If this book be lost and the owner out of the way, please remit it to the latter address.
From January 1863 to April 1 of the same year.
January 1863.

1. Thursday - Uprising early and limited ablutions - three persons to one basin and half a gallon of water. Mr. Hills off to gun-boating. Bread & I down-stairs. Train to return, starting within half an hour. A sorry breakfast, served by slovenly negro - landlady present. Train waits for us - and gives the returning Hills time to fetch his carpet-bag. Off. A sunny, clear day. Fell very much out of sorts, tired and in torment with ear-pain. Got to Algiers by 3. Tramped to ferry & through the New Orleans streets to the St. Charles. Saw Schell & others. With Mr. Hills to Southern restaurant. Then back to hotel, where I went, most unpleasantly to bed, tired and sick all over.

2. Friday. Loafing, lither and
thither, in doors and out. At 4, dined at Gen. Hamilton's. Maj.-Gen. Harri... 

There, not the General. One Hayme an Irish-faced ex-Alabamian and recent Texan loyalist, distinguished himself by talking just the reverse of his asserted principles. Discussion as to how war ought to be prosecuted. Almost a row! Back to hotel, with H. Hills, Shaw and Leland or Alexander following, sloping about hotel. In the evening I am introduced by Hamilton to one Johnstone, claiming to be of the Philadelphia Engineer. Ashley I introduce him to others. 

An rumor of the return of Burt with news of a big disaster at Galveston, Texas. It resolves itself into telegram from Burt from firm the river to Gen. Banks. In the evening up in H. Hills' room, with him, Alexander, another and pre-
Monday. About Whiskey skins (in little pitchers) ad libitum. Left the party at midnight.

3. Saturday. Out with Schell and Johnstone, to Adam's Express, Custom House street and the Post Office. Left 'em, severally, returned, went on meander, got hair cut at little Spanish barber's. During heavy shower of rain, looked into British Consulate (To ask after bunch of Charleston) Then returned to San Carlos. Diaristic scribbling. Non mi recordo as to rest of the afternoon. In the evening coaches in hall, until invitation from H. Hills transported me to his room and what is erroneously put down to the credit yesterday evening, the details of which I have forgotten.

4. Sunday. More rumors about Burt, who has returned. At 10, went up to Gen. Hamilton's to find...
him the centre of a crowd of admiring listeners, telling his story fragmentarily. Presently all to the St. Charles, and anon to any oar, where oom throongd all the reporters, except J. Hills (who had got his items before) and felt to taking notes from Durr's narrative, which was exciting enough. With Butts was Cozzens, who had accompanied him to Galveston. Howell, Hayes, D. Hills and Johnston (who had "rung in" and presented a highly objectionable appearance, with a headshawed — in consequence, he said, of occupancy) — also Schell as agent after D. Hills highly nervous. Doctor Ale & drinks for the crowd. Subsequently they all dispersed to do their scrambling. The objectionable Johnston going into the apartment of Hills & Howell, where he encroached on their small table and borrowed a quire of writing paper from Young Hayes.
5. Monday. In doors all day assisting with Schell—hard at work. The nuisance Johnston in our room. Burst up again when Johnston actually wanted to dictate his account of the explosion, torching and burning of the Westfield for him, literally. (Yesterday he, and Howell & Itayco had got dozens story.) Revolted against Johnston's surveying his head in my light. Names of persons on board. The M.A. Boardman copied by O.C. Hills and Johnston.

Went out for a meal, as on my return from which Schell & I expelled Johnston, with as much civility and as little as was necessary. At work steadily until past 12 on

6. Tuesday & the next morning. Three hours sleep then at once again. Enter Johnston the offender with a story that the Mary A. Boardman will sail for New York at noon. Great
excitement in consequence - no. 1311, off. Schell off, I off. Hurriedly down to the levee and the vessel. Then, oh! how quiet enough, all the reporters on board, including H. T. Hills and Schell. An a mistake on the part of Johnstone - general reprobation of him and his protestations. A council of disposition of forces - Howell to go to Algiers, to inquire about vessel, said to be scaling. Hayes and I to visit quarter-masters, the two Hills to go on board the Concord, where they expected to get lists of killed and wounded and additional particulars. Desire of Johnstone to accompany (first) Howell, then (next) Hayes and myself. His blatherskite talk - I tell him we want to be alone and will be, did him take his at once and we'll go to 'ther. He does so. Hayes and I go, first to Butler's exchange, then to Lafayette Square, to the quarter-masters. Back, with our news,
that the Mississippi will go to-night.

Met by the way our captain on the Gulf Railroad. His story about Hamilton's scare on the occasion of his last Sunday night's visit to Knapp's plantation. The captain slept with Hamilton, that night, when Knapp put a double-barrelled gun at their bed-head, to protect them in case of an uprising of negroes! Hamilton's previous account of it to me. At the Mary A. Boardman again. All the fellows back and at work scribbling in the narration of the Cumberland obtained by the two Hills. Schell had gone off, early before, leaving his drawings with me. The rest through by four.

Then leaving B. Hills, Hayes and the offensive Johnston, I, Hills, Howell and I went back to the Quartermaster and subsequently for a 3 mile walk up the river side, to where the Mississippi lay, next to the North
Star, from the deck of which we detained a hallooed greeting by Mr. Henry the steward. Our was a hurried, exhausting walk on empty stomachs, for we had eaten nothing since the morning, and we didn't know but the steamer might be off before we got thither. On board, at last, where B. Hills (who, with Hayes, had been overtaken by us) recognizes a passenger of his acquaintance—me Dyer, a Boston real lawyer. To him we confide our packages. An omnibus ride back to the Southern Restaurant and a prodigious meal, with eager accompaniment. Then to the Hotel. Up in my room, to which recently presently ascends. I have well with a ghastly story that Dyer is a speculator who will be arrested immediately. This story he obtained from Dunbar of the Boston Bee. It Hills up—general horror & alarm at—
prospective miscarriage of packages. Mr. H. & Schell dispatched by coach to rescue them and put them in the hands of purser. Howell & I adjoin to Mr. H. & Schell room and discuss the situation about packages, but hopeful. In half-an-hour up come Hayes, who have accompanied Mr. H. & Schell. He tells us that Dyer has been arrested, bag and baggage included! General storm of rage. Resolution. Howell & Mr. H. & Schell determine to go on board and rewrite the whole of their prodigious accounts, while I, utterly used-up, must return to New York. Enter S. Schell, who confirms Hayes's accounts, and into room, hastily putting up traps, descent to redound a, where we find assembled round Mr. McClure. Schell and Mr. H. & Schell, with McClure exhort us to temporary peace, saying that Gen. Banks has promised to restore packages. Good-
gingly we assent. Then the story explodes as a prodigious sell!!!

It is celebrated by Whiskey skins up two midnight, only H. Hills slight
ly resenting it. Then we retire to
our very much need lumber.

7. Wednesday. Wed till 11. News of
Howell going to Baton Rouge. 
Hamilton up. He has left the
Times account to Cozzens and "written
an editorial." Gets his news rather
as a gentleman than as a reporter.
His extraordinary Galveston (?) sketch
exhibited as Monday night, drawn
from misconception of Howell's account,
read to him. Chaff and talk there-
on: Hamilton perspiring in apprehen-
sion about Cozzens' account and his
drawings. Our for a meal with H-
Hills and Hayes. The cheap place for
meal. Left latter there and took
strail with Hills, to Canal Street.
Small purchases. Left Hills a
Took a meander about New Orleans. Returning to St. Charles, found Hayes who had just achieved a triumph in drawing particulars about the land-fight at Galveston, from certain persons who entered the cheap restaurant subsequent to our leaving it, who were part of their story. One whiskey skin in my room; afterwards more in H. Hills where the two fell to scribbling and I to work till about 9p. Thursday & next morning (as Hills, by the way had been doing the exclusive intelligence to the other reporters — & Hamilton, of course, did nothing.) to bed i. up by 7; then letter to Crew. Saw Hills & Hayes with former to Quartermasters, about vessels. The Illinois lying at Algiers. Back to breakfast. A stroll about New Orleans on my own hook. Heard guns fired on celebrating the Battle of New Orleans. Back to St Char-
les street and raw oysters to hold and two hour doze. Schell in, drawing jamin H. Hills, from Algiers, whether he had been after The Mississippi and successfully delivered himself of our packages. Mutual whisk key-skins. To Southern Restaurant with H. Hills and Schell then with former to Varieties Theatre where we saw the termination of a monstrously absurd drama on the French Revolution, and Orangehams "Porcullias," pretty well done. Hayes, Bogert & Cozens were there. Came to hotel, finding Shaw talking with Hamilton.

9 - Friday - Aved till 11 1/2. Entrance of H. Hills - going to Baron Range. Breakfast alone, on eggs & oysters. To Quartermasters. Get passes up & down the river for entire quintette. Saw Bogart at Hadley's office. Back in packing up, hurriedly
down stairs to Shaw or H. Hils. Previously told Ripley the detail of land matters at Galveston. To unite to World in absence of Howell. Into coach, hastily to leave. There aboard the Laurel Hill, a big Mississippi boat, with cannon shot through chimney stack. Capt. Thomas, its commander, very civil to us, also Clerk Brayfogle. Delay. All three ashore and to Southern Restaurant for dinner. Back. Off at 5. Past the North Star and up the river. At Carrollton, 12 miles above, taking on troops, 5 companies of New Orleans. In big cabin, my self scribbly the train playing euchre, to the accompaniment of a bottle of whiskey.

10. Saturday. A rainy morning. By 9 at Chart Range. Debarcation followed by an Irish Lieutenant attached to Provost-Marshal's, in mistake for expected gambler and spy,
on going ashore - With H. Hills & Shaw to house opposite the Provost Marshall’s office - Off alone to the house of that officer and found him, Capt. Spawans, in dressing-gown & told him particulars about Galveston news - invited to dinner with him at a Mr. Kahn, a German, the owner of the house, who had come up with us on board the Laurel Hill. Was previously introduced to a Mrs. Mann, who owned a handsome house adjoining, who resided temporarily on the other side of the river, half a mile up. He came to Spawans, saying that in case a fight occurred in his vicinity, he wanted to move so that his house might not have presence and that of his large family in his house might not intervene with the Essex’s throwing shells in that direction. Seawans reassured him so he left, before dinner. After
the meal, a bottle of champagne and cigars, Capt. V. assigned to me the house of Mann as quarters, which I incidently visited, finding it a big, roomy one, containing plenty of mattresses and some furniture. Then to the house fronting the Provost Marshal's office where I found Howell, Anan Hills and Shaw came and Lieut. O'Gorman, the young Irishman, who had been about to arrest me, on quitting the Laurel Hill. Drinks and talks. Supper with a little military crowd, anon in parlor. Then to a "minstrel" entertainment given by negroes, officer's servants, and excellently well-done, especially as regards a "Robert Ridley" performance. With Shad's Hills, Howell & O'Gorman back & again to house opposite the Provost Marshal's office. Drinks, then with Howell to my quarters. The lower room, or two of them locked up, so we proceed-
ed to the upper and there, in a front chamber, on a double bed, with a couple of mattresses beneath us and two
coverlets above slept soundly throughout the night.

9 p. Sunday. Somebody moving about below, early, of which subsequently proved to be Mann, whom the negroes
supposed I had slept with: He did not pass the night in the house, but was about within it early. Breakfast
was provided by negress, his slave, who served us in her little room. I had seen her yesterday. While we sat part-
taking the meal there entered a young fellow, who was a lad of perhaps eighteen, who addressed the negress and answered me when I spoken to. He was the son of our mandatory landlord, his name Nat; and, as I learnt subsequently, he had run away from
school to join the Confederate army, but being brought back by his fa-
then. It was mother lay then on her deathbed and conferred him to stay.
She dying of cancer, Mann, at the instigation of a sister-in-law (when the
negroes seem to hate) moved over the river. Howell and I, taking our
observation, resolved on domesticating ourselves in the big front room, in
which were two beds, and into which we carried a table, chairs, mattresses,
coverlets, a clothes press and drawers.
Presently arrived Shaw and H. Hills,
whom we had previously invited
to squirm with us. Hills took posse-
sion of our yesternight's bed-room (Shaw
tarrying with him as guest) and the
eopposite parlor to ours. Arranging
matters and talks—Monroe confided
to dark eye to buy things. "Not"
in again once, slightly questioned and
questioning by and of me. Lunch. Sit-
ting out luxuriating on piazza in the
sunny, tranquil afternoon, listening to
noritations of negro-preacher in little church opposite, previously sketched by Havell. Nero by negroes of an alarm, the troops to turn out. We did so also. A story that The Confederates intended to make a feint of attacking the one regiment on the other side of the river and, at night, to assault in earnest on this flank the interior. A quartette ramble all about—To the Garrison, at the upper verge of the town, where were the 41st Mass encamped. All the soldiers had been turned out; they were under arms, had got 50 rounds of cartridges, and behind there a long mound bordering the camp; they were "going through the motions" of repelling attack, ed. Chickering on a little hill, dotted with grave stones & funereal monuments, directing the attack. The men mostly levelled their pieces about three yards above the heads of imaginary enemies.
before was a marshy plain, looking
dreamy enough in the light of the setting
sun, behind the camps and Baton Rouge.
Talk with Ed. Chickering, with our friend
the Chaplain, then back to our house
and dinner. Afterwards I went out with
Shaw to O'Gorman's, whom we met
hard by, returning from a successful ar-
rest of the man in mistake for whom
he had released me yesterday. It was
me Dwall, an ex-New York gambler,
accused of being a Confederate spy. And
With him were also apprehended two others,
as possible accomplices, and a woman.
We went down to the Morning Light with
O'Gorman, in the hopes to get a bottle
of whiskey, in which we miserably failed,
and then returned to our house. It was
costume I diarrheaw and we both
believed in whiskey as a restorative and
also in general principles. But whiskey
less we went to bed, none of the four
knowing but that the long night mightn't
wake us up to witness an attack on the part of the enemy. Haweli didn’t take off his breeches, but I did, and the rest of my outer garments, and slept pretty soundly—only a legion of cockroaches crawled towards morning.

12. Monday—Up risen and breakfasted. Then, out with Abraar and Howell to the river side, and on board The Morning Light, which was going to cross the river to fetch back the regiment there in a journey. We found Shaw in the saloon, who intended returning to New Orleans by the boat, and we stayed on board, working until she got back to Baton Rouge. Then all three went to our house to lunch, and Shaw, relying on the Celtic O’Gorman to send him word when the Morning Light was veritably to start, of course got left behind. He made the best of it, however. At 5 o’clock came a call. Col. Currie of the
135th Vol. IV.

The Crimean War has been

in England and

Europe.

The Crimea and the

Peninsula were

in the

field of

war.

The

forces of

army

were

in

slogging

in

the

hills.
13. Tuesday. Breakfast in quartette, then in doors, scribbling, I drop
my diary. Thus till 1½, then lunch.
Then out to see mock alarm and all
the soldiers put through the motions of
repelling an enemy & troopers dashing
from the road, ands gallopping to and
fro, infantry marching, lying on
their bellies, and deployed as skirmishers.
Thus for an hour, then
Stills or Shaw retired and Howell
and I mean drked a little. Retur-
ned by Provost Marshal's the Office
and met O'Gorman. Back to our house
and $ dinner. Then dozing until
now. O'Gorman (with a great O)
had promised to come round in the evening
with 6 bottles of whiskey and other luxu-
ries, but we sat till 9, never without his
appearing, then after general demur-
ralation of him, Shaw went into the
adjoining house occupied by the Provost
Marshals, and returned with a
with jugful of whiskey which was solemnly mixed and shared, with many observations that did the great O appear, he should be too late to share it. No sooner had it disappeared but the offender came, with him a Captain Merrill, employed as detective at New Orleans and elsewhere, and two other persons of the outlaw order, who brought with them 3 bottles of whiskey, 2 of same kinds of bitters, about 3 dozen eggs and a big bottle of pickled gherkins! General introductions and felicitations—egg-nogg declared voted for and the materials committed to the negroes; in the meanwhile whiskey straight. O'Gorman was very considerably drunk on his arrival and— for twenty minutes did all the talking, singing and gesticulating for the party, rather to our annoyance. Merrill presently recited Catiline to his banishers, out-ranting Forrest, to the general applause. Pre-
ently we all adjourning to our dining room, one of the back parlors, and the egg-nog. There, in order to suppress O’Gorman, Shaw and I backed by the others, made him chairman, who endeavored so and succeeded in moderating the great O, who was notwithstanding, exceedingly offensive, interrupting everybody, and in short almost determined on deserving to be kicked out, which he might have been had not his indiscretion palliated his conduct. On meeting him in the afternoon he had exhibited a big meerschaum which he had "found" somewhere, also a handsome, chased, gold pencil case—asserting that the latter had been given to him by a farmer’s daughter, with whom he had passed the night, outside the pickets. He lied, of course. Singing, speeches, and recitations in order, by others did not suffice to suppress
him, and at Merrill's giving is a really interesting speech, involving particulars of the state of affairs here, a dead-shot was made upon the felt, especially by little Shaw, when O'Gorman fell drunkenly asleep. At about 11, I left the party, all other except the Irishman—two had left early in the evening. O'Gorman was accommodated with a mattress, on which, booted and breeched, he slept till morning.

14. Wednesday—The great O, awaking about 7, made himself present to annoy Hills & Shaw, then alder, and subsequently brought up a bottle of bitters, of which they refused to join him in partaking. So he went down stairs, ordered the negroes to prepare 6 eggs for his breakfast, got 2, pocketed our tobacco, and cleared out by the back entrance.

