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Horatio C. King
38 Wall St. N.Y.

Journal from Dec 26th 1865

Tuesday December 26th 1865

On Friday last I reached the 28th Anniversary of my birth. It is fitting to commence a new Journal at the opening of a new year; and to begin by a brief retrospect of the twelve months just past. What of happiness – and what of sorrow have fallen to my lot, and in what degree have I approached nearer to being a good and exemplary man.

A year ago I was stationed near Winchester on the Front Royal pike as Chief Quartermaster for Gen^l Merritt, Commanding the 1st Cavalry Division. The hardships from that time and the dangers encountered until my final resignation and retirement in June of this year are partly recorded in a previous Journal. They are too numerous to be written out entire. –

The great event of the year is my meeting with + engagement to Essie.

Its bearing upon my life has been marked and palpable. It has revived my best impulses: it has aided me to abandon the use of stimulants and segars, and to inculcate habits of temperance and piety. It is helping me to attain true manhood.

Among my pleasant duties for several weeks past is a Class in Plymouth Church Sunday School – a class of girls averaging about 18 years age.

The Anniversary of my birth received more than usual attention and celebration. The day was beautiful, and my business and correspondence was full of cheer. Essie gave me a very handsome pair of worked slippers, partly her own manufacture. At night at a special tea at Mrs. H's in honor of the occasion, the birthday cake was surrounded by 28 vari-colored wax candles or tapers – one for each year of my existence.

Essie was happy in making me a very happy, and with her presents gave me a most lovely note expressive of her continued love + devotion and her determination to do everything in her power to make me always happy. – The day is one long to be remembered. –

Christmas day came at last, after impatient waiting. Every one seemed overflowing with a generous desire to give presents, and their will to give was only limited by the capacity of the purse + income. – At noon on Christmas day, all gathered in the parlor at 150 Hicks St. and the presents were distributed. From Essie I rec^d a set of beautiful onyx studs – each having a diamond set star in its centre: from Mrs. H. a clear + handsome Amethyst scarf pin surrounded with a gold band set with pearl: and from Mrs. Bliss a pair of mittens. – The jewelry was most appropriate + beautiful + more rare than I looked for or expected.

To Essie I gave pearl ear rings, completing the set, Annie having previously given her a pin + myself a necklace and cross: to Mrs. H. a rustic frame, to aunt Esther, “Enoch Arden”: to Susie, “Mrs. Jameson's Loves of the Poets” + to Rique + Frank “Snarleyow” + “Japhet in Search

of a Father.” I gave also smaller presents to Joes children, also to Bella, Maggie +Sophia + to two of the waiters at the Boarding house. I cannot recall all the other presents. Jack rec^d from his mother a handsome gold chain; Essie from Jack a small but beautiful edition of the “Songs of Seven” + a supply of handsomely stamped paper, cards +c and From Jack a small but beautiful Madonna. Not one in the house was slighted or forgotten.

At night all of Mr. Beecher’s folks, including the Bullards, and all of “Uncle” Robert’s and Joe’s families gathered for a Christmas festivity. The feature of the evening was a Charade, in which Joe brought down the house and bore off the honors of the evening. It was founded on the

word “Strata – gem”. – The first scene represented an ignorant rich father (Ross Raymond) who employs a (bogus) German – professor (Jack Howard) to give lessons in geology to his daughter (Mrs. Ross R.) The professor makes love to the daughter who encourages him, is caught by the father and put out of the house summarily. –

Scene 2 – represents Max Maretzek (Ross R.) in despair for a tenor – who (Joe Howard) opportunely appears and gives exhibition of his powers, and in a poison scene, convulsed everybody. Joe entered so much into his character that his bald head bore evidence to the sincerity with which he tore his hair or more literally his skin. Max says he is a gem + secures him.

Scene 3 – is a tavern of which I am the aged proprietress. My dress was a long dress, sans hoops, with cap + spectacles. I am afraid my house will go down for want of guests and yet I have no entertainment but sausages. A traveller (Ross R.) is announced by

my porter Patrick. The traveller wants tripe: I urge “sausages” : he insists: I confer with Patrick and tell him to get a piece of corduroy pantaloons: - the traveller ~~eats~~ attempts to cut it, but can’t: our protestations to its excellence increase: he at last finds a button on his plate which he holds up, and in a climax of excitement all exeunt.

This was my début in Charades – as Aunt Esther called it my maiden effort. It was a source of great fun to us all.

The evening concluded, after “handins’ round”, with choruses, comic songs +c by Jack, Essie, Ross, Clara wise (Charly Raymond’s fiancé just announced) and myself. –

Altogether the day has been an extraordinarily Merry Christmas, and makes me more and more thankful that my lines have fallen in such pleasant places. Essie was like a little child in her enthusiastic happiness, and made us all and me particularly happy in her love. –

I must record also among the Christmas festivities the happy afternoon last at the Christmas tree of Gracie Stebbins. A considerable number of children were present, but were too elaborately dressed and altogether too well behaved to be really happy. One poor little child in particular, whose surroundings were all genuine lace and foreign embroidery, and whose tiny hands [^]which had not grasped the flowers of more than five summers, were encased in kid gloves, and she seemed as miserable as the most fashionable mother could possibly desire. Bah! how I hate this Artificial life. – Give me a life in the open air and dirt pies for children. There is real

happiness. – I gave Gracie a coral mt^d pin + earrings with which she seemed very much pleased. She is growing rapidly and I think will become lovely in person and character as a woman.

All the family were cordial + kind.

January 4th 1865. –

There is nothing particular to record of New Years day save that it was cold + stormy, in consequence of which I made but a few calls. Mrs. H. + Susie were to unwell to receive company, so that the burden of the duty fell on Essie who performed her part with great ease + grace. She had about 90 callers.

Essie gave me a handsome pocket-book, which I hope to soon fill in a few months as to make it support two – a bride + groom.

Last night was a gala night, the occasion being a family gathering at Mr. Beecher's. We had an excellent charade, the word being "Ingenuity" – indian-new-ity – and the parts sustained by "Uncle" Robert, Ross, Joe, Jack, Frank + myself. 1st scene was an Indian pow-wow, dance +c. Scene 2. Uncle Robert, a small boy, has a new knife + Joe, a rowdy boy, ogles him out of it by swapping his old one. Scene 3. Uncle Robert, a teacher, has a visit from Dr. Stick-in-the-mud (Joe) and shows off his scholars in spelling. – Scene IV – shows the ingenuity of the thing by doing something

entirely foreign to the rest of the play. "Uncle" Robert singing his inimitable Giles Scroggins. The whole affair was frequently interrupted by shouts of laughter.

