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Revised 8 July 1922
 " 8 March 1924

Retyped 23 March 1924
 " 25 " "

Revised 11 - 13 Oct 1924
 added to 26 Jan. 1925

Revised 8 - 10 September 1927

Revised 10 - 28 January 1930

Revised 25 - 30 May 1933

Revised 28 June 1933

Revised 29 - 31 August 1933

Revised 26 - 28 May 1942

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 (First h.r. visit)
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1696-1711

39

and
BROWN ~~WETTS~~ JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

1806 Aetat. 35

Dunlap's theatrical ventures having driven him into bankruptcy,
 * projected the publication of ten volumes of plays and for an immediate income
 in 1805 he turned back to his old love of art and took up miniature
 painting. In January of 1806 he made a leisurely trip to Washington
 stopping on the way at Philadelphia where he visited Brown, and painted
 a number of portraits of the celebrities of the time. Instead of keep-
 ing a journal he wrote letters to his wife in journal form and they in
 due time were copied into a book of memoirs.¹ In one of these records
 he says:

Friday 3 January: "I have painted at our friend Brown's."

Another letter of Dunlap's to his wife gives more detail:

Monday January 6: "Some days ago, a travelling Quaker, a traveller and writer of a book of travels, called to see my friend Brown, and I was introduced to friend Samson. Anxious to have his book² praised in Brown's Magazine he made remarks and inquiries all tending to that point, but accompanied with a truly Quaker self-sufficiency.... Brown carried me to see his (Samson's) collection of pictures. This stormy day.... I have passed in steadily painting. Beginning a portrait of Mrs. Brown I find it necessary to destroy the one I painted of Mrs. B. in July last, as you may suppose. The one I have begun is, in comparison, light to utter darkness."

1 No. 23 in the Yale University Library.

2 An Ezra Sampson's Beauties of the Bible was reviewed in Brown's American Review Vol. I, p. 41 ff. but so far as known he was not a Quaker. William Sampson of Samson against the Philistines fame was also not a Quaker. Which Sampson this refers to has not been learned.

Joseph Samson: Letters from Europe in 1801 & Phila., 1805 2 vols. Octavo. See Elizabeth Fenton's 'Journal', Phila., 1854, pp. 339, 365, 377, 388, 392, 398.

ness—despite the patent technical blemishes we must accept it for we have no other--the eight years,since Sharpless portrayed him in
* pastels,have ruined every good feature he had with the possible exception of his eyebrows. Any one who glances from the Sharpless pastel of 1798 to the Dunlap miniature of 1806 cannot fail to see that Brown had not been living right;that his face showed the same sort of changes he had deliberately made in his literary work. The clothes Beau Brummelish, at least somewhat dandified, certainly too impressive and too conspicuously presented;are more in character for a saucy journalist than for a modest and retiring weaver of romances or a ghost seer. Its distinguishing feature is its unmitigated realism. The neck loaded with collar and stock,waistcoat collar and coat collar,is muffled enough to invite consumption in anyone. The hair has lost its simple home-cut look, it drags down over the brow in slovenly curls as if its task were to conceal wrinkles, it bursts out with real side-boards not the half/concealing half revealing locks at the top of the ear. The eyes have lost their clear smooth lids of youth,they need sleep and rest, more vision and less sight the same as the mouth and jaw need more repose and less setting of the teeth. The age wrinkles from the nose down beside the mouth and from the lobe of the ear down the

neck will never out even in the calm of death. The nose probably was Brown's nose--not Sharpless' idealization--for which we are not thankful but cannot condemn as unreal.

Of course the architectural background with its plinth and column, curtain and thunder cloud--which may be symbols of his love of architecture, his curtailed mystery and his terrifying lightning^x--are all in vogue with the clothes and the book--at which we smile--but the one grace for which any Brown lover will tolerate everything misrepresented by the artist, devised by fashion or deformed by living is the presentation of his hands. Their drawing may be faulty but no shopkeeper, no business man, no one ever in bondage to the world rather than to dreams ever had such gracefully delicate hands: some actors have had them and every author must have them.

Dunlap in his National Portrait Gallery memoir gave a full description of Brown's personal appearance which he must have supplied by imagination recollecting through the haze of twenty-six years, not having any assistance from Paul Allen's work or from the biography which he published in 1815. It probably was elaborated from if not inspired by this 1806 miniature.

It is a long cry from 1792 to 1806 so that Brown's opinion of a game is quite liable to change. The next entry of Dunlap's records is slight but amusing, perhaps more so to Brown than the game of Loo had ever been in his youth.

"7th. Tuesday: The evening was passed in playing Backgammon with Charles."

It is more than a mere surmise that Brown could win at such a game in which the careful figuring of the chances is peculiarly adapted to a mind like his but he could not have continued it long for the table on which it was played was very soon after destroyed by his children.

In his 1st January letter to his wife Dunlap gives an account of a dinner at Brown's publisher Conrad's. As published in the History of the Arts of Design¹ it opened with the following:

"At Philadelphia my friend C.B. Brown, now a married man and settled near his brothers and his venerable parents, gave me a home and a repetition of the pleasures I had enjoyed in his society at my house. Conrad was at this time the Philadelphia publisher, and my friend was regularly an author by profession and in his employ. I have a memorandum of a literary dinner at Conrad's, which, written at the time, has some claim to attention."

¹ Vol. I, pp. 270-1.

Here follows the dinner, which is quoted from the diary and compared in the notes, with the published copy.

1

"January 14, 1806. I dined on Saturday at Conrad's, with a party of literati. Fessenden² (the author of Tractor-ation)³ Denny, Mr. John Vaughan,⁴ (member of the Philosophical Society of this place)³ Doctor Chapman⁵ (one of the founders of the Edinburgh Review)³ Brown and myself.⁶ Fessenden is a huge, heavy fellow, as big as Colonel Humphreys, with features as heavy as his person, and an address, rather awkward; but his conversation, though fabricated a la Yankee,⁷ is agreeable, and evinces an amiable disposition. He is as mechanical as well as a poetical genius, and when in England was concerned in erecting floating mills upon the Thames, similar to those used in France and Germany. Denny is a small neat man, an entire contrast in appearance to the foregoing. He appears to be about forty-five years old⁹, and is well bespattered with grey ~~hairs~~. Though a Massachusetts man, he has freed his conversation from Yankeeisms, and speaks with as much facility and correctness¹⁰ as he writes. He is polite in his address, attentive to the etiquette of conversation,¹¹ and studious ^{so} to suit it¹² to those with him, as¹⁴ to elicit those¹⁵ sparks which¹⁶ might otherwise lie¹⁷ dormant--with all this I confess¹⁸ I did not hear those brilliant things which I expected from the mouth of the editor of the "Portfolio"¹⁹. Mr. Vaughan talked much and sensibly but not profoundly.

- 1 The eleventh.
 - 2 Thomas Green Fessenden. In Hawthorne's Spectator, etc., there is an excellent account of this great man.
 - 3 The brackets are omitted in the Arts of Design.
 - 4 Vaughan was a noted physician and believed in, and wrote a defence of, the metallic tractors from the idea of which Fessenden wrote his Great Tractoration.
 - 5 Nathaniel Chapman. The usual biographical accounts do not mention any connection with the Edinburgh Review, and the statement appears to be an error, though it is possible he supported its founding.
 - 6 Brown and myself, omitted in the Arts of Design. /+
 - 7 Arts of Design: setting aside Yankeeisms. 8 Arts of Design: omits "a". v
 - 9 Arts of Design: "of age" instead of "old".
 - 10 Arts of Design: uses facility for facility and correctness. v
 - 11 Arts of Design: society. 12 Arts of Design: omits "so".
 - 13 Arts of Design: his conversation. 14 Arts of Design: adds "well as".
 - 15 Arts of Design: that. 16 Arts of Design: that. v
 - 17 Arts of Design: remain. 18 Arts of Design: adds "that".
 - 19 Arts of Design: adds here the closing summary which will be given presently.
- in ways other than literary. We know he was an early contributor to Dennie's Port Folio under the signature of Falkland. /+

Doctor Chapman has an agreeable intelligent countenance and speaks with precision and eloquence, but is not fluent, owing, as it appears, to some defect of the palate or other organ of speech. Brown tells me, he wrote the criticism on John Davis travels, which pleased us so much last winter."1

That ended the dinner as described in the diary but in the Arts

of Design Dunlap adds the following summary:

"I copy this account of the dinner party as the impression made at the time I can add, from memory, that this, the only bookseller's dinner I ever partook of, was not very interesting. I was of course a cipher. Brown, who when tete-a-tete with me would pour forth streams of copious eloquence by the hour, was here as silent as myself."

The letter of Dunlap in the diary, after the description of the

dinner adds a statement which is of importance to us because *It fails to include any possible interest Brown may have had in Amitt's exporting venture. Dunlap says:*

"The winter has broke up with us, and I suppose the Ice of the Delaware is sunk by the rain of last night. Added to all my antipathies against cold, I was very anxious on account of Armet Brown who has a ship laden and ready to sail, which if not liberated from the Delaware would have proved a great loss to him.

Our friends in this house are well. They have repeatedly desired their remembrances to you. The boys² continue to grow and to crow and to be beauties."

X left Brown's that evening staying at the stage house over night so as to get
Dunlap went on to Washington on the 20th. and the next we shall *answer start*
to Baltimore and then

see of him at Philadelphia is in March near the end of the month.

The record of ^{Friday} the 17th. shows the heating of his room at Brown's was inadequate, as it often was in Philadelphia in those days.

"Yesterday was an excessive severe day. The water froze in my pencil, not two yards from the fire, so that several times when I attempted to put

1 Arts of Design: omits from "Mr. Vaughan talked....winter".

2 The twins born 10 August 1805.

Colours to the ivory, it was mingled with icy crystals.

That Brown was at this time perfectly conscious of the change in his literary material is suggested in the opening of the following letter. It also very well sets forth his fraternal attitude toward his wife's sisters.

The letter is given by Dunlap¹ as addressed to a Miss Susan ---- which should never have hidden its identity because the expression ma chere soeur--in the last paragraph--readily intimates the name.

To Miss Susan (Linn)

Philadelphia, (after 20 January or in February) 1806.²

Odd enough, my dear S. that M.³ should refer you to me for further entertainment. My dull, cold, formal pen is fit only to write crabbed dissertations or incomprehensible anagrams, and not to please a young lady. Wit and sprightliness in letter writing, fall, however, to the lot of so few that I have less reason to repine or be mortified at the want of it myself. Mary is one of those who write with an ease and spirit proper to

1 Vol. II, p. 115 ff.

2 Implied from the fifth paragraph and from Dunlap's departure.

3 Mary.

the occasion, and the accents of a beloved sister would be soothing to your ear, were they much less sweet and engaging than hers are.

I must repeat, after Mary, that your letter tries in vain to be cheerful and at ease, and that heart of thine must be wrung with severe sorrow, when your letters betray it. But where's the remedy? there are some evils that must take their course, and which are of that aggravated nature, that bad as they may now be, they can only go on growing worse, and desperate indeed would be the situation of those that suffer by them, if we did not come gradually to bear lightly a burthen when we are accustomed to it. I hope no domestic engagement will prevent you from making a journey in the spring. If there be not, then we shall have the pleasure of a visit from you. I cannot express the pleasure I shall have in seeing assembled under the same roof, and that roof our own, the three persons dearest to me upon earth.

Our M. has grown quite a studious body. She makes nothing of devouring two or three volumes in a day. When I see her deeply absorbed in a book, and straining her eyes to get through another page, by the aid of a departing twilight, I almost fancy it is S. herself whom I have all this while supposed to be M. Indeed the poor girl has no resource, this cold house-keeping, home-staying weather, but books, as the back-gammon table has long ago been destroyed by the children, to whose amusement it was devoted, as soon as they could use their little hands.

You ask, what makes me so busy? - I perceive M. has not answered your question, so I will answer it myself. I have undertaken to compose a great book,¹ and have limited myself in my engagements with a bookseller, to one year, within which to complete it. You may easily imagine what an heavy task I have imposed upon myself, when I tell you that the work will require six hours writing every day (Sunday's not excepted) for a whole twelvemonth, and that I have other engagements at the same time, upon my hands.

Remember me, affectionately, to our father² and brother³. My particular respects to Mr. B. and Mrs. B. If Mrs. B. comes, as you say she has thought of doing, to Pennsylvania in the spring, I shall have an opportunity of knowing her a little better than I could do at Albany.

Your sister, in writing to you, always recollects your injunction never to talk to you about her children, unless it be barely to tell you that they are sick or dead. I half suspect she was a little mortified at this caution, else she would not have remembered it so opportunely, and observed it so carefully. I do not recollect to have received any caution of this kind, and should not mind it if I had: it should not prevent me from assuring you that they are in charming health and spirits, and give as little trouble as any parent can reasonably wish two infants to give. They have made but little progress in speaking these two or three months, but when they once begin,

1 The American Register.

2 William Linn.

3 Possibly William Linn son of Dr. William Linn.

4 Mr. and Mrs. Beers of Albany.

they will probably soon acquire the faculty. Adieu, ma chere soeur. Keep up your spirits, and look forward to better times. There are many that make your happiness of consequence to their own, but here are three that love you as themselves.

C.B.B.

From a literary view point the detail of that letter of most interest to us is the planning of the next and last periodical venture which Brown was to undertake--The American Register.

Dunlap at Washington wrote to his wife a letter dated ¹13

February in which he says:

"Mrs. Smith, with whom Miss T.² stays was a Miss Bayard³ of N. Brunswick. She is clever, but very sentimental. Her husband is a little man and reminds me of C.B.B. but Brown has I think the air of a Philosopher, while S. looks like a Monkey turned Barber."

