From June the Fifteenth to October the Tenth, 1861.

Thomas Butler Gunn.
132, Bleeker Street, New York City.
June, 1861.

15. Saturday. A note from Maverick. By noon aboard the steamer at the Robinson Street pier and to Sandy Hook. Mrs. Palmer among the passengers, went on a day's visit to her daughter, Mrs. Schenk, at the Highlands. I landed (or rather sanded) by 2, and proceeding to the site of the fort, found the officer in command, and after half an hour's scrutiny of what had been done, returned, at his invitation, in the little government steamer, which, with its bright flag flying, lay waiting our convenience. The day was a lovely, summer one. The afternoon and bay delightful; and Captain Foster, a civilian acquaintance of his, and I sat on deck at the stern, enjoying the trip. He gave me first, the details embodied in my "Post articles", and then we talked about Fort Sumter. This Captain Foster was, as I knew, the especial object of the dislike of the Charlestonians, first as being a Vermont "Yankee"—then as known to have advocated extreme measures of defense and retaliation towards them. I heard, again and again, Carlyle attribute Anderson's evacuation of Fort Moultrie for Sumter, to Foster's fears and or misrepresentations of the people
THE NEW FORT AT SANDY HOOK.

The Defences of New York Harbor.

A wealthy commercial city and seaport without means of defence against the landing of hostile forces upon its shores would resemble an opulent householder who, avowedly keeping a large sum in specie upon his premises, should leave open his front and back doors to tempt the nocturnal access of burglars. That such is happily not the condition of New York, few persons familiar with its bay and harbor will require to be reminded. Yet, though they possess a cursory knowledge of its defences, the majority know little more, and to such the information embodied in this article may be welcome.

THE DEFENCES OF NEW YORK HARBOR.

These, as indicated by its geographical position, comprise three particular localities, specially adapted for three lines of defence—an inner, middle and outer one. The first comprises Ellis's, Bedloe's and Governor's Islands, and the fortifications erected thereon. The second consists of Forts Hamilton, Lafayette, and the newly completed Fort Richmond, (a formidable granite building, just ready to receive its equipment of four tiers of guns); also batteries Morton and Hudson, on the Staten Island shore, neither of which possesses any armament at present—the ten and a half inch Columbiads belonging to the former having been recently removed to Governor's Island, probably with the intention of firing them. The third and last line of defence is yet to be completed at Sandy Hook, where a large fortress is rising, and where floating or other batteries can be permanently anchored on the bar.

MARITIME POSITION OF THE NEW FORTRESS.

It is situated on the western portion of the beach, within half a mile of the main ship channel, which, passing directly in front of the fort, makes a sudden turn around a spit or stretch of sand towards the city, so that for two miles in either direction any invading vessel would be exposed to the fire of the guns of the fortress. There are also two other channels crossing the bar, known as the Swash and Gedney, available to vessels of lighter draft, which could be reached by long range guns, and, as saluted at the same time by a cannonade from the projected floating batteries, must be inevitably destroyed and sunk. The site of the fort, indeed, is of the greatest importance; if seized by an enemy it would control the outer bay, permitting a hostile fleet to anchor in its waters.

BEGINNING AND PROGRESS OF THE FORT.

Its plan is part of a great national one, decided upon after the war of 1812, of course subject to delay in carrying it into effect. About four years ago a beginning was made in the shape of the erection of a pier, which Jerseymen and New Yorkers predicted would soon be destroyed by the fury of the ocean—it remains, however, to this day. The laying of the corner stone of the fort occurred on the 26th of March, 1839. Since that time the works progressed leisurely, under the direction of Captain Benham, until the spring of the present year, nothing being done during the winter beyond the shaping and preparing the stones. In May, Captain J. G. Foster, a gentleman who has now national distinction as one of the heroes of Fort Sumter, being disqualified by a wound received in the war with Mexico for more active service, obtained instructions at Washington to take command and push forward the works with the utmost vigor; Captain Benham going west as chief engineer of the army there, and his successor assuming command on the fifteenth of the month. Since then one hundred and seventy-five men have been constantly employed upon it.

