John Lewis Reports the Centennial

John Lewis was an Englishman long resident in New York, where he worked for George Clark, Wholesale Grocers. From time to time he wrote to his brother in England, describing the American scene and reporting signal events. Two letters written in 1876 contain impressions of Philadelphia, a city he apparently never visited—although his son lived there—until just before the opening of the centennial year. The first letter describes his entertainment on Christmas and New Year's; the second, begun on August 7 and finished, forty pages later, on August 13, was highlighted, fittingly enough, by an account of a major event in peacetime America—the Centennial Exhibition. Garrulous and digressive John Lewis assuredly was, but he had a keen eye for detail, a shrewd native judgment, and an often pungent manner of expressing himself.

"I suppose," he wrote to his brother on January 20, "you are fully informed of the progress making by U S to celebrate his 100th birthday. The fun began with the regular Christmas and New Year's festivities being enlarged to a great extent. I went to Phila on Xmas eve & stayed 3 days & was pressed to stay the week out. There was nothing special then but feasting—& I did feast—had to doctor myself when I came home. But one thing calls for special mention, which, as I am writing for my nephew as well as yourself, may interest you, and that is the Christmas trees, originally from Germany and I think first introduced into England by Prince Albert, but an old custom here. Usually the trees are decorated & loaded with sweets, toys &c which are disposed of with great eclat (what's that, Willie?) & the matter ends. Not so in Phila. There all the people

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1 John Lewis's son has been tentatively identified as John A. Lewis, sculptor, who lived at 626 North Sixth St.

2 The John Lewis Letters are owned by the Collection of Regional History at Cornell University. The editor has regularized punctuation, silently corrected some misspellings, and made other alterations, wherever the original text would be ambiguous or hard to comprehend.
seem to resolve themselves into children for the occasion. I may first state that the usual arrangement in this country is to have two parlours—be it a large or small house—opening to each other by sliding doors, the front being for state occasions. As large & fine a tree as can be accommodated being procured & set up, it is covered with every conceivable shape into which coloured & gilt paper & card can be cut, and . . . little pictures, glass balls, chains, garlands &c, anything to make a gay & imposing display. This being finished is placed mostly in the sliding door way, which allows it to be seen 2 ways. All the light possible is thrown upon it, often by reflectors, the lattice blinds thrown open, & it is open to inspection by passers by, which, as houses in Phila are only a little above the street, is an easy matter. Where the taste & industry of the owner prompts it, other attractions are added as fancy dictates. At one place I visited, an old doctor's, there was a very handsome river steamboat—perfect—3 feet long with about 50 passengers (these last small pictures cut out) all of white, coloured & gilt card. Also a beautifull fire hose carriage.

"When the show commences people go round with or without their children to see them, & frequently knock at the door to be admitted to a closer inspection, which is readily granted. I heard of one house where 75 were admitted in about 2 hours. Riding through the better class streets on the cars, the effect is novel & very fine, as every 2nd or 3rd may be exhibitors. I believe some keep it up 2 or 3 weeks. When all is over the ornaments are put away till next year, for they constantly add to them; they soon get quite a collection. The name or names of children of the family are usually blazened in some gay way amongst the other ornaments, but it appears to be got up more for the gratification of the older than the young ones. But don't imagine that the young ones go without their candy (all sweets are candy here). The candy stores are amongst the gayest and most prosperous, & the consumption of their wares by women & children all the year round is enormous & is often spoken of by writers as a great national failing. If a woman goes out she must not forget a pound or at least \( \frac{1}{2} \) a pound of candy for baby—and herself.