The reminder of Brown's personal appearance has been used in our study of that detail. When he speaks of Brown's philosophical air he confirms the superiority of his intellect which cannot escape any serious student of his life and work.

1 In Memoirs No. 23 at Yale University Library.

2 Miss Templeton, probably the lady of the New York circle.

3 Under date of 9 October 1798 it appears she also took Brown as a boarder.

^{having}
 Late in March Dunlap finished his business at Washington ~~and~~
 returned to Philadelphia, where, according to the Arts of Design,¹
 he "stopped for a short time with my friend Brown and his amiable
 wife". About the beginning of April Dunlap again visited Brown
 "and passed there three weeks with them".¹ Possibly it was during
 one of these later visits rather than in January that he painted
 the miniatures of Brown. In his account ~~of Benjamin Trott~~² he
 speaks of being with Brown when he was acquainted with Trott;
 therefore it is possible Trott became acquainted with our author
 at this time, though there is no documentary evidence to confirm
 such a surmise and the record may not intend to imply any such
 interpretation. Trott was just the sort of man to
 have sought Brown for a subject.

1 Vol. I, p. 272.

2 Arts of Design, Vol. I, p. 415.

Dunlap was ^{again} in Philadelphia from about the middle of May to the fourth of June but whether he then stayed at Brown's is not clear; probably he did not for he records that

"C B B's hospitable mansion is filled by h Ingraham^x his wife and her sister Miss Phoenix"

In June of this year we find Brown's life meeting with that of John Howard Payne.³ The cause of the meeting and its consequences are, to say the least, in such a muddled state it appears as if

¹ Vol. I, p. 272.

² ~~Arts of Design, Vol. I, p. 415~~

³ In 1825 Payne was the means of supplying Mrs. Shelley with Dunlap's biography of Brown. See p. 78 ff. Romance of Payne-Shelley-Irving, Boston 1907. The Paynes were related to Dolly Payne Todd Madison. John Howard Payne's father was William Payne, his mother was a Jewess, Sarah Isaacs. The portrait here used is an artist's proof before letters drawn by W. Momburger from the portrait by Wood and engraved by W. Roberts for use in Duychinok's Cyclopaedia of American Literature N.Y., 1855, Vol. II, p. 141.

Nathaniel G. ^{the} New York firm of Ingraham, Phoenix & Messrs. auctioneers.
his wife was Elizabeth Phoenix.

there were still an opportunity for a reliable biography of Payne.

1
According to Gabriel Harrison it seems that William Coleman, the editor of the New York Evening Post, had come forth at this important time in Payne's life and arranged for his advanced education at Union College. Equally interested in the welfare of the youthful prodigy was John E. Seaman,² Joseph D. Fay and Brown. Harrison goes on with the following account³ of Brown's connection with his author.

"Charles Brockden Brown, the celebrated American novelist, also became deeply interested in Payne, and was very active in his behalf. Payne had now become the charm in the learned circle of New York; every one seemed to feel that the boy's future was no longer in his own hands; each and all strove to monopolize the youth and crowded upon him all sorts of advice; he was trotted from house to house, and completely covered with flattery. Brown seeing this over-officiousness in its right light, more than once expressed his regret, and feared that the youth's regard for good advice would be endangered by its too frequent intrusion, when his mind was too young to admit of it.... The hour, however, had now arrived for young Payne to take his departure for college. Mr. Seaman, Mr. Coleman, and Mr. Brown frequently talked the matter over. Brown was selected to conduct the youth to the seat of learning, at Schenectady, New York, of which the well-known Dr. Nott was the president. In those days we had not the iron horse to dash us with electric speed up along the banks of the Hudson, nor had we floating steam-palaces, that, like things of life, swiftly glide over the waters at the rate of twelve knots an hour. It was either by the dull rocking and plodding stage over the rough roads, or by the sloop that would at times only have speed enough to raise a white foam along its bow, but which more frequently would lie at perfect rest for hours, awaiting the whims of the winds. However, they took passage upon the sloop Swan. Charles Brockden Brown was young Payne's companion. It was in the soft month of June, the weather was beautiful."

How much of Harrison's statements is true we do not know for

1 Life and Writings of John Howard Payne, Phila., 1885.

2 According to Hanson Early Life of J.H. Payne, Boston, 1913, p. 58 Seaman was to pay Payne's expenses.

3 Op.cit., p. 31 ff.

parts of his work which we have been able to compare with other accounts show that he was not to be relied on for accuracy of details. Be that as it may, there is nothing to warrant the

claim that Brown was selected to conduct Payne to Union College; ^{though} he may have gone there in his company.

That he was an acquaintance of Payne's is probable from the fact

that their families were Quaker Philadelphians; that he was an

accidental companion most of the way ~~to Albany~~ is certainly ^{recorded} by Brown, though he could have been in the confidence of Payne, ^{relatives and friends} and keeping a watchful eye on the boy, but that he was chosen to be the companion is not to be concluded

from either the letters of Payne or Brown which describe ^{a reference to} the

trip up the Hudson. Brown was going to visit the Linns, Dr.

William Linn already having moved from New York to Albany, and ^{he}

~~Brown~~ only went in the sloop as far as twelve miles south of

Albany and from there he walked alone to the city. Payne stayed

^{partly on the} with the sloop and continued on to Albany, ~~and Schenectady~~ ^{Ballston}.

Possibly after a stop at Albany they went on to ^{together}; then Brown ^{alone} went ~~to Ballston~~ and in due course ^{gone} back toward home.

^{to Albany} may have returned with Payne and ~~gone to Schenectady with him and returned to Albany~~ ^{alone} as parted at Albany and

The letters of Brown and Payne are remarkable for their lack of attention to the total solar eclipse. Payne, as we shall see, did not mention it at all--possibly he like most stage folk was in his berth asleep when the most wonderful part of the phenomenon occurred. Brown seems to have felt its impressiveness but in his letter to his wife he did not think it necessary to describe it in detail for of course she herself could have seen ninety some odd percent of it at Philadelphia. However when he prepared the September number of his Literary Magazine he gave an abstract¹ of the account written by a Mr. Griswald of Detroit to a Mr. Gardiner of Walpole, New Hampshire as published in one of the eastern gazettes--would that he had substituted a record of his own! Had he retained his interest in effulgences which eight years earlier he had used so effectively in Wieland he might have found wonderful material in a description of the sun's corona.

¹ Vol. VI, pp. 196-8. It is liable to be overlooked because it is improperly indexed under T., Total eclipse.

¹
Brown's letter describing this trip with Payne is

(addressed Mrs. Charles B. Brown, South Eleventh Street, Philadelphia.)

Albany, (Tuesday,) June 17, 1806.

My dearest wife,

I am here at Albany at last very agreeably seated in a little neat chamber. The family have scarcely arisen and after dressing, washing and finding out a barber, I have returned to give you some account of myself.

I left New York last Thursday morning, and on Monday about twelve got within twelve miles of this place. There being no expectation of reaching town before night I gladly got on shore and walked the rest of the way. I had scarcely begun my walk when the eclipse² began. I sat down on the side of an hill, from whence there was a wide prospect of this great river and its lofty shores and enjoyed the grandest and most awful spectacle which I have ever witnessed.

¹ Dreer collection, Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

² Total Eclipses of the Sun by Mabel Loomis Todd, Boston 1894, pp. 115-6
"Totality... 16th. June 1806, was observed for 4m 51s by De Witt at Albany, and at Kinderhook for 4m 37s by a Spanish astronomer Don Joaquin de Ferrer." Transactions American Philosophical Society, VI, 1809, "The path of complete obscuration did not extend as far north as Rutland, nor as far south as Philadelphia." Ferrer's account reads: "On the 8th. of June I embarked in a packet at Kinderhook south landing, which is 15 geographic miles south of Albany on the bank of the river Hudson, to observe the eclipse, taking for that purpose an excellent chronometer, etc... During the whole of the eclipse, the sky was very clear, not a cloud was visible and there was scarcely any wind." Brown saw it from about three miles further up the river than Ferrer. The eclipse began at 9:58 and ended 12:46. It was also seen and described by Cooper, see Putnam's Magazine, 1869.

I had a very tedious and unpleasant passage, and am strongly tempted to resolve never to travel by water when it is possible to travel by land. The way was somewhat relieved by occasionally landing on the shore, and by the conversation of little Paine, who, as I told you, was a fellow passenger, and the only one out of sixteen, that was tolerable. An ill mannered captain completed the discomforts of the voyage; for all which, however, I am greatly compensated by the affectionate reception and kind treatment I met with here. Mary has grown ten times as lovely as when she was with us, but there is a shade of deep sorrow always overspreading her features. Susan is in very good health and spirits, and they give me proofs of the tenderest regard that sisters can give to a brother.

After some refreshment I walked with them to see Mrs. Kent (the Judge is absent) and Mr. Bell. I found the latter² much more delicately formed and softly spoken than I expected. She was very kind to me, and made abundance of enquiries concerning you and the children. Margaret³ is a stout buxom girl, who seems very lively and good natured, and who played a pretty tune for me, at my request. The eclipse furnished conversation. Everybody seems to have had all their faculties absorbed in the survey of this grand exhibition, and the two girls have spoilt their eyes by gazing at it.

In the evening Mrs. Beers⁴ and Mr. Romeyne was here. The latter is just as usual. I have had a good deal of conversation with our sisters, in which, however, as yet, all the talk was on my side. They seem to partake of all your pride and fondness for our little ones, whom even the solemn Bleecker assures his friends here are the finest pair that he ever set eyes upon.

My proud anticipations of a letter from you were not disappointed. I found one here on my arrival which assures me of your welfare. You confirm my prognostics that the lovely babes will scamper about home, by the time of my return. I am grieved to find that you are still enjoy(ing) so little assistance, and I am very glad you have Susan D. I have no doubt we shall soon

1 From one of Joseph Brown's note-books we learn that James Brown had in commission a sloop Swan and the captain at one time was one McPalle by name. Whether he is the one referred to here is not known. Was this sloop later the steamer Swan used by Audubon, cf. Life, New York 1869, pp. 386 and 414. Valentine's Manual 1860, p. 576 gives a sloop Swan captain John Tully as arrived from Antigua in August 1801.

2 Brown means the former.

3 Who she was we do not know.

4 William Pitt Beers was clerk of the county and city of Albany. He died 13 September 1810, see Rural Visiter Burlington, N.J., 1 Oct. 1810, p. 40.

have Massy back again, and her excellence will only shine the brighter by comparison with the defects of others. I will write every day. Love to thy dear self
C.B.B.

At the side near the top is a note:

"Send the reflector¹ to the printer. Their office is up the first small Saddler's shop, below fourth in Market. South side.---Palmer's."

Brown's account of the trip up the Hudson should be compared with Payne's sparse description of it to his father, dated June

2
18, which reads:

"I have been in this place since Monday evening; but, engaged by numerous avocations with my new-made friends, have scarcely found time to put pen to paper since my arrival. With the passage and with the passengers to this place I was greatly delighted; but Albany itself is a poor, shabby looking little clump of houses. The jaunt itself is one of the most pleasant on the continent; or at least within the compass of my travels. The passage thro' the highlands is sublime and original. I never found any thing more striking; nor can more magnificent prospect be described. The winds are so very precarious that no calculation can be made on the passage to Albany; and we stopped on our course no less than eight³ times. This gave a sufficiency of time to view the mountainous country and we had many exquisite walks thro' it. I found Col. Willet and lady very agreeable company. We had two female passengers equally pleasing; and Brown, the celebrated American author, afforded me the greatest satisfaction."

- 1 The Reflector, signed Valverdi, was a running article on various subjects, contributed to the Literary Magazine by John E. Hall.
- 2 Harrison gives a transcript of the same letter different from Hanson, probably due to the difference of their sources.
- 3 Harrison gives it four. Why did n't Payne remember that wonderful eclipse? Brown had gone and yet the youth is said to have been under his guidance!

In the latter part of July Brown wrote another letter to ¹~~one~~

~~of~~ the most faithful contributors to the Literary Magazine. It ^{probably} ~~is~~ the best he ever composed, clear and kindly.
 is addressed
 a postscript added by his wife makes it exceptionally
 interesting. (To John E. Hall, Esqre., Care of M. & J.
 Conrad & Co., Baltimore.)

(Philadelphia, Saturday,) July 26, 1806.

My dear Sir,

I hope you have never known by experience what an awkward business is that of making apologies; especially when there is nothing to be said in extenuation of one's guilt. This irksome duty frequently fastens itself upon my pen, in consequence of an inveterate habit of neglect on all Epistolary occasions. If I tell you that my oldest and most valued friends have the same reason to find fault with me that you have, I shall only aggravate my fault. It will, however, serve, at least, to show that my silence to you has not arisen from indifference or disrespect.

I congratulate you most cordially on the success you have met with in your profession. You used to lament the disappointment of your literary projects, but I hope you now rejoice in their failure as much, as I used to predict that you would. If that time has not yet arrived, I am persuaded it will soon. Your good Genius has been at work for you, and by forcibly turning your steps from the paths of authorship and editorship has been promoting your lasting and solid welfare.

I saw your version of the ode in New York, and intended laying felonious hands upon it. However, I wanted first to consult you, about some particulars in the introduction. One would naturally infer from your words that Moschus and Bion were inhabitants of Modern Persia, rather than of ancient Greece. Your terms Oriental and Asiatic are never applied to Greek poets, whether they happen to be born on the Eastern or Western side of the Icarian Sea. Manners, language and taste were the same

¹ ~~It is in the~~ Charles Roberts collection at Haverford College.

