"The City is filled with Exhibitions & Places of Amusement":

George and Clara Catlin in London

Only about a generation had passed between the return of the Corps of Discovery, led by William Clark and Meriwether Lewis, and the arrival in the trans-Mississippi West of George Catlin. Clark, now sixty, was still alive and serving as U.S. Indian Commissioner when Catlin arrived in St. Louis in 1830, and allowed the young artist to accompany him on a diplomatic mission up the Mississippi River. Catlin made four more journeys into the West over the next six years, visiting some 50 tribes. It was the beginning of a life dedicated to documenting and preserving Native American culture that led to a life marked by financial ruin and disappointment. Part of that ruin came from Catlin's ill-fated attempts to exhibit his paintings in American cities and, starting in 1839, London and Paris. His wife, Clara, accompanied him for parts of his journey before her death in Paris in 1845. Four letters from Catlin's time in Boston and England—three by Clara and one by George to his father—are in the collections of the Missouri History Museum, reprinted here.

George Catlin (1796–1872) came by his interest in the West and native tribes honestly. He grew up with Indian captivity narratives at the knee of his mother, who regaled him with stories of her capture by Indians as a girl. But Catlin also spent a great deal of time in the woods, learning to hunt, fish, and read the landscape despite his family's aspirations that he become a lawyer. "The early part of my life was whiled away, apparently, somewhat in vain," Catlin wrote, "with books reluctantly held in one hand, and a rifle or fishing-pole firmly and affectionately grasped in the other." Finding himself ill-suited to the law, Catlin gave it up and sold everything "save my rifle and fishing-tackle" to learn to paint in Philadelphia. He started painting native peoples when a diplomatic delegation arrived there. He spent most of the 1830s in the Great West, using St. Louis as his base of operations, painting and describing the tribes and lives he saw in five journeys in the West.

George married Clara Bartlet Gregory (1807–1845) in 1828 while he was in Albany to paint the portrait of DeWitt Clinton, who died later that year. Clara joined George on one of his trips west, but disliked it. She and their young son died in Paris in 1845 while George was convincing Louis Philippe to purchase copies of some of his paintings.
He returned to the east in 1838 to assemble "Catlin's Indian Gallery" to show in most major American cities as far west as Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. He opened the Gallery in Boston in 1838 and, as his letter here suggests, was constantly short on money to market the exhibition. He expanded the Gallery to take on tour in Europe, including more than 600 artworks along with artifacts he had collected—and even a delegation of Native Americans to perform. Much of Catlin's life was marked by financial problems; he lost the collection once to pay debts, and more to damage from storage and neglect. His great dream was to sell his collection to the United States government to house at the Smithsonian, a measure that failed by one vote in the U.S. Senate (which he blamed in part on a vote against it by his friend, Sen. Jefferson Davis); note that Clara's letters refer to his exhibitions and efforts to sell art. His works were exhibited briefly in the 1880s and at the White House in 1961, but otherwise largely ignored until the late 1980s. In the last quarter-century or so, he has finally been recognized for his work in documenting the people, culture, and lives of native tribes that had limited contact with Europeans and Americans when he visited them.

On the one hand, it is easy to see Catlin's art and writings as sentimental, Eurocentric, and perhaps even racist. But we need to see Catlin in the context of his time. There was great interest in native peoples in the trans-Mississippi West in the early nineteenth century in both Europe and the United States. The Corps of Discovery was part of this interest, with Lewis and Clark documenting an array of qualities about the landscape, flora, fauna, and peoples in the West. Subsequently, a number of writers traveled west over the next generation, all of whom stopped at William Clark's museum at his Council House in St. Louis to consult the former explorer.

Catlin believed that native tribes were on the verge of extinction, and that their culture would be lost forever unless someone documented it. There were even those who wondered if they were one of the Lost Tribes of Israel. His language can bristle today, like many of his day, and he clearly saw Americans as "civilized" as a juxtaposition to the "natural" Indians. Still, he gives us the most complete eyewitness account of many tribes, both in words and pictures, from the time. His collected works are a vivid snapshot of these tribes at a critical moment, on the edge of white contact and on the eve of many being decimated by smallpox in the late 1830s. When his works appeared in Paris, one critic said that he "captured the proud, free character and noble expression of these splendid fellows in a masterly way." Catlin was, no doubt, proud.

