

[From Sam to brother George]

New York, Tuesday, 21st June 1833

Dearest George:

Friend of my youth, companion of my childhood, sharer of my heart, my own attached and long cherished George, how is it that we have been so cruelly separated, even in mind, how is it that you have utterly forgotten your dearest brother, and how could you reconcile it to your own enthusiastic spirit to thus coldly let drop all the tokens of our attachment you formerly took such delight in exhibiting. But no, it was not coldness or apathy or neglect. I am forever sure it must have been the result alone of that stern resolve of fate which separated us so unexpectedly and so widely. Let us see, now that you know where I am, if we cannot cheat distance of half its misery by keeping up a constant correspondence with each other. My dear George, if you knew how often I sigh here for your company. Had it only been so ordained that you or Jos. [Joshua] (you were the one I hoped for) had come over when I wrote from Liverpool, you could have secured a handsome competence. You especially I could have essentially benefited. From every respectable connection with the press in this city, I could easily have procured for you permanent and remunerating employment, and over here you must come, that's settled.

Printers in this place are highly respected and earn from 7 to 12 Dollars per week. I suppose at home you can obtain little else than your living. I was very glad to hear you had gone to Dungannon. Mr. McAfee is one of the noblest fellows in the world and if you will be like him, your time will be pleasant enough, only unless you are getting a handsome salary, I say you must not waste those talents in a provincial town in Ireland which here would procure a handsome competence.

My good fortune has certainly been better than ever I could have expected. *The Knickerbocker Magazine* (so called after Washington Irving's celebrated book) of which I am the Editor, has got a very extensive circulation. You can scarcely credit the amount of contributions I receive from all parts of the Union. However some of the papers here are not my friends in consequence of my being a foreigner, but the generality where this is not known, have not such feelings. The pieces I write are in general very well received. One story I wrote before I was Editor, called "Stock and Eisen, or the Iron Trunk" was re-published with high commendations in all parts of the United States, and a small piece of poetry about the albatross was copied with great encomiums in hundreds of the papers. I send you some of these magazines and some newspapers containing these pieces. I wish you would get the "Albatross" inserted in some of the Irish papers with a commendatory notice of the *Knickerbocker*. It would have a great effect here.

I have delegated to Jos. the task of recording the events of the family since my departure from home. On you I devolve your old occupation of informing me of the events of the Historic Society, that is if you are so situated as to obtain the requisite information. If you can, get me a copy of the addresses delivered before the Society since I was there and tell me who won the medals. Is there any magazine now in Belfast and what are the tellings about? O'Hagen or Cross would give you a copy of all the addresses delivered since I left, if you were near enough to ask him.

Now my dear George, write to me at great length. Inform me of all your prospects, hopes and plans. I shall ever take a warm interest in you and shall always deeply regret that you were not sent over to Liverpool instead a [sic] Caleb. If you are in Dungannon you can easily get a letter or parcel sent to me from Derry, as there are always ships going from that port to this. If you send anything to Derry, direct it to the care of William McArthur, of the firm of Cather & McArthur, who will forward it to me. I send you some books as a small present, and mention anything I can get for you here and I will be most happy to do it. If you see Margaret McAfee, give her my love. I send you likewise a magazine containing a new story I wrote called "The Proselyte." Tell me what you think of it. I wish you would try to write me a good story. I will insert it for you.

I have assumed the "g" in my name finally and forever. I wish that you, before you get any older, would do the same. Mind this in your letters to me. All the unmarried boys at least should do it. My address is Care of Peabody & Co., Knickerbocker Office, 219 Broadway, New York. I am, dear George, forever

Your affectionate brother,

Samuel