

26

1358-1404

Revised 12 June 1922
 " 20 November 1922
 " 24-26 September 1924
 Revised 30-25 August 1927
 Revised 4 October 1927
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THE PORT FOLIO AND DAYS OF RECREATION

1801 Aetat.30

~~For several reasons, some of which are plausible enough though~~
~~equally as unlikely and easily exploded,~~ It has become customary to
 represent Brown as an occasional contributor to the Port Folio. ^{Those who} ~~Some who~~
 have actually gone to the trouble of searching its files ^{have} ~~and stumbling~~
~~as the blind sometimes may do--~~ ^{from which} on the initials C.B. they ~~have~~ attri-
 buted to him ^{certain} the translations and versifications of classics which
 are to be found ~~as signed~~ in that periodical. ~~As we proceed to handle~~
~~looked over the early volumes in 1834~~
~~this matter at length our reasons will become clear to the reader.~~

The Port Folio was politically Federalist, the party with which
 Brown was in sympathy, and it was ^{founded and} edited by Joseph T. Dennie, who
 was one of the most prominent ^{journalists} ~~writers~~ of his time. Dennie and his
 friends met weekly at the home of Joseph Hopkinson, Fourth and
 Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, ^{having what they called a} Most of the members ~~of this~~
 Tuesday club ¹ ~~were~~ ^{of which} contributors to the magazine. They ^{made up} ~~were~~ the
~~same~~ group which hospitably entertained Thomas Moore when

1 The name may be significant. Dennie's earlier periodicals, the Boston Tablet and the Walpole, N.H., Farmer's Museum, were both published on Tuesday.

he visited the United States, and which he recalled ~~in a note~~ as follows:

"In the society of Mr. Dennie and his friends, at Philadelphia, I passed the few agreeable moments which my tour through the States afforded me. Mr. Dennie has succeeded in diffusing through this elegant little circle that love for good literature and sound politics, which he feels so zealously himself, and which is so very rarely the characteristic of his countrymen. They will not, I trust, accuse me of illiberality for the picture which I have given of the ignorance and corruption that surround them. If I did not hate, as I ought, the rabble to which they are opposed, I could not value, as I do, the spirit with which they defy it; and in learning from them what Americans can be, I but see with the more indignation what Americans are."

Through too much editing the records of ~~Thomas Moore's~~^{his} life are ~~most incomplete when they relate the~~ visit ~~to the United States.~~ The very few of his American letters which ~~have been~~^{are} published having too many gaps, ~~that make them~~ useless to us, Until we have a complete

note.

- 1 Epistles, Odes and other Poems, London 1806, Vol. II, p. 88, [^] Supplement this by a passage from his 26 June 1804 letter to his mother in Memoirs, London 1853, Vol. I, p. 164. In his 10 July letter to his mother (same source p. 167) he says the poem "Alone by the Schuylkill" was chiefly in allusion to Mrs. Hopkinson. Moore used a suggestion of the supernatural in chapter II of The Blanket. In the Lamp of St. Agatha he makes a slap at the supernatural school. See Uncollected Writings, N.Y., 1878.

biography and correspondence of Moore we shall be unable to know whether Brown ever became personally acquainted with him.

One of the members of Dennie's group was John Davis who in giving a picture¹ of the literary notables of Philadelphia includes Brown thus::

"Mr.B. said little, but seemed lost in meditation;; his creative fancy was, perhaps, conjuring up scenes to spin out the thread of his new novel."

As one of the contributors to the Portfolio Brown must have met Dennie's circle but there is nothing to show that he was intimate with them, and the fact that he was living in New York would seem to indicate that his presence at the club was rare if indeed it was more than once.

If there is any truth in the statement of Smyth² that the set was a hard-drinking, high-living one, it is probable that Brown was merely a guest and not a regular member, which seems to be as near the truth as we can come in the face of the lack of evidence to show who the club members were.

When he had started the Portfolio Dennie was well disposed toward Brown in spite of the fact that Smith's attempt

1 Travels, London 1803, p.204.

2 Philadelphia Magazines and Their Contributors, Phila., 1892, p.93.

in 1797 to persuade him to accept our author as a contributor to the Farmer's Museum had been unsuccessful, ~~if not coldly neglected~~. At that time Brown was an obscure aspirant, now he was of literary prominence, so Dennie did all he could for him by copying reviews from his magazine, by calling attention to the London editions of his prose fiction and later by noticing his translation of Volney. The Port Folio's columns were indeed now open to him whenever he found any time or inclination to supply suitable material.

The Port Folio began in 1801 and long outlived Brown and Dennie. So far as our author is concerned we are ~~at present~~ only interested in the first ten years of its life¹--that is, up to and including the time of Brown's death.

Unlike ~~the cases of~~ his own magazines there is no necessity to treat the possible Brown's contributions ^{at length.} ~~extensively~~. There are no instances of extended proof and the articles ^{to be} considered readily fall into one of two classes, the doubtful or impossible and the known ^{or} ~~and~~ undoubted.

The undoubted ~~Brown~~ contributions are ~~only~~ three: the poem L'Amoroso in the first volume; the Dialogues on Music and Painting in the second volume; and the essays entitled the Scribbler in volumes one and two of the

1 The Port Folio went through several series but we are ~~here~~ only interested in the first three. Series I--Vols. I-V, quarto, 1801-5; II--Vols. I-VI, octavo, 1806-8; III--Vols. I-VIII, octavo, 1809-12.

Series

Series

third series. Each of these deserves to be given separate and extended study but here it is only necessary to call attention to the peculiarity that they are not signed with initials or pseudonym. Because Brown's verse was never much more than--and especially--biographical in interest L'Amoroso is the only one known to be Brown's that we shall now study.

The doubtful and impossible items are the following. Some communications¹ concerning Linn's Powers of Genius as well as an extract may have been sent in by Brown though they bear too few traces of his style. The first communication is signed X.Y. which in the Monthly Magazine was surely not Brown but may be here. The second is only an extract from the poem. The third is a defence, acknowledged to be written by one of Linn's friends, against an inane criticism which had appeared in the preceding number.² The fourth is a communication which really consists of a review of the book after the manner of those attributed by us to Brown in the review department of his Monthly Magazine. Some lines in the couplet verse of volume one³ are very like Brown's early couplets but they are signed G.B. which may be the George Baron⁴ of the Monthly Magazine. The verse signed Beaumont⁵

has details suggestive of Brown's; such as the name of

1 Vol.I, pp.21, 31, 92 and 105.

2 P.83.

3 P.144.

4 Vol.II, p.287.

5 Vol.V, p.79.

Stella, the language and the ideas. If it is Brown's, Stella ^{should} ~~may~~

^{Ruth Johnson}
be ~~Elizabeth Linn~~. The portrait of ¹ ~~Madeline~~ to R.L. may be com-

pared to the portraits of Julia, Esperanza, Rosa and Laura, which

in the Literary Magazine ² we ~~would~~ ^{should} ~~attribute~~ ^{pc} to Brown and R.L.

^{may}
~~could be the initials of~~ Rebecca Linn, Brown's future sister-

in-law, though we doubt it. Some of the law intelligence may be

Brown's but is ^{more likely} ~~probably~~ extracted from legal publications. In

³
the second series volume two there are two lines to Bubo thus:

"Nature abhors a vacuum, Bubo said---
Bubo, you're wrong--a vacuum's in your head."

These lines suggest Brown's early couplets and are quite pro-
bably his. The idea is in agreement with the other addresses to
Bubo--an unusual name--in Epistle I as found in the 1783 note-
book and the metre is the same. As a punnical repartee the couplet
is clever and quotable, ^{though the idea is not original.}

Many of the items are signed with initials which have some
significance for us though it should not be forgotten that the
three undoubted ones were unsigned. Those ~~contributions~~ signed B
cannot be considered of value, not even when the B is followed by
an ~~differentiating~~ asterisk. They probably were by A.L. Blauvelt, who
1 Vol. II, p. 105. 2 Vol. II, p. 9. 3 P. 192.

also contributed under the signature of "Lodinus."¹ Those signed B.B. may be for Brockden Brown, but we have no cause to warrant a belief of the kind and a reference to the author being in England would indicate that those contributions are not by our author.

When however we come to C.B. we must give some further attention to the matter.

One of the C.B. communications introducing some of the verses is signed and dated at Quebec. As a rule they are of the classical type, such as translations and imitations, and probably are the basis of the common claim that Brown supplied versifications of classical authors for the Port Folio. They comprise such subjects as translations from Catullus, Bion, Moschus, and Cassimir; epigrams from Catullus; an Anacreontic; On Sympathy, envy, life and a miser; a reflection at sea, to a canary, death of a young man of 22, elegy on Amanda and on the simile, and verses on a statue of Praxiteles. Usually they are heroic couplets but often they are four-foot lines in abab order. Taken as a whole they hardly seem like Brown even in his early days and the details noticed would

1 There is no account accessible of Blauvelt. He was the author of Fashion's Analysis, N.Y., 1807 and some of his contributions appear in the 1837 New York Book of Poetry. He was a friend of John Howard Payne's. (see p.42 Early Life of J.H.P.) The Boston Mirror, 7 Jan., 1809 gives the name as A.E. Blauvelt. His Lines written at the falls of the Passaic appeared in the New York Weekly Museum 28 January 1809 and were signed Lodinus.

~~seem to~~ indicate ~~that~~ they were extracted from some British author..

That none of them can be ^{with confidence} ~~honestly~~ attributed to Brown is the conclusion
to which we ^{must come.} ~~have been compelled.~~

Thus all the flare about the Port Folio and Brown dies down to one
probable couplet and three undoubted contributions--one in verse and
two in prose. That we ^{can} ~~do~~ not find more is to be explained by the
^{fact} ~~circumstance~~ that some of the time Brown was residing in New York
where he had ^{for which} ~~a~~ magazine, of his own ~~and~~ he was not having an easy
time in supplying the material, ~~for that~~ and with his other publishing
ventures in both New York and Philadelphia it is not so surprising
that he did not assist Dennie more as it is that he found time to
contribute anything at all.

In 1801 ^{what} ~~the note book which~~ we have named the Wieland note-book
was again used by Brown. On the thirty-third page is the following:

"Phila 2mo.
Pleasures of the Table by a Philadelphian.
E'er wants my table the health cheering meal
With Springfield mutton crown'd or Jersey veal.
Smokes not from Passyunk meads the stately loin
And rosey Gammon from Flemmingtonian swine.
From Skippock² roosts the feathered victims bleed,
And Delaware still wafts me Ocean's scaly breed.
Tho' Gallia's vines their costly juice deny;
Still Schuylkill's banks the Jocund glass supply,
Still distant worlds nectarious treasures roll,
And either India sparkles in my bowl.

2 In Montgomery county on Perkiomen Creek.

Or Larkin's 1 boughs, or Linley's 1 bearded fields,
To Columbias Arms, a Columbian beverage yields.