"So much for Christmas. I went over one day to see the Centennial buildings—2 quite finished, the other 2 nearly so. But in consequence of the mud I could not go near them all. The land is a reddish yellow
sticky clay & was horrible, but asphalt roads were being made & an immense amount of work being done. The buildings are grand & immense; they cover about 48 acres. I was told that there were 200 buildings going up all directly connected with the exhibition, minor shows of manufacturers, women’s products, offices for foreign & home commissioners &c &c. The English one is much admired but I did not go near it. It appears to be the old familiar brick & oak frame house with many gables so common in Shropshire, & the inside is said to be a marvel. Uncle Sam has also a building but there is nothing there yet except a 20-inch bore gun, and that has been carelessly left out of doors as if to tempt some one to steal it. I think the main building is about the same size as the London building of 1851, & that was 1800 feet long—only ours is built to stand.

“Taking an excursion ticket I ran over there [Philadelphia] again on New Year’s eve after closing store, went straight to the house of the Mayor’s chief clerk, and found the fun had just commenced & about 20 present, all belonging to the family. . . . the host in wig & gown (also specs) was mounted on a well constructed ‘bench’ & was engaged in trying a disreputable looking ‘blaggard,’ Mr. Terence O’Sullivan (my son) for jilting a very prim old maid, & as nearly all the audience were called as witnesses the fun was uproarious. The prosecuting lawyer did not amount to much but defendant’s counsel John Mofitt, assistant clerk & a prospective relative, was a hit in his examining of the witnesses, especially when Mrs. Bridget O’Halloran, the widdy of a husband, was called as an expert in matrimonial matters. I never enjoyed anything so much before. The trial lasted nearly 3 hours, concluding with an elaborate address for the defense, counsel quoting from decisions in Buckwheat Versus Muffins and other celebrated cases in support of his argument. . . . The prisoner being found guilty was sentenced to some ridiculous sentence which I forget. We then went down stairs to refresh, on great moulds of Ice Cream of several flavours, Jellies, Cakes, & fruits of various kinds &c &c and it was 2 o’clock before that was finished. The host then donned his wig & gown and mask & insisted on going out & around to mystify the neighbours, so we did not get home till ½ past 3.

“Next day (New Years) we were to go at 4 o’clock to dinner—same company present. We sat down to 2 Turkeys—at least 20-pounders, with all trimmings. After that, gentlemen up stairs, ladies to the
parlour. We smoked & played cards, but hearing a great row downstairs I left as soon as I could, went down, & found that I had missed part of the fun-charades & other games. After that we had nigger minstrelsy &c by my son, Moffitt, & another young man in black faces & appropriate costumes. Black Sal also appeared & danced a jig; she puzzled me, but I afterwards learnt that she was the doctor's wife next door, a romp—nearer 50 than any other age. Moffitt then lined out Old Grimes, very solemnly, and it was as solemnly sung. Mrs. Hatfield then led in Lord Lovell. After that we had a variety of choruses & some good piano playing. Nobody waited to be asked to sing. But what astonished me was the noise—a matter of course there, but in New York it would have been perfectly shocking. Everybody went in for fun, and they had it & nobody the worse. . . . Next day (Sunday) I only attended an early Tea party, given to me as I had to leave for home, and so ended my dissipations.

"On New Year's eve at 12 o'clock we were all called out to listen to the most extraordinary noise ever heard. It had been arranged that at that hour every bell, whistle, or other instrument that would make a noise should be put into requisition. Phila is a great Railroad place and has many thousands of workshops—also Churches. The effect was wonderfull, not loud, being scattered—rather melancholy, seeming as if some terrible disaster was occurring, such as the sacking of a great city, and the sound of a vast multitude wailing & shrieking at a distance. They welcomed the advent of the centennial year. I believe this was echoed all over the country. There were also illuminations on one or two principal streets & grotesque & masked parties paraded the streets during the day, each with a band. Give me Phila for enjoyment in a plain way—and yet the Quaker element is a very large one."

In August John Lewis was back in Philadelphia. The Centennial Exhibition was at its height, having opened in May, and its marvels were attracting thousands of visitors. After commenting on a variety of topics—the summer heat and American ways of "beating" it, food products and cookery, the cost of ice delivery, potato bugs, Custer's Last Stand and the systematic swindling of the Indians, the Brooklyn suspension bridge then being built, the great underwater blast to clear the Hell Gate channel, and the government telegraph in the West—Lewis described in revealing, if rambling, detail the exhibits
on display in Fairmount Park. His English perspective pointed up many features which might well have escaped an American's observation.