Among the Greeks of Peloponesus, Italy, and Asia Minor. Homer and almost all the lyric poets were, Geographically speaking, Asiatics, but this appellation when applied to manners or taste, denotes not only a residence much further East, but is confined to such Bards as Solomon or Hafiz. The Greek philosophers and Rhetoricians of Antioch and Alexandria have never been called orientals or Egyptians, tho they were born, some of them, like Lucian and Dyonicius Longinus in the East, and others in Egypt-- But excuse me for thus criticising what, very probably, you are able to defend. In that persuasion I have republished the verses with their introduction.¹

Dunlap, you tell me, brought me a number of the Adversaria. I set so high a value on that--what's its name?--that, I am sure, if I had actually received it, I should not have mislaid or neglected it, yet I am loath to charge our friend Dunlap with negligence or forgetfulness. Are you certain that you sent it? If, on searching, you chance to find it among your papers, pray send it to me. It will do, you know, for the ensuing number.²

I have attended to your request about sending you the odd sheet ³ contain(ing) the present number ⁴ of your Adversaria. By the way, it is very short.⁵ Does the law or the ladies occupy so much of your time and thoughts that you cannot be as liberal of your lucubrations as you used to be.

I have not been long returned from a very pleasant journey to Albany, Ballston and so forth. I went in pursuit of health ⁶ and did not quite miss my aim. Pleasure and instruction, tho I counted little on finding them by the way, were not wanting. One of the most agreeable incidents I met with was a meeting with ⁷ one who is commonly called Little paine. Perhaps you have heard of the author of the Thespian Mirror, whom Coleman took so much pains to make notorious last winter. This is the same. If you are here in the autumn I shall probably have the opportunity of introducing him to you; as he purposes a visit to Philadelphia, when his college vacation occurs; for, you must know, he has consented to turn boy again and go to school.

I wish, my dear friend, you would not consider my want of punctuality as an unpardonable crime; but continue

1 Literary Magazine, Vol. VI, p. 78, signed Sedley.
2 The July and August numbers of the magazine contained an installment of the Adversaria, so it is probable that Hall sent it and Dunlap finally delivered it.
3 Signature 7 containing 8 pages. 4 The July number.
5 It occupied about one page and a half when it had usually occupied about three.
6 This can hardly be garbled to mean that he was acting as a guardian to Payne.
7 Here again we find no mention of his acting as selected conductor.

to write to me, notwithstanding my transgressions. Silent, tho' I have, hitherto, so long, been, I will have you to know that I am not absolutely dumb, and, magically strong as are the charms of habit, I am not without hopes of convincing you that my regard for you is still stronger.

Adieu. Success to you, not only as Lawyer but as lover. If I mistake not, you are solicitous for the palm in the latter as well as the former character. If fame has not done more than Justice to the lady¹ you mention, your pretensions to her favour do no small honour to your sensibility and Justice.

Once more adieu

C.B. Brown

Philad. July 26, 1806

N.B. The copy you request accompanies this in the form of a separate letter.

Brown's wife added to this letter the following note.

yet/ Mrs. B. thanks² Mr. Hall for his interest in her dear little Boys--they are at present much indisposed but she hopes they will live to contend for the head of their class with a future Master Hall. She did not see Miss Ridley, and must defer the pleasure of an acquaintance with her, till introduced by Mr. H.

The conclusion of the Payne matter will come in the latter part of August; meanwhile attention should be directed to quite another matter.

The trip described in the seventh volume of the Literary Magazine under the title of A Traveller's Letters is the next record we have of the activity of our author.

Who Brown's intimate friends were at this time is not known so

- 1 The Miss Ridley mentioned by Mrs. Brown in her postscript to this letter.
- 2 The italicised words were carefully printed in separate characters.
- 3 Pp. 28-33; 119-124; 187-192; 258-264; and 332-335.

that these letters with their affectionate endings which are addressed to them are still something of a problem. They do not seem to be to his brothers for the reason that they are nothing like others addressed to them and the first one is formally opened with "dear friends".

In general they are strikingly written in Brown's style--not the literary but the journalistic style of the Jaunt to Rockaway--the staccato sentences and the Latinisms being conspicuous. The Indian lore and a simile of the arrow are characteristic. Perhaps it is a coincidence that there is no acknowledgment of the letters by the editor in the one note to correspondents given in the numbers containing these five instalments; but when we add to this other details to be noticed when we read the letters themselves the fact that they are given specialized attention¹ in the index and that we have accounts of every known trip of Brown's except this one, we have, to strengthen the internal evidence, a set of circumstances that make no other conclusion² reasonable than the one that Brown was their author.

1 Characteristics of Jersey Farmer 28; Description of Perth Amboy 30; Description of New York 120 and 187; Description of a manufactory of Stone-ware 121; New York compared with Philadelphia 258; Description of Falls of Passaic 260.

2 I.N. Phelps Stokes: Iconography Vol. V, p. 1449 quotes part of them but does not know the author.

about one-third of a mile, you then arrive at what is called the basin, where the waters of the river are received, previous to their resuming their regular course, after falling towards the bay. Here you have before you a lofty, perpendicular wall of black and solid rock, which you ascend partly by means of a long ladder, placed there for that purpose, and partly by rude steps cut out of the rock itself. After advancing a short distance, you enter a wood, emerging from which you obtain a side view of the awful gulf below, a part of the descending torrent, and a full view of the river before it reaches the fall.

The Passaic in this place appears to be at least one hundred yards wide, flowing through a hilly country, exhibiting an appearance extremely wild and uncultivated. The hills are in most places covered with woods and verdure of different kinds, affording a relief to the eye extremely pleasing. Some hundred yards from this point of view, up the river, the water falls over a ledge of rocks, three or four feet high; it thence rushes on over broken rocks scattered in its bed, till it reaches the edge of the great cliff, over which it pours down, with a deafening roar, into the gulf below, foaming with its own fury, and casting a shower of spray on the astonished spectator.

After crossing a rapid branch of the river a few yards wide, which rushes swiftly down a kind of natural rocky stair-case to join the main body, on the fallen trunk of a large tree, the spectator approaches the edge of

¹ I might say perhaps, with more propriety, one immense rock; for the mass is not composed of detached or even broken fragments, but is almost of one piece. — Brown's note.

² The breadth of the river has been differently represented; in dry seasons it is doubtless much less. Several days previous to my arrival had been very wet, and plainly accounted for the stream being somewhat larger than usual. — Brown's note.

add note to large tree^x

1206 ~~187~~
AAA

The Edgar Huntly method.

The whole trip was about two hundred and fifty miles and so far as we can judge from the references to stopping he was away from home about two weeks. Apparently he started out on Monday the eleventh of August and as is to be concluded from the next dated letter of Brown's he reached home on Sunday the twenty-fourth.

The places visited were in natural beauty some of the most important of the whole east. The only addition he needed to fit him with a full first-hand knowledge of the then United States was the trip which we saw him planning in 1793, but which he never executed.

As a journal of travel these letters are far superior to the Jaunt to Rockaway which is the principal work of the kind known to have been written by Brown. They show our author in the same bad mood for observation. With all of his experience in his home city it is not remarkable that he found many things that did not meet with his approval. As an example we might cite the complaint about the irregular streets of New York. Philadelphia and old Philadelphians such as Brown were remarkably ignorant of the

the cliff, and views with wonder the black, rugged, and perpendicular wall, which forms the opposite side of the singular chasm, that receives the waters of the river: here, if he dare approach the extreme edge, he may see them boiling among the broken rocks below, and hurrying to the basin; while on the left is seen the principal part of the stream falling over the cliff, with extreme rapidity, and incessant roar.

Let us now return by the way we came to major Godwin's land, crossing the bridge to the other side of the river, proceed over a lofty hill, covered with wood, to obtain a sight of the fall from an opposite point of view. Here you find yourself on a solid bed of rock, hard as iron, whose surface is broken into various shapes, black, and apparently blasted with fire, and cursed with eternal sterility. Here you may advance to the very edge of the precipice, and have a complete front view of the river, and the cliff over which its foaming waters tumble headlong down a descent of fifty feet at least, with a noise which,

originally and now his son major Abraham

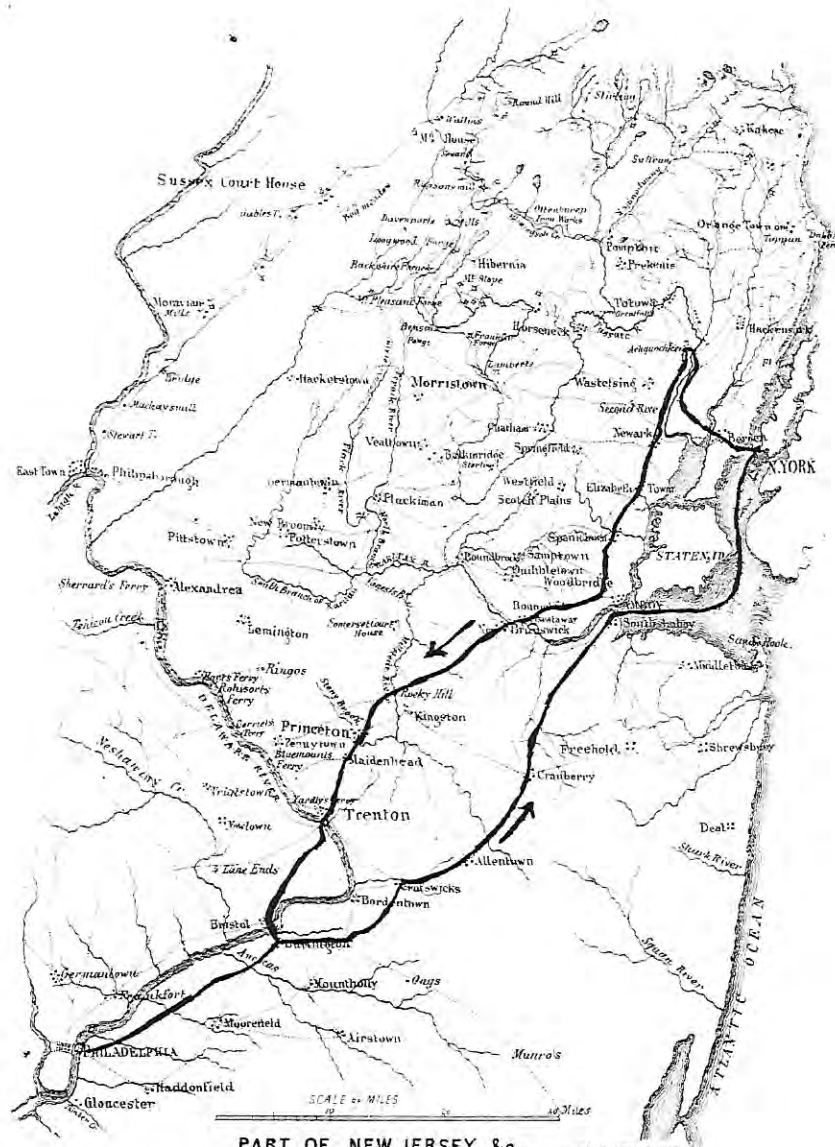
1. General Abraham Godwin, kept the inn on the Van Winkle farmstead afterwards called the Passaic Hotel. A ~~small~~ line of stages ran from there nineteen miles to Powles Hook. See Trumbull: History of Industrial Paterson 1889, pp. 26-27. Dunlap's Arts of Design I, 1-7 gives an account of Godwin's life but does not mention the Passaic Hotel. According to Gordon's Gazetteer quoted in Barber and Howell's Historical Collections Newark (1844) p. 408 the directors met at the Hotel 4 July 1792 and made appropriations for the Paterson power canals.

Our introduction adds some more details.

2. The rocks are nowhere positively black: the surface of them is of a dark iron colour, particularly such parts of them as are exposed to the action of the water, and the flatter parts which receive the spray after it falls; the internal part, when broken, is a kind of dark blue. Whether the water effects a partial decomposition of the rock itself, or carries ferruginous particles with it, which produces the difference, I know not; but in some places it appears as if blasted with fire, though there is little reason to suppose this has been the case. — *Brown's note.*

3. I say fifty feet; Scott, in his United States Gazetteer, says seventy. A gentleman of this place, however, assured me, that on measuring the height, he found it but forty-two and a half feet; but, as I do not recollect that he measured from the top of the cliff to the level of the basin, probably only to the level where the water first lodges, I have stated it at fifty feet, which seems to be the common opinion here. — *Brown's note.*

Scott says seventy to eighty.



PART OF NEW JERSEY &c.
 (From the Original Mss Map by R. Erskine, F.R.S.
 used in the U. S Army 1778-80, now in the N.Y. Hist. Soc. Library)

advantages of streets not laid out in squares. Brown's mathematics should have suggested it to him but it did not. The fault he finds with coach travel was likewise not understood by him. Had he not travelled alone his hatred for them might have been considerably mollified not to speak of possibly obliterated; so that the one thing that most impresses the reader is the pitiful lack of agreeable companionship. But then, that is peculiarly Brownish.

From their appearance in the Literary Magazine it is to be concluded that the Traveller's Letters were taken from his journal for the purpose of filling so much space. When they were actually written is not known and probably will never be ascertained unless those journals are found. Some details, such as the statement that he was a stranger in the city; several omissions of mention of people and things in which we know Brown had an interest and such historical facts as the time when Lombardy poplars were introduced into the city: make it possible that the visit to New York may have in it some of the material derived long before the date given, possibly as early as 1789. However, historical facts make it beyond any doubt that most of the trip could only have

been revised as a result of a similar trip in the year 1806. For our purposes it is immaterial when the facts were collected and recorded in his journal, they were prepared as dated and published beginning in the January 1807 number of the Literary Magazine.