However stumbling

Whatever that may be as verse it, ~~seems to have several things~~
~~about it which indicate it is in some ways an advance over the~~
~~couplets Brown formerly wrote. The attempt~~ ^{to avoid the hackneyed}
expressions, to rise to the realm of words ^{it} poetical; ~~the breaking~~ ^{up} ~~of~~ the jingly effect of the amateur's couplet: all ^{of which} seem ~~to the~~
~~present writer~~ to indicate an effort to improve ^{the} ~~over what Brown~~
~~had formerly done with the couplet.~~ ^{even his whimsical trickeries.}

^{unpublished} When verse and its ^{modest} merits are put aside those ~~dozen~~ lines mean
little more to us. That our author ^{could} ~~may~~ have ^{found} ~~been finding~~ a substi-
tute for ~~real~~ happiness in the flowing bowl seems to be the burden
of his song though it was not true of his life. As we have seen this
was the time when Brown was ~~contributing to Dennie's Port Folio~~
~~and it has been already noticed that he was~~ somewhat acquainted
with that brilliant "Lay Preacher" ^{Dennie but} That ~~Dennie~~ and his circle
were ~~the~~ hard drinkers ~~Smyth had said they were~~ ^{can be} not confirmed..

In the same note-book we find, on page 82, ~~this~~ memorandum of

1 Brown's note reads: "Larkins... noted for Good Cyder. & Jacob
Linley who took the prize for raising the greatest crop of
Barley of which Ale and porter is produced. The former near
Markus hook--The latter New Garden Chester County."

~~2 Op. cit.~~

Brown's earliest use of the new water supply of Philadelphia.

"On the 9th. of 2nd. month 1801 (for the first time) I drank of, & washed myself in water delicious from the River Schuylkill--|the water works for supplying this useful commodity has been in operation for several weeks past, & many of the inhabitants of this|City have made use of it for all purposes."

One of Brown's contributions to Dennie's Port Folio was the verses
 entitled L'Amoroso which appeared Saturday 18 April 1801. ^(HA) A manu-
 script ¹ copy, now in the Chamberlain collection of the Boston Public
 Library, consists of four pages the verses covering two and on the
 fourth an inscription reading ^{trochaic} "L'Amoroso; alla mea Clara." The poem
 is of thirty-six ^{trochaic} quadrimeter lines ~~rimed in abab order~~, twenty-four
 of which appear on the first page. The handwriting ~~is one of the~~
~~best examples~~ and is so remarkably beautiful it is clear ^{it} the manuscript
 cannot be the original but a fair copy, ^{probably made by Brown's father.} One very striking detail is
 that the lines are not divided into stanzas-of-four as they are
 in the Port Folio; though it is barely possible the flourishes

- 1 The third page gives an account of some of the ^{its} journeys, ~~of the~~
~~manuscript.~~ "Autograph|an original production of my|father C.B.
 Brown taken from|original manuscripts and presen|ted to Frank M.
 Etting, Esq. |Wm. Linn Brown|June 14, 1857|Frank M. Etting to|Brantz
 Mayer|Balto. 3 Nov. 1865." It was not in Mayer's sale (Bangs 1870)
 and how it passed ~~from Mayer~~ to the Chamberlain collection is not
 known re corded.

^{text A} L'Amoroso could have been written between the ~~time of the~~ last num-
 ber of the Monthly Magazine (December 1800) and the initial number
 of the American Review (for January-March, probably issued in April).

at the end of every four lines were intended to indicate such a division.

The printed version does not follow this manuscript in capitalization, punctuation and form, and the changes should be noticed. There seems to be no rule to follow for the capitalization. ~~Brown here used capitals regardless of the possibility of having any reason for so doing. In the Port Folio this fancy is allowed only in a few instances.~~ The punctuation is most erratic--almost every point is different. Line 16, 20 and 27 has her for The of the Port Folio; line 24 spells murmuring, murmiring; line 30 has on for o'er; and line 31 reverses the process and has o'er for on.

The poem as it appeared in the Port Folio reads:

"FOR THE PORT FOLIO
L'AMOROSO.

From pleasure-walks, and market places,
Stilly groves, and lonely hills: 1
From gay carousals, thronging faces,
Moonlight glades, 1 and warbling rills.

From fighting fields, and stormy seas; 1
From courtly pomp, and war's 1 array;
From state-turmoils, 1 and letter'd ease, 1
Come, my 1 enamour'd soul, 1 away.

From haunts, that moonstruck fancyl woos,
Where nymphs 1 resort, and muses 1 roam;
From all that vulgar dreams abuse,
Come home, extatic 1 thought: 1 come home!

1 Capitalized in the manuscript.

When prying eyes¹ no longer wake,
 All ears are seal'd, all tongues are tied:
 Her nightly place let Clara take,
 The chamber's¹ glimmering hearth beside.

There, let my love,¹ at ease recline,
 And I, her chosen youth,¹ be nigh:
 There let her hand and cheek be mine;
 The fond regard, the tender sigh.¹

Let all without be bland repose;
 Let all within be mute as death:
 While Clara's soul¹ divinely flows,
 In warbling, whispering, murmuring breath.¹

And what the theme,¹ by Clara sung,
 That prompts the whisper, smile, and sigh?
 No theme, but love,¹ shall task her tongue.
 Throb in her heart, live in her eye.¹

When thought's¹ sweet respite comes at last,
 And slumber¹ o'er her eye-lid¹ creeps;
 Be mine, to muse on all the past,
 And watch, the while she sweetly sleeps.
 With neck-encircling¹ arm, and hand,
 Still lock'd in hers, and leaning o'er!
 What richer boon can I demand?
 This bliss be mine--I ask no more."

One of the noticeable details of the poem is the absence of the redundant adjectives, the fault which Scott found with couplet verse. Other than this it calls for no further criticism, judgment having been expressed in connection with the earlier couplets by Brown.

¹ Capitalized in the manuscript.

unfairly

L'Amoroso has been cited as an illustration of the sentimentality¹

of Brown's writing; but any such characteristic was never thought of

in connection with the very similar poem To Clara which may be

found in the so-called Dunlap's biography, ~~of Brown~~. With so many

lines devoted to the charms of Clara we ^{may miss} ~~lose~~ the beauty of the

situation of the two lovers sitting before an open fire, building

their "Castles in Spain". Love's young dream is ^{of course} ~~commonly called~~

sentimental but it ^{to Brown at this time} ~~is~~ as serious as it ^{was} ~~is~~ true and one of the ^{noble} ~~noble~~ ^{fine} ~~fine~~

traits of ^{his} ~~human~~ nature. ~~When a reader can see in such a picture as~~

~~this only a maudlin sentimentality his day of senility has come, he~~

~~should hasten to call a lawyer and make his will.~~ ^{to} ~~The picture~~ ^{actually}

~~is the noble one of Brown when in love~~

1 Compare the picture of the girl watching the slumbering youth as given in the sleep song sung by Helena in Ormond, chapter XVI, where we do find the sentimentalist.

Evidently Brown had again taken to writing verse but it is not all in the heroic couplet stanza. It is possible that the lines given by Dunlap¹ were written about the same time as L'Amoroso and are addressed to the same unknown young lady. They read:

• TO CLARA.

(ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.)

Withhold, my friend, my angel friend, withhold,
Those tears that moisten fruitless earth, and bathe
In vain a soil that teems no more : In vain
Tears flow for him whose eyes have ceas'd to weep ;
Eyes clos'd upon this dark terrestrial scene ;
On all its sable dreams and glittering, clos'd,
While glories of supernal lustre beam
On intellectual eyes, to shut no more.

O ! for a speedy summons to the gate
That opes into a brighter world, and leads
To happy fields, where fadeless verdure breathes,
Delights forever new, and harps are heard,
Fraught with the harmonies of highest heaven !
O ! for the Voice that calls, and calls but once !
" Come from the dark abyss, bless'd spirit, come,
" Ascend to purer climes : the house of clay
" Change for immortal vesture ; cease to feed
" On black malignant vapours, wont to glide
" Around the darksome wall's impending roof
" And dank floor of this mighty dungeon, Earth,
" Polluted with the stain of ev'ry sin ;
" On azure pinions lifted, come and taste
" The fruits of paradise, and quaff the joys
" That bathe, in glittering streams, the heavenly ground."

Whither thy friend hath gone, may, thither, I,
And thou, when mystic fate shall summon, go :
With speed, and shortly, I ; but thou, full late,
And after blooming years, in long career,
O'er flowers scattered by the bounteous hand
Of him, who binds in sacred nuptial ties,
Th'allotted pair, and gives maternal joys,
Have pass'd away ; thither, by heavenly airs,
May'st thou be safely wafted. O ! how bless'd
The lot of him, whose gratulating hand,
And voice shall hail thy near approach to shores
Of peace, and thee, from flaming vehicle

¹ Vol. II, pp. 120-22.

Alighting, shall receive, and point the way,
That forthright leads to God's eternal house.

Long, long, may that inevitable hour
Behind thee linger, nor approach too soon
The pure and chaste abode of CLARA's soul;
Which no immortal change can lovelier make,
Or deck with softer graces, give those eyes
A brighter emanation, or within
That bosom, kindle a more holy flame.
Let not the direful visitant profane

Thy chamber's sanctity, the calm recess
Where thou abid'st, till many a sun hath shed
On nature, vernal renovation, crown'd
The youthful brows of many a circling year.
For who that knows thee, who that calls thee friend
Can spare thee? From their bosoms who can part
With such a guest? The gem, ah! who can spare
The brightest and most precious in their store?
Yet, he, whom justly thou dost prize beyond
The world, by conjugal attraction join'd,
To heaven's imperious voice must, one day, yield
Thee, his soul's soul. Then, drops of blood, his heart
Shall weep, but vainly shall he weep thy loss;
In vain the tears of thousands shall bedew
The grave where thou art laid: If I survive
At that disastrous hour, my clasped hands,
And lifted eyes shall intercede in vain:
As vainly thou deplor'st th' untimely fate
Of Henry, tears are impotent to check
Th' irrevocable steps of time, or stay,
When heaven directs the shaft, the stroke of death.

become

Here we see that Brown had, so accustomed to the five foot line
in the couplet that he is unable to shake off the yoke when he
writes with lines unrhymed.

These verses to Clara are of the temper ~~though not quite of~~
~~the kind of these~~ of the Italian "Arcadians" of 1690 of whom¹
the Della Cruscans, Hayley and Mrs. Thrale, were the exponents in
Brown's days, *only to the extent that they idealize*

¹ Cf. ^{Leigh} Hunt: Book of the Sonnet, Boston, 1867, Vol. I, p. 50.

* Wilkins has been identified as the Henry of his Poems II (N. Y. Gazette,
14 Nov., 1792) and if meant here these verses must belong to an earlier time.

1371A

the charms of the shepherds ^{her} and alone. In
their sanity, at least in their absence of
moan and groan and threat of suicide
they are of quite another kind. The
death they parade is no tricked out
Thespian in gibbering skeleton clothes
but the ^{sad} reality sung in elegy. Many of
the lines are poetry of distinction, real
passion in metrical and rhythmical
melody; that no poet would be ashamed
to sign with his name; that many have
never ~~excelled~~ and only the great have
excelled. The critic that finds them
only inglorious is incompetent if not
dishonest.

