

[From Samuel Daly to his Father]

New York, Sunday, 23rd June, 1833.

My Dear Fathers

Some months since I sent you in the “Virginia” a box which took me some time in preparing. That vessel has been put back to South Carolina under a claim for salvage so that there is but a faint chance of either of us getting it. This, however, gives me the greatest pain in having occasioned a far longer interval to elapse before you heard circumstantially from me than I could have wished. A very kind gentleman who is going to England tomorrow, enables me in a hasty manner to remedy the defeat by giving you some correct information about me and my proceedings.

As you have heard the whole history of the affray between the Captain and myself about dissecting the child, from the circumstantial narrative of Caleb, it only remains for me to plunge into that fatal lawsuit, which not only left me a beggar from comparative opulence, but was very near entailing upon me greater miseries than any I had escaped from,

You will find in my narrative much to condemn but I am only about to give you an exact account. The insult was put upon me by the Captain was so unexpected and so gross, (for his conduct to me before was marked by the utmost kindness) that all in the ship said I must take some notice of it, and the cabin passengers resented it so highly that, at his own table, he was never spoken to until we arrived in New York. Besides, I told him at the time, when he threatened to put me in irons, that I would appeal to the law, though I bowed to his authority then.

When we arrived at New York, I put myself under the protection of the British Consul and asked his advice. He was very friendly and told me so much of the miseries of the law and the prejudice against foreigners that he frightened me from going to it, and being himself an officer in the British Army and an Irishman, he advised me to treat it in the cavalier-like style and challenge him. This I thought was the least of two evils and resolved to act upon it. A Captain in the 84th Regt. was one of our cabin passengers and was good enough to act as my second in bringing the challenge. The Captain however, refused to fight from religious scruples and certainly acted honorable in not sending us both to prison, as he might have done.

There was a French gentleman on our ship, who had taken this quarrel much to heart, (from whom by the bye I profited so much on the voyage as to be able to speak French with tolerable fluency) and he asked all the cabin passengers to dine with the Captain at one of the first hotels in the city, for the purpose of reconciling the quarrel. The Captain agreed to this. Gentlemen in the hotels here do not dine as at home in private rooms, but all at a public table very sumptuously furnished. On this occasion there were about 200 gentlemen present, of the first quality in New York, arranged in a spacious room at three tables. There was nothing said about the quarrel until after dinner, when the Captain not only refused to apologize, but insulted me in the grossest manner by saying I took the food from his table to give to my brother. I now resolved I would signally punish him, and said with the utmost calmness – “Captain Richardson, on board your ship where you knew I dare not retaliate, you had the meanness to strike me and that, too, when in the discharge of my duty. Now, Sir, I, a gentleman and your equal, to show my supreme

contempt for you, throw this glass of wine in your face” and with the words, dashed a full glass of sherry in his eye. The whole room was in confusion in a moment. I was in hopes the Captain would have struck at me when I was sufficiently roused to have done him some signal damage, but he confined himself to showing his rage and threatened aloud, “Doctor, if ever I see you on board my ship again, I’ll take your life.” I ordered him out of the room as unfit for the company of gentlemen, or some such words, and went away.

I had now got in the public estimation sufficient satisfaction for the very slight affront the Captain had put on me and would here been contented had he not sought for revenge by an unparalleled meanness of atrocity. The next day, as an English gentleman, a great friend of mine on the voyage, and I were going to a bank to get a large sum in sovereigns changed into U.S. money, we were set upon by a gang of the sailors and but for the active interference of some gentlemen, I would have been much injured. They expressed themselves exceedingly indignant at this conduct and two of them accompanied me in a carriage to the magistrate’s where, in my foolish excitement and at considerable expense, I took out warrants against the Captain and all his crew. In the packet, however, which sailed for Liverpool that very day, he had the influence to get the principal aggressors shipped so that the only persons in the warrant whom the officers got was himself. He was held to bail in 1000 Dollars and an action entered against him for assault and battery, and destruction of goods, damages laid at 500 Dollars.

