

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

of

ARCHIBALD HAMILTON ROWAN, ESQ.

With

Additions and Illustrations

By

WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND, D.D. M.R.I.A.

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"Qualis ab incepto." — Hor.

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Extract from Autobiography of Archibald Hamilton Rowan, Esq.  
With Additions and Illustrations by William  
Hamilton Drummond, D.D. M.R.I.A.

#### INTRODUCTORY LETTER

Addressed By Mr. Rowan To His Children

"My Dear Children:

Whilst residing at Wilmington on the Delaware, in the United States of North America, not expecting to return to Europe, and unwilling to solicit my family to rejoin me there, I was anxious to leave you some memorial of a parent whom in all probability you would never know personally. Under that impression I commenced the following details, uninteresting except to you, who have requested me to transcribe them, that each of you should have a copy.

It was not at that time," etc., etc., etc.

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#### CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Rowan received with kindness in America—  
Anxious state of his mind—Correspondence  
with Mrs. Rowan and Major Butler—Occurrence  
with the Mayor of Chester—Parties in Phila-  
delphia—Resides with a farmer near Wilmington—  
Acquires the friendship of John Dickinson,  
Caesar Rodney, and other distinguished men—  
Purchases a Calico Manufactory—employs Aldred  
to manage the business—Removes to the banks  
of the Brandywine river—His house burned—  
Aldred quits off a settlement of accounts.  
~~Business declines—Factory broken up—Yellow fever.~~

UNIVERSITY OF DELAWARE



VIA RAIL LAVORO E  
INNOVATION



Mr. Rowan, immediately on his arrival in Philadelphia, found letters and parcels from his faithful and affectionate wife, and among them her picture, for which he had long been desirous. With her he kept up a constant correspondence, and lost no opportunity of consulting her on all his projects. He sought relief from his solicitude by making her the repository of his thoughts. Though eminently gifted with the power of gaining and attaching friends wherever he went, and though received in America, by men of the first distinction, with the most gratifying kindness and cordiality, he could not banish anxiety from his bosom. His want of useful occupation, his sense of dependence on the generosity of the friends he had left, of the injury he had done to his family, some disappointment, heavy expences, and occasional illness, added to the poignancy of his feelings, which he could not disguise, sometimes sunk him into a state of despondence. Though he most intensely felt the pain of separation from his wife and children, he was too sensible of the inconveniences that would attend their removal to America, to insist on such a step being taken. Sometimes, however, he thought it might be hazarded, and that an estate might be purchased on moderate terms, in the improvement of which their days could be happily spent. The state of his mind is well represented by that of a well-known hero of epic song:-

"Magno curarum fluctuat aestu:  
Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc,  
In partesque rapit varias, perque omnia versat."

AEn. viii. 18-21.



"This way and that he turns his anxious mind;  
Thinks and rejects the counsels he designed;  
Explores himself in vain in every part,  
And gives no rest to his distracted heart."

Dryden.

After suggesting what might be done as to the occupation of an estate in America, he writes, "Were it not the terrors of the sea, I would to God you were out here. The changes of climate from heat to cold are certainly to us, Europeans, very terrible; but, upon the whole, it is a fine country, and there are great opportunities of settling a young brood; and although expensive, we could get some place in the country, and be very happy." Again he adds, "If you are not disposed to do this, tell me in what town of Europe I shall meet you and my dear children, and I will not be long in getting there; for here alone I will not stay, unless I can do something to benefit those whom I have hitherto only injured."

"Philadelphia, August 1, 1795.

"Mr. Tone has bought an hundred acres of ground. The situation is pleasant, and within two or three miles of Princetown, where there is a college and some good society. Tandy arrived here about a fortnight or three weeks since; he has got a lodging in the same house with me, and of course we mess together; but I need not tell you that his society does not make up for what I have lost, never, perhaps, to regain. I have seen but one handsome woman since I came here; and she is from Shropshire, and something like the wife of A. H. Rowan.

"August 6. My situation is irksome. The house I am in is crowded by captains of ships and English riders, each more impertinently inquisitive than the other. Major Butler has been very obliging, and is assisting me all in ~~his~~ his power to get into a private family. I will not stay in America. As to your coming out here, climate, manners, the exorbitant rate of every thing, the dangers of the sea, the want of education for the children, all forbid it.



"September 7th. Had I landed in such weather as we have now had for a few days, I should not, perhaps, have written to you in so dispiriting a style as I did concerning America, and your joining me here. However, I am not now going to make its eulogy. The people say that the heat has been greater (it was for two days within one degree of blood-heat,) than the oldest persons had remembered.\* Tone seems determined to return; and Reynolds wishes it sincerely, but amuses himself with the politics of America, and is as busy, as sincere, and as zealous as he was in Kilmainham. He has also some practice, which relieves his mind. The governor of this State has been very polite; I have been twice out at his country-house; and he took me yesterday evening down the river to shoot reed-birds. / You have heard me speak of the rice-bird of Carolina; this is equally delicious. There is a museum here, which, as it is in the State house, I took to be national, and it gave me a most horrid idea of the country, not from the few

\* In a subsequent letter he says, "The climate here partakes, in the twenty-four hours, of all the degrees of heat and cold between the equator and the pole."

/ Emberiza Oryzivora.—Wilson. "Though small in size, he is not so in consequence; his coming is hailed by the sportsman with pleasure; while the careful planter looks upon him as a devouring scourge, and worse than a plague of locusts. Three good qualities, however, entitle him to our notice, particularly as these three are rarely found in the same individual: his plumage is beautiful, his song highly musical, and his flesh excellent. These birds are supposed by some of our epicures to equal the ortolans of Europe. As soon as the seeds of the reed are ripe, they resort to the shores of the Delaware and Schuylkill," where they are slaughtered in multitudes. It appears from Wilson, that the rice-bird and reed-bird are the same, in different stages of their age and plumage.  
—Ed.



curiousities, but from their dirty, careless arrangement. I have since found that it belongs to an individual, to whom the State gives the use of the room, and he receives a quarter dollar from each visitor. The library is handsome enough. General Washington now lives at times in the town. There were in his hall the busts of the King and Queen of France; but upon Genet, the French minister, complaining of the offensive sight,\* whenever he went to wait on the President, they were removed. A bust of Paul Jones alone adorns the stair-case. There is a petition set on foot, and distributed through all the states for signature, stating the infringement of the constitution in the late treaty with Britain, and appealing to the Congress to take cognisance of it in the name of the people."

"September 21st. I have met with more than civilities; I have met with a degree of friendship here which I could not have conceived. The governor, General Mifflin, has been particularly attentive; he says I am melancholy, and that he will drive it out of me; that I am formal, and he will not be treated with formality. Major Butler and his family I have mentioned before; as also Heyward's most kind offer of his services, purse, and all. The weather has changed considerably; the thermometer fell thirty degrees in twenty-four hours. We now sit by the fire. Reynolds gets a little business, and is a great politician; he will be a citizen of America shortly, as he arrived here before the enactment of a late law which prolongs the time of probation to five years. No wonder that the cap of liberty offended our folk, for a print of General Washington could not be sold here, because ~~that~~ cap was over it; it had therefore to be erased, and a sun was placed in its stead.

Mrs. Rowan To Her Husband.

"September 19th, 1795

"The joy I felt at hearing my dearest friend had arrived safely at the place of his destination was beyond any thing of the kind I had ever experienced,

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This anecdote of Citizen Genet, envoy from the French republic is highly characteristic; being as TUCKER, in his Life of Jefferson, informs us, "an enthusiast in the new-born spirit of civil liberty, he was well qualified to cherish and increase the popular feeling in favour of France." But his conduct and his language became so offensive and insulting, and betrayed such contempt of the forms of diplomatic intercourse, that the American government were obliged to request his recall.--Ed.



for it at once relieved me from a load of anxiety which I was scarcely able to bear. Equal to my pain was my pleasure when the glad tidings did at last arrive, so that in reality I was repaid for my sufferings. Heaven grant it may be the same in all cases; for to think that your being so far removed from me should be the source of pleasure, brings with it many unpleasant reflections; but then I drive them away by recollecting that if we both live a little longer, we shall meet. While that hope is before me, I can struggle with any misfortune; but were that taken away, all my fortitude would be at an end; so you see your poor friend, like many others, ceases to be a heroine when the truth is known; for when the heart is entirely engaged by one dear object, every thing that does not relate to it is by comparison trivial, and may be borne... We seldom act wrong without finding an excuse for it, sufficient, perhaps, to satisfy ourselves, but seldom any body else; thus it is with you, my best beloved, for surely if you reflect for one moment, you will see that the trivial things you mention, if they had not been provoked by your own conduct, were not a reason for your acting as you did. The truth is, all your faults originated from your connecting yourself with wicked and artful men, who cared not for you nor any body else; and did I not think you had been misled in this way, I should most certainly have a very different opinion of you from that which it is my sincere wish ever to retain; and now, for mercy's sake, give up all ideas of reforming the state in any way, however peaceable it may be; because it is really better for us to stay as we are, than run the risk of being worse, which would most likely be the case. It is a business with which you must never meddle, and of which I should have supposed you had been already sick. It is with the highest satisfaction I learn that your residence in France has so altered your opinions on political subjects. No person, indeed, who knew you well, could doubt that when you were removed from those whose interest it was to deceive you, both your head and heart would lead you to see things, as you now do, in their true colours. It would have been well, most certainly, had this happy change been brought about at a less price than it has cost you; but all we can do now is to make the best of it. You say there are lengths you never went; I should be glad, were it possible, to know what this means, because it is understood you went every length. The arch-deceiver, T——, has quit the country, and it is to be feared he may go where you are. I think it my duty to say that, if this should be the case, you ought to avoid all connection with him; and it is as well to say at once what is the fact — his friend cannot be mine; his wicked principles and artful manners have destroyed us. There let a subject which I detest end .....



"I rejoice that you have received the picture, and long to know if you think it like. You mistake as to any of the hair being your father's; for well as I know your affection for him, still I should not think of putting his and mine together. A few days after we parted, several hairs, whiter than age almost ever makes them appeared on my forehead; this, no doubt, was occasioned by sorrow,\* for it soon ceased; my maid pulled them out, and there was enough to have made a small plat ..... I read most part of your long letter to my little friends, W. and J. He wept in silence; but she, who is all feeling, threw herself on my neck and sobbed out, 'Father does not forget us.' ..... W. (afterwards Captain Hamilton) still continues handsome; his height is five feet three inches, and he is strong in proportion. He is truly a good child, and very easily guided by me; at least he shows much good sense, and a strength of mind I very much like. As for Jane, her mind and heart are both of the first order." .....

"October 27th. I trust in heaven we shall yet be happy with each other. As to the confiscation of our property, it cannot take place before next month, at the very soonest, and on that subject my hopes are very good; and I do declare that at this moment the greatest uneasiness and dread I feel are, lest you should come to Europe, or endanger yourself in some other way; so if you stay quietly where you are, and do not meddle with politics, which I am sure you will not, all will be well, and the moment any thing is determined on you shall know it. In my idea, you would be happier with Priestley than where you are; Reynolds and Tone are not exactly the people you ought to make your constant companions; though there is no reason for absolutely shunning even Tone; however, you ought to be aware of him, and I hope he will not again fall in your way ..... Your letter to Neilson (by accident, I assure you, supposing the packet was all for me,) I opened; I am glad, however that I did; for had he got it, the contents would, most surely, have been in the N. S. (Northern Star) which would have been very improper. I shall therefore keep it, unless you absolutely insist on its being sent. The rest shall go as directed ..... This is the third long letter I have written, and you shall hear from me every opportunity, which is the less favour, as writing is now as easy to me as to yourself, and a great deal of my time is employed in it, for the agency is in my hands, and I am quite a woman of business.

\* The sufferings sustained by Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, caused the hair on her forehead to become white as snow. She was only in the thirty-eighth year of her age when led to the guillotine.



But as writing to you never was a trouble, but at all times a pleasure, I mention this only to show that I have exerted myself in every way that I could be useful; and those very exertions have preserved my health and spirits.

"28th. Since yesterday I have read over your letters several times, and reflected on them. The irritation and uneasiness you feel and express, strongly brings to my mind the state you were in for some time before you left this country. The cause is the same—the people you associate with; whereas, while in France, the company you kept, I have some reason to think, were people of understanding, such as Bingham and Mrs. Wollstonecraft, and the consequence was, you saw your errors, and were anxious to do any thing that might alleviate the sufferings of your family and restore them to you! You were melancholy, but not mad; and conscious you were acting, as far as in you lay, rightly, you looked forward to happier days with confidence. You do not use your own understanding sufficiently, from some error in your education or temper, but catch your opinions and ideas from those immediately about you. I am doubtful whether nature ever did intend you for a public character; be that as it may, circumstances have made it highly improper for you to attempt being one now. Look not therefore for giddy applause from an unthinking multitude, which, in your situation, must be the cause of many unpleasant events; respect your private character; look only to that, and I flatter myself you will again be as happy as can be expected in this world ..... I have thus expressed my sentiments pretty freely; but remember you called for them, and said that my not being explicit is the cause that you have so often acted contrary to my opinion. It would, therefore, not be right to avoid giving them, although it must always be distressing to me to give you the smallest pain in any respect."

From Mr. To Mrs. Rowan.

"Wilmington, Delaware, January 14th, 1796.

"I do not promise to remain here; indeed I cannot, disgusted as I am with the rough manners of the people; the great expense of procuring those mental gratifications which are so superior to eating and drinking; the universal rage of money-getting; and the decided separation of parties. But what can I do? I must be mad indeed, if I entertained any hope of returning to Ireland .....

"I do not dread the scolding you promise me in yours of the 28th, not yet come to hand. It is some time since, in one of my letters, I told you it was the manner in



which I showed my attachment, and recommended the same mode to you; so your anxiety that it should be announced to me was, as you see, unnecessary. You have asked me, do I want any thing? and I have answered very ungallantly, although poetically, 'Man wants but little here below.' No, my dear, send me nothing, unless you order me to go to the woods and prepare a settlement: in that case, there is not a single thing of whatever size, sort, or value, that I would not advise to be brought out here."

In reply to Mrs. Rowan's letter of the 28th October, Mr. Rowan assigns various reasons, which it is unnecessary to detail, for that irritation and restlessness which incurred her animadversions. "As to my sentiments," says he, "they have been always nearly the same, as far as I can remember. The fact is, that from education and principle, I was led to assert, and attempt to support a reform of parliament, and equal liberty to all religious sects. Association may have, and certainly did lead me more into active life than I wished, was fit for, or will ever, in any case on this side of eternity, fall into again."<sup>7</sup>

"Wilmington, February 20th, 1796.

"It is true I have not been, nor ever can be, happy in America. But I see astonishing advantages to be derived from being here, of which I wish I could profit for the good of my family. Mr. Millar, the son of Professor Millar of Glasgow, who was introduced to me in Scotland by Muir, as a man of principle, is concerned with a Scottish company who have made a large purchase of lands here, and would be glad to induce some persons who were known, to be among the first settlers. Mr. Russel also has lands in another part of America; but with neither have I made any agreement.\* Now let me assure you, that

\* Major Butler made him a generous offer of 2,000 acres of unsettled land, on such terms as few, if any, who wished for a permanent residence in America, would not accept with avidity.— Ed.



I am acting quite by myself, and contrary to advice; for one wants me to remain in Philadelphia, and another, to buy a small farm in a settled country. But I will do neither; I will go to the woods; but I will not kill Indians, nor keep slaves. Good God! if you heard some of the Georgians, or the Kentucky people, talk of killing the natives! Cortes, and all that followed him, were not more sanguinary in the South, than they would be in North America.....I am just returned from Wilmington, where I was at two public dinners—that is, large parties of mixed company at private houses; and last night at a little ball, where I was under the necessity of twice refusing the hands of two young ladies, who, by their uncle and father, had asked me to dance. After that, have I a right to complain of my situation in this country? or, rather, ought not you to be a little jealous of your husband?"

"Wilmington, April 16th, 1796.

