

**PERSONAL MEMOIRS AND
RECOLLECTIONS OF
EDITORIAL LIFE; IN
TWO VOLUMES, VOL. I**

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Personal memoirs and recollections of editorial life; In two volumes, Vol. I by Joseph T. Buckingham

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JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM

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Jos. T. Buckingham.

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AND

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BY

JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

BOSTON:

TICKNOR, REED, AND FIELDS.

M DCCC LIII.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by
J. T. BUCKINGHAM,
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It is a hard and a nice subject for a man to write of himself. It pains his own heart to say any thing of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear any thing of praise from him. There is no danger from me of my offending him in that kind; neither my mind nor my body, nor my fortune, allow me any materials for that vanity.

COWLEY.

Grateful, as I am, to the GRACIOUS BEING, without whom I and my faculties are nothing, I feel no disposition to affront his bounty by assuming the language of *hypocritical* humility. Venerating FACTS above all earthly things, I can think and speak of myself as well as of other men, without malice and without extenuation. I will never incur a *real* imputation of dissimulation and ingratitude, by adopting a silly affectation to avoid the mere *appearance* of conceit.

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favors call,
She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all;
But if the purchase cost so dear a price
As soothing Folly, or exalting Vice, —
If pen and press must flatter lawless Sway,
And follow still where Fortune leads the way, —
Or, if no basis bear my rising name
But the fallen ruins of another's fame, —
Then, teach me, Heaven, to scorn the guilty bays;
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;
Untarnish'd let me live, or die unknown;
O grant me honest Fame, or grant me none!

POPE.

PERSONAL MEMOIRS.

I AM about to commit what may, by some, be called an act of folly. Wiser and more learned men have been guilty of a like indiscretion, and have been forgiven. *In the estimation of the world*, their example will be no apology for this display of egotism. The fact is referred to merely to remind those, who may smile at the vanity or sneer at the impertinence of my performance, that one, who sins in company with the learned and the wise, may enjoy, *in himself*, the consolation which arises from the hope that his punishment may be inflicted with a gentler hand than if he had stood alone in his guilt. I lay this "flattering unction" to my soul, and leave the consequence to the justice and the mercy of the reader.

Some of my friends, who have read and kindly approved my "Specimens of Newspaper Literature, with Personal Memoirs, Anecdotes, and Reminiscences," claim the fulfilment of a conditional pledge, made

in the preface of that work, and exact, as a prelude to another volume, a personal memoir of its author.

I do not like the office ;
But, since I am entered in this cause so far,
Pricked to it by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on.

If the reader has ever been at Plymouth and visited Pilgrim Hall, he may have noticed, on the paling which encloses a fragment of the rock on which the Pilgrim Fathers landed, the names of those who came passengers in the *Mayflower*, and among those names he may have observed that of THOMAS TINKER. If he will then look into Prince's *New-England Chronology*, (pages 38 and 39—Boston edition, 1826,) he will perceive that the said Thomas Tinker brought with him a wife and two children, and that he died a short time after his arrival. From this humble and short-lived pilgrim, I claim to be descended. I have no heraldic or other documentary evidence to substantiate the claim ; but such was the tradition communicated to me in early childhood. From sundry records, existing in Massachusetts and Connecticut, circumstantial testimony may be adduced in support of the tradition ; but as it involves no improbability, and, as neither the world nor I care the value of a pin whether it be true or fabulous, let it pass for what it is worth. How many generations separate me from this ancestor, (if ancestor he was,) is unknown to me, and I have never taken the trouble to trace the connection. If my friends of the Historic and Genealogical Society should think it worth their pains to make an investigation concerning my ancestry, they can take the tradition as a