

The
Journal
of
CLARISSA
STODDART

April 26, 1831, to May 22, 1832

Being the History of the
Moving of the Family of Horace Gooch from
London, England, to Cincinnati, Ohio.

Edited by Julia S. Berrall
James C. Berrall
Design: Kimberly A. Berrall

Cover: "Impeded Travelers in a Pine Forest, Upper Canada." Colored lithograph. Print courtesy of The New York Public Library.
Engraved from George Harvey's original painting, "Winter No. 5."

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Dedicated
to the memory
of our
intrepid forebears





This harp was brought to America by Ann Amelia and Clarissa Stoddart. It was built in London in 1827 by Sebastian Edwards, 18 Great Marlborough Street. When a family descendant visited the same shop in 1955, the original record of its sale was found, and the molds for the ornamental work were still in existence.

Introduction

The Story of the Harp (or, A true American frontier Odyssey)

This Journal was kept by a woman named Clarrissa Stoddart, 1831. It is an account of an amazing journey made by her, her sister and her sister's husband with four children and all their household goods. Up the Hudson river, across New York State and down the rivers to Cincinnati.

They made this trip in mid-winter in snow deep enough to tip sleighs over on their sides, while enduring painful injuries from chilblains, ever constant cold and all the while one member was pregnant.

We should remember that they were recent arrivals from the big city (London, England) and probably spoke with an accent that attracted some interest here and possibly by some people with larcenous interest.

They almost made it to Cincinnati before the baby was born! The rest of the story is in the journal.

Clarrissa took great care of the harp during all of it. The arduous journey - even giving recitals for fascinated country people who had never seen or heard of such a thing before. She carefully shepherded it through all its travels until she and it finally wound up here in "Cranetown" (Montclair), where you now see it. Clarrissa lived until she was 88 and finally went on her last journey in 1900.

We who made the collaborative effort to put this work together and make it available to everyone are all related to her. I myself remember, when I was a little boy hearing older women in the family speaking with obvious great respect about the famous: "Auntie Gooch". A truly remarkable woman. (I am her great great great nephew).

Sometime around 1959, my mother, Julia Smith Berrall, started urging me to use the material in this journal as the basis for an "Historical Novel" which we would get published and hopefully then use to get the impressive story of "Clarissa's Golden Harp and Its Amazing Travels" told for coming generations and others to marvel at.

At the time I felt the task was far beyond my ability (which it most certainly was), and since I was otherwise occupied by my duties in the Air Force, I declined and continued to resist said pressure for years. Finally she gave me up as slacker and decided to assemble all the needed background materials, including illustrations, herself.

The journal, written in Clarissa's beautiful, clear handwriting, was evidently turned on its side and cross-written, as was often done in those days to conserve good writing paper

(I have never seen the original journal). Another ancestor, (Rev. Robert Keating Smith) sometime in 1901 or before, took the trouble to wade through it and somehow copied it. It was probably pretty hard to read, despite the lovely penmanship.

I know my mother thought that the story was one which should be made widely available, so she took it on as a fun and fulfilling (but demanding) project. She organized it all, assembled it, and made one of the most important efforts that went into it: making innumerable trips to the New York Public Library to research and obtain copies of old prints and lithographs, then fitting them into the text where she thought they should go. By this time, because of her accomplished work on various other literary projects, the librarians probably knew her well.

Since then the whole project has lain fallow - for about fifty years.

But, now at last here we are, through the Time Tunnel, into the future and publishing has become a lot easier (and less expensive!) Now we had the typewritten text, illustrations with suggestions for their placement in the text and her (Julia's) own remarks... What do we do now?

Well, we needed someone who knows their way around online publishing.

Enter Kimberly A. Berrall, graphic artist and Julia Berrall's granddaughter.

Kimberly assigned herself the job of putting it all together in digital form to make it available online, and what a beautiful, perfectly coherent job she has done.

So what do I have to do now, Mom?

"Just tweak it a bit, son, fix the map, adjust some words, edit it a little, show it to the people who should have a say in the final publishing of the journal (like the Montclair History Center, for instance!), pull the pin... and duck! Now, was that so hard?"

Well, no, Ma'am, it's only taken about sixty years.

~ James C. Berrall

Foreword

This is the account of a journey, an arduous and perilous one, made by three young adults and four small children in the years 1831 and 1832. It was a journey to a new country, and into a new way of life, one taken at the time by so many that it even became commonplace. Yet we in our age of comfort and with our ease of transportation can scarcely realize all it entailed, nor can our minds encompass the hardships.

My imagination has always been stirred by my Great-Great-Aunt Clarissa's journal. She was still so young, only twenty, when she left the warmth and gaiety of a close family, which consisted of three brothers and six sisters, to take up a new life in a new world. She could rightly have been called a city girl, for she grew up at 61 Red Lion Street, Clerkenwell, London, a far cry from her future, temporary living quarters, a cabin built on an Ohio River flatboat! She and her sisters had all been well educated and excelled both in painting and in music. They also wrote and spoke French. I doubt if anything in their surroundings or upbringing prepared them for the really rugged traveling—one might even say pioneering—that Clarissa Stoddart and her sister Ann Amelia Stoddart Gooch were called upon to do in America.

In her later years Clarissa often told the story of the adventurous trip to her nieces's sons, with whom she shared a home. She had apparently kept a diary of sorts, and this, plus a long letter written in early March 1832, to sister Rosina Stoddart in London, formed the basis for her journal, a descriptive account of the entire journey that her great niece's husband, the Reverend Robert Keating Smith, persuaded her to write.

As for Ann Amelia, whom Clarissa called Nancy ("Mrs. G.," in the journal), one's heart really goes out to her: her marriage which entailed the responsibility of bringing up four stepchildren, she returned from her wedding trip to find business troubles awaiting her husband; and he then impulsively decided to emigrate to America. One month and two days after her wedding she was on the high seas.

And what about the leader of the odyssey, Ann Amelia's husband, Horace Gooch? At one point in the journal Clarissa writes "we were led by a romantic man," and in another entry, she mentions that "he was a man to catch at a straw." In her letter to sister Rosina, she mentions his great kindness and sympathy for her, when her chillblained feet were so extremely painful, saying, "I never met with so kind a friend as Mr. Gooch." Looking at the character written all over his face in the one picture extant and reading between the lines of the journal, it is apparent that he was also impulsive, adventuresome, strong willed, and self-confident.



Clarissa Stoddart, 1876

Prior to his marriage to Ann Amelia, Horace Gooch had married a Miss Bendy on July 2, 1817, and they had four children: Emma, Sophia, Isaac, and Laura. He was widowed sometime after 1823, and then on March 24, 1831, he married Ann Amelia Stoddart. His business of making watch cases was carried on at 23 Coppice Row, London. His maternal uncle, Albert Woodruff, helped the young man in his business on several occasions by advancing considerable sums of money to him. They had never drawn up official loan documents, and apparently Horace viewed the money as a series of gifts. Therefore it must have been with considerable consternation that, on returning from his honeymoon, after marrying Ann Amelia, he found out that Mr. Woodruff's heirs were preparing to sue him for recovery of what they most certainly did consider to be loans! Supposedly Horace was assured by his friends that he could prove his uncle had given him the money in question.

Nevertheless he immediately decided to leave London and emigrate to America. By great good fortune, his oldest brother owned a saw mill on London's City Road, and he quickly used lumber from the mill to build the boxes and cases the family needed to pack up the household effects for their journey. There were mahogany chairs with horsehair seats to pack, a heavy mahogany dining table with great carved legs, bedsteads with elaborately carved mahogany posts, several mahogany card tables with folding tops, a harp, and two pianofortes, one described as an "old one." There were a number of unframed watercolors and many books, among which were the Jackson family Bible (from the girls' mother's family), some quarto histories, and the sixth edition, 1823, of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. There was of course tableware, including china, glassware and silver. All of these were carefully and expeditiously packed in the cases with feather beds, linen, blankets, and clothing.

As to just why a sister was sent along with the newly wed couple, I suppose the answer lies in the fact that there were four small stepchildren, ages 13, 11, 9, and 7, and the probability of a new baby to care for. Ann Amelia and Horace would need help.

It was decided that the three grown-ups should precede the children, so on April 26, 1831, Ann Amelia and Clarissa embarked on a sailing ship from London. Horace Gooch and Captain Hebard came on board the next day at Portsmouth. The voyage lasted thirty-nine days, and they landed in New York City on June 4, 1831. Clarissa did not mention, in her journal, the name of the transatlantic ship on which they took passage, but the shipping and commercial list for the port of New York on that date reported the arrival from London of the *Hannibal*. We can possibly guess that friendships were struck up with Captain Hebard and his family: the passenger list for the *Hannibal's* October 11th arrival in New York lists the four Gooch children, along with the name Margaret Flora

Hebard, age 21, directly under theirs. Could this be the captain's daughter or young wife, in whose care they were entrusted, for their own journey to America? In any event, it is not difficult to imagine the joyous family reunion.

It is doubtful that the family intended on staying in New York City. Opportunity seemed to beckon westward. In the early 1830s Cincinnati was the sixth largest city in the United States and had made phenomenal growth from a population of 500 in 1795 to 30,000 in 1831. It was strategically located on the great Ohio River, and produce and raw materials from both the South, via the Mississippi, and the East flowed to its wharves. A canal and road system furthered its growth. Thousands of immigrants saw here the chance for pioneering success in business and so pushed on from New York. Thriving Cincinnati's products were many and included boats, furniture, tools, paper, flour, linseed oil, whiskey, beer and pigs! Bacon, pork and lard were produced in quantity and the inhabitants had visitors, viz Mrs. Trollope. (an English woman who had made an earlier trip to America and written a book that disparaged early Americans. Americans took some revenge by referring to young women of a certain indulgent character as "trollops.") The fertile soil of the hills supported not only fine stands of lumber but provided a wealth of natural resources which included coal, iron, salt and clay for ceramics. Here was the place to start a new life.

~ Julia S. Berrall

The Journal of Clarissa Stoddart

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Arranged by Robert Keating Smith

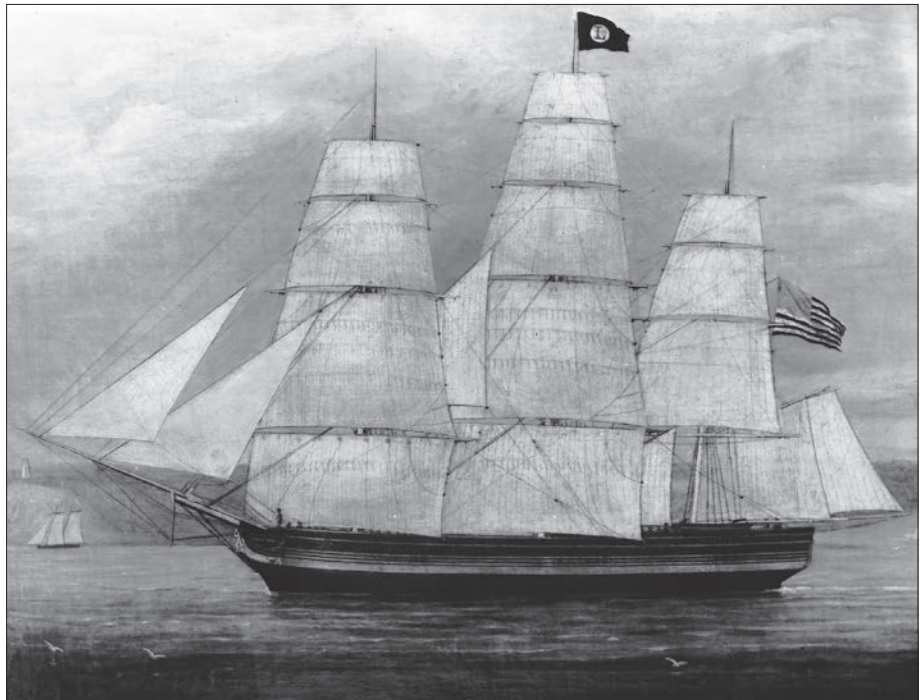
1901



April-December 1831

Sad indeed was that hour when leaving the land of my birth, but deeper far the sorrow of my heart as I watched the small craft carrying away all that I dearly loved upon the earth. With aching heart and streaming eyes we watched each others' forms upon the deck, 'til waving kerchiefs dropped and all disappeared in the distance.

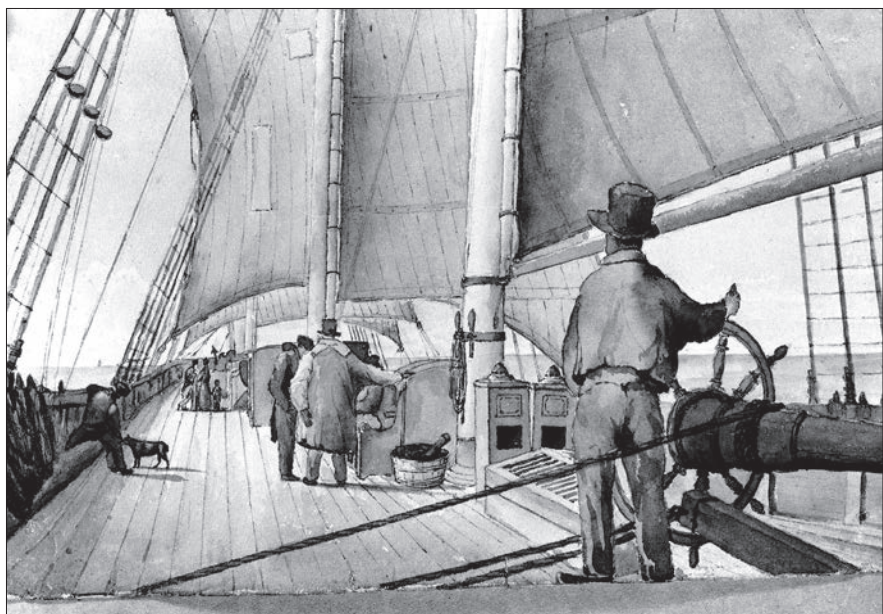
As night came on, a storm arose to share our gloom, and a fearful time we had at midnight. The noise and confusion of trunks and boxes moving to and fro, for want of proper fastenings. The waves ran



Trans-Atlantic packet ship *Hannibal*, (Captain Hebard). This belonged to the London Red Swallowtail Line, operated in conjunction with the Black X Line of New York City. Courtesy of The Peabody Museum of Salem.