About 10 ³/₄ Essie and I went to a large party at Col. Sanford's where were all the "Farmington set." Essie was dressed in blue silk with pearl jewelry and looked and was loveliest of them all. We remained about an hour and then went home where we had a few minutes of sweet communion before separating for the night. I have never known more perfect happiness with Essie than on last night. My heart was overflowing with love to her and gratitude to God that He had so blessed me. Brighter + brighter grow the prospects of our early marriage, and soon, I hope, we shall enter upon that life of perfect contentment, peace and happiness which is not known outside of married life.

May God preserve her to me for a long life of wedded joy + prosperity.

Friday January 5 1866

We had another very happy time last evening at Tillie Marvin Taylor's, about 50 family friends being present. One of the features of the evening was a repetition of the Charade – Stratagem – Essie took the part of sentimental lady and did it splendidly. She seemed perfectly at home + displayed unusual dramatic talent. Joe H. Ross R. Cad R. + myself completed the dramatic personae. I took this time the part of ignorant "paternal" in Scene 1st + the maiden inkeeper in the last scene. – The pleasant communion with Essie, who was altogether lovely and made me very happy – I am growing impatient for the return of Mr. Howard, as I entertain a vague hope that some arrangement may be made by which the happiness of Essie + myself may become complete in an early and joyful marriage. I am more + more discontented with single misery.

Saturday January 13 1866

The "Scotia" arrived yesterday bringing the anxiously awaited "father". He received from all such a welcome as gladdens the heart in the fullest degree. He seems ruddier and heartier than he went away, is just as warm-hearted + generous, and I felt very much as if he were my own father come back. – As usual, he was loaded down with presents. To Mrs. Howard, he brought an exquisite pearl colored satin, to be worn at our wedding. I hope it won't be long before she will be called to make it up. For Essie, he had a most beautiful and expensive pearl-backed comb – and her pearl set is now complete – and a brilliant ring of turquoise + diamonds. For Susie he brought a black silk dress heavy enough for resting and to Minnie Nitchie a splendid white poplin for her wedding dress. The small boys rec^d each a scarf pin, emerald + topaz. Perhaps the most beautiful of all was a small flowerpiece (oil painting) + is simply indescribable.

His mother was also remembered in a very neat + exquisite vase, and other articles were given to Joe's wife, Essie + Mrs. H. For the last named were two Parisian head-dresses, which gave her the air + dignity of a "dowager duchess."

My courage will now have to be called into requisition to open an attack on the subject of matrimony. My income now is about self-supporting and I think I can rely upon an increase. At all events, all say – "get married – you will strive harder than ever and we have no doubt of your success." When I say all – I except 150 Hicks, where some opposition is manifested and a very natural desire evinced to hold on to Essie as long as possible. Essie herself prefers to wait until next Fall, but, like a time loving woman that she is, consents to go with me when I am ready.

I skirmished a little last night at tea, but finding the "enemy" in force concluded not to push my reconnoissance so as to bring on a general engagement.

When Mr. H. has recovered from the fatigues of his journey, and my affairs as they now stand are understood by him. I shall make another attack which may not attain immediate but will at least inaugurate success. –

This weeks papers contain an order mustering out all old crowd officers, Generals Merritt, Devin, Custer, DeRussy Gibbs and a host of others. Thursday evening. I spent a pleasant evening with Gen^l D. where were also Majors Farmer + Edwards of his Brigade. Of the old staff in the Valley, only one of the Vols. remain – Capt. Hale and he will probably be mustered out soon. Wiggins, who has been in Texas, has resigned. Myers has gone back to his Regt. 1st Cav. at New Orleans. Lt. Baker is with his Regt. 5th Cav. at Washington. Gen^l Merritt is in this City on leave + gen. Gibbs also here on sick leave. Trimble is also with his Regt. and all the rest have long since returned to civil pursuits. –

Wednesday January 17. 1866

Attended with Essie a very brilliant party at Mr. A.W. White's on the Heights next below Abbott Low. Essie wore white tarleton with daisies - + lowneck + short sleeves, the most appropriate and beautiful young lady's dress in the room. Essie herself was graceful and lovely, her expressive + handsome face beaming with love and happiness. The crowd was too great to

do much more than look on, though we managed to dance once, and enjoyed a small modicum of the profuse + elegant supper. Miss Kitty White, engaged to Ben Frothingham, was radiant in crimson silk. She is thin but interesting. Jim Morgan (the patronizing Jim) was there with his fiancé, and so the Misses Kent and their “fellers.” –

It is a question in my mind whether this sort of life pays, although one must appear occasionally in swallow-tail + kids or be classed among the Crustacea.

Business is doing me well, and I am in consequence, proportionately happy.

Friday February 2^d 1866

Some press of business has interfered daily to prevent my jotting down the many things of interest which have occurred in the way of correspondence, my Accounts were finally settled, the Gov^t finding a balance against one of only \$17 – Arising out of clerical error in making up a Tax account. This is considered quite remarkable, when we recollect that I disbursed thousands of dollars, and had also millions of dollars worth of property in my possession during the war. I have received the last payment from the Paymaster, \$265⁹⁷ and am really cast from the last anchor that held me to the associations of the Army.

Commemorative of my connection with the Q.M.D. I have published four Articles in the Army + Navy Journal of Jan. 6th, 13th, 20th + 27th. –

In social life we have had the usual happy times. A very pleasant party at the Kent's was followed also by an agreeable entertainment at Mrs. Robinson, nee Jennie Porter.

Essie and I spent also an agreeable evening at “Hamlet” by Edwin Booth. A very excellent and, for these times, remarkable performance: - the best Hamlet I have seen and my list contains Murdoch, Forrest, Barry Sullivan and Davenport, E.L. Essie enjoyed the representation exceedingly.

Among the noticeable features of the two weeks past is the interest which Mr. Beecher (H.W.) has manifested in my welfare. I made application to all the States to be appointed Commissioner of Deeds. On these, Mr. Beecher wrote at least thirty highly flattering endorsements, of which I have kept copies. This was no small job – indeed it was a very great one especially for Mr. B. who hates to write letters. – I have thus far received about ten appointments, and notification also that my name has been sent in to the N.Y. Senate as Notary for Kings Co.