Who Clara was is not positively known, ~~but~~ she very well could

Allen
had
not
given

have been Elizabeth Linn; ~~perhaps~~ ^{so} probably was if Dunlap was correct.

and not merely giving us one of his ex post facto Dunlapiisms when he said Brown became attached to her about this time (1800). ^{It is} improbable he would have included (what in the book he was editing for a woman he admired, amatory verse addressed to any predecessor. (A) Otherwise we may assume that Brown was in love with another, which is ~~What Elizabeth~~ ^{Christ}

possible though we ~~know of none~~ ^{do not think it likely,} or we must ~~fall back on~~ ^{accept} the obvious

explanation of poetic license and believe her an imaginary ideal. Of

course we would rather believe her real. ~~What Dunlap calls an attach-~~

~~ment may have been one of many ex post facto Dunlapiisms, it being only~~

~~an acquaintance; perhaps~~ ^{she} ~~Clara may have been another name for Laura;~~
perhaps she was only a ~~pass off~~ ^{"sweet"} flame of Philip Stanley's in Clara Howard;

perhaps ~~she is~~ ¹ the lady of On a Taste for the Picturesque; ~~perhaps~~ ²

the verses in the Literary Magazine were addressed to her; ~~perhaps she~~

~~was the poetess of the Grave of Hamilton~~ ³ ~~perhaps she was~~ ^{she was} a sister of

Elizabeth Linn; perhaps she was the author of the letter in the Lit-

erary Magazine; perhaps she was the flower of the Perhaps family--a

sort of perennial perhaps.

1 Monthly Magazine, Vol. III, p. 11.

2 Vol. II, p. 679.

3 ~~Collection of Facts and Documents by Editor of N.Y. Evening Post,~~
1804, Boston 1904, p. 87.

4 Literary Magazine, Vol. V, p. 160, Extempore.

5 Vol. III, p. 446.

(A) In this connection it is interesting to recall that Elizabeth Linn, when she wrote her memoir of Brown, in 1822, was the most ^{authoritative} ~~prominent~~ writer who ^{left sure} ~~claimed~~ he contributed ^{considerable} ~~more~~ for the Portfolio.

L'Amore and the elegy Dunlap found are not the only incense Brown burned at the shrine of that goddess. 1372

There are ~~sixteen~~ ^{eight} canbe quadrimeter couplets addressed "To Clara" in the Literary Magazine X original verse dated 3 January 1801 which can hardly belong to any other person than the quadrant editor ^{affairably} as to believe he would not be suspected as ~~these~~ author when he gave his readers what was three years old. If Clara who offered to be his friend in 1801 was his wife when these verses were published in December of 1804 ~~there is no~~ ^{who one can} doubt they were Brown's. They read:

" TO CLARA.

WITH thrilling voice and speaking
eye,

"I'll be your friend," did Clara cry.
Heard I? or did some wistful muse
The inlets of my soul abuse?
No witching dream did Fancy send,
'Twas Clara said, "I'll be your friend."

Is thine the generous breast that
knows
What rights the name of friend be-
stows?
What I must ask, and she demand,
That holds me by that sacred band?

Ah! more than thy o'er-cautious
heart
Will e'er to wretch like me impart,
Though naught her tenderest lessons
teach
Can go beyond thy dues, or reach:
Though all I hold by gift divine,
Whene'er thou wilt to take, is thine.
~~January 2, 1801.~~

Nothing needs to be said about that to
any reader of other verses by Brown.

Philadelphia May 8. 1861

The printer has made considerable progress in the publication which I believe I mentioned to you in my last, as having been begun. It will be, typographically considered, a very beautiful book. —

Yours in haste,
J. W. H.

Charles B. Sumner.

Illustration

(to be placed to face

page)

When Jared Sparks published Prescott's essay on Brown at Boston in 1834 he used as a frontispiece to the particular article a reproduction of a Brown letter, or provoking portion of a letter, which has apparently been lost or destroyed. A perceptible change of character in the handwriting from the date to the body of the letter and the absence of a salutation makes it suspect as tampered with. Probably the real thing was longer. We have had several of his letters written in haste but we have never had one fully dated and fully signed, so brief and so incomplete in its material. So far as may be surmised Dunlap was the only man alive to whom he would write anything of the kind. It reads:

Philad. May 8. 1801.

.....(?) The printer has made considerable progress in the publication which I believe I mentioned to you in my last, as having been begun. It will be, typographically considered, a very beautiful book.

I'm in haste

Adieu

Charles E. Brown.

The book intended was Brown's first realistic novel Clara Howard which was published at Philadelphia on Monday 22 June. As a piece of book making it was very good but hardly deserving so much praise.

¹
According to Dunlap in the summer of 1801 Brown did some travelling

in New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts. The following fragmentary account of the trip is there given.

"(Tuesday), July 7, 1801.

Very suddenly conceived the design of voyaging up the Hudson river, as far as Albany. Had heard much of the grandeur of its shores, but never had gone above ten miles from New York. My friend C¹ having some leisure was willing to adventure for ten days or a fortnight, and I having still more, and being greatly in want of air and exercise, agreed to accompany him. We found a most spacious and well furnished vessel, captain R.—— in which we embarked at sunset this day. The wind propitious and the air wonderfully bland.

We bade adieu to our friends B.——² J.——³ and D.——⁴ I took my post at the stern, and found much employment for my feelings, in marking through the dusk, the receding city and the glimmering lights; first of quays and avenues, and afterwards of farms and village. It is just three years since my visit to New York, in 1798. An interval replete with events, various and momentous. Some of them humiliating and disastrous, but, on the whole leading me to my present situation in which I have reason for congratulation.

(Wednesday) July 8, 1801.

I write this seated in the cabin, from the windows of which we have a view of wooded slopes, rocky promontories and waving summits. Our attention has been, for some time, fixed upon Stony Point, a memorable post in the late war, a spot familiar to my ears since my infancy, but which I have now seen for the first time. It is a rocky and rugged mass advancing into the river, the sides of which are covered with dwarf cedars, and the summit conspicuous still with some remains of fortification, a general solitude and vacancy around it, and a white cow grazing within the ruinous walls, produce a pleasing effect on my imagination. A craggy eminence, crowned with the ruins of a fortress, is an interesting spectacle every where, but a very rare one in America. I much wished to go ashore and ascend this hill, but it was not convenient.

What are called the highlands of the North river, are a mountainous district, through which the river flows for some miles. I had heard much of the stupendous and alpine magnificence of the scenery. We entered it this morning, with a mild breeze and serene sky, and the prospect hitherto has been soft and beautiful. Nothing abrupt, rugged or gigantic. Farms and cultivated fields seldom appear. Six or eight vessels like our own, have been constantly in sight, and greatly enliven the scene.

We are now at anchor, have just dined. My companions have gone to sleep. The utmost stillness prevails. Nothing to be heard but the buzzing of flies near at hand, and the caw

1 Possibly Conrad the publisher.
3 Johnson.

2 Anthony Bleecker.
4 Dunlap.

ing of distant crows. We were surrounded on all sides by loftier ridges, than I ever before saw bordered by water.

We have formed various conjectures as to the height of these summits. The captain's statements of five and six hundred feet are extravagant. Three hundred would be nearer the truth. Few or none of them are absolute precipices, but most of them are steep, and not to be scaled without difficulty.

I have gazed at the passing scene from Stony Point to West Point, with great eagerness, and till my eye was weary and pained. How shall I describe them. I cannot particularize the substance of the rock, or the kind of tree, save oaks and cedars. I am as little versed in the picturesque. I can only describe their influence on me.

(Friday), July 10 (1801)

My friend is a very diligent observer, and frequently betakes himself to the pen. Heavy brows and languid blood has made me indolent, and I have done nothing but look about me, or muse for the last two days.

On Thursday afternoon with a brisk southward gale and a serene sky, we left the highlands. At the spot where the mountains recede from the river, the river expands into a kind of lake, about two miles wide and ten miles long. The entrance is formed by cliffs, lofty, steep and gloomy with woods, while the borders of the lake itself are easy slopes, checkered with cultivated fields, farms and villages.

The highlands from the height and boldness of the promontories, and ruggedness of the rocks, and the fantastic shape they assume, fully answer the expectations which my friends had excited. But the voyage over the lake, exceeded whatever my fancy had pictured of delightful. Three populous villages, Peekskill, New Windsor and Newburg, and innumerable farms decorate its borders.

Yesterday we moved but slowly, the wind becoming adverse. At noon we drew into a wharf at Red-hook, and remained there till evening. My friend and I seized the opportunity of wandering. The river bank is lofty, and wooded as usual, but no wise remarkable.

Some hours before, a waving and bluish line in the horizon, reminded us of the Kaats-kill mountains. These are seen very advantageously from Red-hook, distant about twenty miles, and appear of stupendous height. Their elevation has been ascertained, but I do not recollect what it is.

We roamed along the shore and among the bushes, highly pleased with the exercise, and concluded our rambles with a bathing in the river. In leaving the sloop, I left most of my sluggish feelings behind me, and walked enough to make the night's repose acceptable and sound.

With the tide to favour us we left Red-hook at eight o'clock, but were obliged to anchor again before morning. At six o'clock my friend and I accompanied the captain ashore, in search of milk and blackberries. I have since seated myself on deck, watching the shore, as the breeze carried us slowly along.

add to note on Beggar Girl

1375

+ The Beggar Girl was a new Conrad book
not in the series.

My friend is busy with his spy glass, reconnoitering the rocks and hay stacks, and surveying the wharves and store houses of Lunenburg and Hudson, villages we have just passed. I have observed but little besides a steep bank, roughened by rocks and bushes, occasionally yielding to slopes of a parched and yellowish soil, with poor cottages sparingly scattered, and now and then a small garden or field of corn. A fellow passenger left us at Hudson. One only remaining, a Mr. H.---- of Albany, a well behaved man, whose attention is swallowed up by Mrs. Bennet's "Beggar Girl." 1

The sloop's crew consists of captain, mate, a man and a boy as cook; all orderly, peaceable obliging persons. The cabin being perfectly clean and comfortable, and provisions plentiful and good, we have no reason to regret the delays occasioned by adverse winds, and by calms. I have some vacant moments which a book might amuse. The captain's whole stock consists of a book on navigation, Dillworth's Arithmetic, and Goldsmith's Citizen of the World. I have looked into the last, but it does not please me. The fiction is ill supported, the style smooth and elegant, but the sentiments and observations far from judicious or profound.

The mate has been telling me his adventures. A very crude and brief tale it was, but acceptable and pleasing to me.

A voyage round the globe is a very trivial adventure, now-a-days. This man has been twice to Nootka, thence to Canton, and thence to Europe and home. He performed one whaling voyage to Greenland, and was fifteen months a seaman in a British seventy-four. His South Sea voyage occupied eighteen months, during which there was neither sickness nor death among the crew."

This account of Brown's, equal in all respects to any other, has heretofore been unknown in the annals of early travelling by sloop on the Hudson River.

In looking into Goldsmith's Citizen of the World it is lamentable Brown did not dip far enough to find the Looking glass of Lao; if he had he might have been enticed to continue so as to read a host of stories and ideas which could not fail to have had much of an appeal

1 Of Conrad's Select Novels, Mrs. Bennet's De Valcourt was Vol. I; Brown's Jane Talbot No. IV.

to him. The slight thread of a story made it appear worthless to Brown at this time of his life when he was giving more attention to plot; but why he did not properly estimate Goldsmith's genius is incomprehensible¹ unless the mate was to blame for diverting his attention. The Citizen of the World is perhaps not very deep; perhaps not sufficiently serious but it is certainly broad in its knowledge of human life. For any literary worker it is also full of sound advice to authors whether they write in prose or verse and contemplate publication in any medium of their craft. Brown's criticism is most superficial. The ill support of the fiction is the last fault in the world Brown should have found--he sinned in that detail as much if not more than Goldsmith.