The Thames (River) Embankment in the early 19th century. This scene shows how the packet ships were boarded from small boats. "The London Engineer and View of London Bridge and Custom House." Colored aquatint by R. Havell, 1820. Courtesy of The National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, England.



Scene on board a packet ship. Watercolor sketch c. 1831. Courtesy of The New York Historical Society.

high and nearly tossed me from my berth, a bonnet fell, a trunk slid, pressing it flat. With all our sickness and fright we could not refrain a smile at the ludicrous sight of all the paraphernalia of a woman's dress being scattered round. Fearing our alarms, the steward rapped, telling us all was right. I felt all was wrong, but we felt better contented, my sister and I, alone for the first time on board a ship. Her husband, and also our captain, were to come on board at Portsmouth. From Portsmouth we had a better time. Nothing of much interest transpired. We were on a fine sailing vessel with handsome accommodations, and excellent provisions for the table.

DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK—PORT OF NEW-YORK.

I, *J. H. Hoban*, do solemnly, sincerely, and truly *swear* that the following List or Manifest of Passengers, subscribed with my name, and now retained by me in the Office of the Collector of the District of New-York, contains, to the best of my knowledge and belief, a just and true account of all the Passengers whom I am Master, from *London* whereof I am Master, from *London* No help me God.

Sworn to before me, *17 October 1831*

LIST OR MANIFEST of all the Passengers taken on board the *Ship Hannibal* whereof *J. H. Hoban* is Master, from *London* burthen *420* tons.

NAME	AGE	SEX	OCCUPATION	The Country to which they are bound	The Country in which they were born
<i>John Randolph</i>	<i>58</i>	<i>Male</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>John Smith</i>	<i>41</i>	<i>Male</i>	<i>Merchant</i>	<i>Great Britain</i>	<i>Great Britain</i>
<i>John Smith</i>	<i>57</i>	<i>Male</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>Canada</i>	<i>Canada</i>
<i>Thomas G. ...</i>	<i>55</i>	<i>Male</i>	<i>Merchant</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>John P. ...</i>	<i>42</i>	<i>Male</i>	<i>Merchant</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>John ...</i>	<i>55</i>	<i>Male</i>	<i>Merchant</i>	<i>Great Britain</i>	<i>Great Britain</i>
<i>William ...</i>	<i>17</i>	<i>Male</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>John ...</i>	<i>54</i>	<i>Male</i>	<i>Merchant</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>William ...</i>	<i>21</i>	<i>Female</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>William ...</i>	<i>20</i>	<i>Male</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>Great Britain</i>	<i>Great Britain</i>
<i>William ...</i>	<i>31</i>	<i>Male</i>	<i>Merchant</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>William ...</i>	<i>31</i>	<i>Female</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>George ...</i>	<i>31</i>	<i>Male</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>Patrick ...</i>	<i>57</i>	<i>Male</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>Emma ...</i>	<i>13</i>	<i>Female</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>Isaac ...</i>	<i>11</i>	<i>Male</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>Lucas ...</i>	<i>11</i>	<i>Female</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>Lucas ...</i>	<i>7</i>	<i>Male</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>Margaret ...</i>	<i>21</i>	<i>Female</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>William ...</i>	<i>50</i>	<i>Male</i>	<i>Printer</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>Mary ...</i>	<i>32</i>	<i>Female</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>Mary ...</i>	<i>3</i>	<i>Female</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>Henry ...</i>	<i>14</i>	<i>Male</i>	<i>Farmer</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>Thomas ...</i>	<i>28</i>	<i>Male</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>Great Britain</i>	<i>Great Britain</i>
<i>James ...</i>	<i>24</i>	<i>Male</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>William ...</i>	<i>45</i>	<i>Male</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>John ...</i>	<i>45</i>	<i>Male</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>William ...</i>	<i>11</i>	<i>Male</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>John ...</i>	<i>37</i>	<i>Male</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>John ...</i>	<i>20</i>	<i>Male</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>John ...</i>	<i>38</i>	<i>Female</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>John ...</i>	<i>30</i>	<i>Female</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>John ...</i>	<i>4</i>	<i>Female</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>John ...</i>	<i>34</i>	<i>Female</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>Thomas ...</i>	<i>30</i>	<i>Female</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>William ...</i>	<i>13</i>	<i>Female</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>Ann ...</i>	<i>35</i>	<i>Female</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>John ...</i>	<i>13</i>	<i>Male</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>
<i>John ...</i>	<i>17</i>	<i>Male</i>	<i>None</i>	<i>United States</i>	<i>United States</i>



Records of the Bureau of Customs, Office of the Collector of Customs, Port of New York, Passenger Lists of Vessels Entering, portions of the passenger list of the vessel Hannibal submitted and sworn to on October 12, 1831, Microfilm Publication 237, Microfilm Roll 15 (RG36).



The Battery and New York Harbor, 1828. At left is an incoming transatlantic packet ship. Colored lithograph published by Thomas Thompson. Courtesy of The Edward W.C. Arnold Collection, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Photograph courtesy of The Museum of the City of New York.

Only three married ladies besides myself, and the voyage of thirty-nine days, although monotonous, was whiled away in conversation, reading and writing without much difficulty. The business men suffered in

some degree by a calm when we lost a week. The weather became sultry and awnings had to be raised on deck, when many enjoyed themselves lying beneath its shelter. Some went away in a small boat, thinking to

fish, but were disappointed and soon returned. We were blessed with fair weather, only having one boisterous day, when all were glad to go upon deck to witness the grand scene. On the 4th of June we landed, when we had to



View of New York Harbor from Governors Island, 1831—1834. Courtesy of The Stokes Collection, New York Public Library.

descend a long rope ladder, I with the Captain behind in case of a fall. It was a strange feat for me, but nothing uncommon in those days.

With the aid of a friend we found a comfortable boarding house, but trouble awaited me—the intense heat almost prostrated me, and my sister and husband were going west to Cincinnati to search for a home to buy, when I decided to remain until some point was decided on.

My residence was changed to Mrs. Harris' on Bleeker St., where her daughter kept a school, but being vacation and means being scarce, they were glad of a boarder, and Mrs. Grassas had proved a pleasant companion. But the heat of the weather affected me and I was troubled with fainting spells, and much gratitude is due to a dear maiden lady (another boarder) for advice and care over me.

In September Mr. and Mrs. Gooch returned after purchasing a place to build on. (We do not know how this initial trip to Cincinnati was made, but two routes were possible other than the long and hazardous one ultimately taken down the

Clarissa noted that during the summer of 1831, she boarded at the home of a Mrs. Harris on Bleeker Street. The *New York City Directory* for that year listed only one Harris on Bleeker Street, a widow living at #9. The 'X' marks the location, near the corner of Elizabeth Street. Map (1831—1834) courtesy of The New York Public Library.



New arrivals from across the ocean received their first impression of New York City from South Street's bustling activities. Note the porters with barrows for trundling baggage. "South Street from Maiden Lane," 1828. Courtesy of Stokes Collection, The New York Public Library.

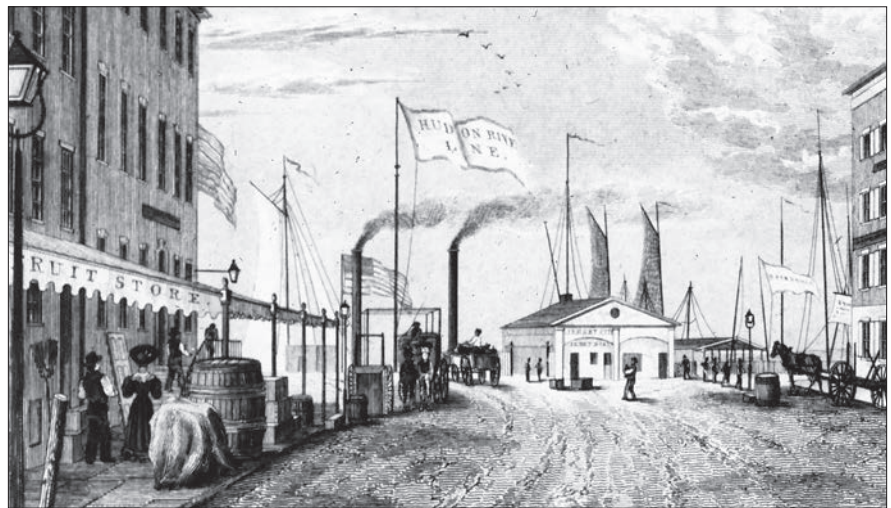




Clarissa Stoddart probably walked down Broadway from Bleeker Street and rode the horse cars during the summer she boarded in the city. 1835 view, courtesy of The Stokes Collection, The New York Public Library.

Allegheny and Ohio rivers. One could travel to Philadelphia first, either by boat from New York or by stage coach from Jersey City. From Philadelphia there was a seven day trip by stagecoach via Carlisle, Chambersburg, Bedford and over the mountains to Pittsburgh. At this time the Western Division of the Canal and Portage railroad was open and so might have been used part of the way. Plying between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati there were many small side wheeler steamboats which made the Ohio River trip in three days.

An alternate route was the one which by-passed the mountains completely. There was canal-packet service on the Erie Canal between Albany and Buffalo, and stage coach service between



View of Front Street and the Public Landing, circa 1838. The latter was a paved area of about ten acres, one thousand feet in length, and it was the starting point for the voyage up the Hudson River to Albany. Courtesy of The Stokes Collection, The New York Public Library.

Buffalo, Erie and Pittsburgh, at which point the journey was completed by steamboat.)

In October, the family arrived from England, and we were to move west. (According to

family lore the voyage up the Hudson River was made by sloop, although steamboat service was available at the time.) We packed things and left on the Albany boat which ran aground towards



morning, and the tide had to be waited for. Much suffering followed. With miserable accommodations at the boarding house (Mrs. Mahans) we could hardly sleep at night for cold. Wisdom would have dictated our remaining in New York until Spring, but no, we were led by a romantic man. He determined to go in sleighs to Olean Point, and from thence down the Allegheny and Ohio rivers on a flat boat, to be fitted up for us, to Cincinnati. Six sleighs were engaged. One was covered with awnings for us, the others loaded with goods, and on January 4th we started at a late hour with our train.

The weather was cold and gloomy, and our first night's lodgings, although only a few

miles from the city, were a sad experience, never to be forgotten. We entered a large room which appeared to serve as sleeping, dining room and kitchen. A fine, large stove was the great attraction. The supper was soon ready, and the tea was grateful, but poor accommodations for the night. The choice was between a large room for us all, or some small ones, leading out of it. Of course we preferred the latter, but were obliged to retire earlier than we wished, as our sleigh drivers were to take the large one. No carpets, and our furniture consisted of one chair and poorly furnished bed. It was impossible to sleep on account of the cold, and when called at six-thirty A.M. to get up, I was only too glad to

A great fleet of Dutch-designed sloops plied up and down the Hudson River carrying produce and providing regular passenger service. There were cabins for overnight accommodations and room in the holds for crates and baggage. Courtesy of The Stokes Collection, The New York Public Library.

obey the summons, that I might warm myself at the stove below, for the poultice on my chilblain was naturally frozen. The men down—and we found a chair set in the middle of their large room with a basin and a jug of water upon it for our use, also one towel. The pale glimmer of a tallow candle added to the wretched scene.

Some might think it ludicrous, but not I, with my poor frost-bitten feet, and the poultice frozen in the middle of the night. I wrapped it up well, and at seven-thirty had to start in the sleigh,



Above: Albany's crowded waterfront, as seen from across the river in 1832. Courtesy of The Stokes Collection, The New York Public Library.

At right: The village pictured here was typical of towns in the Mohawk Valley and elsewhere in central New York State. It had its inn, church, and one main thoroughfare. View of "Poestenkill, Winter" by Joseph H. Hidley (1830–1872). Courtesy of Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Museum, Williamsburg, Virginia.



and did not have breakfast until ten-thirty at Scotia, where they spread a good table.

We reached Amsterdam at two P.M. where we warmed ourselves at a cheerful wood fire in the kitchen, then renewed our journey, arriving at Johnson by seven P.M. Here we met a clever landlady who provided us with an excellent supper and comfortable beds. A fire was made in the best bedroom which we all enjoyed, as one room led from the other. At six-thirty A.M. one of our teamsters took a light to Mr. Gooch, and there was no fastening on the door, marched in with it without ceremony, and a servant made a large fire of wood. This was a luxury we had not had for many days, for all enjoyed it as Mr. Gooch went down first. At seven-thirty we started again and did

not stop until we reached Palentine where we had a very good breakfast. This was rather an unpleasant day as the weather was milder and thawed the snow on our awning which kept dropping through upon us, particularly in the afternoon when it rained for two hours. At five-thirty we put up for the night at Herkimer, where we were comfortably provided with tea and beds, a fire in two rooms, and the third one warmed by a flue. 🐾



"Impeded Travelers in a Pine Forest, Upper Canada." Colored lithograph. Print courtesy of The New York Public Library. Engraved from George Harvey's original painting, "Winter No. 5."

January 1832

7th

Awoke at six o'clock and heard the church bells ringing, which was customary at that hour, also at nine pm. Breakfasted at seven am and continued our journey at 8 $\frac{3}{4}$, arriving at Utica in the afternoon, when we took dinner previous to our entering the family of Mr. and Mrs. Williams in Broad St., who kept a few select boarders. How thankful I was to have a seat. Mr. G. had to carry me over the snow from the sleigh, for my foot was aching terribly and I was almost lame, but managed to climb the stairs. It was worth some exertion to reach a bed or sofa, and many days passed before I could go down to meals.

