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Waidner-Spahr Library
Dickinson College
P.O. Box 1773
Carlisle, PA 17013

717-245-1399

archives@dickinson.edu

September – 3rd., 1858.

With a heart light and full of joyful anticipations, I bade adieu to friends at home, and began, at 3.30 P.M. a long and anxiously expected trip. After a lively ride of an hour and a half, I had the glorious pleasure of meeting the Old “Band”, and was escorted by them to the head-quarterse of C.F. Barnes – the married – where I met his young wife Minnie and his Mother-in-law.

After the usual greetings, we sang several of our tunes which carried us back to the days of “Auld Lang Syne”, and elicited a sigh for their return. But never more will they come back. “Flicker” is a married man doing nothing, Burns is principal of the Harrisburg High School; Ned Griffith is clerk in the large dry-goods establishment of Stone & Co, on Baltimore St., and I am a single man engaged in the same business, at present, as Flicker, with the happy prospect of an early acquaintance with Blackstone, Kent & Co.

The “Band” attended “Holidays St. Theatre, and enjoyed “Macbeth”, & the excellent fare – the Eton Boy. Edmund Booth – son of the celebrated Junius Brutus Booth – personated Mac. (for the first time) and Miss Jennie Parker, as Lady Mac. sustained her part quite well. The Eton Boy was highly amusing.

Sept. 4th. Saturday.

We met at an early hour after breakfast, and sang again some of those good old songs with which we were wont to make the College welkin ring. Took a walk down Town, and met Father at the Post Office. Sat awhile, & after making a few arrangements preparatory to leaving Balt. we returned to Lexington, above Calhoun St. & took dinner.

At 2 o'clock, took an affectionate leave of Minne & Mrs. M. & was escorted to the Steamer Wm. Jenkins by the “Band”. Sang a few farewell tunes – “Auld Lang Syne” &c. and then we parted – to meet again in Washington next December. A severe storm of wind & rain arose first at the hour of starting (3. P.M.) and wer were unavoidably detained a half hour. At length we steamed round, made a start & got afoul of a mud machine which stood directly in the channel. After considerable delay, the “tugs” dragged the machine aside, & we went on our way rejoicing down the Chesapeake. As the atmosphere was damp and disagreeable, but few persons made their appearance on deck. The Captain assigned his State Room to us (Father & me), and I had an opportunity of meeting several of the passengers who found it convenient to take advantage of our commodious shelter. I noticed several from Washington.

Mr. & Mrs. Stolt, & Mr. Riley. The other passengers whose names I learned were

Hattie E. Newell - Chelsea - Ms.

Mollie E. Somewell - Pt. Patience - Md.

Sadie E. Cadwell - Northbridge - Ms.

Father Freeman - Baltimore Md.

Mr. Voorhes - Anapolis. Md

Messrs Eastman - Baltimore. “

Mr. Riley - “

“ Wilson - Calvert Co, Md.

“ Chalridge - Washington, D.C.

“ “ Baltimore

“ Healey Washington

Also a number of others whose names, at present, escape me. Captain Hallett was the gentlemanly master of ceremonies on deck & in cabin; communicative and entertaining, as Captains generally are, & gentlemen should be always.

About 7½ o'clock, I went down into the Cabin, where most of the passengers were congregated enjoying what little felicity there is in silence. I took my seat, and for the want of something more entertaining, amused myself (and, I presume, a part of the company also) by building miniature houses with business cards which I found laying on the table. Tiring of this puerile sport, I made an introductory remark concerning the weather (of course) to my nearest neighbor - Mrs. Cadwell; whereupon a spirited conversation ensued on matters of religious import, wherein various arguments were produced and controverted, and numerous oddities elicited greatly - to the amusement of a half-waked-up group of listeners around. This very agreeable confab lasted for about two hours or more, and its discontinuance was the signal for a general adjournment. I retired to my berth, in which I had just three inches to turn in, and that, too, at the imminent risk of scraping the natural covering from my projecting knees.

September 5th. Sunday.

The day opened very beautifully, but with a stiff breeze. Not having reached the Capes, at the mouth of the Chesapeake, the sea was comparatively calm, and, hence, there were, as yet, no evidences of sea-sickness. After breakfast, Father Freeman distributed a number of Tracts, doubtless to attract the attention of all to religious subjects. The title of the one falling in my hands was “The sin of despising a preached gospel”, probably gained by my enthusiasm, last evening, in denouncing those Ministers who instead of making pure love to God the incentive to an inheritance in Heaven, paint, in most vivid colors, the horrors of hell, and of eternal punishment. I read the Tract, and am constrained to say, that my sentiments are unchanged. At 11 o'clock, the company being collected on deck, the Episcopal service was read, and a sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Trevett, of Anapolis, Md. The services were novel and hence, doubly interesting. The singing sounded sweetly on the waters, and all felt that though we were alone on the waves, still God watched over us, and caught each accent as it ascended to the great white throne.

At 5 o'clock, there was another service by Father Trevett, after which a few remarks by Father Freeman (a Methodist) at the beginning of which Father T., in accordance with a disrespectful custom of Episcopal divines, retired to the Cabin. Supper being discussed, nearly all returned to the deck, and united in singing old-fashioned hymns which had made many a forest ring with their echoes, until the lateness of the hour and the damp air warned us to retire. We had passed Capes Henry & Charles before dark, and, hence, were out upon the Ocean. The motion of the vessel was considerably rocky.

Sept. 6th. Monday.

Slept quite comfortably, feeling no ill effects from the motion of the vessel. Not so with our friends. – Messrs Stolt & Trevett who gave a public performance on deck, and highly amused the unaffected few, in their persistent efforts to support the wheel-house. Below, several of the lady passengers seized that opportunity of “casting up their accounts”, and of enjoying a private outpouring of souls.

Father Trevett seemed to be the worst sufferer, and by his lank visage caused many a cute remark and hearty laugh.

I made the acquaintance, today, of two, whom I deem worthy of more than a passing notice. Hattie E. Newell, of Chelsea, Mass, and Mollie E. Somewell, of Point Patience, Md. - the latter in company with the former, and on their way to Hattie's home. They are both excellent girls, full of fun and endowed with the happy faculty of promoting, in a great degree, the happiness of others. They contributed, very materially, to the pleasantness of the voyage. Being both young and pretty & possessed, also, of the above-named qualities, their acquaintance was highly conducive to my enjoyment.

In order the better to avoid sea-sickness, it was deemed advisable by some to remain on deck through the night. Hattie, Mollie, Mr. Wilson (their escort) and myself took up our quarters on the hatch upon the aft deck. I arranged my valise & the Captain's storm-coat for a pillow for the ladies, and while they slept, Wilson & I were to keep watch. But alas! for the frailty of human expectations - Hattie, Wilson & I slumbered and slept, and Mollie, alone, kept watch. About midnight (1 o'clock) she awoke us, saying that it was too damp, and we had better retire. With a shrug and a complaint that the owners of the “Wm. Jenkins” had not softened the deck with an additional coat of paint, I arose, and, valise & coat in hand, disappeared behind the state-room door, and in the twinkling of an eye, was fast asleep on the floor. After all, when one is tired, a pine board for a bed with a pair of boots for a pillow, is full as comfortable as the effeminate indulgence of feathers and damask curtains, which, while they are picturesque, only keep out the fresh air & tend to smother the unsuspecting sleeper.

September 7th, Tues.

I arose first in time to make my appearance at breakfast with the rest. A number had arisen to make and enjoy the reappearance of the God-of-day. Being asked whether I had seen the Sun rise this morning, I replied in the affirmative; but one more cunning than the rest made further inquiry, upon which, I informed them that I saw my father's son rise. This produced quite a laugh, at the close of which, father suggested that it was a very dull son thus causing a re-

excitement of all our risibles. After that I was particularly noted as the young man who saw the son rise every day.

During yesterday and today, we passed various steamers (to whom the flag was dipped three times according to etiquette) and vessels of all descriptions. Also Martha's- vineyard, Tarpaulin Cove & Chop Lights, Falmouth, Holmes Hole & the Camp Ground. I spent a part of the day up on the main-truck & out on the bowsprit where I had an uninterrupted view as far as - I could see. At supper, we were informed by Cap'n Hallet that we would be in Boston the next morn.

A little incident of the forenoon I must not neglect to mention. Hattie Newell and myself were seated on the aft-deck in conversation, when the motion of the vessel became more than usually uneasy. Hattie's face grew pale, at the sight of which, I rallied her, until, at last, she laid her head upon the railing and in most plaintive tones said "oh, please don't - please don't." In a minute she remarked that she had better be below, and arising to leave, she attempted a remark, but her mouth became too full for utterance - she blushed, and leaving her card on deck, retired to her room. As a matter of course, when she again appeared, Mollie & I plagued her exceedingly concerning her unceremonious departure, and the unsolicited bill-of-fare which she left. She promised if I was taken sick, that I should receive a proper share of teasing from all whom she could enlist in her cause. Fortunately for me, she was destined to be disappointed; for although I felt dizzy & somewhat all-over-ish at times, yet I escaped a public appearance as wheel-house supporter and bucket filler to the excessively uneasy "Wm. Jenkins."

At 8 P.M. all were gathered in the Cabin, where fortunate I was seated between Hattie & Mollie. A suggestion from me that some little memento of these happy hours should be preserved elicited their hearty approval, and we occupied the remainder of the evening in exchanging written and oral words of friendship. These tokens they inscribed in this Journal where they will ever be read & re-read with unalloyed pleasure and satisfaction. A couple of scrips left with them may serve to remind them of me and of the many glorious hours spent on the broad ocean together.

Sept. 8th. Wedn's.

Arose at 5, and enjoyed a partial view of Boston harbor which we entered an hour since. Our motion was necessarily slow owing to the number of craft in the way. At 6, we made fast to the wharf; and then came the unhappy moment of parting. Mutual farewells were interchanged, and mutual regrets expressed that we had at last reached the end of so agreeable a journey. Hattie Mollie & Mr. Wilson were among the last to leave, and their farewell was tinged with such an air of sadness that it was positively affecting. If man can believe half that women say, certainly I have a right to place those two girls on my catalogue of friends: and if luck is so in my favor as to afford an opportunity, I think I would be justified in accepting their cordial invitation to call on them when I came their way.

The trip has been one of uninterrupted enjoyment. I have an excellent chance to learn what a sailor's life is by frequent visits to the fore-castle, and a fireman's position by a descent to the hold. Peter's watermelons are still fresh in my memory, and all the incidents of my first ocean voyage will ever remain so.

About 6½ o'clock, Uncle Cyrus came aboard, & after a short consultation - I came to the conclusion that I preferred to start for Portland, immediately, rather than to spend the forenoon in Boston with Father. So leaving the last named in charge of Capn. Hallett pro. tem. we (Cy & I) proceeded to the depot, & there had the pleasure of meeting a former protector- Mr. Prescott, now Sup't of the Eastern R.R. Hereby hangs a tale. When on a visit to Portland with mother, & being then about six or seven-years old, I followed a Freemason procession down to the Eastern R.R. depot.

Having noticed that it was the engineer's practice to run the cars out & in previous to a regular start, I thought I would take advantage thereof & a ride at the same time. Unfortunately for me, the cars were somewhat behind time, & their first start was a full one, & I was borne off to Boston much against my will. The assurance of Mr. Prescott - then Conductor- that he would take care of me, & a good, hearty cry considerably relieved me, and with the exception of an occasional vision of a good scolding in reserve, I rather enjoyed the trip. Arrived at East Boston, about midnight, I shared Mr. P's bed, where I slept away all traces of tears. At 7, next morning, I took the return train in charge of Mr. P. At South Berwick, I have a distinct & vivid recollection of a mammoth piece of Custard pie which, for the time being, swallowed up all expectations of the unavoidable scolding awaiting my return. At noon, the cars entered Portland depot. Grandfather Collins was there ready to receive & escort me home. A constant smile illumined the old man's countenance from the time we met until we reached home, but he half-averted his face, and gave me a lecture & scolding all the way. All were dreadful glad to see me, but, of course, had to improve the opportunity with a few remarks on the sin of running away. My protestations of innocence, even if sufficiently credible, did not serve to shield me. For about two weeks, I was at mother's apron-string, & never went out, without a guide & guard. I learned, subsequently, how much my little corpus was valued at. Had I not returned in the cars, the harbor was to have been dragged & guns fired in order to raise my cold corpse. Fortunately, I escaped these little civil attentions, & instead received numerous affection-tempered scolds.

Mr. Prescott & myself had a hearty laugh over the affair, & in consideration of old times made a voluntary presentation of a free-pass over the road. He is, evidently, the same kind-hearted man as of yore, and fully deserves the position which he occupies

I shall never forget his kindness toward the little runaway & stranger, and if ever occasion offers, shall give him tangible proof of my appreciation thereof.

I left him with a promise to call again if occasion offered.

We left Boston at 7½, & in a few minutes passed through Chelsea. I placed my hand on my watch-pocket, & found my heart beating very rapidly. Symptoms quite distressing, but not dangerous. Time cures all things. Will try it.

Passed through Lynn, Portsmouth, Kittery, Saco, Biddeford &c., & reached Portland at 12 n. Went up to Uncle Cy's, where I met Aunt Dorcas, & the three children. Theodore & Metella - the former about 4 & the latter 6 years of age, are bright, healthy children, but the poor little baby has been & is a terrible sufferer. The optic-nerve is now destroyed, & hence, the babe is

incurably blind. The Dr. predicts that it cannot long survive; and indeed it would be a blessing to the babe & to all, if God in his mercy, would take it hence to that better world where

“Sickness, sorrow, pain & death
Are felt & feared no more.”