".....The name of Washington must ever be dear to honest and virthous minds; although I am of opinion that he was in his zenith when he was first elected President on the establishment of the constitution; and that the first retrograde motion was his re-acceptance of the Presidency after his first four years were over. I have been introduced by the wife of a Dr. Logan (to which couple I owe much kind regard) to her kinsman, Mr. Dickinson, famous as the author of "The Farmer's Letters,"\* and have been greatly pleased. He was bred to the bar; since he has grown into years, he has adopted Quaker manners, but elegant withal. He is greatly opposed to the late British treaty; but he says he wishes it may be carried into effect now it has been ratified.

"I tremble when you talk of this country! I said, and I repeat it, it is a heaven for the poor and industrious; but a hell, compared to any part of Europe, for any other rank of society. The climate, the manners, the state of society, the pride of wealth and ignorance, the great want of those conveniences which in Europe we find so easily administered to by the great population, which you are here either deprived of, or procure badly

\* "The taxes imposed (on the Americans) in 1767, called forth the pen of John Dickinson, who, in a series of letters signed 'A Pennsylvania Farmer,' may be said to have sown the seeds of the revolution. Being universally read by the colonists, they universally enlightened them on the dangerous consequences likely to result from their being taxed by the parliament of Great Britain."—Ramsay's History of the American Revolution.—Ed.



with great expense, are all against idlers coming here. Yet I wish you out of Ireland; I dread the moment when ignorance and despair, without any one to appease or keep down the storm, may burst from their shackles. But we will hope the best. It was with this view I mentioned some neutral power's dominion, where we might meet. Here, unless we incurred great expense, we should not only be disregarded, but entirely deprived of all those comforts we might enjoy elsewhere. Major Butler gives his butler seventy guineas a-year; he pays £300 for a house rather better than yours, without stabling..... Every thing to which the hand of man is put, immediately acquires an exorbitant price; nor can it be otherwise, when a labourer gets a dollar per day, and is fed into the bargain.

"The son of the Marquis La Fayette is here. There was an intention of making a proposal in Congress to make a provision for him at the expense of the public. This was put a stop to by Washington, lest it should give umbrage to the British. This may be false as to the motive, but I believe it; and believing it, could I have presented myself at his levee, the only place he receives company?

"The influx of French has been of no service to American female morals; and you know the French from the islands are always the most dissipated. I came down to this country hoping to get a lodging in a house, where I was fortunate enough to be disappointed; for there has been a death, a birth, and then a marriage, besides a runaway match, within these four months, in the same house. I can tell you nothing of the American ladies, as I have seen but few.

"Wilmington, April 20th, 1796. Circumstances which I could not foresee have rendered Philadelphia peculiarly irksome to me....I find some malignant or ill-informed traveller has said to G. M. that I agitate politics here, which I know must not only make you think meanly of my sense, but also lightly of my love. I assure you, however, that, except on general topics, I scarcely open my lips. I had not been a fortnight in Philadelphia when two persons met me in a bookseller's shop; the one lamented the infamous cruel treatment I met with in France, while the other congratulated me upon the cordial reception I had experienced there; and each of these gentlemen had his separate story from one who had received it at my own mouth!

When I came down here last winter, I brought a gun, and expected to have some amusement from shooting; but one flask of powder is yet nearly full. I have also



bought a boat, which I hope will not be so much money thrown away; yet I must allow that I begin to sicken at having four miles to walk to it in the morning, and the same distance in the evening. It is not like my excursions on the Seine, where I could row the whole day, and be within a short walk of my bed at night. There are numbers of French at Wilmington, but they live entirely among one another, and generally dislike the Americans, who in every article, except money-getting, are non-chalantes to excess. The American youth are the most ill-behaved I have ever met with, not to say ill-natured, and they do not improve much when they come to be men. The freedom which they assume, without the least intention of being of service to those into whose situation they are making inquiries, or into whose company they intrude themselves, is most impertinent and insupportable."

"May 4th, 1796. From Philadelphia, which I leave certainly to-morrow.....I dined yesterday at Major Butler's with the famous traveller Volney,\* and like him much; and should have waited for another party, of which he and the Duke De Liancourt were to be, had I not been taken out of town by another invitation with which I could not dispense. I am in good health; but I have not spirits: I feel an exertion to be necessary for every thing I do; and the only resource left me, is to pour my mind forth to you. Here again I am at fault, for I recollect what evil my imprudence has brought upon you. Even the assurance of your love does not revive me. It almost darkens the light which your happiness would spread. For loving me you must and will be persecuted! I am going on in the old tune; so end with assuring you, that I must myself be devoid of every feeling of man, if my affection for you ever ceased, or can cease, in word or in deed."

"Wilmington, Delaware, September 30th, 1796. I continue faithful to my boat; but in this land of liberty nothing is understood of yours or mine in that way; so that my boat is nearly knocked to pieces by those who want it to bring hay from their marsh, or onions from the Jerseys to market, or take sheep to the pasture; nay,

\*Dr. Priestley met with Volney in Philadelphia, and describes him as "the most self-consequential of men, but respected by the unbelievers." The Doctor having got a copy of the "Ruins," made some animadversions on it, with which Volney was by no means pleased. "He replied in an angry pamphlet, by which he did himself and his cause no sort of credit." "His behaviour on the occasion has been that of a pettish child, and not of a man."—Rutt's Life and Correspondence of Priestley.



while I was washing her out, and preparing for a fishing party, a man carried off my oars and sail! There may be liberty here, and certainly the lowest class, when industrious, (for there are poor here as well as with you, but not miserably so) have a fine field to work upon for their advancement in life. Mr. Bell, one of the richest merchants in Philadelphia, to whom the ship that I sailed in belonged in part, told me he came into this country with only half a guinea; he hired himself, or rather indented himself for two years to a master, who occupied him in sawing wood, but was generous enough to give him up his indentures upon finding a clerk's place. In this situation his master permitted him to drive a small traffic in groceries, &c. and this set him forward in the world; but he has excellent sound plain sense, that sort of native wisdom, which is seldom so strong in any as in persons who have little or no education .....At this moment all the world is agitated by the election of a President, in the room of Washington. May they choose as honest a man! But no man can ever command so unanimous a suffrage. Mr. Adams, the present vice-president, and Mr. Jefferson, are likely to be the two candidates; and is it not a little remarkable, that all the eastern, that were the great republican states, are in favour of Adams, who not only wrote and voted for monarchical government, but since the establishment of the present constitution, which forbids all hereditary honours, brought into the house a motion to establish them; while the southern states support Jefferson--themselves and he slave-holders, but great republicans--and at the revolution much less in earnest than the eastern states? It is thought the votes will be pretty nearly equal. The president has, in the act of his resignation, given some offence, by a dissertation on parties, and as in that instrument he has defended his whole administration, he has left his opponents something to chew..... The revolution in this country has done amazing good; but I see the same attachment to the present constitution, and reverence for it, with abuse of its opponents, or rather of the reformists, as exists in our own country in favour of the British constitution. Indeed I think it too young to brag so much of; and as you paid your guineas for Randolph's defence, you will not think very highly, I believe, of the men who have been leaders; except Washington, whose integrity and honour are unimpeached.

"I return to my boat. I was extremely astonished at being broken in upon by a person who still further excited my admiration by asking leave to take the boat. The answer was, 'Yes, with pleasure.' 'But,' replied he, 'she is full of dirt; how shall I get her cleaned?' By G—, he wanted me to go down and wash her out for him!!!



"The winter seems to be setting in; the weather raw, cold, gusty, and even frosty. What various accidents have befallen the articles you so kindly sent out for my amusement! An awkward fiddling Yankee has broken my walking watch; another has sat down upon the poor camera and crushed its guts out. Should you persist in coming here, I again say, bring every thing at any expense. Every thing is free of duty, when brought for their own use by persons coming to settle."

"Wilmington, October 5th, 1796. Dollars are the grand object with the natives here.\* They have to get them, and when acquired, they are as proud as Montmorency. Butler's family are calumniated, because they do not associate indiscriminately. I do not say, however, that there are no agreeable persons to be found; but they are so rare, and it is so nearly impossible to keep off the others, that I still think the woods the most eligible situation. But the woods with a young family will not be fair towards them. My reason for mentioning Switzerland was partly on their account; we should be able to amuse ourselves, or retire. But will every thing remain quiet in Switzerland? I am persuaded that in some of the Cantons they are only waiting to see the establishment of the French republic, to reform their government.

\* In another letter he asks, "What would you propose to yourself in this country, where, if I had a child unchristened, whom I wished to be caressed, I would call him DOLLAR!" Mr. Rowan was precisely such a character as would be most sensibly struck by the prevalence of the propensity which he condemns, and which is by no means confined to the country in which he found it so largely developed. An American author, in a recent work entitled "The Old World and the New," observes not less truly than patriotically—"If we are a people eager for gain, though I have no doubt that this national trait is exaggerated, yet it cannot be denied that we are equally willing to scatter abroad the fruits of our industry. Meanness certainly is not one of our national vices. If we talk much about dollars, though really I cannot, in this respect, see much difference between us and other nations, except in the value of the catch-word coin, "un sous" in France, "un paolo" in Italy, "a shilling" in England, being about as conspicuous in conversation as "a dollar" with us; yet if this unlucky word does roll with such provoking facility from our lips, where, I should like to know, does the thing itself roll so freely from the hand as in America? Pity it is—for I care more for improvement at home, than reputation abroad—that something more of this boundless profusion of expense could not be directed from its present course to the encouragement of the arts."—Ed.



My dread that our separation would last for ever becomes daily stronger: the last declaration of the French Directory confirms me in it. How am I to join you and still more arduous is the question, how can you join me? In the present state of affairs, both are impossible. The French are disgusted at the American government; and if their arms continue successful, and the American policy should not alter, we may see this continent a theatre of war between the French and English. Both parties have strong advocates here. I think Mr. Adams will be the president; and he is supposed to lean to Britain, as do almost all the members of the government. In the late elections, what is called the republican party have been defeated by the federalists.... A more severe charge than being concerned in the republication of the proceedings of M. T. might have been made against me, upon most plausible grounds, viz. the encouragement of desertion in the British navy, by giving a certificate and recommendation to thirty or forty persons who said they had deserted from the fleet on this station. Luckily a gentleman in Maryland stopped the bearers and took the paper from them, knowing it not to be my handwriting. Having obliged them to confess that a school-master in this town had forged it for them, he sent it to me. This would have been a charming story for my friends in your island.... Poor Priestley has lost his wife. The papers say that he is invited to Leyden; and from our conversations, I think that he would accept of the situation, unless pecuniary matters oblige him to remain on this side of the Atlantic."\*

"November 1. Butler is as much disgusted with this country as every man must be who has lived in Europe; and according to his account of his expenses, I think he

\* Dr. Priestley writes to the Rev. T. Lindsey, that the funeral of his wife took place on Sept. 19, 1796. He says to Belsham, "I know nothing of the invitation to Leyden, or of the Duchess of York's Unitarianism." The name of Dr. Priestley occurs repeatedly in the correspondence of Mr. and Mrs. Rowan; both of whom felt an interest in his welfare, which, it may well be presumed, was fully reciprocated by the persecuted philosopher. When the latter was about to embark for America, he received an address from the United Irishmen, containing the following passage:— 'Farewell: but before you go, we beseech a portion of your parting prayer to the Author of good for A. H. Rowan, the pupil of Jebb, now suffering imprisonment.' — Rutt's Life and Correspondence of Priestley.



could live for one-half more comfortably, and in as good, if not in a better style, than he does here. It is not the soil or climate of Ireland that I regret, but the society. The aristocracy of wealth here is insupportable, for it is mixed with the grossest ignorance. In this indeed I should be better off than you; for the men in general are more supportable than the women, although the latter do all in their power to make themselves agreeable ..... Have I said that I feel embarrassed when writing to you? It is because the life I lead presents me with few diversities, and I dwell too much, perhaps, upon the probable events of times like these, so black, so melancholy! It is not the seizing of a few printers that will prevent the effects of the invention of printing, to which I trace the present posture of affairs in Europe. Knowledge has been much disseminated; and there will be many theories and theorists destroyed before we arrive at that state of government with which a people ought to be contented, and which they ought to support as being of equal benefit to all ranks of society. I think this country is most free from speedy convulsion; but here the law department is as much a burthen on the people, and the rich man is as sure to gain his cause, or to weary out his poor antagonist, as with you. There are about ten lawyers in this state, whose population does not exceed 50,000, and one of them the other day assured me he made £1,500 per annum. But what do you think of his patriotism, when he gives up at least £700 per annum in order to serve his country in Congress? It is true he joins the side that is uppermost, and which is not composed of the men who stood forward in the times which tried men's souls.

"I have mentioned to you the two houses which I mostly frequent in this town, Mr. Dickinson's, and Miss Vining's. As to their families, Mrs. D. is an invalid, and seldom to be seen: there are two daughters — the eldest, they say, has a mind to become a preacher; for they are Friends, as the Quakers here are called. You asked me for seeds; but you do not say whether of shrubs, flowers, or of forest trees. I have a promise from Mr. Dickinson, that he will write to Mr. Marshall, a kinsman of his and a great botanist, to put me in the way of getting some, or perhaps furnish me; and I wish I may get them time enough to send by a ship of Mr. Barclay's. And now for Miss V. — eternally gabbling French; she is never happy unless when talking of the Comte de Lucerne, the Duc de Biron, and other French nobles who were here during the revolution. She wears rouge from her chin to the crown of her head, I believe, and is about fifty ..... I have removed from my cot below stairs to a settle-bed above, which is the wonder of beholders, and will make me excellent brawn, if I should die before the winter is over, for it is devilish hard lying.



"November 14th, 1796. Poor Hayward died a week since, and his wanton widow is gone to gather up his fortunes. She expects about £30,000; but I understand her share will not amount to ten, as the widow, by the law of Carolina, can only inherit one-third, although he bequeathed the whole to her by his will. Did I ever mention how much he and she pressed me the first autumn I was in this country, to be of their family at Rhode Island, during the sickly season in Philadelphia? I did not then know her character, which would have been a sufficient bar; but at that time I was too much occupied in writing angry letters to my dearest friend, to think of any thing like parties of pleasure.....I send you a rather more elegant bonbonnier than the ivory one, which you may wish to make a present of. Perhaps our friend Griffith would make it acceptable to his wife; but do as you please."

