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Description: John Neal letter about writing career

Baltimore 22nd Novembr 1816

My dear mother

I have much, very much to tell you, but see

you must pardon me if you ^ only your son in the language—
—The Biographer of Byron must not be seen always—
—John Pierpont Esqr was a lawyer in Newbury Port — we have testimonials of his integrity — morality — independence & talent, that few men in the united states could get — Judge

Stor^{\(\lambda\)} y(?) — & twenty other Lawyers — the Presidents of the Principal colledges are unanimous in their declaration that he is an extrordinary man — he has written a Poem — it will be deliverd next week for his family support — he will then deliver a Course of Lectures on Theology — (divinity) — — I have reviewd the Poem in the Philadelphia Portfolio & the editor who does not know me has had sufficient confidence in me to publish the review before he has seen the Poem himself — a great compliment from such a man my mother. — to assume such a responsibility for one whom man of whose very name he is ignorant. of — ---he expects to be attackd by other Reviewers & I must defend him —— my Review of Byron has attractd great notice — a well as the Poetry I have written — "a great man at Washington" declared to Doctor Walking the Editor of the Portico that since Collins ode to the Passing, he had seen nothing equal to my "Lyre of the Winds" — now Collins ode is the very best in our Language — The circumstance of Pierponts going into the ministry here--my having obtaind so much notice lately & the ur

they of my friends, thin in particular for he has proved hundly my friend, have determined me to study Law-- I know ale my difficulties - two years hard study-night thoy - my powerty - my your of Latin - the now thank Heaven! my I rend who be of more use to me - I am now a good French reholar) _ an have been thought of I dwell upon - I can support my self in He wear time by my pen - one bullman offer me board for his hart - another his books - + another his advice - but I cannot be so defendant - my our labour shall support me or o' will perich _ I'm undring a novel which I think great . to discomage in the winder when I shak send you one or two do not believe my mother that I have embastis in this new in tutoling both freceptioney - I have lain awake night after night for los mouths - but blind I is he snowly me an apportunity. I get with make afigure in the world - I am flathed my mother Ham barw very law - bat is I not something in common for a fellow educated like me to make such a noise -10 water bath in Yrose & tase in the very greatest of all one leterary Trapers, on the most difficult of all subjects. so as to gam the applause of our greatest mero -

gency of my friends, & him in particular, for he has proved himself my friend. have determined me to study Law — I know all my difficulties — two years hard study – night & day — my poverty — my ignorance of Latin — tho 'now thank Heaven! my French will be of more use to me — & I am now a good French scholar) — all have been thought of & dwelt upon — I can support myself in the mean time by my pen — one Gentleman offer me board for his part — another his books — & another his advice — but I cannot be so dependant — my own labour shall support me or I will perish — I am writing a novel which I think great, to discourage duelling — do not mention it — it will come out in the winter when I shall send you one or two

do not believe my mother that I have embarkd in this new undertaking with precipitancy — I have lain awake night after night for two months, — but blessed be our God — I am now firm — I will study Law - & if he Grants me an opportunity, I <u>yet</u> will make a figure in the world — I am flattered my mother & I do not deny it — & I am vain, very vain — but is it not something uncommon for a fellow educatd like me to make such a noise — to write both in prose & verse in the very greatest of all our literary papers, on the most difficult of all subjects, so as to gain the applause of our greatest men —

- The wonder say to bo. Wat I should not understand latin - that I who they write should not have been library eduented - I only longh - as if a man need to midit land latin to ful -to talk linglish, or write it - as if my Throwledge of men and manney has not already quelified me for better for any propersion. Than the dull plodding of booky learners was the mudy Books - under stucked up - treatly ignorant propeners - that is entirely egrerant of most that y mem should know - the world - way mech thatin _ I would I know it. then I a not have wanted the most precious morning of my life in shepiffying own than lumbing hages where we hade him very losence transfers mle on highish works - where prog is the necessary of recurring to find editions, when we can here the latest ? I you were night my hear mother about the 100 ff. I had new credited it to you - it wow we late to seeme you, but my heard thead are Gedjed - whenever I am master of another 100 tintul it shall be appropried to the right owner at present I am destitute - but not de mend - proude them ever - but not extentations Mare - Good Byi John De unite me dem morher.

— The wonder seems to be, that I should not understand latin — that I who thus undt [?] should not have been librally educated — I only laugh — as if a man need to understand <u>latin</u> to feel — to talk English, or write it — as if my knowledge of men and manners has not already qualified me far better for any profession, than

over

the dull plodding of booby learners [crossed out] the musty Books — under starchd up — & and really ignorant professors — that is, entirely ignorant of most that a [hole in page] men should know — the world — having th [hole]reek & Latin — I wish I knew it. then I would not have wasted the most precious moments of my life in stupifying over these lumbering pages, while we have our very essence transfussd into our English works — where pray is the necessity of recurring to first editions, when we can peruse the latest? — you were right my dear mother about the 100\$,. I had never credited it to you — it is now too late to secure you, but my heart & head are pledged — whenever I am master of another 100 & interest it shall be appropriated to the right owner — at present I am destitute — but not depressd — prouder than ever — but not ostentatious Good Bye —— I hope —

John

Do write me dear mother. ——



Mrs. R W Neal

Portland