Breakfast—Our for stroll with Howell, visiting the 1st Metropolitan...
regiment (the 131st N.Y.). Here in a certain friendly adjutant, I was recognized by and recognized a good-looking ex-Philadelphian actor named Bradley, whom I met first while crossing on the ferry from Washington to Alexandria, and again in the steamer that brought the wounded Gen. Howard from the White House to Old Point Comfort. Talk with him, a bit of a walk to see the disposition of camps & trenches. His regiment is immediately behind Col. Currie's - the 133rd N.Y. A bit of a rainstorm. Back to tent, then into the adjoining one, occupied by a jolly Major Day - related to the great Indian Rubber case. After drinks and talk, back to house, bearing a N.Y. Herald of Dec. 29th, containing Hill's account of the voyage of the Banks expedition and the taking of Matan
Rouge. News that Gen. Angier
and staff had just arrived, by the
Eastern Light, which was to return
to New Orleans immediately. So Hav-
ell and I hurried down to the levee
through the rain, hardly faster how-
ever than Shaw or Hillo. All aboard
the steamer, across two others. Wrote
a brief letter in cabin, confiding it
to Shaw for posting. Then off, leaving
him. With Havell back towards house,
meeting Merrill and taking him with us.
Arrival of Hills = lunch. Loaf-
ing for an hour or two till the appear-
ance of Bradley. O'Gorman came
too, afterwards, on search of something
to drink, finding only bitters. Happily
he went away soon. Dinner, Brad-
ley being our guest. Scribbling du-
ring the evening = rain out of doors.
Writing letter to my mother. A
dull night; with wind, which termi-
nated in rain.
15 - Thursday. An almost continuous rainy day. Indoors all three of us in Hills' room, writing, or reading. Writing to Hannah and reading Lever's "Davenport-Dum." At about what would have been sunset had any sun been visible, went with Havell to Gen. Angier's quarters, a handsome house on Third Street and saw him. He told us that she should take command over Gen. Grauer until the arrival of Gen. Banks, expected tomorrow. Back, reading and talking ghostly, then to bed.

16 - Friday. A cold frosty morning, almost worthy of a northern January. With Havell and Hills to the levee, expecting that a steamer might start soon for New Orleans and desiring to send letters by her. Apparently no chance of it. Back and with Havell to store kept by old Belgian woman whom we...
visited during our former sojourn at Baton Rouge. She inducted us into a rear room where there were upwards of seven children, very good-humored and generally strait-laced, also a young German woman, not uncomely in a coarse way. We came foraging for paper, I having purchased some before at the same place, and obtained two partially blank books, relics of the State House fire — also two tolerably good milk-punches, hospitably pressed upon us by the hospitable and inquisitive old woman. Paid a visit to the camp of the 1st Metropolitan and left note for Bradley, who had intended to visit us yesterday night and been prevented by business — sending with his excuse, an Indian rubber blanket for me. Then back to house. In the evening, came Capt. Merrill and a comrade, with an astounding story
of the capture of a man going out of our lines, with a pass from the Provost Marshal, and plans, letters, even the morning's, brigade reports &c. appertaining to our camps — and of sand spy's being dismissed by the Lieut Col. of the captors regiment. Merrill and his companion having departed, Bradley arrived, with a Lieutenant from Wilson's Regiment and a quartermaster. Whiskey, stores, recitations and talk till midnight, when our guests departed, and Hill's went to bed with Howell, to avoid the coldness of his room upstairs.

17. Saturday. In doors, reading, in Hill's parlors till 5 — all three of us being similarly employed. Visited by Mann and by Major Whittemore of the 30th Mass. — A three hours debate on Secession and Slavery. Out with Howell to the Camp of the 18th Can, to investigate the story told by Merrill, which proved horribly exaggerated.
Back and to reading and scribbling, in our room.

18th Sunday. With Howell to the Provost Marshal's, in the hopes of obtaining a mail - got only a letter to me from Shaw (directed "Head Gorilla" and signed "Hyena") To steamboat Natchez, just come in, then to Gen. Grover's Headquarters, then to post-office and quarter-master's - all in search of what we did not obtain, letters and newspapers. To house, and shortly afterwards, the three of us to the levee with intent to send notes by the Natchez, but she had started - back to house, and indoors during the rest of the rainy day and night. Mann looked in before almost but did not stay. Wrote a long letter to Jack Edwards.

19th Monday. Out in tramvaiate, to the levee - Hills got newspaper on board of the ugly little steamer Frank Mumford. Going back, into the town, through the
mind, met Gen. Graver, by his head-quarters, and had a talk with him. Called at newspaper office opposite; then alone, into Gen. Graver's head-quarters to get newspapers. Gen. Augur is now in command. Story of torpedoes discovered by the Essex, in the river, two miles below Port Hudson. To our house and hardly cut again during the morning. The day. Papers from Capt. Carman. A visit in the evening from Lieut. Entwhistle (of Billy Wilson's regiment) and a friend of his. Story of the burning of Warrenton, Fla. The fight on Santa Rosa Island. Bradley visited us this morning, bringing with him three bottles of ale. and one of mescal. A series of complimentary resolutions to Col. Turnbull, on his retirement from his regiment, written by Hill at the request of Bradley. The President's Proclamation - effect on the negroes.
20. Tuesday. Now, my records very definitely. To Capt. Louie's office, to return Oleley Farm and inquire about whiskey. Back—pent Henry for latter. I am trilling about afternoon indoors. Evening, with Howell to the camp of Billy Wilson's regiment, there to cup with the redoubtable colonel, and then half a dozen of his officers. In a house—fire burning in sitting room, mess room beyond. Stayed till about 10, then back through the dark night and uneven streets, challenged by the sentries.

21. Wednesday. With my two companions round to Seaman's office, which we found thronged, as usual, by applicants of all colors. Learnt that Gen. Banks had arrived in the New Brunswick steamboat, with a portion of his staff, and Gen. Weitzel. He was ashore and in consultation with Gen. Angier. Off center straggled to find the office of the...
latter - Returning fell in with my two companions, near Angier's house - Gen. Grover, mounted, and a party of horsemen rode up - With Hills and Howell to the jail, where we saw an intelligent-looking young fellow, named Hunter, son to the late rebel Provost Marshal of this place, recently arrested, and his sister, a rather nice-looking young woman in black, who had come within our lines to see or intercede for him - There were also, under lock and key, the son of our landlord, Nat Mann, a companion of his named Amos Knox, and three rebel soldiers, one a corporal. They had been captured while out-scouting for deserters - as they alleged - being themselves suspected of the like intentions. Put a few questions to the corporal, then returned to quarters. Scrubbing & Dined, the three of us, next door, at Seaman's house, according to invitation, Hills delay-
ing to come in, in order to finish letter. His namesake of the Boston Jour-
nal was also present, having come up with Gen. Banks - we had seen him
at Sallamán’s office in the morning. After dinner, most of us strolled down
to levee, from where I presently returned and got to scribbling, expect-
ing that a steamer - I forget its name - would start for New Orleans within
an hour or so. Back, just about
sunrise, just in time to see it out in the
river, but luckily only moving to another
landing - I have J. H. also aboard, scrib-
bling as far as dear Elye. Waited awhile,
then left letter with Captain, to care of
Dooly, telegraph agent. Out. A
new steamer arrived from New Orleans.
Hawell and H. Hills boarded her, in
the hope of getting papers. Returning
in triumvirate, H. Hills (having, as
he supposed, got ahead of us in sending
his letter off) told Hawell and myself.
that Gen. Banks moderated a trip up the river tomorrow, as far as Port Hudson, on board the Richmond and felt and Tcheco Hills, had an invitation to accompany the expedition, and was to be aboard by 9 o'clock. So after dinner we set off to obtain like privilege. At Gen. Anguer's we learnt that Gen. Banks's messenger was on board the New Brunswick, designing to sleep there. To the dark and muddy levee and, after Havell had stumbled into an old boat, half full of water, got rowed to the New Brunswick and saw Gen. Banks, who informed us that the project was abandoned. Back again, in company with Col. Stablouird, whom I paid to Anguer's and got a general transportation pass from. Then to Orange, finding H. Hills and Havell - the former objectionable, selfish and masterful - at the
outside of our occupation of this house he first declared himself the tenant of two big rooms, one a bedroom upstairs, the other one of the front parlor. Now he shares Havell's bed, uses our room three fourths of the time, wants to be dictator about meal hours, and occupies my rocking chair. Only when he wants to write does he go to his own parlor.

22. Thursday. Packing up, chores 9h., during the morning. Indoors till noon. Hills and Havell out. Return of the latter. An early dinner. Settlement of mess account and payment of negroes. Both the Hills come, and dined together. All to the levee. Seamen and others there. In boat and to the New Brunswick. Gen. Banks, Strother, and others of the staff aboard, also Wetzell. All the state-rooms occupied. Put my baggage in that tenanted by B. Hills and Wetz-
Dan. the river. Read
Robert B. Round. Supper. H. Hils &
Towell disappear afterwards (being drinking
in the Steward's room) 4 o'clock reading
at 11, by which time the New Braves
reach New Orleans. General
returning out of berths and saloons and
going ashore. H. Hills and it well
do so. I turn into berth above B.
Hills and sleep till morning.

2d. Friday. Got breakfast aboard. Then ashore with baggage
and B. Hills. To Gen. Banks' head-
quar ters, in search of important mails.
Then down St. Charles St. to Lafayette
Square, where Hills paid a visit to
McClure at the quarter master's office,
and I mounted guard over baggage.
Ripley came by. To hotel. Got
separate rooms. Walked up 1st ages
who was a-bred. Saw all the other
fellows, except Hamilton, who had
gone down to the forts below the city.
A loafing, promiscuous day. In the afternoon H. Hills got letters sent on to Baten Rouge by Hayes, by the captain of the Sherville, which we had passed, coming down the river. Two contained in a letter and enclosed from O'Sawreyen, were for me, one from Hannah, the other from Edward Gray. Hannah's relates the death of her father, and informs me that mine is dying, and conjures me to come home. I will do so, mine own dear love! I got these letters while in Schell's room, he being present drawing. To bed early, having O'Sawreyen & H. Hills to go to the theatre.

24 Saturday. Writing to Gray and a letter requesting the sending out of a substitute to supply my place. Recommended O'Sawreyen and wrote to him. O's Hills in and out, worried and nervous.
got a rash came out all over him.

25. Sunday - Up by 6, and

down to the levee to get letters off

on board the Columbia, bound for

New York. A magnificent and

peculiar sunrise over Algiers way.

Delivered documents into hands of

sleepy purser, and then occupied in

buying N.O. papers, then returned to

hotel and breakfast. Then

to roam and dine. H. Hills up.

Down stairs - Loaning, hustler and

hustler. The "Marion" in, until

out of reach. To the

Banks' head office with the two

Hills' v. Havell, and

to the Post Office, then with H. Hills

v. Havell to the theatre - "Vanities" - The

Carrick Brothers.

26. Monday - Strolling hustler

and hustler, alone during the best

part of the morning. Went to the

Delta Office, saw N.Y. papers.

27. Tuesday. A chilly, rainy, dreary day. Met the fellows in the rotunda below. The objectionable Johnston in the cutting room, scribbling. 1 Mem. Item about his attempts at borrowing and sponging from Hayes, B. Hills, and Schell. 2. Coming up dry in very cold room, saw the wind howling drearily, and the small flag at the British Consulate, opposite my window, blowing filubly to and fro, to all points of the compasses. In the afternoon was told that a Mr. Baker wanted to see me in rotunda. With him. Drinks, talk, supper. Out for a stroll. 1 to story of New Orleans in anti-secession Tunics & during them. The British residents, their
consul and proclivities - Former prosperity of New Orleans - Loss of money and living - Story of Butler's rule and the hanging of Mumford. To "Cotton Plant" kept by Ladner. The guests - Card playing - Majority British - Talk;

Toasts "There's to the man who can jump stone walls!" Departure - Towards French quarter into gambling house never closed night or day - The frequenters - The game of Macarist - Faro - A stroll - Return to "Cotton Plant" on Carondelet Street - Black there - Talk with him about Jamaica Bermuda &c. Back to hotel - I parted with Baker.

20. Wednesday I am one of these.

29. Thursday 1 days went with Schell & Hayes to see cravasee, on the gulf rail-road. Arrival after train had gone - Can't Sawyer -

Thursday. Letter about crevasse. - Non mi recordo as to detail. Evening with Hamilton &
O. Hills to presentation of plate to Col. Thorpe. - Back of Tracy. - H. Hills tells me secretly that he is to become the Lieut.-Colonel of a negro regiment.
Saturday - None recorded. A good deal in my room scrabbling - very cold weather.

Crawtise letter - Schell drawing in his room on same subject - brought him & I into mine. Went into my room where the latter proved a tedious nuisance, talking rather drunkenly, about his negro regiment, Tennyson & the Sons of Malta - got rid of him by 1½.

February -

1 - Sunday - Barker came, at 6 according to appointment, having paid out a day's allowance, to be indefinitely postponed - as I had to work - at it. With Ripley to the Custom House, there saw Dunsmuir, collector of the port - The Texas question - Dunsmuir, a Texan - Col Hayne There -
Back and to work - at it till about 5 o'clock on the morning of 2. Thursday - the diary of the escaped sergeant. Then to bed for 8 hours - up by 6. With Schell and O'S. hills to Part-Charter am Rail Road. Thence on Flag of Pure boat to Dixie. Slack, Hamilton & Capt. Mc Clure of the party - the pretty Mrs. Harris - Dixie. Heavy rain storm and wind - start boat - breaking - at Hock's. Set out to walk back on shell road with Ripley & Schell. (Raw of the former as the steam boat with a "son-in-law of P. T. Barnum." ) Mrs. Harris & lady friend in carriage. Vehicle stopped took us in - to Southern restaurant with Ripley & a big feed. Then to hotel - whiskey, skin and bed - dog tired.

Wednesday - Resting. Breakfast fast at Wile's. To Delta Office.
and other loading agent which
non-record.

Wednesday - Ripley up
To Pence - cold, raw morning -
and boarded Honduras - nothing
worth going for. Back to Ripley
at work hard and hurriedly till
3 P.M. Then with Ripley to Em-
prise City, which was expected to start
at 4. Finishing matters in cabin
and crowd - Ripley off - N'chell came
With him awhile, then off to Southern
Restaurant by the windy, stormy le-
see. The river swollen, foaming and
turbid. Up in B. Hills room
in the evening, where was a fire,
chatting to, and helping him in his
letter. Visitors and Muskerry
obstains.

Thursday - Loafing in var-
ious ways. At the Delta office,
Writing at night to Gray. In B. Hill's room - Naval party there.

Ripley up - In my room - Work.

Schell & B. Hills return from Gen.
Banks' headquarters - bringing me letters from my mother. Handley & Cowper, etc. - Death of Grace. Mat
Thomson's wife - poor Grace! - Read the 1st & 2nd.

6. Friday - Up not too early -
Ripley & Schell & Handley in consecutively.

Down stairs, to attend a -
East facilitations of a movement. Gen.
Wirtzel, Cuyler, and others - With
Ripley to the Post Office - got papers -
Back. With Crane to the Sanitary
Commission Warehouse - Back to his
room - In my own. On Hamilton's
Bellevue - In committee - In parlor.

With Ripley & Schell - Dined at
Loaing - In Hayes' room with him
and Schell, all scribbling new - A very
Old day  

1 - Saturday. Out to the Custom House to see Drummond. Back to Rotunda of S. C. meeting Ripley there. Hamilton, at table, sketched to the admiration of new boys. B. Hills in and out. Hither and thither all day. Not till evening before I got busy to work and kept at it till about 2 next morning. Occasional visits to Ripley down stairs. Hayes in his room scribbling. B. Hills in his. Beat Maker up, found him awaiting me in Ripley's room, during the afternoon. On my return subsequently. General expectation of movement of Weetels up the Teco country.

2 - Sunday. Maker up by 11. With him to Schell's room and presently art together. (Schell's draft on F. Leslie for $100 in Adams, the
Express to a German Restaurant for breakfast. Then to Canal Street where Shell left us. A car ride towards the lake. Morning sunny, warm and deliciously bright and pleasant. A level shell road through the swamp dotted with the crook of trees. Cemetery. Occasional "Yankee" soldiers making holiday. At a tavern. Milk punch, cigars, and talk. The adjacent Union race course and the story of its proprietor who objected to changing its name to that of Confederate. It is condition—fences all gone, used by soldiers to floor their tents etc. Back by another railroad. Waiting in the car. Fellow passengers, a Frenchman, three children and an Irish woman, principally engrossed in attending on a chubby little girl of three who talked French with all the fluency of the Boulangue or Pillai children remarked on
by Addison. After a consultation between the House and Father the former conveyed the little girl to the roadside, planting the gate of the cemetery, and standing discreetly before her, allowed the child to perform her innocent little amusement, subsequently readjusting her dress and bringing her back to the car. It was an eminently French proceeding.

Enter three red-breasted Zouaves—one Irishman—who finding they have got into the wrong car, get out again. Off—on twenty minutes a change of cars. Lots of children, a vixenish, evil-faced woman with a stubby chubby boy and a slave-girl, also with a baby, both of whom that-morning but in a slave state would their condition be recognizable. Also a mulatto girl and a young fellow half Indian, half negro, wearing a U.S. military cap. To Canal Street—oysters, raw, at Sam's.
then with Baker to his residence, on Felicity Street, some little distance up town. Mrs. Baker, an Englishwoman who, like her husband, has been three years in New Orleans but unlike him wants to return to her native country even before he has amassed riches. Talk - Visitors - All British - One, a photographer who got sustained heavy pecuniary losses in consequence of his having written a letter expressing distrust of the permanence of the Southern Confederacy, which was only opened at Memphis and sent back to New Orleans. Another a stationer, in sympathy with a pretty little girl three years old with whom I became great friends. Her mother, a Virginian, had died three months ago. Mrs. Baker's details about New Orleans during the blockade. Going to market with a handful of olibo plasters and returning without being able to buy
anything. New Orleans just before the advent of Butler. Fires along the levees, burning cotton; the half a dozen vessels blazing on the river; and the streets adjacent to it sticky and slippery with molasses. The populace carrying off barrels of it, and of sugar. Preparations made by the “raids” for burning the city—desire of the mob to do it. Flush times in New Orleans and the present. All classes thrrove and led a prosperous life—fundamentally based on the labor of the slave.

