

Dear Uncle

New York Oct. 2nd 1799-

I have seen Mr. Talbot a few days ago - who says that Mr. Doughty is not able to pay any debts whatever - I asked him concerning your bank shares, he told me that you had two shares in the New York bank - that they were entered in Talbot & Killums name, that you had wrote to him desiring a settlement - and he wish'd I would see the letter, however I have not as yet - With respect to politics I know little else, than that the friends of Monarchy, grow bolder and stronger every day - Jonathan Robbins an American seaman, but impressed and put on board the British Frigate Hermione whose crew mutinied, escaped at that time, and returned to his native Country - is taken up, tried and condemn'd to be hung as a British subject - He was deliver'd by order of our blessed President into the hands of Britain, and hung as an example, in the West Indies - Many such instances occur every day - such are the effects of the treaty - Poor, venerable and well tried Patriots, are taken up and imprison'd here by the authority of the Sedition Law - all foreigners coming into this Country for the future cannot become Citizens till a residence of 21 Years in this Country - so much for the Alien Law - Timothy Pickens (in one of his letters) death desirous to let his son enter on board the Navy in the humble, and degrading station of Quartermaster -
"British Gold hath won the day" -

Our Cities are again ravaged, by sickness - Pestilence stalks forth
and rears her terrific head - Mourners mourn their husbands lost -
Children mourn their Parents dead - Orphans, Widows, and the
long list that shows the steps of death, are exposed to our view
~~throughout the land~~, Where trade, and Commerce flourished, where
the busy and Industrious Citizens was seen, in thousands, adding to
the Wealth & Prosperity of their Country - Now - alas! the Change - all
is still - a solemn stillness pervades our Streets - dreary night, comes
and goes, the Sun shines in all his Splendour - but - it is to warn the
hapless mortal to his last his silent home - Mourners is heard, save
the rolling hearse - of death, whose daily, whose nightly, occupation
is to hurry the poor remains of Man; to the dreary tomb - Oh! when
I hear - Its horrid - deadning sound, it strikes the cold damp on my
heart - thus far have I escaped, my friends & Neighbours, all around
are either dead or dying - Ah! woful me - far from ^{my} Friends and Country
I am too sad a witness of the ravages of death - And yet - I stand
encouraged by my God - in whom is all my trust - I praise him, my Father
my friend and Protector - Should death with his cold iron hand
grasp at my heart - then Oh! my God be thou my support - Inspire
my drooping soul, with energetic fire to brave all dangers - and then
I die - but to rise again - more purely than - Oh! my Uncle
excuse the melancholy strain in which I write - when death is all around
me - I cannot join in gestures mirth & Jollity as too many do - the
Yellow Fever began to rage in Aug^r - and continues to ravage not only here

but in Philadelphia and much worse in the month of Sept^r.
than as died 401 Persons of the fever in this City - but it is not so bad
as last year in the same time upwards of 1000. Victims fell -
however it is full bad enough now for it is not over yet nor will it be
till we have some colder weather - I have fortunately kept in employ
all through the sickness - and by a strict adherence to temperance
and low regimen I hope I shall weather the storm - however I
run my chance - the victims who fall are chiefly hard working men
who are too apt to give way to Intemperance, the sole origin of all
disease - with my respects to all friends I am your affectionate Nephew

16 Garden Street
New York

M. J. Matt

C
JAN 28
1800

COVE
SHIP LE.

112

Mr Roberts M^{rs}

Denton near Leeds

York

via England

- and co

Transcript of Letter A7

William B. Mott to Uncle Robert New York Octo(ber) 2 1799

Dear Uncle,

I have seen Mr. Talbot a few days ago who says that Mr. Doughty is not able to pay any debts whatever--I asked him concerning your bank shares, he told me that you had two shares in the New York bank--that they were entered in Talbot & Allum's name, that you had wrote to him concerning a settlement--and he wish'd I would see the letter, however I have not as yet--With respect to politicks I know little else, than that the friends of Monarchy, grow bolder and stronger every day--Jonathan Robbins an American seaman, but impressed and put on board the British Frigate Hermoine, whose crew mutinied, escaped at that time and returned to his native Country--is taken up, tried and condemned to be hung as a british subject--he was deliver'd by order of our blessed President into the hands of britain, and hung as an example, in the west Indies. Many such instances occur every day--such are the effects of the treaty--Our venerable and well tried Patriots are taken up and imprison'd here by the authority of the Sedition laws--all foreigners coming into this Country for the future cannot become Citizens till a residence of 21 years in this Country--so much for the Alien law.-- A Timothy Pickering (in one of his letters) hath design'd to let his Son enter on board the Navy in the humble and degrading station of Midshipman.

"British Gold hath won the day"--

Our Cities are again ravaged by sickness--Pestilence stalks forth and rears her terrific head--Wives mourn their husbands, lost Children mourn their Parents dead--Orphans, Widows, and the long list that shews the steps of death are exposed to our view.

Where trade and commerce flourish'd, Where the busy and Industrious Citizen was seen in thousands, adding to the Wealth & Prosperity of their Country--Now--alas the Change--all is still--a solemn stillness pervades our streets--dreary night comes and goes, the Sun shines in all his Splendour--but it is to warn the hapless mortal to his last his silent home--Nought is heard save the rolling hearse of death, whose daily, whose nightly occupation is to hurry the poor remains of Man to the dreary tomb--Oh! when I hear its horrid--deadening sound, it strikes the cold damp on my heart--thus far I have escap'd, my friends & Neighbour(sic) all around are either dead or dying--Ah! hapless me--far from my friends and Country I am too sad a witness of the ravage of death--And yet I stand encouraged by my God--in whom is all my trust--I find him, my father, my friend and Protector--should death with his cold iron hand grasp at my heart--then Oh! My God be thou my support--Inspire my drooping soul with enetic fire to brave all dangers--and then I die--but to rise again--more purely thine--Oh! my Uncle, excuse the melancholy strain in which I write--when death is all around me--I cannot join in festive mirth & jollity as too many do--the Yellow fever began to rage in Aug(ust) and continues its ravages not only here but in Philadelphia and much worse--in the Month of Sep(tember) their (h)as died 401 Persons of the fever in this City--but it is not so bad as last year in the same time *

Letter A7 continued Yellow Fever

upwards of 1000 victims fell--however it is full bad enough now for it is not over yet nor will it be till we have some cold weather--I have fortunately kept in employment all through the sickness--and by a strict adherence to temperance and low regimen I hope I shall weather the storm--however I run my chance--the victims who fall are chiefly hard working men who are to apt to give way to intemperance, the sole origin of all disease--with My respects to all friends. I am
Your affectionate nephew
WB Mott
No 16 Garden Street New York

But stamped January 28, 1800 !

Mr. Robert Mott
Denton near Lewes
Sussex
Old England

Notes

I wonder why there was this delay in delivery.