William Fisk painted this portrait of George Catlin in London in 1849. It portrays Catlin as the quintessential showman and artist, wearing buckskin over his shirt, palette and brush in hand, with native peoples stoically behind him. *(Image: National Portrait Gallery)*

George Catlin's wife Clara (1807-1845) sat for this portrait for Scottish-born painter George Linen around 1840, before leaving for Europe with George. It is quite small—only 6 X 5 inches unframed—unlike the paintings her husband created. She died in Paris in 1845. *(Image: Christie's)*

Boston,
Sep 29th 1853

Dear Sister Abigail,

I feel very guilty for neglecting you so long, but now in your affliction, I can be no longer silent. I sympathise with you in the loss of your little one. It brings before me so freshly, the death of my own sweet bud, and the truth of these lines occur at once to my mind.

This lovely bud, so young so fair
Called home by early doom
Just came to show how sweet a flow'r
In Paradise would bloom."

Oh dear sister, if we could only realise the truth of this, we would not morn. How sweet the thought I have a babe in Heaven! Its sweet voice, mingling with the thousands that surround the throne. Shall I meet it there? What a thrill it sends through my frame. When I look upon my sweet babe, its mental faculties developing every hour, and think of the immensity of the trust committed to my care, and how inadequate I am to the task, I tremble. Has any being on earth a charge more fearfully important than the mother. Some writer has said, that the three first months of infancy are a spot of brightness to a faithful and affectionate mother; a dream of bliss from which she wakes to more complicated duties." I cannot thus limit the pleasure, for I think the whole time they derive sustenance from you, is one of peculiar pleasure. To be able to hush its meanings, to sooth its pains, how delightful. You will say, it is new to me. Perhaps so, I am just thinking of weaning my "Libby" now ten months old, and it is a hard trial to make up my mind to it I assure you. We are peculiarly favored in having a very healthy and good natured child. I wish you could see George acting the parental part. I often think of Mr. Dart's description of James' and Porter's nursing Antoinette and Daniel.

"Libby" will be a painter beyond all doubt, if she lives, for she has a most remarkable perception of colours and pictures. Every body says she is the image of her father, and of course she is very pretty.

A letter from Elisa today tells me you are going to locate near them. I am glad of it, for I shall see you once in a while, but if you stay south, I am afraid I never shall, though I long for the wings of dove to be with you this winter.

You see we are in Boston, the Athens of America. George's reception here has been truly gratifying. He lectured three weeks, to a good audience every night, although it was at a most unfavorable time, as most of the wealthy inhabitants are out of town. He was unable to find a room large enough for his collection, and from a suggestion of the Mayor, was induced to ask for Fanweil Hall, which is called the Cradle of Liberty and a most sacred edifice, with the inhabitants, and is never used for any thing but public meetings–he had very little hope of getting it, but it was granted him free for a month, without a dissenting voice. His collection makes a fine show on the walls, and it elicits praise from all. He has had invitations from all the neighbouring towns, to visit them and I have no doubt he would do well for three months here. His portraits are becoming more valuable every day [page torn] number of the far western tribes, having become totally extinct, by the small pox, during the past year. If the bill for its purchase is not passed this writer and George will probably go to Europe early in spring. What is if gets ready. I am much pleased with Boston and its inhabitants. I have been treated with much kindness and friendship. The environs are beautiful, in every direction the roads are as smooth and hard as the floor and the numerous villages and country seats are perfectly beautiful.

The ladies here I find attend much to intellectual pursuits. There are lectures every day and night, upon something interesting. I have been attending lectures on Anatomy and Physiology given by a lady! She admits no gentlemen, and her manner is pleasing, and her lectures are very instructive.

I spent a very pleasant summer with Elisa, became acquainted with Mrs. Gregory and Mrs Wise formerly of Deposite, but now of Whitesborough. I regretted that I never became acquainted with their amiable daughters who they lost by consumption.

My paper is almost filled, and I must be brief —I hope you will write, as soon as you get able. Tell James he must not wait for George to write, for his time both night and day is so continually taken up, that I see him only at meals and late at night. He joins me in love to you all.