"I now come to the great event of year if not of the Century, the great 'Centennial,' and it may be noted that this name is generally applied to the exhibition itself. I suppose you will see occasional accounts of it, but any attempt to give an adequate account of it in a letter, would only end—as Sam Weller said of his brief love letter—in making you wish for more. As there was to be great doings everywhere, I wanted to be in New York & Phila at the same time. The former would be the best, but the latter the most interesting, as the drama was acted out there. So I went on Saturday evening & spent Sunday with the folks, having given all hands notice that I had a big job to do and must not be bothered with any women.

"I started to the grounds at 8 o'clock on Monday, reached them in ½ an hour & worked very hard till 5. Next morning, the 4th, I lay off—tired. In the afternoon went visiting. Very hot, and I was chafed & my ankle shaky—afternoon—walks proposed—so I was led on & on till we got to Independence Hall—4 miles away. We got there about 8, and one of our friends, Magistrate Clark, placed us in Chief of Police office window, to see the procession & hear the immense mass of singers, sing—I forget what, & the doxology, and the new bell ring out at twelve o'clock. Well we waited till after 12 before the procession came along, and then the lights had mostly gone out & many 'bodies' had gone home. The various commissioners, Governors, Dom Pedro, of Brazil, &c, however kept in line, partly, perhaps, for the reason that the crowd was too dense to get out of it. I got to bed at 2 o clock—had hard work to crawl the 4½ miles home. Wednesday I started to the 'Cent' again & staid till 2 o clock when I had to go and take leave, arriving at NY at 10, thoroughly 'used up.'

"As to the exhibition itself, I hardly know what to say, except that it is of course a great success—as a show and is immense. Besides the five regular buildings there are a great number of auxiliaries.

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3 This letter consists of ten folios, six being devoted to miscellaneous topics, four to the Centennial Exhibition.

4 Mr. Lewis sprained his ankle severely in January and for eleven days lay abed with his leg raised. While convalescing he wrote the January letter excerpted above.
I do not know that I can do better than follow the course that I took. When I went to the grounds which I may state are enclosed by about 2 miles of high picket fence I paid my 50¢ at one of the numerous gates, and took each building as it came leaving the large ones till last. I enclose a list of prices paid for privileges, some of them pretty stiff. Near the gate was the fine Vienna Bakery, where for 20 cents a cup of properly made coffee & their peculiar bread was served & through glass all the process observed. Some peculiar process makes the bread & biscuit of various forms very spongy & short differing from any other. Next was burial cases, which I was told was fine. Next French stained glass for our new Catholic Cathedrals. Next Educational, where were school apparatus, maps, books, &c &c &c from various countries. Models of schoolhouses &c. Another showed the Froebel system or Kindergarten for the very young. Then an old 'New England' log house with inmates to match—all old—and mostly historical furniture—veritable old spinning wheels at work & numberless old nic-nacs, a real affair—also the cradle that Perigrine White was rockd in—the first white child born in 'New England.' I may explain that by 'New England' is meant the present states of Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island & Connecticut, the real & only yankee land—peopled from the colony of 'pilgrims' who landed in 1620. In the kitchen a crowd was feasting (at 50¢ a head) on real Yankee pork & beans (you ought to try them)—New York supplied a fine article at 15¢.

