration of Naval affairs - If Mr. Paulding finds
the end of the coil, I will give him till "A" to clear the snarl.

A paper mailed by some one from Catania, announced William's
marriage - I had it published, and answered the inquiries of
~~readers~~ (not so many as that,) but a great many from persons who
knew him in infancy - Mr. hem not less without hopes, but that
we should know some of the particulars, and no doubt we shall
in due time know, all which is proper for us to know - They bear
however, the heartfelt and sincere wishes of an affectionate brother
and sister, for a full share, of the society of happiness meted
out to mankind -

Cousin James Purker, who married Paul West's
daughter, is a fine young man, and gets some law writing - Charles
had an office in charge, and we are upon good 'change' terms -
I believe Uncle Purker enjoys much domestic happiness -
He has no slaves of sort "down long", and why should he have?
He has every comfort at home, and cares for nobody, and nobody
cares for him - Since writing the foregoing I find that Mr. Coffin
is certainly gone on Wednesday in the steers boat. We thought he had put
it off until Monday's boat following - It is now half past nine,
(Monday 10 P.M.) and, as the bell rang nine, I headed home, and
Lydia of course was taken unawares, for our lines must be at
Jonathan Swains by 12 (M) to-morrow, for the "mail" - Lydia has
gone into the front room, to add a line, or append one to what
Harriet has been writing - I have been gone an hour this evening,
in obtaining the necessary information of the positive departure of
Mr. Coffin - Why I staid so long, was because I left Lydia
in tears - I stopped into the reading room, and read "24th of July
accidents," congenial with my other feelings - I said that I
left Lydia in tears - I found her ready to write, but what she
is writing I can not tell or know - But to the point - If any one
is to blame in eliciting from my Dear Mother, the sentiment attributed
to me that Lydia did not want Deborah - I am the person -
I was premature in making the proposition to Lydia, for my letter
was a long while in getting to Nant. as I ought to have expected
at that season. Her argument to herself, she says was, that the
season was far advanced - she could not imagine my views so
suddenly expressed, because, when we had been talking together of
Deborah, and planning a visit, we came to the conclusion that
the time might come, when it would come right for one, or both