Very Affectionately your sister,
Clara

London Aug 31st 1840

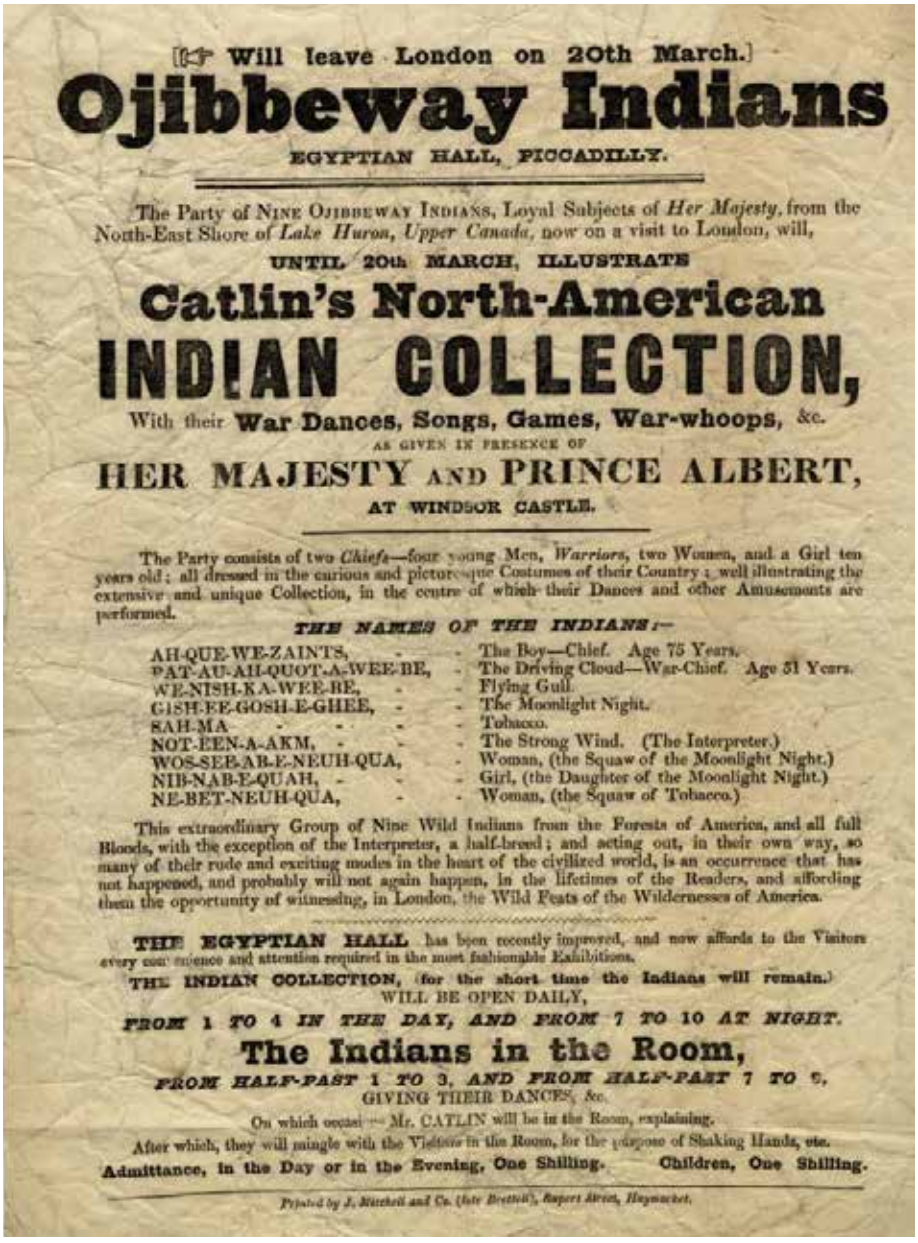
My Dear Father,

I read your letter by the British Queen, two weeks since, and one from Brother Francis at the same time. by each I learned that "all were well" as you both mention; and at the same time, from both, that your health was precarious, which has raised in our minds some apprehensions as to the state that this letter may find you in. We both have learned from long and repeated absence from those whom we love so dearly, not to magnify or borrow trouble, but to trust all to that protecting Providence Who has so long watched over and protected them and us. We will therefore trust that this will find you all well, as we left you; we surely hope so & pray constantly that such may be the case. Our little family (or rather large family of 7) are all well, and our little parlour & bed rooms resound day and night with "Good Ganpa" & dear Ganma, - "berries some" - & many other such phrases as tend to cheer us up and turn our thoughts constantly back to the Great Bend, on the banks of the lovely Susquehana. We can exactly imagine you there, all together as you are, and if we had the money, would soon be with you & make you glad, but such is not yet the case. If I could sell my collection for anything like a price, at this time I would be doubly and trebly happy in the power

Egyptian Hall in London was a popular venue for large exhibitions and performances in the 1840s. Catlin rented it for his Indian Gallery, which became a financial disaster. Later, P.T. Barnum rented the same hall for performances by Gen. Tom Thumb. *(Image: Engraving by A. McClatchy, Jones and Company, London, 1828)*

I would then have of helping some of my friends, in these extraordinary times of need. Many people think, no doubt, that I am making a great deal of money, but they are much mistaken. perhaps it is as well that the world should think so, as otherwise, if they will: but for me and my friends, sufficit that we know better. My expenses have necessarily been enormous, and my receipts, at a shilling per head (which is the price of all Exns. in London) are not calculated to make a man rich short of a very long and very fair trial. London is to be sure, a wonderful place, almost a world of itself, and one would suppose the place of all in the world to fill an Exn. but the City is filled with