Mr. Barker is singing “The Southern Cross”—he was a Unionist. Left them after supper and by car downtown. Mr. Ripley in retnida, Mr. Schell and Dr. Hills. Talk. Cut for oyster then upstairs and to bed by midnight.

9 - Monday - Ordered last at Wilber's with Hayes. To gether to the Delta office, looking over New York papers.
Hayes left—Whittaker in—and off with Tracy. Hamilton came up.
To hotel, met Rypley; got note from Havell, up the river—nothing doing there, then. Up in Schell's room and in mine, scoring up diary. Afternoon bitter and still.
Talk of the suppression of The Delta—the change of editorialship. And going into The Southern restaurant met Dr. Hills at the door, who, speaking with me, stated that he and his New York namesake would henceforth conduct the Delta. (The N.Y. Hills is worthy of his close friendship (?) with Steedman, resembling him equally in greed and meanness. While in our journey out, and here, in New Orleans, A.-C. was "lobbying" for a captaincy in the staff of Gen. Hamilton: at Baton Rouge he intrigued for the editorship of the "Comet." Returned there he went in for the Colo.
ney of a negro regiment; now he must join the editor of a daily paper and the exponent of the Bank's dynasty. Withal he professed the utmost zeal for the negro cause. The other Hills is honest, diffident of his abilities; A-C. will be the master spirit.) Back to hotel. In room, Ripples, or home and there scribbling. By 9 came the Two Hills, A-C. went on overviewing me with the knowledge of his new position—chafted him a hot groat, which he didn't like. Whittaker in Ripples's room, below. Writing. With Schell on, Hayes and A-C. out for drinks and oysters about midnight.

10—Tuesday. Schell brought a report of the capture of Charleston, S.C. To my bedside. Out to breakfast, then to Delta Office. Tracy there.
and Col. Parrow, one of the late editors (who had been at Charleston at the time of the convention.) Talked back to rotunda. Sat talking with Schell out with him to City Hotel to Delta Office again. Returning to rotunda met Harris who insisted on drinks and on our visit to his wife this evening. Up in rotunda when entered Howe, freshly arrived from Baton Rouge. Things quietish there. Found Mann's have turned into a nigger boarding one by one. William had the assurance to suggest that Howe should purchase a fresh supply of crockery. Col. Parrow's expedition to Plaquemine, which Howe had accompanied. Hamilton, Hayos, Schell, A.G. Hills all present and Langacre, our engraver on the Picayune who turned up unexpectedly and recognized me. A sell on Howe.
about Hamilton's having written to the Times about his (Howell's) being a captain in a negro regiment. It thundered thunder. In the evening, along to Harriso's, corner of St. Mary's and South Street, north side of Lafayette Square. Door opened by Mrs. Harris, who conducts me into handsome back parlor, adjacent to which, in the rear-room, is set the tea-service, and where I find a tall young lady, introduced to me as Miss Louisiana. Somebody soon Harriso appears; we tea and then return to back parlor. Mrs. Harris is tastily dressed, her hair and eyes (her two best points) made the most of; the one dark and curly, the other deep brown and sparkling. Her complexion is so fair as to be pale, aided by more than a suspicion of powder as I could discern, when she was near me. Furthermore, her softly-curved
eye-brows improved by art. But fine
eyes and hair go a good way towards
constituting beauty in a woman and,
I was under the impression or near-
it during the greater portion of the
evening. She sang several songs at
the piano (her husband accompanying
her) and at my request did the
"Danny boy Flag." - The Louisiana
rebel rose. When we talked, parti-
cularly of Gen. Butler. He was
a pretty frequent visitor to the house.
I sat in and very obliging - and im-
pressible - at the instance of Mrs.
Harris. She went to him, first of-
all, to inquire "if they were to be turned
into the 'street,'" to which he reac-
plied by a flattered negative. She
days that the General gave a pass
to a rebel officer concealed in her-
house, allowing him to escape outside
the lines. I fancy old Owen was un-
scrupulous enough to do it.) He
refused her nothing. "Why didn't you say it was a friend of yours?" he asked, about one boldly liable to be "turned into the street" by his order. Yet the lady exhibited to me a scrapbook filled with virulent and abusive acrostics &c. on his name, attacks on his doings, caricatures and similar literature pertinent to his rule in New Orleans. In one lithograph he was represented as a hyena digging up the grave of the rebel general, Joe Johnson, in search of buried treasure—so was told. Harris read aloud a parody on Poe's raven, a suspect of conjunct composition, also vilifying Butler. I observed the famous woman's order "in the scrapbook. To Butler's farewell address was appended a m--r note, characterizing it as illustrative of
one of the egotism and mendacity of the Demon who wrote it; this
argued I. "What do you call him a Demon for? I asked, "Now
you knew you liked him!" I had observed that her husband
called her Lizzy. She said
she regarded Butler in two lights, one from her rebel and patriotic
view, the other as she had found him. The thing indeed was
half affectation. She was self-willed, egotistic, irrational, approba-
tive, won amiss, pleasant — I had chaffed her previously. "I
heard that if I had stayed at Madisonville the other day, I should
have been arrested as a Yankee spy," said she, declaring a
Mrs. Norton who was also on
board (and when Hamilton met
at Knapp's) — as her accuser — I
said, gravely, that I had heard
Andras expressed as to the uncertainty of her “rebelt” sentiments “because she talked so much about them.” Altogether we got on pleasantly enough. In about an hour’s time Miss Louisiana (who could scarcely say anything and couldn’t sing) departed, when Miss Harris told me that she was “very patriotic,” that she had expected her to break out for any edification or. Also that said young lady would be “quite rich” if things were as they had been. (I suppose her property was of the human order.) Furthermore I was favorably favored with Miss Louisiana’s personal impressions with regard to me — favorable as respecting my eyes, not so towards my beard. I had been questioned before, pretty closely, about persons and things by both husband and wife, but I don’t thing they made
much by it - Mrs H. precise England, the officers of the Rumpago, pitched into Northern women, charged the men with want of gallantry and due subervience to women and much more. In many things she reminded me of Latty Kidder. Withal she had a pretty, plumply leg, as was accidentally revealed by a sudden flirt of her crinoline, as she took her seat at the piano-Harris had been North often enough had known John O'Briam, Lester Wallack, and O'Briam. He was familiar with the name of Heene Richards, apropos of whom the son of the landlord of the Hotel St Charles knew more Heene, a colonel in the Confederate service, on Breckinridge's staff, was in the St Charles Hotel for three or four days after Butler's occupation of Vicksburg, escaping from the city to
rejoin the Southern army. He was at the recent battle of Murfreesboro. A kindly fellow, Keene Richards. I'd like to see him again. After cigars, ale, champagne, brandy and chat until near midnight, I left the Harrios's; returned to The Charles for bed.

Tuesday - With Howell aboard Commodore Farragut's flagship Hartford, being moved thither in boat. Then to hotel.

Wednesday - Day spent indiscriminately: at work during the day, my and night, as a mail boat goes tomorrow. Ripley with Deming, Gray and Whittaker in his room. Hayes and A.C. Hill in mine in the evening. A.C. came also, gorgeous in a $40 uniform coat with brass buttons.
had forged a note in his name to
Howell, sticking it against the
mirror of the latter, saying he wanted
to see him immediately.) 
Chaft of A - C in Hayes presence - Dann
starts to Havell, about 1 A M.
Ripley up in my room previously,
About about 2 - Saw Harris
at about 7 and drank with
him - The rooma crowded - all
sorts of rumors got to - assassination
of Butler by O'Boyley, at Wash-
ington one of them - One Boyntan
who boarded at Mrs O'Boyley's recog-
ized me = he is new engineer
of the U S gun-boat Winona.
He left New York on the 15th.
Dined with Havell this day at
the st Charles restaurant - Got
to-day's record generally mixed
up.

12 - Thursday - Breakfast at the Southern Restaurant - Then
To the Delta office, where I found Hamilton - Aman came Tracy. A debate about the inevitable question of the war and the end of it - A clamoring, hot day, with a heavy shower of rain or two. To hotel with Hamilton - Met Ripley in Retunda - Upstairs - In Havell's room. To Dr. Crane's - With him to The Richelieu in Irving House St., there to dine. Returning, met Ripley. To St. Charles. Drinks with Hamilton - Aman upstairs in Havell's room where he, Schell and Ripley played euchre, and I read an old Christmas number of Dickens. Dawn - St. Anne at dusk and with Howell to sup at Wibbel's. Aman in Retunda. Most of the fellows off to the French opera to see Le Daron de Villars. Sam Bayton talked with Noyce, once of
the Raunchy Backer, whom I met last at Fortress Monroe, who is here in company of hundreds like him, as a cotton and sugar-buying opem- lator. Talk with Capt. Smalley, crew of the Cwasco, now of The E, who wants to go home. Reading awhile in Saturday, then to room and scribbling the last 6 or 7 pages.

18. Friday — Far mine records as.

14. Saturday — To particulars. A stroll with Baker and Schell during the afternoon of one of these days, during which we encountered Slack at the "Cotton Plant," and crossed over the street to his lodgings in his company. A chase after a man who had came from Dixie, via Penardol, as reported by his sellar-voyager, Dr. Blake, of the Sanitary Commission. To the City Hotel; met A.C. Hill, there who invited me first to his room, then to the "Era," late Delta office. The
first-number of which was, Thos
Foster, one day published in the paper as was pro-
ably expected. One of these
days was accosted by Foster (bro-
ther-in-law to Nina D. Brooks) who
was a Mayor in The N.Y. Ten Brook
had belonged to The same regiment
also. Talk with Foster, Man-
ning, Church and others.

15—Sunday—A.C. Hills to
request me to furnish article on The
Retunda of the U.S. Charles for The
Era. Non mi recordo as to rest,
Working or loafing with equal energy.

16—Monday—Era Office. A.
C.'s sensation advertisement of 2/4 of a
column apropos of my unwritten article.
Non mi recordo as to day—Scru-
tbling article—With A.C. Hayes,
Schell to "Ruby" when Ripley enter-
ed with others, he miserably drunk.
(The letters exhibited to me, received
by him from a friend, enclosing one from Marble to the latter. "Poor beastly drunk Ripley." Howell's one complete confidences pertinent to the matter. Marble's letter to him about Ripley. Ripley discharged from The World.

17 - Tuesday - Rewriting and amplifying article.


19 - Thursday - Writing. Another planters' meeting and Eun Banks present. His speech to them. Writing.

20 - Friday. Writing. Out with Hamilton (Hayes following) to the foot of Canal Street, to witness the departure of paroled Confederate soldiers.

Sunday - Arisen at 6 o'clock. To the levee to convey our mail abroad to Oboe Rio, which started at 9 for New York. Then to French market. Then to Richelieu. Loafing during the best part of the day, partly in company with Vehell. An evening at Harris's. Two male friends there, with Mr. and Mrs. H.

Monday - At Era Office. Paid Hills writing advertisement for French Market article - 1 hr. offer of $40 per week. Evening with...
Scheil. To the Washington’s Birthday Ball at Masonic Hall. Parker, the Postmaster, Thorpe, Baker & wife, Tracy & wife, Lieut. A. C. Hills and others there. A generally lively time.

24 - Tuesday - Not an accord.

25 - Wednesday - Began French Market article. Hayes back from New Brunswick trip up the river; his account of his quarrel with the “Richelieu.” Boston notions of a bargain. Chaff Thereon. Howell sick; Ripley drunk; taken to hospital; testimony of detectives and others about him. Scheil harshish up; dissatisfied with F. L. Hamilton making it on Harpers and mortally anxious to be admitted to the Era. He has applied once to Gen. Banks (!!!) and five times to A. C. Hills. At work hard on F. M. See 3 pages on for evening of W.

26 - Thursday - French words.
Friday - Drenching day -

Up about 10 - In Schell's room -

To Southern Restaurant for breakfast, alone. To Era Office.
(Talk with Walter at restaurant, looking out, at threshold on the fast-falling snow. His testimony about Secession time and how he escaped conscription. At 11 to that of German tailor who did patching for me in Grower Street, as related to Schell & myself.) Ham! -

Then up. His compliments on my article! Another application on his part to A. C. A. G. and me about the opened letter again. To the St. Charles, in Schell's room.

Two hours sleep on his bed. -

Ferrar's. A meal at Wel's with Schell and Hayes. Afterwards sitting in rotunda. Ripley there; partly drunk. He talk to me and Schell.
26. Thursday - To Era with article. With Tracy. A.C. Told me somebody had gone for copy to my room at hotel. Arrival of A.C. Gave him M.S.S. To hotel &c. After reading papers. Went to Era again at 5 1/2. - article set up in smaller type than former. A hint of mine as to the probable reason. Exit.

At work for tomorrow's mail in room; hard. Heard bacchanal progressing from Bulkeley's; the two hills there, singing, laughing. Etc. A.C. repeating the inevitable ritual of the Order of Initiation at the Sons of Malta. Presently a visit in the part of A.C. and Bulkeley, until whiskey. An explanation about the small-type business. Interruption of Ripley, most sober, and Schell. Up and down, sometimes in Hayes' room, or in Ripley's. Ripley dictating to Schell. A heavy night's
work, running to 2 o'clock next morning. Hayes & Ryley undertake making this time.

First appearance of Haney's note repented by A.C. Hils, on Wednesday. Spoke to him about Tim Rotunda. That same evening, going up staircase to room, with whiskey skin, met Mulkeley and Hayes. In any room at work. Appearance of "The 17th Cocktail" from Hayes. Ann Mulkeley with whiskey. Heiss of Charleston a joyful of his. They were altogether at Fortress Monroe, laying a telegraph wire.


March

1 Sunday. To breakfast at Wheel's with Schell; amen to the Era office to see newspapers. The result of The Marion's arrival. Found them the two Hills; A.C. apprehensive that
his brother had been killed on board a vessel recently captured at Charleston, S.C., or up the Stono River. To The St Charles with the two Hills' and Schell. There, after an interval of loafing, until Schell towards the French Cathedral, and to Royal Street, behind it, where I get measured for a pair of alligator-Kimbo-boots. Then back. Alan at news of all - with Hayes and Schell. Parting, walked up St Charles street meet A.G. Hills. Dined with him at the Southern Restaurant. Then back to roam - Supped at Wilcox, with Hayes & Schell (both of whom are hard up). Then to Ezra Office - Editorial room's closed - Parting. I went to Harris's. He was alone, but soon his wife appeared. Talk - of Havana "Don Juan" Taster for Mrs Drewsters - of the anti-Union old officer club.
ladies in New-Orleans, of the Era—Gen. Butler— the occupation of New Orleans when he first came here—his proposition to give a ball to the Seccession ladies of N. C. and much more—Left near 12—

2—Monday—To Era Office—Letters in paper—The Hills & Tracy there—Hawell came. There till 1,
then to hotel. Hayes, Hamilton and Schell in Retunda, near entrance joined them. Am at room and some scribbling. Evening at Retunda.