I was now fairly plunged into a full ocean of litigation. I received 50 Dollars as wages from the ship,¹ about 40 more as fees from some of the passengers, and the cabin passengers subscribed among themselves 80 more to enable me to sustain the expenses of the lawsuit. This altogether made me up a tolerably decent sum, and could I have got the half of it back to England, I would have made a good speculation. However, I was so blinded by my on infatuation and the dazzling hopes held out by the sharks of lawyers, that in spite of my own better judgement, and the entreaties, even tears of Caleb, I went on, and it soon went from me with a facility which made me startle. I had to pay for board and drink for all my witnesses until the trial came on, besides the everlasting demands from my consellers [sic²]. I had three of them, but unfortunately, not one of them was a man of talent, while my opponent, from his influence and stronger purse, had arrayed against me some of the cleverest men in New York.

When the trial came on, my witnesses made out a very good case and the cabin passengers came forward in the handsomest manner and testified warmly as to my general conduct and efficiency with which I discharged my duty as surgeon.³ The sailors, however, swore to two or three plump falsehoods about the violence I used to affect the dissection and as to the Captain having given a

¹ - This reference to “wages” coupled with a few others herein suggests that Samuel was engaged for the voyage as ship’s medical officer, in which capacity he apparently considered it his duty to perform a dissection of the dead child, who based on reference in another letter apparently died under suspicious circumstances.

² - SLH Note: The pages from which this scan and OCR was made are at best a fourth generation reproduction of the original letters (1st generation: Joshua Langtree’s 1834 handwritten transcription of the original letters in the “small red book”; 2nd generation: Florence Elizabeth [Smith] Schwalm’s typewritten (?) transcription; 3rd generation: James Henry Langtry’s 1952-54 re-transcription; 4th generation: the present digital copy made and proofread from blurry Xerox copies of JHL’s at best 63-year-old 3rd generation version). Accordingly, for the most part I have corrected misspellings as possible/probable errors in transcription, especially since they usually bear no importance in the letters’ substance. “Consellers,” however, appears twice in this letter, so appears to be either an archaic 18th century spelling of “counsellor” or Samuel Langtree’s idiosyncratic usage.

³ - See note 1 above.

previous order to prevent it, which he never did. The opposite consellor made one of the most eloquent speeches I had heard against me, which mine did not reply to at all. The consequence was, that the jury, after remaining in deliberation between 4 and 5 hours, brought in a verdict of Guilty against the Captain, with law costs but no damages for me.

This, however, broke the spell. I found myself with about 10 Dollars left out of all. If I had lost, I would have had to go to prison I suppose for the costs of court. I set immediately to work to repair my broken fortunes for I determined not to return to England until I could make as good an appearance as when I left. I at once removed from my splendid apartments in Congress Hall to lodgings at 3 Dollars a week and set myself with Caleb to hunt out any situation which might offer.

Now commenced a period over which I very willingly draw a curtain. I succeeded in getting Caleb a situation which supported him, but he soon left it, and a Mr. Cummins, to whom he brought letters from you, was kind enough to give him house room until he got another. It were wain⁴ to tell all the miserable expedients I had recourse to now to make of life. My profession⁵ was miserable – not a sou to be got in it, and other plans turned up very little. At last I got so far in arrears that I resolved I would go and ask the Methodist clergyman at the head of the Book Room⁶ in this town, Dr. Bangs,⁷ for assistance, which certainly would not have been very much for him to do. I showed him letters from Dr. Clarke and Mr. Ward, which I obtained in Liverpool. He expressed great pity etc. etc. and offered me a Dollar. This, however, was like stopping a mill dam with a cork. I refused it though the effort cost me a flood of tears that I was unable to suppress, which poor Caleb who waited for me at the corner all the while, participated in. I then went, as forlorn as was the hope, to the ship owners. They, to my infinite joy and before I had time to tell my story, handed me out 25 Dollars as a bonus for performing my duties so well on board ship, with many apologies and bows etc. etc. for not being able to find me out before.

The simile about a criminal receiving a pardon on his way to be hanged is too old, so I will not use it, for even that itself would be too weak to describe my feelings at this unexpected turn in my affairs. It can be best explained by the scene which occurred on my return to the lodgings I would not have seen again but for my good luck. Enter I, walking up the steps with a brisk step compared with what I went out. Landlady meeting me in the lobby with a countenance as black as Cerberus, says, “Sir, I must have your account instantly settled.” “How much is it, Ma’am,” says I, producing a wallet full of banknotes (for I had got them all changed into One Dollar bills to make the more show). Landlady, countenance brightening into a celestial smile – “Oh, it is not any matter until after dinner, Mr. Langtree; just step in won’t you and have a little nice cold pie!”