My business works along very nicely, but I am endeavoring to increase it so that my marriage with Essie may be the earlier consummated. If successful, as I anticipate, we are to be married in June, but rather than run the risk of subjecting her to any discomfort or unusual self-denial, we will wait until October. I know I shall be very much happier when married, but I am very happy now: and as Essie prefers to wait until Fall, I will endeavor to be patient until I can see my way clear to a comfortable support to both.

Annie writes me from Rome where she has delightful quarters with an English lady. The baby, however, has been very ill, but well again when she wrote. I am always anxious about them, and will be very glad and very much relieved when she and Andrew are once more at home and settled down under their own vine + fig tree.

February 16 1866

I don't seem to have much time to write although there is an abundance to write about. At the office every moment is occupied by business. Although I am not making a fortune, and the evenings are devoted to Essie, and to such enjoyments with her as from time to time arise. Libbie M^cMartin is now with her and we are out a good deal. Saturday night there was a pleasant gathering at Mr. Beecher's to hear Harry Sanderson, the Brooklyn pianist, perform. His execution, particularly in octaves, is wonderful and the entire performance gave us all much enjoyment. Tonight we expect to attend his farewell concert prior to his departure to Cuba, where he goes for his health. –

Monday night Essie, Libbie + Nate Well + myself saw Maggie Mitchell as "Fauchon" in the cricket. Essie laughed and cried by turns, and half my pleasure was in seeing her enjoy herself so thoroughly. I have seen Maggie in the same play several times before.

Tuesday night we attended a reception at Mrs. Packer's on the Heights. Everything was very elegant but rather stiff + stupid. – Life is a Romance. Mrs. P. was a poor Governess when P. (then an old bachelor) took a fancy to – married and in due time died leaving her the disconsolate possessor of several millions. She seems to be a very worthy, sensible + excellent lady. –

Thursday night we did the opera "Crispano é Comare" – which does not improve on acquaintance.

This week is particularly marked by the receipt of a retaining fee of \$50 in Tappen + Mayer. I have rec^d thus far about \$300 in fees, but this is my first pre-paid retainer + should be noted accordingly. All say that I am doing well.

Father, who is always generous + ready, sent me today a draft for \$200 – Making \$350 which he has loaned me since I commenced in September. For this amount I have given him my note payable on demand.

February 24th 1866

Two years ago this morning, my child came into the world only to gladden our hearts for a few months and then follow its sainted mother to the realms of glory. Its coming was joyous and happy, but very soon the dark days came + the light that had burning so brightly for many years went out in the darkness. The gloom of the succeeding months who can describe? There are times now, even in the midst of my present great happiness, when my heart sinks within me as the memory of my lost ones comes rushing over me. Were it not for Essie, who is so lovely, loveable and kind, I could not be contented with so quiet a life. But thank God, who sent her to me in the hour of my need – who gave me encouragement and hope when all else seemed dark + hopeless. She has been everything to me that a betrothed could be. – Faithful, devoted + kind. –

March 4th 1866, Sunday

After a preliminary examination and upon the recommendation of MR. Beecher to membership in his church as from the Ascension Church where I was confirmed in Sept 1860.

Changing my communion from the church around which so many happy associations cluster was not done without deep consideration. Essie has been nurtured in Mr. B's church and indeed under his immediate personal care. My. B's teachings are earnest, thorough and perfectly correct as they are wonderfully eloquent and effective. In private live also Mr. B. is unexceptionable, and wins all hearts. – So it has been easy to join with Essie in her church, and to try to walk, with her, in that narrow path which leads to happiness + life eternal. May God give me strength to be a good and exemplary Christian.

March 22^d 1866

Old Trine is growing young again and skips along as lively as a school-boy on a holiday. – 150 Hicks is in holiday spirits, for have not “Aunt” Fanny + “Uncle” Ward ~~have~~ arrived from San Francisco; and are we not informed that Fanny, jr. through herself of course, is of opinion that a certain old gentleman has “serious intentions” towards her. Ah, Fanny, is this were your first fright, we might be alarmed, but we know that the “serious attentions” of others, which apparently gave you such an uneasy pleasure, were “all in you eye.”

We've had high times of late – Father made me a very pleasant visit of fine days. His hair is becoming silvered and he begins to show that he is on the Post Meridian side of life. His health however is good, and if he would work less and take more recreation, I think he would be much stronger + last longer.

Essie, Libbie + I have enjoyed several operas of late - particularly “Trovatore” + L'Etoile du Nord. The last is splendid in its choral effects + scenery – superior to any we have seen. – Tonight we have Don Giovanni – probably the finest opera extant + my favorite. Last night we enjoyed a “Sociable” at Zillah Jenkins, in Monroe Place – and so we go. –

Last Saturday night, after evening service, Mrs. Beecher dropped in, as in his wont, and the conversation turned on public affairs: and he entertained us for two hours with a flow of eloquent argument as agreeable as convincing. In reference to the late conflict between Congress + the President, he remarked in substance, that the ~~Congress~~ Republican party had been so long in the minority, now that they have power they do not know how to use or control it. –

He blamed them for estranging the President, but thought they did it heedlessly. The fact is, said he, we may compare the President + Mr. Lincoln to two horses. Mr. Lincoln was a good natured old family horse, and when Congress abused and belabored him, he pricked up his ears good naturedly and thought they were only driving the flies off; but Mr. Johnson is of different mettle, and when Congress abused + belabored him the same way, the first thing they knew he ~~had~~ let fly + put both hells through the dasher. Where at they called him an outrageous beast, but have since taken good care to keep clear of his heels. – Mr. B's rendition of this was rich in the extreme and convulsed all with laughter. The position he takes on National Affairs is noble, conservative and patriotic + his example is doing great good.

Last Saturday being St Patricks day + a sort of holiday, I set it apart for Essie, and went with her to Williamson's on Fulton St. where I succeeded in getting a very excellent photograph

which is to be finished up in a style worthy of preservation. – Friday was the Anniversary of my broaching the topic of my love to Essie, and I thought the week a fitting time to fulfil my promise to her to give her a good picture in uniform. –

March 30th 1866

The picture is finished and passes muster, indeed is universally admired. I consider it a handsome likeness of me, but as it is painted for posterity, a little erring on the side of good looks is excusable. I shall have it handsomely framed, and send father also a plain photograph from the same negative.

