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<b>Title</b>	To Mrs. Cooper, Cooperstown. Globe, Sunday, Jan. 14th, 1849
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TO MRS. COOPER, COOPERSTOWN

Globe, Sunday, Jan. 14th, 1849

Dearest Sue,

We got down in good season, and Paul was soon off. I had to wait near two hours. I reached Albany at dark, and remained there until Friday morning, when I came on here *via* New Haven, where I slept.

I saw both Stevenson and Gansevoort. The latter is just *re*-married, the third Mrs. G. having been a Miss Lansing.

Stevenson told me all about the Rensselaer affair. First, as to the lady. They had lived very uncomfortably together for some time, he manifesting both undue economy and jealousy. One day he came home and found a gentleman and lady from New York at dinner, and he broke out in such a way on the subject of the extravagance of the dinner that she ran upstairs. It seems she sent for her father, who came and had an interview with Mr. D. A violent quarrel ensued, and D. ran up stairs for his pistols. An old servant intreated the general to quit the house, and he got into his carriage, where Mr. Johnson, the guest, soon after handed Mrs. D., who went with her father to the manor house. A scene followed, in order to obtain the younger child, which was at the breast. Her sister went for the child, and he flourished his pistol about, declaring he would shoot the person who offered to touch the infant. She is said to have manifested great coolness, and to have told him to lay aside his pistol, for she was not afraid of *it* or *him*. This had such an effect on him that he obeyed. After a long negotiation the child was had, and still remains with its mother; the eldest, a boy, is with him.

There are no legal proceedings, nor are any likely to

take place. He has had a private examination of servants, but it is supposed their gossip is all he has to sustain him. Now, who do you suppose is the gentleman implicated by these precious domestics? Her own uncle, Westerlo! He is about of the age of his niece, has always been fond of her, was brought up with her, played with her, and, it is said, used to kiss her, occasionally, after she became Mrs. D. Those who know the parties, seem to think nothing of it. As for Dr. C., there appears to be no proof at all. The whole affair wears very much the air of a design to extort money from the father, suggested by some levity of manner in the daughter.

The son's story is this. He was sent to Marseilles to remain in the ship, and return here, as a sort of genteel cooling off. He left the vessel, went to Paris, contracted debts, and ran away. A *Wm.* Bayard, the uncle, has gone to France; it is supposed he intends to settle the debts. The boy came to Albany, but did not go home. His father followed him to New York, and was down on that business when I saw him. He took him home, and for a short time he remained there. But he was soon detected in buying goods on credit, to sell for a trifle to obtain cash, which is a State's Prison affair. This would never do, and his father *apprenticed* him to the navy, where he now is! Thus the heir apparent of this old family is now an apprentice on board a man of war. The boy is said to be very weak. Still he might be honest. Low companions must have been his destruction.

I have met three or four acquaintances in this house, Ogden included, but learn nothing. There is no snow here. We lost it between Hartford and New Haven, going from Springfield to Hartford on runners.

I have escaped everything like a cold, taking care of