Editors, like lawyers, are liable to a temporary fame only, as witness the name of Enos Bronson, the most forceful editor in American Federalism from 1801 to 1819—nearly twenty years. One of the national prophets of the years to come—1865 to the present time—whose political burial for a half century by the opposing school has made their resurrection a long and difficult process. In Bronson’s case, the location of his portrait in the home of the late Reverend Dr. Charles E. Bronson’s family in Swarthmore by the present writer is the cause of this much of a recall of that stalwart figure.

Enos Bronson came of a line of Hartford and Farmington (Connecticut) Bronsons dating back to 1636. They were also prominent in Waterbury and Middlebury history, and Enos was a grandson of the last Bronson of Middlebury, and son of Eli and Mehitable (Atwater) Bronson, born March 31, 1774. Graduated from Yale College, September 10, 1798, when he was twenty-two, he became first principal of Deerfield Academy in Massachusetts for a time; but like many another in all parts of the new nation, gravitated to its metropolis and capital, Philadelphia, near the end of the century.

Here he joined a notable group of Federalist young men, Charles Chauncey, Horace Binney, Dr. Nathaniel Chapman, Thomas Biddle and others; and by about February 1, 1801, when the Presidency of Jefferson was imminent, Mr. Bronson became associated with C. P. Wayne in editing the *Gazette of The United States* as the most vigorous enemy of the Anti-Feder-
alists. Mr. Bronson was so encouraged at the way his efforts were received, that on November 2 (1801), he took over the paper from Mr. Wayne, who had suffered severe prosecutions during this year, so that, as he said, editorially, he felt "happy in the assurance of leaving, as my successor, a gentleman, whose superior talents qualify him in an unusual degree, for the task" and "worthy of the confidence and support" of his 800 subscribers, drawn to it largely by Mr. Bronson's talents. "This property", says Mr. Bronson, in his own editorial, "and the sole management of the Gazette of the United States have now devolved upon me." At the head, under the title, he quotes from Shakespeare: "I from the Orient to the drooping West,—making the Wind my Post-Horse, still unfold—the Deeds commenced on this Ball of Earth." The Gazette was almost wholly a political Journal, opposed to The Aurora and Editor Duane and all they stood for, as leader of the Jefferson forces.

In 1802, on May 19th, he announced a partnership with Elihu Chauncey, "a gentleman of a liberal education, sound principles, and of extensive information," under the firm name of Bronson & Chauncey. The fierceness of political feeling in that generation and the recognition of the duel as a mode of getting at the enemy caused his new partner to receive a challenge in 1804, in which Messrs. Binney and Ingersoll bore the messages, and apparently prevented a meeting. The reason, no doubt, why Mr. Bronson did not receive a challenge was because his own expressions were so skilfully ironical and sarcastic, as well as poised and without anger, that he was not threatened until a decade later, in the War of 1812, when it was his office that was to be destroyed. However, his distinguished body guard on the announced night, composed of Dr. Nathaniel Chapman, Charles Chauncey,
ENOS BRONSON
Editor of *The Gazette of The United States*
Original in possession of Mrs. Charles E. Bronson of Swarthmore,
Pennsylvania
Horace Binney, Thomas Biddle and others, prevented even that attack.

Dr. Chapman, his physician and friend, said that Bronson's editorials and articles were written in his office, while surrounded by friends discussing politics; and at the appearance of the "printer's devil", asking for more copy, he would give him the paper without corrections. His firm also issued Roscoe's *Life of Lorenzo de Medici* and also his *Life of Leo X*. However, Dr. Chapman, who was a Southerner, said that Bronson was the only Yankee he ever knew who never learned the value of money.

On December 4, 1804, Mr. Bronson was married to Mary White, daughter of Bishop William White, and five daughters and two sons were born to them. The Bronsons were members of Christ Church, and the editor and his wife were destined to lie in the White mausoleum there, with Bishop White, Robert Morris and others of that family.

The Bronson and Chauncey office at Dock and Walnut streets was a most aggressive Federalist headquarters; and they had had in preparation during the last half of 1804 the *Works of James Wilson*, edited by his son, Bird Wilson, and on the very next day after his marriage, the three volumes were issued. By 1809, he lived and had his office at 288 Walnut street, but by 1814 the office was at 67 Dock street, where on March 7, 1818, he and T. Smith united the latter's *True American* and his own *United States Gazette*, as it came to be called, under the new name of *The Union*. This paper lasted for more than a year under their management, when, on May 22, 1819, they disposed of it to Selden and Sanford, and Mr. Bronson's career as editor came to an end; and he became a teacher of the classic languages in the Episcopal Academy.

Mr. Bronson's death occurred on Saturday, April 19,
1823, after about three weeks of illness, at the comparatively early age of forty-nine years. The Philadelphia papers spoke of him as "a tender and affectionate husband and father, who enjoyed the confidence of all who were within the circle of his acquain'tance. His intellectual talents were developed in his able conduction of the newspaper (the United States Gazette) of which he was so long the editor." An old friend, in an editorial in the Baltimore Chronicle, thus refers to his passing, under the heading of "There Burst A Noble Heart":

It was with peculiar, and painful awakening of old reminiscences, while turning over the pages of the Philadelphia papers of yesterday, that we discovered the death of Enos Bronson announced, formerly the editor of The United States Gazette. Under an exterior coldness of manner amounting almost to an appearance of apathy, dwelt a warm and benevolent heart, alive to all the tender impulses, blended with uncommon boldness and decision. His character reminds us of those tracts of mountainous country described by geographers, where, passing from the regions of frost and snow, we discover verdure, glittering cascades, and all the forms of vernal beauty. Misfortune could make him wretched, but could not make him dishonest. His manner—his conversation—his personal appearance are brought so forcibly to our fancy, that it requires some effort to believe him now a cold, motionless, speechless corpse, slumbering beneath the clods of the valley.