Aunt Mary Nichols just made a brief visit in Brooklyn, stopping at Capt. Vining's where I had an opportunity of showing her some little attention. Uncle Fred's death, and also of Grandfather + mother have weighed heavily upon her, and with her severe sickness of last year have made her grow old fast.

A letter from Annie at Rome, rec^d today, gives an entertaining account of her visit to Naples, the Crater of Vesuvius, Pompeii +c. Although enjoying sight seeing very much, she is homesick + lonely and longs to have Andrew's cruise at an end. IT is probable however that she will find life in Europe so lonely that next Fall will find her once more back with me.

There is some talk now by Mr. H. of taking Essie to Europe this Summer – but it will depend much upon the health of Mr. H's mother who is now over 80, and gradually failing.

April 11th 1866

After much consideration and seeking of advice, I have formed a partnership with William G. Lathrop Jr. aged about 24, and old friend, A I K. and a brother Mason. My Notary, Commissioner + Claim business remain my own individually, and all old clients are individual "assets", so to speak. – And new clients will be taken on joint account, due credit in the settlement being given to each for the number of clients + amount of business each brings + calls in. – We have taken an office at 38 Wall St. 3^d Story. With the privilege of the adjoining office and safe. In that we will keep our proposed log. The offices are being thoroughly renovated, and we have fit ours out with new carpet + handsome furniture. The rent is \$600 – which with all office expenses are to borne equally.

S.B. Brownell + W.B. Ross from whom we lease, have the front offices and the privilege of our second. They have also a splendid library which we will also find valuable + useful.

Lathrop is a handsome young fellow, with whiskers enough for the firm, and both smart and industrious. – I feel well satisfied that together we can command a much larger business and accomplish better results in every way. Certain it is that I shall be much better + more pleasantly situated than at 16 Wall where we were all three crowded into a small room. And my back was daily roasted by the rather too affectionate Anthracite. Jackson + Adams both regretted my leaving, but thought my arrangement excellent. The firm is King + Lathrop – And entered its new quarters on Monday the 19th – Altho' the 2^d room is not yet ready for use.

April 18 1866

Father sent me a "Chronicle" containing the agreeable announcement of my confirmation by the Senate as LT. Col. by brevet to date from May 19 1865. –

I have been pushing for business today with encouraging success – and am so far hopeful, that I am urging the "powers that be" to consent to our marriage in June. A full conference has not yet been had, but outside electioneering is going on with much vigor. Essie is willing, provided I am sure of my position.

Daniel S. Dickinson died a day or two since. He was a man of rare accomplishments and as a position peculiar in that he never sank the upright gentleman in the politician. The regret at his death is universal, and the bar have taken special notice by meetings and otherwise of his decease. –

April 21 1866

The first fee in cash (though not the first charge) under the new partnership was received by me today from Franklin G. Lane of Pa. for preparing a Special Contract of Sale + Deed for Oil lands on Bennehoff Run, Pa. The charge would have been \$30, but he failed to perfect the sale. I let him off at \$20 – which he paid.

Of course this is all encouraging + business continues to come in with sufficient rapidity to insure me the pecuniary ability to marry in June. And our marriage is therefore pretty well determined upon for that date.

Beccie Gilliss is making a brief visit at the Marvin's, having come on to see Mr. + Mrs. Raymond, who with "Uncle Robert" sailed on the Santiago de Cuba for San Francisco yesterday. – The weather is balmy and beautiful, but bordering more that slightly on the hot. –

April 23 1866

Last (Sunday)night, after everyone else had retired, I took Essie to her father and told him our wish for many reasons, to be married in June. Essie seconded my remarks, but said she did not desire it if it would make him very unhappy. Mr. H. was much affected, and indisposed to give his only daughter up so soon. But although (he said), it was against his judgment and he thought we had best wait until October, he gave his consent – his first desire being to consult her happiness. It was a great struggle for Essie who was quite overcome. – This morning, however, all seemed very contented and happy, except perhaps MR. H. who seemed subdued + quiet.

I am of course overjoyed and await impatiently the Month of roses.

[Newspaper clipping announcing King's military promotion]

May 1st 1866

For the preceding I am indebted to my prospective brother in law Joe Howard, who has paraded me quite conspicuously in the Washington Correspondence column of the "Times" of today. – His facts are nearly correct. I was made major Feb 20. and after the war brevetted major from my lineal rank (Captain) from March 13. The rest is right.

This complimentary recognition by the Gov^t of my services is of course very pleasant, and is also a good card for me in my present business. The people generally are anxious to help those who gave up their business to aid the country in its hour of peril, and I feel more + more glad every day that I went into the Army.

[Newspaper clipping of events from the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States]

May 5th 1866

The preceding is a brief account of an interesting meeting of the new order which was formed some three months ago, in which I held the position to which I have been re-elected.

The object of the order is like that of the "Cincinnati" – to perpetuate the memories of the war, and keep alive its pleasant associations. It has no political or partizan character, and is confined to the best class of ex-officers, and such civilians as have been particularly prominent in acts of patriotism + generosity during the war.

Friday May 11 1866

Last night I spent with Lathrop at his fathers at Boonton, N.J. – The family consists of Mr. L + wife + one daughter, and Mrs. L's mother + sister. They live in handsome + hospitable style, were most cordial in their welcome, and my stay exceedingly home like + happy. Mr. L. is Gen^l Supt. of the Boonton Iron Works, an immense establishment which employs six hundred hands and has a monthly pay roll of \$50000. – Miss Lathrop is very interesting, and plays finely + with much taste in the piano. I was much delighted with all.

Will + I went through the works at night, and I enjoyed the scene immensely. It didn't require much stretch of the imagination to transport me to Vulcan's forge + mingle with the demons of the past ages.

May 23^d 1866

Yesterday I attended with my class and School, the Anniversary Exercises + Parade of the Brooklyn Sunday School Union. – We moved about half past one up Columbia St. by Mr. Beecher who reviewed us. – thence to the Church of the Pilgrims (Dr. Stows') where an excited but well meaning old gentleman rammed us through the tunes at double quick, + Dr. Eels made an interesting + commendably short speech. After a protracted + unnecessarily long march, we returned to our own church where cakes + fixins' were served amid much hilarity and confusion. Essie with her charming class had the advance of the procession. After the infant class, and never looked more lovely. All the children were in their glory. Although the day was rather too cloudy, breezy and cold. It was pleasant to me as a novelty, and fortunately I lost nothing by a half day's absence from the office.

