Aug [18]]

Phil.a Walnut Street No 179
Sansoms Row

My Dear Sisters

This morning I heard a running after me and I was induced to look around & lo a young Lady was in pursuit, which you may suppose startled the who am so very modest & blushing. However she is a fine pleasant little girl. Miss Maria Ann Astley, who goes to Boston on ~~Mon~~ Wednesday. She wished to say that she did not go until Mr. & Jeanne waited upon her home & among other things wished that she could have the place that I ~~have~~ should have at the launch, which really I have resign to her. The launch of the 74 will be the grandest ~~sight that~~ was ever seen in this city.

This said young Lady will please your & suspect. May you see her. They will go to Cape bridge. I should say that you can not pay them much attention on account of Mother. Mr & Mrs Astley have paid great attention to your brother & reciprocate to the fostering of intimacy & I anticipate much pleasure in their acquaintance this winter.

Aug 28th night) The Franklin sunk gracefully in the water this day between two & three o.c. & amid the acclamations of the people. I was invited by the builder to partake of cold collation at 12 & go to the launching & about 12½ past we were in the Navy Yard. Such a procession as we formed you never saw. Mr Jones led about 150 Ladies & Capt Lloyd Jones brought up the rear

We waited an long time - one man was killed by a shore falling upon him & another by falling on to the ship - (He fell down the hole and got up dead) - the gentility of the city were under the awning and the guard was endeavouring to keep the mob off the fences, when they pelted them with stones & they fell deadly in among the Ladies to there great annoyance. Three times we were all jammed under the gun carriages Ladies screaming, crying & looking most horribly pale. Such terror I never before saw. but I laughed, at it most unfeelingly bree I was jammed in among those fat ladies the Mrs Ralston's & Dr Dorsey. Many persons were killed & wounded - arms broken legs thighs &c - by the mob & falling of stagings &c &c, but no material injury in our quarter - save that the centinel & an officer was hurt - — The river was free of Boats & vessels and the building houses &c were covered with heads, some say 40 others 60.000 and others more. — Dined a Capt Jones & heard him, or rather in answer to my questions said that the frames of these vessels were cut in Adams administration & pointed to that the only alteration that could be made was ordered by him and that was to make them as bouyant as could be with that timber — I gave Catherine Clarke one of the three paper paintings with these words all in the enclosing letter! "To Miss Cath. Clarke from Elizabeth Mary & Waterhouse". Stroes the corn with flowers & Roses in full bloom. The other to Susan Jones. Ellen is to

have the pincushion – & Miss Stony Thomson's Seasons with each its appropriate refrain (See enclosed)

Every body enquires after you & mother. Mrs Slains wished particular compliments – also Ruben and wife and R'said he wished she was here to spend some with them a Germantown whither I accode a few days since

Your Ofec.

E Hathaway

No 4

Miss Eliza th L Mary Waterhouse

Dear Sisters — Feb. 17. 1815

All the nonsense and fun must be in your letter — I have really been dashing of late. I have been invited to many minor parties and have paid many visits and calls preparatory to the commencement of the great winter party and Ball campaigns and of course have been at large entertainments. — Mrs Hopkinson's. There are of the tip top tetsimo folks. There we saw the foreign embassadors ladies and daughters and all the smarts of our city. Was introduced to many and to Mrs Benj. Wiggin formerly of Boston, upon whom I had previously called and Miss Fowle of Watertown sister of my Schoolmate. After some refreshments about half past 9. o.c. in came a wheel, like the lottery wheel, having two apartments. In the one ~~where names of~~ were papers having upon them the names of Ladies inclosing a couplet of verse and some little sugar affair — cupid with hearts &c &c. various suitable emblems Mrs Hopkinson is very ingenious and is deservedly esteemed our first Lady. The other compartment contained papers with Gentlemen's names and similar verses. The little bell was rung and gentlemen & ladies alternately drew. I cant recollect the verses but many were very good. I drew Miss Fowle, much envied by all the gents. for she is all the Fun now. Her father lived next Mr Elliots in Watertown. It contained a pun. "The Prize that I would wish to have is,