I spent the afternoon in amusing the children - making a kite &c. &c. Took supper with Aunt Mary Nichols, meeting Uncle Fred & some of his folks. Cozs Hannah & Lizzie (Fred's & Mary's children) are the most interesting little relatives I have. Both are beautiful & sprightly, and very intelligent for children of their years. Hannah is about 9 & Lizzie 5 years of age. I became much attached to them, & called quite often during my sojourn in P. Lizzie is a frail, spiritual little creature, and, I fear, almost too good for a residence in this world. She is the idol of her parents, as indeed, are both. Aunt Mary is a fine looking woman, and one of the best and kindest Aunts I boast.

Father reached Cy's at 8 P.M, and we then compared notes, and made out the programme of our trip, so much of it as we proposed making together.

Thursday. Sept. 9.

Father & I went the rounds, calling on all the principal relatives - on the the Poetess Annie Simonton - & on the Misses Caper (daughters of the Boston P.M) at John Sparrow's. One was sick - the other quite interesting & pleasant, but “didn't pretty much.” Took dinner at Aunt Mary's, and Supper at Aunt Pollie Brett's, where we met Coz. Frank, John & Joe, & their handsome sister Sarah who is just merging into long dresses, & is decidedly interesting. Visited Coz. Elmira Blanchard, meeting Jane Merrill, Belle B., Lydia B. & Ellen Cay; also Joseph Wm. & several juveniles. Thus ended the day.

Friday. Sept. 10.

Went fishing, and to the depot in the hope of meeting those friends from Chelsea who anticipated a visit to P. Caught nothing at both places. Just my luck

Dined with Father at Uncle Sam's. Met Aunt Eliza, Cozs. Mark & Francis who have been married about two years. Mark is sole proprietor of as handsome a daguerrean gallery as there is in the city, and is doing a very good business. Coz. Henry is a Senior Sophister at Bowdoin College, and graduates next summer. He, poor fellow, is in love, I hear, & consequently must be discontented and miserable.

Called on Mr. Hay, & with him to see his wife who was Eleanor Seavy. Found her but little changed, & in consideration thereof, gave her a kiss. Met, also, Annie S. who resides with Eleanor.

At 5 o'clock, took the train for Cumberland, & remained at Grandmother's over night. Found her as active as a cat - to use a simile more expressive than elegant - but evidently growing old. Father (I mean Grandfather) is almost eighty, and being quite rheumatic, is feeble & bent. He is

the same methodical old man, heartily tired of this world, & as he himself says, only waiting to be borne away to that mansion not built with hands whose inmates enjoy life everlasting. In reply to my query whether he was contented in his new home, he spoke at length upon the folly of placing our affections on things temporal. He said it mattered but little how we were situated here, for there was a better home above, where there was no more sorrow and suffering. I did not exactly agree with him, for I do have some regard for my comfort & happiness here. In fact, I am well satisfied, as this is the best world I was ever in, and, perhaps, ever will be in.

Sept. 11th. Saturday.

Returned to Portland by the morning train, and went fishing over at Cape Elizabeth Light. Fished about two hours; - had several encouraging nibbles, caught one cunner by fair means, snagged a tomcod and retired in disgust. Went to the ferry, and while waiting cut some bait with my knife, & threw in my line. Caught nothing. Boat arrived. Hurried aboard - got half way to Portl'd when I missed my knife. Returned to the Cape - found the knife where I left it - & came back to P. thoroughly disgusted with myself in particular & the finny tribe in general. Just my luck.

Commenced raining in the afternoon. Postmaster Jordan offered me his team to go after my valise at Uncle Cy's, as Father desired me to accompany him to Cumberland in the 5 o'clock train. Accepted his offer & started without an umbrella, as the rain had ceased pro. tem. Rode about two blocks, when, by a special provision of the weather-clerk, the floodgates of heaven were opened, and I received a copious share of the deluge. Drove ahead, and managed the reins in spite of the rains. My name is King, I was bound to reign or get drowned. By the time I reached Uncle Cy's, I was (to use another simile more expressive than elegant) like a drowned rat. Hadn't a dry stitch of clothing on, and no time to make a change. Just my luck. After I was thoroughly wet, and sufficiently dampened in clothes & spirits to satisfy the most ultra hydropathist, the rain ceased, or at least moderated in so great a degree that I suffered no inconvenience in returning to the post-office. Mr. Jordan then accompanied Father & myself to the depot, saw us safely on board the cars, & took his leave. We proceeded immediately to Cumberland foreshore. Reached the depot, and by good luck (father's - not mine) met Uncle Ephraim Sturdivant, who stowed us away in his old-fashioned chaise, & took us to Grandmother's - a distance of a mile. There I had an opportunity of turning over a new leaf by putting on a - but I need not go into particulars.

After tea, went over to Aunt Olive Colesworthy's with Grandma & spent an hour or so. Met all the folks except Joe who is now a pioneer in Aroostook - the northern border county of Maine. Aunt Olive is not changed - either in appearance or pleasant disposition.

Sept 12, Sunday.

Attended the Methodist Church - about a mile from Grandmother's - with Father. Heard a pretty good sermon, marred only by the excitable "erer" & ah - of the preacher & also some quaint peculiarities of pronunciation. He had only just returned from Poland camp-ground & hence, was considerably warmed up. He had the merit, however, of fervor and of endeavoring to impress on his audience that he felt all he spoke. My attention was somewhat distracted by a Coz. (May Sturdivant) and a fearfully pretty black-eyed lassie (Maria Drinkwater) who sat one seat in

advance of me. The latter would manage to assume such a position, that her eyes would frequently meet mine - accidentally of course. Under such circumstances, what man, of even ordinary love for the beautiful, could refrain from studying human nature through two such brilliant telescopes? My pulse beat - 150 per minute.

After dinner, I retired to my room, to write a few letters. The view from my window was sublime, and I thought, what a splendid subject to excite such enthusiasm as friend Helen Hill's. Before me, sloping down to the water's edge was an inviting grove of oaks. Beyond this lay an arm Casco Bay, about three miles in width, dotted here & there with islands. On the farthest land, two churches raised their white spires toward heaven & glistened in the sunlight, while all along, the cheerful farm-houses peeped out from the foliage which almost surrounded them. Two or three sail-boats skimmed over the bay and gave the finishing touch to one of the most enchanting landscapes I ever beheld. I have observed the same, when additional beauty was given it by the bright moon whose rays scattered themselves in a long, golden line over the surface of the snow-capped waves, and, at such times, I have felt so very romantic, that, had some interesting female been near me, I should have capped the climax by an overpowering declaration of love, and vows of unending constancy - to be regretted when I waked up to a sense of my awful position. It is fortunate for me that I have always been alone when the romantic fits attacked me. It is but seldom that I am thus afflicted.

Went to Church in the afternoon, and being too early for the service, took a stroll through the old church-yard where lies the mouldering dust of my ancestors, who many years ago, went to their final account. It is a solemn thing to wander among the tombs at any time, but still more so when we are conscious of treading alone the dust of our own kinsmen.

The sermon of the afternoon was less interesting because of the absence of black-eyes. The same may be said of the evening service, which was a kind of Experience Meeting. We had a number of stereotyped speeches from the new converts, who rejoiced in having, at last, seen the folly of their ways, & gained an heritage in Heaven. The meeting continued about two hours, & owing to the youthfulness of the orators, was rather borous.

Sept. 13th. Monday:

We left C. at 7 o'clock & went as far as Danville Junction on the Grand Trunk Road, when we took the Kennebec & Portland road & proceeded six miles to Auburn. Went to the Post Office & found the P.M. had gone to the town-meeting. Met the Editors of the Lewiston Falls Advocate who showed us the various points of interest in Lewiston (separated from Auburn only by the Androscoggin River), and gave us a fine view from the roof of the town hall. The water comes tumbling over the rocks, falling about thirty or forty feet & presents a very beautiful appearance. The wagons of both parties were running to & from the polls constantly, carrying voters, and although we did not belong to that class, yet we easily found an accomodating friend, who carried us, and baggage, to the town house about three miles from Auburn. Here we found another accomodating gent who took our baggage to Auburn Hill, wither we walked, met Coz. Francis King & dined. After dinner, all three in the wagon drove over to Uncle Joe's place, and found it comparatively deserted. Uncle Joe & Aunt Lucy were off to Hebron & Coz. Tom at the town house voting the Black Republican ticket (great business for a respectable young man).

Leaving Father in charge of the children, Frank & I proceeded to the town-house about two miles off, where we met Tom who took the reins, & such a drive as we had in returning was positively frightful. Up hill & down, we went, with reckless speed, passing every team in advance of us, and about busting our sides with laughter. We drew up before the door in an exhausted condition, stabulated the beast, gave him a supply of the nutritive element, & returned to the house to "simmer down." Uncle Joe & Aunt Lucy returned about 5 o'clock, & we enjoyed a talk over old times. They expressed themselves highly delighted to see us, as indeed was the common expression of all whom we met. Aunt Lucy is the same pleasant & highly sociable woman who conduced to my comfort & pleasure so much about 8 years ago. She remembered me as a little boy, & remarked that with the exception of being more stout & tall I was scarcely changed. Tom is full of fun & much after my own heart. Frank is a pleasant girl, but more womanly than when we last met.

Sept. 14th. Tuesday.

Left Uncle Joe's at 11 o'clock, having spent the forenoon in gunning, & succeeded in shooting a fence-rail. Just my luck. We rode, in company with Willie, six miles to the Empire Station on the Gr. T. road, where we enjoyed (!) the felicity of waiting about three hours for the up-train. It is so delightful to be compelled to wait in this manner. At length, after an age, it came, we saw, & got aboard. A half hours ride brought us to Paris, when, the folks not having been informed of our coming, we adopted the independent mode of procedure - foot-back, to Grandmother's - 3 ms. distant. Met Grandmother, but learned that most of the folks were at a Prentiss gathering upon old streaked mountain. Quite a large party were gathered together, when a surprise wedding took place. Geo. Prentiss to a young lady from Worcester, Mass, whose name I cannot now recall. That is what I call romance; a loving little pair surprising a company with a bona fide wedding on a mountain, with an oak forrest for their church & the blue heaven for their canopy. The happy pair went on their bridal tour to the white mountains. The company adjourned at 6 o'clock, and I had the pleasure of seeing Aunt Sallie & Coz. Ellen & Frank Durrell of Oxford; also Uncle Alonzo, Aunt Miranda & nearly all the Cousins. Ellen & Frank returned home, but Aunt Sallie remained at Grandma's.

There was quite a gathering of the King's in the evening. Grandmother said that it seemed like old times to have her boys & girls about her once more; but when she looked at the Mothers & Fathers & recollected that she was a Great-grandmother, she could but realize that she was old and just on the verge of the grave. She is now in her 80th year, I believe, but is, by no means, in her dotage. Gr. Father died at 84.

Wednesday. Sept. 15th.

Father having suggested that I had better take advantage of the warm weather if I wished to visit Canada, I concluded to start immediately. Coz. Joe went to catch the colt, but the brute refused to be taken, so Sam & I walked down to the Cape in season for the morning train - 9 o'clock. He accompanied me as far as Bryant's Pond to attend the Annual Baptist Association; leaving him there, I went whizzing along the line of the Little Androscoggin River, and at 1 o'clock reached Island Pond, where I enjoyed the felicity of meeting my old friend Mr. Waterhouse (proprietor of the I.P. Hotel) and a first rate dinner which very materially improved my drooping spirits & my

capacity of endurance. At 1½, the train again started, in charge of British Officials, & we were whirled along at an increased speed, through several towns – Sherbrooke, - crossed the boundary line at 2½ - followed the St. Francis river to Richmond – the Junction of the Quebec & Montreal roads, & there I stopped.

Exercising the pre-rogative of a Yankee, I thought I would see what was to be seen, & in accordance therewith, took a stroll through this one horse town. Observing a College near the railroad, & having a kind of a fatherly regard for all institutions of learning, I concluded I would encourage the officials by my presence. So sauntering upon the grounds, I approached some of the young men (all boys are men when in College) who were engaged in the undignified game of bat & ball. I made some interrogatory remark to the one nearest me, but was informed with an expressive shake of the head that he didn't "parle anglais", but pointed me one who did. This gentleman politely answered my queries, and invited me to enter the building, which I did. He then introduced me to the President - Rev. Edward Cleveland – a Connecticut man by birth, but for the greater part of his life a resident of Richmond. He was a graduate of Yale, & of some Theological School in New York, & had been President of Richmond College since its completion – about two years or so. The College is of brick – three stories high – sixty by thirty in length & width & much of the same style as old Emory & Henry in Virginia. The President showed me through the various recitation rooms, into the students private apartments - his own study, and when I was about to retire, presented me with a circular of "St. Francis College" (the name of the institution) and a pamphlet of his being a "Sketch of the Early Settlement & History of Shipton, C.E., by Rev. Edward Cleveland, A.M. &c." The visit was highly interesting, and I felt assured that such a gentlemanly President must be popular & the College can not fail to prosper. He has my most cordial wishes for his success & for the prosperity of the institution over which he has been appointed chief guardian.