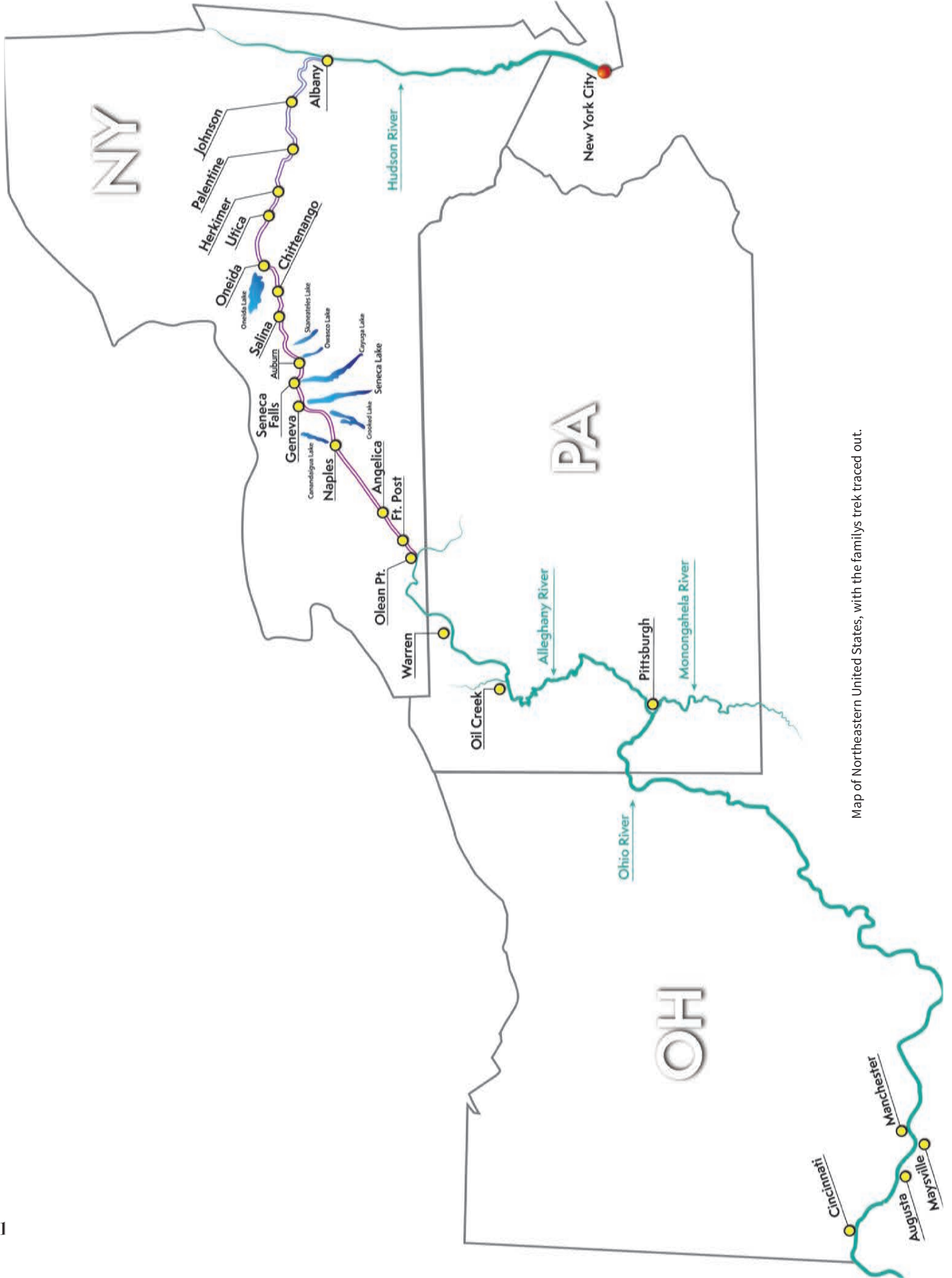
Sleigh similar to what Clarissa and her family might have traveled in.

It was a comfortable home. Mrs. Williams was kind and attentive, the house good and well-furnished, and the table excellent. A large stove in the front hall, with the pipe passing up the stairway, kept my room comfortably warm, and sister's, a large front one, served also for a sitting room. We had also the use of the parlor. The harp and two pianofortes were moved, the old being put upstairs for the girls to practice on, but this was not done until the following week. On the 8th, Sunday, they rose at eight am. What peace it seemed! All went to Church excepting Sophia who had chilblains to nurse, too. Mine were very hard and lasted until the 19th, when I joined the family at the table for the first time, only having changed before into

sister's room and kept my foot upon a pillow or a chair. There was a fine large fire (of wood) constantly burning, which Mr. G. made up every morning before sister arose, which she found quite a luxury after suffering so much from cold. The time passed with little variety, at least to me. Sister's family took walks occasionally when the cold was not too intense. On the 13th, we had two new boarders, a French teacher and his wife, the former very interesting, being full of anecdotes. These, with four gentlemen who only took meals with us, composed the family. Fine, clear weather which continued several days.

On the 15th, (Sunday, Mr. Porter called and politely invited us to take seats in his pew.) I was sorry I could not go. Mr.





Map of Northeastern United States, with the family's trek traced out.

and Mrs. G. went and were introduced to his family. Mr. Porter and wife called on us in the afternoon, when they came upstairs, and I enjoyed their company. For the evening, they went to the Dutch Church.

On the 16th, Mr. Porter invited us to take a sleigh ride in the afternoon, and soon after dinner Mrs. Porter and Mr. Davis the pastor of the Episcopal Church called and came upstairs where I was sitting ungracefully with my feet upon a chair, for there was no chance of escape, nor did I feel inclined to run away with my muffled feet. Mrs. Porter appeared an estimable character. At two-thirty Mrs. Porter excused herself as she was a poor traveler, but begged us to join them in the evening. Mr. and Mrs. G went to tea and spent a pleasant social evening. The family consisted of two sons and two daughters.

17th

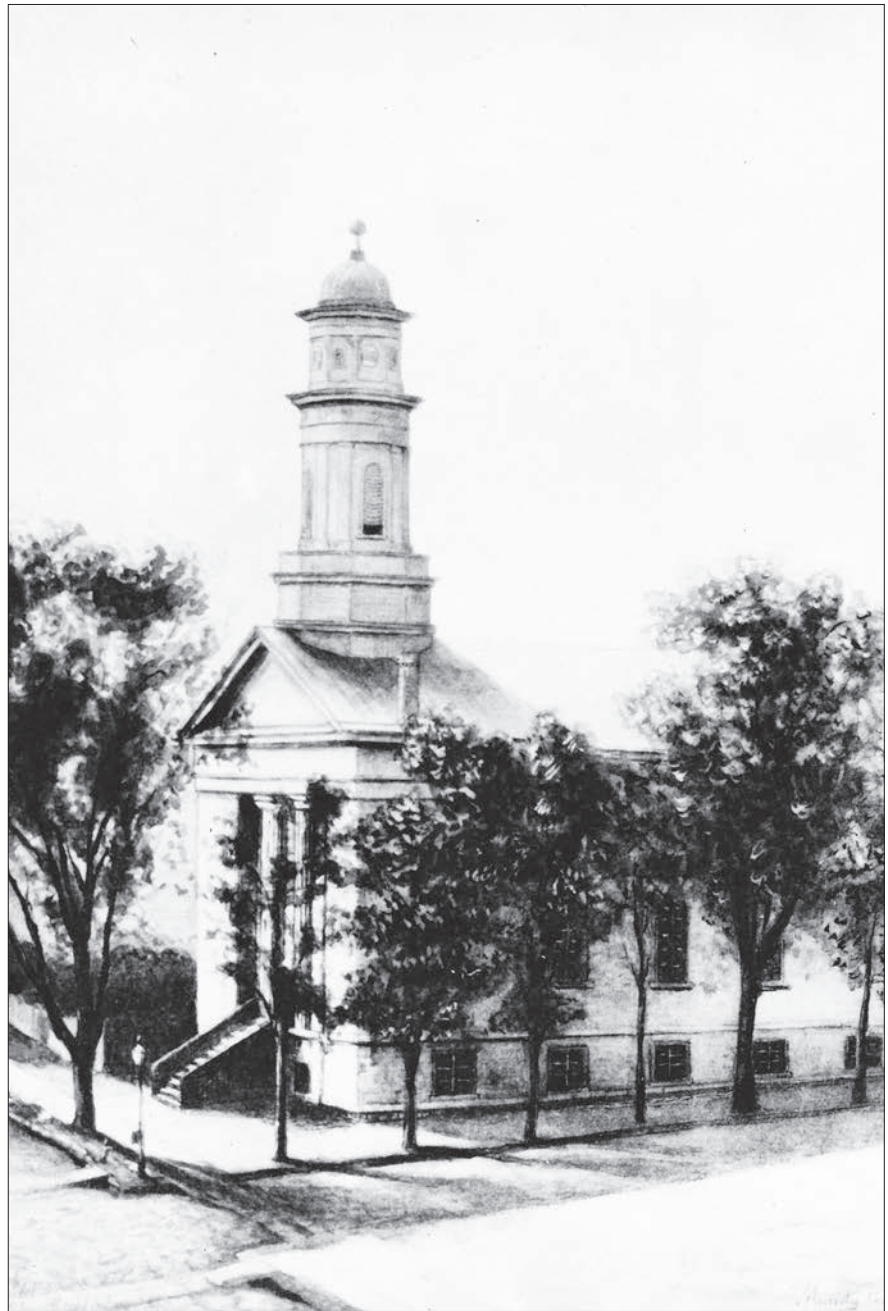
A rapid thaw, which caused such a noise with the dripping around the house that it prevented our sleeping.

19th

Mr. G. was laid up with a cold. I joined the family at table. The thaw continued.

21st

Sister went out to buy some flannel, and was scarcely able to cross the streets for the water.



The old Dutch Reformed Church on Broad Street in Utica, New York, which the family attended several times. Courtesy of The Utica Public Library.

22nd

Mr. Porter called early to invite sister to ride to church, as Mr. G's cold was still troublesome. She

took Emma and Isaac with her. In the afternoon Mr. G. accompanied them and in the evening they went to Church again.

On Monday the 23rd, received three packets of letters from England.

24th

Mrs. Porter called 24th, snowed all day.

25th

The storm continued.

26th

Extremely cold but beautifully bright.

27th and 28th

Nothing of interest.

29th

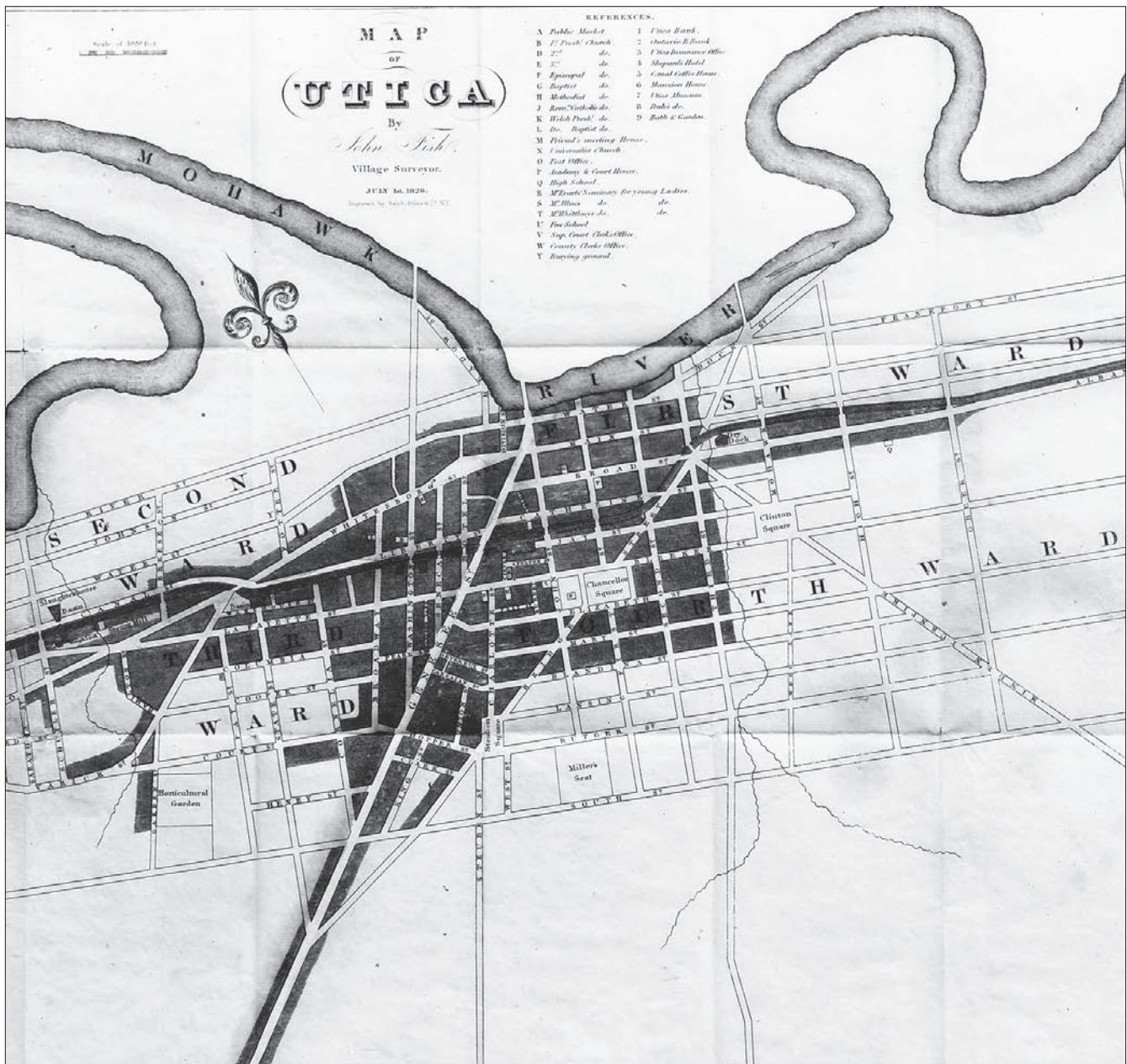
Sunday the 29th, Sister took Isaac with her to church as Mr. G's cold was bad, but they went together in the afternoon with Emma and Isaac.