SANDY HOOK.

Disembarking at the breezy pier, you behold a long reach of sand with a few houses upon it, (one starring sideways with all the force of its windows into the Atlantic,) sundry light-houses, patches of bright green vegetation and rushes, and, to the left, where the sand stretches off into a curve or hook, a telegraph-station resembling a windmill in a Dutch landscape, deprived of its sails, and a huge derrick, the predominant feature of the scene. To the right, over the leaping and sparkling waves of the Atlantic, are the grand old Highlands, looking like the Catskills come to enjoy the benefit of sea air. And a five minutes' walk on a plank pathway over the fine soft white sand brings you into the vicinity of certain sheds and outhouses, immense blocks of granite of from six to eight tons weight, (from the quarries of Massachusetts and Maine,) with their dimensions marked upon them, piles of pebbles, great cauldrons, the cracking of "guys" and windlasses, and a good many Irish stone-masons, the musical chink of whose hammers is answered by the melancholy swash of the untried sea. All of which denotes the locality of the future Fort Clinton—for such is the name suggested as appropriate to be bestowed upon it.

THE FORTRESS.

The fort will occupy a space of about twenty acres, being only second in size to Fortress Monroe, the most important stronghold belonging to the
United States. It will have five bastions, the length of each in accordance with the extent of its particular command of some point of the compass, three looking seawards, two on the landward side, the latter being provided with additional out-works called demi-lunes and covered ways, with sallyports and all appurtenances fitting to resist attack, the demi-lunes arranged for musketry, the covered ways for both musketry and cannon. The walls, enclosing an oblong area, and affording a parapet a mile round, will be eight feet thick, narrowing to seven and a half, pierced with strong and spacious casemates, accommodating two tiers of guns, the upper tier about thirty-five feet above low water. There will be fifteen embrasures, the flagging of the casemates stretching back about twenty-two feet, and provided with traverse circles to mount the guns, of which counting from the centre of say the northeast curtain to that on the northwest—one front and half the adjacent fronts, right and left—there will be sixty-six, all forty-two pounders, rifled to send a cannon shot a mile and a half’s distance. In each bastion, or upon some point of each front, hot shot furnaces will be erected, though in modern artillery practice against shipping, shells are considered more effective. The fort is to be protected by a deep fosse or ditch, sixty feet wide.

ITS PRESENT APPEARANCE.

At present the northeast bastion is nearly ready for mounting guns, and the eastern and northern curtains which protect it are sufficiently elevated to lay the embrasure stones. Two embrasures are complete and nearly prepared for the reception of guns. Only the foundation of the northeast bastion is laid. Indeed to the un instructed eye everything presents a very unfinished appearance, suggestive rather of good granitic intentions than performance, and looking as the Tower of Babel might have done within a week or so after its commencement.

THE ARMAMENT.

Captain Foster expects to have fifty guns mounted by the first of December. He will apply shortly for nine rifled forty-two pounders, as aforesaid, now lying at Governor’s Island—beginning to mount them within a month from the present date. It is probable also that a ten inch James rifle-glass will be added to this armament. The fortress may be completed within three or four years. In case of war two earthwork fronts, like field fortifications, would be erected to cover the rear, within the circumference of the larger and more permanent works.

of the city towards his chief. "Anderson is a
us and believes we are
capable of anything!"