"Next the 'Womens' building, containing products of womens labour from all parts of the world, silk & other looms &c—but this is a failure as by far the most valuable & interesting of womens work is principally shown in machinery hall and in the Main Hall—for instance in watch making, for which there are several large factories in this country, where every part—even the most delicate, are made by fine machines mostly attended by girls, and turning out beautiful work. Next the Japanese bazaar, curiously built and a little garden with Japanese plants and surrounded by a very neat bamboo fence, all very ingeniously made. There was also several of those dwarf trees, that you may have read about—50 or 100 or more years old. Oaks & others, little, crooked, gnarled & yet all healthy, and mostly about 18 to 24 inches each way. In the bazaar, natives in our clothes were busy selling all kinds of small ware at good prices. They have
a residence on the ground—a large house of wood, all brought from Japan & whilst it was being erected they were the centre of attraction, from their excelent work & curious tools. There is also a Turkish bazaar (small) but the pavilion is mostly used as a smoking saloon, and it was an amusing sight to see it full of fellows, mostly young, either smoking the long flexible tubed water pipes, or the long chiboucks, both $1.50, 5 feet long, & which they did not know how to handle, & trying to make believe that they were enjoying themselves, while Turkish waiters in costume were bringing eastern drinks (15 cents) & poking up the pipes. There was also a small Jerusalem tent, with olive wood work, all Catholic beads, crosses &c &c sold by sons of the prophet. A tunisian horse hair tent & bazaar, mostly shawls &c.

"Just here was a great ‘institution’ as a Yank would say, that puzzled me the first day. There was an open pavilion, with a large fountain with about a dozen faucets & cups around it giving the coldest of ice water. I could not make out where it came from with so much force, but next day I came there just as they were filling the tank with ice,—in the ground, where the iron pipe from the water works came, there was sunk a giant iron tank which held several tons of ice (I saw 5 or 6 go in). The water pipe ran into this and from another side a pipe led to the fountain. The ice being all in, the air tight cover was put on & the stopcock being turned the full force of water passed through the ice to the fountain. This is a long description, but ice water is a very important & necessary article during the hot weather, and was in fair supply in all parts of the grounds. But the numerous soda water stands in all the buildings did a roaring trade, and so did the German ‘lager Bier’ sellers—lager Bier is German, a pleasant refreshing real beer, but it is still an unsettled question whether or not it will intoxicate. Plenty of Germans can be found who would swear to drinking all the way up to 50 or 60 glasses a day—$0.10 a glass. Of late years, Americans are large consumers.

"Now to the U S Government building. Outside are all sorts of Guns of all sizes up to the 20-in. ‘Dahlgren’ with a heap of its 1080 lb shot. Also a monitor turret, with 2 15-in. guns mounted, but I cannot conceive how they can work in so small a space. Inside, there is every conceivable instrument for scientific murder, fire arms, old and new, shot & shell, whole & sawed in two to show the interior, edged weapons, pikes, torpedoes, models of vessels and other things, cord-
age, figures with all kinds of uniforms from 1800 to the present time, the signal service with all their apparatus for observation, minerals and other products, also on large upright partitions, models of fishes found in our seas—very fine—and all coloured. Amongst other curiosities was what I had hitherto thought a myth—the stump of a tree about 5 feet high and 15 to 18 inches thick that had been cut off by musket balls, at (I think) the battle of the Wilderness. This is authentic. The most interesting thing to me was the lighthouse department. I had often wished to see a ‘Fresnel’ lens & could never understand why they should be so complicated & so expensive. But I can see it now. The lens is a great lantern (of course this goes inside the real lantern) which a man can—and has to—climb into, composed of a very great number of prisms of various sizes & curves of the finest glass & very heavy, & when the light is burning must multiply it many hundred times. There is also many relics here.

“The building for ‘public comfort’ is a place of refreshment which you call for, and it is also the only place where one can take their own provision, and if they wish buy Tea or Coffee, large Barber shop, shoeblack, write letters &c &c. The Brewers have a large building but I did not go near it, so have the Dairymen. A Newspaper advertising agent has a house—this is a large business here—they take advertisements for any number, or all the papers in the U. S. and Canada, & save a vast amount of trouble and expense. In this house was a reading room, free, and any paper asked for was brought by attendants—there is probably 20,000 papers published in the U. S.