Some family affairs of importance demanding Mrs. Rowan's presence in England, she arrived in Chester on Saturday, December 31, 1796, a few days after the arrival of the French fleet in Bantry Bay. There an adventure occurred to her, of which she gave Mr. Rowan the following account:—

"On Sunday morning, after breakfast, I sat down to write to your father and Griffith. I had taken out many of my papers, in some of which the Chancellor's name was mentioned. Judge of my surprise then, when the man of the house came, and said Mr. Mayor was below and wished to see me. Without any hesitation, however, I desired he might be shown up. In he came, a poor old man, with white gloves, (he is a plumber by trade,) who seemed much more embarrassed than I; two other men were along with him; one of whom, almost the only one who spoke and had the manners of a gentleman, after making some apology, said that they requested to see my papers. I replied, I really did not understand what he meant. He said, he wished to examine my trunks and boxes, to see if I had treasonable papers in them; and then asked if I had any such, or sealed papers of any sort. I answered, that I had no sealed papers of any sort; and that I believed it was the first time it had ever been thought I was capable of assisting in carrying on a treasonable correspondence; nor had I been treated by the government of any country, as if they looked upon me to be a person of that description. It did not require much sagacity to find out that this was a business undertaken by the corporation of Chester, of their own wise heads; for the spokesman



now declared that 'it was a business Mr. Mayor had been very reluctant to undertake;' to which the poor Mayor continually replied, 'very reluctant indeed.' They asked if I knew the French fleet was at Bantry before I left Ireland. I said, doubtless I did. They asked, if I thought you were on board of it. I replied, they must be sensible that these were questions I need not answer; but that if it would give them any satisfaction, I would that instant take my oath before the mayor, that, to the best of my belief, you were in America; and I mentioned the date of the last letter I had at that time from you. I need not tell you that I have no papers that, on my own account, I cared all the world saw; but I had several notes and letters from Griffith which I did not choose to lay before the corporation of Chester; for though I knew any one of them would have made my tormentors sorry for the trouble they had given me, yet to have avoided a trifling or even a great inconvenience, I would not have had his name brought in question; yet I did not wish to avoid having my papers look at, though it was plain I might have done so. I had heard General Johnson named with the utmost respect, as Commander-in-chief there, and judging that he was the first man in the town, and a gentleman, I very coolly said, that though I had no papers of the nature of those they came to look for, yet I had most certainly private letters which I did not like to have read; but that if General Johnson were sent for, he should, if he wished, see every paper I had. This asking to see the General seemed still more to increase my consequence with the Chester citizens. As he lived in a house belonging to the hotel where I was, one of them went for him, and returned, saying he was not at home, but that when he came in he should be told I wanted to see him. Up they all three got to walk off, and up I stood and said, that as they had thought it worth their while to come to me at all, it was certainly worth their while to wait until General Johnson came; but if they would not do this, I insisted upon their locking up all my boxes and taking the keys with them. This I did, to prevent the possibility of its being said that I destroyed any papers. Down they sat, looking very foolish; and very soon after the General came in, with one of his aid-de-camps and my friend Hinchman, who was in a most furious passion, and talked loud and much in my defence. The General is a very old venerable looking man, and the first word I said to him, I perceived he was, unfortunately, uncommonly deaf. While Hinchman and he were talking, (for the Mayor and his men had gone off directly,) I took the aid-de-camp, who was luckily an intelligent, and apparently a good-natured young man, to one of the windows, showed him some of the letters that were lying on the table, and in a few words explained my situation, and my reason for not showing my papers to the Mayor. The aid-de-camp explained every thing to the General much quicker than I could have done. I showed him also some letters, and he expressed much concern at the trouble that had been given me, and having wished us a pleasant



journey, withdrew. I then sat down, and wrote an account of the whole business to Griffith, and he sent my letter to the Chancellor. On Monday morning the General called on me, to ask if there was any thing he could do for me at Chester; for that he was going to ride, but would not leave town without letting me know. Soon after this we set out, and reached our destination without any farther adventures."

From Richard Griffith, Esq. To Mrs. Rowan.

"January 14, 1797.

"My Dear Madam,

"Finding the report that Mr. Rowan was in the French fleet had gained ground, I came to Dublin on Wednesday last, and called on the Chancellor; but not finding him at home, I wrote a letter to him explaining the cause of your journey, and inclosing your letter to me, dated 1st August last, which letter would be sufficient to convince me, if I had no other motive to believe it, that Mr. Rowan is incapable of joining in such an expedition against his native country. I wish very much that you would hasten your return to Ireland, as various foolish surmises are made, to account for your absence .....When you write to Mr. Rowan, I request you will desire him to send you an authentic document, signed by some noted magistrate, of his being somewhere in America on Christmas-day. The propriety of your producing such a document, as soon as possible, was suggested to me by a man high in power here.\*

"I am, dear Madam, your sincere friend,

"RICHARD GRIFFITH."

As numerous false reports of Mr. Rowan's "sayings and doings" in America, were published both by enemies and mistaken friends, many of which reached his family, Mrs. Rowan became

\* In reply to this request, Mr. Rowan writes—"I hope to get, and inclose it for you; but the people here do not like swearing; besides, Mr. Dickinson, the first character in this State, is of the Society of Friends. I wish there was a society of rational Quakers, and I would join them."



anxious to ascertain from other authority than her husband, how far they were to be credited, fearing that, from tenderness to her feelings, he might have concealed what it concerned her much to know. Accordingly she addressed a letter to Major Butler on the subject, at the same time requesting his candid opinion as to the expediency of her crossing the Atlantic. From him she received an answer in full accordance with Mr. Rowan's communications. He writes—"Your husband's every feeling—all his happiness seems centred in you and your children; he thinks of nothing else; he scarce speaks of any thing but of schemes for being restored to you; it is the theme of all his conversations with me. He leads a recluse life, and mixes little in society." As to America, he does not encourage the idea of her going thither. "Philadelphia is as dear as London. The servants are the worst on earth. Land is cheap, and in the country living is reasonable; but there is little or no cultivated society."

Finding that the violence of party in Philadelphia, and what appeared to me the imprudent interference of some of my countrymen in their politics, which it was almost impossible to avoid, I rejoiced in my determination of quitting that great and flourishing town, and went to board and lodge for the winter at the house of a farmer of the name of Armor, a plain honest man of the federal party, who lived on his own estate, about four miles from Wilmington. I expected that, during the frost, the walk back and forward would be pleasant; but my disappointment was great, when I found that the early sun rendered the roads worse than in the most rainy weather; and on returning home in the evening, until the moon rose it was totally dark, for in those latitudes



there is little or no twilight.

[That he did not long continue to relish his new style of living appears from the following extract from his letters:--  
"Have I told you that I have at last found that I cannot with pleasure live for a constancy as an American farmer? I thought I should never find one less troublesome in eating than myself; but I do acknowledge that the style in which I have passed this winter, does not make me wish for another. Summer will do well enough. In the four or five months which I have passed with my farmer, I have not seen butcher's meat a dozen of times; and as I have told you that vegetables are here scarce and dear, you will easily believe we had none, except potatoes and Indian corn. I do not like the latter; but it is an amazing culture. Its progress is about five months from sowing to reaping, and it yields from thirty to fifty fold."

I now had the honour of being received at the house of a most valuable and sensible man, John Dickinson, who was one of the first revolutionists of that country, and filled the highest honours of the state during the revolution, but had at this time retired from the bustle of politics with a most amiable family. One of his daughters afterwards married Dr. Logan, who was a leading man among the republicans. I also contracted friendship with many other gentlemen in this town, of different parties, of whom it may suffice to name Caesar Rodney, as good in private as he was virtuous in public life; during the time I resided in Wilmington, he was a practising lawyer; but his principles and



talents procured him the place of attorney-general under Mr. Jefferson's presidency: Mr. Bayard, a man of elegant manners, a federalist in Congress, and a senator elected by the same state; and Dr. Tilton, a physician of good repute in his profession, and an old decided revolutionist; from all of whom I received the most polite and friendly attentions.

It happened that two brothers of the name of Jordan, who had been in the calico printing line in Manchester, had emigrated to America, and established a factory on a small river about half a mile from the town; but either from indolence or extravagance they became bankrupts. They had expended a large sum on this establishment. It contained five printing tables, with all the appendages of calender, forge, indigo-mills, chipping-machine, turning-lathe, and a printing-machine, driven by the river Brandywine, which furnished a piece of one colour in about seven minutes. My Quaker friends in Wilmington, of the name of Pool, said, "Friend Archibald, thou sayest that thou shouldest wish to settle among us, and have something to do: why shouldest thou not purchase these works?" My reply was, I did not choose, in such times, to risk the taking from my family so much money as the purchase must come to. The most zealous of my Quaker friends, however, urged the purchase so earnestly, that I gave way; and those amongst them who were of the banking company, promised me their assistance in furnishing the funds to carry it on, until the works were able to support themselves. As a first step, I agreed with a dyer in the town (of the name of Aldred), an Englishman, from Manchester, who undertook the management of the shop and men, and would make up the accounts every three



months. In less than a year it was calculated it would be productive.

He announces his embarking in this business to Mrs. Rowan in the following terms:-- "Wilmington, March, 1797. You will find by the papers which accompany this, that I am no longer a gentleman, but a printer and dyer of calicoes, and yet I do not think I disgrace my family, unless industry be a disgrace. Indeed I shrewdly suspect that it is not the virtue which the proprietors of the world wish to make the poor believe it to be, in order that they may enjoy what they have in peace.".....

"December 19th, 1797. How interest sways men! Some time since, when I was commencing this business, I advised with many of my acquaintances, among whom were various opinions. One, however, was decidedly against it. 'It never could answer.' 'There was no encouragement.' Some time after, I found that this person rented a calico printing ground to another adventurer. This person ruined himself and lost reputation by bad colours, a thing, by-the-bye, impossible to happen to us. If we dye, we shall go off without the jest of flying colours being applied to our work. And last post brought me a letter from this friend, making me an offer of the place, with an assurance from what he heard of the goodness of the work, that the manufactory, if settled there, would undoubtedly 'become of considerable importance.' But I would not quit my sentry-box on the Brandywine, for any thing less than, at least, one of the new Italian republics; and the fact is, that this spot is ten times to be preferred to his in every thing except vicinity to Philadelphia;



and we pay but £30 a-year instead of £140. The disproportion between rents in this country and purchase money is amazing." A year's experience convinced him that he had engaged in an unprofitable business. He writes, "Since I was a manufacturer I have received about £1350, out of which I have paid on account of the works about £900; so I had much better have remained a gentleman, particularly as there is owing to the bank the whole £700 borrowed from it, and several small accounts for drugs."7

There was upon the grounds a hut, about ten feet square, which had been built by the original proprietors, for the cutters to work in. This I removed to a romantic spot on the banks of the Brandywine, and I built around it a piazza towards the river, and thither I removed myself and my dog Charles; while I gave the dwelling-house to Aldred and his family.

The first misfortune which happened to me here, was the having my house burned, by having left too much fire in the stove on Christmas-day, while I was at market.\* A more serious one

\* A detailed account of this fire is given in one of his letters, dated, December 28th. He estimates his loss of 100 guineas. "Upon the whole," he continues, "this accident has been fortunate: it has deprived me of many things to which I was too much attached, and for which I had no occasion. Providentially it happened in the day time; had it been in the night, Charles, Sally and I would most probably have been roasted. I had a small library of about 200 volumes, chiefly French, some of which are burned, others lie at present in the ice, and a few are safe. I much fear the poor trees which are on board the Liberty, for Derry, will suffer from the severity of the frost. The ice and the yellow fever will surely lower the rents in Philadelphia. I am assured that a degree of distress prevails there among the mercantile people, which seems incredible. Some merchants, it is said, cannot pay even the postage of their letters. In this state of things it is no wonder that we calico-printers look blank. In Philadelphia the jail continues to be the ton."



befel me the next year; for after carrying on the manufactory one year, during which time I could not get Aldred to make up the accounts, and that the last two payments to the bank had been out of my pocket, I concluded some alteration must be made. I therefore informed Aldred that I would discontinue the works next spring, if the accounts were not more successful. To this he answered, that the cause of this temporary failure was the prevalence of the yellow fever in Philadelphia. I then purchased some bales<sup>of</sup> muslin, to be prepared when the spring fleet should arrive from England. I ought to mention here, that the chief profit which this manufacture reaped, was from pirating those patterns which seemed to sell best, and stamping them on India muslin, which was finer, broader, and very little inferior in workmanship, and nearly one-third cheaper than those imported. Aldred still put off any settlement, on which I told him that he had better look out for some other situation, as I was determined on breaking up the works and paying my debts. He persisted that if continued, they would answer; and at last bluntly said he was a partner, and would carry them on whether I would or not. This, I allow, alarmed me, and I went to my friends in the bank, and told them my situation. They asked me whether Aldred had brought any effects with him when he joined me? and I mentioned that my agreement with him was, that he should have half the profit on the printing, and the liberty to carry on his old trade on his own account, besides house, fuel, and the use of a cow. My friends said, they would settle that matter speedily, as they would the next day distrain the premises for the whole debt; and Aldred would be glad to be permitted to go away with



what he brought to the ground; and thus I got rid of my English partner.

I now consulted with three of the men, who understood the different branches of the business, and they agreed to take their chance of an equal share of the profits instead of wages. I now kept the books, paid, and received, and in the first six months the dividend was very good; but as the season advanced, to our discomfiture, when he applied for orders, we found the generality of our customers had received intimation from the British riders, that if they found American prints in their stores, they must make up their accounts with their British correspondents immediately; and this not being perfectly convenient to the American trade, we were left without work. The next plan was to print my own muslins, and trust to selling them by auction; but this also failed; for the printed goods brought little more than the white price, and sometimes even less. Wearied and disgusted, I determined to break up the works.\* I then went to Mr. Lee, a Quaker, for whom we had printed a good quantity of cottons for South America, and offered him the whole of the goods I had on hands, at his own price; I knew that he had a full stock; but at length he consented to look over them. He said I had paid too much for the white goods; but if I would allow him 5 per cent. on their

\* He tried to dispose of the factory by auction, and announced it for sale in terms as characteristic of his own integrity as novel to the style of advertisement:— "Any person inclined to sacrifice his property by carrying on this manufactory in America, may have the whole for one-half the sum they cost, and immediate possession given."—Ed.



price, he would dispose of them. I then sold off all the materials, &c. and retired with a loss of about 500 dollars.

During the time the yellow fever raged in Wilmington, I was frequently in the habit of wheeling the flour from the mills there, to the works, in a small hand-barrow, and yet escaped the contagion. I probably owed my safety to the following circumstance:—During that time I was much employed in trying experiments on a bleaching liquid, the recipe for which was given me by Thomas Cooper of Sunbury, late of Manchester, who, though he would have dissuaded me from the enterprize, yet gave every assistance he could in the execution of it. This liquid was from a receipt of his own; a mixture of<sup>a</sup> certain quantity of vitriolic acid, salt, and sulphur, which occasioned a vapour like that which has been recommended for its antiseptic qualities; and this, possibly, saved me from the contagion.

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## CHAPTER XII.

Letter from Muir—Yellow fever—Mr. Barclay—Robert Morris—Rowan goes to visit the British Minister—Irish slaves—Visits Kosciusko—House of Congress—Alien bills—Benighted on the Delaware—Upstart aristocracy—Federalists and Anti-Federalists—Reception at a public meeting—Extract from the Porcupine Gazette—Letter to Cobbett, interview, and explanation—M'Comb's character of Porcupine—Letters from Mrs. Rowan—her belief in Christianity founded on Reason—arguments for and against going to America—attends lectures on chemistry—her heart and mind unchanged—Letters from Rowan—he wishes success to the Union—American newspapers—Visits Rodney in Albany—Springs of Saratoga—Shaking Quakers—Honesty of a Negro—Ferreting cat—Washington's obsequies—Dr. Priestley—Natural curiosities sent to Higgins—Mode of catching wild horses.



"Wilmington, Delaware, February 10th, 1797. This moment I received a letter from Muir. He writes:— ' I left Gerald in the last agonies; Palmer will not live; you would not know Skirving; and the state of Margarot's health is far from being firm.' He begs me to write to his parents. Will you either do so, or get some one to do so immediately on the receipt of this? to Mr. Thomas Muir, merchant, Glasgow. He got with danger extreme to New Spain, travelled across the continent to Vera Cruz, from thence got to the Havannah, at which place he was when he wrote to me, December 3d. He had left New Holland in the February before, and must, by circumstances, have reached Havannah about the middle of November. He is well and humanely treated, though at present a prisoner as an Englishman. I wonder whether the body of an outlaw or felon belongs of right to his Majesty, even after natural as well as civil decease. You, by this time, know whether this country joins the coalition; which I take to depend upon the issue of Lord Malmsbury's embassy."