As literary compositions they are not to be seriously considered for they are not put forth as such, they lack proper proportion, careful construction and at the end are hurried to a conclusion. Their greatest value to us is biographical; for which purpose they are important as picturing for us the travel of our author.

The points suggestive of the authorship and minor explanations will be confined to foot-notes so that the reader may read the trip with as little interruption as is consistent with its proper understanding. In the details in which they supply material of historic value their continuity will be broken by explanatory comment. The individuals indicated by initials are in most cases undecided, possibly some are fictitious.

The first instalment¹ bears the formal address to Brown's "dear

¹ Vol. VII, pp. 28-33.

friends"; it is written from New York and was thought by the editor to present the "Characteristics of a Jersey Farmer" and a "Description of Perth Amboy" well enough to deserve indexing. Besides these two interesting and excellent parts singled out by Brown as of importance, there is also a pretty picture of a disappointingly-short attraction to a lovely girl and an excellent description of the author's sea-sickness.

This instalment reads:

New York, (17) August, 1806.¹

DEAR FRIENDS,

THE head 2 of my letter will inform you where I am; and, agreeably to my parting promise, I hasten to give you every information as to how I came here, and all the little events of my little journey. You will probably find a hundred trifling subjects introduced in my letters; and, if so, do not let all the blame be attached to the writer, but let his motive excuse what may, perhaps, prove an ineffectual effort to oblige.

You know that, after having failed in attempting to procure a seat in the stage coach, I was indebted to the politeness of Mr. H-----³ of

- 1 The dates given in brackets have been computed from the date of production of the Agreeable Surprise, the days when the stages ran and similar identifying details.
- 2 The opening is characteristically Brownish.
- 3 There is so little said of the interior view point of the unusual experience of chair travel, and so much of the exterior that it is possible that no such individual existed. In the Literary Magazine, Vol. I, a friend H was an author of independent means. In the Man at Home Harrington may be the same fictional character. Harvey the friend of Sarafield in Edgar Huntly is also another fictional use of the name. Later we shall find our author taking another chaise ride concerning which he is equally as reticent. Profitable comparison may be made with the chaise in Arthur Mervyn chapter XIX when Mervyn secures a place for Wallace in the chaise of a passer-by.

Burlington for a seat in a chair, by which means I enjoyed the society of an agreeable and well-informed companion. We travelled briskly through a very pleasant country, mostly level, consequently not abounding in romantic prospects, but comfortable ones, the land being tolerably well cultivated, and very extensive fields of ripening corn giving

the promise of a plentiful harvest. Many of these fields seemed to extend a mile from the road, bounded by thick woods, whose dark shades gave additional liveliness to the lighter green of the corn and grass, and were finely contrasted with the bright and cloudless azure of the bounding horizon.

Generally, at the distance of from one to three miles, a farm house appeared in sight: but they were not near so numerous as I expected to find them, though it is not improbable that many, owing to the obscurity of their situation, were passed unobserved. We stopped at the farm of Mr. C—, where we were welcomed with a cordial shake of the hand, and civilly invited to dinner; but the haste of my companion not permitting our stay, we only partook of the refreshment which is usually offered to visitors in this part of Jersey, viz. excellent *cherry*.

There is something very agreeable to me in entering the house of a substantial Jersey farmer. Here we find none of that distance which people in cities generally think it necessary to preserve towards strangers: every one is welcomed with the accustomed greeting, like an old acquaintance, and treated nearly with the same freedom as though they were actually so. Here the formality of an introduction is unnecessary; and, indeed, before time sufficient to perform it has elapsed, the stranger is already acquainted, and engaged in conversation with the family. It must be confessed, however, that when a stranger is introduced, compliments and obliging "sayings" are not bandied about with that dexterity to which citizens are accustomed; and we are sometimes obliged to smile mentally at the awkwardness attending an introduction, as, "Friend A, this is Mr. B." ²The monosyllabic answer is generally equivalent to "I do not doubt it."

The situation of this farm is more romantic than any I had yet met with. The house is built on an elevated scite, and commands a beauti-

- 1 We have seen how Brown's ancestor had an interest in the farming settlement of Burlington. The coincidence of "Mr. H. of Burlington" and the specially indexed "Jersey Farmer" is autobiographic of Brown.
- 2 Convenient and at the same time remarkably suggestive that the B. is for Brown.

the winds and rains have collected sufficient earth to support a tree; in some places a coat of moss conceals the iron bosom of the rock. Part of the adjacent heights are covered with lofty trees, and creeping bushes; some spots are covered with a rich black mould, and others with loose sand, through which the prickly pear forces its spinous and singular form, while in general the bare cliff exposes its barren breast to the fury of the storm, which beats in vain against its flinty front. From these elevated spots, an extensive view presents itself: the first objects which strike the attention are those just described; the high hills on the Patterson side of the river¹ (or rather its remains, for it looks as if a great part of it had disappeared); the deep gulf through which it flows, and whose adamantine sides are incessantly beaten by the ever rushing torrent. The correspondence all these parts appear to have once possessed, made me speculate in geology; Fancy carried me back to that time when all these objects were united, and formed, perhaps, a mountain, whose foot extended far beyond the present boundary of the hills, and was washed by the waters of the river, which then flowed in a different direction, when, by the great accumulation of waters impeded in their natural channel, or by their continued attrition, the softer parts of the foundation have been worn away, and, losing their support, the incumbent rocks have fallen, and thereby formed a new channel for the river; or, what is equally probable, some sudden convulsion has burst

¹ This hill seems to be but a heap of ruins: its broken perpendicular side faces the river, the top of it is covered in some places with a soil of no great depth, and the greater part of it which I walked over was covered with loose stone of different sizes, which were broken as if by the labour of men. They gave way so frequently under my feet, that I was compelled to support myself with a stick, and proceed down the declivity with extreme caution. —Brown's note.

ful view of the surrounding country. At the foot of the elevation is a large sheet of water (a mill pond), nearly surrounded by an amphitheatrical wood, whose deep shade gave a beautiful appearance to the colour of the little lake, as it frowned on its clear and tranquil bosom.

This was the first piece of water I saw till we reached Crosswicks, thirty-four miles from Philadelphia, where we arrived soon after. This town possesses neither elegance nor great extent, nor does its local situation recommend it to one who wishes to see places on which the eye may rest with satisfaction. We therefore proceeded to Allen-town, a tolerably handsome town, where we found a very good inn, good liquors, and an obliging landlord, who, "flush'd with a purple grace," showed his honest face. Here we staid upwards of an hour, while our vehicle underwent a repair, it having given way just as we entered the inn-yard. Taverns in town or country seem to be the place of resort for the idle, the inquisitive, and the time-killers. My companion having entered into a conversation with one of the persons present, they discussed the merits of several celebrated horses in the neighbourhood. This being a subject in which I took no interest, because ignorant of its merits and demerits, I retired to a corner, and smoked my cigar in silent dignity.

We left Allentown at 4, P. M., and rode on briskly twelve miles farther to Cranberry. The road crossed a country which gradually degenerated in point of fertility as we drew nearer to the sea, from which Cranberry is twenty miles distant. This circumstance was evident from the height of the corn, which diminished to a low stature in proportion to the meagreness of the soil, except where sun-burnt and hardy Industry has exerted his arm with more than common assiduity, and assisted skilful Agriculture to draw from the soil more than the usual product. Of this we saw an instance in the person of an old German, who emigrated to Ameri-

- 1 A favorite situation of Brown—usually selected for the location of a summer house, as in Wieland, etc.
- 2 Interesting as giving us one of Brown's habits.
- 3 So far as we know there is not the slightest hint that our author was ever interested in the "turf". The retirement to a corner is characteristic of Brown.

the rocky mass, when, through the rugged clefts, the waters have forced themselves a passage, and deserted their ancient channel. Reflection and reason give the appearance of reality to these excursions of fancy; or, do they not first inspire them? Pardon me for thus venturing to wander in the mazes of hypothesis; who, in my situation, could resist the temptation? At every step I tread on the majestic and awful ruins of disjointed nature; every surrounding object gives strength to the opinion, that this place is not now what it was when it came from the hands of its Creator. The idea is sublime and terrible! perhaps the very spot on which I have formed these undigested notions, has been the centre of a destructive earthquake, where, shaken to its base, the heaving mountain has scattered the broken fragments of its former grandeur.

Reason, I have said, inspires the opinions I have mentioned. The people in the neighbourhood say they can distinguish what appears to have been once the bed of the river; they trace its former channel, washed into inequalities, which justify their opinion, till it unites with its present one. Whether any of those conjectures approach the truth or not, will probably never be determined; yet few persons at all disposed to reflection, will not form some similar opinion, when they behold the subject which generates mine.

Farther removed from the point of view, you trace the course of the river, gently flowing through a tolerably level country in its immediate vicinity; on one side, at some miles distance, some high green hills form the back ground of the picture. On the Patterson side, you see the country spread out at your feet like a map, whose outline is apparently a forest, beyond which a mist which is said to rise from the North River, or Newark Bay; in the intermediate space you see a large tract of country, with its woods and fields, its farms, and roads; abounding with considerable

ca forty or fifty years ago. His extensive corn fields exhibited a very promising appearance; his possessions were large, he earned them with the sweat of his brow, and with the sweat of his brow still cultivates them; and such is the power of habit, that he still employs himself with as much assiduity as when he only claimed the usual quantity of land which generally, at some period or other, falls to the lot of man.

We stopped a few moments at the door of the temporary summer residence of the celebrated C—— T——. It is a farm house, owned by captain M—— who is said to be the first person who obtained a commission to cruise against the British during the American revolution, in which he was uncommonly fortunate. C—— T—— has a charming family. I should have been glad to have stayed to converse with a lovely girl, his daughter, who stood (observing the strangers) under a tree near the house, modestly shrinking from a nearer approach, while the remainder of the family stood around our vehicle, conversing with my fellow-traveller. I gazed at her as much as I dared; for, whenever I turned my eyes towards her, I met her's naturally enough directed towards our conveyance; I would have said, *towards me*, but, with all my vanity, I could not flatter myself I was the object of her attention. "I would much rather stay here, charming creature," whispered Inclination; but stubborn, uncomplying Necessity, in a surly tone, said, "Proceed." I was compelled to obey.

At Cranberry I passed the evening with Mr. C—— and family, consisting of himself, his wife, two sons, and as many daughters. They are well-bred and intelligent, and time passed away unperceived in their society. They very politely offered me the use of their house during my stay, which I did not accept, but retired to an adjoining inn, where I slept as soundly as though I had lain on a bed of down, though the one I occupied was none of the softest.

- 1 The man intended is recorded in the History of the U.S. Navy N.Y., 1909. Vol. II, p. 1 as James McDougall second lieutenant, appointed by the Marine Committee approved by Congress, 22 December 1775. Most notable in the same list as first lieutenant was Paul Jones.

variety of undulation, but not apparently with marks of abundant cultivation.

I had formed an opinion of Passaic falls so different from what I actually found them, that at first I felt (as others have done before) disappointed; the circumstance of the water's plunging into a gulf concealed from the traveller's eye, instead of falling from a height to a common level, considerably lessens the sublimity of their appearance. The descent of the water is exactly the same. yet we seem to be so constituted, that we do not feel the impression of sublimity by beholding an object, which, though sublime in itself, is placed in a particular manner: here the spectator *looks down* on the falls; doubtless were he to *view* them from the bottom, and see the whole river descending, his emotions would be very different. ¹ Does this arise from pride? or whence the cause? However, when we behold the surrounding objects, we find them rising into importance, and are not long without feeling the emotion alluded to, with an intensity commensurate with the objects by which it is excited.

2

The fifth and final instalment gives us a characteristically Brownish account of the precipice at the Falls of Passaic; interesting remarks on the inn run by ^{major} ~~General~~ Godwin and its guest register; a querulous complaint about stage coach travel; and a forced formal closing. It shows our author as acquainted with Sterne; the ~~second~~ non-classical literary reference made in the whole of the work. This instalment reads::

1 This question of appreciation of height is exemplified by a comparison of methods. Milton in Paradise Lost uses the one Brown thinks best but Shakespeare in Lear uses the other. Cf. 5 May 1792 (letter to Bringhurst, where he quotes Milton's passage.

2 Pp. 332-335.

Next morning, I took a seat in the stage for South Amboy ferry. For six miles we had a pleasant ride. We then entered upon a region of sand and sterility, till we reached Spotswood, a town very pleasantly situated at the head of South river, ten miles from Cranberry. Here the eye reposed with delight on some flourishing corn-fields and beautiful clover. South river head lay on our right, and spread a broad sheet of water; the view fringed with trees and verdure. During the remainder of our journey, we scarcely saw more houses than we travelled miles: it was truly a region of sand and sterility; the horses laboured hard to draw the stage-coach along a road where the wheels sunk nearly up the hubs in sand, though we had very few passengers.² These were, a plain young woman of Philadelphia; an elderly lady of the same place, who talked a great deal on a great many subjects, and talked pretty well. Her bold and forward manners, however, disgusted me. A third was a foreign sailor, who had very little Neptunian roughness, the driver, myself, and a French mulatto woman. All this I ought to have told you before; but objects crowd so upon my mind, that I am glad to commit them to paper as fast as I can. You must not, therefore, look for great regularity in the arrangement of the subjects of my communications.