"That I have drawn — the Rara Avis. rare bird of Fowle — odd chicken as I confess."

the paper having my name upon it enclosed a flower and "O! How happy must she be

"who treat life's flowery paths with thee"

the highest prize was a Mr Wilkot 4 feet high. Something referring to the character, genius or bias in love was enclosed in each – one down a blank and had a sugar pistol to answer his disappointment enclosed. Capt. Biddle's was a sugar ship. Many were very witty to the great enjoyment of all of us.

The next day I rec'd Mr Wiggins invitation to a dance and fulfilled my acceptance. She is a very fine looking woman and her sister is the great belle of the city. The yankees from their superior education always stand high. There were 12 present. The Leymans 3 Mr Mrs Wiggin & Miss Fowle 3. Thos Roach. L Austin & Townsend 3 – Spring. Mr Winthrop and myself 3. + 12. I danced first with Miss Williamson. sister to Mrs Beasely (at whose party I was some time since) Wife of the Provost of the Penn Univ, then with Miss Levy (her father one of the distinguished attorneys of the city) then Miss Leyman then Miss Peirson (staying with Mrs Hopkinson) she fell and she declined going thro' it. Then I danced with Miss Canso, daughter of the Swedish Minister. Then led Miss Williamson down to supper, where we found

the most superb table I ever saw. Ducks, turkeys chicken. Patridges, Quails fish, jellies, preserves of all kinds – creams in all forms. Pine apples I can not say what was not there. The ornaments of sugar were beautiful and the silver glass & china beyond any thing I ever saw – flowers which Miss Fowle would have passed off on me for natural but said I your a tulip has but five leaves it should have six. I was answered you know to much for me. Mr Wiggin is said to make the most splendid entertainments after supper the gentlemen remained & capped it first I went a dancing with the second Miss De Lanso. These Swedish ladies were very agreable and they said they supposed the American gentlemen made Indians, but they were astonished to find them as polished as in Sweden. They said that in Sweden the Lady always bows & speaks first to a gentleman. They are very beautiful – thick built and the complection most beautiful. Such smiling faces you never saw. They looked like the engravings of Sylphs wreathed with flowers. Their dress superb, bound with golden chains interrupted by set topaz. neck laces the same and floating curls. I danced afterwards with the lady I wha face. She was a beautiful girl and I think superior to the city ones, which remark I make generally.

the ladies from other places eclipse the city one completely and it is for want of education and that of the proper kind. Nothing sets a lady up so much above her sex as that of education and a well regulated industry. I wish I could introduce you into the same circles that I go into, and your sister, I believe you would stand preeminent. I regret that you have not my opportunity here. You see by this evenings occurences that I am ambitious to find the best company, and that I behave well enough to deserve the attention of the those who think themselves great. I beg an introduction to Miss Birney and am sorry I did not know her before, also to the Miss Lymans, who are here much caressed and deservedly so for they merit much. Their school is in high repute.

Now I must tell you that I visit Mrs Foulke as often as when she was Mrs G. also Mrs Atherton Mrs Jones & Mrs Clarkes. Dr Otto's Dr Neils — but not every day at Clarkes or Jones. or both and generally cut a dange dido's among them, I as to day I made them all fly. You never saw higher times even among ourselves. Mr Secretary Jones thought she would be off. & Mrs Clarke followed upon — You would be astounded. Those are the only places that I dare play old nick at. Never at home do I do it.

Philadelphia Aug 8th 1845

Sarrora Charissima

My letter by mail gave a detail of all I had met with on my journey and I hope was amusing and if you feel the interest you profess in me will have given you pleasure because you saw that I was sooner ~~sure~~ than those who had seen me at P.a. than I was rec'd with attention and not politeness was wanting My return was no less happy in that respect to myself and it is a source of satisfaction to be greeted as I had ~~accorded~~ some interest in their minds of my absent friends.