"September 30th, 1797. The letters which I write now to my family may be regarded almost as letters from the dead to the living. If some small portion of petulance now and then breaks out, you must attribute it to some impertinent questioning intruder, or to a mind affected by an intemperate climate. I told you in my last that I had offered to superintend the hospital tents of this town. I thought it a duty from one in my situation, to the country and to the people who have hitherto protected me; but not having been called upon, I act like all those who are impelled by duty alone, without the zeal of affection, and have not repeated my offer. The population of this place seems to have lost as many as Philadelphia.\* Almost all the wholesale dealers have left that city. It would astonish you to see the low prices at which British goods are daily sold at vendues or actions in all the ports. If some other country does not pay the manufacturer, this, I think, would never answer, for it does little more than pay the materials. Perhaps this is policy, to stop a spirit of manufacture which was creeping into the country. Mr. Holmes has fled, but is well, I hear; as is also his partner Rainey. I saw Counsellor Dunne once at his house. He has secured himself, I believe; and I do not find that any one will lose by Mr. Barclay, who, in my opinion, is as worthy a man as ever walked; and indeed he is much respected, though blamed for overdrawing his credit at the bank, of which he was president. He has always been supposed to lean to the popular interest, and this has raised a host of enemies, who grossly calumniate him; while Robert Morris, whose notes have been swindled into every channel that was open, and are not now worth a penny in the pound, takes the other party, is caressed and supported, pays £600 per annum house rent, keeps within doors, and, surrounded by blunderbusses and pistols, defies all his creditors with the sheriff at their head, and dines on Sundays with Washington! The

\* "The disease now first designated the yellow fever began early in August, 1793, and terminated early in November. In that time there were 4,044 deaths. In the second week of October, when the disease was at its height, the number of deaths exceeded 700. The population of Philadelphia was then about 50,000, of whom one-third was computed to have left the city."— Tucker's Life of Jefferson.



weather is now sultry in the middle of the day, but very raw, as we would call it, in the mornings. These changes give the ague. I do not know whether I told you that I had it last year; if I get it again, I suppose I shall hold it longer than I did; for it appears to make part of the constitution of an American, and I am very near being one now, for I begin to think that there is but one being upon earth, and that is SELF."

"November 5th, 1797. Well, if people will but compliment me as they have done this 5th of November, I shall be reconciled to wearing your picture in the most prominent part of my dress, even were it handsomer than it is. However, the case is, that I am very seldom seen in any other garb than such as you have not often seen me in—short hair, no powder, and long beard; but this day I was remarkably spruce in the Quaker coat you sent me, pomatumed and perfumed like any muscadin or musk-rat, which, by-the-bye, is a devilish mischievous beast in this country, and generally killed wherever he is found. I went to pay my devoirs to the British minister, who was going through this town, on a visit to General Washington. I did not, however, meet him; he had departed; and some of my democratic American friends abused me for an excessive politeness. I am, however, you know, obstinate as to what I think right, and did not mind them, but went; and am really disappointed that I had not an opportunity of showing him how much I felt his polite expressions concerning her I love more than any other on earth. Were I to be as rich a calico printer as Mr. Peel, I would give up the whole for the society, manners, and climate of Europe, with a small annuity; yet this is a fine country for those who can plough and dig; but even they must take care to avoid the harpies who await their landing, and must immediately dash into the country. The members of the society for the abolition of slavery have not the least objection to buying an Irishman or Dutchman, and will chaffer with himself or the captain to get him indented at about the eighth part of the wages they would have to pay a country born.\* But to tell truth, they who are thus purchased generally do themselves justice, and run away before half their time is up. This, then, like every other abuse, falls hard only on the best subjects..... I find from a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, that Locke is given up there for a system of ethics composed by Paley. I have read some parts of it, but not the whole: indeed it is some time since I met it, and I only recollect

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In another letter he writes—"Swarms of Irish are expected here by the spring vessels, and the brisk trade for Irish slaves here is to make up for the low price of flax-seed!"



enough to beg that it may not be put into William's hands, to the exclusion, at least, of Locke."\*

"November 10th. If you were flattered by Aldred's attention, how much more vain will you be, when I give you, literally as I got it, the most sincere respects and regards of Mr. Dickinson of this town, and present you, in his name, with the inclosed list of trees, in a box of about 150 pounds weight, which he procured from a friend of his, a famous botanist, and lays it at your feet. I had spoken to him long since, and thought he had forgotten it, but this day, while drinking tea with him, the box arrived, and through the polite attention of the Rev. Mr. Porter, who sails from this for Derry, in the ship Liberty, the latter end of this, or beginning of next month, and promises to take care of it on the passage, and either immediately forward it to you, or inform you of its arrival, I hope it will get safe to hand."

"Wilmington, December 7th, 1797. My last jaunt to Philadelphia has been by much the least expensive and the most agreeable I have ever made. I lodged at a house with a Quaker merchant, not a thee and thou, though a plain man—and a Dutchman, who neither smoked nor drank gin—an Englishman, a Londoner, who is the son of a rich merchant, and thinks paradise and London are synonymous terms—and an American, a young man who is just returned from Bordeaux, where he went as supercargo of a vessel; and he is certain that London is no more to be compared to that place, than Appoquinimick is to New York! I saw Mr. Pinkney and he was very polite; but I own I did not receive his civilities with cordiality, for I recollected that he had refused to transmit letters for my best beloved, at a time when I figured to myself every possible evil having fallen upon her. Among my amusements at Philadelphia were two morning visits to Kosciusko; he cannot rise from his chair, which I suppose is the reason that he bows very low, too low I think; it hurt me, for one of the persons who was introduced to him while I was there, I knew to be a knavish scoundrel. He sits in an arm

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Adverting again to this topic, he says, "I wish him to know mankind before he is in the way of committing himself. I suppose he read Godwin's 'Enquirer;' I like it better than his 'Political Justice;' but I repeat, no Paley, or else let Locke accompany it, as an antiseptic to work particularly against the latter part of the practical morality."

/ The list contains the trivial and scientific names of upwards of thirty different kinds. There were also many duplicates of a great variety of seeds.—Ed.



chair, his head bound up with a broad black ribbon, dark curling hair, sparkling eye, nez retrouse, his coat what we call Hussar, his legs bandaged, and the left one on a stool; he cannot walk, but thinks he is acquiring strength. A gentleman told him while I was there, but it was supposed, in case any attack should be made upon the British territory, General Arnold would command in chief. He almost rose from his seat when the informant persisted, saying he had not left London above two months. "It is impossible," he cried; "Arnold is rash, destitute of talent, and drunken. I was myself obliged to write to General Gates to order him out of the field." I said nothing, but thought it possible that he might serve under the Duke of Gordon in England, or have the chief command in Ireland, where there would be no great danger of his being bought off. But heaven preserve me from all such miscreants! It was a fear of that sort which made me wish to have my only love on earth away from a devoted spot— a spot on which it is, and has long been my opinion, the fate of England will be decided. You know I always asserted the impolicy, as well as the impossibility of keeping a whole people in a state of subjection to a privileged few."

"March 2d, 1798.....I have written to my father at Killileagh, and inclosed some letters on which I request yours and his serious advice.....I have also sent February's papers, that he may see a full and true account of how the House of Congress is become a boxing-school; the speaker giving challenges from the chair, and when taken up in private, putting the matter 'ad referendum,' till the end of the sessions. If this is a specimen of a democratic republic, Lord help us sufferers in the cause!

"Mr. Fox's declaration, in answer to Mr. Dundas, is manly, and, I think, honourable. Would to God such sentiments had pervaded men in power long since, and things would not be in the condition they are. God send, even were they adopted, it may not be too late!

"I have told you often, and I repeat that the moment I can leave this country, without injuring my family, I will do so. As it appears that you are just in the same situation, we are not likely soon, if ever, to meet. In the present state of things it would be madness in you to think of moving. I am neither well nor ill, but better since I was in a warmer house; indeed I have more to complain of in mind than in body."

"June 10th, 1798. I have already told you that I foresaw a more strict union about to take place between this country and Britain, which might make my residence here disagreeable, to say no worse. But I did not foresee that such laws are to be enforced here as seem to be in



imitation of Jacobine fury, as it was called. Alien bills, naturalization bills, and sedition bills are originating in each house of the senate; and the representatives seem to vie with each other who shall enact the most rigorous clauses. By the one before the house, persons in my situation are declared de facto to be dangerous and are at the mercy of the marshal and district judge, to be taken up, imprisoned, bound over, or banished, or fined, or conveyed to the nearest part of the territories of those powers to which they owe allegiance. These bills are not yet passed, however.

"In what a season did the trees arrive! I fear they will not be of any other use than to show my dearest wife that I have some virtuous and sensible connexions in this country, and that they have imbibed the same sentiments of respect and regard for my friends, which have ever been entertained by myself.....I have in the house I live in at present a brewing copper, holding about a barrel; I have brewed in it five or six times, some for myself, but most for some neighbours. My beer is renowned for excellence and cheapness, and I am strongly solicited to undertake a brewery; but setting aside alien and sedition bills, I have been too much scorched by calico printing. Had this been an original attempt, I believe I should have been induced to undertake it. No, there is no sign of peace; nor of any such arrangement as you look for. A sermonizer here, on Mr. Adams's fast day, (for they fast and pray in this country too) said, and I think he said truly, that 'a great armed doctrine had gone forth, which would overturn and overturn and overturn!'"

"July 20th. The night before last I passed in my batteau on the Delaware. I was fool enough to trust a fine day, and as I used to do with you at Epinay, forget how to turn about until the tide turned; but with the evening came on one of those sudden changes of weather, that, among other things, make this country detestable and detested. The swell prevented me from benefitting by the tide; I ran on shore, as one would call it; but the rivers <sup>here</sup> have ~~no~~ no shore, they are bounded by marsh, alias mud, and there was no getting on dry land; and in my batteau full of water, with my oars, &c. lashed to the seat, I spent the night, and this being the fourth day after it, I am as well as I have been this year; so you see Ross was not quite out when he spoke of me; I have still a bit of iron in my constitution, though the steel may be ground off.....On the passing of the alien bill I wrote to the Secretary of State, saying that having been a victim of false evidence in my own country, I might fall under the suspicion of either the President or some others, and it might be thought necessary to remove me, in which case I desired to know whether as a British



subject, I should be removed to some place under British jurisdiction, or given permission to go where I pleased; and that the peculiarity of my situation would apologise for the intrusion. My letter was short and respectful, but I have received no answer.... Over and over again do I say, if I am to live under the lash of arbitrary power, at least let the whip be in the hands of those accustomed to use it, not picked up by a foot-passenger, who, unaccustomed to ride, keeps flogging every post and rail he comes near, pleased to hear how he can smack the whip. O upstart aristocracy, what a fiend art thou!.... I do not know whether I mentioned the number of dessert knives I sent you; I have eighteen, but I send you only one dozen. Is this in hopes they will ever meet again? Alas! I fear it much ..... You foolish goose, how could you send me any of the precious metals, as they are called: you will occasion my house to be robbed, I am sure, as soon as it is known that my spoons are not pewter. And why have I not the lock of hair with the picture, which would be my constant companion when I am fishing, brewing, or engaged in any other of my occupations? Pray send it to me in a small crystal locket, the plainest possible, and small, but strong. Still, as I have always said, you are above your sex; the whole of your reflections concerning Mrs. W—— would prove it if it did not appear in every other action of your life. I feel the force of common sentiments and common opinions, what a weight they have with me. I compare myself with you, and blush at the comparison! I could not have done another, even you, if you were a man, the same justice you have done me under similar circumstances; and indeed you only do me justice. Shall I ever act prudently? Probably never.

"It is now three weeks since I wrote to Timothy Pickering, and as I have received no answer, I am to suppose I have done an impertinent thing, to address a letter to the Secretary of State, nay more, request an answer from the first officer of the executive, after the President, of this most free and most enlightened nation, this democratic republic, if ever one yet existed; but where those who have got unexpectedly into power wish to remain so, and at their carousings drink confusion to that fiend democracy! Faith, it is not pleasant, when a man is elected to the House of Representatives, and pockets his six dollars per day, with ample travelling expenses to and from home, that the scum of the earth may take it into their head that he has not their interest in view, and elect another in his place, while he returns to the counter, the office, or the plough! Oh! the borough of old Sarum or Harrisburgh is much better than this! How very affectionate it is to his country, that to serve her in this hour of danger, General President Washington again steps forth into public life, and quits his dear retreat, his much loved solitude, after enjoying it for near two years! This being the 24th of July, all things remain as they were, excepting my having received two flattering civilities from two persons very universally respected on this continent;



but nothing can remove the weight of absence from my dearest friend, which ever hangs heaviest on HAMILTON."

The Congress was at this time divided into two parties, called federalists and anti-federalists. One of these was composed of those, who at the settlement of their present constitution had supported more popular maxims of government, and were called republicans by themselves, and anarchists and French by their opponents. The other party, having desired to enlarge the power of the executive in the government about to be established, and having voted for the actual constitution, called themselves federalists.

Among those who visited me and congratulated me on my arrival there were many of both parties, and in the course of my residence in America I reckoned many sincere friends in each, though most in the former. The chief subject of American politics on which I suffered myself to speak was the alien bill; this I felt severely; it was, with respect to me and many others, a penal statute, which delivered those who did not become citizens over to the hands of the President, ordering them either to quit the country in fifteen days, or, in case of refusal or neglect of this, empowered him to have them seized and transmitted to whatever country he chose to say they belonged. A short time after my arrival at Philadelphia there was a town meeting on the subject of the British treaty, which was a grand subject of discussion. I was curious to see a popular assembly in the New World, and attended in the garden of the Courthouse of Philadelphia, where it was convened.

A stage had been erected, on which three delegates, to whom



the consideration of the treaty had been referred, were mounted. They gave their reasons against the treaty. But the last speaker, Blair M'Clenahan, to my utmost surprise, at the close of his speech, said, "Now let us give three cheers for the persecuted patriot, Hamilton Rowan," (at the same time throwing the copy of the treaty, which he held in his hand, among the crowd), "and kick the treaty to hell!"

On my going the next day to Baltimore, to see my worthy and much esteemed friend H. J. the following address to the editor appeared in Peter Porcupine's Gazette:-

"The Munts, Printers Of The Federal Gazette,  
Baltimore

"My readers know, that I some days ago gave them a proof or two of the federalism of these hypocritical editors of the Baltimore Federal Gazette. Their last paper contains another proof; and that will speak for itself too, in the following words:- 'On Sunday evening arrived here from Wilmington, on a short visit, that persecuted patriot and warm assertor of the civil and religious rights of mankind, Mr. Archibald Hamilton Rowan.' What could Bache, or Greenleaf, or any sans culotte scoundrel in the country have said more? This Rowan is known to have escaped from the hands of justice in his own country, and to have fled to France; he is known to have been one of those men who have caused the convulsions in Ireland, with all their fatal consequences; he is known to be an apostle of those abominable principles which have deluged Europe with blood, and which it is every good man's object to keep far from this country. In fine, he is known to have joined the democratic, jacobin, anti-federal faction here, from the moment of his landing. It is notorious he was introduced to, and welcomed by an anti-federal town meeting, who gave three cheers for Rowan, and other three for kicking the treaty to hell. And it is notorious that all his friends and associates are men who act as if they had bound themselves by an oath to overthrow and destroy the federal government. And this is the man whom the federal printers of Baltimore welcome to their city as a persecuted patriot, a warm assertor of civil and religious rights! Are these the men that the federalists of Baltimore



are weak enough to encourage on account of their political principles? But I shall be told that these are the best which Baltimore has to boast of. I am sorry for it. I wish I had some one to send there to replace them; and I am certain, if I were a man of wealth and lived there, they should be replaced. There wants nothing but a man of spirit, integrity, and some talents, to reduce them to a cypher. Such men are surely to be found; but till the real federalists have public spirit enough to act as well as talk, they must expect to see their cause the stepping-stone of hypocrites and villains."

"Porcupine Gazette, 17th February, 1798."

[In consequence of this unprovoked attack, Mr. Rowan addressed the following letter to Mr. Cobbett, editor of the Porcupine Gazette:-

"February 20th, 1798

"Sir,

"Soon after my arrival in America, whither I had fled from confinement inflicted for entertaining political opinions flowing from feelings over which I could have no control, I retired to a distance from Philadelphia. I entered into no party, and not being a citizen, I studiously avoided mingling in the politics of this country. Thus retired, offending neither the government nor individuals, I expected to live unmolested; yet, during my residence in the United States, I have been the unnecessary subject of frequent paragraphs in your paper. I wished to believe that you had seen the indelicacy and impropriety of such a procedure; but a publication in your paper of Saturday destroys that expectation. As you have received no injury from me, I request of you to explain to me what are your motives for repeatedly wounding my feelings and breaking in upon the peace of my family, by whom your papers may be read, possibly, in Europe.

"I am, Sir, &c.

"A. H. ROWAN."