I have already told you of the sandiness of the roads. The country was in a great degree a savage one, if being little cultivated can justify the term. Our journey was lonely and solitary; we scarcely saw or heard even a bird: they probably had sought the shady covert, to shelter them from the intensity of the heat. On either side of the road lay a forest of stunted pines, oak, and others, perhaps, with which I am not acquainted, greatly encumbered with underwood. Occasionally we saw some fertile patches, which nourished a grove of flourishing hickory, while here and there (to use a vulgar phrase) a venerable chesnut ex-

- 1 Thus the "chair" disappears with nothing more about it or the kindness of its Mr. H---.
- 2 Brown had a penchant for listing the occupants of a coach. Cf. Arthur Mervyn, Chapter XVII; Jaunt to Rockaway, Vol. I, p. 51 Literary Magazine; and Clara Howard Letter XXXII.

^t
¹
 Paterson (Wednesday 20) August, 1806.

SCARCELY had I arrived here before I met Mr. H—— and family, and in a few minutes became acquainted with every member of it. For years we have resided near each other, but the crowd of a populous city prevented our acquaintance. Here, however, each party doubtless felt gratified in meeting an inhabitant of the town in which they resided: this at least was my case. I now felt myself more at home; ²their society enlivened the hours of the succeeding day. With them I wandered about the rocks and heights in the vicinity of the falls. I felt myself in a situation such as Sterne has somewhere described, when he said he loved to have a companion, were it only because he could tell them how much he admired whatever he saw. ³I could point out the ruggedness of the rocks, and bid them notice the roar of the torrent. The elder part of the company left the young ladies to my care, yet keeping a watchful eye on our motions, fearful that I might lead them near the edge of some precipice. ⁴This I did not dare to do while under their observation: a thick clump of trees sometimes concealed us from their sight, and then, without fear of giving alarm, we approached with cautious steps the edge of the steep cliff, and beheld the river far below us. Sometimes we amused ourselves gathering prickly pears: *this* we did not

- 1 See note to date of first instalment.
- 2 The truth of the matter is that Brown was lonesome. He had seen too much that he disliked and had probably been away from home long enough.
- 3 This desire for exchange of ideas is Brown's and not only leads to the composition of these letters but to another; notably, the Jaunt to Rockaway. Otherwise this sentence is interesting as showing Brown's acquaintance with Sterne.
- 4 As we may see in Brown's first trip to Connecticut he had a love for gazing off precipices and this love gave him one of his strongest similies in his letters to Bringham and several of his powerful scenes in Edgar Huntly.

tended his brawny arms over the junior sons of the forest, and spread a deep shade over the narrow road; as we travelled which, the branches of the low trees which bordered it, very obligingly, though somewhat roughly, beat off the muschetoës from our faces, with which we were much incommoded. Below, among the underwood, we saw a great many huckleberries, and sometimes the prickly pear with its bristly circle pierced the scorching sand.

On this road I saw the potters baking a kiln of stone-ware, which operation I much wished to see performed; but this was impossible, without detaining the stage-coach.

We soon after reached South Amboy ferry, a place sufficiently dreary and miserable in itself to give a traveller the *blue devils*. The ferry house stands a few hundred yards from the river Raritan, on a sandy shore, intermingled with the remains of sea shells, and a little stunted grass. On the opposite side of the river, at the distance of perhaps a mile, lay Perth Amboy,¹ a very beautiful town, situated on a rising ground, upon a point of land formed by the union of Raritan river with Arthur-Hull sound, in a charming country, and commanding a rich and extensive prospect. With the assistance of a good spy-glass, which was obtained by I know not what means from our surly host, I plainly saw a great number of waggons on the opposite shore, whose drivers were employed, as I was told, in gathering shell-fish. Higher up was the town of Perth Amboy, the trees intermingled with the houses giving it a smiling appearance; rich fields of corn succeeded, and deeper shaded trees formed a fine back-ground to the picture. The land on that side of the river appeared to great advantage; it is neither high nor low, but consisted of a pleasing succession of undulating variety. On the same side is the sound, further on, in the same direction, Staten island, and, at a great distance apparently, Sandy Hook, with its lighthouse, which was succeeded by the

1 By 1806 Brown had experienced some of the greatest happiness of his life with Dunlap at Perth Amboy. Cf. his enthusiastic description of his swim there in Jaunt to Rockaway in Vol. I of this same periodical.

find quite so amusing as we expected, they revenging themselves for the injury we did them in removing them from their native soil, by leaving their prickles in our hands. After wandering about the neighbourhood the whole forenoon, we sat down to a good dinner with appetites sharpened by fatigue, to which I at least did ample justice, when, after having drank a bottle of wine to our better acquaintance, the party set out for Philadelphia.

The house of entertainment at Patterson is kept by major Godwin, whose visitors meet with good treatment. They are numerous. Several parties from New York and other places arrived and departed during my short stay. Most of them wish to leave some memorial of their having visited the falls: the major's doors, window-frames, and, indeed, every piece of stationary wood-work ~~in~~ and about the house formerly suffered much from this desire of being remembered; even those parts of the rocks in the vicinity of the falls which can be penetrated with a knife, are covered with names, dates, &c. inscribed on their surfaces. Fearing the destruction of his doors, &c., by this means, the major prepared a blank folio, wherein most of the visitors write their names, whence they come, the time of their visit, and, those who are able, verses expressive of their sensations, the treatment they have received, &c.; but, as every one cannot write verses well, you will naturally conclude the folio contains some wretched attempts: to this last I added considerably. ³ Occasionally, some fine writing is met with; though such is the rage for writing verses, that they are frequently borrowed without an acknowledgment. Two

- 1 As we may find in the Journal to Rockaway Brown drank a cordial glass or two at times. So far as we know he never drank to excess.
- 2 Many parts of the rocks near the falls are composed of hard and soft substances intermingled. In some places, I could readily cut them with a pen-knife, they being not harder than a moderately well-baked brick; in others, nothing but a chisel and mallet would have been sufficient to perform the same operation.-- Brown's note.
- 3 If this inn register can be found it would supply more verse of his.

sea, bounded only by the circling horizon. On the South Amboy side, on the right, I saw the highlands of Never Sink, capped with a gloomy mist, which, contrasted with the dark foliage of the trees with which they are covered, gave them an interesting, and, united with the surrounding objects, a magnificent appearance.

By good fortune we were not compelled to remain here longer than while we dined on a substantial dinner, furnished by a landlord whose stern and snarling countenance evidently denoted the ill-bred, unfeeling wretch we found him. I had been told that common fame had marked him as a savage; but my informant added, that it was only necessary to treat him politely to ensure a similar return. I therefore plied him with more than *my* wonted politeness; but I might as well have saved myself the trouble, for it was all wasted: his very features were impressed with the stamp of forbidding and unbending surliness; nor do I think he could have assumed a pleasant appearance had he attempted it. Notwithstanding all my endeavours to make him relax a little, I received nothing but short and laconic answers to every inquiry I made; nor were my fellow-travelers more successful. We were therefore not sorry when we were summoned to the packet which was to convey us to New York, the master of which, fearing a storm, set sail against wind and tide. The vessel heeled so much that it was not in my power to stand on the deck. I therefore seated myself near the cabin windows, and through them enjoyed a very fine prospect of the apparently ever-changing objects receding from my view. Finding myself much affected by the motion of the vessel, I reeled, like a man in a state of intoxication, supporting myself by laying hold of every stationary object which presented itself, to the entrance of the cabin, where I supported myself with my hands; while the ladies remained below, sick, except one young brave spirit,

or three respectable folios are already filled, in which I saw the names of persons from almost all parts of the world, some of the owners of which are celebrated for deeds of greater importance than visiting Patterson.

The town itself contains but little to attract the notice of travellers, or, if it does, I heard nothing of it. It is small, not very compactly built, and appears to be declining. It still contains several manufactories, among which are those of cotton and paper. The attempt at establishing a manufacturing town here seems to have failed; but, as I do not intend to investigate the causes, I will bid you

Adieu.

1
Newark (Thursday 21) August, 1806.

I left Patterson this morning at nine o'clock, with an agreeable party, though rather too numerous, as fifteen persons, great and small, were packed into the coach. In such cases, people do not need a formal introduction, to become *superficially* acquainted with each other; accordingly we were soon on sufficiently good terms to enjoy a pleasant conversation on such subjects as offered themselves. Our road ran along the margin of the gentle Passaic, along whose green, and, in many places, elevated and picturesque banks, I saw many beautiful country seats, sometimes almost concealed from the view of the passenger by a thick wood, and only seen at the termination of an avenue, extending from the water to an elevated spot, commanding a rich and smiling prospect. During the pauses in the conversation, I amused myself by surveying the surrounding scenery, the unclouded sky, the verdant fields, the shady grove and tranquil stream, in whose clear waters I could see the little finny wanderers playing in conscious security. On every side we saw plenty of peaches, and other

1 See note to date of first instalment.

2 For once the passengers are not listed. The stages made the trip this way on Mondays and Thursdays "from the Godwin House to the Passaic at the "Old Mersell's Corner", thence down the river to the Landing, and from thence through Belleville to Jersey City, then known as "Powles Hook." " Trumbull: History of Industrial Paterson Paterson 1889, p. 26.

who stood by my side during the greater part of the passage.

The honest tar, after singing himself weary, laid himself down on one of the cabin seats, and fell asleep, rock'd

In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,

which were now abroad, and vex'd the spreading bosom of the main. Meanwhile, my sensations were not of the most pleasant nature, as far as they related to my present convenience and enjoyment. The vessel lay constantly with her gunwale in the water; the waves frequently broke over her bow, and wetted me where I stood. However, after I had overcome the disagreeable physical sensations this motion had occasioned, I enjoyed much pleasure in observing the appearance of the sea, which was considerably agitated. I could see the waves rolling along at a great distance, doubling over and beating down each other, and lifting their curling and snowy summits to the view, while frequently a large one could be seen, on the starboard side, rolling towards us in a threatening manner; sometimes spending its fury before it reached the vessel, and giving way to another; at others, breaking against her, sent her lee side under water, sprinkling me plentifully with its spray, and compelling me to hold firmly to the cabin door, to preserve my position. The effect, however, was agreeable. The constant succession of waves pursuing each other, their curling and foaming tops, forming, apparently, so many patches of snow on the green surface of the sea, continually rising in various places, their monotonous dashing, the noise of the wind, and that of the vessel rapidly cutting her white path through the water, the view of a dark and threatening sky, altogether produced a very sublime effect.

The distant prospect was fine and picturesque beyond my powers of description, or any thing I have ever seen. On our left lay the beautiful

add note to verse

- x The absence of quotation marks and the versification suggest these lines were his own
 {perhaps}

~~In cradle of the rude imperious surge
 and in the visitation of the winds~~

fruits, which exposed themselves in an alluring manner to the view, that most of the passengers yielded to the temptation, and plucked as many as they wanted. No one seemed to think it robbery, though it certainly was taking what was not their own. I, not willing to take them thus, nor to risk getting bad fruit, requested a black man to show me the best peach-tree in the orchard, which he did, and I amply supplied myself with some of an excellent quality. Eight or nine miles from Patterson we passed Acquackinack, or, as it is here called, *Quacknick*; a little town on the banks of the Passaic, remarkable for nothing except one or two attempts at steeple-building, which the architect took care not to build very high, lest that circumstance should induce the people to overlook the church and school-house, to which they are annexed, these last not being of greater extent than a good sized two story house. The destination of the stage coach not being to Newark, it stopped opposite to Belleville, a beautiful little town situated on the banks of the Passaic, about four miles from the former place, and to which no person except myself was going; I was unwilling to put the remaining passengers to the inconvenience of travelling out of their road, and myself to the pressure of close stowage, and therefore hung my little baggage on my umbrella, and travelled on foot about two miles, when I was overtaken by Mr. ———, of Belleville, who very politely offered me a seat in an elegant chaise, which I was not churlish enough to refuse, and, after a short ride, set me down at my lodgings, where I passed the afternoon.

Newark is a beautiful place, delightfully situated near the banks of the Passaic: the streets are broad and regular, and *appear* to cross each other at right angles; it has also one or two public squares, which add much to its beauty. The houses are principally of wood, but

- 1 An interesting bit concerning Brown's travels.
- 2 Evidently Brown accepted a "lift" whenever he could get one; but here as in the beginning the kindly owner is neglected. In a (1809) letter to Mary Linn we shall find Brown stopping over night at Belville.

shores of Staten island, rising from the sea like—I was going to make a comparison, but I know of nothing which it resembles. The land is considerably elevated, not regularly, presenting an uninterrupted, unbroken cliff to the sea, but rising, in many places, gradually from the shore, some of the lower parts exhibiting the sandy beach; in others, rising abruptly from the water's edge, covered with trees and verdure from their feet to their summits; the whole presenting every variety of colour which light and shade, grove and field, corn and farm-house, roads, &c., could produce, in pleasing succession, forming a most delightful landscape.

We were now, I think, eight or ten miles from the ferry, and about four from Staten island. Long island lay right a-head; on our star-board quarter, the highlands; and, just in sight, Sandy Hook, about twenty miles off, nearly a-head, the sea bounded by a louring and gloomy sky. Eight or ten vessels were sailing to and from New York. Of some we only saw the tops of the masts: gradually they rose out of the water, and exposed all above it to view. The wind and tide were now in our favour. The motion of the vessel, though rapid, was regular, and permitted our remaining on deck. We were now in the narrows, and had a view of the hospital and quarantine-ground, where several vessels lay at anchor; on our right, the breakers, which here guard Long island, Governor's island, with its fort, &c.; Long island, with its beautiful shores, its groves, fields, and farm-houses: these have a better appearance than any I have seen. They are principally of wood, painted, with light Spanish brown, up to where the roof commences, from thence with white, which affords a pleasing variety to the scene. Lastly, New York, which now appeared in full view, about nine miles distant, presenting no object particularly prominent, except five steeples.