“One large building contained printing presses, all at work. Several others, sewing machines, of different makes. One rough fancy concern showed Canadian woods—some noble trunks—A great feature of the grounds were the ‘state’ houses—these were of various sizes, & some of them curiosities in style & ornament, but all built with the same object, to be a sort of headquarters to the people from the various states of the Union, mostly with handsome parlours, Piano &c—and where they could register their names, meet friends or receive letters. Many of them had also specimen products to show. This was especially so of ‘Kansas & Colorado,’ where were shown wonderful specimens of minerals & agricultural produce, ‘Corn’ 20 feet high, wheat & other grains of a wonderful growth. But the principal attraction was a collection of wild animals arranged on rocks, from the Buffalo,
down to prairie dogs &c—all or nearly all the wild animals found in those states & all shot by a little woman, a Mrs. Maxwell who attended a photograph stand selling pictures of herself and animals. At all these houses all were welcomed. At ‘West Virginia’ it was posted up, ‘Welcome all, the latch string is always out.’

“The British Com[missioner]rs live in one large house, & have 2 others for officers and attendants, no visitors admitted. All 3 houses are built in the old black & white timber & plaster style, but are not good specimens, or rather not elaborate. Spain has a building devoted mostly to plans and models of ports and fortresses & steel manufactures, ancient arms &c. A large building is devoted to Carriages and heating apparatus. In carriages, Russia & Poland make a good show, as of course does France & England, but they are all in strange contrast to the Cobweb make of the U S. On a lake there were life buoys, boats &c. The eating places or restaurants as we call them are large & fine, but at first they charged so shamefully that they killd the business at the start. There are other buildings of minor importance by the dozen, and of course I cannot remember all, so I now come to the 5 exhibition buildings proper, though they will take less time to describe than the others. I forgot to mention that there is a large P. office department where they do quite a large business.

“First, Horticultural Hall—a very handsome building in the Moorish style—show very poor—palms & tree ferns in plenty, but altogether hardly respectable for a private grounds. Agricultural Hall—an immense building in extent, mostly implements and products directly and indirectly from the soil. There are also great sheds for wheeld vehicles, but I did not go near them. A railroad on the grounds is very convenient, 3 or 4 trains of 5 or 6 cars each are running all the time, stopping at frequent stations and take one round & about the buildings in about 25 minutes for 5¢—distance 3 miles.

“‘Memorial’ or Art Hall is the only one that is to stand permanently. It is of large size but they have had to build an ‘annexe’ larger still. There is a very large collection of pictures here, some magnificent mosaics, splendid specimens of Italian inlaid marble work & Sculptured figures. I should like to have a whole day here. I could only afford 2 hours to its great number of rooms. In the centre of one room is ‘Washington,’ the only plaster figure there. It
"And now for the 2 great buildings, but I cannot begin to describe either in detail. If you can think of any kind of machine for any purpose, it was pretty sure to be there & numbers of them at work. I saw one large machine making paper, and another printing wall paper. Curious—just as easy to print in 20 colours as in one. The most popular place was near a great sunken tank where pumps & fire Engines were shown. 2 pumps sent up water enough nearly to the roof to supply a great iron tank, whence it fell in a regular river cataract (pumps 100 h.p each), but the most amusing were the machines or blowers for mines & other purposes. The force of their wind was tremendous & hats &c were in danger anywhere near them. The ‘London Graphic’ was printed here, and so was the ‘N. Y. Times’—for the latter electrotype plates left here at 4 a. m. & papers were ready when the doors opened at 8. An 8 page paper. Of the multitude of machines I can only mention the centre of attraction. The great Corliss Engine that drives most of the machinery of the building—that’s a fraud. There are plenty of larger Engines than that. It is imposing on account of its position and its having double beams and a large fly wheel. This last is certainly all that is said of it, being I think of 70 tons (our ton is 2000 lbs). There are 2 cylinders, each I think 38 in. & the stroke is not long. Now there are plenty of cylinders of 80, 90 and up to 108 in.—which must be of many times the power of the Corliss machine. It is raised on a platform of about 5 feet and except the fly wheel is similar to most of our great steamboat Engines. A great portion that is above the platform, is below deck in a boat, and so the whole concern appears much larger than it really is. At the foot of Murray St is the landing for 2 of the finest Steamers ever built running to Newport. Their engines have a single cylinder of I should think near 100 inches, which must give vastly more power than the Centennial one.