In the Porcupine Gazette of the following day, February 21, appeared the following notice to correspondents:-

"I must beg leave to tell the person who requests to be informed by my motives for publishing certain paragraphs, that I do not acknowledge or submit to any secret inquisition. If he wishes to have his letter, or any other communication on the subject, published in my paper, it



shall be done without hesitation, and then of necessity I shall give such answer as propriety, truth, and candour shall dictate; but I will never condescend to a private correspondence in defense of what I publish to the world."

Mr. Rowan now determined to have a personal interview, and accordingly, as he informs us, waited upon him, attended by Mr. Stafford, who acted as his friend on this occasion.<sup>7</sup>

This evening, February 23, I went by appointment to Mr. Cobbett's, accompanied by Mr. Stafford, who had arranged the interview. On entering his private office, Mr. C. introduced me to a Mr. North, a friend of his, an Englishman, as he said. When seated, Mr. Cobbett said he understood that I had desired to see him, and he wished to know what I had to say to him. I answered, that I had shown Mr. Stafford every thing which had passed between us, and had put him in possession of my sentiments on this occasion. The conversation then took a wide range concerning general principles, his right to canvass public characters, &c. and he spoke of a dispute between him and the editors of a Baltimore paper, which he said was the cause of his late publication. Mr. Stafford observed he ought to have confined his attack to them. I said the matter was very short; I had been wantonly and unnecessarily wounded by various and repeated paragraphs in his paper. He interrupted me by saying that for some months prior to this, there had not been any insertion of that sort; that he had been informed that I did not intermeddle in the politics of this country, but that he had lately learned by a letter from a person in Wilmington, whose name he would not give, that the contrary was the fact. I said I was concerned that there was any person living there so uninformed of my situation, or



so ready to assert a falsehood concerning me; that those who knew my connexions in that town must know that I received equal attentions from both parties, and I mentioned among other other names that of Dr. Latimer. I again asserted that I did not call forth these strictures by any public act of mine; that I held certain political opinions which I thought virtuous and honourable; that I had acted on them in Ireland, and had been persecuted for them; that I was prepared for farther persecution if necessary; that I held the same principles still, but that I did not act on them in this country; if ever I should, I then became fair game; that every man had a right to form and support his own opinions; but that what I complained of, and wished to prevent in future, was the being held up as a beacon to be avoided by all good and honourable men. Mr. Cobbett said he never meant to injure me or my family; that he had attacked me as a public character; that Mr. North had been present when he received my letter; that he had handed it to him, saying, "Here is a very civil letter; I think I must answer it:" that this was his first impression, but upon reflection he changed his opinion, and had inserted the notice to correspondents; for he did not choose that a letter of his, in which he might lay himself open, should be handed about or published. He again asserted his right to canvass all public occurrences, such as the paragraph in the Baltimore paper. I acceded generally to what he said, but remarked that the occasion of my writing to him, or calling on him, was the private abuse he had at different times thrown on me, which was such as no man could silently endure. He said he did not feel inclined to make an apology. I replied, if I had thought any apology from him necessary, I should have asked him for it, and



his refusal would have terminated our interview; that what I desired was to remain in the back-ground, and to be let alone. But if his declining to apologize for what had passed proceeded from an idea that he had done me no injury, there was every probability that on the first occasion I should be again brought forward in the same manner; and in that case I had given this trouble to no purpose; that as Mr. C. had repeatedly declared that he had no intention of injuring me or wounding my private character, I appealed to himself and to his friend Mr. North, whether those publications were or were not of that tenor. If they were not, I had no right to make my present remonstrance, or request his silence in future; but if they were, I was authorised in my application, and in my request. In the course of this conversation, Mr. C. drew out a letter, which he said had been handed to him behind his counter that day; he wished me to read it. I asked whether it was anonymous. He said it was. I declined reading it, and returned it. Mr. C. was called out on business, and Mr. North repeated what Mr. C. had said on the subject of my letter; and that he had supposed he had written to me, until he saw the article to correspondents. I said I was not surprised that he should have been cautious of writing to me, as he did not know me; that some persons might suppose I should pride myself upon receiving any apology from Mr. C., which I assured him would not be the case; that I had indeed mentioned this business to some of my friends, but as the matter was in train, it was in confidence; that whatever might be the issue of it, I should inform them; but it was not my intention to make the business public. Mr. Cobbett returned into the room, and very shortly after said, that



when he wrote that paragraph, he thought he was doing right, or doing his duty; that since that time he had been better informed as to my character, and that he would not in future wantonly or unnecessarily bring my name forward. I said this was all I desired, and that I was perfectly satisfied with this assurance, and I arose to retire. While we were standing, Mr. Cobbett offered to insert any thing I should desire in his paper. I said my wish was, never to appear in it. Mr. Stafford, however, said, that as he had given so full and candid an explanation, he would perhaps insert something from himself. Here both Mr. C. and I interrupted him; I, by saying I should object to any publication; and Mr. C. by saying that he had been frequently requested to do so, but had always refused; that at this moment he was convinced he had misrepresented a very worthy man in this city, but that he would never contradict what he had once said. In the course of conversation many other indifferent things passed, for the recollection of which my memory does not serve me, but they were all of the same tenor. Mr. C. saw us to the door.

✓Prior to the termination of this affair, Rowan had written to a friend in Wilmington, stating the circumstances, and asking his advice. His friend, in reply, asks, "Would it not be proper to call on Latimer and Bayard for their certificate that you lived in a retired, inoffensive, and peaceable manner in this town, and by your prudent conduct had gained the attention and respect of all parties and descriptions? Such a certificate would abash even Porcupine himself; and a suit brought against him in the Federal Court, for scandal, would teach him better manners in future."



The same friend writes again:—"It is hard to advise what would be most proper in your case. The certificate I mentioned this morning would please me best. Porcupine is a public defamer, and is reprobated even by his own party. He can hurt no one in this country. The danger is, that he may injure your family. The certificate would completely obviate this. He is too much of a blackguard to be treated like a gentleman; he ought to be held up to universal contempt and abhorrence. I hope you have not gone too far to retract, and that you will join the general voice in thus treating him.

"Your affectionate friend,

"ELEAZER M'COME."

"Wilmington, February 22, 1798

"A. H. Rowan, Esq."

From Mrs. To Mr. Rowan.

"March, 1799. I am glad that the picture got safe, and that you like it. Does my countenance give the lie to my actions, or have they been such as to make you doubt my affections? If my countenance would show what passes in my heart, it would then be seen with what infinite pain to myself, and from the most disinterested affection to you, I have acted as I have done; but could I send you a copy of my heart as easily as I can my face, believe me I should do it most readily, that you might then see how every part of it glows with the warmest affection for you. Mr. Dickinson concluded I was a woman of superior understanding. I thank him; but I have my fears he took all his ideas of me from your partial accounts. I know not what book Mr. Dickinson put into your hands, on the subject of Christianity; but in my idea it stands on the best of all foundations, Reason; for who can doubt its precepts being divine, since more than mortal charity and benevolence shine through the whole? I do not mean to say, however, that I disbelieve either prophecy or miracles; far from it; but I think I could be a Christian without either; to which I may add, that the more I have reflected on, and used my reason in matters of religion, the stronger has been my belief in Christianity. I hear Priestley has lately published a very absurd book on religion; he has many enemies, however, and I think it more than probable that the book in question is not at all what it is represented.



I would thank you to get it for me, that I may, as I generally do, judge for myself...I have sent by this vessel a parcel containing newspapers, pamphlets, and magazines; the pamphlets are either for or against the union.

"May 1st, 1799. Many resolutions do I make not to write to you on this day; but in no other way can I employ myself, or lessen the melancholy that I peculiarly feel on it. It is now five years since we were separated. For great part of that time I flattered myself that by waiting for a short season, I should have been enabled to bring with me to my beloved husband, independence, and sufficient to procure those comforts and even elegancies to which we and our children have been accustomed. Never did I deceive the friend of my heart; I will not do it now; those hopes are in some respects vanished. I am satisfied, let them say what they will, that your property will never be regranted. I do believe it was once the intention of government to have given it to me; but the circumstances that have occurred in Ireland since that time have prevented them. From this conviction I have given up all idea of remaining in this country..... The only cause of delay now arises from my private embarrassments; these, however, I must contrive some means of getting over. As to where we shall meet, you must be the best judge. I do not suppose in America; your picture both of that country and its inhabitants is indeed sufficient to deter any person from going thither. But then you did expect to find perfection there; and I do not think it exists any where; however, I have no predilection for America, nor for any country out of the British dominions; and these being the only places in which it is totally impossible for me to enjoy happiness, as you cannot be of the party, all countries at peace with England become equal to me. America, you seem to think, would be the best place for us, in case we were deprived of our property. This is a circumstance we shall never know till it happens. The strongest reason, however, in favour of America, is the very great risk you must run in quitting it, of being taken at sea by the English or their allies, the idea of which is too horrid for me to rest on; and the danger is the greater, as I think the American government, from its present temper, would give every information in its power respecting your departure. To balance this, however, you seem to think the climate of America does not agree with you. I am rather inclined to think that your present mode of life would not agree with you any where. Every captain of a ship that comes from Philadelphia or Wilmington fills this country with accounts of your drawing beer, flour, &c. through the streets, which gives fresh food for scandal against poor me.



My own heart, and those who know me, acquit me of the crime of want of affection for you....What could, what should have obliged you to run from your house to the factory in a snow-storm, with your bed on a barrow? We are both suffering; but why should we make for ourselves unnecessary troubles? The truth is, a friend of your has written to me from America, to say that you are grown very thin, and that your health is very indifferent. You will judge what I felt at the receipt of such a letter. I am sensible, because I sometimes feel it, that to give the body exercise is in a degree the means of lessening the sufferings of the mind; but then it must not be fatigued; for though that may procure rest for a night, lowness of spirits will succeed it in the morning. For myself, I have it not in my power, living as I do in town, to take much exercise. I am never happy, and seldom quite well, nor yet ill, but I have not that pleasure in existence which peace of mind alone can give. Besides, what I have so long foreseen has come to pass; constant suspense keeps me ever in a fret; and there are more days that my children are, than they are not, objects of pain to me; yet, to prove that I do not give way without an effort to amuse my mind, (and did I not sometimes succeed, I should go mad,) of late I have been much taken up in attending chemical lectures, and reading sufficient to make me understand them, and from this I often find entertainment when lighter amusements have failed. Until I began, I did not know how pleasant a study it was, or that it took in so much of natural philosophy. To return, however, to what is most interesting to us both, our reunion, let me know what you think we had best do, for you know America, and I do not. On many accounts it would be desirable to be in Europe; but the great reasons against are, first, the danger you would run in getting to it, and the handle your quitting America would give your enemies. These appear to me so strong, as not to be easily got over; but in every other point of view Europe is greatly to be preferred.....I send you a small parcel containing newspapers, with Pitt's and our Speaker's speeches on the union, and a pamphlet which, there is little doubt, was written by Emmett. Mr. Dickinson and you are quite out in your politics. I fear the union may pass; but, believe me, if it does, it will be no reason for your being permitted to return to this country; quite the contrary; but you could never think on public matters as does your affectionate wife."

"June 29th, 1799. You talk of the American climate; but this, like the manners of the people, is much changed since you first knew it. The winter here, as I told you, was dreadfully cold, and indeed we perished until this month, when it set in so hot, that this day week was hotter than any thing I ever felt. The consequence of this sudden change is, that we have all got colds; but the worst to me is, that every time it blows too hot or too cold, I feel it at my heart, from the idea of what you may be suffering from the excess of either. Sometimes I say to myself, are the people or the climate really so changed? or is it that being separated from him I love, every thing is to my dis-tempered fancy altered? If this is the case, may not the



same cause produce the same effect in you, and give to America and its inhabitants many of their faults?"

"July 29th, 1799. To any well inclined persons, and there are some such, your endeavours to procure an independence by industry, situated as you are, must appear highly laudable, and worthy only of praise....I am not, any more than you, given to prophecy; but it is not necessary to be gifted with this, to foresee that ere long a limited monarchy will be established in France, which will, for a time, at least, give peace to bleeding Europe. This is my opinion, at least; but I do not know that it is any other person's; and as I never speak or write on political subjects, I should not have mentioned it, but that I think it the best chance we have of our affairs being settled satisfactorily."

"May 1st, 1800. Bread has been sixpence a pound; it is now, thank God, somewhat cheaper.....These circumstances will not prevent my joining you the instant I hear of your being in Europe, though I should run away and walk the journey; but I hope better than this, and trust that the goodness of God, which has so long supported me, will now enable me to settle every thing in some degree to my satisfaction. To lose courage in such a situation is to lose every thing."

"August 16th, 1800. I have before said I am promised letters of recommendation, as soon as it is known where we mean to live; in what style they will be I cannot say, but I think the Chancellor will do the best he can for us; and from men of science here I shall have letters to men of the same sort in Germany. Ten thousand thanks for your thinking of my good friend Higgins....There are some cases, my good friend, in which to suppose the possibility is to make the reality. You expect to find me altered, so much as to fear we shall not again be as happy as we were. In person, to be sure, I am altered; perhaps also in manners. When you recollect the scenes I have had to go through, and the courage that was necessary for them, you will naturally suppose that there is more of independence in my character and manners than there was when you left me. This however, was even then coming fast; I must own I think it an improvement; prepare yourself to think so, and rest assured my heart and mind are just those you have so long loved."

From various passages in Mr. Rowan's correspondence, his opinions in favour of the union were very striking and decided. Addressing his father, he writes, "January, 1799. I congratulate



you upon the report which spreads here that a union is intended. In that measure I see the downfall of one of the most corrupt assemblies, I believe, ever existed, and instead of an empty title, a source of industrious enterprize for the people, and the wreck of feudal aristocracy."/

From Mr. To Mrs. Rowan

"January 10th, 1799. "Success to the union, if it is intended. You may have heard me declare the same opinion long since. It takes a feather out of the great man's cap; but it will, I think, put many a guinea in the poor man's pocket."

"March 15th. The government printer has, the other day, published a letter in his newspaper, in which, among other curious paragraphs are the following:— 'That the constitution of these states! (alas! how often, in conversation with poor Tone, have I urged that the Americans were far off and looked bright!) 'is a mere substitute for a better; more untenable than a house on a quicksand:.... That the state governments are like a —farrow of pigs insulting the old sow: (Elegant!) 'that universal suffrage is only the right of putting a paltry piece of paper into a ballot-box once or twice a year:.....that republicanism is the highest note in the gamut of nonsense:.....that newspapers are the greatest curse a country can have; and American papers worse than any others:.... that the magistrates and clergy are—the former pickpockets and bank robbers; and the latter a herd of stock-jobbing priests, attacking the true faith.' And the cure of these is a change of government! I have before told you I thought such a thing, whether right or wrong, was intended; I told you it would not be effected without blood; and therefore so far from wishing you here, I wished that I were away from this. The time then will come, and I shall perhaps be here in despite of myself. I begin to think that the only question a poor man should ask himself is, 'Under what government shall I work least, get most, and keep what I get?' In this view, to use an American term, I would advocate an union in Ireland, which will throw work into the cabin, and take triple taxes and tenth of income, &c. &c. out of the rich man's house. In future times, however, I have no doubt but a mode will be adopted better than any now known, and I am fortified in this opinion from the great probability of a convulsion in this country, which has certainly theoretically the most free government existing; for except in the instances of some free states, where the legislatures assume the right (as it is said, under a misconstruction of the constitution, by those who oppose it) to elect senators and appoint electors for



choosing the president, every office is filled by the people. The strange compromise between the states possessing slaves, and the others is indeed ludicrous. Six slaves make one free man, and give a vote in consequence to their proprietor. It was somewhat on this principle, I suppose, that formerly one Englishman was equal to ten Frenchmen, Q. E. D. This superiority seems to be kept up at sea, where the most absolute despotism reigns. How is this? Because in that service, merit, professional alone, leads to promotion. No eighty-four-gun ship has ever descended from father to son."