The whole voyage presents the

of home. Notwithstanding I had so often been told of the custom of conveying fresh water in casks, on ~~cars~~, through the streets of this city, it appeared very strange to me when I first saw it practised: where it comes from I forgot to inquire, and perhaps it is as well for you I did, for I should have probably told you as much as I knew myself, and made my letter longer than it will otherwise be.

Of the people of this city I can say but little; nor can it be expected I should learn much respecting them, during so short a residence here: the impressions I have received from my slight intercourse with them, is not unfavourable; they seem sufficiently polite and attentive; but as I offer them no incivility, it would be strange if I received any. I have taxed the good nature of some of them pretty highly, by stopping them to ask my way when I have been at a loss to find it. They are by foreigners deemed more polite than *my* fellow citizens; but if they are, we must not look for the distinction in a boarding-house; for here I have made no positive acquaintance with any in the house excepting "mine host;" I know not why, but think I should have become more acquainted with a Philadelphia family in the same time. An actual acquaintance with the characters, dispositions, &c., of one or more persons cannot be made immediately in any place; but on entering into some families we are received as *boarders*, and in others as members of the family: every one who has ever been absent from home, will feel the truth of the distinction.

The public walks have a good appearance, but their beauty is rather borrowed than intrinsic, as I have before remarked; their situation with respect to the streets is very favourable, as it frequently affords a greater variety of objects on which the eye of the observer may rest, than would be the case if the course of the streets was more direct and regular. By way of example, from the Park you have a view of New

large, and painted with taste and elegance; the greater number are painted white, and provided with green Venetian blinds to the windows; the proportion of handsome dwellings it contains is more than commonly great. It has a handsome brick banking house; how many churches I know not; but two steeples (these seem to be very fashionable in this part of Jersey), which give the town an air of importance, when seen at a distance. During the few hours I have been here, I have seen a great many pleasure carriages, of various descriptions, pass along the street fronting my lodgings: a circumstance indicative of the general wealth of the inhabitants, or of their extravagance.

The population of this town is considerable, if I may judge from appearances. It contains much genteel society, and unites many of the pleasures of a city life, with the retirement of a country one. There is one thing, the possession of which I do not envy them—a *goodly* number of mosquitoes.¹ These little wretches will scarcely permit me to write; they attack in all quarters; and, while one party regales my ears with their *musical* voices, another sucks the blood from my legs.—For my consolation, my landlord tells me he has now very few inmates of this description, compared to the swarms with which he was infested some weeks ago.

Adieu.

2

Burlington (Saturday 23) August, 1806.

I left Newark yesterday morning in the stage coach, with an agreeable party, bound to Philadelphia. Few circumstances occurred during the journey, which were worthy of note. We passed through Elizabeth town, Raway, Brunswick, and one or two other towns of less note. On the road we met the *state coach* of Mr. ———, in which,

1 In New York he had noticed them. Their connection with yellow fever epidemics was then never dreamed of.

2 See note to date of first instalment.

passenger with very beautiful and picturesque scenery; yet how much more gratification would it not have afforded me, had it been gilded with the parting rays of a bright setting sun, or, as it was, my satisfaction would have been heightened, had the master of the packet resembled, even in a moderate degree, a gentleman; but he was, without exception, the most surly and morose animal I ever met with. I did not ask him many questions, as I soon found I should obtain none but laconic and reluctant answers. Wishing to converse with some person acquainted with the surrounding objects, of whom I might obtain the name of every place I saw, and to whom I might communicate my observations, I began a conversation with a young man who belonged to the vessel. At first I found him scarcely less surly than the master; but, shortly after, his brow relaxed a little of its severity, and he answered my questions as well as he was able.

We were now near New York, which does not appear to so much advantage from the water as Philadelphia. Notwithstanding many fine buildings are seen, yet they appear to be confusedly crowded together, in consequence of the deviations which the course of the streets describe from a straight line, and hide the divisions of the square. Here are few or no lofty poplars seen overtopping the houses, and forming those enchanting green avenues, giving the city a romantic appearance, which we witness at Philadelphia, from the terminations of the streets, and which I so greatly admire. However, prejudice may play its part, perhaps, in swaying the judgment in this, as well as in other cases: persons inhabiting neither of these places may not all think that trees are beneficial to a city, and add to its beauty: but such is my opinion, let it be founded on what it may.

Scarcely had I landed, after a passage of three hours, before it began to rain, and I found myself in a

- 1 Brown's pechant on a boat was to pick up an acquaintance with the captain. On his 1806 sloop trip up the Hudson he found the officer equally as unpleasant.
- 2 There were plenty of small poplars especially on the Battery. Cf. Francis' Old New York, N.Y., 1858, p. 23.
- 3 In the Jaunt to Rockaway we shall find Brown complaining of the weather. He seems to have had a great hatred of anything but sunshine and clear skies.

"Aloft, in awful state,
He and his consort sate."

The barb of the dart shot at Jefferson is in that verse. For a Federalist, for the son-in-law of a man who hurled at Jefferson several pamphlets accusing him of being an atheist, that verse almost Miltonian in its suggestion of Satan is remarkable. Though given quotation marks it has not been found and may be Brown's own.

The description of the trip continues:



VIEW OF FEDERAL HALL AND PART OF BROAD STREET. 1796.

strange place, without knowing where I should find shelter for the night. I proceeded up the street at the extremity of which I landed,¹ and, of the first person I saw who had a decent appearance, inquired where I could find a respectable boarding house. "Why," said he, pausing and seeming to examine whether my dress gave me a claim to respectability, "there are many, do you wish a very respectable one?" "Sir," said I, "I am a stranger,² and am only desirous of residing with decent people during a short stay in New York." "Well," said he, "there is a respectable one at No. ---, --- street; I call it respectable," added he smiling, "because I lodge there myself." "You do right to call it so for that reason," I replied, bowing and smiling in my turn, and, wishing him a pleasant walk, hastened to the place to which I had been directed, and like it so well that I intend remaining here during my stay.

After tea, I walked through a part of the city, and fairly lost myself. It has, at least some parts of it, a very brilliant appearance in the evening, particularly Broadway. The shops are mostly open and very handsomely lighted, which gives them an air of great splendour. There appear to be many handsome walks here, at least they appear so at night. Opposite to my lodgings stand two houses which were built towards the conclusion of the seventeenth century, as I am informed by the iron date annexed to the wall. They are certainly uncouth enough, and are built with the gable end fronting the street; from that part of it where the roof commences, a man might walk up the wall to the peak of the roof with tolerable safety, the mason having built it so as to form steps of about ten inches in height. They were probably once thought handsome, but tastes are strangely altered, and the taste in which they were built was probably the taste of a Dutchman. I am growing weary, my pen is abominable, it is the only one in the house, and there is no knife near me to repair it: my two sheets of paper are as full as they can hold; I have just room to tell you I am yours affectionately.

Adieu.³

- 1 The packets from Amboy docked at the Albany pier, making regular trips on Monday, ~~Wed~~ Tuesday, Thursday and Friday.
- 2 In 1806 Brown was no stranger to New York or its boarding houses. Still, the meaning may be accurate.
- 3 Characteristic of Brown's closing and signing his letters.

We stopped on the road to dine, with appetites sharpened by a ride of twenty-five miles; and, continuing our journey till dark, reached Princeton. I might be expected to say something of this seat of learning, but I arrived wearied with a long journey in a miserable vehicle; the weather was very warm, and a warm supper did not contribute to cool me; my spirits were depressed; and I retired early to rest. The guests in the house were not very quiet, and prevented my sleeping. All these circumstances contributed to deprive me of my small share of good-humour, so that were I to describe it, I should probably obey my feelings rather than my judgment. I gladly obeyed the call of the stage-driver before day-light, and set off for Trenton, where I arrived early this morning. Here I parted with the company in the stage-coach, and remained behind a few hours. This is one of the disagreeable consequences of travelling. We enter a coach, where we find *strangers*: after a little time, the restraint we at first feel wears off, and the party become acquainted; probably, among the number may be one or more with whose society we are pleased, and of which we are in a few hours deprived, and in a short time we must mix with another party, whose society is tiresome and disgusting. This has happened to me several times during my absence from home, and is an inconvenience which, however it may be regretted, is one to which we must nevertheless submit.

The capital of New Jersey has frequently been described, and, were I disposed to add one more description to the number, I could do it but imperfectly. The weather was rainy during my stay; and I did not feel disposed to walk through it. I left it to *walk* to Bristol, having no other method of reaching it after the departure of the stage-coach. I passed over the new bridge, which

- 1 In 1806 Brown's sister Elizabeth may have lived there. She died 3 April 1807. Efforts to learn the facts about her life have been unsuccessful.
- 2 Compare our note from the same on p.32.

add note to #41^x

1706 P

^x Broad street was numbered north to south
from Wall toward the harbor, opposite
to the usual numbering ^{ing} ~~of~~ New York.

Those two Dutch houses which may be seen on the right of our illustration were built by Jacobus Quick whose family was said to have owned them until 1840. The date in iron is 1698 on the front of number forty-one, forty-seven the second one had no date on it. Forty-one is peculiarly of interest to us for another reason--the directories from 1801 to 1807 indicate that it was occupied by Miss Mary Brown; but whether she was in any way related to our author is not known. During the same years there was also an earthen and grocery store run by William Brown at number fifty-three. William may have been Brown's uncle. In 1796 he had lived at number forty-five. Number forty-seven, the second Dutch house, was occupied by William Quick a baker from 1796 to 1803 or later. In 1806 it was given in the Longworth directory as occupied by another baker John N. Luff. Our illustration, the view of Broad street 1796 taken from Valentine's Manual for 1866 is probably not correct in perspective so that the numbers which were opposite cannot be identified from it--it is hardly to be supposed that number forty-one on the east side was very much further down the street than number forty-two on the west

is not yet finished. It is somewhat more than 1000 feet in length, and, I think, 50 in breadth. It differs in its construction from any bridge I have seen, consisting of five arches of wood, supported by piers of stone. The floor is level, and, instead of resting on the arches, is suspended from them by strong chains, and, when finished, will probably be a handsome structure. The toll for a foot passenger is three cents.

My walk to Bristol was long and fatiguing; the weather was very hot, and the road lonely and deserted: nothing that had life was travelling the way I was, not even a dog. However, it was ended in a few hours, and, after crossing the Delaware, I landed at Burlington, and to-morrow expect to meet you at Philadelphia. 1

Adieu.

That part of Brown's articles which referred to New York city was reprinted in the 1868 Manual of New York,² the successor of Valentine's Manual, and edited by Joseph Shannon. The heading is "A Description of the City of New York, 1806 by a Resident of Philadelphia." A foot note signed J.S. reads:

"The tone of this article is remarkable, because it treats of New York and her inhabitants as it would treat, now-a-days, of a city and people in a distant foreign nation; rather than as those which were under the same general Government, and less than a hundred miles distant. No better evidence of the character of the people of that period than is afforded by this article."

Shannon's extracts begin with the last paragraph of the first instalment, "After tea...." omitting the last sentence; of the second instalment the second paragraph and from "mine host" to

1 It is generally stated that the new Trenton bridge was finished in February. Here Brown apparently meant that it was not yet entirely finished although it was obviously open to his passing.
2 Pp. 828-840.

the end of the section signed "yours affectionately" are omitted; of the third instalment from "such were", the verses and to "rational one" are omitted; of the fourth instalment he gives five paragraphs. To the mention of the Federal Hall in II he gives a note which says "evidently referring to the present City Hall" and with the mention in IV of the narrow streets, he uses Brown's note. The text is the same with added unimportant capitalizations and commas instead of brackets.

Another author who has searched out this account of Brown's is W. Harrison Bayles Old Taverns of New York¹ where he cites the production of O'Keefe's Agreeable Surprise and in which he gives Twaits the principal part rather than the one most appealing to Brown. Sylvester Daggerwood^{and} the balloon fire which followed the production he neglects.

Having arrived at Philadelphia on Sunday the 24th. Brown went on with his regular life and work.

The next letter he wrote is important and settles forever the

¹ N.Y., 1915, p. 402.

1

The second instalment is a particularly important one in that it contains an excellent "Description of New York" and a "Description of a manufactory of stone ware" both specially indexed by the editor. The quaint little picture of Brown's introduction to the P---s; the interesting replenishing of his purse; the extraordinary accident at the production of the Agreeable Surprise at Vauxhall Gardens; the characteristic account of Brown's journalizing; and the description of Federal Hall: are all of value. The letter gives no hint of the person to whom it is addressed, and reads:

New York, (Wednesday 14) August, 1806.²

YESTERDAY I visited Mrs. P--- and was very politely received, and invited to dine with the family to-day. They seem much pleased with this city, and its inhabitants. Mr. ---, particularly, says he has received more attention from people of the first rank, during his short residence here, than he would have done for years in Philadelphia.

Notwithstanding this gentleman and myself had been several times in each other's company, he did not at first recognize me. I was, therefore, compelled to introduce myself. "Sir," said he, "I have not the honour of your acquaintance: shall I beg your name?" I gave it—and we entered into conversation. Mrs. P--- entered the room soon after, and introduced me in form, as Mr. ---, a young gentleman of considerable talents, and one of her earliest acquaintance. I felt a burning in my face, and had almost request-

¹ Pp. 119-124.