In returning home I could estimate the appearance of the different cities with more accuracy and less. Boston which used to recieve my best praise for taste, deserves less than I ~~gave~~ gave it. Houses all looked small and every thing contracted. Some few looked finely but when I rode to Hartford to New Haven I was certain that I miss applied taste. Never was there a more beautiful prospect ~~that~~ between N.H. & New York. We passed innumerable rivers over pretty bridges and the country seats were very fine & the villages neat & look happy New York has very many most beautiful houses and none better in Boston. Tens or three may be larger but perhaps it is all contrast.

In Phil.a we have no such St. as Broadway but all are neat & elegant, without much ornament — Plain, sumptuous & rather ugly. Ch. Gk. is the finest city but on 100.

Mr Bayard you have heard is dead & Capt Smith of the Franklin 74. So this the man who was engaged to Mar.t Jones.

You will remember to to all Mrs G. Mrs Hawes. Thom: B Gannett & Lady. Dr. Coulson & Lady — &c The list need not be made out. Tell Daniel that I have not presented his little books — The Minstrel & the Shipwreck are among the best poems in the English language and as much above Walter Scott as Heaven is above the clouds.

One thing I should have undeceived you in and that is I with regard to Mrs Atherton's jokes about Miss Fisher. A certain Marshal Key made bold to her and she refused him and it was said ordered him out of the house because he first asked her father: I was often at Mr Longstreths who married a sister and at his brothers Garden. Miss F. is quite a proficient in Botany and is very Command & free and Venus very naturally confounded with Marshall Key and as I was most known the combined story fell on my shoulders. This is fact & no Jmore!

Mr & Mrs Atherton were last as Reason
My room is cluttered up with boxes & I would
that I was away from it and this abominable
family - thinking meal and all. My neat
little room I shall regret but who is it to
more substantial comfort

This my Dear Sis. must terminate
the letter of your Affec Brother

G Waterhouse

Misses Betsy & Mary Waterhouse
Mrs Henry Ware Jr -

Mrs William Ware
Magnetto Great-grandmother
MHS. 1932

No. 2.

Misses Elizabeth & Mary Waterhouse
(Dr Waterhouse's)
Mr Kinsman Cambridge Mass.

Sept. 8th 1845 – Phila

My Dear Sister

Mr Bigelow will, if he deems to inform me of his intended visit to Dombridge be the Bearer of this letter. With what shall I fill this sheet – with the small occurrences of my life – you will call them foolish – and beneath my dignity but the law of letters was not always bent.

Shall I say that this and that patient is very sick or recovering – is aching from the dumps – This will be dull & not amusing – namely Talk Philosophy? That will be dry.

My new lodgings pays my way very well, and this winter I shall live easier than ever before as I think. Nothing like taking on a respectable appearance & showing out with all the economy possible. People say that I have come out in a quite new style – faith more than ever. As I ride now and then I have all the credit of keeping a fine spirited horse. And I never undeceive people when I need not even wet the lie. One branch of my business will support me before the years end. I look forward most anxiously to my business paying for even my pleasure

(Evening of Sep 9th) Mr. Bigelow has not informed me of his intended visit to Cambridge, notwithstanding my attention to his demands. This is the world — but Lydenham says that he found it better to oblige the world than to receive a return or to be commended by them — Five days since Mr Stone knew of his ~~journey~~ going.

My evenings are spent in visiting and I have endeavoured to be happy many evening in company at Mr Levy's — Mr Spence Mr Patterson &c. of that circle in at the Front St Jones's Clarke's & other disulting visiting Todd's Otis's — Curries, Stones, Miles Cox's &c &c — This is a lamade de old letters — I could tell you of some discussions in painting drawing &c. Such has shamed me admiring most a picture which was beyond nature or an exact representation. I say that we should think the handsomest & forced beauty as the most nat.l but not while the exact one would be considered a failure —

My health is quite confirmed & my business better & better. This day has been a very busy one indeed. I have consulted

upon two ~~cases~~ this very day with Dr James and neighbours.