At 7 o'clock, the train started for Quebec - distant 96 miles – passing through Danville – the only town of importance, & reaching Point Levi at 9¾. Here we took a lumbering looking ferry boat across to Quebec where we arrived at 10, & after a twisting circuitous route, drew rein before Rupell's (Yankee) Hotel. I call that Quick traveling; - 96 miles in less than three hours – 15 minutes of slow ferriage included. The motion of the cars was so pleasant and easy that I was not conscious of our rapid motion.

Being very tired, I seized the first opportunity & light and fell into the arms of "Morpheus" at 11 P.M.

Sept. 16th Thursday:

Arose at 5 o'clock and took a long walk out St. John Street, passing the nunnery & St. Johns Church which has two towers in front, a dome in the centre & a cupola in the rear. Also a picturesque little Catholic Chapel with a well inhabited grave-yard attached. I was particularly struck with the appearance of the houses, the vehicles (mostly two-wheeled) & the plank sidewalks. The houses are old & low, and (to make a "bull") mostly shingled with tin. The "lion" & the "crown" are every where visible, as if something of the kind was necessary to remind the people that they are British subjects & that they still have a Queen. Soon after breakfast, it began to rain & I was obliged to forego the anticipated pleasure of a "calash." Several young fellows

were in the sitting-room, whose acquaintance I made: Messrs C.W. Hamilton of Worcester, Ms, W.W. Hund of New Orleans, & Charles G. Smith, M.D. of Chicago.

We four determined to see the “elephant” together, so securing a close carriage, we rode first to the Cathedral. The building is very large & has an internal show of faded magnificence. Some of the pictures are very fine, but not such as I cared to linger near or to make a study. From the Cathedral, a few steps brought us into the Seminary Chapel, an ordinary sized room fitted up for the use of the French Students. Here I noticed two or three splendid paintings. One of the Crucifixion – evidently a French picture – had the most beautiful combination of lights & shades I ever saw. The body of Christ on the cross, his face & position evincing unspeakable agony, stands boldly out from the dark & threatening back ground; and it conveyed most vividly to my mind the sense of the verse of scripture describing this scene – “And the sun was darkened, and the rail of the temple was rent in the midst” & & also “he said, it is finished: and he bowed his head and gave up the ghost.”

Another of the “Baptism of Christ” was well executed, but not half so attractive, as all agreed, as the first. One representing the “Transfiguration” was particularly impressive. The benign face of our Savior all enveloped in a halo of glory, the reverence and surprise of the disciples all combine to make the picture memorable. It expresses the words of St. John - “And it came to pass while he blessed them, he was parted from them, & carried up into heaven. And they worshipped him & returned to Jerusalem with great Joy.”

Of others, I made no special note.

We next drove to the Citadel, where having exhibited a “permit” we were admitted and an old soldier furnish’d as a guide. By this time, the rain was descending á la Deluge, the wind blowing a hurricane & umbrellas as much out of place as low neck dresses in a snow-storm. The first point of interest to Americans is the spot where Montgomery fell. It is marked by a plain tablet upon the side of the heights. He was endeavoring to lead his force around to a weak gate (not, as has been erroneously stated to scale the heights at that point) when he was struck down by a ball from the Citadel. I could not help sighing for the brave man cut down in the vigor of life. Saw also the monument to the memory of those brave generals - Wolfe & Montcalm. It is a granite obelisk about forty feet high (perhaps more) and having a cube for its base. A suitable inscription is marked upon it.

The old soldier, having first taken us to a position where we had a splendid view of the river and surrounding country, led us into the school-room, where about 450 children of the soldiers were being instructed by a soldier (as principal) and several lady assistants. The children were from the age of three up to twelve or fifteen, & many of them presented a very interesting & dirty appearance. At a signal from the principal, all the children arranged themselves in a double line against the wall, and sang two or three pieces (relative to their fondness for school - and how they sang with such fervor is a mystery to me!) in a manner which would have done justice to a yankee singing school. Having finished & received the signal, they scampered to their seats like frightened sheep. A few minutes after, recess was announced, when the uproar commenced, and Bedlam was eclipsed in “less than no time”. This entire ceremony was highly interesting & pleasant; & well worthy the visit.

We were next introduced to the soldiers quarters. Double beds were ranged along the wall in hospital style, some protected by curtains, but the majority exposed. One stove served as a heater and a cooker to the seven or eight families in the room. A poor woman was quite sick, & our M.D. went to inquire her symptoms & afford such relief as was in his power. He made no report as to his success.

One incident I must not fail to mention. We noticed a little infant, about three months old, lying on the bed, and approached it. The mother also drew near, & seemed proud highly pleased with our admiration of it. The child was evidently delighted about something, & shook its little hands & feet in high glee while its jet black eyes sparkled with animation. The mother was no less beautiful. Fair round face, rosy-cheeks, sparkling black eyes & dark hair. Her dress was more conducive to comfort than to ornament, being a scarlet petticoat over white and a loose linen or muslin waist for which Ladies, I believe, have an special name. Mr. Smith remarked, after we had retired from the room, that a little soap & water, a good scrubbing and fine clothes would make a beautiful woman of her. "Beauty unadorned is (not always) adorned the most". So thought & spoke I on the occasion.

On account of the rain, dress parade was omitted, but each company met in their respective quarters for inspection. We went over & saw one inspection, and while waiting had an opportunity of examining the uniform, the guns & the Crimean medals which a number of the soldiers wore & were proud of. The pay is about two dollars a month, & out of this, each man supplies his rations. How they live, is another mystery. I guess they only exist.

At length the officers entered & proceeded to inspect their guns, knapsacks, hat & boots &c. The Captain called on the sergeant for his book, and requested him to read the rewards & punishments, which being done, the company was dismissed. Whereupon, we emptied our pockets of Canada pence into the hands of our guide, returned thanks, entered the carriage & made our exit, fully impressed with the impregnability of the Citadel, & invincibility of its inmates except by actual starvation.

Went next to the Pains of Abraham, but owing to the rain, were satisfied simply with a view thereof.

The movement next in order, was a drive of nine miles to the Falls of Montmorenci. We got along at a pretty lively pace over a shell road - passing many quaint & comfortable french cottages, and what particularly struck my or rather our attention, two hogs about three or four feet high, which gave them the appearance of walking on stilts. It was suggested by one of us (modesty forbids me to mention name) that they were thus elevated to compensate for the deep & continued snows. Being in a hurry, I did not stop to verify friend Helen's assertion that hogs have beautiful eyes. Moreover their appearance was not at all inviting.

Reached the Falls, and all paid 25 cts for the privilege of getting wet. Had a good view of the majestic falls which leap down about 200 feet. The proprietor told us of the suspension bridge just over the fall; (the abutments of which are still standing); how, when it was first finished & ready for use, the anchors gave way & the mass, together with one man who was on it, were precipitated in the boiling waters below. Since then, no attempt has been made to replace it, but there is a common bridge a short distance above. Owing to the very wet rain we did not descend

the natural steps, but returned to the house where we again met the pretty, dark-eyed spaniard who superintended the sale of indian work. Leaving this enjoyment (for it is always an enjoyment to look at a pretty girl, provided she is amiable) we retired to the kitchen to take advantage of the fire. About this time several other travellers seeking -pleasure - under difficulties came in, and after a short consultation, Dr. Smith prescribed hot-water, lemon & whiskey (being nothing more nor less than a punch) to keep off a severe cold. The landlord, acting as druggist, brought on the compound steaming hot, & due respect was paid to Dr. Smith by drinking that & one or two more. A large pile of cake also disappeared in an incredibly short time, and having first footed the bills, we disappeared likewise. The ride home was interspersed with jokes, witticisms & anecdotes, for the warm-water had warmed some of the party almost up to the boiling point. We reached the Hotel about 2½ o'clock, very much gratified with our trip, notwithstanding the rain which was somewhat of a damper on our enjoyment.

The parlor being vacant, I went in & played several tunes. The noise (or probably the music) attracted half a dozen ladies who were mostly American; so I played all our national airs. When I had finished, an English lady suggested that I ought to favor them with "God Save the Queen", which having then escaped I could not recall; so I made a republican excuse & started down to dinner with Smith.

At 4 o'clock left Quebec, reached Richmond at 7, and Montreal at 10, having a ferriage of a mile or two up the St. Lawrence from Longueuil. Stopped at the Donegana Hotel - No. 58.

Sept. 17. Friday:

Spent an hour before breakfast, when no one was near, in trying the excellent piano. After breakfast, Voorhes (of Annapolis & the Wm. Jenkins) and Gilmore (of New Orleans) called for me to accompany them in a ride around the mountain. It beginning to rain, we stopped at a neat public house in a village called "Coat  de neige" (or Hill of Snow) where we enjoyed a game of tenpins until the rain ceased. We then continued our pleasant ride around the mountain whence we had a beautiful view of the City & of the celebrated Victoria Bridge of the Grand Trunk R.R. Passed the new Cemetery which is fitted up in handsome style.

Drove to the Grey Nunnery, which was established by Grey for the protection of foundlings and the aged infirm. At 12. n. all the nuns, about 50 in number, came in procession to the chapel, and when the chief spoke the first part, all the rest in chorus chanted the responses. It was a sad sight to see so many active & immortal souls doomed to a life of seclusion. Such infatuation or downright superstition is scarcely credible, & yet it does exist to a fearful extent. They all appeared wan & pale, and I have no doubt but that many were in constant misery and fear. Their dress consisted of a gray garment (no hoops), a white lace cap, white cape, & string of beads with silver crucifix suspended from the girdle. The seemed just ready & prepared for the coffin & the tomb.

Leaving the chapel, we were conducted into the rooms for the aged infirm, where we saw several perfect wrecks of humanity. Some helpless as an infant & almost lacking the evidences of vitality, & it surprised me that they lived even for an instant in that condition. Here I purchased a string of beads & crucifix as a memento.

Next we visited a room where children under three years of age are kept. Two nuns were superintending their little charges, who seemed in excellent spirits. Ah, how changed will be their feelings when they realize how they have been deserted, and thrown upon the charity of a cold world. We entered next, the mess-room for little boys, whom we found enjoying a bowl of soup, and all seemed quite intent on having the bread & soup come out even. One little fellow, a new comer, was bawling busily, not having become used to the ways of the institution.

We left highly pleased with things in general, but deeply sorry for the deluded nuns.

After dinner, we went to "Notre Dame" which far exceeds the Cathedral in Quebec, although the paintings are not so fine. A few statistics may not be uninteresting.

It is 300 feet long & 150 wide; will seat 8000, & accomodate 20.000 persons (or rather would under the old fashions). There are two towers - each 250 feet in height - ascended by 300 steps. The large stained-glass window, 64 ft. high & 32 wide, cost 1500 pounds, & the organ cost 60 000 dollars. The bell - the largest in the New World - weighs 29 000 lbs, and takes sixteen men to ring it, & is only rung on great occasions. There is a chime in the other tower.

The view from the tower of Notre Dame was both grand and beautiful. The St. Lawrence stretching as far as the eye could reach - the steamers & sailing vessels dotting its surface - the shining cottages clustering on the shore, and the busy world beneath made the scene both sublime and picturesque. Montreal is entirely different from Quebec, being English in style, regularly built & clean. A dilapidated monument of Nelson does not speak much in favor of their veneration for the hero. A crocodile at its base, is evidently shedding (crocodile) tears over its forlorn and unpatriotic appearance.

Spent the evening in the parlor, where I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. & Mrs. Knowlton who were on their way to visit a newly married daughter in Vermont. They spoke very highly of, & wished to be remembered to Mr., Mrs. Hill & family. At her request, I played our National Airs (including "America" alias "God Save the Queen") & I learned subsequently that while I was performing "Hail Columbia" nearly all the people in the room were keeping time with their feet. How patriotic people do feel when they get out of their own country!

Retired about 11 o'clock.

Sept. 18. Saturday.

Took the ferry at 7. A.M. - the cars at Longueil at 7½ & reached Island Pond at 1. Cars again at 1½, and went whirling through the wild & rugged scenery of the White Mountains. Read the Atlantic Monthly for Sept. clean through except one abolition article which I couldn't have digested. Reached South Paris at 5 & found Father waiting for me with the team. Started for Grandma's, when he placed in my hands a neatly written note elicited by a marginal sentence on an "Eastern Angus which I sent her last week, to the effect that I was lonesome & low-spirited.

The following is a copy -

“At home, and all “rectus”, having seen the sights of the glorious city and vicinity, viz: Nahant, Mount Auburn, Fresh Pond, Jamaica, Roxbury, Lowell, Charlestown, and

“Chelsea”.

Our friends of the “Bill Jenkins” (from Washington and Annapolis) remained with us till the 15th - but now, my “pashunce” am clean gone to think of my Calvert friends leaving me on Monday next. -

Yet, “such is life.” ‘Twill never do to become low-spirited. So “cheer up my lively lad!!!” and think again of “Miss S”

and the

“Yankee Stranger.”

Sept 17th 1858.

Sept 19th Sunday.

There was quite a reunion of the family at Grandma’s. The large, old-fashioned sitting room was filled. Uncles Alonzo, Joseph, Charles D. & William; Aunts Miranda, May, Sallie, besides Father & a host of Cousins.

Father & I drove to South Paris to listen to the young Baptist divine - Cos. Prentiss King. His subject matter was very good, but his natural timidity evinced itself in his delivery which was clear, but lacked energy of expression. However, time will give him that quality, & he will doubtless become an impressive & effective minister.