In the meantime, I saw by the newspapers that a new magazine was going to be started by some eminent publishers in the city. I had applied in vain for employment. At last it appeared, I saw it

⁴ - No definition of “wain” found. Perhaps “vain”?

⁵ - At this point was he hoping to continue in medical practice?

⁶ - An eighteenth century synonym for “library”? Tied specifically to the Methodist religion?

⁷ - Possibly Nathan Bangs (May 2, 1778 – May 3, 1862), an American Christian theologian in the Methodist tradition and influential leader in the Methodist Episcopal Church prior to the 1860s. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nathan_Bangs.

as you can see, it was the poorest thing ever attempted, but my case was desperate, as when the terror of my bill was again before my eyes, I sat down one evening and penned the most terrific eulogium⁸ on this said stupid magazine it ever received. This I got inserted into a daily paper in the city. The Yankees were astonished. The magazine had universally given disappointment and this savory praise came with the best grace in life to the desponding publishers. A communication was left at the office inviting the Author to call upon them. Mercury lent me his heels I verily believe, on the road, and Apollo his tongue when I got there, for I made such good use of my imaginative powers that I effectually bamboozled them into the belief that I was a genius. I was asked to dine, and after dinner, would you believe it, paper and pens were produced and I was formally requested to give a specimen of my powers, as if they were trying a horse. I was undaunted. Often at sea I had admired the tireless flight of the birds around us and I had :two or three ideas floating in mind which I, in a few minutes, put upon paper.

They gave high satisfaction. The Editor was delighted. They were honored with the second place in his magazine for February, and to crown all, the public received them with even greater applause. For the next two months we had nothing from all parts of the Union but “The Albatross” with “These beautiful lines” and “This charming gem, etc. etc.” prefixed. They, however, made my fortune. I was immediately engaged at 5 Dollars a week which I was given to understand was only to secure me. I then wrote a tale for the magazine called “Stock and Eisen,” pronounced to be the best piece ever to appear in it. It was copied, like its predecessors and a quarrel ensued with the Editor and publishers. He was cashiered and the vacant chair given in the handsomest manner to me until his successor could be appointed.

Here then I stand. The publishers, before my salary was increased, advanced me 60 Dollars for clothes, which will all be paid off by the first of August when I will be a new man. I will save money and be able to do what gives me more pleasure than anything else, assist you in some little degree.

I should have told you that they have purchased for me a very beautiful blood mare on which it would be to your no small edification to see your humble servant capering up the Broadway in the evenings, receiving about 20 or 30 kisses of the hand from fair ladies and fine gentlemen.

There was a strong party raised against me by some magazine Editors in the city, who endeavored to write down the magazine by vituperation, but they did me more good than harm with the exception of one who was so very impudent that I was obliged to send him a challenge

⁸ - Eulogy – *i.e.*, Samuel wrote praise – perhaps tongue in cheek – of the new magazine, *The Knickerbocker*, perhaps anticipating its imminent demise. From Wikipedia (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Knickerbocker):

The Knickerbocker, or *New-York Monthly Magazine*, was a literary magazine of New York City, founded by Charles Fenno Hoffman in 1833, and published until 1865. Its long-term editor and publisher was Lewis Gaylord Clark, whose “Editor’s Table” column was a staple of the magazine.

The circle of writers who contributed to the magazine and populated its cultural milieu are often known as the “Knickerbocker writers” or the “Knickerbocker Group”. The group included such authors as William Cullen Bryant, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell and many others.

The *Knickerbocker* was devoted to the fine arts in particular with occasional news, editorials and a few full-length biographical sketches. The magazine was one of the earliest literary vehicles for communication about the United States’ “vanishing wilderness.” As such, *The Knickerbocker* may be considered one of the earliest proto-environmental magazines in the United States.

for the purpose of deterring any more such insults. He, however, apologized. I send you this correspondence that you may see that my path is sometimes dangerous.