"April 15th, 1799. There are so many new events turning up in your country, that there is no foreseeing what will be the issue. But of this I am morally certain, that the troubles in Europe will increase rather than diminish; and this alone keeps me in suspense as to leaving America. Were I mad with prophecy, I would utter strong but by no means improbable sentences upon all the monarchies of the old world. But I cannot think that these things are acting in order to the accomplishment of that which was written. It seems to me that all revolutions are effected by a co-operation of the benevolent and ambitious against the rich and the corrupt. As soon as the revolution is consolidated, those who were benevolent become corrupt from power, and the ambitious make them their prey, and in their turn fall before a new coalition. I am almost sent to Coventry here by the Irish, for my opinions concerning a union. I am, as usual, obstinate as a pig, and mutter 'union, or——.' The army have returned from Philadelphia, having acted as an army let loose always willact, even though it should belong to the freest and most enlightened nation."

"Balston Springs, September, 1799. I wrote on the back of a letter which I left at New York, as I passed through to this place, 'on the road to Saratoga.' I do not know whether you ever received the only letter which could in a degree explain this journey of about 500 miles. Mr. Rodney was ill at Albany; his family were in distress; he was supposed to have no friend with him; his wife insisted on joining him; her father would not consent to it; and a sort of compromise took place upon my undertaking the journey, and promising them all due attention. I arrived here in six days' very fatiguing journey; for the road was miserable towards the latter end; but if travelling all day and the greatest part of the night had not, with something else, deadened all sources of pleasure, I must have been delighted with the scenery on the banks of the North river all the way from New York. The distant views of the Catskill mountains, which are a part of the Allegany, were superb; never have I seen such heights. When I arrived here, I found Rodney had written that most alarming letter, which occasioned my journey, in a fit of despondency, and that he was as well as any man liable to attacks from indigestion, which, however, were very severe. This spot is in a hollow;



the hills which make it a bason have been covered with pine trees. This is called a pine-barren, and would have been less disagreeable to the eye, if they had not, by cutting the bark, killed all the trees, which are now so many ragged poles, some fallen, some falling. The accommodations are a long frame-house, and this divided by a gallery, on each side of which are small rooms just big enough for a pallet bed and a trunk with one chair, and nothing but board partitions. I have one of these, which adjoins that of a Boston young lady, her attendant lover being on the other side of her. I hear more than prudence would dictate. There is a strange familiarity among the youth every where; it shocks at first, but has at length become familiar; and now without the least surprise I can see two or three young ladies and a gentleman in the corner of the room locked in each others' arms, and romping to excess. I have now visited the springs of Saratoga, about eight miles from hence. The waters taste nearly as those here, which are like Seltzer water with salt in it. The spring at Saratoga has risen out of the earth, and formed, as it constantly rose, a mound of petrification, out of the centre of which it constantly flowed; until about fifteen years since, when this crust or rock cracked, and the water is now about four feet lower than the surface over which it used to flow....I shall close this at Albany, whither I shall go and wait a few days, until Rodney determines whether the late alterations in the weather will not occasion his leaving the springs. This man also loves his wife, but he enjoys all other society; he dances, he jokes, nay, he is sorry when a young party leaves the place where he now inhabits.

"Here I am, September 11th, at Albany. I have desired Rodney to determine his actions, and that as he decides, I will either leave this on Thursday for New York, or wait for him. Should I be delayed, I will go and see the warm springs at Lebanon, and a curious society called the Shaking Quakers, which is in its vicinity. They renounce the world, like the Chartreux; but they render themselves useful to society by employing themselves in raising fowl, and cultivating large gardens. Every thing is in common among them; and I have heard such accounts of their regulations as would induce me to join them, were it not for the absurdity of their religious practices. Yet you would say to me, 'Where do you expect to find perfection?'"

"September 19th, 1799, on the North or Hudson river. Having adhered to my constant practice of continuing an Irishman, and not meddling with American politics, I have had the satisfaction of receiving marked civilities from many agreeable persons of both parties here. I spent a day at Mr. Walton's, near the wells, and have been much and kindly pressed to pass some time with a Mr. Van Ness, below Albany.... This is the second time I have embarked on this river, on my return to Delaware. The first time, Rodney and I got into a boat crowded by frowzy Dutch women



and their squalling brats; he got low-spirited, and we prevailed on another boat to lie to for us, while we re-embarked for Albany; and now, as we have a fair wind, I will not close my letter until we get to Amboy, whither this vessel is bound. By this means we got past New York, where the fever rages with increased violence.

"Thursday Evening. The wind has fallen, and the tide against us; six hours' delay. Well, it gave me an opportunity of getting on shore, and returning to Albany, where I had forgotten the large knife you sent out to me. In this ride I had again, as I constantly have, occasion to love and respect the lower order of men, when uncontaminated by too much intercourse with their superiors. I lost one of my gloves, and having searched back the road for it in vain, I continued my route. Overtaking a Negro, I threw him the other, saying that 'I had lost the fellow on that hill somewhere; that perhaps he might find it, and he never was possessed of such a pair in his life.' (They were the last of six pair Wills sent me out.) The fellow smiled. 'No, Master, you not lost it; here it is;' and he took the fellow out of his bosom and gave them both to me. And this man was a slave, whose portion was stripes, and black dog his appellation from a whey-faced Christian!"

"Brandywine, November 17th, 1799. Miss Vining lately forced Heloise upon me. I would not read the account of Julie's illness and death over again for any inducement; my head ached the whole day after. What a foolish thing it is to run to fiction for misery! But, lecture over, the pain is succeeded by pleasure; not so in life."

"December 10th, 1799. I have got two pets besides Charles and Sally, a cat and a squirrel. Do you not wonder at the alteration which attaches me to my quondam mortal enemy, a cat? Oh! I am vastly altered in those respects. But at the same time I must allow that my puss is not in all respects feline, for she will walk out a shooting with me in the rain, and such a whillaloo as she sets up in the woods when she misses me, or Mr. Robinson, who indeed mostly uses her as a ferret to drive the rabbits from under the rocks."

"Wilmington, January 30th, 1800. The good people of this country are mad. There is scarcely a large town on the continent where Washington has not been buried twice; and on his birth-day, the 21th of February, he is to be buried again all over the continent. The 'elegantes' of Wilmington are drawing lots which shall be the fortunate sixteen who are to represent the sixteen states in the procession, and weep, and wail, and mourn the hero's death. I respect Washington's character, and would perpetuate his memory. This monotonous burying a parcel of empty coffins may indicate an enlightened nation, but surely it is no proof of their fancy or ingenuity. Dr. Priestley has published some letters to the people of Northumberland, which are



much criticised by those called aristocrats, because he disapproves of the alien and sedition laws; and further, although he is not a native American, he has had the presumption to propose some amendments to the constitution. The Doctor was forced into this publication of his sentiments, by paragraphs similar to one I shall copy, which abounded in Cobbett's, Fenno's, and Brown's papers:—

'I hope to see the malignant old Tartnuffe of Northumberland begging his bread through the streets of Philadelphia, and ending his days in a poor house, without a friend to close his eyes!' I could not curse the curser thus. How shall I find words to bless you and yours?" \*

"Wilmington, June 4th, 1800. There are a thousand things from which I cannot detach myself, which have been, and may again be useful to me. They swell my equipage to about one ton and a half of measurement; but I cannot help it; they are the companions of my distress, and I sometimes flatter myself they will be the witness of my felicity..... I have no family now; I gave my cat to an affectionate, industrious countryman when I was going to Baltimore; Sally, though bred up with me, deserts my roof for a better fireside and hung beef for her breakfast. If it were not for the expense, I would travel after Charles, as Sterne's Peasant in search of his ass. Poor fellow! perhaps the yell he constantly set up when he lost me may have caused his death. Did you never read, the title at least, of a play of Terence, 'The Self-tormentor?' 1 ..... I have put up some trifling pieces of petrification and spar, &c. for

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While Mrs. Rowan was yet hesitating about going to America, she writes— "You hold out a strong inducement when you mention our living near Priestley, whose Christian doctrine and scientific knowledge I so highly respect; but then can I wish to go to a country where a paragraph so vulgar and inhuman could be tolerated?" Mr. Rowan speaks of Priestley as "social, affable, and good-natured."

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He was in danger also of becoming a second Timon Misanthropos; for he says "of late I am become a perfect misanthrope; or at least I love no one, and no one loves me, and the sooner the deception of life is over the better."



for your friend Mr. Higgins; I will send him a specimen of the soap-stone, which from its extreme softness when taken out of the quarry, and hardening afterwards in the air, is much used. There is a kind of beetle here, more powerful, and quicker in its operation than the Spanish flies; he shall have some of these, and also some of the locusts which have appeared this year, and are said to sink in the earth for seven or eight years, and to be as long rising. There are few persons here to assist me in the collection, and you know I am no naturalist; but trifling as these things may be, they will mark a wish to please the gentleman from whom you have received attentions which diverted your thoughts from scenes in which you have had no pleasant part to act. However, that you may have my story too, I met at Baltimore a young man of the name of Ludlow, about thirty years of age; he was taken, when an infant, by his father, to a frontier post on the Ohio, Kentucky. The expression of his countenance is very different from that of civilized life; he has a wild enthusiastic eye, and yet so mingled with the serene softness of the Indian character as to be enchanting; temperate both in eating and drinking, perhaps from frequently wanting both for a length of time, while besieged in the fort or kept a prisoner by the Indians. But I am forgetting my story in the praises of the recounter. There is a certain Irishman in his neighbourhood, of the name of Weldon, who has realized a fortune of some magnitude by catching wild horses on the Spanish territory, which he has permission to do on paying one-eighth of a dollar for each horse he catches, to the government. This he performs in the following manner. He sets out on a trained horse, with a coil of rope, one end of which is fastened round his steed's neck, and the other is tied in a slip-knot; the coil lies over his arm. Having pitched upon the horse which he means to take out of the first herd he meets, he rides full speed at him, and, with a dexterity which is seldom foiled, throws the noose over the head of the flying animal. His own horse, as soon as he finds the rope is thrown, stops short, squats upon his breech, and throwing up his head the bite which was round his neck bears behind his ears, while the tightened rope draws the noose closer against the wind-pipe of the other, which being thus choked falls to the ground, and is immediately manacled."

Probably the cantharis vittata of FABRICIUS, which in the United States of America abounds on the potatoe-plants. As to the locusts, KALM, in his Travels to North America, mentions a species which appears "about every seventh year in incredible numbers. They come out of the ground in the middle of May, and make, for six weeks together, such a noise in the trees and woods, that two persons who meet in such places cannot understand each other, unless they speak louder than the locusts can chirp."—Ed.



"Philadelphia, June 30th, 1800. Mr. Dickinson asserts that the accomplishment of the union will bring further indulgence to the political sinners of your country. I have no such idea, notwithstanding the favours which I have received in your person from the Chancellor, its professed advocate. By-the-bye I have read his speech on this subject, which proves one thing evidently, that the present, or rather the late government of Ireland, was disgraced by a shameless, corrupt, oligarchic aristocracy, whose power ought to be done away, as Robespierre said about Paine, 'for the good of both countries.'"

### CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. Griffith's sketch of a petition—Reasons for rejecting it—Letter from Lord Castlereagh, with permission for Mr. Rowan to go to Denmark—Leaves America—embarks for Hamburg—Journal of his voyage—Fellow-passengers—Madam Beche—Young Dane—German flute—Boarded by a privateer—Altercation with the captain—Sea-sickness—The two mates—Democracy, by whom stigmatized—Fair Hill—Arrives at Hamburg—waits on the British minister—goes to Lubec—Petition to the King—O'Byrne induces Mr. Steele to promote its success—Letter from Lord Clare—Griffith waits on Lord Pelham—Messrs. Fitzgerald and Byrne pardoned—Rowan's pardon under consideration—Letter from Mr. Steele—Allowed to reside in England—Lawyers' opinion that his pardon ought to be passed under the great seal of Ireland—Interview with Lord Castlereagh—Applies to the Duke of Portland for leave to reside in Ireland—Pleads his pardon in the King's Bench, Dublin—Addresses the Court.

The year after my arrival in America, but before I had made any essay towards independence, I received a letter (of which the following is an extract) from a most valued and sincere friend in Ireland, though of very different political sentiments, advising me to petition government for a pardon; and he sent me a sketch of such a petition as he thought would restore me with honour to my friends and country, but which I could not subscribe.

Richard Griffith, Esq. To A. H. Rowan, Esq.

"1796

".... Mrs. Rowan has, I doubt not, acquainted you with the friendly conduct of the Lord Chancellor, and of the strong disposition he feels, and has unequivocally expressed, to assist in obtaining your pardon. I thought it advisable therefore to show him your letter to me.



When he read it he seemed affected by it, and said he wished you would express the same sentiments in form of a petition to his Majesty, written and signed by yourself, and send it to Mrs. Rowan, as he did not doubt it might be a means of obtaining a free pardon for you when peace was made. Let me therefore entreat my dear friend to lose no time in fulfilling his desire. I have sketched my idea of the nature of this petition in the following words, and you may either adopt or write such an one as you think fit.

"To the King's Most Excellent Majesty, the Humble  
Petition of Archibald Hamilton Rowan

"May it please your Majesty,

"Misguided by false lights, and hurried away by presumptuous self-sufficiency, your petitioner dared for a moment to entertain the wild idea of endeavouring, by aid of your Majesty's enemies, to reform what he deemed the grievances of his native country; but by the intervention of Divine Providence the scheme of destruction was frustrated, and your petitioner, abashed and confounded, fled from the justice of that country. Fortunately for your petitioner, he took refuge with a nation whose maxims of liberty, and whose boldness in overturning every order in society, he had been taught to admire and revere. Your petitioner remained a year in Paris during the reign of Robespierre, and was in much less than half that time fully convinced by the most incontrovertible evidence, produced by each succeeding day's experience, that no evils in government can equal in severity and duration the calamities necessarily attendant on calling into action the power of the mob; a truth which, until it was proved by the concurring testimony of facts passing before his eyes, your petitioner was as far from believing as he is now from doubting. Disgusted by the scenes of carnage which hourly occupied the public attention during his stay at Paris, your petitioner at length obtained permission (after repeated entreaty) to leave a country doomed to misery by the same presumptuous confidence in false philosophy which had misguided your petitioner. Your petitioner having proceeded to America, and having had full time to reflect on the folly and turpitude of his conduct, is strongly impressed with the desire of making the only atonement in his power to his injured country, by a public confession of his guilt.

"He therefore humbly implores your Majesty graciously to accept the deep contrition of a heart truly penitent for past errors, and fraught with the warmest attachment to the British constitution and to your Majesty's person and government.

"And your petitioner, as in duty bound, will pray."



Mr. Rowan's Answer Respecting The Foregoing Petition,  
Through Mrs. Rowan.

"December, 1796.

"....One of the enclosures which I received by Mr. Reilly makes it necessary for me to trouble you with this letter. Expecting that I should comply with the advice of Mr. Griffith, you may neglect interesting your friends in your behalf. I must therefore be explicit; and as all the late news tend to peace, I cannot be suspected of secret hopes. I never will sign any petition or declaration in favour of the British constitution in Ireland which embraces such flagrant abuses as I have witnessed, and of which I have been in some measure the victim; yet this seems requisite to be an integral part of any application to be made in my favour. I would have promised a perfect quiescence under the present government, and should have been sincerely grateful to those who had it in their power to crush my family through me, yet forbore. But my opinions were not hastily adopted; they were neither the result of pride, of ambition, nor of vanity; they were the result of the most mature reflection of which I was capable: they cannot alter; and though I might desist from acting on them, I never will disown them. If such conduct be expected from me, that I may be enabled to make over my fortune to you and to the children, you should consult your friends upon what mode would be the best for you to pursue, for I am determined."