About a year ago, he married Mary Smith, a very fine girl with whom I was desperately smitten in 1850. He worships her, and dotes on her in a manner positively sickening to a bachelor.

About 5 P.M., Coz. Joe & I walked over to Old Streaked, at the foot of which coz. Julius & Clary live. Found them at home & all well. Clary is just as good and homely as ever. Their only child - about four years old, is a perfect picture & would take a premium in any show in Christendom. Her plump face, rosy-cheeks, blue, melting eyes, and long golden (not red) curls will break some poor fellows heart before she is 17 years old. Preserve me from standing in the range of such an over-powering batter, at that age.

Sept. 20, Monday.

Gov. Brown having come to the conclusion that a visit to New York, at this time, is absolutely indispensable, telegraphed Father to return, notwithstanding he had been away just two weeks - long enough to begin to get rested. As the Gov. has enjoyed one month’s vacation already, this summer, I think, to say the least, that it was unkind to drag Father home thus early. “Angels &

Ministers of grace defend us from being a Government nigger. If I must serve at all, let me serve the people.

Father left in the early (6) train & expects to be at home by Wednesday morning, avoiding all unnecessary delays, and omitting many anticipated visits. The boys are all off to school or otherwheres, & hence it is quite lonesome. Took my rod & line & started for Stony Brook - the scene of many a day's sport for Father. Entered the woods, & making a bee line, as I thought, for the brook, I walked about one mile, & came out about ten rods below the place whence I started. Just my luck. Tried it again, but this time following my nose up the road to the bridge, thence to follow up & fish along the line of the stream. Got along very well for the first quarter of a mile, but didn't have a nibble. Rather discouraging. Looked at my watch - 11 o'clock & two miles to the mountain where I had promised to dine. Threw away my rod - said some- thing severe about the stupidity & ingratitude of the fish in returning my proffered bait which I had taken so much pains to bring them, & then commenced the tug of war.

Through the underbrush, & over innumerable logs I clambered until being well nigh exhausted, I removed my shoes & socks & tried the brook. Stones hurt my feet terribly, and I sighed that I could not be like "Pan" for a time: donned my cotton & shoe leather, and a tiresome half-hour emerged from the woods & saw daylight; so I sat me down to rest & to breathe a malediction upon the uncaught fish which had led me into such difficulties. Feeling relieved, I went over to the mountain & dined.

After dinner, I rode to Uncle Alonzo's with Coz's Clary & Mary, and met, beside the family, the newly & romantically united pair, who returned that morning from the White Mountains, & more immediately from a pretty successful fish in the brook. They were happy as larks, & brim full of affection. Whew, how it sickened me.

Went through the old mill, & thought of the good times I once enjoyed in that place when an innocent child, free from care & unmindful of the future. I noticed some few changes, but they served to remind me of friends who have passed away to Heaven, & now wear the crown of Glory.

Sept. 21. Tuesday:

In company with Coz. Prent, drove over to Paris Hill to attend the "Teachers Convention", held in the Baptist church. Quite a large number were present, but the faces were all strange. It was not so in 1850. At that time, I was on a visit to Uncle Joe's folks, & as the town is small, Aunt Lucy consented to take three or four of the young ladies as boarders during the convention. I then made the acquaintance of (Honey) Ellen Cary, (Sugar) Sarah Pratt, & (Sweet) Mary Smith. Of course, I fell desperately in love with all three, & especially with Sarah - or rather Sugar as I called her.

Being quite juvenile, I received a superabundance of affectionate expressions & impressions; and, at length, a kiss every half hour seemed absolutely indispensable to my happiness. It will readily be inferred that I was a little love-smitten fool, which indeed is not surprising for a person of that tender age. In fact, men go through just such foolish performances daily; get down on their knees, grasp their waistcoats convulsively near the region where their hearts are supposed

to layie, say something soft, & then await, in agonizing suspense, to be raised up by their fair inamoratas who gently whisper “yes”, return the seal of affection, & throw their tearful eyes upon the left shoulder of a broad-cloth coat. But I am wandering. The scene in the unchanged church carried me back to bygone days, and I enjoyed their recollection. But where are the actors now. Sarah & Mary (poor girls!) are married, and Ellen is principal of the girl’s grammar school in Portland. Uncle Joe’s folks live near Auburn, and since they are gone, I did not care to remain long on the Hill. So having deposited a few letters in the office, I returned Prent to the arms of his dear “ittle ducksy-ucksy”, and spent the evening with Grandma - the sons & daughters having gone to their respective homes.

Sept 22d. Wednesday.

Took occasion to take exception to friend Hattie’s signature, & to make it the subject of a letter. I think I shewed very conclusively by citing several instances, that she ought not to consider herself a “stranger”, but rather a friend. &c. &c.

At 11 o’clock, Aunt Mary Ann accompanied me to the Cape, where, fortunately, I met Frank Durrell & rode with him to Oxford, in time for dinner. Ellen was very glad to see me, & gave me an outline of the fun on hand.

Went up to Thompson’s pond in the boat, with Frank & Sewell Beals (a young fellow who proved to be one of the best friends I made among the boys of Oxford) of “Peter Baggs” was excellently executed by the only original Hutchinson brother present. The rest of the company consisted of two grown persons (lady & basso) & a girl & boy. The great objection to the concert was that solos had the preponderancy. Quintetes would have been better received and a hundred per cent more entertaining.

Miss Adams made herself very agreeable and entertaining, and left a favorable impression.

After disposing of our ladies, Joe & I met & enjoyed a delightful dose of oysters. I am forgetful - we were not so ungallant: the ladies accompanied us to Robinson’s and, together, we enjoyed a “ster.”

Sept. 28. Tuesday.

After breakfast, hearing music, I proceeded in the direction thereof, and found the Portland Light Infantry in the act of receiving the Auburn Artillery. My boyish feelings returned, and I followed the soldiers clear to Observatory Hill, where they encamped. Not having any spare time, I tore myself away, & went to Middle St. where I met Fontaine Sparrow & went with him to see his Mother & Sister. Coz. Margaret was as lively as ever, & Helen, just her counterpart. Coz. H. is awful pretty & sweet. I very much enjoyed my half hour visit. Found letters in the Office from Father, Rove, Farnsworth & Hattie of Chelsea.

Returned to Oxford at 3. Coz. Nellie met me with the team & escorted me to her agreeable home.

Sept. 30, Thursday:

I attended a stag husking at Frank Hays' last night. Between thirty & forty were present; songs interspersed with rougher jokes whiled away the hours, until 11½ o'clock, the pile of stalks having disappeared, all went in to a substantial supper of baked beans, brown-bread, Indian pudding, pies & coffee ad infinitum. Every body eat too much, and went home more than satisfied.

This forenoon, Sew Beals & myself took a ride up to Norway & So. Paris, where we dosed our ail-ings with a couple of glasses of ale. Saw many objects of interest, but none more pleasing than a sprightly, black-eyed Norway damsel. A fellow remarked that Yankee girls were not damsels by a long shot.

About 6 P.M. the grand demonstration, in honor of the Republican victories throughout Maine, began by the formation of a torchlight procession, preceded by the So. Paris Band. Forty two torches gave light to about double that number of enthusiasts followers, of which I was one.

We marched around the square, & then to the residence of John J. Perry (M.C. elect) who received us in a "plain, unvarnished" speech, in which he compared the Republican principles to the torches, in that they both gave light. The smile was appropriate inasmuch as the light was confined to sectorial limits. Mr. Zechariah Drum, as spokesman of the procession, decline Mr. Perry's invitation to "walk in", but requested the presence of himself & family at Durell's Hall, which he complied with. All returned to the Hall, where about 300 partook of a bountifully spread repast; after which speeches were made by Messrs Perry, Drum and others. Widow Greenwood was called on, & gave as a toast - "the ladies of Oxford; they will have good Republicans or no husbands" - a sentiment which was vociferously applauded.

At 10 o'clock, a truly democratic dance began, and we "tipped it on the light bombastic toe" almost without cessation until 4 next morning. A hole thro' the sole of my shoe testified to the extent of my exercise. These are the "times that try men's soles".

I arose next day at 1 o'clock, in a used up condition.

October 2d. Saturday:

The wind had a glorious spree today, and was especially free and easy in its evolutions. It was just such a wind as (to quote the saying of Fanny Fern) affords inquiring masculine minds a fine opportunity for the study of anatomy.

Frank's lady-love - Joanna Small (or as I familiarly called her Small Jonah) came up from Yarmouth & spent the evening. Quite a company assembled, and we had an impromptu kissing party. Emily Scrivener is very pretty, but not overcharged with sense.

"Small Jonah" is a sparkling beauty, but afflicted with a weak spine, attributable (as I told Frank) to one of her ancestors having spent three days in a cramped condition in a whale's belly.

Oct. 6. Wednesday:

Nellie, Mr. & Mrs. Rawson, Frank & myself attended the Cattle Show & Muster on the Fair Grounds near Norway. There was the usual amount of "sogering" & soggering (drinking), horned-cattle & bed-quilts, horse-racing & patent medicines, fair damsels & ugly men, handsome males & homely, gawky females. I enjoyed four sheets of gingerbread & the crowd very much, but the rest of the show was anything but entertaining & instructive. Nellie & I walked around until we got tired; then Frank & I tried it awhile, and being on the same mission (looking for & at pretty girls) we got along very well together.

At 11 o'clock, the muster was inspected by the General & Staff; the various evolutions & the tip-top music by Chandler's Band of Portland, was decidedly refresing. "Araby's daughter" was most beautifully executed.

At 3 o'clock the horse-racing began. It took about an hour to get the people in order & outside of the track, & fifteen minutes to wake up the other animals. At 4. the word was given, black & sorrel went - it - three times round (a mile heat) & black came in ahead. Time 2.56. Other races followed; after which our party concluded to leave. At 6 o'clock we drew up before the homestead - in a few minutes enjoyed a dinner, & then spent the evening at home.

Oct. 9. Saturday:

Came to Portland yesterday & stopped at Uncle Sam's. Found in the office letters from Father, Hulsey, Tyler & Riley.

At the request of Coz. Mark who is sole proprietor of one of the finest galleries in P. I sat for a photograph, & at the first sitting succeeded in getting what I consider a very correct likeness. After this exercise, I procured a couple of lobsters & had a juicy time in the operating room. At 4 P.M. I started for Oxford, armed with two extensive lobsters. Met Miss Ursula Cushman on the cars: she is in deep distress by reason of the death of Mr. Hatch, her brother-in-law & one of the Editor's of the Charleston Courier. He died, a few days since of yellow fever in Charleston S.C. where, as well as in New Orleans, the epidemic is raging fearfully. Miss U. was on her way to meet her afflicted sister who had left the South for safety & was sojourning, for a time, in Norway. Mr. Hatch was a talented young man, 28 years of age and had been married only about a year. The case is a very sad one indeed. "In the midst of life, we are in death."

Reached Oxford station at 6, & had to foot it over, there being no conveyance. Arrived at Aunt Sallie's & placing the lobsters on the door-sill knocked & run. After awhile, I met Nellie & Adelaide Holden, told them what I had done, and asked their assistance in carrying out the joke.

They went into the back sitting room, when Aunt Sallie mentioned the circumstances & wondered whom the lobsters could be from. The girls, of course, expressed great surprise, & put numerous unanswerable questions. All the time, I was a quiet listener at the outside door. When Aunt S's excitement had been duly wrought up, I quietly lifted the latch, threw my whole weight against the door, & went all in heap on the floor in their midst. Aunt S. screamed with unfeigned terror, & the girls with laughter. Explanation was unnecessary, & all that remained was to

discuss the most delicious & most palatable chowder I ever eat. Ice-cream & oysters can't "hold a candle to it". Aw, it is very delicious indeed.

Oct. 10. Sunday:

Rode 12 miles with Frank & Nellie to attend a Shaker meeting at New Gloucester. The church bore a striking resemblance to a ball-room - the seats being ranged along the wall & the floor waxed in the modern style. At 10 o'clock the brethren & sisters came in mass from a dressing-house opposite, and took seats apart. Before the regular exercises began, I had an opportunity of observing their uniform which was sui-generis & quite eccentric. The men and boys wore their hair long, and instead of parting it in the ordinary style, combed it down upon their foreheads nearly to the eyes, & trimmed it parallel with them. The dress of the adults consisted of the old-style swallow-tail, & wide pants of linsey-woolsey, & blue merino vests of revolutionary pattern. Most of them wore pumps calculated for dancing. Not being conversant with the material for women's dresses, I cannot describe them with much accuracy. Their dresses, made, I believe, of a purple merino, heavily pleated, came sufficiently low to disclose some mighty pretty no. 2 gaiters (heeled) of like material. White caps & capes, such as I have seen my Grandmother wear, and handkerchiefs of the size & consistency of table napkins completed their external uniform. Their dress gave them a ghastly & sad appearance.

I counted 32 males & 37 females: of these I judged that of those under 20 years of age, there were 17 males & 10 females. Several were fully 3 score & 10; and one female, aged about 45, probably weighting 250 lbs. presented a most comical appearance.