² See note to date of first instalment.

³ Perhaps Paxson or Poulson.

The Skakspeare (sic) Gallery was the name given to the headquarters of David Longworth the best known publisher of his day. It was situated at 11 Park near the new theatre. There Longworth sold directories, plays, maps and other publications.

The best account of the Gallery may be found in the advertisement which appears in Longworth's American Ladies' and Gentlemen's Pocket Almanac and Belles Lettres Repository for 1802 as follows:

The Shakspeare Gallery
WHICH contains, in a commodious apartment, a series of
Prints, | designs from Shakspeare's Dramatic Works, by the
first European | artists, and also, a variety of other valu-
able Prints and Paintings, | is open at all times for
exhibition.
A small collection of Periodical and other publications
is added, | for the additional entertainment of the visi-
tors.
Price of admittance, one and a half dollars to annual sub-
scribers: | non subscribers one shilling each time.

The Gallery was modelled on the one in Pall Mall London, and its exhibition of pictures can be somewhat comprehended by means of the several editions of the catalogue published in London and by Boydell's monumental collection of Shakspeare (sic) illustrations which were made from the pictures exhibited and issued at London in 1803 and

1

reissued in New York 1852. Brown's interest in Boydell's collec-

- 1 The Cowden-Clarke Boydell Shakespeare, 2 vols., London 1874, gives sixty-six of the one hundred pictures and the process of reproduction is excellent. The heliotype reproductions Philadelphia 1874 are quite inferior.

ed her to be quiet ; for though I am not overstocked with modesty, yet, admitting my talents were much greater than they are, I should not have wished to be introduced in this manner, to a gentleman like Mr. —, who is too good a judge of talents, to think well of mine : if any thing ought to have been said on the subject, it should have been done when I was absent. However, I ought, perhaps, to thank her for the motive, as she probably wished me to appear to the best advantage.

Mr. — inhabits a house of a size, and in a relative situation for gentility, which in Philadelphia would rent for \$200 per annum ; here, he pays \$500 ; nor is it considered as uncommonly dear. Some rent for 15, and I have been told one or two for 1800 dollars ; but they are large and elegant, and occupied as coffee-houses. House-rent, generally, is said to be much dearer than at Philadelphia, and provisions likewise. You have doubtless heard of what I have thought the very absurd custom which prevails here of the people's changing their places of abode every first day of May : the true cause is said to proceed from the landlord's increasing the rent so often, that it becomes necessary. This may be true ; it has at least some plausibility.

Notwithstanding Mrs. P — seems so well reconciled to her new place of residence, I think she would willingly exchange it for the old one. It is true, she extols the streets, the markets, &c. of this city ; yet it seems to be the praise which we generally bestow on something with which we ought to be contented, rather than something with which we are so.

Yesterday afternoon I wandered about New York, from dinner time till nearly night. I commenced my ramble at the battery, which is a very fine walk indeed, commanding a view at once rich, various, picturesque, and in some directions unbounded.

I stopped to gaze at every thing which in any degree excited in-

1 A favorite haunt of Brown's in all his days at New York. His 1 September 1800 letter to Proud is equally as flattering.

tion had been shown by the reference to it in his Literary Magazine for May 1806 (Vol.V,p.392) which was taken from foreign intelligence, not from his personal knowledge, so that when he found the pictures were on exhibition in New York he paid the fee and entered.

The pictures remarked by Brown were selected with the same sound judgment that lead him earlier to buy Gessner's Death of Abel. The Tempest was peculiarly of interest to him and his admiration of its scenes was an indication that it possibly had been an origin of his life long interest in the supernatural. Any particular penchant for the weird and grotesque which he had at this time did not however influence his selection of Shakspeare-(sic) Gallery favorites, for he was not impressed by the delineations of passionate character and of the supernatural, in several pictures, some very fine, such as Merry Wives of Windsor,V,v; Much Ado about Nothing, IV,ii;Winter's Tale,III,iii;Macbeth,IV,1;Henry VI,Part II,I,iv;Julius Caesar,IV,iii;and Hamlet,I,iv. If he was attracted by fine presentations of men the Second Age of Life,As You Like It,II,vii,with the beautiful

terest. Every thing which is done here in a different manner, from that in which it is done at Philadelphia, I examined with as much attention as I could. For example, I observed that the method of weighing foreign produce here, to ascertain the amount of the duties or debenture, is very inferior to that practised by the weigh-masters at Philadelphia. There, when teas are to be weighed, from twelve to forty or more chests (according to their size) are weighed at once : here I saw them weighed singly, though their separate weight was less than 90 lbs. Bags of coffee are here placed in the dish of the scales, or balance, by which method no more than ten or twelve bags can be weighed at a time ; and, when weighed, they cannot be taken out, without considerable inconvenience and loss of time. At Philadelphia, from twenty to twenty-five bags (or other envelops which admit of it) are piled on a plank, of ten or twelve feet in length, previously laid across the dish of the scales, and, when weighed, can be conveniently and expeditiously removed. The same inferiority in practice was evident in every other instance which fell under my observation. The time which is thus wasted is very great ; and I am very certain that the same number of persons would weigh a given quantity of goods in Philadelphia in half the time that would be consumed here in doing it. How it happens that they continue to practise a method so slow and awkward, in a place where so much business is done, I know not ; yet it is so.

At the wharf, I met with Mr. C — C —, of Philadelphia, in whose favour I have drawn a draught for a small sum — he kindly offered me ; observing, that as I wished to stay here longer than I first intended, and this being an excellent place to get rid of cash, I might perhaps want it. This I do not think will be the case ; yet it is better to leave the city with a full purse than in debt : admitting I could obtain credit, which, by the bye, has al-

- 1 Brown undoubtedly was familiar with this matter at the store of his brothers'.
- 2 As we have seen in Brown's first trip to Connecticut the supply of money was a bothersome essential of his travels. In both cases he received help from friends.

ready been the case. A barber, ¹ having reaped my chin, and being unable to obtain specie in exchange for a bank bill I gave him, gave me credit. He could not help it, otherwise I know not if *my face* would have procured for me what was the result of necessity.

I continued my ramble till I reached the extremity of that part of the city which fronts East river. Here is a manufactory of stone ware, which I entered ; two of the workmen were turning vessels of different forms, one on a wheel, exactly like those used by the potters at Philadelphia ; the other was of a singular kind. The perpendicular iron spindle, on which is fixed the block on which the operator forms the vessel, is about 15 or 18 inches long, its point resting on a place prepared for it on the ground, about 4 or 6 inches below the level of the shop floor ; about half way up, was fixed a wheel, apparently three feet and a half in diameter, formed like that of a cart, except that the spokes extended in a horizontal direction, from the hub to the felly. At the upper extremity of the spindle was what I have already mentioned, the block ; the whole not exceeding 20 inches in height. On the right hand was a board, on which stood a vessel of water ; in front, on the same level, was another, to receive the vessels when formed ; the operator sat on a third one, having balls of wrought clay at his side.

After striking on a ball, he rose, and placed the end of a long pole against one of the spokes of the wheel, and whirled it round with great velocity for a short time, perhaps half a minute ; the velocity it acquired by this operation was very great, and continued more than a sufficient time to enable him to regain his seat, and form a vessel capable of containing half a gallon, when the same process was repeated.

The furnace where the vessels receive their hardening very much resembles a baker's oven, except that the height is greater (about five or six

1 In his 1806 trip up the Hudson we also saw that Brown ~~was~~ went to a barber. It appears that he was not accustomed to shave himself. The pun is characteristic.

feet). The one I saw (to begin with the entrance) had a door-way about four feet wide, and nearly the height of the kiln. The bottom on which the ware rests is formed of two arches, extending from the centre to each side, and is full of flues, to give a passage to the heat. The upper part, or roof, contained nine flues, four on each side, and one at the end opposite the entrance, and, I believe, over the fire-hole. The whole building was of a considerable thickness, and built principally of stone.

About a quarter of a mile from the kiln above described, is another immense building, constructed for the same purpose, which is circular, not less than 30 feet high, and wide in proportion; but as I did not enter it, I can say little as to its internal appearance. I was told by a youth who seemed to possess some knowledge of the subject, that it had never been used; but I saw evident traces of the action of an intense fire on that part of the inside which was visible. Perhaps it is the gigantic offspring of some inventive projector, and now stands as a monument of his disappointment.

The earth of which the stone ware is made, is found at South Amboy, beneath a covering of white sand. The person who wrought on the wheel above-mentioned informed me, that clay, equally proper for the purpose, is found on the banks of the Delaware, somewhere between Trenton and Philadelphia; that the ware was glazed with salt, thrown into the furnace during the burning; that the time occupied by the latter process was 24 or 25 hours; that the heat must be gradually and carefully increased, otherwise nothing would prevent the ware from cracking and becoming useless.

I am still perplexed to find my way through the crooked streets of this city, nor do I think I could obtain a tolerable knowledge of them in a month. The houses appear to me to be huddled together, without regularity, like trees in a forest, and when I think I am travelling in the

road I wish to go, I frequently find myself in one which runs in a contrary direction.

No person is compelled to walk here. If he wishes to visit any of the public places of amusement in the neighbourhood, he may travel *in style*, in an excellent and handsome hackney coach, provided with good horses, careful drivers, and an obsequious footman, for 25 cents. Wishing to go to Vauxhall gardens,

about two miles from my lodgings, I walked up Broadway to St. Paul's church, where I was saluted with "Sir, do you wish to ride to Vauxhall." I answered in the affirmative, and stepping to a coach, presented the driver with 25 cents (which I had been told was the fare), and was surprised when told it was a dollar; that 4 persons might enter, which made it 25 cents each. Scarcely had I turned, before a party was formed and entered the coach; I added one to the number, and in a short time was set down at the place of destination; and, after paying 50 cents for a ticket, entered the garden, and witnessed the representation of "The Agreeable Surprise." It was but indifferently played. However, the humour of Twain would not fail to relax the muscles of the gravest philosopher; consequently, mine did not remain immovable. After the play was over, the spectators were to be amused by the ascent of a balloon from a stage at the back part of the garden. Had it ascended, the sight would have been very grand, for it took fire, by some accident, and was therefore held down, and consumed in a moment.

2

There were at different times three Vauxhall Gardens. The one

- 1 According to Dunlap American Theatre p.327 Twain had made his first appearance at New York 21 June 1805.
- 2 I—Church Farm, early Bowling Green, Mount Pleasant, corner Warren and Greenwich streets, running through to Church street, named 1750. About June 1768 it was the residence of Major James and wrecked by a mob 1 November. July 1768 Sam Francis who had rented it, reopened it with an exhibition of wax figures, admission four shillings, open from 8 A.M. to 10 P.M. 1773 as a leasehold of Trinity Church with 61 years to run it was bought by Erasmus Williams who restored the name Mount Pleasant. In June 1789 it was sold at auction by Trinity. It is located on the 1776 map of Valentine's Manual 1863.
 II—Bayard's Mount, Bunker Hill (adjoining) near Bullock now Broome street or Grand and Mulberry streets. It was established about 1798 by Joseph Delacroix a prominent Tammanyite, the best known New York expert in fireworks, according to the Low 1796 directory a confectioner and distiller at 112 Broadway. 5 July 1802 there was a celebration of Independence Day, the open air theatre was under the management of John Hodgkinson and All the World's A Stage was followed by the Sailor's Landlady and concluded with fireworks. Admission to gallery and pit four shillings, to boxes six shillings. The triumphal car to be used was on exhibition at the Tontine Coffee House. Francis in Old New York (N.Y., 1858, p.230) gives an anecdote of Edmund Kean's visit to Vauxhall. "On the excursion he remarked he should like to see our Vauxhall. We stopped; he entered the gate, asked the doorkeeper if he might survey the place, gave a double somerset through the air, and in the twinkling of an eye stood at the remote part of the garden. The wonder of the superintendent can be better imagined than described."

1

The fourth instalment contains an unfair comparison of New York and Philadelphia; an extended and interesting account of Passaic falls, specially indexed and supplied with voluminous foot-notes; and a picture of a brawling set of drunkards on the stage coach.

It reads:

(Paterson Monday 18 August 1806)2

HAVING now bade adieu to New York, of the beauty, convenience, and advantageous situation of which, so much has been said, and which has so frequently been compared to Philadelphia, with disadvantage to the latter, I shall endeavour to point out, without attempting to decide between the disputants, in what particulars, so far as I had an opportunity of judging, it may justly claim the advantage, and in which it is not equal to its rival.

Its situation as a commercial city is the principal one. This is too well known to need elucidation. Here it has a manifest advantage, and a very important one: this, in the opinion of the *mere merchant*, will establish its claim to superiority. The manufacturer will likewise probably think *that* the *best* city, where he can find the best market for the articles he manufactures. Whether this is not counterbalanced by the dearness of houses, &c., &c., is a question which deserves the attention of those who are interested in its decision. It is not the number of dollars he may receive in a given time, which will make a reasonable man deem himself wealthy; but the intrinsic value of the *dollars themselves*, as it happens to be affected by the prices of the necessaries of life.