Exns. & places of amusement in proportion to the numbers of its inhabitants, and all such strive & struggle for their proportion of visitors, who seem divided and drawn so many ways as to be unable to give each more than an ordinary share of support. At this immediate season the fashionable portion of the community are all on the move, out of Town & travelling, and no Exhns. are more than paying their own expenses. The

For all of Catlin's rhetoric about preserving native culture before extinction, he saw his collection of paintings and artifacts as a commercial venture as well, as these advertisements from the 1840s suggest. *(Images: Toronto Public Library)*



[☞ Will leave London on 20th March.]

Ojibbeway Indians

EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.

The Party of NINE OJIBBEWAY INDIANS, Loyal Subjects of *Her Majesty*, from the North-East Shore of *Lake Huron, Upper Canada*, now on a visit to London, will,

UNTIL 20th MARCH, ILLUSTRATE

Catlin's North-American INDIAN COLLECTION,

With their **War Dances, Songs, Games, War-whoops,** &c.

AS GIVEN IN PRESENCE OF

HER MAJESTY AND PRINCE ALBERT,

AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

The Party consists of two *Chiefs*—four young Men, *Warriors*, two Women, and a Girl ten years old; all dressed in the curious and picturesque Costumes of their Country; well illustrating the extensive and unique Collection, in the centre of which their Dances and other Amusements are performed.

THE NAMES OF THE INDIANS:—

AH-QUE-WE-ZAINTS,	The Boy—Chief. Age 75 Years.
PAT-AU-AH-QUOT-A-WEE-BE,	The Driving Cloud—War-Chief. Age 31 Years.
WE-NISH-KA-WEE-BE,	Flying Gull.
GISH-EE-GOSH-E-GHEE,	The Moonlight Night.
SAH-MA	Tobacco.
NOT-EEN-A-AKM,	The Strong Wind. (The Interpreter.)
WOS-SEE-AB-E-NEUH-QUA,	Woman, (the Squaw of the Moonlight Night.)
NIB-NAB-E-QUAH,	Girl, (the Daughter of the Moonlight Night.)
NE-BET-NEUH-QUA,	Woman, (the Squaw of Tobacco.)

This extraordinary Group of Nine Wild Indians from the Forests of America, and all full Bloods, with the exception of the Interpreter, a half-breed; and acting out, in their own way, so many of their rude and exciting modes in the heart of the civilized world, is an occurrence that has not happened, and probably will not again happen, in the lifetimes of the Readers, and affording them the opportunity of witnessing, in London, the Wild Feats of the Wildernesses of America.