At a given signal from one apparently high in authority, all formed themselves in five successive rows facing one line of singers. The music (!) (shade of Mozart, what a libel on the sublime art) struck up, and the dance began, every one keeping time to the music by a flabby motion of the arms & hands. They moved three steps forward, made two short, quick steps, backed two steps & wheeled into his or her original position. 'Every one for himself' was the order observed, and they performed the whole exercises with a mathematical precision. At length the music gradually died away, & simultaneously, heads bowed & hands lowered slowly to their hips. Next an old, gray-haired man stepped from the ranks, & requesting them to be seated, read a sermon from a service book, probably of Shaker origin. This being ended, an oral & double file procession was formed, with the singers stationary in the middle. The music(!) began, all hands waved in unison, the procession moved & continued to do so for about 20 minutes. At the expiration of that time, they halted in the same manner as above named; when another stepped from the ranks, & thanked God that he ever came to New Gloucester & proceeded to expatiate quite largely upon the advantages of being a Shaker. He didn't succeed in converting any of our party. The exercise continued for an hour and a half & were declared at an end by a simple wave of the hand.

This process of humbling themselves does not seem to strangers much like religion. Dancing has always been a favorite amusement with me, & I never feel very meek while enjoying it.

We returned home, highly pleased with this novel and interesting entertainment.

The audience, at the meeting, was large but not enthusiastic.

Oct. 11, Monday.

I have hardly thought it necessary to mention that Nellie & I have taken daily buggy rides to the various places of interest in the neighborhood - Thompsons pond (a most beautiful sheet of water about 10 miles long) - Welchville (a finished town about a mile from Oxford, Pigeon Hill &c. &c.

We spent one evening at Squire Keith's (my great Uncle) & had a very agreeable time. The days have been passed in hunting, boating & fishing, with now & then a few hours spent with Em's Tam's & Scrivener - most generally the latter where I could enjoy, not only the society of a pretty girl, but, what is far better, that of a fine-toned piano. I mean no disrespect to the fair sex.

At 7 o'clock about 30 men & boys collected to husk Uncle Charle's corn, and Frank & myself were installed basket carriers. We husked away for about four hours, interspersing the work with songs, jokes &c. At the request of the crowd, I deaconed off the following pathetic song, á la Methodists, and all joined in singing it to the tune of "Balerma". I quote the song in full, from memory, as I wish to preserve a memento, not only of the husking, but of the good times it has afforded us in College. The words (thanks to my unprecedented genius) are mostly original. It is called "Tobias & Kerchunker"- the latter name they applied to me during my stay in O. The song was very well read, &, several times, encored.

Tobias and Kerchunker -

There was a man, he had two sons,
And these two boys were brothers;
Tobias was the name of one,
Kerchunker of the t'other.

Now these two boys were fast young lads,
Tobias and his brother,
But friendly to their pa & ma,
And fond of one another.

Now these two boys had an old white horse,
And this old horse was blind;
Tobias he rode on before,
Kerchunker on behind.

And these two boys slept in one bed,
And this old bed was red;
Tobias he slept at the foot,
Kerchunker at the head.

These two boys to the Sabbath school went.
All for to learn a lesson;
Tobias blew his roman nose,

Kerchunker asked the blessing.

And these two boys to the Theatre went
To do what they saw fit;
Tobias in the gallery sat,
Kerchunker in the pit.

At length these boys, they both fell sick,
At which their friends, they cried;
Tobias, he give up the ghost,
Kerchunker took and died.

And in one grave, they both were laid,
As in their trundle-bed;
Tobias sleeping at the foot,
Kerchunker at the head.

Several impromptu verses & appropriate thereto, were sung on this occasion. At 11 o'clock, all sat down to an abundant repast of baked beans, indian pudding, mince, pumpkin & custard pies, cheese, coffee &c.&c., after which cigars were circulated and all parted in a good humor. Since the introduction of the Maine law, but little ardent spirits are used at Huskings. At those I attended, none whatever was introduced. In this respect the workings of the law are good, but I am inclined to think that, on the whole, it is tyrannical & injurious.

But I have no time now to expatiate upon its demerits, but leave it for wiser heads, or until my own is more experienced.

October 14, Thursday:

I left Oxford last Tuesday noon, and came here (Portland) & stopped at Uncle Sam's. The same evening, Mark & myself attended Panncefort's Athenaeum, & saw "Taming the Shrew" & "Daughter of the Stars" - Mr & Mrs. Panncefort sustaining the leading characters. Tolerable fair, only.

This morning, I called at Coz. Elmira's, where I met Coz. Newville Merrill, & rec'd from him, a pressing invitation to go home with him, (to Upper Cumberland - distant 10 m's) in order to be present at the evenings kissing party. I accepted, & we started at 10 o'clock. Stopped at Falmouth & took in a Miss Knight - sister of the one at Newville's - his cousins, & both great, good looking girls: so large, that

The College buildings, with the exception of the Medical College, stand in a long line - at intervals of about 60 or a 100 feet. They are designated as Massachusetts Hall, Maine H. Winthrop H. & Appleton H. the chapel being about midway. The medical school stands about 200 ft. in advance of Mass. Hall.

The accommodations are more roomy & better than at Dickinson; & the students appear to take more pride & interest in keeping them in first rate order.

Attended Chapel prayers at 4; Choir sang "Thou art gone to the grave", & some appropriate remarks made in relation to Prof. C's death. His funeral takes place next Tues: & sermon to be preached by Rev. Leonard Woods, Pres.

Oct. 16th. Saturday.

Henry & I went up to bath - distant 9 miles - & passed about an hour in walking through this beautiful place. The houses, built, mostly, of wood & in cottage style present a very unique appearance, and the large & inseparable front-yards give the town a rustic look. Returned to Brunswick, where H left me, and I went on to Portland where I arrived about 2½. Went up to Mark's, got two lithographs; stopped at the Exchange corner, & armed myself with three strapping, big lobsters, & took the evening train for Oxford. Walked over from the depot with a returned Californian with whom I had a pleasant political conversation for the mile & a half.

According to previous announcement, I reached Brunswick at 11, there meeting Coz. Henry M. King - of Senior class - Bowdoin College, and accompanied him to his room at Mrs Jordan's. Henry is a fine-looking fellow, about 5 ft - 10½ & well-proportioned. Dark comly hair & bright eyes, and so far as I could judge intelligent and a good student.

The aged and venerable Parker Cleveland, L.L.D. - Prof. of Natural Science in Bowdoin, died at 8½ this morning. College exercises were, in consequence, suspended for several days. An account of his life & death may be found in my Scrap Book for 1857-58, and is highly interesting.

After dinner, at which I was introduced to the "Club", he & I visited the various places of interest in & around College: - the library, Chapel, Picture gallery &c. The Chapel is a magnificent building, and 1 of the finest edifices of the kind in this country. The beautiful frescoes of "Christ Healing the Sick in the Temple", "the Baptism of Christ" & one other (I have forgotten the subject) are splendidly executed. The picture gallery contains some splendid and ancient paintings. The portraits of the Bowdoin family are finely finished, and extremely handsome. We don't see such women very often now-a-days. Two portraits of Madison & Jefferson - by Stuart were very interesting & valuable.

to mention, but the size thereof struck me so forcibly, that it is impossible to avoid a record. I refer to the feet appertaining to the aforesaid ladies. They were evidently done up on the most generous & enlarged pattern; the last undoubtedly constructed from the largest size oak, and t he shoemaker doing his part of the work in the open air or a mammoth circus tent. Heaven, they are able to boast an extended understanding, in which they may place great dependence.

We returned home, well pleased with our afternoon's visit, in which we were done brown.

Oct. 19th. Tuesday:

Came to Portland yesterday & am stopping at Coz. Elmira's on Spring Street. She is delightfully situated in a large, commodious house, and in one of the pleasantest streets in the City. With her I remained, for the most part, during my sojourn in P., occasionally staying with Mark at Uncle Sam's, & dining around with my innumerable relatives in general.

Walking Middle St. I met Skip Merrill, (my Cumberland acquaintance) and subsequently, Maria Knight & Malville Waite. We promenaded awhile, when Skip proposed a gamut; so getting a team, we drove ten miles to Scarborough, & stopped at Mr. Merrill's, where we met

Oct. 21st Thursday:

As a testimonial of kindness for many little favors done me, I presented Coz. Joe B. with my photograph in a handsome oval frame. The picture is considered very accurate & life-like, and, so they said, highly prized by all hands.

At night, mark and I attended the Theatre to witness the début of R. Adams - a fellow-artist & friend of Mark's, at whose rooms I had the pleasure of meeting. Adams is a great crony of Mrs. Partington (B.P. Shillaber of Chelsea, Ms) and tells some of his (or rather her) anecdotes in the most amusing & tip-top style.

Shillaber has lost a front tooth, and, hence, is enabled to give the peculiar whistle in an old man's conversation. Adams says that if he was certain he could tell such anecdotes equal to S. he would knock out a front tooth.

The play was "The Merchant of Venice" - Adams as Shylock - and the house was full, even the standing room being occupied. In due time, Adams came on, & was rec'd with cheering & stamping which continued for several minutes. He played his part admirably, was continually interrupted by applause, & at the close of the play, was vociferously called out, & made a speech of thanks. The debut was highly creditable.

Oct. 22d. Friday:

Had a mustachaed picture taken, & sent it home in order, as I said, to prepare the folks for my changed appearance. I looked very much like the villain in the play.

Belle B, May Sturdivant, Hattie Allen & I went up to Bramhall's Hill to witness a match game between the Portland Base Ball Club, & the Forest City B.B.C. - also of P. After a long walk, we reached the ground, and after some difficulty succeeded in forming an impromptu seat out of a wheel-barrow, a rickety harrow & a plank torn from a neighboring fence. I was fully convinced of the truth of the proverb, "patientia et perseverentia omnia vincit".

Quite a number of spectators - both sexes - were present to enjoy the exciting contest. The game was quite long, but, fortunately, through my foresight, our little company passed part of the time in a sentimental interchange of sugar mottos. The game resulted in the defeat of the F.C.B.B.C. The score stood -

F.C.B.B.C. - 34 Innings

P.B.B.C. - 78 “

and, on account of the darkness, one run not made. A bad beat, but the F.C. is lately organized, & the P.B. having been in active practice for several months.

Hattie & May spent the evening at Coz. Elmira's, & we had a very interesting, & kissable time. “Ahem!

Oct. 25th. Mond.

Took the afternoon train for Cumberland, & spent the night at Grandma's. Found Grandpa in much better health, & we regaled ourselves with a mug of excellent cider.

Met Joe Colesworthy who has just returned from Aroostook - away up in the back-woods. He presents the appearance of a regular pioneer, with his tremendous, patriarchal beard. It is his intention to return, for he likes the country and that style of living. His main objection is that it is 10 miles from his habitation to the nearest settlement & post-office.

Grandma is as active as ever, and just as kind and generous as the law allows.

Oct. 26. Tuesday.

Left C. at 7½ in a passenger car attached to a burden train, with the intention of going to Oxford; but found my courage about zero, when I learned the running time - about 10 miles an hour. I was in for it, & I had to suffer. We reached O. at 11¼, and I rode over to the village with Mr. Scrivener. Had just time to say how d'ye do to the folks, & exchange my photograph for a daguerre (of me) taken in 1852, when the stage came along, & I returned to the depot. Met the Hon John J. Perry - M.C. elect from that district- & had considerable of a talk. Cars came along at 12, & we were whirled into Portland in fine style at 2¼ o'clock.

Attended the “Ravel Family” at the Theater, & afterwards, an evening sociable at Mechanic's Hall. Was introduced to Miss Waterhouse & a host of others whose names I don't care to remember. We played Copenhagen, & we danced, & fooled around generally for three or four hours. Then I went home with Miss Waterhouse, & rec'd a pressing invitation to call. She is a first-rate musician, & hence, I should not be surprised if I accepted her invitation.

Taken all together, I think I have accomplished considerable. Have ridden 80 miles, attended the Theatre & a sociable, & gone home with an interesting girl.

Oct. 28. Thurs.

Went with Ellen C. & Belle to the Festival of the St. Lawrence Association at Lancaster Hall. Had a very good time. Met Nellie Waterhouse, but above all, that beautiful little creature - Maria Drinkwater - who made my heart palpitate so, at meeting - Sund. Sep. 12. I was introduced, &

we had a very interesting conversation. She took occasion, in a most winning way, to apologize for her (as she considered it) mis-behaviour in Church on that memorable sabbath. She said she came in to Grandma's the next morning to explain, & to excuse herself, but unfortunately I had gone. The fact is, she is a little flirt, but happily for me, I am proof positive against Cupid's attacks.

Nov. 2d. Wedns.

Spent last evening at Sparrow's, & had a delightful time. Met Coz. Isaac Sturdivant from New York; he is a cheerful soul & I like him. Belle, Maria S., Helen & I attended a levee at Mechanics Hall, given to a Rev. Mr. Somebody who had resigned his charge to enter the pulpit of Rev. Dudley Tyng - dec'd. of Phila. A number of speeches were made - among which, one by the celebrated, Maine-law Neal Dow. His manner is plain & conversational; nothing strikingly original or remarkable in his style. Is gaseous in his tendencies, and, all together, would make a very good barroom politician. Such are the impressions rec'd from hearing the great Neal Dow speak.

Nov. 4th. Thursday.

Escorted to the depot by Coz's Ike; Joe & Fontaine Sparrow. Day - damp & disagreeable. Met Uncle Cy, & we started for Boston. Reached Chelsea at 12³/₄, when, sending my valise to Boston P.O. I got off the train, & took a hack for Hattie Newell's, where I arrived about 1. Found Hattie & her Coz. Hattie Ladd (of Wiscasset, Me) both in, & pretty as ever. Afternoon being exceedingly rainy & dull out of doors, we had a most lively time within doors. Sang, played & talked over the memorable times on the "Wm. Jenkins. Took tea. After tea, they exhibited their pictures which were taken a day or two previously. I took them a 2d. time, and, accidentally, of course, forgot to return them, and they are still in my possession. Hattie is a fine little girl & a very pleasant correspondent.