2—Tuesday—Era & Co. By 3 to Harris' house as appointed last night. He and wife out. Waiting, looking at photograph and other albums. The latter full of rhythmic adulations of "Lizzy," charges of her being an angel, a coquette and much more. Am at the subject of said verses. S. Gay and husband appeared—
Greetings and gratulations. Talk about Madisonville letter. Off with Harris by car, some blocks, to Ony-
tanna Street. A bachelor house, with dinner-table set out and little

garden, with banana trees. Negro

pearance of host & others. A Mr.
Ellis a Liverpool man, elderly, jolly,
sort, broad faced, dark-haired, face
shaven, except on chin. Mr. Davies,
an Edinburgh man, squarish-faced,
beardily moustached, and whiskered,
not unlike the portraits of J. C. Ma-
gruder. An actor named Flyer,
who had to play Shylock at the

Varieties, this evening. A Mr. Dicycle
an Englishman, long a resident in
the West Indies, and of late years,
in New Orleans. Like Harris,
Dacres, and Dixey and Ellis were
cotton brokers, the second resident
in St. Louis. He had been in New-
Orleans have ever during the war, or the greater portion of it, and boasted of his having been an "original Seces-
sionist" antecedent to it. Refusing to take the oath of allegiance, then one binding him to reveal any-
things he did or might know prejudi-
cial to the U. S. authorities, he had attempted to escape into Dixie, where were his wife and family. Being ar-
rested and sent to Fort Pickens by order of Gen. Butler. I agree then "appealed into Caesar," in the person of Lord Lyne at Washington, and the Mrs Harris' impositions upon Gen. Butler could not suffice to effect his release. He had been at Santa 
Rosa Island in company with Murray, 
Mayor of New Orleans, Charles 
Heidrick, the champagne merchant 
and others. Like all present, he was an ultra-pro-slavery man and 
Secessionist, justifying the former an
scripture principles—after preliminary cocktails, artistically mixed by Ellis, we sat down to dinner, waited upon by an alert negro. I think I have discriminated all of the party except a young lad, I should suppose an employee or relative of Ellis, a resident of the house. We sat in a handsomish rear room of not very large proportions. The open folding doors between it and the front one seeming to make both one apartment. The doors and windows were open as it seemed, at first to me, unnecessarily for though the sun shone bright and cheerily the day was cool enough to warrant the presence of a fire of sparkling, bituminous coal (from Pittsburgh, Ohio) in my rear. The dinner proved excellent. First gumbo soup, with a suggestion of chicken and other ingredients in it, then red snapper (constantly provi-
did in consequence of my assumed ignorance, as hinted in The French Market article in The Era; followed by game and roast beef—the latter imported from Fulton Market, New York, as our host informed us, after apologizing for the absence of that supposed omnibus banjo of American dishes, a turkey. The beef mentioned the encoremoos passed upon it. For drinks we had wines—claret and sherry, with brandy for those who preferred it. I stuck to the claret (a wine & wine), which one gets of admirable quality in a semi-French city. The talk ran on the inevitable topics, New Orleans in ante-secession times, its delights, its hospitality, heat and yellow fever, the attack on the Forts. Gen. Butler, Fort Pickens, the famous “lady” order, the Santa, Yankees, England, and the war. Ellis, a good-looking, portly, genial old boy, had
Thoroughly identified himself in sympathy, interests, and prejudices with the people among whom he dwelt—indeed, had all the others. They talk depreciation of Yankees and abolitionists, and used the word “nigger” with true Southern minstrel. Dixey talked against emancipation in the West Indies. Dacres impressed me less pleasantly than the rest, though he was well-bred and ocuppiously polite. His assumption that the British government ought to have protected him in his avowed hostility to that of the U.S. and shielded him from inevitable consequences, was edifying to say the least of it. Harris (J. Decatur) behaved demonstratively, appositively. The actor (I think a Philadelphian) applied himself to his dinner with great quiet zest, applauded every joke that was made, and otherwise conducted himself after his kind. After
Elmmer Ellis went to sleep and snored audibly on the sofa. Dixey imitated his example in the adjoining room, and the actor went off and only Harris, Doreco and myself remained awake or half so, smoking cigars and continuing a desultory conversation which I played the part of listener. It was a leisurely business, throughout, lasting three hours or more. Not before the rest of the party had awakened and might descend did Harris and I walk back to Lafayette Square, he discoursing fluently and enthusiastically, as usual. At the house we found Mrs Harris, ravishingly dressed in a charmingly-fitting dark gown, displaying her diaphanous waist to the utmost advantage, a red bow of ribbon or velvet surmounting her dark, curling hair, and a scarlet net confining its glossy clumpiness behind. The wo-
man was not really intrinsically beau-
tiful, but one couldn't help thinking so
and behaving appropriately. With
her were three young ladies, one
Miss Louisiana Smith - I had met
before. She was a healthy-looking,
dark-haired girl, with rather a
welloe face, her profile too straight,
forehead, nose and chin being almost
in one line. A younger girl - not
more than 17 - with a fine, delicate,
refined face, attracted and interested
me. She was a Miss Hughes. A
third had no pretensions to beauty.
There appeared, also, a girl of 9 or 10.
To these ladies I was only present-
ed, also to a Mr. Young, a shortish
plump, good-natured dark-haired
young man, with the sides of his face
shaven, but wearing his beard, Ame-
rican fashion. He had been a pri-
vate soldier in the Confederate ar-
my; wounded at the Battle of Shi-
Ich, was a musician and a teacher of music, had also composed several pieces, duly named after and dedicated to Southern notabilities—which he presently performed on the piano. A Mr. Reid—an agent for the Shofford and Teleson's line of steamers (among which is the "Marion") completed the party. He was a young man, rather elaborately got up, with his hair painfully well brushed; but he looked a snob and vulgarian and talked "as ick.

I had been introduced to him by Harris, at the St. Charles, on a previous night and had then half-recognized him—I did perfectly in the course of the evening—as a former acquaintance. We had hardly completed the introductions when Ellis, Dacres and Dixey appeared, the first being warmly welcomed, evidently as an old friend. (By the way, the ladies had paused in a
carriage, before Ellis house, just before dinner, but though invited, wad not come it. Very soon Young, who needed little entertaining, sat down at the piano and played "Stonewell Jackson's Grand March," dedicated to that hero—a really brilliant piece of music, received with approbation by the men and downright glee by La belle Harris. "That's the Yankees running!" she said to me, with an exultant laugh, towards the finale. More music and singing followed. In the meantime most of the young ladies were drawn by the heat into the other room—the front parlor, the big folding doors being open—with them went Reid, who was evidently tipsy and intent on paying his court to Miss Louisiana, which he did after a stupid conventional fashion. Mrs Harris had told me he had solicited her to get him a Southern wife—
"and the more Secesh she was, the better!" In short the fellow—a New Yorker—was a squint—a "Northern man with Southern principles. Mrs. and Mr. Harris sung, she sung alone, so did he. We talked promiscuously with occasional masculine adjurations to the rear room for vicious refreshment. Presently I was in the front parlor talking with the delicate-faced girl whom I found kind, pleasant and ingenuous. She and the rest of the party had been present in the Friday's demonstration on the levee, attending the departure of the paroled rebel soldiers. She told me her experience of it very innocently, with "Didn't I think—?" this and That. Who had told me that the girl was consumptive, that she might not survive. She had neither brothers or sisters. Dressed simply in white, evidently desirous to please, I could not help
contrasting her good manner with the unpleasant self-assertion of Northern misses. There is a warmth of heart and kindness about these Southern people that impels most delicate ladies. Had I gone to New Orleans instead of New York, thirteen years ago, I should be now in the rebel army, and devoted to its cause to the death. Despite the institution. An interchanged sentence with Reid, presently induced me to ask him a question about Capt. Sam Whiting of the Marian. Then it appeared that Reid was pursuer of the vessel during my voyage to Charleston, in December 1860. He recognized me vociferously and we talked of fellow-passengers, Speck, McNulty, and others. Reid had met Ramsey, alias Buckstone, subsequent to my departure and met him afterwards at Washington, where the Englishman bore the latter name. Reid
was now advanced to the position of agent for the line, vice his brother, badly wounded in the Empire Parish, by guerrillas up the river. Not long after our recognition the ex-juror became so drunk that Harris prudently got him off up-stairs to bed. Before this however, at Madame’s proposition, we had a dance or two, in which I must fain be compelled to stand up.

“Southern woman would refuse to dance with a gray coat,” said Mrs H. of the sparkling brown eyes, when I alleged my garments, my boots, my gray-blue army shirt and general campaigning get-up. So I danced first with my fascinating hostess, then with Mylo Maria. It was a warm night, though the windows were open, everything exhilarating. More singing and conversation ensued; a good deal being of an ultra Secession sort. “I love it, above all other flags!” said
old Ellis To the pictorial effigy of the "Stars and Bars" displayed on a piece of music - Young's vanity as a composer was displayed with refreshing banter. "I may write some fine things - I know I shall - but I shall never equal "Stonewall," he averred, repeating it at least thrice during the evening. Another guest I have forgotten to mention, though he deserves some record. This was Mr. Hancock, a Philadelphian - once a fellow-scholar and friend of Schell. He was a youngish, chubby man with bright dark eyes, and beard a Con Amencan. He had lived at the South long enough to have entirely secessioned himself. He was engaged in a clothing store. At about 2 A.M. the party broke up and I strolled thoughtfully homewards to bed.

Li Wednesday: Era Office and elsewhere during the forenoon.
In the afternoon took the cars with Schell to Elyolan Fields street, near the depot of the Pontchartrain Road. Road, intent on exploring the Spanish quarter of the city. A June day. Inquiring at a station house, we found the people all knew nothings, so we straddled on our own responsibility. The quarter presented nothing noticeable beyond numberless small wooden houses, laid out in parallel squares, with occasionally a roof covered with curved dark-red tiles. Being near the depot of the Gulf Railroad, I went further and left a note for Sawyer, presently went taking Schell who, sketchbook under arm, slightly drooping head and legs a little ostraddle, after his went, had straddled down the wide, sultry street towards the river. From thence we rambled by the mint and through the German and French quarter, which I found as
I always do) immensely amusing.

Oldish, rickety houses, balconies and
out-of-door galleries, porters of clothing,
shops of all kinds, and of every degree
of dinginess, h meal already festering
in the sultry weather, a jumble of
Manmout Street, London and certain
portions of old Paris; this quarter
is as unlike anything in the north
as could be imagined. One shop
we visited, a photographic establish-
ment kept by a Frenchman. It was
a corner house, its exterior presenting
a curious appearance; an abortive
sign on canvas being divided by a
bulk or some projection, and the
latter half being reversed—perhaps
for the accommodation of the angels
A shabby canvas screen also converted
a rickety gallery into a sort of apart-
ment; perhaps for photographic opera-
tions. The window below displayed—
a heterogeneous collection of portraits, good and bad. There were "coarse-faced" confederacies "in all sorts of uniforms, gray being predominant, their visages not at all improved by a coarse drabbing of color; there women of French, English, American, Spanish, German, or mongrel miscegenome; elsewhere peace views of New Orleans in its prosperous days. One picture there was of a tall-looking courtee, with one leg thrown over her chart and the other over a table. Schell wanted to inquire about some Galveston views, so we entered by the side street, observing in our progress up the wide, wooden stair-case a through a cellar. Like arche, a little cool yard, as perfectly Spanish in its surroundings and acccesories as one of Tony Johannots's local illustrations to Don Luycote—Soom the old and old French proprietor appeared, and learning that Schell was
an artist, must fair take us across
the street to another and more preten-
tious establishment he possessed, to
introduce his own. Here we saw
Galveston in photograph. Returning,
we dropped in for coffee and brandy
at the famous French cafe, then went
to the bootmakers, where I dreamed
my alligator skins - a formidable
and remarkable pair, rising to the
snow average knee-height.

At dinner with Schell - I think in
the St. Charles. After in the oterday,
was waited upon by one Whitley, a
detective, who at the request of A.G.
Hills, was willing to show me the
night side of New Orleans - or what
little there was to be seen of it - for
another Era article. Made appoint-
ment for next night and went with
Schell to the Varieties to see the Naid
Queen produced in the usual style.
of unparalleled magnificence. Saw Foster in the boxes, contemplating the charming legs of Mrs. Gladstone, evidently in a state of sentimental infatuation. He wrote a sonnet to her which was published in last Sunday's Era; buys expensive banquets daily and is otherwise making an ass of himself. I remember him getting up a similar passion for Laura Keene. A sentimental, sentimental, affectionate, hunting is Foster, altogether, and I don't entirely believe in his sickness— which keeps him away from his regiment, allowing him to loaf all day about the St. Charles and go to the theatre every night. At the same time he exhibits portraits of his wife and children and sentimentalizes thereon. He claims to be of the virtuous, too! Told Schell that he want to the Varieties on Sunday night when he''felt so wicked'' at such a degr-
creation of the "sabbath" that he had to get up and leave. Oh! Hamilton, in his way, indulged in a little charity about the same party, who is only a passe Englishwoman, and as utterly conventional an actress as ever got artless infatuations and vocal risings and falls to a sophisticated audience. She had good legs, though, and with her canely feet in green garter boots and red heels - the most inevitable chaussure for a Naidi Queen I looked embraceable enough. I didn't stay over the piece that followed but returned to the rotunda, where I found Ripley. He had been on a frightful debauch during the past five or six days, was literally rolling in the gutter, brought back to the hotel in a wheelbarrow, met reeling hither and thither with his clothes stained with hallucinations his own vomit -
completely "beastly drunk." He was now partially sober—intermittent, rather. We sat and talked till Schell joined us. Ripley was full of regrets at my approaching departure, calling me "Tom" (as he always does) and declaring that I should have "the tears of his heart" when I went away. Frequently he tried to get up to go out and drink with him at the "Ruby" where he had credit. By the way, he pays nothing to Hildreth for his board, nor has done for a long time. When he failed he went out alone. I left him sitting with his head bowed forward in his chair, past midnight.

All the correspondents at this period were hard-up, Adam's Express having shut down upon them in consequence of F. Leslie's not having paid Schell's draft of $100. He did so, however, subsequently, sending
a letter to F. H. commending his labors, asking for more, complaining that it was very difficult to cash drafts on sight in "these hard times", suggesting that $50, with one day to meet the contingency would be preferable in future and utterly ignoring poor Schell's present necessities. So, left high and dry and unpencunis, he was, at first, inclined to return to New York, demurring, however, partly in the hope that he might miss money or subsequently re-emitted to him, partly from a desire not to miss the expected attack on Port Hudson. "He must strike Leslie for his bill at the JR Charles," he said, "and not leave it in T. L.'s power to swindle him." On returning, he would expose himself to this contingency. So he proposed just to send on enough to Francois to earn
his salary, no more. Young Lorenzo Hudgnett, son to the landlord of
our hotel, wanted a drawing of two fast horses he possessed, and Schell
had been invited to witness their speed. He hoped the execution of this commis-
sion might exert a modifying influence on the amount of his bill. Previously
he had thought either of drawing the exterior of the St. Charles, or the
Rotunda, if an evening, for transmission to Leslie's paper, but discreet-
ly suggesting the idea to the eager Hamilton. That person went to work and
did the latter subject, to the admira-
tion of many newspapers—among whom
he sat at a little table, specially
purveyed for the purpose—and the
disguise of Schell, who behaved coolly
to him ever since. I think I have
put him, heretofore, that I last learnt
Schell $20, refusing a note in Leo
lie he and preferring to trust to Schell's writing to his brother at Philadelphia, bidding him remit the sum to Haney, for me. So, hard up, chafing, and I think sorry at my expected departure, Schell remained at this period. Howell had got out of funds a little before. He otherwise proposed borrowing of me giving his note on the world, which I declined in general principles, and not really knowing whether I'd have the money to spare. As it proved, I was only prudent in doing so, as he subsequently admitted that 'Marble sometimes played tricks' and had once kept Nicholson unpencurial when in Virginia. Howell was really sick, his digestion out of order, and no particular wonder, for, brought up on a Long Island farm, his diet exhibiting that awful ignorance of the ca-
Parity of the human stomach characteristic of the Yankees. He generally omitted the material portion of a meal, only beginning and ending it with oyster soup and pie, or buckwheat cakes, finishing up with coffee and a glass of cider, or rather newly pressed apple juice. Meats he didn't seem to care about, perhaps because they cost a good deal. Once, at Osita Rayo, when I was denouncing the atrocious negro cookery, I hearle exultantly pull off this sentence, "He thinks my grase isn't gravy!" absolutely knowing no better than that. The two were synny men. Greater culinary ignorance hath no man, claiming to come of a civilized race. So Hewell got sick, kept his room, closed the window and blinds and became uncommonly splenetic, even for a young man of his naturally contradictory disposition. Huylep
came in for the benefit of most of this, especially as that young man had loomed up into unexpected celebrity, firstly in consequence of my having chaffed him in the "Normanda" article, secondly because certain sensation letters of his to the Traveller have been reprinted both in the New York and New Orleans papers. Howell taxed the youthful author, over the breakfast table of the St. Charles with writing lies, nonsense, a tissue of exaggerations and absurdities, of which Hayes told us in a state of open eyed injury. He, Howell and Schell all took their meals at the restaurant attached to the hotel, on credit. Presently the apprehensive overseer and Fayraceau Hamilton succumbed to the pressure of impecuniosity. Trying Adam's Express (after I had informed him of the inevitable
result) he felt passionately for a day or two, "forgetting that he hadn't his porte-monnaie about him" at the restaurants, "sticking up." This dinner or That breakfast, and borrowing small monies. He proposed to favor me in that way after reading a long "Fable for the Times" written by him for submission to the Era. It was done in the old imitation Gay and Pope style, and, admitting the right of a man to perpetrate such an anachronism, read well enough. Hills (A.C.) bought it at a, I suppose, a mild price after demurring awhile. Hamilton had practised him not a little by applying about five distinct Times for admission to a chance at making money in The Era. When he heard of the Two Hills' coming in for that supposed good thing, Hamilton's jealousy, eagerness and apprehension were exceedingly ludicrous.
"My God!" said he (a pet expression of his) "I'd only have known of any change like that, I'd have spoken to Gen. Banks about it! I'm the very man for it, you know! I have been an editor before" (of a two-penny-hap'ny N.Y. monthly mag, which died from intrinsic feebleness) — "speak two — three languages!" And then, "why, we shall all be left out in the cold — the two Hills will get everything before us." So he actually belittled everybody he knew on Banks' staff, and applied to the General himself to be admitted to taste bits of the cherry. The General good-naturedly asked Q. E. C. whether he could find anything to do for "Mrs Hamilton," to which the ex-chancellor of the Sons of Malta responded: "Not without turning away a man who did
his duty and who had a family. Furthermore he added that he
thought Mr. Hamilton was making
enough money to satisfy a reasonable
man. This was true enough, for
neglecting his duties as a corre-
respondent of The Times in an utterly
unjustifiable manner, he was all
the time sending bad drawings to
Harper's, from whom he had a
sub-salary of $10 per week, ex-
dclusive of payment for drawings
at least so he said. An eager,
appreciative, capricious, uneasy man
was Hamilton, who sometimes got
tipsy and declared that New Or-
leans was the wickedest place in the
world. He had occasional practi-
cal relish for one phase of its wick-
edness, of the testimony of A. Q. Hill
may be taken. We sold” Hamilton
for a good deal, his impulsiveness
rendering him an easy victim. He
was very apprehensive of danger in the exercise of his reportorial functions, uncertainly didn't go to Baton Rouge, after our first visit. There, because he couldn't secure passage on a gun-boat and so be kept safe from guerrillas. When he went to visit old Knapp on his plantation, his boat just a double-barrelled gun at his head, to protect himself, in case of a rising of negroes. "My God! we're living on a volcano!" exclaimed Hamilton, relating it, and the sullen behavior of the slaves. On his Tecche expedition he tried to prevent Schell going on and seeing the fight, talking "family" and the like. "If I got a bullet through me, I should be of no use to the Times. You know and it wouldn't pension Mrs Hamilton." Schell had seen real fight.
Ting in North Carolina and Virginia and though sensible and prudent had plenty of quiet pluck. I think A. G. was a bit of a coward. Havell had never been under fire but would have behaved well, so would the big boy Hayco. And so much at present for the correspondents.

Hamilton made a raise of $50 or $100 subsequently, and as I shall relate so did Schell.