I have got into high favor at the Book Room, in consequence of a good turn I had it in my power to render them. They published two editions of Dr. Clarke's⁹ life, which as there is no copyright for foreign books, was printed by a bookseller in the city, and at the same time, the Baptists and Episcopalians who hate and envy the Methodists, came out strong against the book in their newspapers. I, seeing this, and the reputation of the *Knickerbocker* being very high, took occasion to write a spirited eulogium on the Doctor in receiving his book, which was much admired and tended greatly to settle the controversy. For this service the Methodists have been my very good friends and I would have no difficulty in in securing a situation, were my present one to fail, in some of the newspapers supported by that powerful body. Even Dr. Bangs¹⁰ who used me so scurvily about the Dollar, extends his hand to be with great cordiality, and I have hopes against August of being able through his influence, to get Caleb into one of the Methodist Colleges with a view to make him a preacher, (between you and me, all he is fit for). If he was only religious and would bend his mind to that object, he would be treated with cordiality and indulgence and would be taken by the hand by all.

I will enlarge a little on miscellaneous topics. The Methodists are the most powerful body in this country though they are greatly hated by the other sects. They have lately, however, been brought into great discredit by one of their most popular ministers having been arrested on a charge of seducing and murdering a young girl, one of his parishioners.¹¹ His trial, just over, caused more excitement than any other event ever known in this country. It lasted three weeks. He was acquitted, though there is still a strong odium against him and horrible tales are published every day concerning impure transactions said to have occurred at camp meetings, etc. and there is a universal outcry against them. That you may judge of this for yourself, I send you a report of his trial, and one of the leading newspapers of this city, the *Times of America*, comes out pretty strong against him.

They (Methodists) have a good many chapels here where the old plan of dividing the sexes is still adhered to. The seats are all free, and the singing, none of the best, is generally lead by a choir sitting in a gallery opposite the preacher. After service, they always have revival meetings; in fact they have a great deal of the primitive simplicity and freshness of Methodism about them. There was a camp meeting held about 26 miles from this place on Long Island lately.¹² It lasted

⁹ - Probably Adam Clarke (b. 1760–1762, d. August 28, 1832), a British Methodist theologian and biblical scholar. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Adam_Clarke.

¹⁰ - See Note 7 above.

¹¹ - Probably the murder of Sarah Cornell in Tiverton, RI. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sarah_Maria_Cornell and <http://www.nytimes.com/1986/08/10/books/did-the-minister-do-it.html?mcubz=0>.

¹² - See, e.g., "Methodism and the Second Great Awakening," by Joseph A. Thacker, <http://place.asburyseminary.edu/cgi/viewcontent.cgi?article=1560&context=asburyjournal>:

While many authors have described the huge crowds at the western camp meetings, particularly the one at Cane Ridge, on the average, greater crowds attended in the middle Atlantic states. The Cow-Harbour camp meeting referred to above had six to eight thousand persons attending. Another camp meeting held on Long Island in August of 1821 reported ten thousand persons in attendance. Ten thousand also attended a camp meeting held at Great Egg Harbour, Gloucester Circuit, in the West Jersey District in July, 1824. As early as 1803, Bishop Asbury, writing to George Roberts, reported preaching to two thousand persons at a camp meeting about thirty miles from Pittsburgh and indicated that around three thousand were expected. Perhaps

a week and there was not less than 30 to 40,000 persons present each day. Several steam boats left this city and returned each day, and they were always crowded. They are not, however, in good opinion with the generality of the people, nor are they in fact necessary, except perhaps in the backwoods. They have a curious custom here of visiting their preachers every quarter day when every one, young and old, brings a present of some kind or other; the richer classes, money; others, tea, cloth or anything else in the way of helping them to keep house. I was present on one of these curious occasions when in addition to about 60 Dollars in cash, there was brought by the visitants as much as would feed and clothe a respectable squadron for a twelvemonth. You would be delighted with them and your style of preaching would make you immensely popular. So I am thinking that one of the best possible things you could do would be to remove your whole family into this country. The creditable auspices under which you would come from the conference at home, which might entrust you with some delegated power on that occasion, would secure you a distinguished reception, and the money you would get by selling your annuity, would get a farm which would make you and your family independent forever.

