

BETWEEN THE COVERS RARE BOOKS

112 Nicholson Rd, Gloucester City, NJ 08030 (856) 456-8008 betweenthecovers.com

Dear Ogden
New Orleans, 12th Dec 1819

In reading a volume, intitled Beauties of Goldsmith I met the following passage: "The sounds of music as they vibrate over the long drawn vapors, are not sweeter to the ear, than the tidings of a far distant friend" and it occurred to me

That if he had ever heard the sweet nightingale note,
Which we have heard warbled, from Emily's throat,
Had he caught that note's echo, while dying it lingered,
As if charmed, on the keys, touched by Emily's fingers,
Had his bosom, like yours, throbb'd with pleasure and pride
While she chaunted your favourite "Soldier's Bride",
Had his eye ever gaz'd on the roseate glow,
In whose like rosebuds, reflected on snow,
Which suffused both her cheeks, at hearing recited
The applauses and praise, which her song had excited,
I think such a speed he could never have made,
No warning and repenting would null it unsaid,
But if hearing and seeing, he still thought it true,
He would surely have lost all his credit with you.

I find that "the cold chain of Silena hangs over you still" Ogden
and when I reflect on the charms which strengthen its rivets I have
little hope that the heat it generates, can have leisure to thro' to
a feeling, so cold as friendship. Your promised letter is not arrived,
and I cannot help suspecting, that the hope of hearing from you, will
terminate like many others I have indulged, in disappointment.

It is I shall submit almost without regret, and certainly without
another murmur, for I have lately seen so many of my "fondest
hopes decay," that I have ceased to mourn or lament them.

Our misfortune has followed another in such rapid succession, since I
first thought of this plan, and the first year of our business has
been attended by so many unavoidable losses and expenss, that at its
close, we are sure at, to say the least, no richer than at its commence-
ment. It required all the industry of Bidleman & Burke to struggle a-
gainst misfortune, and just as the latter had established our credit

Ridleman [First name unknown]

1819 Autograph Letter [Unsigned] from New Orleans \$750

Four page Autograph Letter closely written on all four sides of a quarto leaf. Headed "New Orleans, 12th Dec. 1819" to "Dear Ogden". Old folds from mailing, with small tears at the folds, else very good and easily readable. Although unsigned, it appears to be complete, possibly lacking an address leaf. A fascinating and letter written from New Orleans with a full report of the current activities of that city, including accounts of Jean Lafitte's pirates, duels, murders, robberies, and a report on the city's theaters. Apparently the Ogden was estranged from his correspondent who begins by apologizing and presenting an original poem about the musical virtues of Ogden's female friend Emily, apparently inspired by "reading a volume entitled Beauties of Goldsmith". Following that he reports on his struggles at his business, Ridleman and Burke, and the unfortunate demise of his partner, Burke when "he fell a lamented victim to this fatal climate..." He then further attempts to beguile Ogden: "I will endeavor to entertain you with some of the occurrences of this motley city. The trial of the eighteen pirates has occupied the public attention since my return. They were captured by one of those Revenue cutters. ... They were in a very small schooner and as it was almost a calm used their leeway[?] to bear down on the cutter, and commenced the fight, but were very soon compelled to strike and are said by some passengers who were on board, to have lost seven killed... Those passengers were to have 'walked the plank' on the following day. They are of the Lafitte gang, and have little hope for mercy if the president confirms their sentence." He goes on to relate going on patrol with other citizens to prevent the rescue of the pirates. He relates several other crimes and encounters: "Three of Lafitte's men were at a house in the Lower Faubourg a few days since and a party of the gallant gens d'armes were sent to capture them but were all routed by one of the pirates who presented himself at the door armed with a pistol and dirk and as these gallant Creoles only had a loaded musket, bayonet and sword each, it would have been the imprudence to engage with such fearful odds." The unnamed correspondent records a couple of duels: "Mr. Lorraine, brother of the editor of the Chronicle was killed about the same time by another editor called Bruncker. The parties missed at the first fire and Bruncker then wished to compromise the matter, but L. insisted upon another shot. B then requested his second to reload his pistol carefully and he would kill him an inch above the hip bone, which he did and L. died a few hours after. He was buried that afternoon where he fell. The challenge was given in one public paper and accepted in another. A large party crossed the river to witness the sport. There have only been one or two murders... The only one of consequence was a Mr. Blanchard, cashier or president of the Louisiana Bank who was found... robbed and horribly mangled. One or two men are in confinement, suspected of being the perpetrators." He continues on with details of the city's theaters and gambling establishments, and finally concludes with another apology. A lively and engaging letter about the rough and ready emerging city, written just four years after the Battle of New Orleans. [BTC#395192]