30th

Mr. G. better. Still very cold.

31st

Mr. Porter said the thermometer stood 23 degrees below zero. 🐼



Map of Utica, New York, in 1828, showing its proximity to the Mohawk River. Clarissa wrote that her sister “was scarcely able to cross the streets for the water.” The area around Broad Street where the family boarded was known as the Flates and was often flooded. Courtesy of The Utica Public Library.

February

Wednesday, 1st

Much warmer. Sister called on Mrs. Porter and invited them to spend the evening with her daughters. Mr. and Mrs. P. came with the oldest daughter. They begged for music and I accompanied Sister with the piano, and I sang a few songs. Ann also played some solos on the harp which they much admired, particularly "Drink to me only." They left at nine P.M. after a very pleasant evening.



A musical evening in the 1830s. Courtesy of "The Pianoforte—Its History" by Rosamond E.M. Harding, Cambridge University Press.

3rd

Nothing interesting. In the evening practiced a little while some duets for the harp and piano, but before going to bed Mr. G. complained of some chills over him.

4th

Mr. G. ill in bed with cold.

5th

Woke by Sister between four and five A.M. to ask me to be ready in case I was wanted, as Mr. G. was very ill with chills

and pain near his heart. Water was brought up and his feet bathed about eleven the doctor came (Mrs. Williams' doctor) and pronounced it Pleurisy with Influenza. He was bled twice in his arm and had leeches on his side, and afterwards a blister. He was confined to his bed until the 15th. I sat up for five nights until early morn, when I was made tea and toast, for a waiter was brought up every night with bread, butter, three apples to toast, and sometimes preserves, with Tea caddy and Teapot, also a kettle to heat the water, and a fine fire we kept upon the hearth. I was very anxious about sister Ann, as she would not leave the room to get a sleep. She was ill able to nurse, but sometimes had to get up several times in the night to apply hot flannels. Sometimes I slept until four P.M. or I could not have helped at night, which was of the most consequence, as Emma could assist in the daytime.

"A. played some solos on the harp, which was much admired, especially "Drink to me only with thine eyes." Pray have it next if you have not already. At 9 o'clock after taking a glass of wine according to fashion in friendly visits they wished us good night."

"We both practiced a little and in the evening when enjoying some brandy and water with some toasts before going to bed, Mr. G. complained of chills over him. At about eleven Mr. Pumeroy (was sent for, Mrs. William's family doctor."

(Extract from a letter to Rosina.)

16th

On the 16th Mr. G. went downstairs but was very weak for several days. He soon became anxious to begin the perilous journey, and the following week made his arrangements. Our French boarder felt great interest, and tried to persuade him to give it up, but to no purpose. He and his wife were very kind and dreaded our suffering on the river, but Mr. G. was extremely anxious to reach Cincinnati before May on Sister's account, and nothing would deter him. He dreaded the cold lest it bring on a relapse of his illness, and our own and four childrens' comfort was to be considered. I hoped some suffering might be repaid by scenery as lovely as we had passed on our way from Albany, particularly near the Mohawk.

28th

On Monday, February 28th we left Utica at four P.M. in a covered sleigh with our train of four sleds of luggage. The weather was cold and miserable, but with an unusual quantity of wrapper and some blankets we got along pretty well for nine miles, when one of the sleds was overturned and detained us. The Inn we put up at afforded tolerable accommodations.

29th

We were called at four-thirty but did not get started until past six o'clock, when they expected to run twelve miles before stopping at Oneida where we got our breakfast, being half past ten A.M. At Chittenango, the horses had to have water, so we had time to take some refreshment. We then proceeded to Salina where we found all the Inns were occupied, which obliged us to go two miles further in the cold, when we met with poor accommodations in the dark, being seven P.M.

The meals generally consisted of coffee, cornmeal bread and salt pork of some description. 🍴

"I enjoyed traveling very much excepting the first two days from Albany. The sleighing has as disagreeable effect as the Steam Packe. The scenery from Palentine to Herkimer I thought very grand, surrounding the village of Little Falls, so called from the falls in the Mohawk river not far distant from it. In one part on the north side of the river the road climbs along the side of rocks where there is just sufficient room for carriages to pass. A great part of the way it is almost overhung by rocks and trees on the one side, while on the other it is a precipice below which is seen the Mohawk then frozen over excepting in some places where rude pieces of projecting rock intercepted and caused small falls of water, in others icicles above 6 feet in height hung from rocks of granite many of which appeared quite inaccessible with their ragged and perpendicular sides overhung by dark evergreens. You will say how can anyone enjoy so cold a scene, but I can assure you I was much gratified and long for the time to come for renewing our journey. Our visit to the Swiss Cottages in Regents Park was often brought to my mind."

(Extract from a letter to Rosina.)

March

Wednesday, 1st

Started at seven A.M. and rode twelve miles before breakfast when we partook of an excellent meal of salmon and potatoes.

We did not stop again until we reached Auburn at two P.M. The state prison is a handsome building, but we thought it would take up too much time to go through it. Our drivers kept us waiting a long time, when we found they had been through it, detaining us two hours. At length we resumed our journey, and after riding about eleven miles we heard a signal from a driver a

short distance before us. It being dusk, he could with difficulty see his way while descending a steep hill which also sloped down so much on one side that the sled was in danger of being overturned down a precipice. However, with the aid of Mr. G. and our fine drivers it was saved and reached the bottom of the hill. We had not proceeded much further when we met a traveler who informed us that the road continued as bad for the next five miles. We were not far from the next Inn, but to our great disappointment a large sleigh party had engaged all the rooms. Four drivers, however, concluded to put up with any accommodations they could

get, but our sleigh being lighter, our driver undertook to take us further, and we reached Seneca Falls by half past nine P.M., almost perished with cold and fatigue. How cheerful to see a blazing fire to warm our aching limbs and a real good-hearted landlord to welcome us.

In short time we were asked to supper, which was very good. We retired early.

Thursday, 2nd

After waiting nearly an hour for the sleds to come, we left at seven-thirty and arrived at Geneva at half past nine P.M. The hotel was good and we were furnished with comfortable



A covered sleigh. Courtesy of The Suffolk Museum at Stony Brook, Long Island.



A makeshift covering of awnings could readily have been erected over this simple type of sleigh. Courtesy of The Old Print Shop.

rooms and excellent table. Our drivers had fulfilled their engagement, and other sleighs had to be found. This detained us until eleven A.M. the following day. We thought this place the prettiest since we left Utica. It is situated at the head of Seneca Lake, which to my fancy must look very pleasant in the summer season, but it looked very dreary then, covered with thick ice, although many enjoyed crossing it on foot. As soon as the four sleds were loaded we commenced another stage of our journey. We did not succeed so well as expected, and instead of spending

our night at Naples, only ran twenty miles, being detained by one of the sleighs being carelessly overturned.

Saturday, 4th

We were called a little before five and got off at six.

At ten minutes to seven one of the sleds was broken while crossing a cut in the road, and two hours wasted, as the driver had to return to hire another sled. Another hour had not passed when all the drivers were troubled to assist the sled up a hill, putting other horses to it,

and several times the same poor horses needed assistance up hills!

About ten-thirty A.M. we reached Naples at last, and only stopped long enough to water the horses, hoping to go five miles further before breakfast, but to great surprise, another man upset his sled and delayed us another hour, and it was twelve before we stopped for breakfast. The teamsters joined us, which seemed strange to me, not being accustomed to it. The slices of fried salt pork swimming in fat was not very tempting, but when we could get a boiled egg we could manage pretty well.

We again set out feeling somewhat refreshed, and after proceeding two miles further entered a complete forest. This would have been beautiful in summer but looked dreary, covered with snow. The road was narrow, and we were sometimes troubled by branches coming in our way. After traveling fourteen miles very pleasantly we rested for the night at a tolerably comfortable house.

Sunday, 5th

The next morning, Sunday, we started at six A.M. At twenty-five to nine we were delayed some time by a steep hill, when the drivers were obliged to assist each other by lending their horses. Then we entered another wood and I felt quite enchanted—the sun was shining through the trees and the birds singing sweetly, their notes echoing through the wood. It was with difficulty I could trace the road before us, and the boughs frequently beat into our sleighs allowing us to break off beautiful branches of Pine. We reached an Inn about half past nine A.M. where we were furnished with a delicious breakfast of fresh veal, a dish we had not tasted since our departure from Utica, for fresh meat is seldom met with traveling through the Western forests.

We passed through Angelica at ten-thirty, and soon after met some light wagons with Indians dressed very gaily, we supposed were going to a meeting. At three P.M. we stopped again and had some cider. At four o'clock one

of the sleds broke down and detained us some time, which was very unfortunate as it was a rainy afternoon. We had stopped at Ft. Post to water the horses, where we learned it was 55 miles to Olean Point.

We did not travel much farther without meeting more obstacles. The bridge across the Genesee River was in such a dilapidated state that we were obliged to take a private road belonging to Mr. Church, who owns a large farm there. This was attended with difficulties too, for there were some bogs to cross, which had logs thrown across them to render them passable. It was so difficult for the horses that the best pair was selected to assist all the others. It was now six-thirty P.M. and getting dark. The rain had ceased, but it felt damp and chilly.

After traveling another mile we were thankful to take lodgings for the night, although it was the worst accommodations we had met with. We entered a room which appeared to serve as sleeping room, dining room and kitchen. The lady immediately began sweeping to make the place look neater, not heeding the dust she was throwing, which was not very pleasant. Salt pork (swimming in fat) which seemed the standard dish, poor coffee, bread and butter and some dried apple pie was our supper, all horrid. Our sleeping apartment was an large attic which we divided in two by hanging some sheets and blankets.

The next morning (Monday) the sixth, appeared dull and the drivers caused us some alarm by objecting to go any further, as they feared the snow would be gone before they could return home to Geneva. But this was most unreasonable to leave us in the middle of the forest with all of our luggage. However, after some deliberation and argument they concluded to go on and fulfill their contract to leave us at Olean Point, where we arrived without having anything particular to note, excepting the fine appearance of the lofty Pines and Hemlocks.

In early days Olean was known as Hamilton. An interesting description of it exists in William Darby's "Emigrant's Guide to the Western and Southwestern States and Territories" published in 1818. "Hamilton, at the headwaters of the Alleghany River, is a small village, but from its situation, is becoming a thoroughfare for families from the Eastern states to the countries lying on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. (Large arks, twelve by sixty feet and roofed over, are sometimes built in Hamilton, on board of which families embark, with their wagons and horses.) The distance from Hamilton to Pittsburgh, through the turns of the river is 260 miles."

Olean is a small village, and our choice of abode was between two hotels, neither very inviting in their appearance, however, we found our landlord very obliging and he endeavored to make us

comfortable as possible. Mr. and Mrs. G's bedroom was a small one leading from the dining room. Our bed room was upstairs and very inconvenient, as we had to pass through a very large one where a number of men slept, obliging us to retire earlier than pleasant. The sitting room was very pleasant and bright, with a table in the center and a large fire of pine wood in the open fire place.

The table was miserably supplied, and the charge was \$20 a week for our family, consisting of three grown persons and four children.

Tuesday, 7th

A cold day but beautifully clear. Got up at six-thirty, but could not get through the next room until half past seven.

Mr. and Mrs. G. went in the morning to the store house by the riverside to see to the luggage which was placed there. It felt really delightful to be at rest for a day, and indeed there was every prospect of our being detained for weeks on account of the Allegheny River not being in a fit stage for us to float down a boat.

Wednesday, 8th

Mr. G. took breakfast early with the other boarders, and was truly disgusted to see them put their own knives into the butter after using it to salt fish and pickle cucumbers, etc.

He had to go to the storehouse. We breakfasted at eight o'clock and then went down, too, as one bureau had been broken and the dresses needed repacking. The sun shone bright and thawed the snow, which made it exceedingly dirty to walk.

Thursday, 9th

A fine morning. Sister walked down to store after breakfast and returned with Mr. G. to one o'clock dinner which was unusually delicious. A fine joint of veal, potatoes, apple sauce, crackers and cakes, etc. Mr. G. had spoken to the landlord about having fresh meat, and he had been a long ride to procure it.

The provisions of the country people generally consisted of salt pork or fish, applesauce, pickled cucumbers, and corn bread and molasses, which was not at all agreeable to us, so Mr. Johnson said he would endeavor to get fresh meat for us.

Friday, 10th

Business at the storehouse again, and in the afternoon I was tempted to pay them a visit again, so much repacking.

Saturday, 11th

A foggy morning. After dinner I took Emma and Laura for a walk. Crossed the creek and gathered moss among the stumps of trees—weather was lovely.

Monday, 13th

The river rose three feet, only one foot lower than the floor of the storehouse, so that Mr. G. was much engaged in having his goods removed farther from the river.

Sister laid down for a while, and I sat with her, sewing to keep her company. At half past eleven we had a thunder storm, with two very loud peals of thunder. The state of the atmosphere made us feel bad, and in the afternoon we were busy sewing.

Tuesday, 14th

A fine morning but extremely cold, that I could hardly dress myself, however, we found a famous large fire in the sitting room. We took breakfast without sister, who was not well, and had it taken to her room. Mr. G. took the three younger children for a walk to the river which had fallen eight inches.

Afterwards went to seek for a laundress but were prevented going far on account of the freshet which had slightly removed a wooden bridge over a creek they needed to cross.

The men at the saw mills were afraid of losing it altogether. I should have gone with them had I been able to wear my own shoes, which my chilblains prevented, and as Sister went out, she could not lend me hers. After dinner went for a walk with Isaac and Mr. G. We first tried the road, where the snow had been melted and

frozen again, but it was too slippery. We then tried the snow at the side of the road, and succeeded pretty well. We soon reached the burying ground, a barren enclosure where the trees had been cut down and stumps left.