The people are just such as you would like, remarkably simple-hearted and affectionate, and the tears have often come into my eyes when I pictured to myself your addressing them from the pulpit in John St.¹³ Really, Father, look at the antithesis; in the one case you have poverty, debt, calumny, sneers, vexation and diminished influence to encounter; in the other, you will have unbounded respect, attachment and popularity, a certain means of securing an independence for your numerous family, and a sphere where your peculiar feelings would be responded to and admired, and your usefulness unlimited. I think your brethren at home would generously assist you in a grand effort of the kind. As for poor Matthew,¹⁴ my heart swells when I think of him. He would be absolutely idolized— a second Somerville¹⁵ in every one's mouth to praise, instead

Nathan Bangs best sums up the importance of the camp meeting to Methodism when, writing of the General Conference of 1812, he said:

It appears from the records of these days that the introduction of the campmeeting added a new stimulus to the work of reformation, and put, as it were, new life and energy into the hearts of God's ministers and people. They were accordingly appointed in almost every part of our work, and were generally attended with most evident manifestations of the power and grace of God. It was estimated that about one thousand souls were brought from darkness to light this year, at the various campmeetings held in the states of North Carolina, Virginia, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and New York, besides those who were indirectly benefited by these meetings in their various circuits; for generally the preachers and the people returned from the campmeetings with their hearts fired and filled with the love of God.

¹³ - From Wikipedia (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_Street_Methodist_Church):

The John Street United Methodist Church – also known as Old John Street Methodist Episcopal Church – located at 44 John Street between Nassau and William Streets in the Financial District of Manhattan, New York City was built in 1841 in the Georgian style, with the design attributed to William Hurry and/or Philip Embury. The congregation is the oldest Methodist congregation in North America, founded on October 12, 1766 as the Wesleyan Society in America.

The Society built its first church, the Wesley Chapel, a blue stucco barn, on this site in 1768. Timber from the Chapel was later used in building the Bowery Village Methodist Church and the Park Avenue United Methodist Church. The second church on this site was built in 1817-18, and the extravagance of the building provoked a secession from the congregation by Rev. William Stillwell. The third church, the current one, was necessitated by the widening of John Street. [Emphasis added]

¹⁴ - Matthew Lanktree Jr. Matthew died 3 Feb 1833 in Bushmills, Ireland. From this letter (this reference and one near the end), Samuel did not know that Matthew had died. Likewise Matthew Sr.'s youngest son, George Stephen Lanktree, referenced twice in this letter, who died 26 Dec 1832, apparently after Samuel and Caleb departed Liverpool.

¹⁵ - Possibly William Somerville (ca. 1641-1694); see Wikipedia ([https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Somerville_\(surname\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Somerville_(surname))):

of being crippled by an envious set at home. I beg that you will consider well of this project. Before next conference (1834) you could have all your plans matured and I have warm hopes as to their practicability. Do let me have your views at length on this subject. I will write again about it.¹⁶

You will be surprised to hear that I saw Lorenzo Dow¹⁷ the other day. It was advertised in one of the morning papers that he would preach, and such a crowd! He is one of the most eccentric but patriarchal looking men I ever saw, very old but firm, with a strong, clear voice and a beard down to his breast. When the service was over I went up and asked if he remembered Matthew Lanktree. Said he, "Is it my old and dear friend in Ireland? I can never forget him." "I am his son," said I. "Matthew Lanktree's son!" said he, with enthusiasm, as he grasped my hold, "Oh, how is that blessed man?" You may conceive I was no little affected with his emotion, especially as a crowd gathered around us in astonishment. He gave me a book of which I should think he sold a thousand after the service, and told me to call upon him the next morning. I was rather unpunctual and when I arrived, he was off to some distant part of the continent.

We had likewise General Jackson¹⁸ here last week on a visit to return thanks for his re-election. There were immense preparations made for his arrival. Superb apartments were furnished for him, with silver hangings and costly ormolu¹⁹ tables etc. The bed was magnificent, turned with beautiful marble columns placed before looking glassed, and curtains of the finest French lace fastened with a gold loop in the ceiling, with coverlet and pillows of damask satin, figured with gold. The day before he arrived, these rooms were visited by thousands. The old General, with true republican simplicity preferred lying on the sofa. When he arrived, he was received with all a monarch's pomp and more than a monarch's love. Not less than 200,000 people besides 20,000 soldiers were computed to be out, and the air was shook with cannon, music and huzzahing. The Irishmen especially were in their glory. They claim Jackson as their own and paraded before him to the amount of about 5,000, each arrayed with green sashes. Among other curious items they had an immense banner borne by four men, on which was the President shaking hands across the ocean with O'Connell,²⁰ and another representing Washington in