On Sunday last, being the second Anniversary of Emma's decease, I visited Greenwood. I need not record here the ten thousand memories that rushed over me. What Emma was to me none but myself can fully understand. God in his inscrutable wisdom, saw fit to take her from me at a time when our happiness was greatest. Why this was, we shall not know, until we all meet in Heaven. – Essie has been given to me to fill the void made by Emma's departure. She is very like her, and has my entire love. I am contented and very happy, and am looking forward with anxious pleasure to the day when I shall call her my wife. –

I enclose here the first letter ever written by Essie – when she was nine years. It was handed to me by Mr. H. a few days ago. and is a very commendable effort for so young a child as she then was.

[Essie's letter]

New York was visited on the night of the 21st by a most disastrous fire – supposed to be the work of an incendiary – The Academy of Music was first destroyed, then the College of Physician + Surgeons adjoining with all its valuable apparatus + Anatomical Museum, besides a number of houses on 14th St. + third Avenue, a piano factory on the opposite corner + a church on 15th St. between 2^d + 3^d Avenues. – all the same fire. Two firemen were buried in the ruins – having been cut off by the flames – and burned to a crisp, and a third was severely burned. The ruins present a melancholy but magnificent aspect today.

The incendiary is not known, but supposed to be in the opponents of the Managers Association. –

[Picture and article about St. Thomas's Church and an article about the Rev. William F. Morgan, D.D.]

[Picture of Rev. Dr. Morgan]

May 24th 1866

The accompanying pictures of Dr. Morgan + the St. Thomas Church are cut from this weeks "Frank Leslie's Illustrated News". – Only the walls of the church remain, and they are rapidly disappearing. The Church is interesting to me as the one Emma attended from childhood, and where we had many happy hours together. In it we were married by Dr. Morgan, and thence her sacred remains were taken to Greenwood Cemetery. Dr. Morgan also performing the burial service. The printed account of the demolition of the Church is inserted, or with its sentiments I coincide. The likeness of Dr. Morgan is excellent for a rough wood cut, and I believe him to be all the paper says.

June 6th 1866

The Special Term of the Superior Court presented a rare scene this morning growing out of one of my cases – Howard v Freeman + Oro. Jerry Larocque, the dept's Atty was determined not to try the case before Justice J^{no} H. M^cCurm who presided, and our side was equally pertinacious that it should not go off for the term. Yesterday the question was argued before Judge M^cCurm by Larocque + H.A. Cram our counsel. The Judge taking the papers. – This morning he rendered a decision in our favor, and set the case down for today, Larocque rose on his grandiloquent, pompous style and in a very insulting manner informed the Court that he would not try the case. The Judge turned several colors at once + demanded an explanation – said he would not be intimidated by threats and ordered him to sit down. –

Larocque persisted, + said he desired to appeal from the decision, to which the Judge replied that he would not grant him a stay. Larocque again said he would not try the case,

whereupon the Judge replied that he would take his default and make it so tight he could never open it. That he was aware that he was objectionable to some members of the bar, but so long as he occupied a seat on the bench, he would not have counsel select ~~even~~ their judges. – A considerable amount of cross-firing ensued, a farewell shot upon the Judge assuring Mr. Larocque, who declined to be present, that the case would be better tried without him. – All this of course was “nuts” to our side + particularly to me who have had several times put up with the almost intolerable insolence of the supercilious (+ supersilly) Jerry.

Monday June 18th 1866

Here we are at Room 20 Moore’s Hotel, Trenton Falls, N.Y. weather bound, as it were and seizing the first opportunity to write up the events of the past eventful week. Thursday found me busy all day in Court taking testimony in Joe’s case, but I got home about 4, made all the necessary preparations, and at 7, in company with Father, Henry + Lathrop went around to Hicks Street – our future home. The relatives assembled in good season, and punctually at 8, the bridal party entered the parlor in the following order and took position with our backs to the front wall on Hicks St. – 1st Jack Howard + Beccie Hatch, Lathrop + Annie Kent, Brother Henry + Susie Howard, Essie + myself. Wee stood in a semi-circle thus –

[rough sketch of the wedding party]

The ceremony was short + impressive, at the words “I pronounce you husband + wife. Essie + I knelt + rec^d the benediction. Then I raised Essie’s veil + gave her the first kiss as a bride, and called her my wife. And now while the relatives are offering their congratulations, I’ll describe her dress and the appearance of things generally. Essie wore a magnificent white satin dress, made low neck with Grecian bertha and fall of point lace – neck covered with plain illusion – pearl necklace + ear-rings. Veil of white illusion, full + long behind + falling short over the face. – Wreath of fine white clematis and a few orange blossoms. Bouquet de corsage of same. Gloves trimmed with point lace + illusion. Train to dress very long + sweeping. Everything was in most rich + elegant taste and as chaste as snow. She was lovely in appearance + action and every inch a noble bride. –

The groom wore the inevitable black relieved by white silk neck tie + vest. – The bridesmaids were adorned with white organdies, skirts full + long with puffed berthas trimmed with Valenciennes lace, square on the shoulders, white satin belts with rosettes; Scarlet wreathes in their hair. Groomsmen wore the usual black suit with white cambric neckties. Mrs. Howard looked superbly in pearl-colored satin, high necked pointed waist with point lace bertha, pearl buttons + diamond pin. Hair natural with white flowers in it. – For the description of the dresses, I am debted to Essie who is near me while I write.