5. Thursday. Breakfast at Whiby's or the Southern. To the Era office. At a Music Shop in Camp Street saw Young and got a copy of Stavehall Jackson's March "published by permission." Then to Capt. McClure or Holabird's office. Then hither and thither. Non mi recordo as to the rest of the day.

6. Friday. Non mi recordo very definitely. Out during the morning.
and part of the afternoon, during a heavy rain storm. Called in at Reid's office at his office and was no more favorably impressed by him than heretofore. The man is a Northern clod, face, ignorant, opaqued and illbred. He was friendly enough, however. Working in the evening.

Writing.

7—Saturday. Letter to Tain put off, as usual, till evening, then a little real hard work. Aired about 3 next morning. Hayes voted muttered to be mail-carrier to the Marion, early in the morning.

Replay earlier.

8—Sunday. Up about 11. Going down the steps of the hotel met old Thorpe, who wanted to know what was the reason why we couldn't take a carriage and drive down to the Lake. There to have a comfortable
dinner together - I knew of none, so after half a dozen gigantic oysters taken raw and perpendicularly, at "Sam's" we went round to a livery stable kept by a Scotchman, who also mended carriages, & sold patent metallic coffins - thus providing for contingent accidents to horses, vehicles or man. After twenty minutes of sultry waiting and half a glass of sultry beer, we entered buggy and got off, Thorpe driving. The day was sultry but the motion and an occasional breeze made the ride delightful - one realized some of Dr Johnson's ideas of felicity - Thorpe at first got into the wrong road - the one taken by & myself and Maker as our Sunday car excursion, but turning into a cross road presently gained the right one. This led along a bayou, with some newly erected forts on the
other side. The road was mar-
gined with mashes and great beds
of palmetto brush, some trees and
distant woods observable. We reach-
ed our destination— which proved
to be that point of the lake ending
the Pentchartram Railroad (the
place from which Schell, A. G. Hils
c and I set off in our lake shore-
walk) at about 2. Old Thorpe
had entertained me with a good
deal of talk about New Orleans,
past and present, about himself
and Gen. Oustler. By the way. Thorpe
is a character, in his peculiar line.
A short, thickset man of fifty, with
a flushed face, pendulous reddish
whiskers, a double chin instead of
a neck, and a look that might be-
seem a retired Yorkshire horse-dealer,
his cunning overlaid by prosperity.
Thorpe is a New Yorker by birth.
but came to the South years ago. He says he had a tendency to consumption and thought that a warmer climate might help him. Also he had yearnings towards art—painting. He considers that he ought to have followed this for a vocation but there was no encouragement for native talent in those days; an American would apologize for the possession of an American picture. If Thorpe's art-proclivities had no greater foundation of merit than his pretensions to literary ability, I cannot think that the world was poor much by his not sticking to them. For he writes the awkwardest, stupidest, most unnecked of editorials and the like—their perusal has as an agreeable effect on you as the grinding of an old krandy-kurdy, horribly out of tune, old office seeker and wire-puller.
and artful dodger in general, Thoeps belong to what amounts to a class of newspaper men once enormous very large in the north, now almost extinct persons utterly without any ability or qualification for their vocation, beyond the capacity of stringing together disjointed and inconclusive sentences — and venal in all their motives. Now we have no end of second-rate. There's little improvement in that item — but because with ability they have shouldered the jags on one side. Well, Thoeps drifted into New Orleans journalism, wrote for a firm of a firm of papers and" was largely instrumental in introducing the present school-system into Louisiana," he says. He got an office, too. I don't know whether he didn't go to Congress. He wrote for Porter's Spirit of the Times, or at —
ing narratives, and a story called "Big Bear of the Arkansas." He is a regular raconteur, from the Southern point of view; tells stories, the great joke of which turns on the ignorance or drunkenness of the hero, and if he really had brains enough, or natural aptitude to describe what he knows and has seen, might do something worth reading. As it is, he is not amusing. The old dodger has been in a chronic state of regret since the departure of Butler, leaving, I suppose, for his berth in City Surveyor. He comes to one with all sorts of stories detrimental to the Banks administration. As the seems to have become rather an anti-Banks paper of late, I am the recipient of a good many of his unities. A few days I back he thought into the Era office a jolter-headed edi-
torial on the subject of "The President" which he left at the cashier below, with orders that it should be "set-up," it appeared. I provoked some criticism, and said A. C. "If he thinks he's going to get anything for it he's going to be d---nably mistaken! I'll charge it to him as an extraneous advertisement." No doubt, old Thorpe sent it on to Washington, to be shown to its subject, from whom he hoped to get some office. His objects in writing me to this dinner and dinner, were, first, general propitiation. Then telling me a story of a recent pro-rebel decision by Judge Peabody, against an Irish Captain, hardly to consult me about a wild project he had of going to England to deliver lectures on Slavery and the War. We got along very possibly together, and I enjoyed the ride all the more fo...
yesterday's entertainment. After a visit to the garden of one of the many restaurants where we saw a sort of aviary, containing two pair of pelicans, divers, storks and other birds, also eagles, wolves and a grizzly bear, we were joined by two cranes of Thone who had followed us in another drag, and with whom we repaired to another restaurant, where in a back room, with open door and windows looking out upon a garden, bright in its spring verdure, we dined luxuriously. First we had turtle-soup — genuine — then red fish, then game — some kinds of delicious birds — with the accompaniments of potatoes, delicately fried green peas, early flour and excellent plum cake with ice and sugar. Add cigars, a brûlée or bowl of punch (admirably compounded and brought in flaxing) all enjoyed without
The encouragements of coat and waistcoat, and such constituted our dinner. Over it we sat till near evening, when it appeared that "a lady" had arrived off with the gig of our companions. After a good deal of mirth at this unexpected termination, Thorpe and I left our companion to return by rail or other ways, and bowed back to the city. He set me down at the St. Charles and after a desultory half-hour, and a cup or two of tea at Wiebo, I went to Harris's. Two or three people whom I had met before were there, but nothing special occurred. As the Picayune had reprinted almost the whole of my letter to the containing the account of the Trip of the registered enemies to Dixie, I was, of course, alluded to, and Mrs. H., warmly commending to
truth, was extremely desirous of getting a copy of the original paper containing it. Returned to St. Charles about 12. An absurdity as yet not chronicled. Hayes, as before intimated, had leapt into sudden notoriety, in consequence of his writing an sensation account of the arrest of the street negroes in New Orleans, one night, in accordance with the renewal of the old slave-laws of Louisiana, by order of Col. French, Provost Marshall. Also from his account of Texan atrocities perpetrated on Union men, the details of which he got during his involuntary sojourn at Pilot Town.

The first affair excited some commotion, as much as the artful author of it had been "travelling" among the "Scotch" asserting that his paper was a "Breckinridge - Democrat" one. Schell's picture of The New Era in the 5th Frank Leslie's, introducing Hayes as full
length kept the matter alive. So one night, when
the rest of the fellows were at the theatre, the devil tempted me to write
in a faked hand, a mysterious
warning to Hayes, anonymously,
informing him, that he had offended
one who never was known to forgo,
and who had both the power and in-
culation to gratify his malice—that
a blow would be struck at his heart
with equal secrecy and surely—final-
ly exhorting him not to go out late,
alone or unarmed. This awful missis,
I put under his door. Next day there
was a sensation. The boy never suspet-
ed me. Told everybody about it, exhort-
ed the watchman to be on his guard
and talked about the thing so that
I revealed the secret. That evening
in the presence of Schell (who knew it
before) in the Rotunda.

Another mission. On the evening of
went out with one Whitley, a detective, for a night-ramble in New Orleans, for the benefit of the Era. The results didn't amount to much - small houses tenanted by prostitutes, and Sicilian recoveries of stolen goods and utterors of bad-cash checks, a bar where negroes were gambling (and where my guide had shot one Pedro Cazendeal, a notorious desperado), two dance houses after the Water Street pattern, very thinly-attended, and the El Dorado, on our way back. Whitley was a character - a Missourian who had been a leading "border-ruffian" in the Kansas times. He had been in too few or five "difficulties" and killed his man or men in each - the particulars of which little encounters he narrated to me. A long-faced thin man, not unlike the traditional Yankee but well-dressed. He told me of his detective operations, some of which were
sullenly villanous.

9. Monday. To Capt. McClure’s office. There to ascertain when The Mississippi — a big, Boston built propeller — started for New York. He had offered me a passage on her previously. Leaving him with the information that she hadn’t got up the river yet, I was more correctly informed by a man I met outside. O’Brien, a sharp-eyed detective whom I had met often enough at the St. Charles. He had just procured a pass from Col. Chandler, for the body of a dead officer to be sent north on the Mississippi, then up the levee, and proposing to start tomorrow or Wednesday. So back I went and saw Chandler who was offensive and refused me what I got two minutes afterwards from his superior McClure. Thence to the steamer. Then to the post-office, over-hunting piles of newspapers, and
at length succeeded in getting the one coveted by pretty Mrs Harris. Then to the back of the French cathedral to get alligator skin ankle-boots, ordered subsequent to production of long ones. Then Perrigue Tobacco and book buying, cigar buying and promiscuous purchases made in the neighborhood of departure. Got back to hotel about 5 and an hour afterwards dined with Schell at a restaurant in Carondelet Street, where we felt rather luxuriously with the accompaniment of an excellent bottle of claret. Nothing particular during the evening.

10. Tuesday. My last day in New Orleans. Father and Mother; some scrambling. Fellow's most complimentary, particularly Schell & Hayes. Dinner put down erroneously to the credit of yesterday. After it we met Harris... in the eve-
and Hancock did Heenan and Sayers, tightrope walking and dancing, followed by The Vagabond (Quaker business), to the last of which Mr. Lizzy Harris lent her charming shadow. I am pretty sure that my hostess rules her husband, as I detected little expressive indications of authority, when he became unusually enthusiastic and demonstrative. Harris is a tall, thin man, perhaps forty, with blackish, curling hair, a mustache and shaven face. The last a good deal marked and wrinkled. This manner is ordinarily very demonstrative. He might be mistaken for a professional in music on the stage. To me, his wife was very charming this evening, expressing regret at my departure, saying she "didn't think she'd take the Era any more," exhibiting my trial letter in a place of honor in her soap
book and doing other things to gratify one's vanity. The evening went pretty swiftly and soon the time came for parting. Expressing a desire for the "Bonne Blue Flag" (which they are not allowed to sell at the music-shops) Miss H. impulsively cut it out of a bound volume of pieces and gave it to me, and parting, took both of her pretty hands to shake mine. "God bless you!" from Harris and I had turned my back on the pleasant house for ever and found myself in the quiet square. Old Baxter overtook me shortly afterwards and together we walked up St. Charles Street, when a violent shower of rain drove him into a carriage and me into the Southern Restaurant, where in one of the boxes of which I find Pavers and another man I know - Pavers belongs to the war vessel Mississippi - and was with Bill Waud in the
fore tops, on the occasion of her steaming by from Jackson and Phillip in the capture of New Orleans. He talked of Wand a good deal, of his companionable qualities, his stories and his getting drunk. A. G. Hills Powers thought little of it, vowing him destitute of pluck. He stayed behind. Except Wand and Osborne (whom I knew at Port Royal) no newspaper men saw the taking of the forts—Wand didn't see New Orleans though. Powers, a coarse, jovial fellow, I remember in conjunction with another, making an irruption into A. G.'s room at the St. Charles, when we first arrived there, when all their talk ran on getting drunk and whooping—"Brigadier general Dick," "Till Phillips" and other harlotry. When I had eaten my "dozen raw" and we all three were in front of the bar, I had produced my little monomaniac, but...
Powers, brawzingly swept us out of the place, saying that he boarded there—which was the fact—and what did we want to pay that old Dutchman for, who was as "Scottish as his ..." The man was really a Frenchman, dogmatic and stupid, but disposed to be quite friendly to one. Schell and he used to have the most ludicrous little "spats" with each other on the subject of recension, in which the Philadelphian would address his antagonist in burlesque German gibberish and be answered with broken French English denominations of "niggers" and Yankees.

11. Wednesday—Up by 6 and breakfasted an hour later in the hotel restaurant, with Schell and Ripley, Cash of the "Herald" (recently arrived from Key West, to organize an office and take rooms at the St. Charles for that purpose)
trance on the lower deck and a struggle through a dense crowd. 

Temporarily shoving away my traps I shook hands with honest Schell — the best fellow of the whole crowd — and whom I was truly sorry to part with — and then remained on deck surveying the scene. Hamilton had gone off, of course, before I had got aboard; Baker was invisible. A G walked up and down on the outskirts of the levee, but immediately in front stood Hayes and Schell. The two who really cared for my departure.

There was a good deal of delay in getting off and some blundering on the part of the pilot, involving the damage or destruction of one of the flanges of the propeller, but at about 11 we steamed out into the broad muddy river, and I had left New Orleans behind perhaps never to see it again. Got chummed.
in a satisfactory flat-cabin in company with a Lieut.-Col. Frost, going home, having resigned, in consequence of sickness. He has two soldiers attending on him, simple-natured, kindly Yankees, whom he is obliging enough to quarter in our cabin, where one occupies the lower berth, and one sleeps on the long seat. I am the river; sunny and hot. Got acquainted with the Purser, Sampson, a friendly little man whom I learnt to like a good deal subsequently. The vessel has some of the Harriet Lane's men, and some belonging to the Queen of the West on board, returning as pardoned prisoners. The former have been through Texas and came down via Red River down the Mississippi. I slept capitally, as usual at sea— notwithstanding the yelping of two little dogs in a cage, belonging
New England men, the average physique and figure isn't very high; in their shapeless blue overcoats and caps they look forlorn enough though some smoke and chat and even sing, happy at their release from the 'debilitating' of a Southern climate. There are, as cabin passengers, a certain number of officers—colonels, captains, majors and the like, and some doctors—mostly returning on sick leave, some with but little claim to it. "It's always so," says my friend. The shrewd little purser, "before a fight." With a very few exceptions they seem as ordinary, cheaply-constituted a lot as you would desire to let alone. I like the Harriet Lane fellows and consort a little with them, though they profess to "hate niggers" like the true Americans. They are Paymaster, Asst. Surgeon, Master's Mate and
brought her aboard and made the arrangements for her passage. She is a young woman of perhaps six and twenty; of passable features and languid figure, wearing her hair in a net and getting very much sun-burnt; nobody could mistake her or any of her sex aboard for a lady. She seems very attractive to a tall, common-faced ex-sea captain of something unimportant; he has given up his room to her and avoided his insatiable "strictly dishonorable" attentions to the store purser, who guesses he won't make much there. Next in order, an ex-nurse of soldiers at the N. O. military hospital, a French under-resembling a vulgar Alsatian, who sits next to me at table. She was born at Strasbourg, so therefore perhaps more German than French, talks broken English, has lived four years in New Orleans, and seems honest and
good-natured. She says she has a sister-in-law in New York, and recognized me as an Englishman by my speech. She would willingly do little, kindly offices for the sick soldiers. Next to her (at table) is an ordinary-faced woman of no particular physiognomy, with two long, lank curls, who has no more individuality to my knowledge than is involved in her piping forth a wish than an English vessel (of which more anon) ought sink to the bottom of the sea with all on board, in case she did not prove to be a prize to the blockade cruisers. The rest of the women are common-looking, acidulous, and trashy. With them, beside the tall ex-sea-captain, is generally to be found our own skipper, Captain Baxter, who may be a very good sailor and brag of having been round the world, but socially, he is simply
Zelos, who is generally ill-conditioned, prone to thrusting his colloquial car into others' conversations, and talking in a loud, brattling, aggressive tone on matters of which he has but the barest, rudimentary knowledge. Of course, he is utterly illogical and unreasonable, of course, an egotist. The rest of the cabin passengers are sufficiently discriminated already.


15. Sunday. Coaling at Key West. A blazing hot day. Rambled ashore, and to Fort Taylor, meeting by the way, a sturdy.
shaven, freckled man who addressed me as his fellow-voyager on board the "Marine" when we went to Charleston in December 1860. It was Hartley, an Englishman, then on his way to Key West, to superintend certain works at the Fort for the government. He had recrossed the Atlantic once; then he is now in charge of the little railroad, or tramway running from the Fort island. I soon discerned from his talk that he was an ardent secessionist, in spite of his employment by the U.S. government. He told me that he thought of going into the running the "blockade business." After presenting a note of introduction, from Cass of the Herald, to Cvd. Good commander of the post, who had just ridden into the Fort from his camp, I accompanied Hartley over the Fort - a newly-finished
one, mounting more guns than I had supposed. That effected we visited an Irish acquaintance of Hartley's, just inside the fort, where the two drank some bad whiskey. Returning to the wharf, I was introduced to two or three Key West men, by Hartley, one a tall fellow with an immense ragged beard, about as ornamental as a sponge to his countenance. On board the Mississippi with this little party, to drink; I then got rich by them. Previous to my walk to the Fort, I had met old Bethel, got up in his Sunday rig; out of danger, he wasn't too cordial. Dozed during the heat of the afternoon and subsequently went ashore with Sampson and Frost. A walk, first along the sandy shore, then inland, through the low undergrowth, bordered by the
cactus, the prickly pear, the cactus oil plant, and other semi-tropical vegetation to the garrison. A visit to a burial-ground, where I made a sketch of the grave of a soldier who died of yellow-fever last August, for the benefit of his mother. Then a visit to Col. Good, whom we found, with a little kind of acquaintances, on the piazza of a handsome wooden house, smoking and listening to the performance of a good band. Joined him

Piney there: (I had met him before, while talking to Hartley and his acquaintances.) Half an hour thus, then back to the Mississippi.