So the Vermont officer and
Double day, who is, I think
a New Yorker, were subject
to Southern and

gentleman," he would
say; "but
that d—d
Yankee, Foster
doesn’t understand

civilian odium; which the former repaid in
kind. In his talk to me to-day, he was exceeding

bitter against them; declaring them cowards
and the like. In answer to my inquiry about
Foster's gossip about the story attributing intoxication to Anderson at a dinner party, on the eve of the evacuation of Montrichard, Foster stated that he had himself given a party at a house temporarily rented by him on Sullivan's Island; when he had got rather inebriated. He was willing to allow me to infer that this was part of the secret plan, though I question it, for I noticed a rather prominent wish to arrogate the credit of this and other matters to himself, at the expense of Anderson and his brother officers. The Major, he said, suggested the plan to him, and he (Foster) alone saw to effecting it. It was kept secret from the men until the last moment. Foster spiked the guns. I asked him why he did not do it more effectually, using a rat-tailed file and breaking it off, or ramming a cannon-ball down the barrels; when he replied that the intention was only to prevent the guns looking towards Simonet being used to prevent the evacuation of Montrichard. He condemned the burning of the gun-carriages. The letter from an officer's wife, describing her apprehensions in Montrichard, first printed in the "Pope," was written by Mrs. Dubleday. Foster disapproved of that.
The Doings in Charleston Harbor

transmission of the men to Sumter, in one of the passages their boat almost touched The General Cushing, one of the little Charleston night-cruising steamers; when, in apprehension of molestation, Foster was for firing upon her, and had hot words with an officer "whom he would not name," in consequence. Again he professed disappointment and distress at Fort Sumter's not having opened fire on the "rebels," on the attack upon the "Star of the West." He prayed, he said, that a string might be accidentally pulled. "It only needed a word, but that word was not given!" "Why wasn't it?" I asked. He shrugged his shoulders with "I say nothing!" He was, first, for fighting it out in Moultrie. "You couldn't have held it," I said. "Not unless we had been relieved; we should all have been sacrificed, but—" etc. etc. I believe he did injustice to the Carolinians there; indeed, he was generally bitter against them. He had lived down South; been a "Southern rights" man, politically. Ripley he knew well enough; had seen him after the bombardment of Sumter; pronounced him a mere Soldier of Fortune, and told me his history. He was a New Yorker, had received his military education
Ripley's Antecedents. Speculations.

At West Point, behaved with bravery in the Mexican war; written a good history of it, very eulogistic of General Wool; went to England and Russia as agent for Sharpe's rifles during the Crimean war; started a newspaper in Baltimore, in which a good deal of somebody's (not Ripley's) money had been sunk, and then gone to Charleston to look out for chances. Add to this that Ripley had a Baltimore wife, who didn't play Lucetia during his absence in Europe or afterwards (which Gold spoke of at Charleston and which Foster confirmed) and that's all I gathered of him. Foster thinks highly of Beauregard's military efficiency, believes the South is better officered than the North and condemns, by wholesale, the appointment of "politicians" to command of troops. He thinks further more that the North may have the worst of it at the beginning. When we got up to the city, there was a Southern privateer, "No 1," the first under Jeff Davis' letters of marquee—called the Savannah, from Charleston, with the Southern Confederacy flag flying, below the stars and stripes; in token of her being a prize. In-doors all the hot, midsummer evening, which closed in a grand thunderstorm.
A Boarding House Scandal.

10. Sunday. Jack Edwards and Haney up, proposing a visit to the Staten Island camps. Writing all the afternoon and evening, Mac Bullough up, wanting me to write to Old Gun to urge his claims to the $50, borrowed of him. This night, Geary and his daughter go off to Canada, on a singing excursion, with Sam Bowell. The Tom Thumb engagement hasn't proved a success, and I do mightily distrust the $50 weekly payment. Pollock, a goodlooking counter-jumper, as Griswold calls him, of Canadian birth, picks up a fragment of a letter to-day, in which his initial is taxed with meeting Miss Mina Geary's "out-side, every day," with the grammatical insinuation, "I'm afraid it has gone too late," by way of rider. Pollock is exasperated thereon, Galliott suspected little Bowery men of the authorship; as he confessed, unjustly. I suspect Pitch Ham, possibly with equal prejudice. Pollock and little Geary did a deal of matronal gushing, before the Tenor with the stratospheric eye was up of mornings.