We then turned into a wood. Mr. G. killed a beautiful bluebird and was cruel enough to think of shooting another, but they looked so beautiful when flying that he left them in peace. We returned home after examining a machine for pulling up the stumps of trees—a man said it cost five hundred dollars.

Thursday, 15th

Not quite such a cold morning, but as I had procured a few pieces of wood and had covered some ashes over the fire at night, I got up at half past six and kindled it, which made it pretty comfortable.

Directly after breakfast, which we took at nine, we took another walk, and passed through a forest of pine trees for a mile or more, when we came to a log house before which three men were making shingles (used here to roof houses with.) Here we rested upon some stumps of trees while Mr. G. got some information from the men and I enjoyed the romantic scenery. The river winding beautifully through the forests, was lost to our view, apparently covered by the lofty Pines and Hemlocks, the clear blue sky above, with not

a cloud to be seen, crowned all.

After resting awhile, we inquired what other road we could take for variety. They told us by crossing a swamp in view, and keeping in the track made by passengers, we should reach the State road. This we willingly attempted, not wishing to return the same way. The ice appeared strong but I preferred seeing Mr. G. try it first. While hesitating, one of the woodmen came up and politely saying he thought we appeared to be afraid, at the same time stamping his foot upon the ice, assuring us it was perfectly safe. So on we went, and in a few minutes reached the other side. We walked on, but saw no game of any kind. At length, after we found the State road (what a place!) I was sadly disappointed, for we had not walked far when we were obliged to turn into the wood again to get round a swamp, and not long after we met with another which appeared to extend some distance into the woods at both sides. I could have shed tears, but that would not have helped me, so on we went picking our way through snow while the ice was breaking and falling off the trees around us in all directions. We soon came to some fallen trees lying lengthwise in the same direction as the road. These we mounted, I slipping off every little while into two or three feet of snow, while the report of ice breaking sounded like so many guns firing, and I had some

doubt whether a hunter might not mistake me for some wild animal crawling up the logs. After getting out of this predicament we soon reached our village, and two-thirty found Sister waiting dinner. How tired and hungry I was. I enjoyed my meal, but it took some time to get rested.

Friday, 17th

A pleasant morning. All but myself went out to hunt for a laundress and also for some apples. After dinner Mr. G. had to go a short distance to inquire about a raft that was going down the river, one of the children and I accompanied him. After gaining what information we could, we turned into a wood of Pine and Sumac. We were told there were black squirrels, but we did not see any. I don't think there were less than twenty partridges rose at a distance and flew through the trees, so Mr. G. resolved to have his gun with him the next time. It got very cold during the night, and in the morning I was much disappointed to find it snowing.

Saturday, 18th

It continued at intervals all day with a west wind.

Mr. G. walked down to the river to see a raft off with a doctor and family, also a gentleman and son, besides the men to guide and manage it.

Sister and I were working hard at needle work.

Sunday, 19th

I rose at seven-thirty after peeping from under the bedclothes several times and looking at our frozen breath up the sheets. We did not breakfast until ten-thirty, when we prepared to go to meeting, as we understood it would begin at eleven, but no one was seen and we heard afterwards that the storm had prevented the minister from traveling.

We thought we would take a short walk, but the intense cold drove us home and we were contented to read at home.

Monday, 20th

Rather warm, wind easterly. Mr. G. out all the morning looking after rafts and boats, and returned at three just as we were finishing dinner. In the afternoon we all took a walk to the river but it was very dirty.

Tuesday, 21st

We were working at home all the morning, while Mr. G. went about boats. After dinner he took Isaac to the woods in search of game. I went with them. We met two sportsmen and a third one carrying five partridges. We were not so fortunate, although we made a good circle. It threatened snow or rain, so we returned home with good appetites for our tea.

About eight P.M. it began to rain in torrents, but I suppose did not last long, as when I woke

the next morning, 22nd., the ground was covered in snow, and it continued drifting all day, although it did not freeze hard. Mr. G. went to the five mile creek to see about a boat, and we were busy at needle work all the day.

Thursday, 23rd

On waking found the sun shining beautifully, but still very cold.

Mr. G. went to the store and found it necessary to unpack the Piano-forte. So in the afternoon Sister, Emma, and I had to go down to the store and dried the damp clothing by a large fire which Mr. Pemberton the store-keeper had lighted by Mr. G's request. Everything was packed again before we went home to tea. I felt a bad cold in the evening.

Friday, 24th

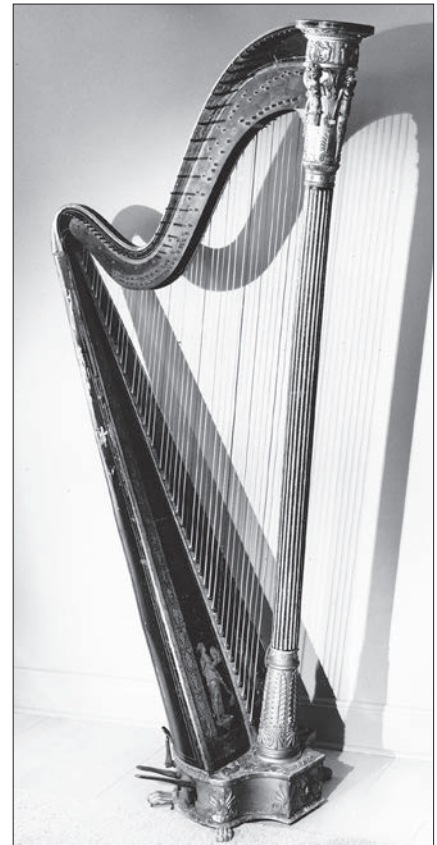
I did not feel at all well, but roused myself as it was poor Sister's wedding anniversary.

The weather was mild and clear. Mr. G. was obliged to go down to nail up the Piano-forte, hoping to find the harp in good tune on his return to dinner.

This had been fetched up to the hotel upon a sleigh. At quarter past twelve, as I expected, Mr. G. home to keep Sister company. I took a walk for half an hour in the fields with some of the children, to try and get rid of my cold.

After dinner, Emma and Sophia prepared the wine and

apples, when we drank success to the day and health to all absent friends, then, after having a few tunes on the harp, we all took a stroll in the woods across the Mill creek bridge, so-called by having a mill close by. All around a great quantity of Pine timber was lying which called our attention, seeing the turpentine oozing from beneath the bark. We returned home a short time before tea, which we had about quarter to seven. The evening seemed short and passed pleasantly, and sister entertained us with some tunes upon the harp.



This harp was brought to America by Ann Amelia and Clarissa Stoddart. It was built in London in 1827 by Sebastian Edwards, 18 Great Marlborough Street. When a family descendant visited the same shop in 1955, the original record of its sale was found, and the molds for the ornamental work were still in existence.

Saturday, 25th

A gray morning. My cold still bad, Mr. G. went out with two gentlemen and returned to dinner at quarter past five P.M. Sister and I took a walk in the morning from nine to eleven-thirty. We reached the Burying ground. It was delightful weather, quite like a summer day, so we ventured to sit down and rest upon some fallen trees, and talked over our anticipated journey to Cincinnati. The children were out too, and I took them again in the afternoon and we gathered some very pretty moss.

Sunday, 26th

My cold bad. Still lovely mild weather. Did not take breakfast until ten o'clock, and after reading a few minutes I felt obliged to lie down on my bed, where I remained sleeping or sometimes reading until four P.M., and Sister reclined on the children's bed to keep me company, for we felt much fatigued, we did not go down until tea time.

This was a miserable way of spending a Sabbath, but we were told the clergyman had fallen out of his sleigh and broken his leg. The people did not appear to care much for religious services.

Sister had taken the children in the morning to church, but when disappointed, took a short walk before returning home. Early in the evening it rained

again, but we had no lightning which I rather expected after the closeness of the day. I went to bed about eight P.M. and had some rum and water which Sister brought up.

Monday, 27th

Another change. Snowing and very cold. We all remained at home. Mr. Harris called in the afternoon respecting a boat for us to go down river in.

Tuesday, 28th

All at home excepting Mr. G. who went about boats. Better weather.

Wednesday, 29th


A lovely clear warm day. We all took a walk to the burying ground to see the bluebirds but none could be seen. (I forgot to name that when we went to the burying ground on the 25th we saw a field nearly covered with bluebirds, which was a lovely sight, and never saw any afterwards.) Passing the edge of a river we startled three partridges, which a hunter might have shot, for although they looked very pretty, they would have been very acceptable in a place where so little fresh meat could be got. We reached home at twelve P.M. and Mr. G. took Emma with him down to the river to see how things were. After dinner at three-thirty we went to the woods, N.E. of the village in hopes of finding some partridges for Sister, but were

much disappointed again—we saw several woodpeckers. We did not get home until six-thirty and were very tired of the day's work.

Thursday, 30th

Another beautiful day. I practiced the harp from quarter to eleven 'till half past twelve during which time Mr. and Mrs. G. went to see the state of the river and the children took the pretty country walk towards the burying ground. All were home by dinner time, and after that Mr. G. went again down to the river. Sister generally rested at that time, and I took a long walk by the woods with Emma to gather moss. We started at four-thirty and reached home by half past six.

Friday, 31st

Fine mild weather. Children went for a walk, and Mr. G. alone to the river. He did not return until three P.M. when he told us he had been viewing Olean from the top of a mountain at the opposite side of the river. After dinner he took sister and me in a row boat across the river into the Pine forest, but it was so damp we could not walk there, so we returned. It was a hard matter to row across the stream, which was so rapid. We then sauntered about by the river seeing Mr. Smith's rafts off, and returned home about seven to tea. In the evening I played harp music while Mr. G. was writing and other sewing. 



A group of people along with horses on board a flatboat, as they travel down a river under a moonlit sky. The flatboat was a creation of the Ohio River valley and moved downstream only. It was generally steered behind the stern, with a long swing oar as long as the boat itself, and by two "sweeps" forward, one on each side. Going down the Alleghany River, the Gooch family had, as their crew, a pilot, a steerman, and two men on the oars. Note the skiff tied to the side of the oar and the Indian canoe at the right. Engraving by Alfred A. Waud. Courtesy of The New York Public Library.

April

Saturday 1st

Rather a cloudy day. Children went for a walk. Mr. G. went to the river to see the rafts. Sister sewed some and I played the harp for half an hour. All at home again about ten-thirty when Mr. G. took the children across the river in a boat to the woods and returned home just in time to escape a shower of rain. Sister and I were busy washing out some interesting articles that were too fine to put in the wash. Mr. G. then requested us to take a walk but in a short time an approaching storm hurried us home.

This was the second day of hearing the frogs, which I suppose had begun for the summer.

Sister then played the harp, when to our great astonishment two gentlemen with a tap at the door entered, and apologizing said the sound of the instrument outside was so sweet that they were impelled to intrude and request another tune. Mr. G. who was writing requested them to be seated and A. played several tunes. They had never seen a harp before. There was quite an assemblage outside on the walk listening, too, rather a country looking set. The instrument was moved to let them see, and the gents thought it far superior to the Piano-forte.

The two gentlemen were on their way to Cincinnati, and in the Fall intended to go to New Orleans.

Sunday, 2nd

A rainy morning which ceased before ten o'clock but changed to a very windy damp day. The meeting house being at last open for service, Sister took the children. Mr. G. had gone out before we heard a clergyman had come. I could not go out on such a bad day with my cold and sore throat, so I read in quietness. Our dinner consisted of salt pork, toast and boiled rice, rather poor.

Monday and Tuesday nothing new.

Wednesday, 5th

A fine day. My cold nearly well. Mr. and Mrs. G. walked to the river and strolled about, and I took Sophia and Isaac for a walk by the adjacent forest.

Thursday, 6th

My cold worse again, increased by going out the day before. Did not get up until ten thirty A.M. when I took my breakfast alone. We were busy sewing the rest of the day and evening.

Friday, 7th

A fine day. Sewed with sister. Nothing new. Mr. G. generally watched the river business as he intended buying a flat boat. One fine day he took us a short distance down the river to show us how romantic the scenery was. We floated pleasantly down but it was a different story coming up such a rapid stream. Mr. G. needed to use both his

oars and we had to steer. This was novel occupation, and the way the boat shot across to one side of the river, and again to the other was perfectly astonishing and ridiculous. Sister concluded to be landed, and walked home, but poor me, I had to help the boat back. It was with great difficulty I could keep the boat out of the rushes at the side of the river and no one could tell how thankful I was to be once more safe on dry land. Poor Mr. G. had to use all his strength to row up stream, and was tired enough.

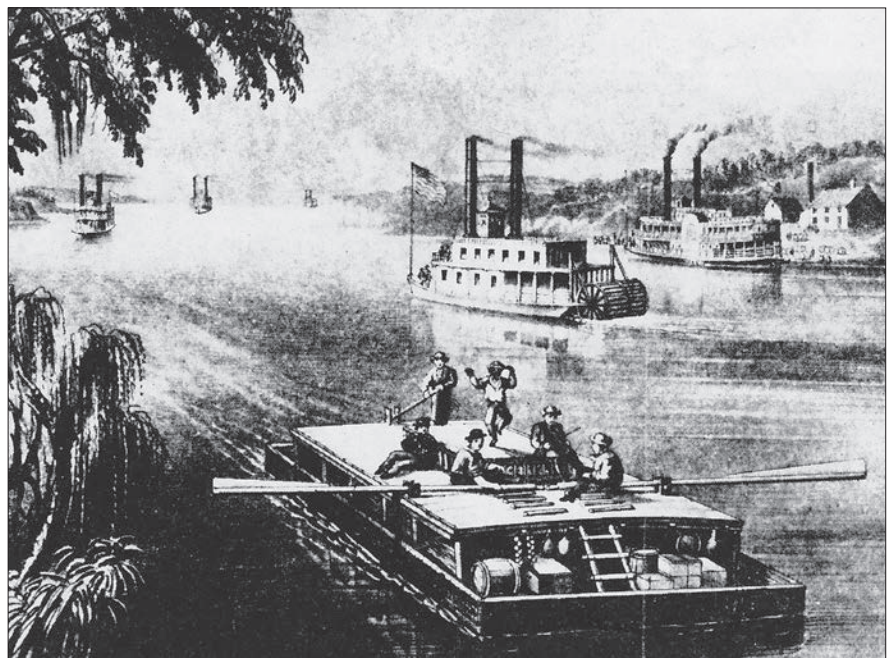
A few days more we heard the boat was bought, and having a cabin built on it. With a small division for the work hands. The packing cases and boxes were arranged in it so as to answer for bedsteads, and with clothes lines and large linen sheets, divisions were made in the cabin for the

different members of the family. The boat was fifty feet long.