1 In the June 1806 Literary Magazine Vol.III, pp.403-4 he does give Goldsmith his due.

The experience of the mate in his voyages to Nootka we may find used in Jane Talbot as part of the hero's, Colden's, experience.

After omitting what he said about Albany, which to-day would be of historical value and interest, Dunlap's extracts continue.

"(Monday) Lebanon, July 13, 1801.

An hour ago we arrived at this delightful spot. Delightful it is in every view. The scenery around is sweetly picturesque, swelling slopes, luxuriant fertility and the wild music of birds, combine to delight our senses while abroad, while the apartments are neat, rustic and perfectly commodious. Our room looks out upon the neighbouring vallies at the most charming point of view. Methinks I shall leave this spot with regret. To-morrow we propose to leave it.

*We know not yet what they call the springs or baths, and have seen none of the company at this house. I suppose we shall presently be introduced to them at dinner, and employ the afternoon in wandering abroad.

*Our ride hither, being over a tolerably smooth road, and through a country that has many indications of being newly settled, such as log huts, trunks of trees piled on each other for fences, men ploughing among the undecayed stumps of trees, and corn growing luxuriantly among tall oaks, which fire and the girdling axe had robbed of their leafy honours, has been very pleasing. In proportion as we approached Lebanon, the slopes become longer, more beautiful and more cultivated, and now having reached our journey's end, we find ourselves within view of almost every thing that can cheer the heart of man. From the table where I sit, I have a glimpse of a sloping side of a secondary ridge of the green mountains, at the foot of which Lebanon is situated.

Tuesday. (14 July 1801.)

The company here are a few invalids. Beside these ~~there~~ are three girls and a young man from South Carolina. The youth has a most unfavourable aspect, but is nevertheless good natured and intelligent. The ladies are shy, and have nothing particularly attractive.

Yesterday afternoon C. and I. visited the Shakers' village. This appears to be the paradise of health and tranquility. Our request to see their garden was complied with, but reluctantly. An old man accompanied us through it who was easily prevailed upon to give us some account of his creed. The shakers who occupy this village, are only a branch of the society. Their chief tenet you know is the sinfulness of marriage, and the arguments and quotations of this apostle, were all directed

to this point. They were strange reasonings and whimsical quotations, but delivered with the utmost confidence in their truth.

I have often regretted that I had not skill in taking portraits. The countenance of our guide, and that of an aged sister who brought us water, were worth preserving."

It would be interesting to compare the visits of Brown and Hawthorne to that community of Shakers. After the equality of men and women and the discussion on marriage as presented in Alcuin it is not surprising that Brown was interested in the socialistic side of the community while Hawthorne only thought the fringed gentians by the roadside worthy of his pen. However when he came to the next stopping place of Brown's the greater genius asserted itself and Hawthorne found the germ of Ethan Brand, a work which Brown never equalled.

The Dunlap extracts continue:

"Thursday, Northampton. (16 July 1801.)

We left Lebanon on Tuesday afternoon and traversed a very mountainous and beautiful country to Pittsfield. Here we found some scope for curiosity, and very agreeable accommodations. Yesterday brought us to this place, where we find every mark of comfort and opulence. We know nobody, and can therefore seek employment and amusement only in ourselves, in the fields and the outsides of houses. We might have had letters introducing us at every considerable town in the course of this journey, but proposing to fly along rapidly, we omitted to apply for them. I think we erred, as a friend, for even an half hour is of some value.

We talk with those who chance to be our companions in the stage and at the inn, and gain from them what they know or choose to tell, which of course is but little.

Thursday night, Hartford.

On entering this town recollections of past visits to this place occurred with some force and sunk me into not unpleasant meditation. I have been here twice, eight years and two years ago, at the same season as at present, but in very different circumstances.

New Haven, July 18, (1801.) Saturday evening.

C. was quickly weary of the dusty and dull town of Hartford, and after traversing the most part, agreed to hire a coach to take us to Middletown before dinner. First however we obeyed the invitation of a sign, and went into a stable to see a moose deer. This creature is a native of the northern regions of America, and was remarkable in this instance, chiefly, for the proofs of docility he gave in obeying the keeper's voice."

Dunlap adds to this that Brown called on his old friends at Middletown--the friends of 1793 and 1798. ~~But the newer friend does not think their names important enough to be given.~~

The next extract opens:

"(New Haven) Monday morning. (20 July 1801.)

We have spent almost two days here (New Haven) and though absolute strangers to every one we meet, have been very much at our ease. We find company in each other of which we have not hitherto been weary. Yesterday in the morning we went to church, and heard Dr. Dwight preach an ingenious sermon to prove the reality of good and bad angels or genii. A very agreeable doctrine in which the fancy is more disposed to acquiesce than the understanding.

At the present time it is impossible to find the sermon Dwight

delivered on that day. In 1801 he was accustomed to extemporize from slight notes. Whether he had any manuscript of the sermon is not known. Apparently the three sermons XVIII, XIX and XX on angels and fallen angels (in his published Theology, Vol. I, pp. 291-316) comprised the substance of what Brown heard him deliver so that the material that originally had been given in one was elaborated into three published sermons. Thus the exposition is carried through the three; XIX being a more garrulous XVIII. The good angels only appear in the so-called Remarks to XIX, and the bad angels appear in XX. In general the three sermons treat of things that no man is given to understand—not even Dwight. Plenty of interesting speculation can be indulged in if the imagination is active, ^{like that of fairies} ~~absolute~~ faith in an angel's existence can and ^{may} ~~should~~ be held, but no one on earth has ever offered proof that would have convinced Brown at this time. For the sake of his argument Dwight took the figurative and symbolic statements of the Bible as literally true, ~~and the Bible itself probably the King James version as from the Creator himself.~~

As a criticism of Dwight's doctrine as expressed in those three sermons Brown's one sentence, assuming it is actually his and that Dunlap made no error in transcription, is the best that could have been made then or can be made now. The plan of the discourse is formal, stiff, and rhetorically pedantic. For an ordinary auditory Dwight's sermons may have been inspiring; but on 20 July 1801 he had at least one extraordinary intelligence listening to him. There was not very much difference in the religious faith of the preacher and the attendant and they had a remarkable number of traits in common, they also were probably personally acquainted, so that Brown's ears were attuned by sympathy. But if Dwight ever spoke of an angel to an angel it was on that day. To the man who could write such a work as Wieland, ~~which is morally worth Dwight's four volumes of Theology~~ that sermon was the driest pedant's drive!

The journal entry 20 July 1801 at New Haven continues:

In the afternoon we employed ourselves very agreeably in scaling a rock in the neighbourhood, called the East Rock. It terminates abruptly one of the ridges of mountains that range from north to south through Connecticut. It is ~~very~~ bold and very lofty precipice, and allowed our eye to range over a great extent of sea and land. We lingered on the brow of this hill, and wandered at the foot of it till evening, and re-

1 This is not to be considered literally, Brown hardly attempted the "stunt" which has ended in the death of several Yale students, means they went up what road there was.

add text, in his native city,
though only for a short time.

1379

turned highly pleased with the grand and romantic scenery we had met with.

Having nothing else to do, we have traversed this town in all directions, and indulged ourselves in speculating upon all we saw. We have met with several particulars worthy of remark, and my friend X is at this moment busy in recording his observations.

No situation at an inn could be more agreeable than that which we enjoy here. The family are quiet and orderly, and their lodging and provisions excellent. We experience no interruption or intrusion at our meals or in our slumbers."

At that time the one place where Brown was liable to stop was at the inn run by Isaac Beers on the site of the present Hotel Taft. There in 1783 Beers the tavern keeper had opened a book store in the lower part of the house and rented the rooms in the upper part to students and travellers. It is hard to believe he could have found such a quiet place among Yale students but the manners of youth change so easily and the record is so slight it may be true.

There the extracts stop and the next information we have of our author shows him reestablished in his native city.

1801 riding

second one

The ~~riding~~ trip the ~~first~~ ^{second} of its kind ~~at~~
 which we have ~~found~~ ^{second} which Brown this
 time took with his brother James is remarkable
 for several reasons. When it was made it
 was ~~not what it~~ ^{was almost} through ~~country that~~
 what ~~was almost~~ a ~~wood~~ ^{settled} ~~land~~ ^{by} wilderness with only scarce farms
 and the ~~character~~ ^{settled} ~~of the~~ ^{by} ~~woods~~ ^{by} ~~was~~ ^{by} ~~staring~~ ^{by} ~~in~~ ^{by} ~~appeal~~ ^{by} ~~in~~ ^{by} ~~fact~~ ^{by} ~~it~~ ^{by} ~~was~~ ^{by}
 the untold wealth in coal and iron the
 industrial development, the easy penetration
 by rail road were ~~then~~ ^{never} dreamed of by the
 most travellers; Every Philadelphian ~~knows~~
~~now~~ the picturesque attractions of the
 valley of the Schuylkill which ~~its~~ ^{which} ~~state~~ ^{state} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~being~~ ^{being} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~become~~ ^{become} ~~mostly~~ ^{mostly}
 a forgotten tradition.

and widely separated

Brown was one of the most travelled men of his days.
 Having tried stage coaches and found
 them unpleasant there only remained one
 other method - to ride. As we shall see he
 discovered ~~was~~ a disadvantage in that. So for
 the rest of his life he ~~came~~ ^{came} to prefer to
 walk.

whether the Brown brothers had any commercial
 objective we cannot surmise because the trip
 is incomplete and carefully edited. From Joseph
 Brown's 1827 note-books we learn that James was the
 owner of twenty thousand acres of land on the
 West branch of the Susquehanna in Centre
 County, partly in Hepanosa and Sugar valleys.
 At the end - at least what is the end for us - of
 this trip the travellers could ^{easily} have crossed the
 east branch of the river, turned to the north-west
 and followed the regular course to the lands
 James ~~then~~ ^{then} ~~owned~~ ^{owned} or ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~contemplating~~ ^{contemplating} the
 purchase. ~~x~~ ^{a reference to land speculation}
 is significant.

Like so many other good things ~~found~~

1380

In ~~our study~~ of the Literary Magazine we have found ~~in volume one~~ ^{the account}
~~of this trip outward-bound~~ ^{it opens with} in
what are apparently two extracts from Brown's journal and as ~~one bears~~
the dates of this year and time of the year, ^{of which there is} and we have no cause
to doubt the ~~accuracy~~ ^{of these dates} we ~~shall~~ ^{they were} here ~~claim~~ ^{magazines} them as
~~Brown's~~ and reprint them as published in the numbers for December
1803 and January 1804 ^{of volume one.} under ~~his~~ ^{his} supervision.
instalment
The first reads:

[Wednesday]

Aug. 19, 1801.... This day being fixed on for setting out upon our journey up the Susquehanna, brother J... and myself, mounted our horses at six in the afternoon, and taking to the Ridge road, arrived at the Wissihicken, where we stopped for the night.