16. Monday. Getting out shell. Strolled ashore, called at Piney's store — the largest in the place. With Frost to a stick-maker, an old boy named Brannan, who parted
Wednesday on our way to Port Royal. The weather was good and pleasant, and there were over 100 vessels in the harbor. Hilton Head, too, has grown since the last time I visited, especially near the pier where many new houses have been built.

We boarded a little steamer named Captain King, harbormaster came aboard with Captain King and a select little party on the little steamer to the pier. Accosted by Osborne and another Herald man. We were at the end of the building on the right of the pier. Introduced to a correspondent of the Tribune and one of the Boston Journal. The first was a Frenchman (who, however, spoke American well enough) with a...
circular space on the top of his head, shaved and the rest of his hair cut objectionably short, I suppose in consequence of the head. With his coat off and his hat off, in white cotton socks and slippers, I wasn't overmuch impressed in his favor, still he may be a very good fellow. I think his name was Villard. The Boston Journal man was middle-aged. From thence to see Ellwell, now a Colonel, in the old quartermaster's office, now architectural disguise to that extent that its planner wouldn't know it. Ellwell came near dying of yellow-fever, went home to Ohio and got his advancement during his sickness. Thence set off to the old camp of Serrell's Engineer regiment, ploughing my way through the sand. I had previously informed...
That both Serrell and George Edwards were absent on furlough, one in Washington (soliciting a Brigadier-Generalship) the other in New York. Back and to the old quarters when Thompson, Hay, Rice and I lived, to find Freeman - learnt that he was just starting for Beaufort, on board the Wyoming, and hurrying down the Long Pier to overtake him, met Edge! He was here for the World - not on salary, to be paid his expenses and so much per letter. Chaffed him about Russell's mention of him as "an officious little person who was buzzing around." Etc. Found Freeman, and while talking with him was recognized by Capt. Faircloth, temporarily in command of the boat. Talk. The Delaware, with Murdock aboard, is at Beaufort. Introduced to Mrs. Faircloth, a thin
woman, recently arrived from the north. Good by to Freeman & Faro. The latter on friendly terms with Edge, despite the loan. "I make him help me on some letters I'm writing to Wilkes' Spirit," said Freeman, who I found, had offered to give Edge money to pay for his hotel board. At the end of the pier — land or rather sand end — called on Gen Terry and had a talk with him for twenty minutes or so. Then on. Presently met Charley Honeywell on the steps of the quartermaster's office. Asked him to ale at the hotel. Thence down the pier together. Met Gen Hunter escorting a lady (sister to Terry) Halpine, new colonel,quiring another, and behind them Captains Heny and Thompson, resplendent in their blue uniforms and brass buttons.
All the party had just returned from a day's trip to Beaufort. Talk with Hay & Thompson. rice still with Gen Wright at Cincinnati. Presently accepted Charley Honeywell's invitation to sleep aboard. The Cosmopolitan. Raved further across some distance of water aboard and upper, in company with the captain, officers of the boat and a number of army doctors. The Cosmo is now destined for hospital use, in anticipation of the wounded to result from the coming attack on Charleston. After upper, the Doctors and Charley played cards, while I read. A drum-fish curiously audible during the evening and night. At about 10 (after a moderate glass of hot water) to bed in a luxurious cabin, next to Honeywell's. In that young man's room I noticed at half a dozen photo-
19 - Thursday. A sunny, pleasant morning. Ashore in boat, with Honeywell and doctors. To Quartermaster Elwell. Thence, with Charley to Adam's Express, where I saw Irishman whom I knew before here, and subsequently met in New York, in company with Osborne. Left Honeywell and went to Thompson's quarters - one of the rooms formerly occupied by Gen. Hunter, or on the site of it, for all the rows of buildings have been pulled down, in consequence of the yellow fever having raged in their vicinity. The stinking little creek is also drained. Talk with Thompson and Aunt another. Honeywell as-owed. Off with Thompson to Gen.
Hunter's quarters, some hundred yards to the left of the long pier. Halpine was very busy in his office, with sundry generals and colonels, so we didn't trouble him for the present, but went to see Col. Fessenden. After twenty minutes chat I sent in my name to The General and was presently invited to visit him, getting a friendly and cordial reception. Talk of New Orleans, Banks, Charleston, and things for an hour. Then to Halpine, whom I found in his office. The sight of one of his eyes is destroyed. He talked awhile (Gen. Terry was with him at first) and going out to the General I presently returned with an invitation to dinner at B. Back to the hotel, meeting Edge by the way. The day was now overcast, a lasting north-east wind blowing, and lashing the waves to fury; and
drawing the sand over the pathways—
In the hotel, in Edge's chamber—
or rather one occupied by him in
common with half a dozen others—
drinking stout and talking. Am
at 2 1/4 over to Thompson and Italy.
Pic (not my friend) there. Off to
Gen. Hunter's. Found him in his
room with a Capt O'Connell (naval)
there. Talk and a little brandy.
Dinner, with the General, Captain,
Halpin, Gen. Hunter's nephew Sam,
and two or three others. O'Con-
nell, among fish, meats and cham-
pagne. O'Connell to be my fellow-
passenger to New York. With him
down the long pier, and aboard a
little steamer, in a violent north
east wind, almost a storm. After
some half hours delay, just off for
The Mississippi. Elwell was there,
but left, before our departure. One
of the last persons. I saw was Little Edge on one of the steamers, waving his hand in a droll. By the way I've forgotten that I saw Steve the postmaster, (temporarily in arrest) who hunted me up copies of the New South containing my quarantine article, written last September— which papers were duly stolen from me aboard the Mississippi. Got there and saw Sampson— was removed into opposite cabin, to be tenant by Barter and Hildreth, the tall Irish captain who is or has been pursuing the Irish "man." Capt. Bagster tells the purser that said "man" makes "notes" on him. Lay off Port Royal all night.

20. Friday. Off at 6 A.M. A bitter, cloudy, rainy equinoctial storm all day. Going ahead in good style, though. In the purser's cabin...
all the morning, writing, dozing in the afternoon, for the sake of warmth; in the evening pacing up and down the deck with Capt. O'Connell, who has been on the naval survey on this coast for the last 15 or 20 years and knows everybody in Charleston. Anon a drink in our cabin and I returned to this diary, which I have at length patched up to the current hour.

21. Saturday. A strong north-east wind blowing all day, the Mississippi, insufficiently ballasted with coal, rolling from side to side considerably. General disappearance of passengers into cabins. I sat trying to write in pursuance Sampson's cabin until the motion of the vessel compels me to abandon the attempt and take to reading—Dozing after dinner.
Then to Sampson again, and in his cabin till near 9 in the evening. A pretty heavy sea on, drenching the deck and dashing against the window, and into the ventilatory space in top of it. A thunderous, eternal swash of water audible, and everything sea-wards looking as wild as possible. To berth about 10, the lightning flashing and a heavy roll of thunder outside. We are heaving in for Point or Cape Lookout, to avoid worse weather and have lost (so they say) some fourteen or fifteen hours.

22. Sunday. Sunlight and a sharp, cold wind, drying the decks and making things pleasanter. The vessel still rolls, but not so tremendously as yesterday. Smoking and loafing on deck or in pursuer's cabin, with Sampson and Boutelle, then below, reading...
23. Monday. Arrived at New York harbor between 6 and 7 in the evening. The captain (and subsequently most of the officers) went ashore in 5 boats but I didn't, preferring to sleep aboard to the disagreeables of getting up-town and exasperated accomodation at Ossley's. In the calm of the friendly pursuer for the last evening, talking with him over a temperate journey of Santa Cruz. Very cold outside; the lights and town looking familiar enough. Descending to my cabin at about 11, occupied it alone, there being only the baggage of one of my late fellow-passengers, to remind me of the existence of those whom I should perhaps see never more. A sound sleep till morning.

24. Tuesday. After a final breakfast went ashore in the ship's boat with Purser Sampson and the
mail bags, I was purchased a top of the latter, in a rather critical condition, maam much as the water was rough and steamers about. Landed at Castle Garden and then good-bye to Kindly, odd little Sampson, who wouldn't charge me the usual $20 exacted from others for in payment for their board. With my baggage to the Battery Gate and thence up-rain in a Bleecker Street omnibus, to the old house, where I arrived at about 9 ½, finding Cahill breakfasting in the basement. Saw Mrs. O'Sheehy, up-at-air: Shepherd and Water in their usual pairs. Dined in doors till the afternoon. Then damn town to the Tribune Office. A friendly reception by Gay and England; talking over matters in the Department of the Gulf &c: England inviting me out to dinner tells me of enlogies editorial of my letters. To
The office of Christopher, Morse, Skipper, Haney and Co, where I didn't find the last individuality to up town to dinner. Between 9 and 10 I to 745 Broadway where Pater familia opened the door for me, upstairs to Mrs. Edwards's work-room where I found her and Jack. Talk for half an hour, then upstairs to Marta and Eliza. The rest of the family joining us, stayed till the old hour, 11, and then back to Bleecker Street, to bed in the front attic which on my first arrival in the house, seven years ago, I shared temporarily with Haney. Halksted (whose odd dining seems to have ended), and who was Calidil's partner in the Canterbury Hall waiter-girl affair) occupies the room now, Mullen the adjoining one.

25 Wednesday. Downtoam
and bither and thither; mom mi recordo as to details. To Judge
Office, Haney’s St. An evening
at 15th St. with Haney, dining and staying the evening with him. Do every evening (invited by
a note left at his Broadway residence) made one of the party. Saw
Mrs. Potter and Miss Cooper; the
latter of whom saluted me, after her affectionate went, with a kiss. A
drizzly night to turn out in, making one regret New Orleans
weather.

26. Thursday | Non mi recordo
27. Friday | as to details
28. Saturday | Dam Tarn almost every day, generally in the after-
noon. Met Morris at Haney’s, also
Bellew both as usual. The former
annable, the latter eulogistic of
Hamilton as an artist and a cor-
respondent. “They tell me, both at
the Times and Harper's, that they never had a correspondent or artist who "&c., &c." Credat Judaeus — When the man actually grossly neglected the Times' work for the purpose of making bad pictures for the Harper's. Bellew is unscrupulous, and never misses a chance to say a political thing about his friends. His brother Patrick Bellew is no longer a high-salaried conductor on the "1st Avenue Line," but simply a loafer, living on Frank, the wife and child also being quartered in the house at Fordham. Bellew doesn't pay any rent for it — saying that his landlord desired him to stay in and occupy it as it would save him "having a man in." O Tempus, O Dives! on the first afternoon of my arrival, I was diving for a three-cent glass of ale into the little place nearly below The Tribune Office, when
A. F. came rushing after me, palpably for a drink, which I stood.

The look's dreadfully raffish and battered, lives anywhere — that is, by sponge — and I don't know that he knows each morning where he'll lie down at night. Frank Wood, I met, while descending Beckman Street, with the intention of calling on the I. N. News office to see Bill Ward. He looks tamer than during his unmarried state, as if matrimony had brought with it its cares and responsibilities. He is night editor on the Journal of Commerce, a beastly old "conservative" pro-slavery paper and I suppose at home there. In talking with him I purposely assumed that he was writing for the Caucasian, which he did not deny. We had a bit of a spar about Englishmen's most able disappointment on returning.
to Their own country, he of course met among Dellew, and parted.

Frank Leslie and John Angel Wood I saw at the office of the former. Leslie looks as greasy as ever - I blew him up about Schell's imprudery. Squier is only nominal editor to the paper now, only the little whelp's name appears at the head of the "Leaders." He has been in Washington for, I don't know how long, begging, cringing, fawning, intriguing for a place, which he has, at last, succeeded in getting. He is to be arbiter of some South American claims and something besides that. Meanwhile Leslie performs the part of husband to Mrs. Squier, lives in a fine brickstone house in the Fifth Avenue, pays or runs in debt for carriage, groom and expensive dress, rides, dines and lies with the wife of the odious
little cuckold, he being perfectly well aware of it. Squier is, of course, a "hissing over" patriot and anglophobe. Hayes, the ex-engraver on the Illustrated, is running a restaurant on Nassau Street, just below the Sun Building. Called the "Montezuma," it seems to promise success. He says he has a married man to back him as sleeping partner, and has dropped into position behind the counter with amusing adaptability. After a lunch there and a talk with him, I met Brightly, who is still at Leslie's. Hayes had seen Alf W. and about a week ago, Alf being, as my informant surmised, home on a stolen visit, unknown to The Harper's. Just as I so chanced, both Alf and Will entered The Hall of Montezuma an hour or two after my call, when I was either at Waters, visiting
Hall, trying to find a young squirt who had wasted an hour and a half of my time yesterday in overhauling old Picayune woodcuts, of which he selected $50 worth — and never appeared afterwards — or at the Tribune Office. Alf had shan at Harper’s, and was going to return tomorrow, Saturday morning, which he, no doubt accomplished. Hayes describes him as very rugged, tough and hearty, and withal a bitter partisan of McClellan, still, thankgoodness, humbug is not now at a pretty wholesome discount in the North. (In any other country but the late U. S. he would have been most deservedly shot for his palpable disqualification towards damaging the rebels.) I saw Gaylor going up Broadway one afternoon and he held me company for five minutes. He looks big as
bull - beep and morally uncondi-
red - scrubbles had plays still -
A good deal of rehandling "portable
property" in doors; writing to Mary
Anne, to Heich hold, and to others.

Poor Winchester - Capt. Winchester
is dead. He was wounded by a
mustet - bullet in the leg, at the
disastrous battle of Fredricksburg
and came home to die. They gave
him a stylish funeral, I think in
Brooklyn. I'm sorry for Win-
chester; he was a kindly fellow and
very friendly at Fortress Monroe.

I wonder what "Kate" thinks of the
tragical cutting - short of that corres-
pondence - when she looks over her
pile of Winchester's letters.

Cahill is off The Times - discharged; he
does occasional outside reporting for
it still, or rather gets the job for
Watson's performance. That human
rat lives as heretofore in Cahill's attic, sleeping on the floor in a corner, and having his meals brought up to him, like a dog. "I've forgotten Fluff's breakfast," said Cahill to me, on the occasion of my return. "Whose?" I asked. "Fluff's:" he said, with his foolish laugh: "we call him Norman de Fluff, now, because he is so fluffy in appearance." I couldn't help laughing, too, the thing was ridiculous. A dogmatic, conceited, low-lived, atheistic, radically and incurably dishonest little whey is this Watson, and there's hardly a pin's difference in the moral worthlessness of himself and Cahill. The latter has been employed as "agent" by Bateman, father of the actress of that name, even as O'Brien, George Arnold, and F. Wood were. Cahill's duty lay in writing advertisements, saving about Miss Bateman, acting
as daquier (as the father does — I have seen him) and inviting all useful people to drink. Of course he is in debt with Booley as are Shepherd and Mullen. The last of whom lies in bed till 12 or 1, draws or goes abroad, returning in a state of reeling, staggering drunkenness, when he tumbles over chairs or the stove, and finally staggers to bed. Once, attracted by the light at which I was writing he made an irruption into Halstead's and my room, being disposed to be very friendly. A perfectly wild Irishman is Mullen, yet he has ability with his pencil. He swears and blasphemes like the ex-filibuster he is, delights in rushing about the attic floor in a semi-nude condition, with a blanket wrapped round him Indian fashion, or got up like a ridiculous Turk. What with him,
Cahill and Shepherd, Mary Ginnerty, the robustuous chambermaid, lives in a perpetual state of scuffle and yell, when on our floor. She likes the exercise, however, and is perfectly capable of taking care of herself. Mullen never wore drawers or underclothing, and exhibited two pairs of socks, which he once bought to Shepherd as an admirable curiosity. Shepherd once, in the boarding house parlor, turned up the "boiled Mullen's" trousers, in illustration of his not having adopted civilized customs. He was very savage at it. When Booley duns him, he swears at her. He does commissariat caricature theatrical portraits for Hankey and outside jobs, laboring not a minute more than sufficed to keep him in drink. Cahill has appeared drunk and foolish at table. Shepherd metaphorizes sonnets for Hanney's
Mag and the grubby-nailed Gumsey, being not a bit too industrious. Morally the attic-floor stinks; I should clear out from it were not my stay to be so temporary. Cahill and Boweryem had a row during my Southern sojourn, originating in Cahill's not returning a dollar microscope which he had got from Boweryem, under promise of inserting a puff in The Times. Unable to get either article, Boweryem, not too wisely, wrote to Wilson about the affair. Then Cahill slapped his face and a scuffle followed, in which, says Shepherd, Boweryem behaved with plucky impetuosity enough to have licked Cahill, had he been left to do it. There was another cause of quarrel between them—Miss Delany. I think I've mentioned her before; she is a shopgirl of Irish parentage rather pretty.
in an animal way, reminding me really of Matty Edwards, though I don’t like to think of her in connection with this girl, who is as stupid as an owl, and over accessible towards familiarities. Well, Bowser em of course fell in love with her and addressed her in high-flown sonnets, miles above her comprehension, becoming like a jealous fan-ti when Mullen and Calirel entered the lists, in their peculiarly refined styles. Mullen made Orson-courtesies over the dinner-table, but Calirel was facetious and familiar, talked impudently and “took liberties.” He boasted absurdly about his intentions, being “strictly dishonorable” and talked with characteristic brogue or phrase — when Bowserem would proudly ask Mrs. Phillips (late Ms. Traquere) whether she regarded Delany as a friend — whether she would not
warn her against the openly avowed designs of a villain and a libertine, and what not. She spoke to Mrs Odley, too. There was each be, the girl turned sulky and this, with alternate familiarity, is the same state of things as present, Mullen having retired. They have a story about Delany's recommending abortion pills to the ex-Miss McCook - it may be a lie or a truth. Bradshaw is here, also Ames, The two Phillips couple, Richards on and a middle-aged, civil man named Kirkland, said to be a spiritualist, who occupies my old room. Lizzie Woodward has got married to Fite - she doesn't tend store any more now, but plays young wife in a St Marks Place Boarding-house - I must try to visit her and her newly made husband - A falling-off in warmth
is supposed to have occurred between Susan Woodward and Richardson. I think she was the best-tempered girl of the two. Mrs. Captain Kettle appeared with a bouncing boy, at the dinner-table, one evening, looking better than ever she did as Mrs. Fagan. It appears that she cut Ham dead on getting married. Halstead was telling me that Mrs. K. is an ardent McClellanite, echoing Kettle, who always was a fool. The Phillips look very husband-and-wisely, "Celia" appearing at Sunday breakfasts with her hair in papers. Phillips has dropped inventions and sticks to his trade of working jeweller; his wife also, going out to some employyment, unlike the self-assertive Lizzy. Fite, by the way, is clerk in a Broadway toy-store. There's a dazed-looking old dawkey known as "The Judge" who
shews at our dinner table, being a good deal deferred to and treated
by Mrs O'Coley. It's "Judge! will you have this?" "Judge won't you
have a bit of that?" all through the meal. All the remarks attributed
To this important person indicate uncerernity or asininity. Two quiet-
looking young girls, with not handsome, but home faces, who sat oppo-
site to me at dinner, ought not to be in such a boarding house as
This semi-disreputable one. Halstead pays attentions to one, taking
her out. It is understood that Their father is a Glen Cove, or high-
lands hotel keeper, and that they are here for the purpose of attending
school. "Marry! They may learn more than he wots of here!" And so
much for the present inmates of 132 Bleecker Street.
20. Sunday. Had Haney with me all the fore and afternoon, and some part of the former Daveney. Just before tea went with Haney to the 745, and when almost in front of it, met Jim Parton, who has been in Massachusetts during the past two weeks, as the guest of Gen. Butler, whose rule in New Orleans, he is going to make the subject of a book. Almost immediately Parton began: “You may dismiss from your minds all that nonsense about Gen. Butler’s dishonesty; he —” I dissented, and pacing up and down for a few minutes, learnt that Jim had come to the extraordinary conclusion that it was totally unnecessary for him to go to New Orleans before writing his book — in which, if he sticks to this page resolution, he will assuredly stuffy himself awfully. He has hardly done a worse thing in
pro-concentrating himself by becoming Butler's guest. Nevertheless he was full of characteristic enthusiasm about the man — 'such might! — such enlarged views!' and God knows how much more — all about a coarse politician, once an ultra pro-slavery democrat and tool of the South — and latterly an extemporized general who had an extraordinary task to perform and did it thoroughly, but not with clean hands. Verily the very skies of New Orleans might protest against any idealization of Ossian Butler. But if Jim had to biographize Northern Judas, he couldn't help it. Jim went off to the hotel where his hero awaited him. (They had just arrived in New York) and we climbed the three flights of stairs to the sitting room on the 7th floor. There till 11, all the family proper
being present, Morris came, late, as usual. When we broke up, I left Morris at the door of his lodging. He rents a room atop of a tall five-story building and in President Lincoln’s phrase “browsed around.”