After the congratulations, the bridal party + friends retired to the next house (Mrs. Barbour’s) via the porches which are connected by a door, where was set out in Maillard’s best style a most magnificent supper. The array of flowers, and the superb

display of beautiful confections + of other more substantial viands were superior to anything I had ever seen. The table occupied both parlors. – We remained sufficiently long to partake of some of the good things, and then returned to the parlor for the ordeal of the reception. All the parlors were carpeted (over the woolen carpet) with sheeting, giving a very neat and chaste appearance. The chandeliers were hung with wreathes + bright flowers. Behind our position was a frame work of white flowers – a back ground for the “Veiled bride.” – Around Annie’s picture was a wreath of pure white flowers. Essie also had a bouquet of same, and the maids each a bouquet of vari-colored flowers. – At 9, the reception began and continued until 11, the last guests leaving about 11:30. –

I cannot estimate the number present, for the rooms were at no time more than comfortable full. I presume however that there must have been over 300. And all seemed to be having real enjoyment. The music, six pieces, furnished by Thomas, was splendid, and in a word, everything was prepared on the most generous scale and went off splendidly as Mr. Howard + all were determined it should. –

Essie’s presents, which were exhibited in her mothers chamber were rich, unique and beautiful. I give the list as near as I can recollect them. –

From father + mother a set of point lace, \$100 from Mr. H. for pin money + a \$1000 bond for a “rainy day”. –

‘From my dear husband who is too modest to mention his own beautiful present first. And who shall not come last. A set-pin + ear-rings of exquisite & true carnes – The ground being a delicate light color – And on it in

purest white the head of Minerva so delicately chiseled. But himself the dearest boon of all. Made me serenely – confidingly happy on my wedding – And first so happy am I in him now six weeks from that time.’

From father King, two \$50 $7\frac{3}{10}$ N.S. Coupon Bonds; from sister Annie, a handsome white silk parasol with coral mounted handle +c; a coral scarf pin for myself; from Henry, a gold pencil; from Susy Howard a silver Bell; from Henry + Frank H. a black marble clock; from Jack H. three magnificently bound volumes of Beethoven’s Sonatas + the symphonies for four hands; from Joe + Anna H. a pair of silver salt-cellars with butterfly handles; from Grace + Susie + Ruth a pair of gold glove buttons; from grandmother Howard a pair of small silver cellars + spoons, marked “Essie” + “Horatio”, from Aunt Maria Nitchie some work, from Minnie N. a silver sugar spoon; from J.C. Howard + wife a mother of pearl + silk fan with monogram E.A.H; from Uncle Robert + Sarah Etruscan filagree ear-rings; from Cha^s Raymond.

a pair of sleeve buttons; from Susie R. a pair of glass vases; from Clara Wise, two white swiss muslin aprons beautifully trimmed; from Carry Raymond a silver pie knife; from Uncle Cha^s Marvin + wife, a silver ice cream set – one large + twelve small spoons; from George M. a bronze card receiver; from Aggie M. a gilt thermometer; from Joe + Flora a bonze match holder; from Carry + Tillie Taylor a pair of napkin rings (silver); from Tasker Marvin + wife a silver vase; from Charlie Marvin + wife 0; Frank Taylor, a bronze thermometer + inkstand; from Uncle Ward Raymond a gold draft for \$100 to be used as Essie might designate; Mr. Beecher, a very

choice Almodine ring surrounded by diamonds; from Hattie Scorille a pair of China vases handsomely painted; Mrs. H.B. Stowe, a flower piece + a piece of poetry, both her own composition; from Eliza + Hattie a pair of vases with swallows on them from Geo. Beecher, a pair of gold glove buttons; from Grace + Annie Kent a dozen small silver salt cellars; Mrs. Kent, a carved-wood letter holder; Anna Wolerum a white silk parasol; Alice Lowe

a gold hdkchf holder; Mrs. Hooker a worked travelling bag in cherry worsted with H in black; Julia Gould, a small silver vase; Russell + Alice Stebbins a plated inkstand with mosaics – very pretty + unexpected; Beccie Gilliss, a marked bracket in worsted + beads; Etta Spring Griffith, a leather glove-box; Helen Spring, a reticule of Russia leather; Mrs. Merriam, a white glass + gilt Mt^d toilet set; from the Conant girls, a tête a tête set; Cornelia Conant, a small flower picture painted by herself; Dr. Conant, the Festival of Song beautifully illustrated; from my partner Lathrop two beautiful watercolors – flowers + leaves – (handsomely framed) painted by his cousin Victoria Ely; Capt. Morgan, a handsome oil painting of his own design + workmanship; Mr. + Mrs. Arthur Robinson, a colored lithographer “Inspiration”, from Mary Sanford, on her return from Europe, a very handsome gold locket set with small diamonds; from Mr. Tho^s H. Rodman (a few weeks after the ceremony) a splendid silver vase “in memoriam” of his daughter Annie, accompanied by a beautiful letter;

From Hattie White, a red toilet set; Dr. Gregg, a berry set, 3 pieces; from Aunt Esther, a handsome sugar bowl, a knit shawl + ten thousand kind services too numerous to mention + too great to requite; from James Taylor, Adelaide Proctor’s poems, handsomely bound +c from Uncle John + Aunt Cornelia Raymond, Roglis excellent group “Taking the Oath”; Hattie R., a sardine fork, Minnie R. a pin cushion, Marnie Learith (at Paris) a set of Venetian Mosaics, pin + ear-rings; Orlando Lawton, a coral +gold shawl pin to Essie, + mosaic sleeve studs to me; Beccie Hatch, a pretty purse containing a \$20 gold piece, from Josie Gregg, a sliver cake turner;

Saturday July 21 1866

The attempt to write on the journey was abandoned – sight seeing occupying all our time. When we returned there were then thousand things to do before coming to our country boarding place for the Summer. Two weeks of the most intense heat (a term not equaled in length or intensity since 1847 says the oldest inhabitant) made writing odious, + it is not until today that I am able to continue our narrative.

Friday, June 15th, amid a shower of flowers in which also was an old slipper for good luck, we left 150 Hicks at 8 ½ A.M., Uncle John Raymond + Minnie accompanying us. – After a pleasant ride, we left our companions at Poughkeepsie, + continued on to Albany, where we put up at the Delavan House. Room 78 – and remained until next morning. Essie was too tired to go out, so we

wrote a few letters to the folks at home, having first telegraphed our safe arrival.

The train of the N.Y. Central R.R. at 7 A.M. Saturday hurried us along to Utica, where we took the Black River R.R. for Trenton Falls – which latter station we reached about one. –

There dismounted + entered the omnibus with us three other young couple on their bridal tour. A solemn stillness prevailed, interrupted occasionally by a whisper or a significant smile. Arrived at Moore's Hotel (see Fig.)

[Picture of Moore's Hotel]

we dispersed to our several rooms. Our's being the 3^d story room in the extreme righthand corner above.