The Irish House of Somerville began when William Somerville came to Ireland in 1690. William was an Episcopalian minister forced to flee from his manse when it was attacked by Covenanters. William brought his sons William and Thomas with him to Ireland. While the younger William returned to Scotland, his brother Thomas stayed in Ireland. Thomas would be educated at Trinity College in Dublin eventually earning a BA in 1711. He entered the church of his father and was ordained a minister at Cloyne Cathedral in 1715. It was in 1732 that Thomas was made the rector of Myross and Castlehaven. It was his son Thomas who by becoming a very successful merchant with Newfoundland and the West Indies was able to build up the Irish house of Somerville to the ranks of landed gentry a class out of which the Somerville clan had dropped for five generations.

¹⁶ - Matthew Lanktree Sr. never left his itinerant ministry, dying in Belfast in 1849.

¹⁷ - From Wikipedia (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lorenzo_Dow):

Lorenzo Dow (October 16, 1777 – February 2, 1834) was an eccentric itinerant American evangelist, said to have preached to more people than any other preacher of his era. He became an important figure in the Second Great Awakening and a popular writer. His autobiography at one time was the second best-selling book in the United States, exceeded only by the Bible.

¹⁸ - Andrew Jackson, seventh President of the United States.

¹⁹ - A gold-colored alloy of copper, zinc, and sometimes tin, cast into desired shapes and often gilded, used especially in the 18th century for decorating furniture and making ornaments.

²⁰ - From Wikipedia (https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Daniel_O%27Connell):

heaven receiving all the murdered patriots. They had likewise a chariot in which was a beautiful young lady attired in white and green, with a wreath of laurel in her hand, and a harp to represent the genius of Ireland.

She was received with deafening acclamations. I had the honor of shaking hands with His Excellency twice. He is a venerable old man with the finest head of pure white hair I ever saw, and extremely courteous and affable in his manners.

I feel it not a little hard that I have been unable to hear of James²¹ since my arrival. Will you endeavor to throw all the light you can on the subject. Caleb, unfortunately, is not cut out for this country. Had you sent me either Jos. or George, either would have done well. He is just hanging on in the same way he used to at home, waiting for some wretched situation as assistant in a school, an employment I detest. The fact is, those who work in this country get on without fail. Those who do not, never will. Caleb told me he never did work nor never will,²² which I take, in the first place, to be a falsehood, and in the next, an impossibility. I am to see a gentleman about him tomorrow, which I hope will turn to something. Here, clerks and schoolmasters' assistants of any kind have no chance. All trades earn from 7 to 15 dollars a week. Laborers, of which there are always 3 or 1000 wanted, get one dollar a day.

I trust you will write to me at great length and tell me of all your private affairs. I am intensely anxious on this subject. In a very short while I will be in a condition to save money and the first thing I do will be to remit you what I can to atone for the peccadillos I shall always repent having committed at home. I confess the dearest subject I have at heart is to see your face once more.

Tell me about Matthew. He wrongs me bitterly if he thinks I have any enmity against him.

I send you as a present, the works of the Rev. Robt. Hall,²³ one of the most valuable books in the English language, which in England costs 7 Pounds, and here only as many dollars. If these go

Daniel O'Connell (Irish: Dónall Ó Conaill; 6 August 1775 – 15 May 1847), often referred to as The Liberator or The Emancipator, was an Irish political leader in the first half of the 19th century. He campaigned for Catholic emancipation—including the right for Catholics to sit in the Westminster Parliament, denied for over 100 years—and repeal of the Act of Union which combined Great Britain and Ireland.

²¹ - James Hope Langtree, my 2x great grandfather.

²² - Belying this negative brotherly characterization, from <http://www.ark-cat.com/browse/fulldetail.aspx?id=896>:

Caleb Langtree was a native of Ireland and settled in Arkansas prior to 1840. He married Eliza Josephine Farrelly, eldest daughter of Terrence Farrelly of Arkansas County, on November 28, 1839. They had several children and grandchildren.

Langtree was a civil engineer, employed for many years as the draftsman and clerk for the Surveyor General of Arkansas. He drew the first sectional map of Arkansas. He died January 27, 1874, at the age of sixty.