"In the main hall the articles are so various it is impossible to give even a mention, but taken as a whole the Japanese & Chinese departments are considered the most wonderfull, the porcelain & silks especially, while Egypt & other semi-civilized nations show some very

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beautiful things. Elkingtons of Birmingham have a splendid case of electrotyped goods in classic style. This and a number of other cases have been purchased for art societies. In here is the great Krupp steel gun, mounted up like a monster telescope, wrong end up. I don't think it so heavy as our 20 in. gun, but then it throws a long shot from a rifled bore. Time is short now & I really can not pretend to describe further. This is the longest letter I ever wrote & dont expect to write such another. You must overlook errors, for I have written a little at a time and I could not always keep ideas connected. I sent you a Colorado 'Potato bug' in a paper—most insects are 'bugs' here —I also send a facsimile of some old Colonial money, also Centennial postage stamps. I dont much like letter writing now, but when I begin its not so bad & I think I have done pretty well this time. I present my love to self & wife, also my nephews & hoping you are having a prosperous year I remain your affectionate brother

John Lewis

Florida State University

William Randel

A Private Report of General Braddock's Defeat

In the Huntington Library there is a short family letter by a Virginia burgess to his seventeen-year-old son in England. It tells simply, but dramatically, of the great disaster that befell General Edward Braddock in the Ohio Wilderness in 1755, and expresses John Boiling's natural pride in the conduct of the Virginia militia.

As an owner of tobacco fields and Negro slaves, John Bolling (1700-1757) was a wealthy member of the Virginia aristocracy, an experienced legislator, and a militia colonel. He was active in the preparations that had been made for Braddock during the spring and early summer and was deeply shocked by Braddock's death. Bolling's report of the disaster checks well with most other contemporary

1 I wish to thank Miss Norma Cuthbert for calling this letter to my attention. The letter is in the Brock Collection in the Henry E. Huntington Library, San Marino, Calif. In transcribing the document, superscript letters have been lowered to the line.
accounts.² Although the losses of men are heavier in his letter than in the official ones, the essential details of the battle are correct. The Virginians suffered great losses and died like brave soldiers while the regulars retreated in wild disorder. A new piece of information is Bolling's account of Braddock's dramatic reaction to the courageous Virginians.

General Braddock was wounded on July 9 and died four days later. In those hours of bitter suffering he apparently remained conscious and continued to direct the retreat of his troops, although his increasing weakness forced him to give up the command on July 13 to Thomas Dunbar.³ What Braddock thought or said during these four days is not completely known.⁴ Bolling's report may well present an accurate description of Braddock's feelings when he saw most of the Virginia militia killed—killed, if we trust George Washington, by the "dastardly behaviour" of the English soldiers who "broke and run as Sheep before the Hounds."⁵ It is interesting that both Bolling and Washington used the same words to describe the valor of the Virginia companies: they "behav'd like Men and died like Soldiers," wrote Washington to Governor Robert Dinwiddie⁶; from Braddock's lips came the words, "you Fight like Men, & will die like Souldiers."

Prior to the disaster Braddock had held a very low opinion of the Virginia militia. In a letter to Robert Napier on June 8, Braddock described his men in these words: "the whole of the Forces are now assembled, making about two thousand Effectives, the greatest part Virginians, very indifferent Men, this Country affording no better; it has cost infinite pains and labour to bring them to any sort of Regularity and Discipline."³ Perhaps the surprise of seeing so much courage in the ranks of the Virginians brought forth this new reaction from the dying Braddock. Or, perhaps, the disappointment and

³ Dunbar to Napier, July 24, 1755, Pargellis, 111.
⁶ Ibid.
⁷ Pargellis, 84.
shock of seeing so much cowardice in the ranks of the British regulars prompted his bitterness.