Previous to the adoption of the plan, now in operation, for watering the city of Philadelphia, this creek was recommended to the notice of the corporation, as eligible for the purpose; but as there was reason to fear, that in dry seasons the water would prove insufficient, and as it would have been attended with considerable expense to purchase the requisite number of mills

which must have been destroyed to acquire a sufficient head, the project was abandoned. Notwithstanding the periodical scantiness of the supply, this is a valuable stream. From Peter Robinson's, where it discharges itself into the Schuylkill, to Wheeler's, a distance of about twelve miles, in a direct line, there are eighteen merchant and grist-mills, capable of furnishing, at least, one hundred thousand barrels of flour, per annum; but as they are not constantly provided with grain, and the water frequently fails, it is believed that they do not prepare more than sixty thousand. The average Philadelphia price of flour for the last ten years, may be safely taken at eight dollars and a quarter

^{Apparently}
* This is either ~~and~~ or a "to" has been omitted after "up".

- 1 James, despite the error later of ending the dots by an "r", d.v.
- 2 As we have seen Brown had an interest in the Philadelphia water supply in 1801.

From Joseph Brown's 1827 note-books we learn that James owned property there and across the land on the West Branch of the Susquehanna, Centre Co., partly in Jefferson and Sugar valleys.

per barrel, which proves that the millers of Wissihicken receive almost half a million of dollars annually, for the produce of their mills. In the year 1796, when flour was at the highest, and when, from the extraordinary price, it is presumable that they manufactured more than the usual quantity, it is probable

that their receipts fell little short of a million; and that they have not laboured in vain, is fairly deducible from the circumstance of their being rich.

The universal vehicle for conveying the flour to market, is the wagon; and the vicinity to the city gives these millers no inconsiderable advantage over their competitors.

This mode of conveyance is common throughout Pennsylvania. In New-York it is otherwise; water-carriage alone being used there. The consequence of which is, that whenever the navigation of the North and East rivers is interrupted by ice, that city is deprived of her inland commerce; whereas, Philadelphia carries on a brisk trade with the interior country and her back settlements during the severest frosts.

The banks of the Wissihicken are steep and rugged. They are covered with a rich foliage of native trees, interspersed with the wild grape, the woodbine, and other flowering plants, which perfume the air with their odour, and add greatly to the beauty of the scenery..... The wanderer may here immerse himself in the deepest solitude, and

1 Brown's note:

The following statement extracted from the books of an extensive and correct flour factor in Philadelphia, will shew the price of flour for a period of ten years. Instead of following the fluctuations minutely into every month, the average sales of the two principal seasons in each year have been taken. In 1796 it was as high as fourteen and a half, and even fifteen dollars; but it maintained these prices for a very limited time.

AVERAGE PRICE OF FLOUR IN PHILADELPHIA.

<i>Spring.</i>		<i>Fall.</i>	
	DOLLS.		DOLLS.
1791.....	5	5
2.....	4	5 20
3.....	6	6 33
4.....	7	7
5.....	11	13
6.....	14	11
7.....	9	8 50
8.....	8 50	6 50
9.....	9 50	9 25
1800.....	10 50	10

2 Brown's friend Timothy Paxton was a flour factor.

add note to half a million^x

1381

^x The average is 820.6 giving a total

of ~~\$484,036~~

\$492,036

contemplate nature in her most hidden recesses: or, if other views be more agreeable to his fancy, he may direct his steps towards the habitations of the millers, and feast his eyes on luxuriant and well cultivated fields; verdant meadows, and variegated gardens. To those who have not lost their relish for the sportive charms of native scenery, contrasted and blended with the useful works of man, Wissihicken will ever be a delightful retreat. In my juvenile days, I have often visited these hills to gaze on the limped stream, and breathe the delicious fragrance of the wild flower. - The remembrance is now dear to me.¹

The clatter of the mills might well recal to our memory, the simple story of the German boor, who, on his first approach to a mill, heard a strange voice loudly and deliberately pronounce "Ich juckt ihr

buckel....Ich juckt ihr buckel.... Ich juckt ihr buckel."² The language was sufficiently intelligible; but, as he had committed no offence, he supposed the threat was uttered against some other person. Curiosity tempted him to enter. He gave umbrage to the surly proprietor, received a drubbing, and was turned out. The miller had occasion to alter the gears, and as the unlucky clown was hastening away, he suffered the additional mortification of being briskly taunted by the flippant mill with, "Gelt Ich habt ihr buckel gejuckt? Gelt Ich habt buckel ihr gejuckt? Gelt Ich habt ihr buckel gejuckt?"³

20....Lodged as comfortably as a sultry night would permit, at our hospitable friend, P. Robinson's, where we likewise breakfasted. My unruly steed chose to put his foot on mine, so that lameness is added to debility. A foggy morning, succeeded by a bright and hot sun. Stopped to bait at Norristown. 'Tis a poor, ill-looking place, consisting of about twenty houses. The courts of justice for Montgomery county are held in this place, in an ill-fashioned stone building.... placed on a naked eminence. The town is situated on a sloping bank, on the margin of the river, which flows here, with a gentle current over a gravelly bottom. It is here that the canal is taken from the Schuylkill, and considerable progress has been made in cutting it through a rocky ridge, below the town. The want of funds has put a total stop to the work. It

1 This recollection is true of Brown.

2 Brown's note: "I'll tickle your back....I'll tickle, &c."

3 Brown's note:

⁴ Hey! didn't I tickle your back.... Hey! didn't I &c.

I know of no word in the English language that expresses the full meaning of the German Juck or Jucken. I have used tickle....but it has by no means the same humorous signification. It is also observable, that the German articulation more nearly resembles the language of the mill than the English.

4 This may be the father of Mary Atmore's husband. Cf. Smith's diary extract 1 May (1797).

is to be hoped, that it will at some period be resumed. Notwithstanding the large sums which have already been expended on this object, it is probable that it will yet require between three and four hundred thousand dollars to complete it. It is satisfactory, however, to observe, that much of what is done is of a permanent nature; but unless the Susquehanna and Schuylkill canal be accomplished, and the navigation of the river above this place be considerably improved, the utility of the Schuylkill and Delaware canal may be questionable. Whenever the waters are sufficiently high to admit of the passage of rafts or loaded boats to Norristown, they can always proceed with safety to the city. This circumstance, no doubt, occurred to the projectors and prosecutors of the work.

In one of the rooms of the tavern, we observed a pedlar, very busy in displaying his scanty wares on the backs of chairs, on tables and trunks, with an air as consequential as if he were surrounded with the riches of Indostan. He had posted an advertisement on the door, enumerating the articles he had for sale, and giving notice that he would sell very cheap, and continue for *some* days, and *longer* if encouraged. It is remarkable, however, notwithstanding the general opprobrium heaped on the poor pedlars, that some of the wealthiest traders in America commenced business in this humble station.

The *Ridge road* is a channel through which immense riches flow into the city. Large quantities of lime, marble, flour, and other produce of the country, being continually conveyed along it, which occasion it to be much cut up, and from the nature of the soil, it is, during winter, nearly impassable; while in summer the deep bed of dust which covers it, renders travelling very unpleasant. A turnpike has become almost indispensable.

We stopped to view the stone bridge over the Ferkiomen, a small

but beautiful stream. This is one of the greatest structures of the kind in America, and adds greatly and justly to the fame of Pennsylvania in this respect. It was built by one Lewis, a Welshman, of no education. He has, however, given much satisfaction to his employers in the execution of this work. It is built not without taste, and has a good effect upon the eye, though irregular in its construction. It has one arch of seventy-five feet span, three of sixty, and two of thirty, resting on strong piers and solid abutments. It passes obliquely over the channel, and appears to be, including the abutments, between seven and eight hundred feet in length; but the stream does not usually occupy more than one fourth of that space. The bridge is sufficiently broad to admit two carriages a-breast.

Dined at the *Trap Tavern*, a mile and an half beyond the bridge, and twenty-six miles from Philadelphia. During our stay, there occurred a heavy fall of rain. We were overtaken here by the sheriff of Montgomery county, with a jury in his train. As they appeared to be bent upon a frolic, I inquired of one of them, whom I knew, whither they were going. He replied, "A few miles higher up to hold an inquest on some land, which might be done in a day; but, as the sheriff was just going out of office, and the expense was to fall on others, they intended to *keep it up* three days." All of them were mounted, and if some of the horses lacked *spirit*, it was otherwise with their riders.

Showery all the afternoon. Every little transient cloud was surcharged with water, and seemed in a humour to be merry with us. We stopped to save our jackets, and then it ceased to rain. Invited by a bright sun, we set out again, and it immediately began to pour.... Others were no better off than ourselves. One care-taking man, particularly, was constantly occupied in putting on and pulling off his great coat, and so unlucky was he,

that he was seldom in the right. When it rained, his coat was snugly tied to his saddle....he made haste to get it on his back, and lo! it ceased to rain: while the heat of the sun soon obliged him to alight, and fix it on the saddle again. It served us for an occasional laugh, and if all our miscalculations and misfortunes could be passed off as merrily, we should fare much better than most of us do, in our journey through life.

The farm-houses within sight are generally built of stone, and form, in this respect, a striking contrast to the wooden houses of New-England. Dwellings of stone and of brick are universally condemned by our eastern brethren, as destructive of health; but if this prejudice were not otherwise contradicted, the hardy appearance of the people among whom we now are, is far from warranting the belief. No lack of taverns....there are eleven in a distance of as many miles, between the Bridge and Pottsgrove.¹ So many are not necessary for the accommodation of travellers....they serve as places of drunkenness and debauchery to the idle and profligate in the neighbourhood, and are, in fact, public nuisances. The soil is not gene-

¹ This contrast recalls to us that Brown had just been travelling in New England.

² Perhaps Brown and his brother were going to look up the elusive Miss Potts.

rally rich, consisting of a thin redish loam, hilly and gravelly.... We passed through a populous country, and arrived at the pretty little village of Pottsgrove before sun-set. At the entrance of the town, there is an unoccupied large stone-house, which, as we were informed, was erected by one of the Pott's, on a high spot of ground, which never was completed, from water being nowhere to be found upon the hill. Though several hundred pounds were expended on this house, the builder was not more short-sighted than he who built a mill in Dauphin county, intending to make it pump up the water, by which it was to be supplied, and from which it was to derive all its force.

The land about this village is fertile, and well cultivated. The town is situated thirty-seven miles from Philadelphia, in a valley, near the Schuylkill, but not within sight of it; and contains one hundred and fifty houses, chiefly stone and brick. The most notable circumstance that occurred here, was the measuring of a radish in the landlord's garden, which proved to be twenty-two and an half inches in circumference.

21...¹Departed by times. Crossed the Mawnytowny, a small creek, and breakfasted at the White-horse, five miles on our way....fared well. Soon after crossed the Monockass, over a substantial stone-bridge of six arches. Tarried an hour at Reading, which is a considerable, but ill-looking town, sixteen and an half miles from Pottsgrove. One story log-houses, filled in with brick or stone, small, slovenly and inconvenient, with a few modern buildings, clumsily ornamented, is a full description of Reading. We met here a Philadelphian, who told us, he could not, after repeated trials, find a chaise, or any kind of carriage, for hire in the town. This place is noted for its hatters. A great many wool hats, of good fabric, are made here, sold to the Philadelphia hatters, and thence dispersed every where..... They manufacture them so cheap, and their work is in such credit, that no body in Philadelphia attempts the same business. They are much superior to the wool hats usually imported from England.