²³ - Probably Robert Hall (2 May 1764 – 21 February 1831). From Wikipedia ([https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Hall_\(minister\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Hall_(minister))):

The Rev. Robert Hall (2 May 1764 – 21 February 1831) was an English Baptist minister.

....

Hall's first published compositions had a political origin. In 1791 he wrote *Christianity consistent with the Love of Freedom*, a defense of the political conduct of dissenters against the attacks of John Clayton, gave expression to his hopes of political and social improvements as destined to result from the subversion of old ideas and institutions in the French Revolution. In 1793 he expounded his political sentiments in a longer pamphlet, *Apology for the Freedom of the Press*. He was unhappy with the pamphlet, and refused to permit

safe through the custom house at Liverpool, which I will fain hope, as they go by a private hand, I will send you from time to time, such other valuable works as I can lay hold of. I likewise send you the Methodist magazines, the Minutes of Conference, and specimens of all the newspapers published in this country, and also presents for the children.

I want you to use your exertion to procure me such of the family writings as will be of use to me here. I left a little trunk in the Edinburgh Tavern in Belfast, about which I wrote to Jos. from Liverpool. I hope it has been preserved. If it has, send me all the papers which were in it, and also 2 vols. of the *Ulster Magazines*. I wish Jos. or George, if he is at home, to call upon Mr. Tealing with the parcel of *Knickerbockers* I sent him, and if you cannot find my own, he will give you a set. He lived, when I left, at 22 Cromac St. I believe if not his address is "Dunogue Cottage, Carrickmacross." I wish you would write to him to let him know they are for him. Mr. Magenis or Mr. Cross will likewise be able to tell you where he is. These little commissions from such a distance ought to be attended to as if from the grave, and I know they will.

You would be astonished to know how dear clothes of every kind are here. If Jos. were to come out, he would make his passage clear by bringing over a good stock of linen shirts and woolen socks alone. The first he will get for about 10 shillings at home, and the next for 6d. They would sell here readily for 7 dollars and one-half a dollar respectively.

I should tell you that on leaving Matthew's, I abjured the "k" from my name and am here only known as Mr. Langtree. I beg you will attend to this trifle in your correspondence, as it would look not a little singular in this country where so many suspicious characters come over, to see my family spell their name differently from myself. While I think it is too late for you, all the unmarried boys should adopt this orthography.

I have now nearly done and were it not that the task is so congenial, I might well be tired writing letters, having written all I send home this day, but the opportunity is too good to be neglected. If you have any parcel to send, and a direct opportunity offers from Belfast, send it care of Peabody & Co., 219 Broadway, New York, and see that it is properly entered in the Bills of Lading. If no direct opportunity, send it to Liverpool, care of Mr. Furness, 34 Scotland Road, where the gentleman who brings this will call for it on his way back.

And now, my ever Dear Father, Farewell. The uneasiness I have given rises up many a time in bitter remembrance, but that was a time of folly and darkness and infatuation.²⁴ I wish it could

publication after the third edition. In a new edition of 1821 he omitted the attack on Bishop Samuel Horsley, and stated that his political opinions had undergone no substantial change.

His other publications while at Cambridge were three sermons: *On Modern Infidelity* (1801), *Reflections on War* (1802) (sermon given at Cambridge on 1 June to celebrate the Treaty of Amiens), and *Sentiments proper to the present Crisis* (1803).

Hall's writings at Leicester embraced various tracts printed for private circulation; a number of contributions to the *Eclectic Review*, among which may be mentioned his articles on *Foster's Essays* and on *Zeal without Innovation*; several sermons, including those *On the Advantages of Knowledge to the Lower Classes* (1810), *On the Death of the Princess Charlotte* (1817), and *On the Death of Dr Ryland* (1825); and his pamphlet on *Terms of Communion*, in which he advocated intercommunion with all those who acknowledged the "essentials" of Christianity. In 1819 he published an edition in one volume of his sermons formerly printed.

We may surmise it was the latter volume that Samuel sent his father.

²⁴ - A mysterious reference the meaning of which will likely ever remain obscure.

be blotted out forever. You see Providence has been very kind in preserving me since I left Matthew's and lifted me to a place of great honor and respectability in this great City. I must feel forever thankful. Tell me everything. I will write soon again, and remain, Dearest Father,

Your Affectionate Son,

Samuel Daly