Mrs. Rowan was far from acting on the latter suggestion; but finding that the hope of a free pardon at that time must be abandoned, she used all the interest in her power to procure permission for her husband to quit America, and go to any country not at war with Great Britain. Mr. Griffith warmly seconded her efforts, by writing to the Lord Chancellor, and calling on him repeatedly to urge her suit. To the Chancellor's honor, be it recorded that he always evinced a cordial sympathy in the sufferings and deprivations of Mrs. Rowan and her family; that he gave her most judicious advice as to the management of her affairs, and suggested such a course of conduct to Mr. Rowan, as led ultimately to the accomplishment of her wishes. At length, in



September, 1799, she was gratified by the receipt of the following letter from Lord Castlereagh, with whom Mr. Rowan's father was well acquainted:—/

Letter From Lord Castlereagh To Mrs. H. Rowan

"Dublin Castle, 9th September, 1799.

"Madam,

"My Lord Lieutenant having, by desire of the Lord Chancellor, stated to his Grace the Duke of Portland, that Mr. Hamilton Rowan was anxious to proceed to Denmark from America, but that he was afraid he might be apprehended in his passage by one of his Majesty's cruisers; I am directed to acquaint you that in consequence of the favourable report made by the Lord Chancellor, of Mr. Rowan's conduct since he resided in America, he will be secured (as far as his Majesty's government is concerned) in the refuge which may be granted to him in Denmark or elsewhere, as long as he continues to demean himself in such a manner as not to give offence.

"I have the honour to be, Madam,

"Your most obedient servant,

"CASTLEREAGH."

[ Much inquiry and discussion as to that part of Europe in which it would be most eligible for them to meet, had taken place between Mr. and Mrs. Rowan. Portugal was mentioned; but Rowan was adverse to a "petticoat government." Switzerland? A noble Bernois had assured him, that the reformists in the cantons waited only for the settlement of France to make alterations at home. Sweden, Denmark, Holstein, Hanover, Weimar, were each subject of consideration. Mrs. Rowan speaks of Brunswick as a desirable place, particularly for William, who had expressed a strong determination to go into the army. Again she says, "Berlin would be my wish, particularly if I could get letters of



recommendation to Lord Carysfort, the English minister there, who spoke with friendship concerning you." At last it was determined that he should go to Hamburg;\* and accordingly he lost no time in making preparation for his departure. A journal of his voyage, in form of a letter addressed to Mrs. Rowan, has been preserved, of which the following is a copy, somewhat abridged:--7

#### Return To Europe In The Year 1800

"Not having any hopes of meeting my best beloved at Hamburg, I prepare this letter on board, which will announce my arrival, and be a sort of journal of the passage. On going to Philadelphia the last day of June, to enquire whether there were any vessels getting ready for Hamburg, I found the brig Sally, Captain M'Call, which was to sail on the 6th of July. I returned immediately to Wilmington, determined to take my passage in her. I commissioned a friend to pay the forty guineas; for which sum I was to be provided with every thing. I collected all my engagements, and found that by drawing on you for £50 at ninety days' sight, and £100 more at six months after sight, I should wash my hands of every thing in America, and leave it with about twenty guineas in my pocket. On Monday, July 7th, I went to Newcastle; the

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Hamburg would have afforded no security to an Irish exile without a protection from the British government. This at least may be inferred from the case of "J. N. Tandy, who attained the rank of general of brigade in the French service. He was seized upon the neutral territory of Hamburg, and brought to Ireland, and tried at the spring assizes for the county of Donegal, in 1801; but by a compromise he pleaded guilty, and was suffered to leave the kingdom, and take up his residence in France. This afforded, afterwards, a specious pretext for the occupation of Hamburg by Bonaparte, and was adduced by him as an example and justification for his violation of the neutral territory of Baden, when he seized the Duc D'Enghein."--History of the French Revolution, Glasgow, 1829.-Ed.



captain told me that he had express orders not to take me on board without a passport. I gave him one of the two copies you sent me of Lord Castlereagh's letter, which was on paper with a crown in the corner; this he appeared to be satisfied with, as it was on stamped paper, though not in the form he expected. I now found that I was to provide my bedding. I had sold all my own for less than a quarter of its value. The worst mattresses in Newcastle were from two to three guineas each. The weather was excessively hot, and I determined to use the phaeton coat as a bed, and tack some towels together, if necessary, to have sheets, as I could not get at my linen. On Tuesday morning early I embarked, with a bag of bird-seed and a red bird, a dozen of potatoes, a young opossum,\* and Sally. This opossum has disappeared since I came on board; whether he has died, or has fallen a sacrifice to a meagre tabby cat that is on board, I know not; but if the latter, I hope he will be accepted as an equivalent for my red bird and a fine bullfinch belonging to a German lady, a passenger. This lady is one of the numerous instances of the reverses in American credit. Her brother and her husband were, two years since, in the first line of commercial opulence; they are now completely ruined. The husband fled, and she follows him .....

"July 11th. We have now been two days out of the pilot's hands, and have a fine breeze. Last night the opossum came down by one of the ropes from the top; the men at the helm cried out 'there was a rat eating the main stay;' all hands flew upon deck; the opossum was seized, but not secured, for he is gone again.

"July 13th. Until yesterday evening we had a tolerably fair wind. Having now a little better acquaintance with my fellow-passengers, I will introduce them to you, and begin, as I ought, with the lady. Madam Beche is rather handsome, and once was the belle of Hamburg; she suckles a child of about eighteen months old, which is indulged in every thing; she crams, or permits it to be crammed with all sorts of salt meat, sugar-plums, sweet-meats, rhubarb, magnesia, goat's milk, punch, and gin toddy. I should be sorry to take as much of the latter as either the child or its mother does. And the mother wonders what can make her child so ill! This same lady thinks that hemp and canary-seed are bad for her bullfinch; so I have undertaken the care of it, and I do not know whether I am most in favour for not letting him partake with my red bird, or out of favour because I never cram the child or take him in my arms. As I can not

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KALM, in his Travels in North America, says "the opossum can be tamed so as to follow people like a dog."



Deutsch sprechen, I have not much of their clack. There is another passenger in the steerage, a young Dane, whose relations live at Altona; he has promised, if I choose to remain at Altona, to procure me lodging in a private house. This perhaps may induce me to give up my former ideas of going to some neighbouring village, there to await your will and pleasure.

"Monday, July 14th. Inauspicious day! foul wind and foul weather! We have, however, caught a dolphin, which is an occurrence worthy of notice at sea.

"Wednesday, July 16th. Foul wind these four days, and hard gusts for the last thirty-six hours. I do pity the poor woman with all her fancies; but I pity the maid more, for such has been her sickness, that she fainted three times successively; notwithstanding, she is kept running up and down for Charles, and when she seizes a moment of respite she is called a lazy slut!

"Thursday, July 17th. Bad wind and foul weather. Our passengers rise very late, which you know was always irksome to me, but at sea it is intolerable. By way of a silent employment, I once set about answering all your letters over again; but from the first attempt I found I had better be quiet. Some strings which had ceased to vibrate again showed symptoms of convulsion, so I laid down my pen and took up my German flute. Do you believe it? I can play 'God Save the King' and 'Foot's Minuet' so that you could know them! At first, indeed, it might have passed for the 'Carmagnole' or 'Marseillois Hymn;' but during the long evenings last winter, I could imagine no easier way of keeping myself out of bed and awake, than discord, and having only Robinson with me, whom I seldom saw in the evening, I bought this instrument and tootle-tooted until ten o'clock. Miserable as my habitation was on the Brandywine, I left it with regret about three weeks before I departed from Wilmington to lodge at a Miss Hanson's. She had the care of three of her nieces, the eldest of whom, about ten years old, who has lost her father, took such a fancy for me, that I began to entertain hopes that I may not be disagreeable to my own children. She lamented that she had not a father like me, and she would never quit him! But this little lass had begged her aunt not to take me as a boarder, having been prejudiced against me; while my bairns will look for me with impatience, and be disappointed in the object of their distant admiration.

"July 18th. About noon this day we were boarded by what we supposed to be a British armed cruiser of twenty-two guns, although she showed only American colours. This vessel detained us until near five o'clock, during which time



a fair wind had died away. The lieutenant had carried off my collection of letters, together with the captain's papers; they are, however, returned, and with much apparent reluctance we are permitted to continue our rout.

"July 19th. Since I wrote the above I have suffered a good deal from the ill humour of the captain. Unfortunately for me, the privateer's men would not believe me to be the person I passed for, but insisted that I was either a Dutchman or a Frenchman, and that part of the cargo was mine; and I am told by a sailor whom they kept on board while they detained us, that the captain and all his officers were employed in looking over your letters for the greater part of the first five hours of our detention; while at intervals they attempted to bribe him to say that the cargo was foreign property. This being repeated to the captain, he was so exasperated at being detained, as he said, on my account, that as soon as we were clear he insisted on my throwing 'those damned letters' over board. An altercation ensued, during which he said many improper things, which I rebutted with great calmness. Indeed I ought to be ashamed that I do not always exercise that power of restraining my sensations which I exert at some moments. The only inconvenience I now feel is, that my bird sings so loudly and so early that he must be removed. Fortunately the weather is fine, and the wind fair, but we are as yet only on a parallel with Boston. I begin to fear that our German lady is a tattler, which is synonymous to a mischief-maker; this, however, does not affect me, as my only communication is with her bullfinch, which would die if I neglected it. The poor servant continues sick whenever there is any motion in the ship. It seems to be the general opinion that she may die and be damned. I gave her two boxes of peppermint lozenges, which appeared to have good effect. I would advise you to furnish yourself with the essence, as well as with some of those lozenges.

"July 20th. Fair wind, and running seven or eight knots an hour. Whose is the log that can count the rapidity with which my heart flits to meet its counterpart? Yet I acknowledge my moments of desponding:

'I that loved her so well, grew old now as you see:  
Love liketh not the falling fuit, not yet the withered tree'

Old Song.

And whatever you may say, neither my mind nor my manners are improved by my residence on the western continent; and God knows at all times it was a strange medley of contrarieties.

"July 21st. Foul wind and bad weather. An exact attention to discipline and an unembarrassed behaviour to the captain seem to have soothed his Eminence, which



I am not sorry for; an evidence of this is, that he this day called me to dinner himself, instead of sending the steward. No sooner in with the captain, than out with the mate. About four in the evening I took my flute; the mate came down, and, by way of a gentle hint, said, 'damn that flute, I wish it was pitched into the sea; I shall get no sleep.' I made no answer, but went upon deck, cursing within myself.

"July 25th. Foul wind from the 21st. This day on the banks of Newfoundland; the wind being foul, we lay to and caught above fifty fine cod in the space of two hours. The cod, when taken out of the water and boiled immediately after, is by no means so excellent as in London; and I was surprised to find none of that curd between the flakes, which we look upon as the sign of fresh fish.

"July 28th. Fair wind took us while we were on the fishing ground, but the weather was foggy and cold. Since our success in fishing, we have literally eaten nothing else.

"August 1st. With the exception of one day, we have had fair though light winds. It continues very cold, and I have laid out only my summer-dress; but I will not venture to ask the hatches to be taken up in order to get another, although I am in such favour I believe I might do so safely. Our dead lights being up, the cabin is very dismal. In every instance where one is to cope with ignorance, arrogance is the surest weapon. The two mates eat at our table; the first is a young, conceited, forward chap, and, contrary to the usual custom of sailors, extremely fond of his belly; without ceremony helping himself to the milk of Madam's goat for his coffee, which I never touch, though invited; he manages the captain well; while the other, an elderly Dane, always employed, never noisy, would scarcely get any thing at the table but the refuse, if the passengers did not pay him more attention than his employer. I find he was first mate of a Danish vessel, the captain of which died in the passage; he then took the command. The cargo and vessel were sold in Philadelphia, and he might have retained his command if he would have sailed in her under Danish colours; but as she was now American property, his conscience forbade him, and he was turned adrift, to get back as well as he could; and he works his passage on board this vessel. Blush, ye great ones, at this and many similar instances of integrity in a class who do not put even Esquire after their names! Democracy is only stigmatized as the Reformation, the Revolution, and every other great change has been, because many enlist under its banners who are in fact aristocrats—many that have no principles—many who wish only to be enabled to lead dissolute lives, free from censure; and these making commonly the greatest noise, they obstruct the progress of truth, and bring shame and trouble on those who are virtuous and sincere.



"August 3rd. This day a heavy sea swept our decks; we recovered our boats, and have suffered no material injury.

"August 8th. We have a continuation of fair wind, but very unpleasant weather. I do regret my penury in not procuring bedding. The sun, however, begins to peep, and they say we are only sixty miles from Fair Hill, an island between Scotland and Shetland.

"August 11th. Here have we been beating these three days. This morning we saw land; the captain says it is Fair Hill; but the old Dane says, in private, that it is another island on which he was once nearly lost.

"August 13th. The Dane was right. This morning we fell in with Fair Hill, and were boarded by a number of miserable fishermen, whose trade seems to be begging from ships as they pass. We gave them some old clothes, and they loaded us with blessings. As we shall now enter the North Sea, we look upon our voyage as being nearly at an end; in consequence, a thousand different plans suggest themselves to me. At Altona I will remain until I have enquired for letters; but it is likely I shall meet the same fate as I did in Philadelphia; I will allow, however, that my disappointment will be less surprising to me, as you had no great reason to suppose I could have arranged my affairs so as to quit America this summer, until you received the letters which I wrote on the eve of my departure. Having made these enquiries, I shall, I think, go to Wansbeck, within a few miles of Altona, in the Danish dominions. How do I dread that at last your affairs will prevent you from meeting me until next year! I am sensible how great your efforts must be to accomplish it. No, that maxim is not true which holds it ridiculous to expect that the same tender fondness should subsist between married persons at a more advanced age, which charmed their juvenile connection. My heart beats, I am certain, with as high throbs of affection and anxiety for our expected meeting, as if I were of that age when you blessed me with the charms of seventeen."

"Hamburgh, August 17th. I arrived here, as my letters from Cuxhaven have already enabled you to judge I would, on this morning. The mail leaves this tomorrow. I have letters to deliver, and lodgings to procure, so for this day adieu."

We had been but three days at sea, when we were brought to by a British privateer, who, in examining our papers, hit on a box of mine containing several letters from Messrs. Franklin,



Jefferson, Rodney, and others, which I had received while in America. These he thought it necessary to examine rigidly, and kept us following his course, instead of our own, for two days. This delay put the captain so much out of humour, which he said was owing to me, that to pacify him I threw the box which contained them into the sea, and thus lost several which I now regret. On my arrival in Hamburgh I waited on Sir James Crawford, British minister at that place, and showed him the above letter. He said it did not authorise me to expect <sup>those</sup> attentions usually reciprocal between British subjects and their minister. As this occasioned my determination to leave Hamburgh, that emporium of merchandise and mischief, I went to Lubec, where I remained six months.

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With his American friends, particularly with Rodney and Poole, he preserved a friendly intercourse till their decease. The former, in 1811, writes from Washington, "What pleasure would it give me to see you once more! for I well remember your attachment, and your trip to Balston for me. (See page 343.) I wish you would come and settle on the banks of the Brandywine; your old friends would hail you with acclamations of joy."

Of this distinguished American lawyer and statesman the reader may be pleased to read the following account, in a letter addressed by Mr. Rowan

"To The Editor Of Carrick's Morning Post

"Sir,

"The approaching decision of the United States of America, on the mission sent by Mr. Monroe to South America, appears to me pregnant with consequences,



ultimately, and perhaps not distantly, affecting the liberties of both hemispheres.

"You have published the report of Caesar A. Rodney, which was submitted by the president to the American legislature. It may gratify some of your readers to become more intimate with that gentleman.

"During a few years' residence in the town of Wilmington, on the Delaware, I was happy enough to acquire the friendship of Mr. Rodney. He is of middling stature, has an ample forehead, rather fair complexion, a quick eye, and prepossessing contour of countenance. Mild in his manners, but determined in his conduct, he is of a retired and domestic turn of mind, living in the bosom of his family, with a most amiable wife. He practised as a barrister, with a proper sense of the dignity of that character. Frequently have I known him refuse a fee from a client, whose cause he thought might be unsuccessful, and constantly rejected any application to support a bad cause; and this he did while he enjoyed a very moderate income, and saw a young family increasing around him. His father, Thomas Rodney, was of the same stamp. He had been much persecuted by the malevolents, both in person and property, during the pursuit of that representative constitution, which is now the pride and the glory of the United States of North America. On Mr. Jefferson's election as president, in 1801, when the spirit of 1776 seemed to revive in America, he was called upon to represent the state of Delaware in congress, and his father was appointed chief justice of the Mississippi territory.