Having so lately written I have not at this no notice at all wrote much — Mr B has just changed his Insurance business to the Commission Merchant's business —

Miss Clarke & Jones presents thanks for the paintings & Rice Paper

I remain your Affe Son

P W Atkinson

2

R B — I presume that A — will be here by the time you receive this.

Misses Elizabeth Watson &
Mary Waterhouse
(D Waterhouses Gals)
Cambridgeport
Mass

My Dear Sisters ~~Mary~~ Betsy & Mary Decr. 16th 1815 Walnut St. Phila
No 179

Like yourselves I love to think of our departed mother. The tears that flow at the recollection her worth, virtues and high example seem the overflowings of a pleasing sorrow. Thanks for the discovery of quills for they convey our feelings altho' far away. Many months ago my mother sent me a large lock of her hair, and a coin of silver, into which is finely braided a long lock of her hair. The very day I heard of her death, I went down to the Jewellers and bought a black box bound with gilding and in it I placed, as a sacred urn of deposit, those relicts. When I received them my prophetic sorrow burst asunder my manly feeling. It seem'd a premonitory sign of what I have suffer'd. In the box is her direction upon paper and these words in her own hand writing. "Perhaps you may want "to have a pin with the hair of thy Mother!" or another!" She enclosed (a silver coin) "I have kept for you. You may value it for its own sake" "or, for the braid which is attached to it. It is the hair of thy Mother."

My lay is but feeble, but my feelings are truely sketched in the following lines:

Gone! thou fond Parent, to whom early care,
Our life, our health, our vigor, all we owe,
The seeds of knowledge, of ourselves & GOD.
Thine was the task to rear our infant frames.
Thy tender hand reluk'd our wayward steps.
Thy placid eye beam'd bright when we were proud.
Thy anxious heart beat high for our success.
Thy warmest hopes lak'd forward to our joys.

Mother Mrs
Betsy Olive
the one Peter Olive
Esqr the clerk to
the Grand Jury
Grandmother

Alas fondly, Mother, did'st thou wish to live,
To see us happy and to see us free:
See friends surround us & respect our skill;
To GOD and man, ourselves our duty fill.

M.W.S.
1932

She's gone! her childrens tears can n'or recall
That most devoted Mother; — chastest wife,
Sincerest friend, — ornament of her sex;
The joy & praise of all who knew her worth! —

Point where
To find her equal in domestic sphere!
No curious fabric of womans art
That pased her eye, but she could imitate.
Yes! she was ingenious, frugal, good,!
Example bright of all who knew her worth!

But she has gone, and left us here to weep.
Angles where? To what regions has she fled?
Alas! cold, pale'd, dead, she lies a corpse! —
Awful thought! — those warm lips ~~that~~ kiss'd our bloom.
That gentle hand, our guide in infancy;
Those speaking eyes, when by youth's follies blind,
She made our own, for now they would conceal,

And faithfully would guide our wayward steps;
And that lov'd form ——— swathed in winding sheet of Death,
Lifeless, stiff, cold, buried in warmer earth!
Distressful thought! Oh 'tis too horrible!
Father of light! — thou madst me a mere man,
This dreadful thought seems more than man can bear!