THE EGYPTIAN HALL has been recently improved, and now affords to the Visitors every convenience and attention required in the most fashionable Exhibitions.

THE INDIAN COLLECTION, (for the short time the Indians will remain.)
WILL BE OPEN DAILY,

FROM 1 TO 4 IN THE DAY, AND FROM 7 TO 10 AT NIGHT.

The Indians in the Room,

FROM HALF-PAST 1 TO 3, AND FROM HALF-PAST 7 TO 9,
GIVING THEIR DANCES, &c.

On which occasions Mr. CATLIN will be in the Room, explaining.

After which, they will mingle with the Visitors in the Room, for the purpose of Shaking Hands, etc.

Admittance, in the Day or in the Evening, One Shilling. Children, One Shilling.

Printed by J. Mitchell and Co. (late Bretnell), Rupert Street, Haymarket.


CATLIN'S NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN GALLERY, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; containg 500 Paintings, made by his own hand, during seven years' travel amongst the Wildest Tribes of Indians in North America: and also an immense Collection of Indian Curiosities, Dresses, Weapons, &c.; and a Crow Wigwam, twenty-five feet high—a magnificent specimen. Open from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Admittance, One Shilling. Lecture in the Room by Mr. Catlin each day of this week, at half-past 3, with splendid costumes and weapons displayed on living figures.

season will soon come round again however, when the town becomes thronged, and at that season I hope (& my friends all tell me so) to attract more company than I have heretofore done. I have four or five months longer to occupy my expensive apartments yet, or I think I should have been ere this in some of the interiour Towns where I could at this time be making more money than in London. I have resolved however to hold on here until the end of my Lease, & perhaps for a year longer, all will depend on the encouragement I may find during the month or two to come. There seems to be, as I said in my last letter some considerable talk yet about the purchase of the collection, but I have not much faith in it—I never sold anything in my life time, and I recollect, and it will be more than I expect of good luck, if I turn anything to good cash account until it is too late to enjoy its products.

I am just commencing on the troublesome and expensive task of publishing my notes, and shall, I think put forth 3 octavo vols. with engraved outlines of [page torn] my paintings. I am at this very time making the enquiries as to price, terms, time &c. and shall probably conclude to strike the blow in a few days, if so I shall employ at once six or eight expert engravers to come to my own rooms (one large one of which I hold vacant) and there together we will etch and put forth all the plates in a very short time. This, if I undertake it will engross my time much more than it has yet been engrossed & make me for a time, more of a slave than ever, but I confidently trust that I should in the end be well paid for this labour. The Great Western will leave here on the 15th of September by which I will be able to transmit to you 500. dols. I wish I could send you 5000. I have felt bound (peculiarly) to remit to D. L. Gregory as punctual as I could & therefore, with all active expenses, I am not on this day as able to send to you the amount as I will be at a little further time. I think I will be able to pay for the house by hard shifting & I wish thereby to hold it in the family—however, if you get a cash offer for it so that it will assist you in any way, I will authorize you to sell it for 2500. Dols. (i.e.) for part cash—& if for all cash at the price standing agreed on between us.

(Clara joins me in love to all)
With love to Dear Mother, to Eliza & children—to Francis and his Lady—and to all others of the family who may be about you. I must take leave of you for my paper is nearly run out—Stimulate all the unfortunates in these hard times with hope that there will be yet some way to get along and finally to flourish in the world. Steamers are so frequent now that we can hereafter wri te to you every fortnight.

Adieu; till you hear again. Your affectionate son
Geo. Catlin

London January 30th 1842
Mr. Matthew Gregory
Park Place
Albany N York

My dear Uncle,

I had determined in my mind before the commencement of this year that I would greet all of you at home, with the familiar words, peculiar to my country, "Happy New Year". I have sit down to keep my determination, although I do it with a heavy heart. May it prove to you, to all in your family circle, so dear to me, a "Happy new year". It dawned upon us, and our little family, with happy hearts, for the intelligence I have recently received from home was so satisfactory regarding my dear fathers health, that I seemed to think it was always to be so, but a cloud has shaded my hopes of his prolonged life, and I have a melancholy presentiment that I shall never see him again. It gives me feelings that I cannot express to you when I think I may not see his dear face again in the flesh, but if God wills it so, I must endeavor to acquiesce in his divine will, and strive to live in such a manner that our parting may not be eternal. It has been a source of great gratification to