Without doubt, Braddock’s final experience climaxed a season of disheartening events which would have driven lesser men mad. Lacking knowledge of the western country, he was required to take ill-trained and fractious troops upon an expedition for which he himself had no prior measure of the hardship involved. Yet this was but the beginning. He lacked Indian auxiliaries, horses, wagons, and reliable contractors, and the road over the mountains was long and steep. One by one these problems were overcome, or set aside, and the deeper into the forested wilds the expedition moved the more eager the men became for battle. Then—the afternoon of July 9, 1755. But let Bolling tell the story.  

Virga 13th Augst. 1755

Dear Bob,

I recd two letters from you this Spring, one dated the 14th of last Augst. came to hand abt six weeks ago. You seem very desireous to know how it is with us as to the French & their Indians. I assure yo tis very bad. Genl Bradock was intirely defeated & killed the 9th of last Month, he had 1300 Men & the French & their Indians reced abt 3 or 400 hunderd [sic]—so much for English Generals skill in bush fighting; tho I mus say Bradock was a Brave Man & realy a great Loss, & he is supos’d to have been killed by his own Men, the English troops run away directly wch made it so severe on the Brave Officers & the Virga Troops who were Cut to pieces; the Poor Genl had 5 horses Killed under him before he was Wounded, & as he lay on the ground He woud cry out my dear Blue’s (which was the Coirs the Virginians wore) give em tother Fire, you Fight like Men, & will die like Souldiers; he lived from Wednesday to the Sunday after, & during that time coud not bare the sight of a red Coat, whenever one came in his View, he raved imoderately, but when one of the blues, he said he hop’d to live to reward ’em. The English Souldiers, would have Sufferd that Brave Man to be Scalped by the Indians, had [not]  

8 For biographical data on father and son, see The Virginia Magazine of History and Biography, XII (1914), 215-217, 331-333.

9 The “not” was inserted in the manuscript by another hand, possibly by some subsequent owner of the manuscript.
the Virgs carryd him off, in doing it, 25 out of 29 were killed. I make not the least doubt but that the Genl woud have beat 'em, had the Enemys been three times his Number, if they had been in an Open Field; And not with standing so many of our Men were killed and wounded there was not 30 of the Enemy seen by our Men, they being conceald like Foxes in the Woods & Bushes & the Generall kept his Men in regular order as Many as woud Stay wth him, who were constantly falling by the Enemys Shot. Every thing was lost, even the Genls Papers. We had Several fine Men killed besides the Genl., in short the Officers were almost all killed & wounded, but our Brave Colo. Washington came off unhurt he had two horses shot under him & Several Bullets thro’ his cloths, in short He & one Capt [Robert] Steward came off with great applause. We are at a great loss what to do the French & their Indians are killing some of our Frontiers People very often & we have voted more Money then can be paid by Our People.

I have not had a letter from my Cousin Bolling a good while. I’ve writ to him twice since I had one from him. I hope he and his good Family are well [,] intend to inclose one to him in this. Yor Mother is better then when I writ to you last & am in hopes she will get quite well. You writ to me for several things some of ’em out of my Power to get, but shall send you some of ’em when I’ve an opportunity. Birds cant be contrived to you from London neither can I imagine how I coud Contrive you a Monkey if I coud get one, shall be glad to know what you want one for. I hope you’l take care of what you are abt to answer our Expectations in sending you to England & take Care of your Character that there be no Exceptions to it. I thank God I [have] good reasons to hope you will. Our Complements to Good Mrs. Beverley & The Bland not to forget ’em to Mr. Clerk [John Clarke] & the Usher. Our most tender loves & Affections Constantly attend you. I am my Dear Bob

Accqt your Cousin Bolling of what I’ve writ to yo abt Genl Bradock.

Yr Ever aftt Father
J Bolling

Whittier College

JOHN A. SCHUTZ