17. Monday. To the Evening Post office and there, after considerable delay, got off to Governor's Island, going in the government runboat. Colonel Smith, the officer in command, had just gone to New York, so after an inter-
Governor's Island Acquaintances.

view with a white-haired and incommunicative Captain Whitley, and a walk about the island, towards the hospital, for the sake of old associations, I returned in a queer little steamer, which now plies between the city and the island. The half-owner of it is one Kelly, once a boatman, who recollected Mrs. High very well and my old Governor's Island acquaintances of eight years ago. Buchman (or Beetman), the German sergeant who was so anti-Scott in the Presidential election period, took to drinking, deserted and died, I think at Old Point Comfort. Creasy, Kelly knew nothing of, but had an indefinite idea that he was dead also. Livers is in the service still; his daughter, once the mistress of Captain De Russy, lives in New York, with her husband, Johnny Keigh. This woman was an abominable person generally; a rank harlot of diabolical nature—she burned a kitten alive, in a stove, for having damaged some articles of feminine finery; as Mrs. High's wife, who detested her, told us at Mackinac. I remember being introduced to "Liz Livers," as they called her, on one of my early visits to the island. The mother-in-law of the boatman, Kelly, was matron or something of the sort to the hospital. Evening, wi
Miscellaneous.

Saturday. To the drill-room of the "Federal Char-seers." Thence, alone, to 725. Talking with Mr. and Mrs. Edwards—she has leisure of evenings, now, from lack of business, and declares that she has not known how tired she has been for years, until this interval of rest. Eliza and Matty came in presently, and sat working at the table. Anon came Sally, Vast and, accidentally at the same time, Hancy. Jack and Honeywell returning from drill, the former to red trousers were duly chaffed. Left at 11, Hancy walked with me to Bleeker Street, I returning with him to 16th; talking about the family and—Sally.

10 Tuesday. To Governor's Island again, going and returning in Kelly's little steamer. After an hour's waiting saw the Golond and obtained partial facilities. At the "Evening Post" office met Bigelow, looking very broad and healthy, the results of doing nothing," as he said; in the country. They ought to have sent me to report the war for the paper, he declared. If he had not have relinquished the editorship, I should have had that post. At Strong's door met Banks, Hamilton and Briggs. To Harper's, to get a book. Up Town. Wrote to Bob Gunn, as promised to Mac Bullough. Our board
A typical Irishwoman.

ing house is decreasing in the number of its inmates, the Hare took herself off yesterday, regretted by nobody, unless perhaps by little Mrs. Garry. They used to rise when they met, and do a good deal of the desperately affectionate, when only acquainted a week or so; but I think the business has cooled off considerably, of late, as I predicted to Lizzy Woodward, who charitably pronounced them “all Irish together,” and declared it made her sick to see such hypocrisy! I do think that the Hare was the biggest hypocrite, even for a low Irishwoman, that I ever encountered. She grinned and simpered and smiled, and appeared so abominably amiable that you wanted to throw things at her. She professed exaggerated regard for people, praised them to their faces, humiliated herself ostentatiously, and possessed, in diabolic perfection, that essentially Irish trait of making an almost instantaneous transition from adoring and carveny to hatred and abuse.

Like most low women, she considered herself a lady. She disliked and dreaded me, I think, in equal proportion; inasmuch as I used to treat her to habitual chaff, telling her that she was too good to live, or for which she avenged herself by abusing me, in
The Forgery Case of Holmes.