30 Monday. Was smoking a pipe and doing chores in my room when — enter Schell! I was surprised and glad to see him and soon got his story. He, with the rest of the reporterial crowd, went up the river on the afternoon of my departure from New Orleans, and went on, with the advance of the troops, to within five miles of Port Hudson, where they lay. That night, listening to the cannonade incidental to the Hartford and Albatross running past the rebel stronghold — Banks and — the other generals were there. “The object of the expedition being accomplished,” in the words of the commander-in-chief, he
his staff, and the faithful reporters all came back to Baton Rouge and to New Orleans. Schell, Howell and Hamilton and Slack are all here: Howell returned in consequence of illness, he would have died, had he remained, Hamilton because he wanted to, and Slack by way of going to Key West! Slack by the way, was on board the Richmond, and has spread himself enormously for tomorrow's Herald. All the party came back on the McClellan, making a rapid passage. Took Schell down town, to the Tribune Office, then to the Ill News, in search of Will Ward, then to Leslie's Twice — each time unsuccessfully, as regards seeing F. L. Which Schell wasn't desperately bent on, as he had come out ahead in money matters and wanted to go home to wife and
children in Philadelphia. At the time of his departure from New Orleans, the $100 advanced by Adams Express people in Schells' order on Leslie was still unpaid. Leslie had told about this to me. The $100 which Schell got from Gen. Butler's brother was paid, luckily. To "Hayes" for lunch, then to Tribune office again, where Willoughby being on hand, I had to act inquisitor to Schell, while Willoughby took phonographic notes of his narrative of the "Great Northern Port Hudson" business for the benefit of Tomorrow's Tribune. Schell figuring in it, involuntarily as our Correspondent. Out again to Corbin and Duff, Willoughby with us, then to Waters', where we saw Hall and a companion of his, a friend and correspondent of Schell's. Round to a tavern with the three. Previously I had seen Howell.
looking languid, but better than heretofore in the lower office of the World. He was waiting for an audience with Marble. He and Schell had put up, for one day, at a crowded Fulton Street hotel, where, or near where, I presently parted with the artist—a good and kindly fellow. Only "The boy" Hayes and the two Hells remain now, in New Orleans, of all our little crowd. A.C. is running the Era still, and splurging on James H. Macpherson. "Everybody," says Schell, "laughing at him, not at it." A.C. has received a sharp note of dismissal from The Boston Journal, writing on "expense" and other offenses. Very sagely he exhibited it to Hayes and the fellows. It cut him up badly—he had to get drunk on the strength of it. His wife is now with him in New Orleans.
Hayes was very mournful at the departure of the fellows: "I don't know what I shall do, when you are gone!" he said, instancing my biography as a primary calamity. Col. John S. Clark, the foolish and objectionable, got shot through the leg by a musket bullet near Port Hudson; Schell heard that he had died just before the sailing of The McClellan. The Harrises had sent their photographs to me in a letter (which I got subsequently, at Stanley's) — one of them justifying Mrs. It's remark that she didn't "take" well in picture. Agnew, I called on Otis, musical & dramatic critic of The Express, at Harris' request, to return a Dictionary of Music, Otis' property.

By Tuesday, the papers full of the Port Hudson business = read Hamilton over the breakfast table. Now
April

1. Wednesday. From my record.

2. Thursday. In the evening by invitation to Edwards' Rich. Russell and his sister. There, also Morris, Haney, Nast and his wife, and the rest of the family. Talk and a bit of a dance. Sally very friendly, repeating her invitation to visit them. "I wish you'd come!" said she. "A general invitation is no invitation," was my answer. "When will you come? Can you come on Saturday? etc." I expressed doubts as to the genuineness of Nast's wishing to receive me as a guest; she said I did him injustice. "You don't know him, and you never have known him!" quoth Sally ear-
nestly. So, after a brief conference with Tommy, it was arranged that I should dine with them on Tuesday night. When the little party (given, I suspect, in my honor) had broken up, Morris must needs have Jack and I accompany him up to his room to smoke a pipe there. Morris says that paying $5 or $6 per week for board is “outrageous,” saying that it costs him about $2.50. That he lights his own fire, prepares his own breakfast and supper, sweeps out the room and does chores generally—as I did, once, on 290 Broadway. We had a mild smoke and talk, and at about 1, descended on the dark staircase and turned into the dark, drizzly night. I have felt low-spirited and somehow disappointed and lonely, since my return. I want to be off—
for England.

3. Friday—Note my recollections
4. Saturday—with any degree
of minuteness. During this time or
before (most probably the latter)
sent off article about the "Hard-
up Correspondents" for the N. O.
Era, together with a private let-
ter to A. C. about things pertinent
to the war and in general. Gt.
Shepherd dispatched to the army
of the Potomac, as Tribune corre-
respondent. He had been to Gay before,
seeking to replace me at New Or-
leans; Gay consulting me about it.
It was determined to let "Umbra"
(Daker), Andrews and perhaps
A. C. Hills take care of the De-
partment of the Gulf for us, while
Shepherd should go to Virginia there
to help record Hooker's attempt on
Richmond, which, they say, will
assuredly be made, by crossing the
James River. After rigging shepherding out with my hair-sac, portmanteau, India-rubber blanket, old overcoat &c., he got off on Friday, subsequent to a long evenings good-bye to his beloved at Harlem, whether he used to go once or twice a week. I think he'll prove an average correspondent, and the job will be wholesome for him setting him free from this squalid, grinding life. He has been sober enough, in the testimony of others, since my departure for New Orleans — though that may be owing rather to his physical condition than to anything else. He can write decent English and is a gentleman in manners, and is perhaps worth helping. For Calhoun and Watson I have not a gram of sympathy; they will, and deserve to go to the devil. This striking
boarding-house has been intolerable to me. Mullen has been cleared out, after a prodigious row with our landlady. He owes her some three or four weeks' board, wouldn't pay her when he had money, and came home, staggering drunk, on two or three successive nights. So I heard Pooley jailing him as he lay in bed at 2 O.M. — The controversy involving oaths on both sides, at its conclusion, the bold Mullen, rather repentently wrapped up the whole of his personal effects in a piece of brown paper and departed, to borrow $2 from Haney, where-with to get drunk at the House of Lords, subsequent to which he was very miserable and talked about drowning himself. Apropos of blackguards, I have met Beckett Bellew more than once; he looks hard, seedy and disreputable. They say he has
done queer things, borrowed watches and guns from people, and then pawned the articles for what he could raise. He demurred "This b-y country," and confidentially assured me that he was going to leave it very soon— I met him in an ale- cellar, rather drunk, with two big dogs and a hard-looking "friend" beside him. He had previously demanded letters of introduction for two ill-looking fellows, to people in California, of Cahill— whose endorsement ought to be especially valuable. Cahill refused when Beckett suggested that it would be easier to forge them. He was thoroughly Irish and the O'Dellows belongings are—Frank, too, despite his likeable qualities. What stories we were told about the grand marriage that Beckett had made, with a hearse, worth heaven knows how many thousand pounds! Now we...
lie and his family glad to sponge on Frank, Piery, the Major—is. I hear he’s head steward or purser on some of steamboat. I fancy the whole tribe are of The Diddler order, the father being a genteel Micawber. On Tuesday evening I had an interruption of quests to my room. First I talk who came mainly to repay to me The $5 lent to him over the Chuckahommy; Then Mrs Boole conversing little Maquire, both of whom were presently rented by Davysam and Weston. Little Bowerymen is as friendly and as officious as ever, but no wiser. He is reckoning the unhatched chickens of his future prosperity as the tallest kind of shahgali’s; he assumed an air of prodigies importance when I suggested New Orleans for The Tribune to him and said with an aspect of injured dignity that he didn’t think
it would be worth his while to leave his "business" that he had been up once or twice to see Mr. Gay and if Mr. Gay wanted him, he could send to him. I dropped the matter with a resolve & pertinence to it. Baweryum subsequently confided to Shepherd a story about some Irish servant girl whose valuable acquaintance he had made while she was putting an advertisement into a newspaper in which arduous task he had assisted her, subsequently cultivating her society. She loved him wildly, and had avowed it, he said. I wasn't to be told of this on any account. An awful little add, though a kindly one, is George Baweryum - I have never seen his equal for inordinate vanity. He's been "in love" with a score of women, to my knowledge. He gets off the most astounding pieces of conceit, enough to justify the thrashing
of things at him, or a tremendous blowing up.
He and Weston went down, and as I had promised to equire Maquire home, I went down at once, there to find Mrs. Butler and the faithful Jones in the parlor. Had a talk with her till Maquire and Miss Clarke (who came to this house with Boley) appeared, when I took, first, the one, then the other home, and then jumped into the 6th Ave. cars, to go down Farn to an interview with Gay at the Tribune Office. Apropos I am appointed London Correspondent to the paper - To write one letter, or less, a week - for a salary of $5.00 yearly.
Paid a visit to Dix as on Saturday evening, when he talked about Grace's ac-
couchement and death. Thomas neither paid or thanked Dix as for his professional services. From other
scarcely I learned that he actually made up to Nelly, after her sister's death — but the young woman professed detestation of him. He is now "studying" to become an army surgeon! All of Grace's money he squandered secretly, except a poor sum of some $5000 which he wouldn't have settled as her child. He lied grossly, to account for his apparent command of means, saying that his salary had been raised, and what not. The fellow is utterly, irremediably base and selfish. Fanny has gushed in The Ledger, of course, about Grace's death and about the baby. The dear old ghoule and cannibal. That she is — Parton (whom Dixon characterized, physically, as "poor shoot") lives with the old cat in as much harmony as ever. It is she who won't let him go to New Orleans. She can't spare him. They behaved with
Horrible carelessness at Grace's acquaintance. She was not in bed, so what must Mort do but lift her out, into a settee, beside an open window, and This in December! They congratulated one another on their successful defiance of the doctor. "It seemed almost seems as if he wanted to kill her!" commented Mrs. Edwards, narrating this. If she had lived, indeed, Mort's squandering her money must have been discovered to her. When his first wife, poor little "Chips" died was in labor, the fool and brute put his head into the room and checked the birth for half an hour. There was a regular drunken hale about her, too. Ah well! the poor young wives may compare experiences, now, where he won't come in a hurry. I shall have to believe in original sin after all, I'm afraid.
5. Sunday. To Jim Parton's room, at Dodsworth's. Through the rain, finding him and Jack Edwards there. An hour or more's talk about Butler and New Orleans. I urge him to go there, apparently in vain. Then left and took the car to 30th Street. To dine with Leslie. Stayed till 8. Then down town. Looked in at 14th and walked home with Nancy. To get my savings book.

6. Monday. To the North River end of Canal Street. There to see the steamer Victoria, advertised to sail for Liverpool at the 16th of this month. She is a big propeller, that came here with a cargo of cotton and proposes to take a handful of passengers. I had thought of going in the City of Washington and on Saturday, paying $80 in gold—now at over 50 per cent premium over
U.S. money. The Victoria will take me for $75 currency. Dam torn to third office, evening Post and elsewhere. At the E.O. of fire saw Williams and Maverick; Williams goes in the city of Washington. Hitler and Thither tell about 24, then uptown. I saw W. Ward one day last week and spent an hour or two with him at Mataram's. He lives in Jersey still; and with Sol Eytinge, illustrates the paper, now a poorish one.

Tuesday. About nearly all day. One task: The trying to hunt up the hunking Gilmore, whose have — a long way up town — I have been to, who has no office; and who owes me $2 2 for my article in January's Contingental. I go to wool's, the publisher, after him — to the office of the ship agent for the Victoria, where I saw the man.
Whitney, also the captain, Henry Harris, a very English-looking man whom I am disposed to think favorably of. Talk, I am desirous of getting a reduction in the fare, giving as an equivalent a good notice in the Tribune, in a sea-letter.

To the Mr. office and butter and butter until past 4, then by 6th avenue real-car to keep my engagement with the Nasts. Alighting at 44th street, I walked the length of several immature blocks, half-country, half-town, with a good deal of the osteological -rock- anatomy of Manhattan island sticking out, and presently arrived at number 202, in a decent row of houses. Tommy opened the door and showed me into two neatly-furnished parlors, profusely ornamented with pictures, in oil, water-color, sketch and engraving - many of them we own work. Very soon
however we went down-stairs to the basement, to Sally. The baby and dinner. The meal was a good plain one, nicely served, comprising simple oyster soup and roast beef. Nast appeared friendly, almost assiduously so and Sally showed pleasantly. After dinner I looked over innumerable pictures of Nast's, appertaining to his visit to England, the Heenan and Sayers fight, his Garibaldian experiences, and later work, in Harper's and other miscellaneous subjects. Among the latter were a series of sketches a la John Martin, illustrative of Paradise Lost, done to order for a Connecticut Yankee who is going to get up a panorama on the subject. Sally and her husband's talk about the man was not without humor. Barring a little carelessness in anatomy — the result of haste — the
drawings were excellent. There was a little consciousness of the novelty of our relative positions at first, hence I presently spoke, saying that (as I felt) that I was heartily glad to be there, as I desired to leave none but friendly recollections behind me on my coming departure for England—that we had possibly misjudged each other abnormally hitherto, and so on—Nast responded in friendly sort and we shook hands. He had got his original conceptions of me from Sol Eytinge, and I could easily imagine how just they were. Subsequent to Nast's marriage and refusal to allow Sally to associate with Allie (or Maggie as Nast called her) Sol led him a dog's life at the Illustrated News office, and Alf Ward helped Sol to do it. Now, in Sol's estimation, Nast is 'worse than I was,' deplores Sally. Nast,
fear, hasn't had the fairest or most generous usage all round. Much of his apparent conceit is really the mask of his shyness and consciousness of his educational deficiencies. This and his predisposition against Haney and myself by Eytinge, will account for the behavior he disliked in him. The Yellows knew himself to be very ignorant of many things, but knew also that he had ability with his pencil and resentment at the frequent unkindness and treating of him. He came of poor parents and was known as imperious. "He has had to go to bed hungry because his mother had no food to give him," said Sally earnestly. At Leslie's, he got $5 a week and was mortally apprehensive of losing his place. "Joe he looked up to, immensely. He tells how much work on
Sol's drawings he did, as he progressed. Putting at the foot of such an artistic Gandalich it is no wonder that he contracted that offensive decedent alism about everything that seven years ago, was so horribly false in the basement of the building in which I write. The infernal things that Haney, Sol, and Bill W. used to say to one another then—and how miserable we all were! Well, Tommy, growing up in this atmosphere, is brought to 7145, when unconsciously he falls head over ears in love with Sally. Then, I think almost everybody disapproved of him. I was Haney's partisan; Ann cackled against Walt and the girls gushed and snubbed him. I don't suppose that anything he could do or say then, appeared to great advantage in our eyes. When he came back from Europe he...
landed with about one dollar in his pocket. The former dynasty of the old News owes him some hundreds of dollars to this day, of which he'll never get a cent.