When Catlin created this painting of a Crow tipi, he was in a profoundly active period, creating some 135 paintings in one month. He considered it an essential part of his tour in England. He exhibited a tipi like this one when he exhibited he works in Washington, D.C., as well. While in London, he hired some 20 local boys and men to dress and act like the Crows in the exhibit hall. *(Image: National Portrait Gallery)*

me that you have been kept in such perfect health —and have lived near him, that you might see each other daily. In my dear fathers last letter he speaks particularly of your kindness in visiting him every day—although it must be distressing to you to see him endure such agonising pain. His last letter is a precious memento for me to recur to for consolation, it speaks of that peace within that passeth all understanding. That he is willing to suffer all things, so that he may not be a cast away in that day, when our blessed Redeemer makes up his jewels." He has found "the pearl of great price" and oh, how much more precious to him in this dying hour, then to look back upon heaps of worldly gain. When we can contemplate such a triumph over death, of our dearest friends—it gilds the parting hour, it takes away the sting of separation, though far distant from the dear object and all anxiety that remains is for ourselves, that we join them in a better world, to be parted no more for ever. In the course of nature my dear uncle, you are fated soon to bid adieu to all the cares, vexations and pleasures of this world. You have long since ceased to look upon it as your "abiding place", and I trust you are prepared to go, when the summons comes. I often take a retrospect of my past life—and as I grow older and have my children around me, I more fully realise than I ever did, the very great kindness and care I have experienced from the hands of my dear departed aunt, cousin, and yourself. I have illy rewarded yours and their kindness—but you will be rewarded for your care of the motherless. There is a subject on which I wish to speak to you for it has been ever present to me, since I took my last farewell of you, and I trust you will pardon me for recurring to it. I hope that my wish is already complied with, for I have heard nothing on the subject since. It is this, that all unkind feelings, towards the husband of your dear departed daughter, have passed forever away. For the future peace and happiness of your dear grand children, I trust it is so. We are commanded by our dear Saviour, to "forgive as we hope to be forgiven" and when we consider how much he forgave should we not imitate his example—if we call ourselves his followers? Forgive me for mentioning this, but I feel my separation from home and my dear friends so painfully—and I feel as if we should not harbor an unkind feeling towards our dearest friends or even those we esteem our enemies, for we have all

an account to render to Him who has given us that (illegible).

I have written to my father hoping my letter will find him in better health. You will see by the paper I send that my husband has had the honour of appearing before Queen Victoria—My little daughters are all well and my time is fully occupied. Give my love to all the members of your family, a letter from any of them would be most acceptable. Adieu, may your last days be your happiest—and if it is the wish of God—that we meet no more here may He grant us to meet in a brighter world in the prayer of your affectionate niece.
Clara B. Catlin

Catlin first met Assiniboin chief Wi-Jun-Jon (Pigeon's Egg-Head) in St. Louis in 1831 and traveled with him on board the steamboat *Yellow–Stone* up the Missouri River in 1832. "In his nature's uncowering pride," Catlin wrote, "he stood a perfect model." But when Catlin met him later, Wi-Jun-Jon had traveled to Washington, acquired a colonel's uniform, and started lecturing his people on the customs of Americans, for which he was denounced and killed near the mouth of the Yellowstone River. Catlin created the dual portrait to document the perils of mixing western culture with native peoples. *(Image: National Portrait Gallery)*

Rosa Cottage London July 14th 1842

Mr. Mathew Gregory Esq
Parks Place, Albany, New York

My dear Uncle,

It is only when we are deprived of our dear friends that we feel how dear to us are those that are left. If I can give you any gratification by writing —it will serve to obliterate I trust all feelings of my former neglect of you in this way—for I feel such pleasure in hearing from those at home. I flatter myself that although I never have received a line from Albany since my beloved fathers death, that they will be glad to hear from me. I hear from various sources of your good health and the common exclamation of "What a surprising man your uncle Matthew is—as sprightly and active as ever." —Mr. Hyde, Mr. Bammans soninlaw, is here, and told me he had seen you in New York, a short time before he left, and Mr. H. R. Schoolcraft of Mackinaw or Sault [ineligible] St Marie took tea with us a few days ago and said he saw you as he passed through Albany. I received a note from him a few days since, saying he had received intelligence of the death of his wife. Mr. Hyde was an old acquaintance, and I was very glad to see him—he has visited me frequently and gave me a history of all things going on at Albany and New York. Some news of my little cousins at Albany—which partly accounts for the silence Miss Libby has maintained towards me.