Schuylkill is on the west side of Reading, out of view. Hills obstruct the prospect on every other side. The town lies, comparatively, low, in a contracted, but fertile valley: the hills are generally cultivated on their sides, though some of them are bleak and barren. The contrast is not unpleasant. Near the town flows the Tulpehocken into the Schuylkill. By means of this stream, and the Quitapihilla, the sources of each approaching very near to each

other, one of the projected canals was intended to unite the Susquehannah and Schuylkill.

This canal has suffered the same fate as the other....the work has long since been suspended. To render the Delaware and Schuylkill canal extensively useful, it will be necessary to complete this....by means of which a water communication may be opened with an extensive country bordering on the wide spreading branches of the Susquehannah, and on the lakes north-west of the Pennsylvania line.

My countrymen project with more zeal than they execute, and are not backward to undertake more than they can perform. The failure of these canals may be attributed to a variety of causes. It was not to be expected, considering the number and magnitude of the public works commenced at the same period, that a sum, commensurate to their seasonable completion, could be suddenly diverted from the capital employed, by the citizens, in pursuits more pressing in their demands, more generally understood, and more certain in their issue. Many of the subscribers were mere speculators, and became stockholders with no view steadily to prosecute the work; but to embrace the first favourable moment to sell out to a profit. These nominal members were like dead weights on the exertions of the rest. Certain other individuals, whose extensive schemes of aggrandizement have no parallel in this, or perhaps any other country, having purchased largely of the stock, possessed themselves of a considerable portion of the funds of their associated brethren, and then becoming bankrupts, thus effectually paralyzed, if they have not given the death wound to these valuable works.

Still pursuing the course of the river on its eastern side, we halted ten miles from Reading, at Hamburgh, or Carter's-town....or, as the Germans in the neighbourhood pro-

nounce it, Kaarker's sthettle..... a small place of forty houses, which seems to carry on a brisk trade in card-playing and horse-racing.

Before we reached Hamburgh, we crossed Maiden-creek, a considerable stream, over a wooden bridge, resting on stone piers..... About this creek there is good land, and the redish hue of the soil so conspicuous hitherto, begins to decline.

Every where we find the descendants of Germans. They are the principal settlers of the country, and are a rude uncultivated people, not noted for civility, nor apt to render disinterested services to strangers or each other.

A mile from Hamburgh we began to skirt the first ridge of mountains, on a wild, rugged road, cut along its sides, at the foot of which flows the river, sometimes placidly and

slowly, and sometimes rapidly and turbulently over rocks and shoals. The road is frequently sixty, and an hundred feet almost vertically above the river, and is too narrow to allow carriages to pass each other. Three miles further we crossed at Ege's Forge the eastern branch called Little Schuylkill, having passed in view of the junction a little below. Both branches head in this immense chain of mountains. The roughness of the road made travelling very tiresome, and occasioned us to be benighted, a circumstance however, which we had little reason to regret. The air of the mountains after a hot day, was very refreshing, and the full moon, rising majestically over the hill-tops, contributed not a little to the grandeur of the scenery. The dark sides of the mountains formed a picturesque contrast to the silvery illumination which invested the rest of the landscape. At length we reached our intended resting place, and were received with significant bows and looks, by a boorish looking German, whom we soon found to be our landlord. Judging from appearances we prepared ourselves for rough fair in this barren region. We enquired what we could have

to eat, and were answered, any thing you please. J..... was for coffee, but I dissuaded him, expecting he would not relish it if made; we called for milk, which was furnished of the best quality and in nice order, with abundance of good butter and cheese. J..... proposed the addition of pye, "well," said our host, "you can have it," and forthwith produced pyes of two kinds, both excellent. Such fare in a wilderness was unexpected, and we did it justice by finishing near a quart of milk each.

Our landlord's name is David Pensinger. His house is nine miles from Hamburgh. He seems desirous of pleasing, and amused us much by his aukward nods and singular remarks. As an instance, when we ordered oats for our horses, he stopped to point out to us the remarkable resemblance between the English and German pronunciation of the word, one being "oats," and the other "haaver."

22..... Several of us, having been crowded together in a small, close room, and the weather being exceedingly warm, I slept little on my musty dusty bed of chaff with one scanty sheet: heard the clock strike every hour of the night, and rose between three and four in the morning.

J.....'s horse is lame, and mine much galled, and this is the more unpleasant as we have a rough tiresome day's ride before us. We are now among the mountains, and expect to travel slowly. Pensinger, after examining J.....'s horse, gravely informed him of a cure which he said could not fail of success.... "At the next house you

stop at, look for a bag, and steal the string. This, tie round your horses lame leg, but be sure you do it without being seen by any body."

We have been diligently employed three hours in going to Reeve's, a distance of eight or ten miles. J..... will scarcely find it necessary to purloin a string, as his horse moves as usual. No improvements visible except a few low huts, with

small patches of cleared ground about them, mostly planted with buck-wheat. Buck-wheat is the grain chiefly grown in this part of the country, and is employed to feed their poultry, their hogs and themselves. Good rye is likewise cultivated to profit, but the soil is too light for wheat, and we saw none of it.

Every where the women are busy in the fields with the men, and both sexes are principally occupied in destroying the trees. A shirt of coarse linen, wide trowsers of tow cloth, a broad rimmed black wool hat, and leather shoes, composed the dress of the men; most of them had pipes in their mouths. The dress of the women consisted of three articles; a hat similar to that worn by the men, the usual garment of coarse linen, and a linsy petticoat, to which some of them added a neck handkerchief and shoes. The air we breathe is impregnated with the odour of wild flowers, with which the woods abound, and of which we observed a great variety. Reeve's wife appeared to exert herself to entertain us, and among other dainties placed before us a large dish of fried onion swimming in fat. Here we were overtaken by three young men on foot from Philadelphia, bound to Catassey, who left Reading when we did. An active man on foot, will, on a journey of considerable extent, keep pace with a horseman, so much time is consumed in the care necessarily bestowed on that animal, and who requires longer and more frequent intervals of rest, inasmuch as he carries not only himself, but his rider.

It is amusing to observe the effect of political zeal in this impoverished tract. Every few miles present us with a liberty pole towering near some dismal hovel, and decorated with party coloured flags and liberty caps.

We perceived no pines, nor evergreens of any kind till we entered the mountains, and now few other

~~This appears to be the first riding trip we have of Brown's.~~

trees of any importance present themselves. It is reasonable to believe that these trees prevailed originally and generally throughout a considerable portion of the United States. Where settlements are newly made, and the pine and hemlock are cut down, they are invariably succeeded by the oak and hickory. It is probable that the dwarf bush or scrub oak differs not in species from those of larger size, for it is always sure to expand to the customary magnitude, when the lofty trees which overshadow, and impede its growth are removed. This is the case in every part of the continent that I have visited.

Between Reeve's and Kepner's (about eight miles) there is but one house, or rather hovel. Kepner is a lively talkative old fellow, and his house is one of the best in its materials and construction in the woods. It is of hewn logs one story high, and twenty feet square, composing a single room in which the landlord tells us he has lodged forty persons at once.

This man left a good plantation in a populous neighbourhood to reside in this lonely and sterile spot. This he does not regret, but laments very much his having abandoned another mode of life, which was that of driving a waggon and team of horses, which he says, he followed for forty-five years, without interruption. We had a repast of some venison, rye bread and butter, radishes and cheese, all very excellent, and whisky, being the only liquor his house afforded. Our horses had a plentiful mess of cut rye and straw: for all which he charged us twenty-five cents. "Twenty-five cents," exclaimed J..... with uplifted hands and eyes, affecting to be amazed at the extravagance of the demand. "Why tus you dink es is du much?" Was the query of our good natured host, withdrawing his hand as the money was presented to him. He would willingly have reduced the price. In any of the southern states a less comfortable and plentiful supply would have cost us two dollars. The old man was well pleased with our liberality in paying the *full* quarter of a dollar, and on parting wished us a pleasant ride.

The second extract appears in the next number of the periodical,

and reads:

1 This is an error. Eight times the name is designated without any "r". So far as we know Brown had no acquaintance with any person whose name could be ~~correctly~~ so designated.

F
I
or with an apostrophe "s"

THE next stage was Lavenberg's, nine miles from Kepner's. There

is no cultivation of any kind between the two places. The large trees have at different periods been blown down, and the ground is thickly covered with low timber, chiefly oak bushes, producing vast quantities of acorns, nuts and berries, and inhabited by panthers and deer, together with immense multitudes of pheasants, and other wild fowl, among which the turkey is frequently seen.

It is probable that many years will elapse before this tract will become the home of man, as there are yet so many millions of acres of better land unsettled in the United States. The temptation to cultivate any portion of this spot must therefore be feeble and remote. The period may never arrive....but it is evident, sterile and bleak as it is that it might be forced to contribute to human support. One great art in cultivation consists in adapting the product to the nature of the climate and soil, and where berries and nuts grow spontaneously, the genius and industry of man, goaded by necessity, may surely contrive the means of subsistence. The surface is gravel, sand, and rock, with a small mixture of loam.

We overtook two young men on foot, who had killed a rattle-snake having twelve rattles. This is undoubtedly one of the most formidable reptiles of North-America; and it is a fortunate circumstance that he seldom if ever commences an attack without previous notice. He is naturally sluggish, but, conscious of his power, is little disposed to yield his path to an intruder. His maxim seems to be, "Let me alone, and I'll let you alone." When irritated he rarely misses his object, if within his reach, and it is a remarkable fact, that, after the head is severed from the body, if you touch the tail with a stick, the part nearest the head will strike the offending stick with great force, and so instantly and certainly, that it requires uncommon dexterity to avoid the blow.

Notwithstanding vulgar prejudice, there are few of our snakes whose bite is not as harmless as the bite of a mouse. This is certainly the case with the black snake, garter snake, water snake, and some others.

Lavenberg finds it necessary to house his sheep at night. Not many years since the wolves were so bold that they frequently advanced into his barn yard in the day time and carried off his flock.

To keep the wolf at a distance, it is sufficient occasionally to scour his haunts with a pack of the larger species of hounds: they are his natural enemies, and he never fails to desert the country which echoes to their music.

When at Lavenberg's, we imagined we had passed the worst of our day's ride, having crossed no less than five stupendous ridges of mountains: the Blue, the Tuscaroro, the Locust, the Broad, and the Mahanoy. The passage over them is better adapted to the taste of a poet, than to that of a farmer. Here are also a few handsome lover's leaps, where the heart-sick melting swain might find a ready cure for all his earthly afflictions. The road skirts some of these ridges at the height of one thousand or more feet, nearly vertically above the contracted vallies which border their rude bases. Instances sometimes occur of loaded waggons meeting in these dangerous passes, in which case there is no alternative but to ungear one of the teams, to conduct the horses one by one to the rear of the waggon, and then to draw it back until a spot can be found sufficiently level and spacious to turn aside, which in some parts requires the patient toil of hours, and the retrograde motion of miles. To prevent these disagreeable consequences, the waggoners crack their whips, and whoop to give notice of their approach. They had need to be careful, for a trifling mistake would be attended with inevitable destruction. It is not a little surprising that waggons, carrying from twelve to fourteen barrels of flour, are continually travelling these roads, which, we thought, were almost impassable on horseback, and frequently led our horses, and walked for hours successively in preference to riding.

