

**LETTERS OF
THEO. BROWN**

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Letters of Theo. Brown by Sarah Theo. Brown

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SARAH THEO. BROWN

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THEO. BROWN**



Your friend
Theo Brower

done

LETTERS

OF

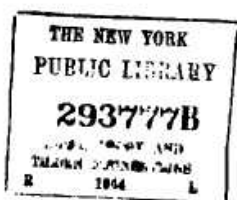
THEO. BROWN

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SARAH THEO. BROWN

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WORCESTER
PUTNAM, DAVIS & CO.
1898



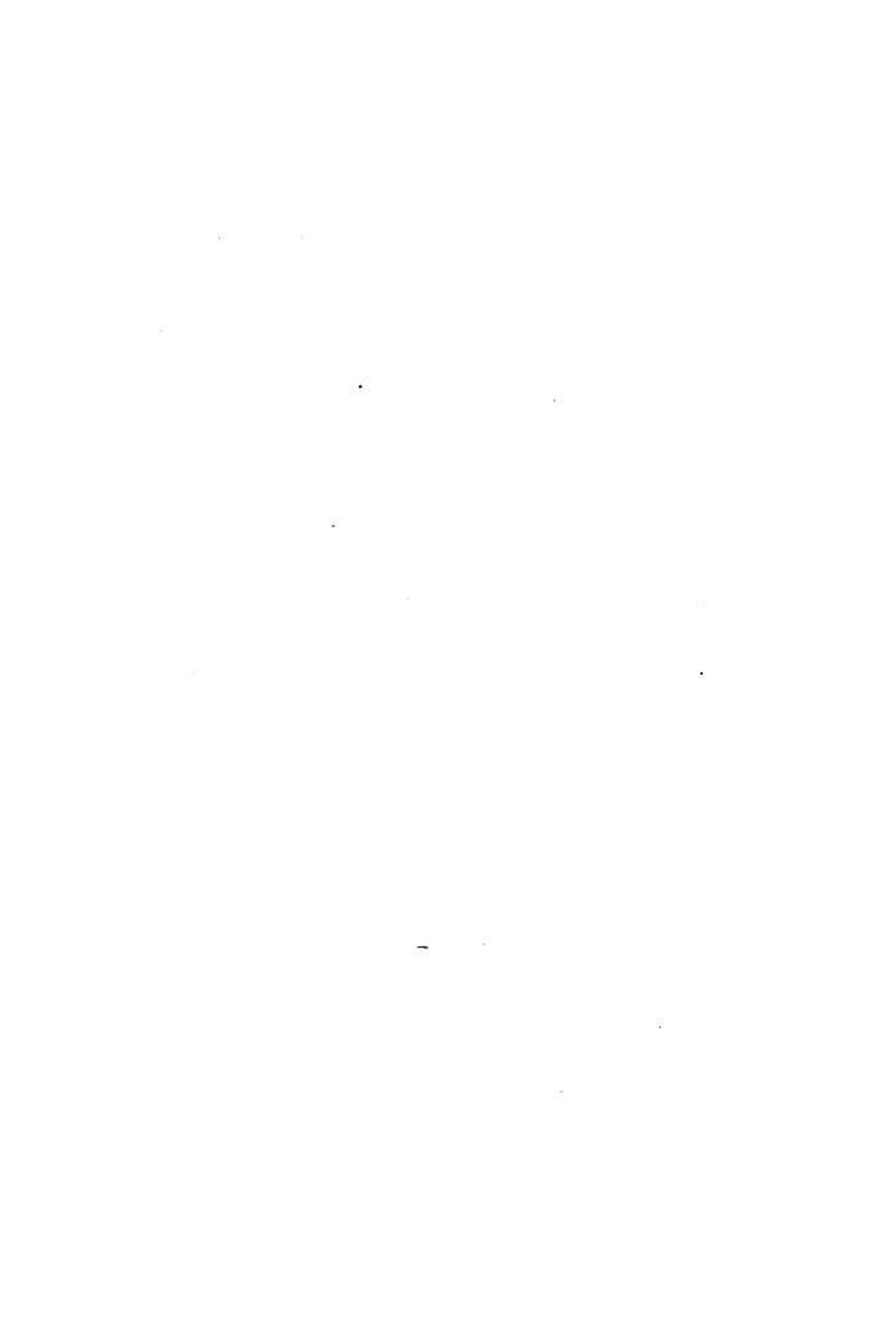
THIRD AND ENLARGED EDITION.

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PRESS OF
CHAS. HAMILTON,
WORCESTER.

TO
CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN AND
FRIENDS,
THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED.

Shuttle N° 10 / 10 / 1984



LETTERS.

1846.

new

Such a night as this, you have not in your Philadelphia, such a profusion of jewelry and democratic distribution of the same, alike on the mansion and the shanty, and the great full moon so lavish of its light over all, taking no more pains to gild the palace than the hovel; there is no sham in Dame Nature's democracy. There is something in this cold glitter of moonlight on ice, which takes right hold of me, and seems to suggest that this life I am leading is but a shabby apology for a real life; what means this "old discontent," this dissatisfaction we feel with our every day lives; I come out of the store and look up at the stars, and my business seems to contribute, not the least fraction of nutriment for my soul;

but a strain of music comes to my ear, or I come across a bed of frost gems on an autumn morning, or a bed of anemones in spring, or a bundle of sunbeams comes millions of miles to shine through a knot-hole in Charles Allen's fence, and behold how mean our shops, our farms, our lives, in comparison with these little reveries—are these then the only realities? It would seem as though these pursuits which absorb all our powers and hours, should educate us body and soul, but these speculations will lead to the use of more paper, ink and time than I can give, but of course, I *can* clear it all up for you, when I have leisure.

I feel that I am half asleep much of the time, but I occasionally rouse up a little and look over the taffrail of my craft and half realize that something is passing, but the something passes without rubbing against me much and goes out of sight astern and is buried, and the sea sings over it—another chance perhaps sometime, somewhere.