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Title: Letter from Horatio Collins King to Frank Hamlin

Date: February 11, 1891

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Washington Feb'y 11, 1891.

Mr. Frank Hamlin

Sec'y of "The Sons of Maine",
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

I have, with much pleasure, the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 31st ult., inviting me, on behalf of "The Sons of Maine" in Illinois, to attend, as their guest, their annual banquet to take place in Chicago on the 17th of the present month, - the invitation, also including, by a complimentary card, also including ladies. I have no doubt it would give us great pleasure, were it practicable, to be present, but that is out

of the question. I know I should be delighted to listen to the many reminiscences, which the occasion will bring out relating to our own State and people, and especially of intimate friends we knew there in years long past, so few of whom remain. At the moment of receiving your kind letter, I was examining the files of my paper, The Jeffersonian, to find the record of an event, the circumstances of which I wished to recall; and, as is always the case when I turn to them, I could not help observing how few survive, whose, to me, familiar names appear therein. But, in the first paper of the volumes, bearing

date, May 4, 1830, is the name
 of one of our honored friends,
 who, I hope, will be at the ban-
 quet to thrill the company, by
 his wit and eloquence, which
 he will certainly do if there—
 and that is Hannibal Ham-
 lin, who, you know, was my part-
 ner in the paper from that time
 until the 26th of October of that
 year; from which time I was
 its sole publisher and proprie-
 tor until I sold out to the Stand-
ard, January 1st 1838, which pa-
 per, about a year afterwards,
 was swallowed up by the
Eastern Argus. In running
 through the Jeffersonian of those
 first six months and over, the
 only name of any person be-
 lieved to be now living, that I

could see, save those of the publishers, is that of S. R. Symum of Portland. On Paris Hill, where the paper was then published, Miriam Hubbard, I think, is the only survivor among the active men residing there at that time. It is the same in Portland, where I removed my newspaper establishment in May, 1833. When I go there now, I look in vain for the old familiar faces. They are nearly all gone. Later on, when I first came to Washington on the 2^d of December, 1838, it was in company with Senator Daniel Williams, and Representatives N. J. Anderson, Thomas A. Davee, and Virgil D. Parris, of Maine, the last survivor of whom was

Gov. Anderson, who died in May, 1881, at the age of eighty years.

But why indulge in these sombre reflections? They ^{need} not, however, be so regarded, since all these changes occurred in the regular course of nature, and—

"Sweet is the memory of by-gone days."

Let us be thankful that we "still live"; and let us, in true faith and trust, keep young and cheerful to the last.

I read that aged people often become garrulous and are prone to talk much about themselves. I dare say this is true, and it ought not to be thought strange should I, too, fall into that habit when I reach old age.

Wishing "The Sons of Maine,"

"their wines and sweethearts,"
supreme enjoyment at the
baquet, I remain, with many
thanks,

Very truly yours,
Noratio King.

Washington Feb'y 11, 1891

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Sec'y of "The Sons of Maine."
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

I have, with much pleasure, the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 31st ult., inviting me, on behalf of "The Sons of Maine" in Illinois to attend, as their guest, their annual banquet to take place in Chicago on the 17th of the present month, - the invitation, ~~also including~~, by a complimentary card, also including ladies. I have no doubt it would give us great pleasure, were it practicable, to be present, but that is out of the question. I know I should be delighted to listen to the many reminiscences, which the occasion will bring out relating to our own State and people, and especially of intimate friends we knew there in years long past, so few of whom remain. At the moment of receiving your kind letter, I was examining the files of my paper, the Jeffersonian, to find the record of an event, the circumstances of which I wished to recall; and, as is always the case when I turn to them, I could not help observing how few survive, whose, to me, familiar names appear therein. But, in the first paper of the volumes, bearing date, May 4, 1830, is the name of one of our honored friends, who, I hope, will be at the banquet to thrill the company by his wit and eloquence, which he will certainly do if there - and that is Hannibal Hamlin, who, you know, was my partner in the paper from that time until the 26th of October of that year; from which time I was its sole publisher and proprietor until I sold out to the Standard, January 1st 1838, which paper, about a year afterwards, was swallowed up by the Eastern Argus. In running through the Jeffersonians of those first six months and over, the only name of any person believed to be now living, that I could see, save those of the publishers, is that of S.R. Lyman of Portland. On Paris Hill, there the paper was then published, Hiram Hubbard, I think, is the only survivor - among the active men residing there at that time. It is the same in Portland, where I removed my newspaper establishment in May, 1833, when I go there now, I look in vain for the old familiar faces. They are nearly all gone. Later on, when I first came to Washington on the 2d of December, 1838, it was in company with Senator Renel Williams, and Representatives H.J. Anderson, Thomas A. Davee, and Virgil D. Parris, of Maine, the last survivor of whom was Gov. Anderson, who died in May, 1881, at the age of eighty years.

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Horatio King