The thread of life inexorable fate has cut,
And carelessly slipt the wings of emulation,
For should we be good, she's not here to praise,
Why strive for virtue? why toil and labour?
In the dark dreary tomb she'll see us not.
— But stay — 'tis the body only moulders there,
The spirit light mounts above the air to Heav'n —
To Heaven she must have fled, for she could say,
"I have lived a life of innocence
"And I am not afraid to die." To Heaven!
O cheering thought! Why then shall happy be.
Oft'times her spirit pure will visit me:
Oft hover round to joy to see us good:
Will watch our actions & prevent the wrong:
Will bind each pleasure & its stay prolong:
Will be a guardian Genius ever near —
——— Friends, Philosophy, manly feelings then
And Religion's self say, — dry up your tears!
Alas, 'tis fancy wrought — it cannot be —
Her chaste spirit may hover ever near —
May aid — guide — protect & rejoice the while —
But we cannot see it — cannot feel it —
— No! Alas! — we cannot see her smile! —

I never suffered much more in my life than when I left you. I felt horridly, but I would not believe that it would be the last time I should see her whom we lov'd so dearly, and now I can scarcely believe that she is gone. She lives as she deserved, every on her own account. Her troubles have been for others, not herself. Your account of her death was very satisfactory, but I wish you to write all she said and that relates to her death funeral sermons &c.

Your attention to your mother has given me much pleasure, great but melancholy satisfaction. It cannot be forgotten by me and Many, if no one else, will duly appreciate the worth of our sister. Your mother I lov'd you both and I love you the more for it. You both have had an uncommon example before you and I believe you have and will profit by it.

I have often thought how you could bear the loss — how solemn dreary dull you must all feel — I do not know whether I should like to to see you at home. Lucy Ware, you know I always esteemed more than any young lady in Cambridge and her being chosen by my mother has placed her very near my tendrest feelings. My warmest thanks to her.

I would love to talk of mother but here I have no person who can help me relieve the burden of affliction & affection — To rest the weight upon, without feeling it themselves. Mrs Atherton seems to feel as much as any person. I said a few words to her told her that mother spoke of her when she last spoke of us, which has endeared them much you may easily believe. Mrs. Foulke & brother were very kind and got our grape & put it on our hats & Mrs Haines seemed really as much moved as if she had lost a sister. She always spoke in high praise of mother. I told her I should wish to get a private family to live with and she said she wished she could take me herself, it would be so like a son. I believe she meant as she said. Nothing touches me so much as what you say of mothers affection I hope I deserve it all — at least I will try to deserve it. I must confess my weakness — I often find the tear falling from my eyes and, and many the tear yours too has left here since. They were admirably written, and I shall show them for their merit alone —

The remained of this letter must be filled with solicitations to accept Mrs Athertons invitation to spend the winter with her — You say you have little to do and I am sure you are not required at home: I want to see you very much and if I be not mistaken Miss Clarke from Newburyport cousin to the Ware's is coming on. It might be the very opportunity. See to it. I feel a presentiment that you will come, and the sooner better. I expect to hear that you are preparing before Saturday next. (now Saturday night). The only thing I fear is the expense it will not be more than $30, and that is nothing if our gain will be quadruple that & that guardfed again. I wd have written father but I thought it would be best to write to you about it — Aunt Rebecca & Fanny can do all that Father & Daniel may require, and there are people enough in Cambridge to keep them in spirits. They will be happier if you are comfortably situated here and if they know your health is improving. Here you would lose your anxiety in novelty and yet not be in company, which company cannot bring the affected just when most wanted, as for myself I shall esteem it no wrong to mingle as much society as before. Our mother if she sees us will not grieve to see any of us innocently gay. Society think is thoughtless and unfeeling if we joined in dance or listened to music. Its custom is irrational & tyrannical. I feel my loss and yet I would not if I could keep it even wear black, & I am sure our mother would not blame me. But, My Dear Mary, do you insist the your Sister come on. It is your duty! It is my and all of your. Andrew wishes it & I fully believe that it will be accomplished. Mother could not have come, but Betsy can and must — be have been this evening to see Mrs Andrews and she is the same sensible woman as at Boston. She said

mother of another, nor did we. It is not by Dear Sister even thinking of your
bondage of mother. It seems a cruel one
indeed, entirely unlawful, though you
situation and keeping them to see your
letter, Very Respectfully Dear
Sister Your Affectionate Brother
Ira Peters —

30

Miss Elizabeth W Waterhouse

Cambridge

(Mass).