It had been threatening rain all day, and while at Lavenberg's, a smart shower fell; it ceased between four and five in the afternoon, when we again mounted and proceeded on our way. Presently we began to ascend what is called the Little Mountain, but which is in reality a very lofty and rugged ridge. As we approached its summit, a scene suddenly opened to our view, which, for a time, rivetted our whole attention, and engrossed all our thoughts. We were struck with admiration and surprise, mixed with pleasure and awe. Towards the south-west our view extended to an immense distance over an unimproved and woody country, where mountains rise back of mountains as far as the eye can reach, seeming to vie with each other in the wild aspect of their fronts, and in the bold elevation of their peaks. Around them clouds were seen to rush in every direction, and dark storms were fast gathering on their craggy sides. Neither of us had ever witnessed similar appearances, and we involuntarily halted to indulge in the transports of the moment. We saw the rain descending in copious streams beneath the mountains' tops; witnessed the vivid flash of the tremulous lightning apparently below us; and listened to the awful peal of distant thunder

1 This was part of the tract of land purchased by Stephen Girard in 1830. It comprised some of the richest coal lands in the whole country, but in 1801 the use of coal was unknown. See Stephen Simpson: Biography of Stephen Girard

re-echoed from cliff to cliff, and answering to the hollow blast of the driving wind. We were not long permitted to remain idle spectators of this conflict of the elements, nor to enjoy unmolested the novelty and sublimity of this scene. Presently a tumultuous assemblage of clouds arriving from various points, presented themselves against the side of the mountain nearest to us, and distant about three miles. We saw the storm hastily advance, and dash

itself against the opposing eminence. It grew darker and darker, as if enraged at the interruption, and determined to surmount it. We were in full view of the contest. It was of short duration. The storm moved slowly to the summit in an oblique direction from us, and having surmounted it, came with headlong speed down the opposite side. The mountain on which we were was the next highest point of attraction, and the gloomy mass advanced with great velocity towards us. The wind began to whistle keenly around us, and the wild driving of the coming tempest soon awakened us to a sense of our exposed situation. To avoid it was impossible, and our inhospitable region afforded us not the slightest shelter. We prepared to defend ourselves in the best manner we could, by covering our hats with oil cloths, and buttoning our great coats tight about us. It was in vain; for, in a few minutes we were wet to the skin and completely drenched; the water appeared to fall, not in drops, but in sheets, and the effects of its violence on our faces was very disagreeable and even painful. Our horses were not better pleased than ourselves. They could snort and prance, but, like their masters, were compelled to bear the wind and rain without a hope of protection or escape. On our right there was an insurmountable barrier of rocks, and on our left a most dangerous precipice. The road was too rough and steep to admit of their being urged out of a slow walk, in addition to which the rain that fell so covered the passage, that, in a short time, they were constantly wading through torrents, which must have effectually precluded our march, had not the floods found frequent openings, down which they rushed to the lower grounds: in this situation we dragged on, the storm beating on us with great violence....our horses moved forward with reluctance, and we became apprehensive, that, when we should descend to the op-

posite foot of the mountain, we should have to encounter some current rendered impassable by the rain, and thus be compelled to return to Lavenberg's after night. In this apprehension we were partly mistaken, for we afterwards discovered that our course lay over high grounds, the western descent of the mountain being inconsiderable. We continued in a wilderness, nor saw improvement of any kind, until we were seven miles from our last stage, when we were gratified with the appearance of a house. The storm had greatly abated, but it continued to rain very fast, and we pleased ourselves with the hope of procuring a comfortable retreat for the night. A nearer inspection of the miserable hovel decided the matter, and we determined to proceed rather than enter it. It was a one story building, but whether of wood or stone we did not sufficiently examine to remember. It was evidently too much open to the weather to protect its inhabitants, who, young and old, flocked together to gape at us as we passed. Their complexions were ruddy, and the children were in rags about the door sporting in the rain and mud. Two miles further on our way we passed another sorry dwelling, after which we saw several newly improved farms and cottages, in a tolerable soil. Night came on as we crossed the Catawessy Mountain, which was nigh occasioning us a disagreeable if not a fatal accident. We were utter strangers to the road, and it became so dark that we could scarce see a yard before us. When arrived at the Catawessy creek, my horse refused to move forward; I urged him but he became unruly. J. who had been behind me, came up, and thought he could perceive that we were about to enter on the ruins of a bridge totally impassable on horseback. This we found to be the case when we had an opportunity of viewing the same place in open day, and had we proceeded many steps further, it is quite probable

that both horses and riders would have been lost. The skeleton of an old wooden bridge, with a single plank extended length-wise over the stream, and barely sufficient to admit a footman, was all that remained. From the roaring of the water it was evidently not inconsiderable either in quantity or force; but whether the noise was the effect of natural falls, or proceeded from a mill-dam, we were unable to determine. We could not, in our wet disagreeable trim, think of turning back, especially as there was no house near us, nor any that we knew of, in which we could count on being comfortably lodged on this side of Lavenberg's. The prospect on either hand was not very consoling; we could not have

reached Lavenberg's before morning, and we knew not the width, depth, or rapidity of the creek. There was no person at hand to consult, and who by a single friendly word, might have relieved us from our perplexity. At length we determined to proceed, encouraged by the appearance of a light on the opposite shore, which convinced us that a human habitation was at hand. Directed by the roaring of the falls, we moved cautiously below them, and boldly took the stream: we were exceedingly elated on finding it less formidable than we feared, and soon landed safely on the western banks. We now inquired our way, and being directed into the right road, reached the town of Catawessy in a short time, it being but about half a mile from the creek.

Our first care was to change our clothing, but on opening our saddlebags, we perceived that the rain had penetrated them and wet every garment. However, by an interchange of civilities, we contrived to muster as many pieces between us as enabled each to have a tolerably dry suit. A silk coat in which I rode, was changed into a dozen colours and shades, and might have suited Joseph of old, though it was

rendered useless to me. Even our hats, notwithstanding their coverings of oil cloth, were thoroughly wet. After a little furbishing and recruiting, we could not but give vent to some merriment, on looking round our chamber, which had more of the appearance of a washerwoman's kitchen than of a lodging room, so handsomely had we decorated it with our dripping apparel.

23d. A good dish of coffee in the evening, and a comfortable night's lodging, make us feel little the worse for the exposure and drenching of yesterday. It rained most of the night. This morning the sky is fair and serene.

It seems an odd humour in our landlady to make choice of a case of walnut drawers placed in our chamber, for the storage of her Dutch cheese. The odour is generally not much more agreeable to the nose of an Englishman than the smell of rotten eggs. This cheese, or, as the Germans call it, *kaese*, is made of the curd of milk suffered to grow sour; it is salted, pressed in cloths, and afterwards dried and hardened in the sun, and not unusually ripened in hay. In this state, when made of rich milk, it is very palatable, and little inferior to the cheese of the English dairy, but the Germans prefer it when rancid or putrid, in which state it emits a stench to which nothing but habit and prejudice can reconcile us.

An agreeable sauce called *schmeer-kaese*, is also made by the Germans, from the curd of sour milk. The whey being entirely pressed out,

the curd is moistened with fresh cream, brought to a suitable consistence for spreading, and then eaten on bread, but more frequently on bread and butter. This is a delicate preparation, and is rarely rejected by the most dainty palate. The Germans of Pennsylvania are greatly attached to these simple relishes for bread, and it is not uncommon, among the better class of the farmers, to see the master of the house regale himself with butter

honey, apple-butter¹, and schmeer-kaese, spread in successive layers on the same slice of bread, and in this manner eaten with milk, and sometimes with wasser-suppe. The latter is an universal dish among the German-Americans, and is composed of fried flour and butter, on which boiling water is poured, after the addition of thin slices of bread, and the common culinary spices.

My boots being too wet to wear, I have been obliged to borrow a pair of shoes from the landlord, which being much too large, I make rather an awkward appearance, and J. is very merry at my hobbling gait. We nevertheless attended divine service at friends' meeting-house; about one hundred persons of both sexes, and mostly from the adjacent settlement, were present. It is the only house of worship in the town.

There are about forty-five dwellings in Catawessy; only one of them is built of stone, the rest are either log or frame. It is a place of little or no trade, and most probably ever will be. It was planned and settled about fifteen years ago, when every speculator, who owned a level tract of land on the Susquehanna, seemed infected with the town-making mania. Poor people were induced, by specious and illusory representations, to purchase lots, and having spent all their money, and perhaps run in debt, in the erection of small tenements, they could not, after finding themselves deceived and disappointed, sell out, and have therefore been compelled to remain for want of the means to remove.

Catawessy is on the eastern branch of the Susquehanna. The mountains on the east, south, and north of the town, form an irregular semi-circle, with the points terminating in the river, and are dis-

¹ The substance is made by boiling apples in sweet cyder, to which some simple spice, most generally pimento, is added. The Germans call it lud-werg.

tant about three-fourths of a mile. The highest ridge lies to the eastward, and is said from actual measurement, to be twelve hundred feet above the adjacent plain.

Here are still some vestiges of an Indian burying ground, and some peach trees of their planting in tolerable preservation. Having in the afternoon visited J. S. who lives on the western bank of the Catawessy creek, he pointed out to us what he takes to be the traces of an Indian fortification: it consists of a number of square holes, dug at equal distances on the eastern shore, describing a line of several hundred feet; whether these apertures served as intrenchments from which an assaulting enemy might be annoyed, or were subservient to some more complex scheme of warlike operations, or whether they were at all used for hostile purposes, may be left for the sage determination of some future dealer in antiquities.

Some years back a few of the inhabitants, from motives of curiosity, dug up a corpse from the grave-yard. It proved to be a female; she had been interred without a coffin, and was, according to the custom of the Indians, placed in a sitting posture. Care had been taken to provide her with a small iron kettle, some trinkets, and a tobacco-pipe, ready charged in each hand. These equipments were doubtless intended to contribute to the comfort and convenience of the deceased on her journey to the land of spirits, and would probably be as efficacious as the tolling of bells, and the firing of guns, over the body of a white man. If this custom of our tawney brethren be repugnant to our notions of good sense, we should not forget that our own must appear to them equally irreconcilable to reason and philosophy. We were shewn one of the pipes. It is the common clay of European manufacture. The skeleton was preserved for sometime by the physician of the town, but the superstitious Germans in the neighbourhood, fearful perhaps that this out-

rage on the bones of the unoffending squaw might be followed by some tremendous act of vengeance on her part, compelled the doctor to reinter them.

