

“An Instructor of Youth, in the States of Ohio, Pennsylvania and Maryland, from 1818 to 1826” (Smith, *Cata. Supp.*; pamphlet not in **D**). He had relinquished his educational work so far as we know, when he wrote a Preface to his father’s Poems in 1828, and issued his educational pamphlet in 1830, in which later year he was residing on Pratt Street (above Howard), in the City of Baltimore.

The late Perceval Lucas wrote under date, July 21st, 1902, “W. R. was an enthusiast on the subject of education and died in York Retreat, 1871, aged 89” (letter in **D**). The *Annual Monitor* gives his residence as London.

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## An Adventure on the Delaware River

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IT was a winter’s day and the sleighing was perfect. The swine had been slaughtered, and a stock of lard, sausages and tenderloins, filled the larder. My mother determined that a sister in Philadelphia should have some of these good things, and this was a fine opportunity to take them. So Bob was rigged to the sleigh, and loading the spoils we started, my mother and cousin Rebecca, M. Cooper and myself the passengers, and father the driver. I remember well how I enjoyed the jingle of the echoing bells, as that frosty morning we passed by the old woods then bordering the road to Camden. Reaching the river we found it was solidly frozen over and covered with snow. It seemed a perfectly even plain of pure white. A stream of foot passengers, and sleighs and sleds were going and returning over it, and our only recourse was to do as did the rest. Down the slip we rode, and soon were in line with the others travelling on the ice. We reached the city gaily, and having done all our errands, started to recross the river, my father standing up in front the better to manage his steed and insure the safety of his precious charge. He wore a broad-brimmed hat, and an ample camlet cloak. We had just struck the ice when Bob took fright at something and began running. It was a moment of peril, for open air-holes lay not far distant. We in the sleigh were not a little terrified. As to father, while we were thus speeding, first his big hat flew off and took to the rear. Then a wig he wore came loose, and after flapping in the gale, shortly followed the hat. Now, bald-headed, with his cloak streaming in the wind, my father tried the expedient of guiding Bob towards a projecting wharf. Rather than strike this, Bob slackened his pace, and a man seizing him by the bridle, brought him to a halt. It was then my father enjoyed first the reception of his wig from a polite witness of his disaster, and then his broad-brimmed hat from another. After composing ourselves and calming Bob, we headed homeward, rejoicing that we had escaped a more serious disaster.

From *My Ancestors*, by William Hopkins Nicholson, 1897. The father and mother of the writer were Samuel Nicholson (1793-1885) of Haddonfield, N. J., and Rebecca Hopkins, his wife.