"And yet directly he earns a little more money he must go and get married!" said Sally. I said that I didn't think he had repeated it, and heartily congratulated Nast on the thing ending all right after all. The bull went at the fence and carried it!" said Tommy. I remembered one of my remarks to Sally, as she, with a scarlet face, but laughing also, added: "There you are. I've kept my word and told him all we talked about!" (Not quite all, I thought.) Poor old's well
That ends well, and I am well content to know that Sally loves her husband as much as she is capable of loving anybody, and that he is both proud and fond of her. They told me their troubles since they were married—how indignant Mrs. Edwards was at Nast's hiring a servant for Sally, declaring that she was "going on just like an American girl!" "When I could afford it!" said Nast, very truly. The folks at 745 Hall hardly came to see 'em during this episode— I stayed till 11, and came away with the vastness of visits of both Sally and Nast in my pocket. A dank and drizzly ride back to my dreary boarding-house—which I shall soon quit for ever.
New York
Can. J. Horton Post
Nov. 4th, 1872

My dear Quinn,

I just met Frank Schell
who told me he was writing you a long letter. I sent word by him saying
that I often thought of you. I often picture you in your rural English home, and see
you with your woolly red-brown beard
among the cabbages, currant bushes.

Our social intercourse is growing
now and we are nothing but in rooms
I trust American me. Then seem to be no Englishmen here now as of you.

There be steady living in the hurly
bursting I shall miss you left. Two
of my children my son and youngest daughter
home turned out very badly. My wife
died somewhat over a year ago under
most painful and humiliating circumstances.
and I am now alone by the side of a broken story work in a city like New York where no one goes to see any one else. My sister in England are very anxious that I should visit England, I am no less anxious to do it myself but the expense of the whole affair is a great impediment. Still I hope to do it. Then I should have the pleasure of seeing you. This is only a line to remind you of the days I have met and true it is. Well.

I am still working in Atkinson. I hope I find work pretty abundant.

If we should meet in England I would hope enough new and recollections to take you. I wish you joy of your journey. Your faithfully,
Wardington: Banbury: ENGLAND: Nov 1/07

My dear Jack:

Your letter of December last year, has remained unanswered almost as long as mine to you did, though of no deliberate intent, yet perhaps with less excuse, as I have (or ought to have) more leisure than your busy self. The fault was due to the old cause, procrastination, some temporary hindrance, at first, I think, then delay, increasing at compound interest, after its fashion. Then, too, as now, I had but little of personal interest to write about, our lives being, like those of most elderly folks, rather monotonous. I hope, by this time, you have succeeded in getting satisfactory photographs of your children, copies of which we shall be pleased to receive, as also of their parents. The last one I had of you is, I believe, about twenty years old. As a kind of anticipatory equivalent for ground bait to this result, I enclose a sun-portrait of
myself, taken one hot day in June last, which may partly account for the rather wilted and used-up look of the sitter, who never underwent the process with very satisfactory results. You will observe that Time has bleached me considerably:

"His golden (?) locks Time has to silver turned;
Of Time too swift! O swiftness never ceasing!" &c.

But I take the change pretty philosophically, and considering what old age must inevitably be to all who attain it, have cause for thankfulness. I hope to be able to say "Nunc dimittis" when my time comes without repining. There's a passage in an old writer, quoted by Charles Lamb, which I realize very feelingly. He is speaking of a man who has lived sixty years and upwards. "In such a compass of time," he says, "a man may have a close apprehension what it is to be forgotten, when he hath lived to find none who could remember his father, or scarcely the friends of his youth, and may
sensibly see, with what a face, in no long time, Oblivion will look upon himself." At three o'clock one stands right in the front line, waiting the sweep of the great scythe, which, as you remark, thins our ranks so perceptibly, with the wholesome deduction that we ought to hold on very close to those who are left." What you tell me in illustration of an opposite tendency in some of your family I regret, but can quite realize and understand. I am afraid you attribute it to its right source also. Women are often more worldly than men. They think so much of appearances, which men, living in a larger world, care less for. When I was last in the U.S. (in 1873-4) Want once spoke to me with a good deal of joking about your familying he might be alienated from you. "Even black," he remarked, "and you know what a good fellow he is!" But that was over 13 years ago. I know you were always the best and best of friends to him and used to think your relations towards all you sisters singularly kindly and pleasant in the dear
old basement in Broadway; but money will do after its kind, and its tendency is rarely beneficial. It's a kind of manure which may develop good fruit, but often a luxuriant crop of noxious weeds. I distrust most wealthy people, feeling as if there must be a great gulf between myself and them. I never wanted to be rich, feeling that it involved increased responsibilities, for which I was wholly unfit. Rich folks are not in the least happier than poor ones, and have the enormous disadvantage that scarcely anybody is sincere or truthful towards them. Here's a sentence or two from a letter which I got from Mrs. Nast, dated February 8, this year, that may amuse you. Alluding to the Cartons she says: 'I do not hanker especially after Mrs. P.'s acquaintance, but I would like to listen occasionally to some of Gem's wild talk and brilliant remarks. I don't know whether people are less original than they used to be, but it seems to me that as I
grow older, conversation becomes very uniform. You know just what they will say; they never startle you by new views of things. Of course this is rather a fashionable community to live amongst, and genteel society is not prone to much variety of opinion; but I often think of the discussions at old 745, and wish I could listen to some of them now." In short Sally finds the select of Morristown slow. You know, perhaps, that Walt went again to Colorado, in September, to visit Tom, who returned thither last May and thinks he has a very good prospect. There have been no drawings in "Harpers' Weekly" by his father since last Christmas. We've had an unprecedentedly fine summer here in England; the Jubilee and Buffalo Bill's show being the prominent sensations. Anecdotes of the former we feasted all our rustics, when I did an hours carving. Banbury got up a very good show and procession, with Tableaux, including the Lady on a White Horse and the old joke of the Puritan.
"Hanging of his cat on Monday
For killing of a mouse on Sunday."

I enjoyed the holiday, but my jubilating was performed without a grain of loyalty, which I regard as an impossible superstition, like witchcraft or fetichism. I subscribed for our feast, but when a misguided young lady called on Mrs. G. for a contribution to the "Women's Testimonial To Her Majesty," I not only refused, but gave her such information as to the working of that paramount piece of flunkeyism and the atrocious riches of the intended recipient as more than shocked her that anybody should express such dreadful sentiments. Furthermore I sent a two-column letter on "Victoriana Mendicancy" To our local paper, bringing to bear a startling array of facts and figures on the subject, not without some effect, as I am occasionally reminded.

There's scarcely a villager in these parts who won't tell you that the Queen's income is over £1,000 a day— with comments. You see I have not lived in America for nothing.

Don't let nine months pass before answering.
Cardial regards To Mrs. E and the juniors. And, remember, we shall welcome The photographs.

Yours faithfully,

Thomas Butler Gunn.
Mr. John D. Edwards
Brook Farm, near Baden,
St. Louis Co., Mo.,
U.S. of America.
Chicago Dec. August 29, 1876,

My dear Sir,

I trust that you

will pardon my long delay in

replying to your very kind letter

of March last. My recent illness

a consequent change of latitude

to facilitate my travel, with much of

various sorts that my private

correspondence has been prius

neglected, and it is only now

that I am finding time to bring
ich Mr. Esquire of confidence once
good and from there rich whom I
was associated long ago am any
grateful to the and I my highly
value you.

Please accept my

hearty thanks, once decided nice to be

Friends Yrs,

Steph W. Perry

Thomas Burton Dunn Esq

Liverpool (England)
IN THE GOLDEN DREAMLAND OF WINTER

ST. AUGUSTINE, Old and New
LOCALITIES AND HISTORICAL NOTE

BY GUSTAV KOERB

BARS OF the Florida coast are famous for their beauty and romantic associations. St. Augustine is a city of beauty and romance, as well as of history. It is a place where one can find the charm of the old world and the beauty of the new. The city is a blend of the old and the new, with a rich history that dates back to the 16th century.

St. Augustine was founded in 1565 by Pedro Menendez de Aviles, a Spanish conquistador. It is the oldest permanent European settlement in the United States. The city is located on the northeastern coast of Florida, at the mouth of the Matanzas River. It is known for its beautiful beaches, historic sites, and lively cultural scene.

The city is home to many landmarks, including the Castillo de San Marcos National Monument, a fort built in the 17th century, and the Alcazar, a historic hotel that dates back to the early 20th century.

St. Augustine is a popular destination for tourists, who come to explore the city's history and enjoy its many attractions. The city is also known for its delicious cuisine, which is influenced by its Spanish and French heritage.

The city is a perfect place to experience the beauty and romance of Florida.
The reader who takes any interest in literary things is always sure of a pleasant hour or two when a volume of Mr. Austin Dobson’s essays falls in his way. This expectation will not be falsified by the latest of the series, *A Paladin of Philanthropy* (Chatto & Windus), which takes its title from an essay dealing with the career and character of General Oglethorpe, the friend of Johnson and the founder of the colony of Georgia. Oglethorpe, who has been immortalised by Pope and Boswell, was a man of powerful benevolence, who was largely instrumental in alleviating the horrors of debtors’ prisons in Georgian London. The Fleet against which Dickens ran a tilt was an abode of bliss as compared with the “spunging houses” revealed to the Commission of 1729, where “the good and the bad, the sick and the hale, were found to be herded together in filthy dungeons; deaths, often from sheer starvation, were of daily occurrence; iron collars, thumbscrews, and the heaviest fetters were freely used for the refractory; and an unfortunate prisoner might be subjected to all this for the paltry debt of a shilling, which became the nucleus of endless gratuities and ‘considerations,’ and the pretext for perpetual confinement.” To have rescued Oglethorpe’s career from the oblivion into which our busy days have let it fall is an excellent deed.
THE POEM CONKLING QUOTED.

Every one remembers the sonorous verse with which Roscoe Conkling prefaced his speech in nomination of Grant in 1880. Within a few hours it was on the lips of thousands; inquiries were made as to its author, and for months after the convention adjourned, the lines were echoed and re-echoed in the newspapers. The verse was taken from a song entitled, "A Bumper to Grant," written by Charles Graham Halpine (Miles O'Reilly) when the general, shortly after the war, made his first canvass for the presidency. The tune was "Benny Havens, O!" The last of a dozen stanzas was the one to which Conkling was indebted for his celebrated quotation:

So, boys, a final bumper,
While we all in chorus chant—
For next President we nominate
Our own Ulysses Grant;
And if asked what state he hails from,
This our sole reply shall be,
From near Appomattox Court House
With its famous apple tree:
For 'twas there to our Ulysses
That Lee gave up the fight.
Now, boys, "To Grant for President,
And good luck to the right!"

Charles Graham Halpine's father was an Episcopal clergyman in Meath, Ireland. Several members of the family were in journalism, and the Rev. Nicholas J. Halpine was himself for a time editor of the Dublin Evening Mail. Charles became involved in the Young Ireland movement and found it advisable to seek an asylum in this country. He was for a time connected with the Boston Post and was afterward on the editorial staff of the New York Times under Henry J. Raymond. One of his first effusions in verse was an indignant protest published in the New York Tribune against the imprisonment on an American man-of-war of captured slaves. The verses, which were attributed to Horace Greeley, began as follows:

Tear down that flaunting lie,
Half-mast the starry flag,
In insult no sunny sky's
With the polluted rag.

He joined the northern forces during the war and was adjutant-general, first on the staff of Gen. David Hunter and afterward on that of Maj.-Gen. Halleck. His death was precisely like that of John Boyle O'Reilly. In the habit of taking soporifics for sleeplessness he died August 3, 1868, from an overdose of chloroform.

While in the army Charles Halpin adopted the pen-name of Miles O'Reilly, under which he wrote many of his tenderest and jolliest songs. His verses on "Sambo's Right to Be Kind" did much to remove the prejudice entertained by the author's countrymen toward the negro. Nearly all the old soldiers are acquainted with his song, "We Have Drank From the Same Canteen," "Jeanette's Hair," an exquisite love lyric, has been attributed often of late years to Joaquin Miller:

Your hair had a golden gloss, Jeannette,
It was silk of the finest moss, my pet;
'Twas a beautiful twist falling down to your wrist.
A thing to be braided and jeweled and kissed,
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.

Your eyes had a hidden glory, Jeannette,
Revealing the dear old story, my pet:
My arm was the arm of a clown, John; it was snivy, wristed, and brown, my pet; but closely and softly I loved to caress your warm white neck and your wealth of tress. Your beautiful plenty of hair, my pet.

Thus ever I dream what you were, Jeannette, With your eyes and your lips and your hair my pet.

Through the dreary and desolate years I moan, And my tears fall heavily over the stone That covers your golden hair, my pet.

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

A fiery young Irishman who distinguished himself in letters and gave up his life for the union was Fitz-James O'Brien. He, like Halpine, was a graduate of Trinity. In New York he joined a jolly crowd of bohemians who lived carelessly and made the most of good fellowship. Reading selections to his friends the evening from Emerson's poems, he astonished them with the following luscious quatrains:

Bacchus.
Pink as a rose was his skin so fair, Red as a rosebud his perfect shape, And there lay a light in his tawny hair Like the sun in the heart of a bursting grape.

It is needless to say that such a stanza as this was not easily fathered on Emerson, and the reader was forced to confess his own authorship. The little poem has a beauty which has made it live by word of mouth to this day. It is not on his poems, however, so much as on his stories that Fitz-James O'Brien's fame rests. In writing short tales he displayed an artistic workmanship strongly resembling that of Edgar Poe. "The Diamond Lens," for example, is justly regarded as an American classic. Of his poems called out by occasions, his greatest is the "Monody on Dr. Kane." A stanza is chosen from several equally strong:

Not many months ago we greeted him. Crowned with the icy honors of the north. Across the land his hard-won fame went forth, And Maine's deep woods were shaken limb by limb; His own wild Keystone state, sedate and prim. Bursts from its decorous quiet as he came. Hot southern lips with eloquence afeared. Sounded in triumph. Texas, wild and grim. Proffered its horned beast. The large-hinged west. From out its giant breast. Yelled its frank welcome. And from main to main, Junblat to the sky. Thundered the mighty cry— Honor to Kane!

Fitz-James O'Brien met the death he probably desired in falling for his adopted country on the battle-field. In what was practically a hand-to-hand duel in a skosh he killed his adversary, a Col. Ashley, and was himself borne away mortally wounded. Several of O'Brien's former comrades are still active journalists in New York. One of them, Mr. William Winter, collected O'Brien's poems and stories and published them in 1881 with this dedication:

This volume. The first that ever has been made Of the writings of Fitz-James O'Brien, Soldier and Patriot, As well as Poet and Scholar, Dedicated To the Army of the Potomac, Under Whose Flag He Fought, And for Whose Cause He Died.
MAY 1, 1866.

GENERAL A. H. TERRY.

The officer whom President Cleveland nominated on the 3d of March to fill the vacancy created by the death of Major-General Hancock has long enjoyed the entire confidence and respect of the army. Born at Hartford, November 10, 1827, educated in the New Haven schools and at the Yale Law School, Alfred Howe Terry, while practising law and serving as Clerk of the Superior and Supreme Courts of Connecticut, had also connected himself with the State Militia, and had been for seven years in command of the Second Regiment when that body was called into the field for three months under President Lincoln's proclamation of April, 1861. With it he served at Bull Run, and then promptly rejoined the service as Colonel of the Seventh Connecticut Volunteers, taking part in General Thomas W. Sherman's expedition for the capture of Fort Royal. Commended for energy in the siege of Fort Pulaski, he received command of this fort after its reduction, and was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers, to date from April, 1862. During the two succeeding years he served in the operations around Charleston, commanding a division of the Tenth Corps, and being engaged on James Island, in siege operations against Forts Sumter, Wagner, and Gregg, and in demonstrating up Stono River during the descent on Morris Island. Thence, in 1864, he was transferred with his corps to Virginia, to the Army of the James, and was engaged at Chester Station, in the battle of Drury's Bluff, in actions at Bermuda Hundred, Deep Bottom, and Fussel's Mills, in the siege of Petersburg, and at Newmarket Heights, Newmarket Road, and Williamsburg Road.

But although he had creditably held temporary command of his corps from May to August, and again from October to November, 1864, his distinctive national fame was yet to be achieved. His opportunity came when, after the mortifying failure of the first attack on Fort Fisher, under General Butler, he was directed to renew the attempt to capture it with a force of 8000 men, aided by the fleet. He disembarked his troops, approached the works, and carried their successive lines by assault, losing 110 killed and 556 wounded, and capturing about 2900 prisoners, 169 heavy guns, and many small-arms. For this fine exploit he received the high reward of a Brigadiership in the regular army, to date from January 15, 1865, when Fort Fisher was won. He was also made a Major-General of Volunteers, and received a vote of thanks from Congress.

Shortly after, he obtained the full command of the Tenth Corps, and took part with it in the capture of Wilmington (for which he was made a brevet Major-General in the regular army) and in the action at Northeast Creek. When the war closed he had charge for a time of the Department of Virginia, but for many years he has commanded the Department of Dakota, and ten years ago he took the field in the Sioux hostilities.

General Terry has had in many respects a fortunate and enviable military career. Entering the war for the Union among the first, he was yet called upon for no exercise of supreme responsibility—serving in fact, off the main lines of operations—until he had three years' experience. Then, ripened and instructed, he found his one grand opportunity for great fame almost at the very end of the war, and nobly rose to it.

Tall and solidly in bearing, winning in presence and personal traits, of admirable discretion, thoroughly upright and conscientious in his performance of duty, favored by the advantages of owning of good Connecticut stock and of enjoying a good education, General Terry has always been looked up to by brother officers with a degree of esteem in no respect diminished by the fact that his military education was not acquired at West Point, but that he had learned his profession in the stern school of war. His traits and temperament peculiarly fit him for the administrative duties of a department commander.