April 14th, 1832

We entered the cabin. A strange feeling came over me I thought of the risk we were to run. We only traveled five miles the first day and then tied up for the night. Finding our match box, by some means, empty, we obtained a light from an Indian's cottage and then set out to arrange the apartments and beds, a curious undertaking.

The next morning we rose at six A.M. and we had not gone far when the men wished to go ashore, and in so doing ran upon a snag, and it was with great exertion for three hours that they were able to free the boat. All this trouble, I think, was caused by the desire of the pilot for whiskey.



Currier and Ives lithograph, "Bound Down the River." Flatboats with oars sticking out at the sides, such as this, were called broadhorns. Courtesy of The New York Public Library.



Mississippi River at Port Byron, Iowa, and Berlin, Illinois. Lithograph of an H. Lewis print from *Das Illustrierte Mississippthal* [Düsseldorf: Arnz & comp, 1857].

We then partook of a hurried breakfast and continued our course.

The scenery was lovely. Pine forests at both sides which were only broken open by an occasional log hut with its garden plot ready for Indian corn and potatoes. Some inhabited by Indians and others by men not much more civilized.

At two P.M. we had our dinner of eggs etc. which we managed to cook on a wood fire at the stern of the boat. The place, or box, was made of a frame of wood filled with clay. Not being learned in the art of cooking, we directly met with a disaster, for as no one waited by, the wood burned suddenly, the water

dried out, and the rice was burnt. We took this only slightly to heart and thought we would do better next time.

About five P.M. our careless Pilot ran the boat upon a shoal of stones, and all hands had to get out into the water to get it afloat again with hand spikes. They tried working hard for more than an hour, when they became disheartened and refused to work any longer. We were not alarmed as the water was so shallow we could see the pebbles at the bottom. The weather was very changeable, and a shower of rain made our cabin feel very damp and uncomfortable.

Monday 15th

At three A.M. Sister thought the boat moved a little, she as well as myself, was wakeful and anxious. At five it swung again, waking Mr. G., when all hands were soon ready to push it off, which was easily done as the rain ashore had caused a rise.

At eleven we were very much alarmed, for the Pilot not keeping a sufficient distance from an island, a contrary stream sucked us back, and towards the shore where a large tree hung over. Every moment we expected to see the cabin torn off, so we rushed with the children to the end of the boat, while Mr. G. and the men kept the boat as far out as they could with hand spikes until we had passed the tree.

Then we rushed with the current 'round the head of the island to the other side where we floated down stern first for some time. We escaped free of damage excepting one board on the cabin being broke in. The fire went out in the confusion, and were thankful to have raw eggs beat up and cold rice and molasses for our dinner.

Not long after this, a man called from the shore wishing to ride a few miles with us, so Mr. G. fetched him in our skiff, but in a short time our pilot ran us upon another shoal. Our passenger was so alarmed he wanted Mr. G. to put him ashore again, which could not well be done then. So what did he do but wade through the water leaving us to our fates.

It is always expected that all on board should help in case of trouble. Help was sent for from shore, but none could be procured. We remained in this dilemma for three hours. The poor men standing in the water trying with their spikes to push it off. At length they formed a dam and succeeded in getting it afloat.

We got within a few miles of Warren that night, and arrived at the village the next morning, April 16th, at seven A.M. Mr. Gooch there discharged the drunken pilot who had caused us so much trouble.

One day while the men were in the water trying to get the boat off a bar, I found a large bucket

half full of whiskey. I was desperate and hurriedly turned half out, fearing to turn out more, and then added a quantity of water. I heard them grumbling afterwards at the poor whiskey.

We then engaged another hand, Mr. G. intending to pilot himself, but two men wished to go down as far as Tynaster Village who were well acquainted with the river, so they guided us safely fifteen miles the first day and twenty-three miles by three P.M. the next day. They cautioned Mr. G. and told him he would be wrecked before we went many miles.

We proceeded on our way, and soon met with trouble, and ran among the long grass at the head of an island. The river was very wide, and a gentleman on the opposite shore, seeing our difficulty, came to our assistance. We were all put on the island while the boat was got off, and then went to our boat in the skiff, once more to defy dangers. We tied up at Oil Creek that night, as Sister begged Mr. G. not to go on in the dark, as not long before we had a great fright; the boat ran over a rock with a fearful crash, and we feared it was broken in.

The men, unused to the river, had not observed the ripples until too late to guide the boat round it. After that I was quite unnerved, and expected to be wrecked. I could not rest lest they should start before daylight, and kept watch. At dawn I woke the eldest girl, advising her to dress quickly, as I heard the men stirring, and then we woke the little ones: their ages 7, 9, 11, the eldest one was 13 years old.

April 19th

We started about six A.M., and in less than half an hour there was a terrific crash, and we were fast upon a rock with the water rushing in. In a few minutes, Mr. G. looked in at the door with his hair nearly standing on end, to tell us not to be alarmed, as we were at the bottom. Then there was a scene of confusion, indeed. The small boxes supporting our beds floated out, and it was with difficulty we held to the side of the cabin to keep the head of the bed, out of the water. Seeing the harp in danger, Sister



Clarissa mentions pioneer cabins similar to the one pictured here, in the pine forest clearings that she saw occasionally from the river. From Victor Collot's "Voyage dans L'Amérique Septentrionale." Courtesy of The New York Public Library.

and I reached and seized it, dragging it upon the bed. In a few minutes, Mr. G came in the skiff to take us ashore, with a strong man to row us, while he remained with the rest.

It was with great difficulty he reached the shore owing to the rush caused by the rock and boat, and, I must add, it was a strange feat for us to walk upon the floating boxes to get out of our boat to the skiff. Some floated out of the door and were lost.

I felt relieved to feel I was once more safe upon dry land, but how we got dry I could never tell, although we were soaking wet above our knees.

I suppose the children were carried out, as they were all dry.

One child was minus a shoe which was found afterwards, soaking wet.

A woman with an old man and a boy came down a hill from a log hut, and offered kind assistance, and called to a friend to come help. In the meantime, Sister and I unpacked some things to try and save them, and hung them on the trees. The kind woman had made three fires for us. I boiled some water and made tea as soon as I got the kettle, which we drank in a hurry to keep off the chill, and beat up some raw eggs for the tea, which did very well with the few remaining biscuits. About three quarts of milk had escaped the water, and this we put the wet bread in, adding the beat up eggs and plenty of sugar for

dinner, which would not have been amiss could we have sat down awhile.

It was a splendid fine day, and a pretty sight on looking up the river to see a fleet of boats coming down to help us.

About six P.M. some boats were lashed together and loaded with heavy cases to take to Oil Creek by the use of hand pikes. Also, three canoes were tied together to carry goods. After packing up, we were ordered to walk up the beach to a hut, where a man ferried us across the river to Oil Creek. We were indeed exhausted and thankful to be under a roof once more. The only accommodation was at Mr. Holiday's, and that was wretched, but we were glad to get our tea, although the pork swimming in fat looked unpleasant. They afterwards boiled some eggs for us, and we were able to eat a meal. We then went upstairs to see our sleeping apartment. This was a large room with five beds. In one corner, at the end slept a man and his wife,

the other corner our men slept in. This portion Mr. G divided off by putting up clothes line and hanging large linen sheets. Then he hung others across the other way, dividing his family. We had a strange time altogether. Days were passed hanging clothes to dry round a field fence at the other side of the creek, where the warehouse was, and we had to cross in a canoe every morning. The day after the wreck was spent getting the boat off the rock. Three yoke oxen on shore, and men in boats with hand spikes managed to get the boat off, which it took several days to mend. The weather continued clear and favorable for our work, and after much persuasion, Mr. G engaged a pilot to take us to Pittsburgh, a Mr. Heighs, a fine steady man well-acquainted with the river chart.

Right: "Canadian Scenery"—published in London: George Virtue, 1840-1842. Engraved by C. Cousen from an original drawing by William Henry Bartlett (1809-1854). A view of Navy Island, which is a little less than three miles upstream from Niagara Falls, in Ontario, Canada.



Below: Detail from an early Mississippi River scene, suggesting the many treacherous obstacles that lay in the way of all river traffic. Note flat-boats in the background. Courtesy of The New York Public Library.





View Pittsburgh looking southwest, at the confluence of the Allegheny River (in the foreground), Monongahela River (to the left) and the Ohio River (to the right). This is where the flatboat became unmanageable, while only Clarissa and a steersman were left on board. Engraving from *Graham's Magazine*. Courtesy of The New York Public Library.

Wednesday, April 25th

The Wednesday following, April 25th, we left Oil Creek about one P.M. In one place we passed down through some fearful rapids which did not trouble the pilot, as he knew well between which two rocks to go. We had an easy passage down, but I felt prostrated, and cared little for the scenery after the fright and all our anxiety.

Saturday the 28th

We reached Pittsburgh on Saturday the 28th.

The next morning at nine an old lady called to see us, like a ministering spirit she comforted us, and invited us to call on her. Also informed us there were several churches in the place of different sects. Sister was glad to go, and took the children, leaving me to guard the boat. This kind stranger heard that

an English family had arrived from London, England, and she, being English, felt interested.

But I have missed Saturday afternoon, when we arrived at one o'clock.

The pilot and two men left us, and we had only one steersman. Sister and I went ashore to get some provisions, and procured a nice piece of veal, which we stewed the next day for dinner. It was a great treat after living so many days upon eggs, potatoes, bread (partly corn), butter and boiled rice and milk for our tea.

I was not surprised to see Pittsburgh so dirty as I had been told of it before. Two women called on us to learn if they could get a passage down the river—of course we had no room to accommodate them.

I was in a terrible anxious state of mind, as I heard there was doubt about Mr. G. having a pilot,

The Journal of Clarissa Stoddart

someone told him there was no need, and he was a man to catch at a straw. I determined not to go farther, but secretly to inquire for a situation as teacher, which I wrote to my brother in England for help and advice, for he had told me to do so in case of trouble. However sad to relate, I was out in the middle of the river before I was aware of it, on Sunday afternoon, and Mr. G. in his skiff landing on the opposite shore to get fire wood. Suddenly, our little steersman rushed in the cabin door, and said it was impossible to manage the boat alone, and asked Sister to call him, as he would not come to his. We went out and found ourselves apparently in the midst of a large lake, at the junction of three rivers, and our man said the water was driving us up the Monongahela river. He roared and shouted, and Sister waved, when at last Mr. G. came. He then rowed for the Ohio, and I found out, to my great

dismay, we were on our way down to Cincinnati without a pilot.

I felt almost overcome to think he should risk again his amiable wife and family. We soon got in the wrong current and kept knocking against logs by the shore, and it was hard rowing and steering to get over across the river into the right stream.

I was much frightened and Mr. G. scolded me so I had to bear all in silence, and an anxious time poor Sister had as well as myself.

Sometimes we went on so late at night that we strained our eyes to see through the darkness, what the occasional noise was caused by. Sometimes, trying to land at unfit places where snags and grass had collected, or where the rush of water was too strong, One night a great wind arose, and we were hurriedly anchored by the shore. 🛶



View of the Ohio River at the Pennsylvania and Ohio state line.

May

About the 6th of May, after eight days floating, we had another man to help to row, and Mr. G. helped too, for he was anxious to reach Cincinnati.

On the 7th we anchored near a farm house fifty-five miles above Cincinnati.

As Sister did not feel well, at one A.M., she had the boat started at 3 A.M. and we reached Manchester, twenty-five miles at ten o'clock. Sister feeling better, another man was hired to row, and we pressed nine miles to Maysville, thinking to stop, but at two-thirty P.M. we reached Augusta, a pretty little town, and she was willing to stop. Mr. G called at a respectable looking private house to make some inquiries, and was recommended to Mrs. Ingle's boarding house (or hotel). The only nurse in the place was already engaged, but her place was well filled by Mrs. I and her friend, an old lady. Mrs. Ingle is a delightful woman, and both were truly good and kind. I had afterwards to be head nurse, not a difficult office to fill as Sister was so well and able to direct, and Horace, our dear welcome little babe, so good.

Born May 8th, 1832, at six P.M. Dr. Mackie was our medical attendant and was also kind and attentive.

We could not have been better attended had we been settled in Cincinnati.

Mrs. Ingles seemed to anticipate all our wants with pleasure. A large waiter was brought up at night with refreshments, and a black girl slept in the hall outside our door.

Mrs. Craper and Mrs. Mires called the next day. Mrs. C dressed the baby for me, giving me a lesson, Mrs. Mackie called in the afternoon, making a longer visit, and came several other times. Two other ladies also called on us, surprised to find Sister so well, and congratulated her on having such a sweet-tempererd, dear little boy. He never disturbed anyone at night. He nursed at ten, between two and three, and at five A.M., and at half past five her own breakfast was brought up.

I had little to do, as our wants were immediately attended to by Ellen, the black cook. This was our first life in a slave state (Kentucky) and the slaves



A view of the Cincinnati riverfront, 1840, by John Casper Wild. Lithograph by H. R. Robinson. Courtesy of The New York Public Library.