It is gratifying to hear that you yet retain good health. few my dear uncle, can look back upon such a long life of such perfect health. In my life, which has been much shorter than yours—how many I can think upon that have dropped away—that once had as great promise of health and long life as me. In your life of three score and ten years, you can reckon hundreds who have gone to the silent grave. While in church last Sabbath, something caused my thoughts to dwell upon the seat you still occupy—and the scene came so vividly before me of the days I sat there, Mr Guest behind us, Mr. Cruterden—his son Warren—Mary & Charlotte—Mrs Cobb—Mr Gibbons and many others—all in their seats—all gone so rapidly one after another—and then the thought perhaps I too may be numbered with them is another year! Now the question I asked myself was this, am I ready for the summons? Oh how solemn the thought—are my sins forgiven—and have I forgiven as I hope to be forgiven. The last death I saw noticed and which gave me a shock, for I had no notice of her alarming illness, was Lucy Tyler. Her whom I had known so well, Cut down by that

ruthless destroyer "Consumption, in the prime of her life. I thought of Betsy Clark—how many she has had to tend and watch. The last time I saw Lucy—Betsy was doing the same kind offices to that she had to perform for my dear Cousin Mary. Oh how short is life at the longest—We have but a brief time to prepare for the presence of Him, who has so kindly watched over and protected us. Since my dear fathers death—I have felt a deeper interest in the world to which he has gone, and while I contemplate his long illness and suffering and think how tranquil his last moments were, I feel that there is a strong incentive for me to live devoted to that Saviour who bore him through all his trials—and death &c go gently with him in the [page torn] hour.

My husband has removed his things to Liverpool—and is doing very well there. I have staid behind in my country residence for I felt unwilling to leave it until he decided whether he would remain at Liverpool. I have a pretty little cottage—and my children are healthy—I have just weaned my youngest, now eleven months old. The Income tax is just going in force, a notice has been left today—What if our income is less that $150—we must give notice to the Assessor of the parish. It will make sad work. The people are nearly in a state of rebellion—The Queen was shot at for the third time on Sunday last. God grant our country may never see the extremes of wealth and beggary as they exist here.

I should be very happy to hear from you dear uncle or from any of the family. Give my love to Libby, Mary, Charley & Jimmy—and the Doctor—to Betsy Clark—and remember me to all inquiring friends—
Every your affectionate niece, Clara B. Catlin

March 23d. 1843

Mathew Gregory, Esq
Park Places
Albany, N York

My dear Uncle,

Since I wrote you last, I have been to the city of York, in this old world—and have been so gratified with all I saw there. I will give you brief account of its antiquity, and some description of its noble minster or Cathedral, whose beauty and grandeur however, can never be half imagined from any description of the pen or pencil, for it must be seen to realize its sublimity.

My husband was lecturing there, and he wrote for me to join him there, to see this curious old town. I therefore left my children here in the care of a faithful nurse, and seated myself in the cars at Sheffield two miles from here, at two P.M. and at 5 was safely landed at York, 55 miles from here. After tea, I went with George to his lecture room, one of the largest in the city called the "Musical Festival room"—Its dimensions were 25 feet by 60 broad—45 feet high—with a gallery 20 feet deep and calculated to hold 2000 persons. The receipts of the last musical festival held three days—amounted to $16,174. My husband was honoured with a fine and enlightened audience each night of the week he remained there—his receipts were $25 the night.