Her brother left with me at 8¹/₂ & piloted me to the ferry and over to the Pearl St. House, Boston, where I remained all night.

Nov. 5th. Friday.

Took B. & Worcester cars at 8 - passed through Cambridge, Hartford, New Haven, Norwalk &c. & reached New York at 5 & 20 ms. Rainy & disagreeable. Took hack, & after much difficulty, being led astray by Father's letter, I found Annie at Coz. Mary Stebbins, No. 10. W. 19, where we intended originally to meet. Was introduced to Cozs. Delia (Mrs. Osgood) Carlotta Moore, Emma Stebbins, Russel S. & his Father - Coz. Mary's 2d. husband.

Nov. 6th. Sat'y:

The rain still continues, and I am necessarily housed. The day & evening was spent, for the most part, in playing duets with Emma, singing & reading. Had a fine opportunity of studying the dispositions & making general note of my relatives. Coz. Mary E. Hewitt Stebbins is a poetess of considerable note, but has not written much since the death of her first husband - Mr. Hewitt.

Coz. Delia is of pleasant & kind manner, &, to judge from her assurances, was very much attached to us both. Mr. Stebbins is a fine looking gentleman of the Old School; affable & affectionate, & free from all ostentation. Coz. Carlotta (niece of Coz. Delia, & under her charge) is about 14 years old, and an orphan, her parents having died in India, where she was born. She is quiet, & a great book-worm, devoting entirely too much time to her books. Her temperament is quick & impulsive; firm in her friendship to those she loves & vice versa. Emma S. is sweet sixteen, of gentle, amiable & affectionate disposition. Plays most beautifully on the piano, thus affording me great & continued enjoyment in the performance of duets. She has dark hair & eyes, & is as sprightly & graceful as a fawn. More anon. Russel Stebbins, Jr. is a good looking young man, aged 24, & about 5 ft., 4 or 5 in height. Fond of fun & jollity and in that respect strikingly similar to his friend H.C.K.

Nov. 7th. Sunday.

Emma, Nina & I attended St. Thomas' (Episcopal) Ch. on Broadway in the forenoon. Dr. Morgan held forth; and in a tragic style which, to me, was rather borous. Mr. Morse (a fine young fellow & broker on Wall St.) walked home with Emma, & left Nina & me in the uninterrupted enjoyment of a very sensible conversation on the proper incentives to marriage. Plagued Emma outrageously when Mr. M. left. Morse is desperately in love with her, & she can't tolerate him.

Russel, Morse & Bleaker Banks (of Albany) took me around, & we enjoyed a pretty lively evening. Returned at 11, when Rufus & I sat up until 2 talking of things in general, & getting acquainted.

Nov. 8th. Monday.

Annie & I dined with [Con.?] Vanderbilt, & after dinner rode with him, behind his \$3600 span, around the great Central Park, about 14 miles. Had spirited team & a lively time, but found it rather cool.

Russ, Morse & myself attended the Academy of Music, & heard the grand Opera of Don Giovanni, in which (charming) Piccolomini, (Magnificent) Gazzaniga, L'Aborde Tormes & a host of others appeared. The music was indescribably superb. The palatial house was jammed to overflowing with the beauty & elite of New York. After the opera, we enjoyed an elegant supper of oysters, game & wines at Perris, & went home at 3 o'clock in an agreeable state of mind.

Nov. 9th. Tuesday.

Annie & I called on Coz. Olive Deake's folks at Brooklyn, meeting, also, little Ella (aged 17 or 18) Returning, called on the Schell's, Davidges, & Miss Adriance. In the evening Jacks Carson, & Poisal called on me, & we went bobbing around. These old friends are now engaged respectively, in the firm of Thompson & brothers, & the Metropolitan Bank. Gay boys & full of fun as ever.

Returned about 9½, & spent until 11, practicing duets with Emma, who seems to enjoy the music fully as much as I do. The exercise was varied with highly agreeable conversation wh. tended, materially, to strengthen the bonds of friendship which have sprung up between us.

Nov. 10th. Wednesday.

Annie being quite unwell, I did not care to go out; and about 1 o'clock, Emma came in when we enjoyed a most delightful time in practicing a new duet which I lately purchased and presented to her. The fact is I am terribly smitten, and to judge from appearances it is reciprocated. In the intervals of practice, I took her hand several times & the pressure was warmly returned.

I went to see the "American Cousin" at Laura Keene's Theatre. The rest of the folks had seen it, so I went alone. A description of the whole is given in an article from the N.Y. Picayune, in my scrap book commencing January, 1859 -

Returned to No. 10 about 11½, & learned that Russell had met with a very serious accident. He was returning from the meeting of the Psi [one word illegible] - held in a partly finished building, and in attempting to guide others down the flight, he fell headlong down about 50 steps & became insensible from several contusions on his head & a severe gash on his nose from which the blood poured profusely, which, the Dr. said, undoubtedly saved his life.

I sat up with him until after 3 o'clock, and then went to sleep in my clothes on his lounge. He is pretty badly hurt, but, I think, made a narrow & lucky escape from death.

Nov. 11th. Thursday.

Annie is still sick, but hopes to be up by night.

Coz. Mary, in compliment to us, having issued invitations for a "Lanciers" party, at 8½ o'clock a goodly number - say 40 - were collected together, and the parlors were alive with pretty girls and N.Y. beaux. Dancing was the order of the day or rather night, and tripping feet kept time to the good music of a hired German behind the piano. The whole affair, supper included, was one of the most brilliant & recherché small-parties I ever attended. Emma looked very interesting, and in all her movements was graceful as a fawn. Her white-tarlton dress was emblematic of her purity & innocence.

In a long conversation this morn, Annie disclosed to me a long talk which she had with Emma, in which she declared her exceeding fondness for me, and regretted, lest by her action of yesterday, she had lessened my esteem for her. She related the most singular infatuation of her Coz. Carlotta - of which more anon.

After dancing the "Lanciers" with Emma, I led her to a seat apart from the crowd, and then, in a low tone of voice, told her of my admiration, my friendship, my love. Her face seemed radiant with happiness, and the state of her mind & heart toward me may better be shown by her remark to sister after the company left and Annie was about retiring.

Said she “oh Annie, I am perfectly happy!” accompanying the remark with an affectionate and confiding embrace. Yesterday she “was so miserable” because of her fears, & tonight they are dissipated & she is “perfectly happy. We walked up stairs together & as we parted, we exchanged the first kiss - pure and innocent. Oh she is all that heart can desire. Pretty, accomplished & admirable, with a heart untainted by the ways of the world.

We made no vows, but it is agreed that if our affection remains unchanged, a few years hence, we may then enter into a formal engagement. It is best that it should be thus.

A few words about Carlotta whose infatuation (for so I must call it) would be incredible, were not the authority of the account indubitable. On Saturday night, after Emma & Sothie had gone up to retire, Annie & I sang one or two duets, & I concluded with several sentimental & comical solos. All seemed delighted, & “Twenty Years Ago” caused the old gentleman to brush away a tear. Carlotta stood at the head of the stairs, & refusing to retire, gave vent to her feelings in the most impassioned strain. “Oh, Emma!” said she “it is his voice! Listen! Listen! Why did we come up? Oh, how I wish I were near him. I can not leave this place! I am happy even tho’ I only hear his voice” &c. &c. &c.

A day or two afterwards, during which Carlotta had observed the mutual fondness which Emma & I evinced for playing duets, she broke forth in a passionate outburst against Em. & remarked among other things “He hates me now & loves you, because you can play with him on the piano.”

She is undoubtedly, a girl of violent & impulsive temperament & in all probability, her intense love is already turned to dislike if not to hatred.

Be that as it may, it matters little, for the star of the flock may yet be mine, for she is mine in heart, and by the ties of love.

Nov. 12th. Friday.

Went down to Captain Pendleton’s at Rutger Place, more particularly to see Coz. Julia and Charlotte - her pretty daughter. Found the household, about 15 or more, ready to go aboard the ship Jerry Thompson - Capn. Blake - which had made an unusually quick trip from Liverpool. Capn. Blake is a relative of the Pendleton’s, & a most sociable & gentlemanly man. He received us at the vessel, & showed us all about, explaining the various points of interest in his noble vessel: the passenger deck, the galley, and cabin. The latter was finished most beautifully with maple & satin wood, and was fit for a King. I found great pleasure in the society of Charlotte under whose particular charge I was - or vice versa. The Captain directed the steward to prepare the tables, & in a few moments they were decked Port, Sherry, Cake & substantials to which ample justice was done. All then went on deck to observe the frigate “Grand Admiral” of 70 guns, built for the Russian Gov’t. by a New York shipbuilder. Several towboats were hard at work towing her into the dry dock, and she presented a most magnificent appearance.

We returned to the Cabin where a goodly array of Champagne bottle spoke of lively cheer. The merits of the sparkling wine were duly discussed, while the wine itself went gurgling down the throats of an interested auditory.

The company were continually convulsed with laughter by incessant witticisms, and all vowed that their risibles were well nigh exhausted. The visit was one of the uninterrupted enjoyment, and as agreeable as it was unexpected.

We remained on board for about two hours or more, and having escorted my lady back to her home, I returned to no. 10, where I found and enjoyed the dinner in waiting.

At 7½ o'clock, Johns Poisal & Carson called for me, and in company with them proceeded to the hall of the I chapter of Φ.K.Σ. where I was introduced to the members, the names of part of whom only I can recall.

Messrs Reynolds (wears specs & called Steve- reminding me of our Steve at Dickinson), Jays, & Romain. After exchanging salutations, the house was called to order, and a very sensible & advisory lecture delivered by one of their number. The poet for the occasion was unavoidably absent. At 9½, we proceeded to Pike's eating rooms, where we entered into the enjoyment of an excellent oyster-supper, after which the tables were cleared, the champagne & whiskey punch were produced & then began the fun. For a time, very sober speeches were made by several: - Carson- in response to the toast to E. Oliphant - to B. & myself to the fraternity Soon however the crowd warmed up. Reynolds sang the "Little Iota too", & I followed with the "Old Gentleman [excised text]". After which, the chorus, (with impromptu rhymes by several) of "vive l'amour" made the welkin ring. In this, I made several very laughable hits, which produced a good joke. Johnson (of B). seemed highly pleased, & remarked to John Poisal, "ain't King d - d funny?" Oh", replied John with a non-chalant air, "he's a nephew of John G. Saxe". "Ah", said Johnson, "that accounts for it."

We had a tip-top time, & didn't go home until about 3 o'clock A.M.

Altogether, the day has begun & ended gloriously.

Nov. 13th. Saturday.

It is highly amusing, but nevertheless disagreeable, to observe with what peculiar attention, the actions of Emma & myself are watched. We are alone for five minutes, when a third party (generally Coz. Mary) comes in to assist, of course, in entertaining. The folks are terribly afraid, lest Emma may fall in love at her tender age, which might interfere with her studies. My private opinion is, that they are somewhat behind time, for I never saw such a happy little creature in all my life, & when I ask her if she loves me, & draw her to me, she places her head upon my shoulder & answers, "do not my actions convince you?" and we seal it with a loving kiss.

It has been a comparatively long time since I even imagined myself in love, & I thought I had grown too old for it, but now love returns with redoubled vigor.

I really do love Emma with a fervent, pure & unsullied devotion, and I pray for help to continue thus, that, at the proper age, we may be joined, for life & forever. No formal engagement exists & no vows have been registered in Heaven. We love each other truly, & leave the rest to Providence.

John Poisal & Carson spent the evening with me, & we had a highly agreeable converse on things in relation to our life at Old Dickinson, & their life in N.Y.

Nov. 14th. Sunday.

Attended the St. Thomas Church twice. The morning & communion service were exceedingly long, but I waited through it all for Em.

In the afternoon, I went down to Rutgers place to say 'good bye'. Met Coz. Add & Ruth Sturdivant, Julia, Charlotte & others. Charlotte showed me her daguerreotype, which I pocketed & kept. She never kisses her Cousins or any gentlemen save her Father & Uncles. So on leaving, I asked the favor, which as I expected, was refused; but in response to some remark of mine, she questioned my ability which was equivalent to daring me to kiss her. Then ensued a rough and tumble fight, in which I came out successful, when, of course, I began to crow. This piqued her a little & she denied that I had kissed her, whereupon I recommenced the battle, and, at length succeeded in kissing her plump & fair on her fair plump lips, which effectually sealed that orifice on the subject of kissing. We parted in the happiest of moods, & I returned to my house in time for supper.

Emma & I were very anxious to attend Church at night, free from the incumbrance of an additional escort. So after tea Em remarked that she would like very much to go; and I expressed myself desirous of concluding my stay in N.Y.

in a suitable & pious way. Coz. Mary suggested to Mr. Stebbins that he had better go, as, doubtless, I was very much fatigued from my long walk. I assured her that I was perfectly rested and desired to attend. She expressed herself very anxious concerning my health & thought it would be over-taxing my strength. But it was badly managed. Em wanted to go, & I was going with her even if I had to crawl. I appeared most sublimely innocent of Coz. Mary's motive, but she didn't know the boy she was talking to. Ordinarily I can see through the ways of people in general, and even through a mill-stone - if it has a hole in it.