View of Cincinnati, Ohio; Covington, Kentucky; and New Port, Kentucky. Courtesy of the Stokes Collection, The New York Public Library.

certainly have a better time than many servants in England, and they appear to enjoy waiting upon those who treat them kindly. (please see Editor's Notes)

In two weeks we once more took to our boat, another important move. Sister, however, kept upon her bed and with care gained her usual health. But we had a terrible time when getting near Cincinnati. Getting in the wrong current which kept driving us towards shore, striking or rubbing against keel-boats and others, the men scolding at us and wondering at our stupidity. Mr. G ordered Isaac, his son, about 10 years old, to take the rudder and guide the boat, but it soon knocked him down, when I ran to his assistance. I helped him up and we both rowed as hard as we could. Then I heard a scream, I rushed in and found my sister had snatched the Babe from the bed, for a sudden jar had shaken some pieces of bedstead down, and she feared the babe would be killed. Mr. G. was in front, rowing with all his strength to keep out from shore. Two women on the hill above attracted my attention and called out "look at the woman steering."

Not in the least daunted, I exerted myself as if life depended upon it.

Before long, Mr. G asked a man to catch the rope and threw it out, when they stared at us as if they never saw such a boat before, but I expect it was the girl and boy steering that they were astonished at. The rope had to be drawn in again, and another desperate trial made. Mr. G shouted, asking men to please catch the rope, when a man was kind enough to help us to draw in and anchor. Mr. G then inquired for a house to rent, and then came to the boat and took Sister in a carriage to look at one. To my utter amazement, Mr. G then undertook to take the boat down a short distance farther to the street we were to live on, so as it would be less expensive and trouble to move the goods. How thankful I felt to be at the end of our perilous journey, and when bedsteads were up how homelike it appeared. But for many days our dining table was a large case turned over, for it took some time to unpack.

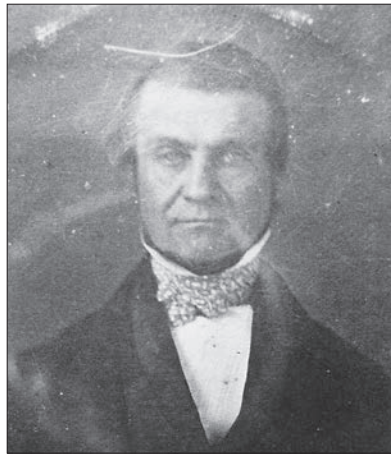
A person could hardly imagine what next troubled our minds. Someone told Mr. G that Lexington was the best place for him, so he proposed to his poor wife packing up and going down the river to Carrollton and then up the Kentucky to Lexington. Sister came to me for advice, when I said decidedly not to go one mile farther. So we remained. 🐾

POSTSCRIPT

Somehow it is hard to leave the story here. After reading about such an arduous and perilous expedition, one feels compelled to find out how the family fared when they finally reached their destination. Times were undoubtedly hard, for during the year of 1832 Cincinnati suffered a huge fire, a devastating flood, and an outbreak of cholera.

No record shows that Horace Gooch ever re-established himself in the manufacturing of watch cases, and his occupation remains unknown. Possibly his energies were spent in building his fine brick home several miles out of town on the Lebanon-Reading Road in the section known as Walnut Hills. What we do know is that eight years after their arrival, the Gooches were listed in a city directory as living in the middle of the city on Walnut Street, between 4th and 5th Streets, and Ann Amelia was running a "Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies." Toward the end of the century, such establishments would come to be called "finishing schools," and Ann Amelia made use of the niceties of her own London education in setting the curriculum and tone for her school.

Some money from England must have reached them during these early years in America and was of great help while the family was growing. After baby Horace was born, Anna Amelia's birth followed in 1833, Charles's in 1834, and Clara Fanny's in 1836. Horace Gooch's parents both died in



Horace Gooch



Ann Amelia Stoddart Gooch



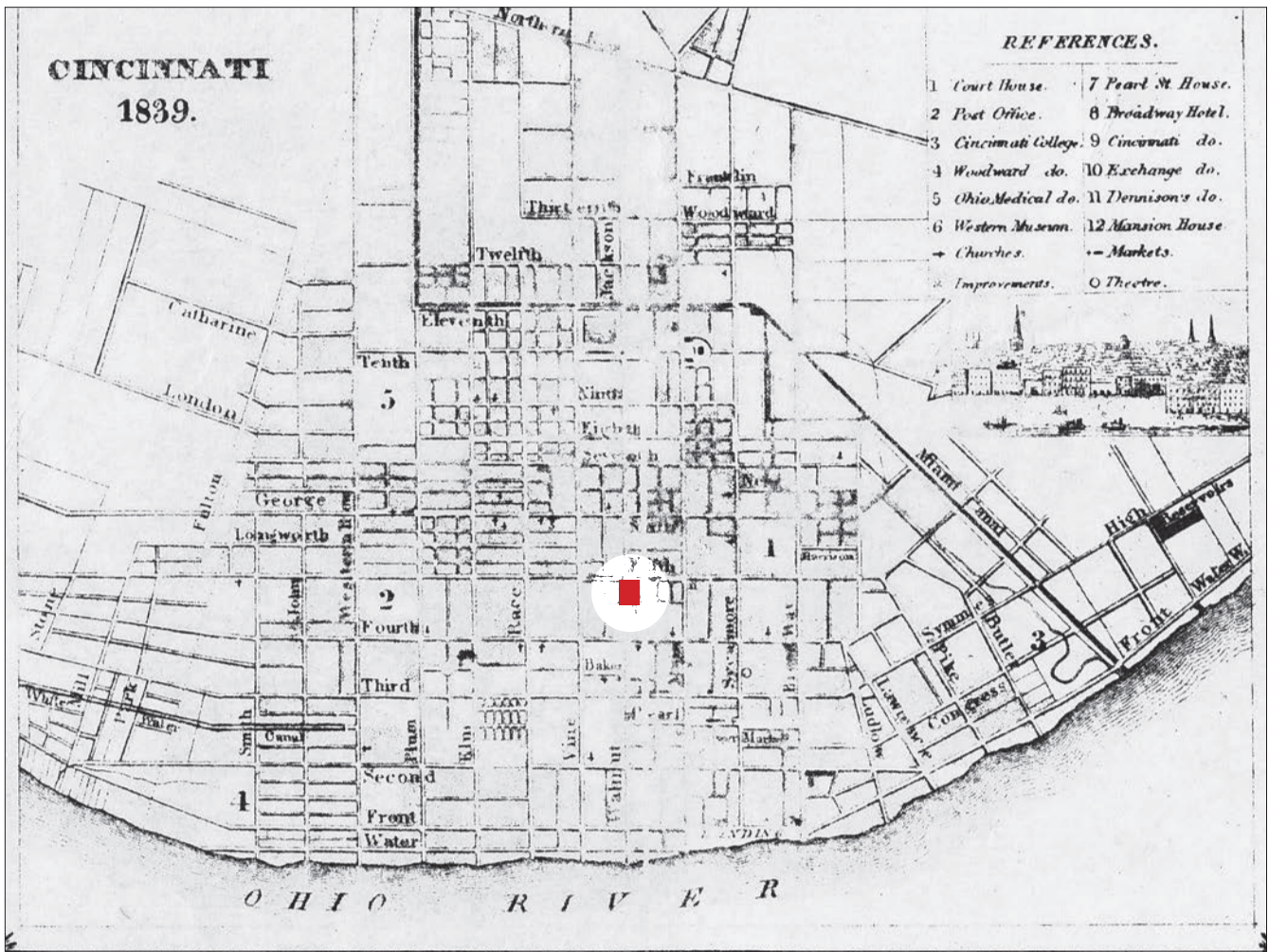
The house called Beech Grove, built by Horace Gooch. It was on the Lebanon and Reading Road, two miles from the center of town.

London, within six months of each other, in 1837. Since his father, Thomas, had owned one hundred houses in London upon his death, left one hundred houses in London, Horace must subsequently have received a share of the estate.

Both Ann Amelia and Clarissa, whose parents had died a few years before they left England, received a share in the settlement of

their father's watch business. Records show that the money was sent to America sometime before 1837.

Turning to a more romantic part of the family's history, Horace Gooch's brother, Henry appeared on the scene in 1840. He had apparently admired Clarissa when she was living in Clerkenwell, London, and they were married on May 27, 1841.



CINCINNATI. 195

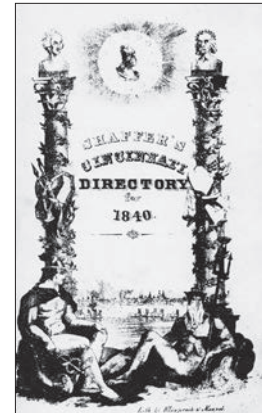
Glover, R. (Conn) M D, Ss Lower Market bet Syc and Bdy.
 Glynn, James (Ire) Carpr, res, cor Race and Front.
 Glynn, Wm S. (Ire) Porter and Messenger of the La Fayette Bank, res, Kemble West of John.
 Gnau, John (Ger) Stone-mason, res, Wdwd b Main & Syc.
 Goble, Geo (Ind) Labr, junction Front and 3d.
 Gockenberger, John (Ger) Blacksmith, bds at G Grassel's.
 Goetz, Adam (Ger) Cabt-mkr at Jones & Rammelberg's.
 Goforth, Nathaniel P. (—) Grocer, cor Sycamore and Fkn.
 Goforth, Miss Jemima D. (Ky) Dress Maker, res, Abigail 2 drs from Broadway.
 Gogel, Mrs Barbara (Ger) Washer w, res, Race near Corp L.
 Gogin, Thomas (N J) Wagon-maker, Harrison street, res 3d bet John and Smith.
 Goke, Henry (Ger) Labr, res in Cherry alley.
 Gold, John (Pa) Shoe-maker, res, Lodge's street.
 Gold, Jacob (Ger) Rope-mkr, res, corner Vine and 15th.
 Goldburg, Joseph (Bav) Pedlar, res, N s Harrison street.
 Golden, Charles (N Y) Shoe-maker, res, N s 5th near Smith.
 Golden, Isaac (O) Baker, res, N s 4th bet Race and Elm.
 Golden, Edward (Ire) Labr, res, Cong bet Bdy and Ludlow.
 Goldmeyer, Henry (Ger) Laborer, res, cor Walnut and 12th.
 Goldsmith, Nathan (Ger) Pedlar, res, S s 6th Plum and Wes R.
 Goldsmith, David (Ger) Jeweller, bds, Race bet Front & Col.
 Goldsmith, Daniel (Ger) Pedlar, res, do.
 Goldsmith, Wolf (Ger) Clothing-store, Es Main 1 dr S of Col.
 Goldthorp, Franklin (Eng) Carman, res, Cnth near Fulton.
 Gomer, Joseph (Fr) Porter at Kilgour & Taylor's.
 Gonzales, Geo (O) Teacher, bds at Rice's on 4th.
Gooch, Mrs Anna A. (Eng) Young Ladies' Boarding and Day School, W s Walnut bet 4th and 5th.
 Gooch, Horace (Eng) res, do.
 Good, Geo (Ger) Shoe-maker, res, S s Geo b Plum and Wes R.
 Good, John (Pa) enquire corner East Front and Pike.

510 ERRATA.

Dalsell, A. (—) Cooper, res Wdwd b Main and Sycamore.
 Duffield, Charles (—) res, Court between Race & Elm.
 Eddy, D. W. (Mass) Boarding-house, Walnut near 6th street.
 Eichelberger, Dr George F. (—) res W Row b 4th and 5th.
 Evens, T. A. (O) Engraver, S s 3 b Ma & Wal, bds at P Evens'.
 Fahj, Madame (—) Teacher of Vocal & Instrumental Music, address Mrs Woods, cor Broadway & 3d.
 Fitzgerald & Blyth, Tailors, No 13, West 4th street.
 Flores, Wm (Va) res 4th b Plum & Wes R (instead of 5th).
 Fore, P. J. (Ky) M D, Off, S s 6th near Main street.
 Fry, Joseph (Ger) Sergeant-at-Arms, at Council Chamber, res, 5th between Smith and Mound.
Gait House, S-W corner Main and 6th.
 Gallagher, Wm D. (Pa) Post, and Editor of the Hesperian, Office, in the Gazette Buildings, res 7th b Vine and Race.
 Getzendanner, J. H. (—) Magistrate, res 7 b W R & Mound.
 Glezen, E. K. [G & Shepard] instead of Glezen C. K.
Gooch, Henry (Eng) bds at Main st House.
 Gross, Samuel M D, res cor 7th and College street.
 Holliday, Wm S. (La) Grocer & Coms-Mer, No 150 Main.
 Hunt, Wm (O) S-B Agent & Coms-Mer, No 17 Sycamore.
 Horton, H. V. (N Y) Watch-mkr & Silver-smith, No 189 Ma, between 4th and 5th.
 Hubble, N. S. (Conn) Secy Cin Fuel Company, res cor 4th & Park, (instead of 5th).
 Hutchinson, Mrs res N s 4th b Main and Walnut.
 Iaberwood, Thos E. (Eng) res Wes Row b 4th and 5th.
 Jacoby, Dr L. S. (—) Physician, res cor Elm & 4th.
 Johnston, Wm (Pa) Atty at Law, over P, res head of Wal st.
 Jones, Joseph (Eng) res corner 4th and Broadway.
 Jones, Isaac C. (Md) formerly [Jones & Forbes] Morocco manfr, and Leather Dealer, No 136 Main street.
 Jones, Geo W. (N Y) res N-E cor 4th and Vine streets.
 Kellogg, Sheldon R. [K & Kennel] res Vine b 8th & 9th.
 Kerr, Wm R. (Ire) China Hall, E s Main b 5th and 6th.
 Lawrence, Wm (O) bds at Main st House.

Above: Map of the city published in the *Cincinnati Almanac* in 1839. The red box indicates the location of the boarding school run by Mrs. Horace Gooch (Ann Amelia Stoddart) on Walnut Street, between 4th and 5th Streets. Courtesy of Cincinnati and Hamilton County Public Library.

At left and below: Pages from *Schaefer's Cincinnati Directory for 1840*. Courtesy of The Public Library of Cincinnati and Hamilton County.