"In 1806, Mr. Rodney was appointed by Mr. Jefferson Attorney-General of the United States, a situation of great confidence, as being a member of the cabinet, and of great knowledge and labour, being continually called upon by the President, the heads of Departments, and the Congress, to give written legal opinions; as also to attend all arguments in the Supreme Court.

"In 1809, the writer of this received a letter from Mr. Rodney, containing the following extract, which is inserted to prove how much Mr. Jefferson and his friends were misrepresented in this country at that time:— 'On politics I shall say nothing; it would not be proper for me, and particularly to yourself, except that I hope most sincerely war between the two countries may be averted. It is a desolating calamity which I deplore, and should wish to avoid.' He then continued to predict, what was found to be the case, that if war must come, the American people, notwithstanding the reports to the contrary, would act with an union and energy unexampled in history.



Mr. Rodney retired from the office of Attorney-General in the early part of Mr. Maddison's presidency.

From some extracts Mr. Rodney permitted me to make out, of an interesting account and genealogised history of his family,\* written by Sir Edward Rodney, about 1640, he appears to be descended from William, a fourth son of Sir John de Rodney, whose two sons, William and Caesar, by his wife Alice, daughter of Sir Thomas Caesar, had emigrated during the civil wars. The former went to Antigua, and the latter to America, where he settled in the county of Kent, State of Delaware, and was the ancestor of Caesar A. Rodney.

"Caesar Rodney, whose name appears as having signed the declaration of American independence, on behalf of the people of the State of Delaware, was uncle to this gentleman.

"As I have the pen in hand, although I fear I have taken up too much of your paper already, I cannot avoid subjoining, from the genealogy to which I have alluded, two anecdotes, which perhaps were not known to those who furnished Mr. Playfair with the account of this noble family.

"The first relates to Sir Richard de Rodney, who married the daughter of Sir Osbert Gifford, and is taken notice of by Selden, in his Titles of Honour, as having been girded with his sword by the Earl of Pembroke, while his two spurs, at the ceremony of his being knighted, were put on, the one by the Lord Marquis of Berkeley, and the other by Lord Bartholomew Badismere.

"The second is, that Sir Maurice de Rodney, who is mentioned by Mr. Playfair as being high sheriff of Somersetshire, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, is therein said to have been the first person in that county who dressed his servants in livery; and, during the twelve holidays, killed a bullock each day to regale the people.

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The "genealogised history" to which reference is made in this letter, deduces the Rodney family from the time of the Empress Maud, with whom Walter de Rodney came into England, an officer of her army and household. From him descended the illustrious Lord Rodney, Admiral of the British fleet, who, during the American revolution, obtained a decisive victory over the Count de Grasse.



"Excuse the length of this effusion concerning an absent and highly esteemed friend.

"A.H.R."

"Dublin, January 4th, 1819."

Of this "esteemed friend" it may prove not uninteresting to the reader to hear that in 1823 he went as Ambassador from the United States to Buenos Ayres, but in such a miserable state of health, that it was doubtful whether he should reach his destination. The year after, Mr. Rowan received the following account of his death, from their mutual friend, William Poole:--

"8th month 11th, 1824. After a long and, no doubt, anxious decline, (on account of his large family) Rodney bade adieu to this chequered scene on the 10th day of June last, and was buried with all those trivial honours which weak man can bestow, and a monument ordered to be erected to his memory by 'a grateful people.' However, I estimate these things at a very low rate, as I recollect that a monument was to have been erected by the Congress of the United States to the memory of George Washington, nearly forty years since. It is still unexecuted; nor is it in any point of view of much importance, as his memory has a more substantial record than brass or marble."

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Though all of Mr. Rowan's friends must have condemned the assault made upon his name in the British senate, all did not approve of the mode in which he showed his resentment. His venerable American correspondent, William Poole, in consistency with the principles of that excellent religious denominations to which he belonged, condemned an appeal to arms; and in a letter, dated Brandywine, 12th month 27th, 1825, after acknowledging the receipt of some lithographic sketches and some papers, sent him by Mr. Rowan, continues:--



"The one relating to thy (foolish shall I call it?) excursion to England is not sent me, as my friends think that I had better not see it. However, I have heard enough of it, to be surprised that at thy age thou should suffer any thing to put at risk thy own peace and the peace of thy family. But I cannot enter into thy feelings or views, perhaps, nor the warmth of the Irish character." Subsequently he says, "I rejoice that my friend has escaped that distress which might have followed to himself and family from victory or defeat. To old men, such as we are, it appears to me to be of much more importance to preserve the quietude and innocence of our minds, than to take a very deep interest of any kind in the affairs of a world from which we are soon to pass away."

Between Mr. Rowan and his American friends there always subsisted a mutually fond recollection, which they cherished and kept alive by a frequent interchange of letters, and of such presents as each deemed most curious or most acceptable to the other. This intercourse was greatly facilitated by the American Captain Hamilton, who commanded a vessel long in constant employ between the Old and the New World, and who availed himself of every opportunity to evince his respect and esteem for both parties. When Rowan had his portrait lithographed, with some pages of his memoirs, he sent copies of them, accompanied with his bust in plaster of Paris, to several of his transatlantic friends. Of these none stood higher in his estimation than Poole, from whose correspondence a few more extracts may prove not unacceptable to the reader.

Having received a small portion of the "autobiography," he expresses a wish to have the whole, that he

"May deposit it with his books, to preserve," says he, "the memory of a friend, whose humanity to me at a time that 'tried men's souls,'\* I shall always keep in remembrance; and I wish my children to become familiar

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"Mr. Poole had the yellow fever in 1798, and his family being afraid to remain in the house with him, Mr. Rowan slept in it and attended him until he recovered."



with the life of a man whose bust stands in a conspicuous part of my house, and is often a cause for making inquiries concerning the original.

"Within a few days, the daughter of thy old friend, John Dickinson, called to see me, in part with a view to examine the bust thou sent, with some of thy letters, and the 'memorials' I had from thee. She recognised in the bust the features that were strongly impressed upon her memory from the day that thou parted with her father's family. She shed tears plentifully, and said she was much pleased to see the articles thou sent, and particularly the commencement of the memorial addressed to thy daughter, and which several of thy friends in this land have so long hoped to see completed. In this case," he adds, "I would suggest that each copy shall contain a portrait of thyself from thy lithographic press; of thyself, as thou wert during thy residence here, as that is the face that will be recognised. Age, thou art sensible, has made a great difference in thy features since thou wast here and stood by my bed-side, a fine-looking man as was to be seen in a thousand, a helping angel in time of extremity. How age has warped thy features with his rugged hand!"

"9th month, 1826. Thou wilt have seen the various accounts of the decease of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, our late Presidents. Their deaths, so near to each other as to time, though separated by 500 miles, and on the day of the national jubilee, is in this country looked upon as rather an extraordinary circumstance. They died full of years, and full of honours, and with the love of their fellow-citizens."

"Brandywine, 3rd month 21st, 1827. I occasionally see the name of thy son in the accounts from the Mediterranean; and it is a pleasure to know the son of my old and kind friend engaged in such acts of humanity as first taught me to respect and love his father.

"In this country there seems no indication of material sudden change. Some squabbles of a political nature exist among office-hunters; but we have learned to disregard them, as well as the effects of cowardly passion and pride among members of Congress, who, if they shoot one another, the world will suffer no loss, perhaps be a gainer. It seems to me that the Gothic mode of administering justice is falling into contempt, and in another age may be wholly abandoned, with the barbarisms of the age of knight-errantry and insanity."

Poole animadvert on Lord Byron with some warmth, condemning some of his principles, while he admires his talents:--



"It is only in true, vital, unadulterated Christianity, which is a gift from God, that real good exists; and he who will inflict a wound upon this, is a real enemy to mankind, let his profession be what it may. On the other hand, all are not friends to the realities of this religion who make the highest professions, or pretend to serve its cause most effectually. Nor are they wholly excluded from its benefits who have not even heard its name. Christianity is a religion of the soul in intercourse with its Creator. It may be felt in all countries and climates, whether there be ministers and temples or not."

Mr. Poole knowing that Rowan, though "no naturalist," had a fondness for natural history, gives him occasional accounts of American discoveries, accompanied with specimens of such objects as he thought interesting. Of these was a box made of "bird's-eye maple, so called from the small spots with which it is irregularly clouded. The history of these spots is curious. The sugar-maple is the tree from which this wood is taken. It produces a saccharine sap, well known to the birds of this country, which pick through the bark into the wood to obtain it. By the next season the hole thus made is filled with new wood, and is covered with new bark; the birds then pick in another place, and hence the irregularity of the spots."\*

Again he gives an account of certain organic remains, of enormous size, found in the neighbourhood of New Orleans, and various other geological phenomena—"subjects," he says, "more worthy the attention of men of science and leisure, than the petty squabbles of the ins and outs." But on nothing does he expatiate with more patriotic delight, than on the statistics of his country—her growing prosperity, her foreign relations, her

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With other presents from America Mr. Rowan received a stick which grew over the tomb of Washington. His correspondent, Joseph Cloud, jun. justly observes, "There must be some interest attached even to a stick or twig cut from a tree that shades the grave of so great a patriot and so good a man."



spreading commerce, her rapidly increasing population, her new accession of territory, her improving agriculture, her roads, canals, and railways, her arts and her sciences. He speaks of such national blessings as purchaseable "only by a long period of suffering; as it is in this way only that individuals and nations become wise. We, as a nation, have passed through this ordeal, gently administered; but we are providing another cause for suffering, in our slave population." He could not avoid seeing, and lamenting, that there is a "damning spot" on the fair fame of his country, a cancer that may gnaw into the vitals of her constitution, and lay prostrate the glory in which she exults. "Yet," says he, "there are so many enlightened, humane, and zealous minds interested in the slave question, that a rational hope may be indulged, that in another period of ten years the country may be relieved from this disgraceful affliction." In this hope he was too sanguine; but let not the friends of humanity despair. There is a redeeming spirit in America, a spirit of wisdom and of truth, which lives, and breathes, and burns with a bright and invigorating flame in the writings of Channing, of Ware, and of Dewy, of Garrison, Weld, Wright, and Gerrit Smith, a spirit which, we trust, will one day be successful in accomplishing the great designs of Christianity, in giving "deliverance to the captives, and setting at liberty those that are bruised!"

From others of his American friends Mr. Rowan continued, year after year, to receive the kindest and most affectionate letters, of which two specimens are here presented to the reader:—



From Mr. Robinson to A. H. Rowan

"Petersburg, Virginia, November 25th, 1825

"Dear Rowan,

"I avail myself of a few minutes allowed by Mr. Blakeny, to recall to your remembrance your old friend and guest Robinson. I have had the pleasure of hearing of you frequently and more minutely than I expected--of your dogs, your rowings, &c. &c. By-the-bye, if all I have heard be true, you must have improved prodigiously in nautical accomplishments since you upset me in the Delaware, and obliged me to stem a rapid current, in coat and boots, for upwards of a mile. Do you remember the scoundrels who, when we were just making the shore, offered the assistance of their batteaux, having fully satisfied themselves, by coolly watching our exertions for half an hour, that we would not drown in the last hundred yards? Poor Charles! you remember he was shut under the canoe, and I swam back, notwithstanding my incumbrance, and turned it over to extricate him. I often think with so much pleasure of the strange, muddy, amphibious habits of that period of our lives, that I would be willing to go over it again. If your memory ever glances at those times, you certainly have not forgotten me. There can be no doubt that, with a little training, I would have been a very accomplished savage. However, since my arrival in Virginia, I have sustained the character of a gentleman, a scholar, and a physician, as successfully as my best friends could wish. I am connected, by marriage, with many of the most respectable families in this state. My children are growing up rapidly, and promise well. For their accommodation I have been obliged to turn my attention to music, drawing, and other branches of education, of which I had but a mere smattering when I commenced; yet I have contrived to accomplish my pupils higher than is usual at this side of the Atlantic. I have suffered severely from the climate. My hair is thin, and nearly white; my face sallow and wrinkled; but there is still some elasticity both of body and mind left. I thank God that my affections are still unimpaired. I love the friends of my youth, and the countrymen of my fathers, as warmly as ever. Let me add, with sincerity, that I remember no individual for whose happiness I feel a deeper interest than yours.

"T. ROBINSON."

"P.S.--I am anxious to know from you whether the breed of the Irish greyhound still exists. I have made numerous applications for some years past, and can gain no intelligence. If they are still existent, and you know where a pair might be procured, pray inform me; I hope to hunt both wolf and stag before I die. Once more, farewell.

T.R."



From Mr. Isaac Lea To A. H. Rowan

Philadelphia, October 20th, 1827.

"Dear Sir,

"I hope you will not think it impertinent in one who, though you may have no recollection of him, still remembers Hamilton Rowan, his father's friend.

"Our mutual friend, Captain Hamilton, knowing my predilection for conchology, told me he thought a few shells from the Brandywine would be very acceptable to you, as you still retain a strong attachment to that beautiful and romantic river, and to the friends who once, though long since, enjoyed your society in the cottage on its banks, the ruins of which are still visible.

"With this view I send you a small box of shells; some of them are from the margin of the water within a few steps of the ruins, and must be the descendants of your old companions.

"Believing that others might be interesting to you or your friends, I have sent you also some specimens from other rivers. Those from the Ohio are extremely interesting and very rare here; the distance over the mountains renders it difficult to obtain them, and they are sought after by all conchologists with avidity.

"My collection is already very good; but is still without some of your best and rarest Irish shells, which I should like to add to it, if perfectly agreeable through you.

"In your collection of curiosities do you place minerals? I have been collecting for twelve years, and have now a very good cabinet.

"You, no doubt, are well acquainted with the flourishing state of this country, although young and without overgrown fortunes. The collection of curiosities in the various branches of natural history progresses with rapid strides; and we have, it is said, in this city alone, about one hundred and fifty cabinets of minerals; and to my own knowledge, there are twenty-four scientific and conchological cabinets. Under so free and admirable a government all things flourish.

"Wishing you, my dear Sir, many happy years, and apologising for obtruding on your time, I am with great respect and consideration,

"Your obedient humble servant,

"ISAAC LEA."



From Mr. Rowan to the American Captain  
Hamilton.

"September 26th, 1826.

"I have received and handed over to Jane the beautiful and healthy red bird, which my daughter Francisca has seized upon, and she rules paramount at present in the family, previous to her surrendering her liberty, in the course of next month, to Mr. Fletcher, the son of the late judge of that name, a most upright and honourable man, and a descendant of Fletcher of Saltoun, of Scottish fame. She will, in all the probabilities of life, be enabled, though I should go the way of all flesh, to receive and thank you for your kindness to her father. My state of bodily health is excellent for the 75th year of my age; but a deafness, which is scarcely perceptible when a single voice is directed to me, becomes so confused, when two or three are talking in the same room, and so mingles words together as to become one buzz of voices; and this deprives me of all society with the world, and, of course, of those common topics of the current day, which, however trivial, give a zest to social intercourse every where, but more particularly in this land of frivolity. I was, however, attending my daughters, a duty which falls on me since my wife's illness, at Sir Capel Molyneux's last night, where hundreds met about midnight, gay and laughing, while in the morning, a numerous assemblage of unemployed manufacturers, with their wives and infants, had paraded in silence through the streets, soliciting relief, and distributing hand-bills soliciting aid to prevent melancholy occurrences.

"A small paper bag containing, I think, only pounded maize, was in the larger one containing corn, which Francisco requires me to get explained. I had a red bird formerly, to which I gave rice as his food, treating him sometimes with a little hemp-seed; but this fellow refuses rice altogether.

"Having spoken of Francisca's marriage, may I ask is there no bosom heaving for the return of her Johnny? If there is, you will know how to dispose of the Irish manufacture which accompanies this, from

"Your sincere old friend,

A. H. ROWAN."



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