Dinner over we preferred rest to a protracted tramp and went only down the long flight of steps to the ravine through which the water has ploughed its way from the Upper + principal Falls to the Mill-dam falls at the Village below. After tea, while playing the piano in the parlor, we made the acquaintance of one couple. Rev. J.J. M^cCook + Eliza Butler his wife – of Hartford, whom we several times met on our trip and whose acquaintance proved to be a genuine enjoyment and aid to us. – They are both young, he appearing to be about 25 or 6 + she three years his senior. He seems to ^{have} more than average ability – not backwards in coming forwards – rather handsome and altogether a very agreeable companion. She is not pretty but with a thoroughly good face – to me much pleasanter than some styles of beauty, and appears to be as I

have no doubt she is thoroughly good in precept and practice. On Sunday it rained violently + without intermission all day. At eleven, Mr. M^cCook held service (Episcopal) in which I aided him by playing a very nice (but small) old fashioned organ of 12 stops and leading the singing in which all joined. The chants and pieces were rendered very well for our impromptu occasion. M^cCook's sermon was practical, urging action, not to be weary in well doing and to imitate S^t Paul after his conversion +c Seven brides looked knowingly at seven grooms, as much as to say – we are doing well now and life to us will always be just so happy in well doing +c. +c. After tea, we had evening service without sermon, and a pleasant chorus of sacred songs until after ten, when all retired, much pleased with the day, notwithstanding the unwelcome rain.

The M^cCook's left by the morning train for Niagara. – The rain having cleared away. Essie and I strolled out to see the Falls, walking along the upper back and viewing the beautiful rapids and Falls from every point where their beauty could be seen. To us ~~then~~ they seemed quite stupendous and grand, but we had not then seen Niagara. But everything around was so quiet + beautiful we fell in love again with nature (to say nothing of ourselves) and felt very much like spending a week rather than the day or two we had set apart. Mr. Moore (a fine old gentleman) and his pleasant wife, who own the hotel + have lived there a great many years, made the hotel so homelike and pleasant, we were sorry when the hour came for leaving. At one, we were again on our way, and again taking the train of the Central R.R. at Utica

skimmed over the rails to Niagara at which we arrived about midnight, finding comfortable quarters overlooking the Rapids at the Cataract House. The next day (Tuesday) we crossed the Suspension Bridge and visited the Falls on the Canadian side, were entertained with the mummies + swindled at the museum, didn't get swindled with any other of the innumerable dodges during our stay and had a splendid view of the Canadian Falls – better known as the

Horse-shoe Falls. All that I had read or seen seem tame compared to the grand reality, and I am not going to waste time in trying to describe it. Our sensations were those of wonder, terror and awe. The majesty of this work gave us a better appreciation of God's power than ever before, and the deafening roar of the plunging waters inspired us with a degree of awe as if it were God's voice. –

The same afternoon we had a pleasant call from Miss Julia Porter (who resides at Niagara) and an invitation to tea the next day. – Wednesday we drove over to Goat Island, across the bridge under which the maddened waters would sweep everything in their headlong career, and visit the American Falls. They are less imposing but of purer white + to is ~~are~~ more pleasing color than the Horse shoe Falls which are dark green. Here we saw the rainbow – very distinct + beautiful – in the mist. The bare rock in the rapids – to which a poor fellow clung for twenty four hours – was pointed ^{out} to us. He + two companions were sailing in the river above, and getting intoxicated fell asleep. The boat drifted toward the Rapids, and they awoke too late to get it back. One succeeded in swimming to shore – a second was

swept away by the resistless current over the Falls and the third was thrown against this bare rock half way between the bridge + the Falls, and there clung for twenty four hours a despairing witness to the fruitless efforts of the people to save him. Raft after raft was floated down towards ^{him} only to be dashed to pieces when almost within his grasp. Thousands came down from Buffalo to witness the terrific sight + others to render such assistance as was in their power. At last exhausted nature yielded and in a moment the doomed man reached the edge of the Falls, stood straight up, throwing his arms upward, and disappeared forever. It is said the awe-stricken crowd dispersed in profound silence.

The story, the rock, and the picture in my mind's eye haunted me continually and Essie also, and altogether we felt relieved of a waking night-mare when out of sight + sound of the Rapids.

The tea at Mrs. Porter's was preceded by a pleasant game of croquet in which Miss P., Mr. P. her ~~cousin~~^{brother}, Mrs. Rochester, his sister ^{in law} Miss P. ~~ditto~~^{a cousin}, + a young Mr. Johnson, Essie + myself took part. Then came the tea, and after the old folks (Mother + Father P.) and music. "Miss P. ditto" is a fine musician, + Mrs. Rochester played very well. Essie also played the "Sinfonie Pathetique" excellently well, but the piano (a poor concern) did not do her justice. I have heard several play the Sinfonie, but none who could approach Essie ever so remotely in execution or expression. Then the writer played some and amused the company with some comic songs which they appeared to enjoy. I rose from my seat with my usual doubt whether it was me or the songs at which the audience were amused. – We returned quite late to the Hotel much pleased with the evenings entertainment and the new acquaintances. –

Among the arrivals today were Mrs. Greene (Elias M.) and her friends Dr. + Mrs. Wright of Buffalo. They added considerably to our entertainment. Mrs. G. is as pretty + full of coquetry as ever. If I were Col. G ____ but, pshaw, he is just as bad. –

Thursday both of us suffered from the late tea (or coffee + buscuit + water ice) and did nothing more than make some few purchases of Indian trinkets for presents. – Indeed we had little else to do, having visited the whirlpool yesterday – which I neglected to mention in its place. At night (about 10) we drove over in company with the party above named to Goat Island tower and viewing the faint lunar rainbow at the Horse-shoe Falls. The night was superb and one of the rarest moonlights we could have had. Indeed everything + everybody have this far combined to make our trip perfectly happy + memorable. –