After the lecture was over, I went to take my first view of the Cathedral by the bright moonlight—and as I gazed upon its vastness, I felt a degree of awe I cannot describe. It stands near the centre of the city

Mato-Tope, or Four Bears, (1795–1837) was a Mandan chief who convinced other Mandan men to allow Catlin to portray them by sitting for this portrait himself. Karl Bodmer also portrayed Mato-Tope in 1833 as the illustrator for Prince Maximilian's expedition that resulted in publication of *Travels into the Interior of North America*. Mato-Tope died in the smallpox epidemic that decimated the Mandan and Hidatsa tribes by some 90 percent. *(Image: National Portrait Gallery)*

—with a considerable space of clear ground around three sides of it. The east side—or opposite end from the two towers—being too near a row of buildings to see to advantage the large east window said to be the largest and finest in the world. But my feeling of awe was increased on entering the interior next morning—The extreme length is 524 feet its greatest breadth 222—and its height 235. The windows are all of richly stained glass—representing Scripture subjects—the dimension of the large east window are 75 by 32—illustrating nearly the whole of the New Testament—and is a perfect picture of itself as you enter the door under the two towers and look through the entire length of its clustered columns and vaulted ceiling, with the beautiful windows on each side throwing a dim light, the effect is indescribably beautiful. The choir or chapel where service is held is just under the square tower—and is 157 feet by 46. This is only walled around by plate glass—and oak—twelve feet high—so that you can walk in the aisles all around—and the whole length of the nave—and hear the service. The organ is on a stone screen—immediately under the square tower—and has 4,200 pipes. The music on Sunday was very fine —the psalms of the day were chanted—and the voices of the singers (all male) with the sweet tones of the immense instrument, as they rose and echoed through the vaulted roof exceeded any thing I ever heard. Three years ago it was set on fire by a maniac who concealed himself behind one of the tombs, and at midnight he collected all the cushions and piled them up under the organ, and setting fire to them escaped by a window. The organ was completely destroyed —and the repairs cost $65,000. Six centuries have elapsed since the oldest part of this Cathedral was erected by the Catholics—and it is said to have been one hundred and fifty years in building. The Romans held possession of York for three centuries. During the Reformation under Cromwell the fanatics injured the Cathedral very much in their exertions to purify the building from its former faith. York is entirely surrounded by a wall—with a gate and towers at each entrance to the city—one of which is still preserved with its outer barbican and portculles. This wall forms a fine promenade around the city—and being high you look down upon the houses—and streets—The Cathedral standing prominent above every thing else. On the outer side there are still marks of the fosse or ditch. The oldest streets are very narrow and the houses stand with gable end to [page torn] street and each story jetting over the other, and it is said [page torn] in former times the opposite neighbors could shake hands from the upper stories. The newer parts are finely built like the West End of London. The River [whited out], a small stream, clear and pretty, runs through a part of the city—and has one bridge across it. The other ferries are crossed in small boats for a half penny. York Castle is a fine old Fort—now used as a prison—and is the place where the veritable Eugene Aram was confined—and from whose history Bulwer has woven so interesting a story.

I spent a week very pleasantly in York—visiting its curious places—many Roman antiquities and relics are preserved in the museums—and while one pursues its history for agest past, it becomes doubly interesting.

I have written so blurred a letter that I fear you will scarcely be able to read it for the paper is very bad. While I have been writing, I have been thinking of my dear father to whom I used to take pleasure in relating what interested me, and I take pleasure in relating to you my dear uncle scenes in this far off world—and I hope they may beguile an hour for you. I find my domestic cares to occupy so much time that I find but little leisure for writing excepting in the evening when all is quiet—then memory brings the scenes of my home before me, and I sigh to think that I cannot speak assuredly of ever seeing that dear land and friends very soon again. I hope I shall exercise Christian patience—and be willing to leave all things in the hands of Him who has so graciously watched over me and mine.

We shall probably remove to Edinburgh from this. If a room can be procured for the collection. Mr. Combe is endeavoring to find one. And then I shall be able to tell you something of that place—which I have long had a desire to visit. Give my love to all your family circle—I remember them all with affection—although I fear they have forgotten me.

Adieu my dear uncle—May God in his continued mercy to you grant you health—and guide you at last to that haven of peace where I trust we shall all be reunited to part no more for ever.
Ever your affectionate niece C. B. Catlin