Mark

Phil. July. 16th.

Dears -

The fact is I have eaten to much oysters pye & feel duller than any owl, which however is true pye or no pye. But some how another you have not filled any pages of clean pure white paper with the effusions of your wit — no matter I have not had the trouble to read them — I have troubled you often enough lately. Prof's letters by Deacon Watt — by Mon Gerard. French Consul Miss Stewart by Hughes. & soon perhaps by herself — I am quite easy in my new situation. I am of a notion that I want curtains to my windows white muslin or any thing you please, — the more elegant the better suiting my august conceptions alias whims. width of windows one yard. Requisite depth of curtains, three quaters of yard. Such will do but you may send what you please — My ruffle shirts are tearing — I do not know what to tell you about — I went out & spent the evening a few since; there they sung played on pianoforte — Neither the Ladies had codes & the instrument was not out of tune; as is very usual — They did not even say "I cant sing".

As to visiting I do not do much at that Dr Currie says I ought to go out every evening

but I dont know whether this will do. Allen I have not taken his advice yet. — The weather is delightful — yesterday we had many showers & the forked lightnings played from the dark swift moving clouds — the Delaware toped its wave high, & edged their curling tops with white foam.

The Phi.a people drawl. They say yeas, Maine for mamma. They are famous for abbreviating — ridin for riding & all such things. I would know them immediately — all the ladies have an odd way of — Or — or — Orhing for O — which they bring in on all occasions — They tell me they would know that I was a yankee by not using chew for tu. as in vistuous —

I see you what I dont half like it. There are more than a dozen of young ladies in this neighbourhood, & I have not yet be able to get acquainted with one of them. It would be very pleasant — unexpectedly we have got into a very respectable neighbourhood — Among the the nobility. The custom is this city would not a little surprise you Bostonians — Masters Mistresses, children of all ages, servants, maids —

white & black are in the streets, some sitting in the door, some on the marble door steps, other in chairs, leaning against the house. The other evening we were out, sitting in this mode & cherries were handed round to us.

Of a fine summers' evening the inhabitants of this great city are all out doors — The negro set upon the cellar doors & the white people on the steps — altho' this is general thro' the city, yet they are not seen walking from one house to another, as one would suppose, but each keeps his own settlements on his own marble steps — In Boston one would never see gentlemen setting on the door step; but there is, at this moment opposite my window, an old gentleman, very rich, very fine dressing — very pompous — an Alderman — President of the Bank of Penna. sitting plumply on the cold marble & you will frequently see his whole family — just as his next neighbours; but altho' their doors are not three bricks distant from each other, we never see them speak or very seldom.

I would be very much obliged if you could send something for Mrs Malcolm & Mr Gregg, my former Hostess & her mother, They

have been very kind to me & I make that one
other name Mr Gregg has been to see me. He
is a very good good little young widow. I
can't wish her better things. That that she
may get an husband equal to herself, but
boarding houses are not stepping stones to the
altar of Hymen.

July. 18th Suppose Mrs Madison was to be
taken by the British, what would we do — Even
the Boston Beaux would volunteer — I really
believe that they would be gallant
enough to fight. I would if I were there
go into the country & stirr up the people & work
upon their American ~~people~~ feeling & I believe
that by rousing parties with this intention in every direction men
with stout hearts might be collected together
in sufficient numbers to carry faggots, each a bundle
& by throwing them into the Potomack march
on board the ships, or in other words we ought
to believe that Americans would not allow a
fleet to sail to the metropolis & return — after
they would perform almost miracles to prevent
so shameful a transaction. What an hostile British
fleet sails & repeals the lawes of Washington.