The inhabitants still preserve a large elm on the bank of the river, under which the sachems formerly held their councils. I could not contemplate this object with indifference. Who that has the feelings of a man, and whose bosom glows with the smallest sense of honour and justice, can view this elm with apathy? Where are now those venerable and veteran chieftains and warriors, who were accustomed to assemble beneath its friendly shade....and who received here with open arms the first white man who came helpless and forlorn among them? Surely they were unconsci-

ous that, in a few very few revolving moons, the stranger whom they here cherished and warmed by the council fire; to whom they here presented the wampum of consecrated friendship, and with whom they here smoked the sacred calumet of peace, had come to supplant them in their native possessions, to root out their posterity from the country, and to trample down the graves of their fathers.

These ancient inheritors of the soil reluctantly submit to the discipline and shackles of civilized life, and in general have shewn contempt for our customs and manners; but as their hunting grounds become destroyed, necessity may force them to resort to other means of subsistence.

An Indian being asked by two white men, how he, who gave himself no concern about religion, expected to reach heaven, answered, "Suppose we three in Philadelphia, and we hear of some good rum at Fort-Pitt....we set off to get some, but one of you has business at Baltimore, and he go that way....the other wants to make some money too on the road, and he go by Reading....Indian got no business, no money to get....he set off and go

strait up to Fort-Pitt, and get there before either of you."

The Indians of North-America are well skilled in this species of sarcastic humour. I remember to have been present at an interview between some of their chiefs and a select number of citizens who had benevolently devoted both time and property to the introduction of useful and civilized arts among the savages. The Little Turtle, among other improvements which he enumerated to have taken place among his people, mentioned that they manufactured considerable quantities of sugar from the juice of the maple. He was asked how they contrived to procure suitable vessels to contain the syrup when boiling. He affected a very grave countenance, as he answered "that the *unfortunate* affair of St. Clair had furnished them with a considerable number of camp kettles which answered the purpose very well." It was known that this chief had headed the united Indian forces in their intrepid attack on the American army, commanded by General St. Clair, and in which the latter were defeated with immense slaughter, and suffered the loss of their camp equipage.

(To be continued.)

There the journal stops and it was never continued. So we know nothing of the return trip. The distance covered was about one hundred miles but it can not be estimated only by the surveyor's line for many of the miles were difficult ones and the weather appears to have been in league with the devil.

One important point to be noticed is that the trip though full of similar nature description did not take Brown into the region in which Edgar Huntly for the most part was placed. If it had we should hesitate to accept the 1801 date as given and suspect that the trip was made earlier than the writing of Edgar Huntly. The omission assures us.

Our evidence for accepting these extracts as Brown's is conclusive though circumstantial and consists of many details all of which point to but one man as their author. The extracts are given separate titles in the tables of contents and in the index; they are listed under the original contributions; in one case the typographical characteristics indicate that it is a continuation of the Student's Diary which we can in a study of the Literary Magazine prove Brown's; the internal evidence of the wild scenery description is similar to, though not the same as,

that used in Edgar Huntly; the style is like that of other trips authenticated as Brown's; the thoughts, interests and recollections of the narrator are Brown's; in fact there is not one chance in millions that any other person than our author could have written them. As we go on we shall see that in all cases where Brown published an article as from an unidentified manuscript or journal it was from his own.

Shortly after September, Jane Talbot, the last of Brown's prose fiction to appear in a separate volume was published at Philadelphia.

There appears in the Literary Magazine for August 1804 a letter addressed by Anthony Bleecker to Brown. It was introduced by the regular Brown trick of a forged recommendation to the Editor and reads:

"To the Editor, &c.

I send you a letter written by an old friend, which, for the style and sentiments it breathes, does not fall behind the true epistolary spirit of any letter I have met with. Compositions of this kind, free, spirited, and familiar, will please judicious readers more than the most formal and elaborate compositions.

Morris Town, N. Jersey, Oct. 20, 1801.

HAVING at length reached the summit of my wishes, that is to say, having reached the top of the mountain, up whose stony sides I have been laboriously clambering, I take out my pencil and a scrap of paper, to have a little communication with a distant friend.

I am now sitting on the ruins of a small fortification, erected by Washington in the year 1777, after his brilliant exploit at Trenton and Princeton, when he retired to winter quarters with his little army to this place. I can just remember seeing the hardy soldier climbing this wood-crowned hill, with the axe on his shoulder instead of the musket, to fell the leafless tree, and prepare the frame of the parapet.

This eminence displays an extensive prospect, and I have a full view of those groves and fields that were once the scenes of my youthful gambols.

Wherever I turn my eyes, some little incident of my childish days is suggested to my recollection. On the brow of yonder declivity that terminates the plain which spreads from the foot of this mountain, stands the school-house where I first learned to frame the letters I am now linking together. How often have I frolicked in that church-yard hard by, and tried my agility in bounding with a straddling leap over those mossy grave-stones! Adown that hill how often have I glided on the boy-built sleigh! Along that path, how I used to gallop at my release from school; and just on that level spot, now strewn with autumnal leaves, many a time have I doffed my clothes to paddle in the shallow brook that runs into yonder mill-pond.

These recollections, after an interval of twenty years, excite in my bosom some very powerful sensations. I suppose they are usual in all minds of common sensibility. If I had always remained in the same place, no such feelings would have been experienced; but having been so long absent from those objects to which I owe my earliest impressions that are associated with rural beauty or innocent diversion, their re-appearance is not only accompanied with many of their original attractions derived from novelty, but they seem invested with some magic charms borrowed from recollection, that neither novelty nor intrinsic

beauty can ever bestow. It is in such moments that I fall into some speculations on personal identity.... When I call to mind certain incidents, Is it possible (say I) that A. B. the little boy that I remember used to play about that school-house twenty years ago, is the same creature who is now sitting on this log? It cannot be, for he never would have borne the insolence of pedagogues, the rude clown's wrongs, the big boy's contumely, and all the thousand nameless indignities that passive childhood from the oppressor takes. From considerations of this sort, I conclude, you may be sure, that I am totally and essentially different from what I was then, and that therefore to make one accountable for the follies of those days, would be as unjust as to punish one man for the faults of another.

I wish most ardently that it was in my power to accompany you in your intended tour to the southward, but several insurmountable obstacles will debar me from this pleasure. I shall not forget however to put our friend — in mind of our long talked of jaunt to —, but whether we shall be there before your return home is not to be foretold. If, however, we should meet with you in —, you know we can easily go on together; and your having been at — once, can be no solid reason for not travelling there again.

- 1 Dunlap.
- 2 Rockaway (?).
- 3 New York.

I hope to be able to return home in about a week hence, as the cold weather will certainly blow health into our feverish city. I am here among the hills of Morris Town, without one interesting companion, and though agreeably situated in the family of an agreeable relation, yet I am obliged to range the hills and dales alone. I and Solitude however are upon a pretty good footing with each other, and almost every field and every walk presents me with some old acquaintance. When I grow tired of rambling, I sit down on an old stump, and read aloud some of Thomson's Autumn. And this you see is all I have to do.

It is time, however, to descend, and transcribe this scrawl for tomorrow's post. Adieu.

A. B.

¹
Dunlap supplies in the next letter of Brown's the answer to Bleecker's letter, as follows:

To Anthony Bleecker, Esq.

Philadelphia, (Saturday) October 31, 1801.

Dear Friend,

I need not say with how much pleasure I read your letter from Morristown. I wish I could give you, in return, an effusion equally indicative of a lively fancy and a good heart, but the utmost that I can do, is to thank you for the favour, and intreat a repetition of such letters.

I suppose you have returned, by this time, to the purlieus of Water Street, and are once more seated at your table, with the attorney's "Vade Mecum" on one side, and the muses "Pocket Companion" at the other. I never yet saw you seated at this table, without some poetical or literary solace within your reach; some conductor to the flowery elysium of the poets, in the midst of the austere guides and crabbed implements of the law. In this respect, it is rare to meet with one that resembles you; who retains the pure taste of a literary devotee, without disrelish and aversion for naked science and mere business.

Pray, how do you come on, in your study of French? have you wound yourself into the vitals of the language, and are you

familiarised to that labyrinth of exceptions and anomalies which gave you so much trouble when I was with you. A man must have the patience of more than one Job to untwist and unknot such a tangled maze. It was a task to which my perseverance never was equal; yet how many men are there whom the mere pride of the accomplishment has induced not only to acquire the reading of the language, but the ability to write it, and not only that of writing, but of talking it; and, for this purpose, have devoted innumerable hours to books, whose whole merit lay in their being written, and to men whose sole commendation consisted in their speaking, in French I suspected you would fail in your pursuit from the unexpected obstacles with which you had to encounter. I suppose there is, always, in every pursuit, a point that may be termed the critical spot; a point where the difficulties multiply, as it were, on a sudden, and where the patience or the penetration is put to the hardest test; and this being past, as ships pass a sand bar in a river, you suddenly glide into still deep water. Have you, my friend, passed the crisis?

Since you were here, C² has been here. I saw him one hour, and heard many particulars of his newspaper scheme. I have not heard of the commencement of the publication. Can you tell me in what state it is; I should like to be put down as a subscriber for the *country* newspaper. Will you do me the favour to tell him so?

I suppose you will be among the number of occasional contributors: sometimes as politician, and not seldom as a poet. C²'s republic, if I remember right, does not banish the poets. Even bad verses are pleasing to the readers of bad taste, and though good verses, are as rare in newspapers, as swallows in winter, yet they sometimes are met with, and delight us in proportion to their rarity. Bad verses are not disreputable to a newspaper, no more than bad English to a foreigner, because they are naturally expected; but poetry, very middling in a collection of elegant extracts, is super-excellent here, and surprises us, like just expression from a chimney sweeper.

I am anxious to know whether our friend J. J. is returned, but I shall ascertain it by writing to him by this opportunity. The goes by M. who is preparing to carry home with him a wife. How strangely that word sounds in relation to M. whom I have been so long accustomed to consider as the single man. That is a destiny which, I hope, will come to us all. I should be very sorry to be left farthest behind in the race towards the matrimonial goal, but my sorrow will, I believe, be unmingled with envy. There is no event, I think, if happening under tolerably auspicious circumstances, on which we may more reasonably congratulate our friends.

You see that, notwithstanding my expectations of a southward journey, I am still here. Here I expect to be, during the winter, unless I should find or make occasion for a week's jaunt to New York, which I sincerely hope to find or to make. Meanwhile, believe me, your affectionate

C.B.B.

- 1 It is well to remember this for later we shall see Brown taking up a great task in the language.
- 2 This may be Matthew Carey. He had an idea for an ideal republic and was active in newspaper schemes. On the other hand it may be for Conrad, Brown's publisher.
- 3 Wm. Johnson.
- 4 Dr. Samuel Miller married Sarah Sergeant of Philadelphia Saturday evening 24 October. Cf. Philadelphia Gazette 26 Oct.

The year 1801 brought one exceptional encouragement which was important to Brown's literary career even though it did not, as it should, entice him to return to romance. Edgar Huntly in the first edition of 1799 had been sold out and a second edition dated 1801 was published. Besides that, the Monthly Magazine died a painful death with the number for December 1800 issued 1 January 1801 and the American Review and Literary Journal was born with the January, February and March number issued 1 April. 1801 was indeed momentous to Brown in that he then abandoned the romantic school of prose fiction and ^{turned to} ~~entered on what the Germans call familien-romane~~ the realistic novel. Before this we have seen the change coming. Now we find it completed.