The neighbourhood of New York abounds with many beautiful pres-

1 Pp.258-264.

2 Date arrived at by obvious means.

pects, far superior (as they are of a different kind) to those in or near Philadelphia. Those of the latter are confined, though, as far as they extend, are very beautiful and romantic; some may be pointed out, which I have not seen exceeded by any in or near New York. The prospects from several parts of the banks of the Delaware are very fine, comprehending a part of the city, with its wharves and shipping, the opposite shore of Jersey, with the town of Camden, &c. Perhaps few can be found on so small a scale which are more interesting than those which may be seen from any part of High Street, west of Centre Square. On the right is seen the Schuylkill (above the Upper Ferry), apparently rushing from the bosom of a forest, thence flowing with dignity and gentleness between swelling and verdant hills, crowned with woods, and adorned with handsome buildings, the whole forming a scene well worth the attention of a landscape painter, who could not readily, in my humble opinion, find a more interesting subject. However, if extent and variety are considered, New York has decidedly the advantage.

The markets for provisions—on this subject it is useless to dwell: those who have seen both will scarcely venture to compare those of New York with the prodigious ones of Philadelphia, considered in every point of view, except the plenty and prices of fish, in which particular I have already mentioned the superiority of the market of New York.

The people of New York may better amuse themselves on the water than the Philadelphians; their insular situation, the extent and beauty of the neighbouring shores and islands, and the vicinity of the sea, gives them an evident superiority. For their excursions on land I cannot say so much; they want extent, variety, and interest; and, if I am not much deceived, are very inferior, in the pleasures

they are calculated to afford, to those of Philadelphia, of which the small number of pleasure carriages I have seen in New York affords a strong presumptive proof. The city itself is not so handsome, if want of regularity constitutes want of beauty, if narrow streets are inconvenient and displeasing, if a great want of trees lessens the pleasure of the spectator: in these particulars I think New York is very much inferior to its rival. Of the inhabitants I know so little, that I will be silent. Of the general salubrity of the air, those who are desirous of information may consult the bills of mortality; in this particular, I believe, Philadelphia claims the superiority.

Of the city of Jersey, I know very little more than that it is situated on the banks of the North River, opposite New York; that it is young and small, and that a bank is established here. When I arrived, it rained so hard, that I was more anxious to shelter myself than to survey the town. Our road from it led us through what are called the cedar swamps, though I saw scarcely a cedar tree or any thing else on it but shrubs and grass. From the artificial road on which we travelled, I saw very little to amuse or instruct such a traveller as myself. I was, however, taught properly to appreciate the value of a seat in a dry stage coach during a heavy rain. On either side of the road lay low, marshy grounds, producing little besides sedge; at some miles distance some high hills whose summits smoked with warmth and moisture. We crossed the Hackensack and Passaic rivers on flat wooden bridges, which in both places rest on large piles, supported by other timbers annexed to them in a sloping direction. The stage coach was filled with a motley group, chiefly bound to Patterson: among the number was a gentleman of

1 It must not be supposed that all the streets are narrow, but that they are generally so--Brown's note. Brown's notes break down the literary device. It seems never to have occurred to him that no one writes notes to the material in a real letter.

3 See note from same on p. 32.

4 See note from same on p. 30.

2 Jersey had been incorporated 10 November 1804.

New York, and a country school-master, both intelligent and conversible, which made the journey far more agreeable to me than it would have otherwise been. We dined at Newark (eight or nine miles from New York), that is, the trio; the remaining part of the company fortified their stomachs with gin. The liquor however proved rebellious, and what was intended to comfort the stomach, traitorously disabled the head, and made them "half seas over," for the remainder of the ride to Patterson. Many coarse jests and threadbare stories were repeated, and, as Goldsmith observes in his Vicar of Wakefield, "if we had not much wit, we had plenty of laughter." Night at length found us at our journey's end, weary of an uncomfortable ride of twenty-five miles through a heavy rain, which prevented us from seeing the beauties of the country, and saved you the trouble of reading a longer letter.

Adieu.

1

Patterson (Tuesday 19) August, 1806.

This morning I visited the celebrated falls of Passaic, which are about half a mile from my lodgings. I feel myself much at a loss how to describe them, and I find them very different from what I know you expected. The road to them leads over a tract of country, where nature appears to exhibit the ruins of some violent convulsion: on the right hand is the Passaic, rolling over a rocky bed, and dividing its waters by rushing against a small island; on the left is a lofty perpendicular of broken and disjointed rocks, of various colours, which in many places hangs over the road, and seems to threaten the traveller with destruction. This extends for

- 1 See note to date of first instalment.
- 2 In the spring, after the frosts have loosened the rocks, it is said to be extremely dangerous to pass along this road. I saw one large fragment which fell last spring, which would weigh several tons.--Brown's note.

entered on your new course of academical life; but I was afraid your short acquaintance would make the request appear to you unreasonable. Besides you allowed me to entertain hopes of seeing you in a month or two, and then, I flattered myself something like friendship might be grafted, on mere acquaintanceship. I accordingly looked for you in Philadelphia, with no small impatience, after your college vacation commenced; but day came after day, and you came not; so I imagined your inclinations had led you a different way. I should have written to you, for the lively interest I feel in your welfare would have made me disregard ceremony; but unluckily I had no clue to your steps.¹ Your letter came most opportunely to satisfy my curiosity, and I thank you heartily for this agreeable proof of your remembrance.

You do not say how long you propose to stay at Ballston, or whether you have wholly given up your design of coming southward. I long to see you, but confess I have now little hopes of it. The cities at this season are equally dull and unwholesome, and your Ballston must abound with every thing that can delight the fancy or the senses. The next vacation, I believe, occurs in winter, and then a journey hither will reward you perhaps for the cold and fatigue of the journey. When you come, whenever that shall happen, you must do my little home the favour to make it yours. You will find it the abode of content, and may enjoy the spectacle, not very common, of an happy family. Mrs. B. is as anxious as myself to see you. She takes all your good qualities on my word, and loves you by proxy.

Most sincerely do I rejoice that you find Schenectady so agreeable. I tremble with apprehension, when I think how much of the dignity and happiness of your whole life depends upon the resolutions of the present moment. Were it possible for a miracle to be wrought in your favour, and that the experience of a dozen years could be obtained without living so long, there would be little danger that an heart so unperverted as yours would mislead you. The experience of others will avail you nothing. They may talk, indeed, but till you are as old as the counsellor, and have seen, with your own eyes, as

much as he, his words are mere idle sounds, impertinent and unintelligible. Fancy and habit are supreme over your conduct, and all your friends have to trust to, is a heart naturally pure and tractable, and a *taste*, if I may so call it, for the approbation of the wise and good.

When you write next I hope you will have both leisure and inclination to be particular on the subject of your studies. What are your books and your exercises? What progress do you make, and what difficulties or reluctances stand in your way? You see I make great demands upon you. I am afraid you will not admit my affection for you as a sufficient pretext for making them, and I have, as yet, no other foundation on which to build my claim.

1 Although he had tried to go to his home in Boston or to New York Payne had been kept "under the wing" of Dr. Nott at Schenectady and later allowed the pleasures of the then most fashionable resort of the country--Ballston Spa.

H

Some of the details deserve ~~especial~~ attention for their autobiographic value. The general picture of the father, his respect for all living creatures, his virtuous example, his teaching the child to love Homer: are mostly valuable as possible details of Brown's relation to his ~~father~~ such as we hitherto have not thought to be possible from the evidence at hand. The seventh and tenth stanzas ~~seem to suggest that~~ the father was dead or estranged, the former of which we know was not so ~~in Brown's case~~, the latter being quite probable from several pieces of evidence which we have ^{had.} ~~##### found~~ ~~in our biographical studies of Brown.~~ The style is strikingly Brown's, but ~~as we have often said~~ style is dangerous when it is the only evidence. The metre is merely an easy variation of our author's couplets. As verse these stanzas are of no value, but as a ^{manly} ~~picture~~ of filial affection, ~~Brownishly remorseful~~ they are interesting and ~~if Brown's, are~~ new and important. ~~so far we~~ ^{never} have ~~had~~ cause to suspect that Elijah Brown ever made an error in his ascriptions.

~~Wife Elizabeth is the author, one being actually signed Eliza, which we believe was her pseudonym. On the whole it has been deemed wise merely to call attention to the ascription.~~

The next letter of this year is

(addressed John E. Hall, Esqre. Care of M. & J. Conrad,
Booksellers, Baltimore.)

Philad. (Friday,) Nov. 21, 1806..

My dear Friend

I should deserve to be entirely discarded from your good opinion if I did not take an early opportunity of replying to your last kind letter just received. I sincerely hope you will not allow a negligence which is constitutional and impartial, and which has lately found some excuse in the pressure of a good deal of business, to exclude from your friendship. I will not promise to do better for the future, because the strongest resolutions are sometimes unavailing, and promises unexecuted are only covert insults.

I do not recollect to have objected to the title of your lucubrations. The Latin word Adversaria, though I see no etymological reason for it, has been always applied to the use, which you have made of it. A certain Dutch Latinist who once attempted to find good Roman words for all the terms and phrases used among merchants, employed with great propriety, the term Adversaria for a Ledger; matters of account being there arranged, as we all know, in apposition to each other. My library is not rich enough to contain the Lexicographic treasury of Henry Stephens,² but I suppose old Logan³ did not overlook it when he was raking his learned heap together and I'll look for it there. I cannot imagine where else you, my friend, chanced to light upon it. There are few, even among Erudites themselves, who look to any more ancient or more trustworthy guide thro the labyrinths of Greek and Latin than Shreve⁴ and Ainsworth. I, indeed, having neither of these, am obliged to rely, for my Latin, on an old worm eaten dictionary of Latin Greek and English, of the seventeenth century compiled by one Thomas Holyoke,⁴ or, as he himself translates his

- 1 ^{2x} ~~The term~~ is not original with Hall. ^{having} ~~It had~~ been used by Johnson and others before him, in the sense miscellanea. When Hall ~~came to~~ edited the American Law Journal, Philadelphia 1808, Vol. I, he continued the essays under the same title.
- 2 Robertus Stephanus, Thesaurus Linguae Latinae, London 1734-5.
- 3 James Logan whose collection is now in the beautiful Ridgway library.
- 4 London 1677, folio. ~~The name on the title is Thomas and the alias business is Brown's invention.~~ It does not contain the word discussed.

name, Thomas de Sacra quercu, alias Haliiokeus.

You mention that a number of the mag,¹ was still due at Baltimore. I believe the delay has arisen from want of paper, at any rate, it is no fault of the editors.--- This is a good opportunity for telling you that the magazine is going to be metamorphosed, from a monthly, to a semi annual affair. Whether it will lose, by this change, or gain, in any other respect than in intrinsic value I cannot foresee. Conrad thinks it will benefit, as to vendability, and his opinion is sufficient to influence me tho' my labour, especially the labour of reflection, will be greatly augmented. The work is, as nearly as possible, to take the shape of the British Annual Registers, and to consist of the various departments to be found in them. I am just going to prepare a prospectus, which, when published, you will see, of course: permit me to request your sentiments as to the eligibility of this plan. The mag: has now subsisted more than three years; a very long life for an American publication of this kind. It is quite time that it should die, in the order of Nature; of pure old age.

You have reason to say that experience has justified your sticking close to your profession when the first or second year gives you twelve or fifteen hundred dollars. This is a success which not one young man among an hundred can boast of, even after five or seven years of probation. I should sincerely grieve if I were to see your attention even divided by any other object than law, I mean any literary object, for it is in vain to pray against the intrusion of every diverting or seductive phantom without exception. There is one phantom from whose visits at your gravest or busiest moments, it is not possible, nor perhaps desirable to guard you. I mean woman. Your age and your constitution of mind will never allow you a moment (of) perfect tranquillity or sober application till you are married. Your friend's Meredith's destiny, I see, provokes an Eheu, but I suspect there is more of envy than of pity in the sigh. When I hear you are married I shall rejoice. When I have discovered what kind of wife you have got, my joy may be converted into grief, or it may be raised into higher joy; but that you are married, is, so far, good news. This subject always reminds me of an old ditty of my own inditing in my versifying days.

Marry wisdom, and beauty and wealth if you can
But marry at any ~~rate~~, that's the best plan.
Let the girl be no widow, nor wanton nor shrew
But all are far better than no girl for you.
If your parents say yes, where your fancy says nay,
Never haggle, but let the old folks have their way.
If you spurn at sixteen and take sixty you 're mad
But take Sixty, if sixty alone can be had.
A Wife is the fount of all good or all evil
She's an angel to bless, or, to curse you, a devil;
Her bosom's a coffer o'erflowing with treasure
Of woes without end, or of Joys without measure;

¹ Literary Magazine.

1711

Yet no man, till married, can tell, for his life,
Whether heaven or hell be his lot in a wife;
Whether nectar shall lave him or Brimstone shall burn,
Till he passes the gulf which allows no return.
Her dust may prove gold, or her gold may prove dust,
But take her, my good boy, for take her you must.

You will probably think the council as poor as the terms in which it is conveyed; but seriously, and in plain prose, I assure you that I shall be extremely glad of an opportunity to wish you joy of a wife. You'll never be at ease, nor settle down into a good thorough going lawyer till you have one.

Adieu

C.B.B.

The Philadelphia directories of this year give Brown as "gentle-

man" residing in South Eleventh street near George. *Gentleman! we have every cause to believe so - but this is the only case on record where*

The autobiography of Robert Proud, Brown's childhood teacher,

for this year
contains a pathetic expression of the superceded school master but

in it of those who had come to neglect him he excepts some, ~~of his~~

~~old pupils~~. Fortunately we have in a letter dated 1800 evidence

to offer showing Brown's attitude toward the old gentleman and

we can with safety assume that Brown at least received him in his

home at this time *and all others.*

an author is so called.

1 In Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography, No. 4 of Vol. XIII (Jan. 1890).