Essie feeling somewhat nervous about the S^t Lawrence Rapids. I took tickets by the British line, promising to take the cars at Prescott if she feared the Rapids when we reached that point. Leaving Niagara at 10 A.M. we had a magnificent ride by the side of the Niagara River to Lewiston – seven miles of as wild + beautiful river scenery as this country probably affords. At Lewiston is Brock's monument + Queenston Heights, which we saw well from the boat Sailing down the river, passing Fort Niagara, Niagara town + Fort Massasauga, we at length struck into Lake Ontario and after two hours quiet sail, interrupted only by dinner and the jigs +c of a blind fiddler, reached Toronto, where our baggage was passed without examination by an obliging Custom House office and transferred with ourselves to the Steamer "Grecian" of the Grand Trunk Line. A comfortable State Room

made us quite at ease. and we went out on deck to enjoy the shore scenery, observe the people, most of whom were Canadians and to us singular in appearance + speech, and to see the passengers get on + off at the landings – Coburg + Port Hope on the Canadian shore which we hugged. A good piano attracted my attention and occupied some of my time. A Miss Crawford + Brother (grown children of "Lord" Crawford M.P.P.) were also quite musical and both sang and played remarkably well. After tea, they entertained the Company (by request of the Captain) with a number of songs + pieces, after which (being suitably urged) I laid myself out on "Larrigan's Ball", "Wisdom Bedott", "Peter Gray" + sich – which were well received. – Thus the otherwise staid evening was most happily occupied until 11 P.M. when all hands turned in for a good rest + and early call in the morn'g.

We rose on Sat'y morning after passing Kingston and enjoyed the sail through the thousand islands where the scenery is exquisitely calm + beautiful. –

J.B. Gordon + J.S. Sinclair, baristers, both of Goderich C.W. en route for Ottawa to urge the app^t of a particular man for Judge, whose acquaintance we made yesterday, were quite attentive, pointing out all places of interest + gave Essie such encouraging account of the Rapids that she finally concluded not to leave the pleasant boat for the dusty + disagreeable cars. At Brockville the Crawfords left – that being their home. At Prescott, a Co. or rather squad of British regulars (Fenian Repellers) embarked. Here also I met my old acquaintance Whit. Cox, Lt. 4th N.S.I. who introduced me to his travelling companion Maj. Berrier, C.S. N.S.A. + Lt. Harvey of Her Majesty's Army, in charge of the squad. All were very attentive to Essie and made her time pass agreeably.

Mr. Gordon + Mr. Sinclair left us at this point. Prescott is immediately opposite Ogdensburg – and is a place of some importance though far behind its American neighbor. – The sail from this point became more exciting for soon we were in the Gallopes Rapids, which after all didn't amount to much, and it was not until we reached the Long Sault that we found anything to equal our anticipations. Through a portion of these we dashed without Engines at R.R. speed, the waves leaping up + around us and the steamer rocked as if in a storm. Essie, although considerably frightened, behaved very well and was complimented for her bravery. The Coteau, Cascades + Cedar Rapids were inferior to the Long Sault, but soon we came to the Lachine Rapids, the most dangerous of all + most terrific.

The Engines are stopped and the boat dashes through a narrow channel bounded on one side by frowning rocks and on the other by a fall of several feet over rocks. Four men are required at the Wheel and the greatest nerve + caution are necessary to put the boat safely through. The scenery on both banks is interesting, varied with thriving little towns, each one with a handsome Roman Catholic – if no other church. The energy of the Romanists in propogating their mock-religion is worthy a better cause.

Soon after passing the last Rapids, the magnificent + stupendous tubular Victoria Bridge comes in view – apparently an insurmountable obstacle to our approach to Montreal. Essie declared the Steamer couldn't go under even with the top-mast lowered, but the captain nevertheless didn't turn

the Steamer aside, but sailed under clear of everything with a few feet to spare, and soon we were at the wharf, through importunnate drivers and whisked (if one can be said to be whisked in an omnibus) off to S^t Lawrence Hall – notably the best Hotel in the City + I heard, in Canada, Room 180 was assigned us, a commodious apartment opening in to the dingiest court-yards from which arose seventy “distinct smells with several corners not heard from.” – I declined the honor of so much room + incense (there were too much for two) and asked a change. Room 165, containing one window from which we had nevertheless a splendid view, and dirt enough for a dozen was the best to be had + we ungraciously submitted – having again met our new friends the M^cCooks who were in as bad a plight as ourselves. – And here

I may as well dismiss this + the S^t Louis Hotel at Quebec with a word. They are unquestionably the dirtiest, worst kept hotels I ever stopped at, with the worst table, worst attendance and most cormorant waiters I ever saw. Dirt reigns supreme and genuine comfort is not to be had for any money. This was the universal American opinion, + all the travelling companions we met were overjoyed to get once more on American soil. – On Sunday, in Company with the M^cCook's, we attended the English Cathedral where we had the full English service in which, by the way, we had the Lord's Prayer four or five times which to our ears sounds very much like the “vain repetitions” talked of in the Bible. A stupid charity sermon appealed strongly to my somniferous faculty and I enjoyed a brief but not very refreshing nap. –

On the afternoon we attended Vespers at the French Cathedral – “Notre dame” – the occasion being the annual Festival of St. John the Baptist – the Guardian Saint of her majesty’s Canadian Provinces. – The Cathedral, an immense structure, was handsomely decorated internally with flags + banner, the Altar bedizened with fancy lamps + mottos + handsomely illustrated. The Array of gaily caparisoned priests + Altar boys was quite imposing, the choir large + the music grand. I have rarely heard so good organ playing + the chorus of boys had a weird effect. The usual unintelligible flummery was gone through with, besides a procession of the priests + boys through the aisles, carrying lighted candles, a silver crucifix, + a silver statuette which may have been meant for S^t John but wore the modern dress of the Pope of Rome.

Sunday afternoon we made the acquaintance of Mr. Place + two daughters Priscilla E and Kate __, of 252 Madison S^t N.Y. ~~Priscilla~~^{Kate} is engaged to a Mr. Mallory who was travelling with them. Mallory is the most intimate friend of Mr. Bartlett who married Essie’s Cousin Minnie Nitchie last Thursday. Sunday evening we all sang sacred songs in the parlor, to the accompaniment of a piano much out of tune, Who ever heard of a hotel piano being in good tune?

Monday, Essie was too unwell to go out, ~~but~~ which in such quarters was a severe trial to her. Mrs. M^cCook was very kind in this emergency +endearred herself to us by her kindly way and obliging disposition. Tuesday, Essie was so much better that we drove to the Grey Nunnery, where we saw nuns at prayer, the aged men + women + the orphans. The institution is a good one save the Nun seclusion which is barbarous.