Well, all three of us went to church, Emma, thro' policy, taking the old gentleman's arm, but holding it only a part of the way. He appeared exceedingly "skittish", but not so much so as Coz. Mary. Em & I had an occasional chuckle, at the expense of the anxious parties, but w'd much rather have been alone. I sat next to her in church, and while Mr. S. was devoutly engaged I wrote the following - "pray for me that I may remain true to you" - inserted it between the leaves of a prayer book & handed it to her. After a while, she read it and replied with an affirmative and most affectionate look. And I know she did, & will continue to pray for me as I desired

Returning home, we had an occasional interchange of sentiment, and I asked her decision in regard to giving me her daguerreotype, she having already rec'd a photograph of me. Her reply

was worthy of her, & I honored her the more for it. Said she "it is not best, on account of my being still a young school-girl, for the folks to know of our love; and an affair having occurred in Connecticut several years since which caused me considerable regret. I resolved that I would not do anything again without my father's knowledge." She felt very sorry that she could not gratify me, but I fully approved her policy & thought it best to drop the subject.

Went up to Russel's room, where I found Morse also, and with them had a most agreeable chat and smoke until, as Russ says, the shank of the evening - nearly two o'clock. Went to my room & wrote first in Emma's album, the following, which of course, was to express merely a cousinly friendship.

"My dear Coz.

Tomorrow we part. If the acquaintance of the week has been sufficient to secure for me the true friendship of those with whom I have sojourned, I shall ever recur to this visit with great pleasure & satisfaction.

"Farewell, farwell is often heard,
With a tear - perhaps a sigh,
But the heart feels most &c. &c."

This would do for the folks to read, but it was not all I had or desired to say to Emma; so I wrote the succeeding note which I slipped into her hand the next morning.

"My dear Coz. Emma:

Notwithstanding my watch has already announced the small hours of the night, I cannot retire without inscribing a few parting words for you.

My chief happiness during my brief sojourn in N.Y. has been my never-to-be-forgotten association with you. You will readily conceive, therefore, how great is my reluctance to say "Good Bye". But it is not unexpected; I never had friends whom I longed to "grapple to my soul with hooks of steel", but that I was compelled to part with them just when their society was most pleasant and most necessary to my happiness.

I hope you will not forget me. At least, dear Emma, pray for me that I may be the better prepared for the onerous duties of this life, and for an inheritance in the world-to-come.

We may meet again - ay, we shall! Then think sometimes, of one who loves you much, & who will ever be Your Affct. Coz.

H.C.K.

Good bye - God bless you!"

Having made all necessary preparations for an early start, I retired for a few short hours of delicious sleep.

Nov. 15th. Monday.

Arose at 5½, & soon afterward, hearing Emma, I went out to meet her, and say “good bye” in private. I gave her the note, interchanged a few sentiments, and being interrupted by a call from down stairs we bade an affct. farewell. Although Annie was quite unwell, she was nevertheless very cheerful, & I, of course, had to dissemble & appear in my happiest mood. We breakfasted at 6½, the carriage came at 7, & we bade adieu to the scene of great enjoyment, which was marred only by Coz. Mary’s anxious fears lest Annie & I should secure the affections of Russ & Em, and thus interfere with their domestic arrangements.

There was the usual amount of bustle & confusion before & after crossing the ferry, but at length, we got fairly under way. The prospect of fair weather was rather darkened by a dismal snow-storm which began at Newark and accompanied us beyond Baltimore. The only incidents worthy of note were 1st, the intense amusement of some silly girls who observed Annie’s head pillowed on my shoulder. I felt strongly tempted to present mine & sister’s cards, that their curiosity might be gratified. 2d Dr. Hintze met us in Balt. & was very cheerful & kind.

We reached home at 8 o’clock, and found the folks well save Ma who is rapidly recovering.

Nov. 25th. Thursday:

The first hop of the season came off this evening at the “Avenue House”, at which about a 150 were present - Annie & myself among the number.

I had the pleasure of meeting my old friend Ella Jones, who is now boarding at the Av. House, and enjoyed a long talk of bygones. We danced until 12. o’clock when most of the invited guests left. By urgent request I sat down to the Piano, and being in good tune, sang several songs in my best style, which in my own opinion is barely passable, but they made a decidedly fine impression, if I am to judge from the perfect silence & attention during, & enthusiastic approbation after the songs.

“Twenty Years Ago” was especially well rec’d, and when I came to the verse descriptive of the death of his old sweetheart & friends, Ella’s father was seen to turn to another part of the room in order to hide his tears. That song goes right to the heart of everybody.

The comic songs caused shouts of laughter, and, for the time being, I was a reigning star. But I fear if I should depend upon my singing for a living, I should be star-ving in short metre. It does very well by way of recreation, but I want something more substantial for people to judge me by. Whether I have it or not, remains to be seen.

December 2d. Thurs.

A small "hop" at the Avenue House, which would have been better attended but for the intolerable weather. I went alone. We enjoyed the various dances until after midnight, when the company retired.

Ella Jones' partiality for me was quite noticable, & rather amusing. Presenting me with a very pretty bouquet of natural flowers she remarked in her frank & winning way "Here's heliotrope - that's for devotion; & oak-geranium - that's for preference." As I know nothing of the language of flowers, I am willing to take her word.

Ella is the belle & pet of the Av. H. & is very much contented & admired.

Dec. 7th Tuesday.

By especial request, I accompanied Ella & several of the "Avenue housers" to a "Lanciers" given by Mrs. Keller on 13th St. Miss K. is a fine looking girl, & all the family are exceedingly pleasant. Quite a goodly number were present, & the eve'g was passed most agreeably in dancing, playing &c, &c.

There were some very pretty girls there - among them - Miss Lily Vivian has a prepossessing countenance & a most beautiful neck, arm & foot.

We remained until about midnight, when I accompanied Ella to her domicile, thereby enjoying some very pleasant & sentimental conversation. Bah!

Dec. 12th. Sunday.

Since yesterday I have been suffering with a severe sore throat, and so, in accordance with a time-honored custom of "ancient" females, I ornamented my throat with a woollen stocking, took a dose of cayenne & molasses & retired early to my bed. Quite unexpectedly, I awoke with a violent fever, and my skin presented an undulating surface of scarlet pimples. In brief, I had a most villainous attack & next to the worst stage of scarlet fever. This confined me to my bed for 8 days, and to the house for over five weeks - such precaution being necessary to prevent the occurrence of the general subsequents of this fever.

To me, so unused to confinement and physical restraint, this was a severe task, and gave me a forcible idea of the miseries of imprisonment. My time was occupied in writing frequent & long letters, reading and the inestimable resort to music which would cheer me up when all else failed. An occasional visitor relieved the monotony; and I am especially indebted to my good friend Rorie Grayson, who waived all formality, and entertained me in several agreeable calls. Lou S. & Deb. M. called but once, and that, too, at the expiration of five weeks, and on the day of my release. A number of gentlemen made occasional calls.

Dec. 15th. Wednesday.

Received a letter from Wm. A. Searles, Cor. Sec. of A.W. Soc. of Pennington, N.J. College, announcing my election to honorary membership of said college Soc., and that I was

unanimously requested to furnish a poem to be read at their Anniversary on the 1st of Feb. next. For this compliment I am indebted to Al Slape, who is a graduate of that institution, and a few years since delivered a poem on a similar occasion. I responded to his letter, acknowledging the compliment, but stating that I presumed an ambiguity existed in the wording of his letter. I informed him that I was willing to deliver a poem in person, as was customary, but could not do the unusual thing of furnishing a poem for another person to read. His reply was of the disappointed order, declining &c. &c. I learned from Al the cause thereof; viz.- the Soc. was very much in debt by reason of building a yet unfinished "Hall", and could not spare the money for my traveling expenses. Al thinks, & I endorse his sentiment, that they must be a set of apes to suppose that any person is going to furnish a poem for someone else to mutilate in reading. I want the privilege of mutilating or improvising, as the case may be, my own productions, as it is supposable that I have the clearest conception of what I write.

Dec. 28th. Tuesday.

Today being the one appointed for the meeting of the Φ.K.Σ. Convention in W. several of the boys called, and offered their sympathies on my imprisonment. Being one of the Committee of Arrangements, I found my position fearfully irksome. All the duties devolved on Frank Findlay, for the 3d. man - Conad - was so engaged with his school, that he could do but little else. The E boys - Steve, Stone, Cannon, Zimmerman & Wright dined with me, and we presented quite a family party of old Dickinsonians. The reunion was highly agreeable, although I felt very uncomfortable in that I was losing the enjoyments of Convention.

About 9 o'clock, Dan Burns and Ned Griffith, escorted by Frank F. came up, according to agreement to spend a day or two with me. Fletch Barnes could not leave home on account of a severe boil on his heel, which interfered with his powers of locomotion. Of course, I was overjoyed to meet the boys, although we were greatly disappointed that Fletch was detained from the reunion of the "Band". In consideration of the extraordinary occasion, after the folks had retired, we made a good show of glasses & decanter, and sat down to a sociable game of euchre, interspersing the same with the recital of the various incidents of interest occurring since our last reunion.

Thus we had a most agreeable time, until the shank of the evening - about 2 o'clock - when it was deemed the best policy to retire, which was accordingly done.

Dan B. is now principal of the Harrisburg high school, and Ned is book-keeper in the dry-goods firm of Stone & Co, Baltimore St. Balt. Poor Fletch, the sole married man of our crowd, is engaged in Balt. in the important branch of anatomy - raising children; and I fear with no very great success.

However, he is happy, and what is his happiness is ours also.

Vive le Band!!!

Dec. 29th. Wednesday:

Black (Son of Atty. Gen'l), Cowan -Δ, Dittoe - Z - McGann and Perrie - E, Dan & Ned dined with me, and seemingly had a very pleasant time. Convention is very well represented, but Λ & O & [one letter illegible] have no delegation. The first are detained on account of the critical condition of a Φ.K. who while acting as peacemaker between conflicting parties, rec'd the stab intended for another; the second are detained on account of the yellow fever at New Orleans this last summer & fall; as to the 3d., I have heard no reason assigned.

It was a source of almost intolerable disappointment that I was unable to attend the closing up supper at Gantier's, wh. was a very recherché affair.

About 37 or 40 sat down to the feast, and one of the first moves on their part was to vote a testimonial to Annie, who is considered by all to be a genuine Φ.K. in feeling.

On motion of C.L. Black (Δ) the centre pyramid was presented to Miss King with the thanks of the fraternity. The suggestion was received with prolonged applause & the motion carried unanimously. This is highly complimentary and gratifying to Annie as well as to myself.

On the next day, Stone, Zimmerman, Perrie, Douglas, & Black called to say Good Bye, & we had a most delightful time.

Dan & Ned left at 4½ P.M. Nearly all the boys have gone.

The various incidents of the Winter may be summed up in a few pages. About the middle of January, I returned out, and continued to do so, without experiencing any ill-effects. During the Season, we had a number of soirees every Saturday evening, the average attendance at which was about 35; and they were certainly a source of more enjoyment than all other flash parties combined. There was no cold formality; people came, talked, sang, danced, eat a little refreshment & went home. Mr. Bates, Ed. of the "Plymouth (Ms) Rock", who spent an evening with us, wrote a most flattering account to his paper. See Scrap Book - for '58 & 59.

Thursday evening, Jan. 20, Annie & I (through the kindness of Mr. Ferguson of California) attended the Concert of Piccolomini, Laborde, Perring, Wollenhaupt &c. &c. See Scrap Book for '58 & '59.

On Tues. Feb. 8, Father & I were introduced to Piccolomini at the President's Levee, by Bertinati - Sardinian Minister. B - presented me as M. K - composer of music; She bowed & with a most bewitching smile, replied that she saw the evidences of great musical genius in my forehead. (Ha! ha!) Not wishing to be behindhand, I answered, that I had the genius to have the highest appreciation of her musical genius. She smiled, blushed, looked sweet, & I left.

She is a plump, petite, Italian beauty, with the most bewitching smile, and fascinatingly coquettish manner. I am not surprised that she kindles a flame of love in every juvenile bosom. We were presented, also, to her Father, Mother & Sister. The family are of noble extraction, I believe.

Friday, Feb. 11, Attended a large party at Dr. Green's on C. St., given to some Phila friends - Misses Scofield, Lincoln, & Potter. Of these more anon -

Tuesday, Feb. 15, attended party at Cass' & was rather bored. The Gen'l appears hale & hearty, and spoke in the highest terms of Father, whom he considers indispensable to the Country, & especially in his present position.

Wednes. Feb. 16, attended large party at Judge Blacks, & after that at Carter's - chif. Clk. of H. of Reps. Had a magnificent time at both places.

Thurs. Feb. 17. Attended the Grand Ball at Willard's, given in honor of Lord & Lady Napier, who are about to return to England, he having been replaced by the app't of Lord Lyons. The ball was most distingue, & everything passed off in the most brilliant way. I attended also, several parties at the Avenue House, Schwarzman's, McPhersons, Miss Westcott's, &c., &c., and declined a large number of invitations, for fear of breaking down under the pressure.

Of the new acquaintances I have made, those whom I care to mention are the following.