Clarissa Stoddart Gooch (Taken in London, 1876)

They made their first home in Cincinnati, subsequently moving across the river to Covington, Kentucky. Unfortunately they had no children and Henry Gooch died in 1865. Clarissa always thereafter made her home with her niece, Anna Amelia Gooch Smith and again found herself in the midst of a lively family of growing youngsters, of whom there were five. She was always called "Auntie," and she so dedicated her life to supporting the interests of the children that no one of them could ever recall a childhood

without her "noble and bright, wholesome influence." She kept in touch with her whole family in both America and England through a constant correspondence, but she did return to London in 1874 for a visit. Her later years found her constantly on the move, because for the relatives with whom she lived, the family of George Robert Keating Smith, changed residences sixteen times thereafter, living in nine different towns and cities. It was a change of church, denomination, or minister that was the cause of all this

restlessness, but Clarissa, in her steadily serene way, always found an Episcopal church with which to become affiliated.

Clarissa Stoddart Gooch's journey ended in Montclair, New Jersey. She died on February 1, 1900, at the fine old age of eighty-eight years.

~ Julia S. Berrall

The following genealogical notes on the Stoddart, Jackson, and Gooch families of Clerkenwell, London, were made by the Reverend Robert Keating Smith.



James Stoddart was a watchmaker of Sheines, near Portsmouth, Lanarkshire, in Scotland. (Born 1738, died Dec. 10, 1820.) His wife was Marion Smith of the same place. They were married in April, 1760 and came to Clerkenwell, London. They had four children, the three eldest, girls. One married a Mr. Watkins, another a Mr. Higginson, and another married John Melvill, son of James Melvill. The fourth child was Robert Stoddart, born 1771 or 1772, and he was apprenticed to James Melvill who lived at No.1, 61 Red Lion Street, and was a maker of watches, barometers and other fine instruments. Robert Stoddart was finally taken into partnership, and his name appears with that of James Melvill on the face of the barometer which Anne Carpenter of Highgate has. There are a number of watches in different branches of the family bearing the name of Robert Stoddart, Watchmaker.

Robert Stoddart married Sarah Jackson when he was twenty one years old. This must have been about December 1792 or January 1793. He took his wife to No.1, 61 Red Lion Street, and old Mr. Melvill lived with them for a good many years. Sarah Jackson was the only child of Thomas Jackson who lived in Mutton Lane. Clerkenwell. She was very bright and merry, and she dressed well. I have some heavy brocaded silk with a flowered pattern from one of her handsome dresses. She was short and slight, and they say that her husband could encircle her waist with his two

hands. She walked quickly, with a brisk step, so that the neighbors always noticed her as she went along Red Lion Street. She loved the theatre and dancing and other amusements. Her husband was quiet and serious. For some time he was a Warden of St. John's, Clerkenwell. They had a family of eleven children, four sons and seven daughters. The household was very happy and the children were well brought up. The daughters were all taught music and painting, and their mother was specially particular about their language, as Clarissa's letters and journal (written when she was twenty) plainly show. They also all learned to speak and write in French. The three sons were put into the watchmaking business, the eldest son Thomas having died in early childhood. The following were the children:

	Born
Thomas Jackson Stoddart	Nov. 1, 1793
Mary Mae Louise Stoddart	Nov. 17, 1795
Sarah Stoddart	Dec 19, 1797
Ann Amelia Stoddart	Sept. 23, 1799
Elizabeth Stoddart	July 20, 1801
Robert Stoddart	May 23, 1803
James Stoddart	Nov. 7, 1809
Emily Stoddart	May 24, 1807
John Stoddart	Nov. 7 1809
Clarissa Stoddart	Dec. 6 1811
Rosina Stoddart	Sept. 7, 1814

The first four children were christened at St. John's Chapel, Clerkenwell, and the others at St. James Church, Clerkenwell. The first death in the family (after that of Thomas) was that of Sarah who died Sept. 22, 1815.

Thomas Jackson Sr. [Sarah Jackson Stoddart's grandfather] was a turner (a person who turns wood on a lathe,) and his shop and house were in Mutton Lane, Clerkenwell. He was born October 20, 1720, and died April 23, 1788. His wife's name was Sarah, and she died Jan. 11, 1769, aged 53. They had two children: Thomas Jackson, Jr. born Nov. 18, 1751, and John Jackson, born Jan. 4, 1755.

After his father's death, Thomas Jackson, Jr. continued to live in Mutton Lane. Before he was twenty he married Mary Brotheroe. They were married at St. Andrews Church, Holborn, Jan. 21, 1771. Mary Brotheroe was born June 1, 1752, and was christened at St. Mary's Islington. Anne Carpenter has a miniature of Mary Brotheroe. There was but one child, Sarah, of whom they were proud. Born Nov. 22, 1771. She was married to Robert Stoddart. Thomas Jackson was quite well off. He had a seal with the family crest and his initials T.J. below. Anne Carpenter gave this on my birthday when I was in England, Aug. 2, 1888. He wrote a beautiful large clear hand. In Wilson's family Bible, published in 1781, to which he was subscriber, he entered the names of his father, himself, his brother, his wife, daughter, and his daughter's eleven children. This Bible is in my possession: it was given to Clarissa when they came to America, and she gave it to me.

When his wife died, April 10, 1815, Thomas Jackson came to live with his daughter at No. 61 Red Lion Street. Aunt Clarissa told me (Robert Keating Smith) the following about him in a letter written to me in March, 1899. "My mother's (Sarah) father was a fine tall, handsome man, and had no stoop. He was also a religious man. In 1825 he thought of marrying a widow lady, and took sister Elizabeth to call on her, but his health declined and changed his mind, and in

1826 he died, fifty-five years of age, and a bright man. He was in a trance for two or three days, and when he awoke he told mother that he had seen her mother and my sister Sarah and that the former had told him that my mother would come to them in two years, which proved to be so in 1828. My father died in Oct. 23, 1830."

Thomas Jackson died July 6, 1826. John Jackson (his brother) had a glass factory in Mutton Lane, and made cut glass. There are several pieces of cut glass in the family. I have a little water bottle that Aunt Clarissa gave me. Laura Ray Ford has a glass mug with the initials S.J. cut in the side. Aunt Clarissa told me that the coin, a shilling of George II which is in the bottom of this mug was dropped in by Sarah Jackson, her mother, when a girl as the glass was being blown (and accidently set free again by James C. Berrall in 1996).

John Jackson had some property not far from Holloway. Jackson Lane in Highgate is named for this. In a letter Aunt Clarissa wrote me in 1897 she said, "To think of Hornsey Lane being built up. A part not far from Holloway was where my great uncle had two pretty houses and fields around. One day he said the children might come and have a frolic in the hay. So brother John, Rosina and I went, and cousins Phoebe and Fanny Jackson, and a most joyful time we had raking, and when the cart was emptied at the stack we all scrambled into it and rode back to the end of a large field for another load. But the ride was a jolting affair over the rough ground."

Mary Jane, Theodosia, Phoebe and Fanny Jackson were grand-daughters of John Jackson. A pretty story is told about Theodosia. I have often heard it from Aunt Clarissa. Theodosia was a very fair child with beautiful light hair. She



Family heirlooms. These objects all accompanied the family on the journey from London to Cincinnati. Top row, left to right: Pair of early Staffordshire figurines, red glass tea caddy, two pieces of blue and white Spode dinnerware. Bottom row, left to right: Crown Derby mug, Lowestoft bowl and tea caddy, English cut-glass pitcher made in the London factory of John Jackson (Clarissa Stoddart's great-uncle.)

used to go to Regents Park with her governess. There she met a little girl who took a great fancy to her. The little girl was the Princess Victoria. The Princess said she was going away to the sea shore, and offered as a parting gift a small gold pencil that she had. But Theodosia had been taught that it was not proper to take a handsome gift from a child younger than herself, and so refused it, to the little Victoria's distress.

When Mrs. Robert Stoddart died, May 27, 1828 and was laid on a bed in one of the rooms upstairs, as the children were going to bed Rosina aged thirteen came to Clarissa who was then sixteen, saying that she heard someone singing upstairs. The two went to the foot of the stairs and listened to the singing which they both plainly heard. Aunt Clarissa has often told me this story and she said she was sure that no living person was upstairs then.

Robert Stoddart died October 23, 1830 and his sons Robert and John carried on the

business of watchmaking at No. 61 Red Lion Street. Robert was then 26 and James was 24, and neither were married at the time. They were executors of their father's will and were to pay the children £600 each within ten years. There was very little cash, but a large amount of stock in watches and material for their manufacture. They made the whole settlement within the required time, paying Mary May Louise within two years, as her husband James Seller was anxious to have the money, and they already had four children. Ann Amelia's and Clarissa's shares were sent to them in America. The \$1000.00 left me by Aunt Clarissa's will is partly the income from her share which she invested. When Rosina died, Feb. 25, 1837, she and Emily were the only ones who had not yet received their shares. Rosina had wanted to leave her share to Emily, but Emily said to leave it in the business for Robert and James. John went to Liverpool as agent

there, but the venture was not a success, so he returned to London and set up business on his own account on Charles Street, Islington, his brothers giving him part cash and part watches and machinery. Then Robert and James dissolved partnership, nine years after their father's death, that is, about 1839. James had married in 1832, Anne Maria Atkins.

Robert married Elizabeth Croke also in 1832, but seven months later. The Crokes lived across the street at No. 13 Red Lion Street. When they dissolved partnership Robert set business at No. 13 and James continued at No. 61. In 1838 John Stoddart married Caroline Atkins, sister of James' wife.

Thomas Gooch lived at Turnham Green Terrace, Chiswick, London. He was born December 24, 1765 and on April 7, 1789 married Ann Woodruff, born July 20, 1769. They had thirteen children as follows:

	Born
Albert	Jan. 10, 1790
Juliana	Oct. 13, 1790
Horace	Feb. 14, 1792
Louise	May 25, 1793
Caroline	Feb. 12, 1795
Charles	Dec. 14, 1798
Emily	Jan. 16, 1800
Thomas	Feb 25, 1801
Maria	Mar. 16, 1802
Henry	July 19, 1804
Eliza	Aug. 15, 1807
Edward	Jan. 6, 1812

All of these were married between 1812 and 1848.

Thomas Gooch died April 9, 1832 and his wife died September 19, 1832. He left to be distributed among his thirteen children a good deal of property in London. The executors of this will were James and Edward Charles Bracebridge of Red Lion Street, Watchmakers. He left one hundred houses in London, seven of these being in Kensington, eight in Charlton, one in Islington, three in St. Pancres, and the remainder eighty-one in Clerkenwell, on Exmont St., Easton St., Yardley St., Margaret St., etc. He left besides, to each of his six children unmarried at his death £500.

Albert Gooch on November 3, 1818 married the widow of Mr. Croke, mother of Elizabeth Croke, and lived at their house No. 13 Red Lion St. Horace Gooch married a Miss Bendy, July 2, 1817. They had four children, Emma, Sophia, Issac, and Laura. His wife died some time after 1823. On March 24, 1831, he married Ann Amelia Stoddart. He was engaged in the business of making watch cases at No. 23 Coppice Row, one of his father's houses. He was helped by his uncle on his mother's side, Albert Woodruff, who advanced to him considerable sums of money at various times, with the understanding that the money was not to be returned. But there were no papers made out to this effect, and when Albert Woodruff died, his heirs finding that these advancements had been made, prepared to sue for the amount. Horace Gooch was assured by his friends that he could prove that his uncle had given him money, but he was impulsive. As soon as he returned from the wedding trip, they commenced immediately to pack up for America. Albert Gooch, his oldest brother (who was named for Albert Woodruff) was living at No. 3 Red Lion Street. He had a

sawmill on the City Road, and made there the boxes and cases for them. All was done with the greatest expedition, and in four weeks time they were packed and started. There was some indecision as to whether Emily or Clarissa should go with them, but it was finally settled that Clarissa should go.

My Uncle Horace and my mother have given me a description of the furniture and other things that were brought to America at that time. There were mahogany chairs with horsehair seats, a heavy mahogany dining table with great curved legs, bedsteads with high carved mahogany posts, several mahogany card tables with folding tops, two pianos (one an old one), a harp, unframed water colors, many books, among which were the Jackson Family Bible, several quarto histories, and the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 1823, Sixth Edition. There were two sets of table china (a blue ware, one set very delicate with a flowered pattern), cut glass plate candlesticks, steel fire irons, cutlery, silver and jewelry. These were carefully packed in cases with feather beds, linen, blankets and clothing.

Ann Amelia and Clarissa sailed on the ship from London, April 26, 1831. Horace Gooch came on board the next day at Portsmouth. The voyage lasted thirty-nine days, and they landed in New York June 4th. They found a boarding place for Clarissa to board, the house of Mrs. Harris on Bleeker Street. While there she used to attend services at St. Clement's Church. Horace Gooch and his wife went to Cincinnati, Ohio to purchase a place to build on. They returned in September. In October the four children of his first wife came over from London. They then got ready to go west. The plan was to reach Olean, N. Y. in time for

the early spring floods, so as to float down the Alleghany River and the Ohio River, in a flatboat to Cincinnati. They left New York on the afternoon of January 2, 1832. They stayed in Albany the night of the 3rd., then left there January 4th, arriving in Olean March 4th. They traveled with six sleighs, one being fixed up with a cover for the family. They left Olean April 14th and after an exciting passage down the river, arrived at Cincinnati, May 22, 1832.

Afterwards, Henry Gooch came from London to Cincinnati, and on May 27, 1841 was married to Clarissa Stoddart whom he had admired when she was living in Clerkenwell. They settled in Cincinnati, and afterwards in Covington, Kentucky. They had no children. Henry Gooch died June 25, 1865, and Clarissa came to live with my mother, so that she was in our family before I was born. We always called her "Auntie" and she so threw her life into the interests of us children, that I cannot think of my infancy and boyhood apart from her noble and bright wholesome influence. She kept in touch with the whole family in America and England by a most constant correspondence. In the summer of 1874 she visited London. She died in Montclair, New Jersey on February 1, 1900, aged 88.



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Editor's Notes: Every effort has been made to stay true to all the original texts in tone and language as written by their authors.