Miss Helen West of Balt. a very pretty girl - blue-eyes, light-hair and graceful figure. I admired her very much; but I believe she is engaged. Miss Scott - of New Orleans - niece of Mrs. Sleator (a lively, sociable lady) claims considerable notice. She has a very fine figure, small- foot, neatly-turned ankle, black-eyes, (devilish eyes) & dark hair. A girl of sense, a running over with a fund of sentiment, & always ready for a flirtation. She is a niece of Senator Jones of Iowa, & has been quite a belle all winter. We carried on quite a desperate smitation.

The party at Green's occupied much of my time; it being devoted to Miss Maria S. Scofield of Phila'. She is very well made girl, aged 17 or 18, blue-eyes, light-hair, magnificent smile and consequent dimples.

We went to Congress together, and to Mount Vernon - and to Georgetown, & all around. She seemed intent on flirting with me, as she had done with Sam Smith, so I concluded to give her a chance. Matters went on swimmingly, so, on the eve of her return home, I declared my affection. She would not believe me- said I was not in earnest - looked at me as if she would pierce my very soul. But I still breathed my love for her, until she seemed convinced of my sincerity, when she said that we were too young to think of such things - to wait until I came to Phila. when we would know each other better. I replied, I never could know her better, & I had no incentive to go to Phila, and would she not afford me a motive for going. No definite answer was given, so I tried another tack. Told her I must go; but would give her another chance; I loved her, & if she loved me, she might express it by inviting me to Phila. I arose, shook hands, asked her if she reciprocated my love. No reply. I went to the rack, put on my coat, was about starting, when she intercepted me, and fondly whispered "Yes, come to Phila." Ha! ha! Sam Smith is avenged, and my heart is unscathed.

But I am ashamed of myself, for this is certainly contemptible business for a decent young man to be engaged in. If it were not her fault, in the main, then I should want to rub my head in the dust, & swear self-denial in love affairs forever. So ends this.

Mr. Alexander (son of Uncle John) in the Navy, has assisted me very much at our soirees, in making the company very lively. He is a first-rate fellow, & as brim full of fun as V Points is of rats and vermin generally. He is married & stationed at the Navy Dep't.

Our circle has been broken in upon both by marriages & deaths.

Florence Washington was married to M. Sly of Fredericksburg, Md, sometime in Feb. by Dr. Hall.

Mrs. Silas H. Hill died on ~~Thurs.~~ Wedns. 5th Jan, while Helen was at a wedding party in New York. Her death was sudden & unexpected. She was dangerously sick only about two hours.

On Thurs. March 3d., John Marrow, 3d. Asst. P.M. Gen'l, died very suddenly, and on the following Tuesday, Gor. Brown, P.M. Gen'l, departed this life after an illness of ten days. He was buried on Friday in the Congressional Grounds vault, & his remains carried to Tenn. next day.

Joseph Holt, Comm. of Patents, was appt'd P.M.G. See Scraps for 58 & 9.

During the winter, I delivered a number of lectures on Sight Seeing in my northern town, before Tom Conrad's Georgetown Academy of about 40 scholars. I also, by election of the Society, connected with the school, recited an original poem before them. All the exercises were rec'd with marks of the most enthusiastic approbation, highly encouraging to the efforts of a young graduate.

Having commenced the study of law with Ed. M. Stanton, of Pittsburg, now practicing in this city on the 10th of March, I concluded my lecturing on the last Friday of the same month.

The Sickles's tragedy is found in Scrap-bk

I keep up a pretty regular correspondence with Dan & Fletch (Ned is awful lazy about writing) Ali, Rufs. Stebbins, Coz. Maria & Hattie Newell. Received one letter each from Emma & Nina, & there our correspondence ended, probably thro' the interference of suspicious Coz. Mary. Hattie writes a most interesting & lengthy letter, & is my best correspondent. We exchanged pictures, receiving in return for my photograph, a most excellent ambrotype of Hattie in her skating costume - taken by my particular request. I have occasional letters to & from Nellie Durell, Will Cannon (at Carlisle) and Joe Blanchard, but these are few and far between, like the celebrated visits of angels.

Last though not least, let me make brief mention of the few lady friends whom I care to cherish, and who are willing to appreciate my friendship. First on the list is Helen Hill, whose acquaintance dates from childhood, but I have Known & understood her only since our memorable elopement to Carlisle on the 5th of July last. She is about the only one of my friends who exhibits any very especial fondness for intellectual pursuits - keeping a journal, collecting coins, keeping tangible mementoes of her many trips &c., &c. In person she is about 5 ft. 4

inches, not very robust, blue-eyes (I think) and light hair, and until very well acquainted, has a reserved and timid, tho' by no means haughty- air.

The habibiments of mourning, put on since her dear Mother's decease, gives her an air sadness, and excites heartfelt sympathy in the hearts of all her friends. This fearful bereavement came upon her with overwhelming suddenness; and well night crushed her to earth; but a young heart will soon rise out of affliction, pumped and better able to bear all "the ills which flesh is heir to".

Helen's nature is one of strong prejudices; - firm in her friendships & vice versa - all tempered with a consistent christian character. Her's is one of the few friendships from which I derive genuine satisfaction, and an evening in her company is never a "bore".

Lou Schwarzman is a dark-eyed, black-haired brunette, full of fun and affection & very pretty. Head just reaches to my shoulder and on frequent occasions finds a comfortable resting place thereon.

Deb. Mankin has a fine, womanly figure, finely developed, blue eyes and light hair. Like Lou she is one of my sisters, and always greets me in the most affectionate style.

Rorie Grayson is about as pretty as are made; jet black-eyes, & hair, plump figure, and awfully coquettish. Her complexion is clear & rosy, but rather on the brunette order. She is a great belle, and I am afraid, indulges to a great extent, her propensity for flirting.

March 28th. Monday:

Received two letters - one from Ike Parker Y of E, requesting me to furnish an ode or odes to be published in a sheet which is about being issued by the I chapter. I immediately responded by writing one of three verses to the tune of "Sparkling & Bright" & enclosed also, a printed one of mine which was sung at the last Anniversary of E. The other letter, from Dan Burns, opens by strongly condemning me, inasmuch as a mangled quotation from Moore - "You may break, you may shatter &c." caused him to laugh right out before the whole school. Now as this is the first time I have made anyone thus forget himself or herself, I think I may be excused for making an extract from Dan's letter descriptive thereof.

"You arch villain! you deserve to be thrashed! I have never laughed involuntarily in the school room but twice since I've been in H. & once was in reading your last. I got it on my way to school & read it just after the ringing of the bell, & got along well enough until I got to the quotation from Moore. When I saw the first line I mentally ran ahead of my eyes, & I was so completely taken aback at your version, that I laughed right out - I couldn't stop to save me. And a little after when I was hearing a class in lesson I laughed outright, & the boy thinking I was laughing at his translation, blushed up to the eyes; so I smothered the matter by telling him I was laughing at the presumption of the Aedni in supposing that Caesar would grant them peace on such manifestly hypocritical representations, when they too thought it was quite funny & as in duty bound all the class laughed - tho' there was not the slightest cause in the world. - I may as well mention the other case. A chap was declaiming Cataline's "Banished from Rome &c." & had to be prompted almost every line & the boys were all on the stretch for an opportunity to

roar. At length the modern Demosthenes thinking he was about to get "fits" of some kind, looked first upon me most lugubriously & then at the audience, & in the most awful pathos said: "Smile on my Lords". Human nature couldn't stand that: I roared & the boys yelled & the orator was excused from making up."

In his letter he urges me to come to H. but time & circumstances forbid at present. I am waiting most impatiently.

Through a promise made to Helen H. I have been quite a regular attendant upon the Union Prayer Meeting which is held daily at 4³/₄ o'clock, at the various churches - last week at Dr. Gunley's & this at Dr. Hammer's. This evening, as indeed the several others, I walked home with Helen & enjoyed very agreeable conversations.

About 6¹/₂ o'clock, I called on Ella Jones at the Avenue House, met Mr. Woolfred & Mrs. Walworth and indulged two games of whist - the score being even. The two W's against Ella & myself.

Left there about 7¹/₂, came home, procured my journal & spent the evening at Helen's, meeting Mr. Nixon (a good-hearted fellow), Mr. Butter (a Coz. from N.Y. - about 42) & Major Williams (an intrusive ~~from~~ puppy).

With the exception of my corn which got up a villainous aching for this special occasion, I had a very pleasant evening, although I would have preferred the expected & mutual extracts from each other's journal & the comments thereon. As her Journal was by me, I could not resist the temptation of reading parts of it; and thus I learned her opinion of the gentlemen who visit her. Williams is an exhaustless "bore"; Bland Washington is stupid; Dr. Lucker Blake is easy to entertain because he talks all the time & relates all the gossip of Washington. Nixon quotes a great deal of poetry, but is tolerably entertaining and agreeable; Dr. McCalla is handsome; and G - n is pertinacious, & although several times rejected, still continues his suit. Poor creature!

Horatio's Journal is full of interest, says she, and many of the descriptions are very ludicrous. He is handsome, but will change as he grows older. I presume it is no egotism in me to think that I am passably good-looking (for it is nothing more) but what does this amount to if one's intellectual qualifications are few & weak? I would rather she had spoken of them, for the beauty of the face is transient, but the works of high intellectual genius live forever.

We studied chinese puzzles, played the meal game in which M. Butter had the pleasure of finding the 3 ct. piece with his teeth, and left at 10³/₄ - just one hour longer than I had intended to stay.

April 2. Saturday:

I began a most delightful trip to Baltimore - reaching there at 8 A.M. & spending until Sund. eve with Fletch B. at 614 Lexington St. Sund. night I attended church with Ned G. & stayed over night with him at his Boarding House on Lombard St. Mond. I reached Carlisle at 2, & stayed until the following day at 4.P.M. Met all the folks, the old & new Φ.K.s, Laura & Gussie Gere

&c. C. is just the same. The absence of old faces caused a tinge of sadness to fill my heart, & there was little satisfaction in remaining long. At 5. I met Dan in Harrisburg, & stayed with him until 3 A.M. Wednes. Dan, Webb (his chum) & myself had a bunkum time, not retiring at all.

At 3. A.M. I fixed a comfortable place in the Mail Car & slept until about two hours from Balt. arriving at the latter place at 8. Called on Liz. at Brook's Female College, & met also Lou Reed, Carrie Martin & John Monroe. Visited the "Wm. Jenkins" - met Cap'n Hallett: it called up a 1001 recollections. Glorious Boat. Met sweet Ra Medary on Balt. St.- looking lovely as ever.

Ned, Saxton (his chum) & myself saw "Senor Valiente" - new American Comedy at Holiday St. Theatre. Splendid play & brilliantly sustained. At the boarding House, made the acquaintance of Miss Frick, two Misses Saxton & several others. Returned to Washington Thursday morn at 11 o'clock.

April 9th. Saturday:

Wrote to Ned & sent music to Ada E. Travers, Taylor's Island, Md, to whom he is engaged. Attended prayer meeting & walked home with Helen. Heard some magnificent piano-playing at "Ellis" by Prof. Kly - a clerk in Register's office. Then went to see Helen, journal in hand, but Dr. M'Calla, M. Gillett (whom H. calls conceited) & M. Maddox were present. Enjoyed a very pleasant evening, & took the liberty of copying H's opinion of me wh. I here affix.

"How few young men there are in W. who are favorites with all. There always seems to be some objection to them. So many come from distant parts of the Union for the sake of entering the Depts & no one knows anything about them.

I sh'd think Horatio King w'd be a universal favorite, for there is so much frankness & congeniality about him - such a spice of originality & so little appearance (however much there may be) of vanity, that it is really refreshing to see him. He does not boast of being (what I abhor) a "perfect man of the world," & that seems to be the sole aim with some gentlemen. However I do not wish to make him a paragon, but merely express my opinion of him without the least intention of flattery. Having known him longer than most men, I have a better opportunity of knowing his good & bad traits. He is rash and somewhat quick-tempered - easily influenced by others & on that account, often led to do many things of which he afterwards repents; but his disposition on the whole, is a good one. He possesses some talent which, together with perseverance, will in time make him an excellent lawyer - that is if he does not get tired of that profession, for I am inclined to think that he is rather fond of change; however that is only a surmise on my part - he is one of those persons who are either in very fine spirits or else rather despondent, but I do not think that he was ever in the latter condition for any length of time - on the other hand he seems like one of the hopeful kind, but every one is sometimes low spirited: - he is very fond of society, but I sh'd not think he was so wrapt up in it as not to derive pleasure from reading - he converses very well on all subjects & as he has a great taste for the amusing, it is often very entertaining to listen to him. He w'd make a noble man if he c'd only be led to feel the importance of obeying the Bible precept, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth", but he is, alas! like too many, prone to put it off. What can all his high toned projects

result in, if he has not the cheering smile of God to sustain him throughout life, nor his protecting care to shield him from temptation.

But I think I have expatiated long enough upon Horatio's character, at least for one time".

This quite lengthy opinion of Helen's is pretty correct with one or two exceptions. For rash, impulsive should be substituted. For changableness as regards any project, she should substitute firmness, for mother says that my most striking characteristic was from early childhood, that what I had to do, however disagreeable, I did it. In that she (H) is decidedly incorrect; but I confess, I am somewhat fickle so far as women are concerned. Again, I am easily influenced for good & evil, but I am fully able to resist temptation, although the depravity of human nature has led me into some indiscretion. Her opinion is somewhat exalted - perhaps unduly.

The trial of Dan. E. Sickles for the murder of Phil. Barton Key (late Dist. Attorney) commenced last Monday. I have a position on the floor for the 1st time. The trial is exceedingly interesting.