At the General Term of the Supreme Court in this city yesterday, before Judges Gould, Ingraham and Mullen, the case of John B. Holmes was argued. This is an appeal by the prisoner, Holmes, who was convicted of forgery in the first degree in November, 1857, in the Court of General Sessions. The indictment contains two counts. The first, charging the felonious forging of a deed of real estate; the second, charging the uttering and publishing the same, and knowing it to be forged. Both these counts charge the offence as having been perpetrated with intent to defraud and injure James P. Nagle. The real estate described in the deed is described as situated in the city of Albany. The deed purports to be made and executed by John B. Holmes and Ada his wife.

The question comes before the Court simply upon the record, there being no bill of exceptions. The counsel for the appellant takes the ground that the indictment is insufficient to sustain the conviction, there being no allegation that the deed was ever delivered, and that it charges the forgery of an entire instrument; whereas, and in fact, the evidence only showed it to have been altered in some important point. The District Attorney, however, contends that where an enactment charges the forgery of the whole instrument, evidence under the rule laid down in Archbold may be given to show that the instrument has been altered, and that a conviction will be sustained. And further, that the name of the prisoner and one of the grantors being the same, it does not legally follow that the prisoner is the same person with the supposed grantor. Decision reserved.

Truman Smith for appellant; S. B. Garvin, Assistant District Attorney, for People.
Shepherd's Decadence.

private, to any new women-boarders, as a woman-hater, one who didn't believe in virtue—i.e. herself. They always tell me of it, professing surprise at finding me such a very different person! Bradshaw, too, goes for a trip to St. Domingo, accepting a supercargo ship, for the benefit of his inflammatory rheumatism. A good-humored, uglyish man, and a great squire of dames.

19. Wednesday. Writing. Out in the afternoon, to tailor &c. At work on military article till 1 A.M. Shepherd up about 9, rather drunk and communicative. How he had borrowed a sum of money for some special purpose, squandered it in liquor and harlots, and in treating O'Connor to dinner. (Which individual brags of picking Maverick for an article in a country paper, pitching into The Seventh, attributed to, but not written by A. M. He will do it when he turns honest.)

20. Thursday. Shepherd up again, and took Babill out. To be treated to beer. To "Evening Post" office with copy. Met O. R. Wood in Nassau Street, who talked about returning to England this year, professed utter detestation of Americans, north and south, and a charitable wish that each party might exterminate the
More Talk with Haney
other! "They were all so d--d dishonest!" he said. Bill Wand is at work regularly for Frank Leslie. Sol Eytinge, Wood opines, is mightily tired of his commercial experience — but Wood hasn't visited him for two years. Haney came up: I talked with him. To the enlisting place of the Mozart Regiment; saw Grotto who told me that Cocks, the colonel, had been hissed out of the regiment and gave me a special invitation to visit the camp again "bring ing a lady-friend." Writing till evening. Haney came up about 10, having been at 7 45, where in honor of Josie Brown's presence, they had got up a bit of a dance which wasn't a success. Tommy did some of the 'monkey shines,' which peculiarly excite the wrath of Morris, and Sally looked on with a grave face. Frinkens was present. In default of others, Sally is making friends with The Kindly, but sometimes wears one Dane, whom Ned regards as a Naas and a Poke. Haney and I smoked many pipes and after midnight went out for beer, and I walked to 16th Street with him, where we sat on Mrs. Potter's doorstep conversing. I find he still loves Sally — loves and hates her in equal proportion. He believes, and I think with reason, that the girl
On the old, old subject—ridicules him behind his back and sees that Naot triumphs in his success. I believe he is right, for this reason: Tommy isn't strong conversationally and when hard-up for topics, a little distraction is so easy. It looks smart, too. The present aspect of the lovers—if one may call them so—entirely justifies my estimate of Naot, communicated to Sally at the memorable evening preceding his departure for Europe. She is not satisfied with her bargain. She sits silent beside him at times and when she thinks Haney observes it, talks to Naot, laughs and affects to be entertained. The pair don't manage their wooing well, and everybody seems to reject the sofa business, with a unanimity which is downright funny. Then too, the other girls, who all try a leaf out of Sally's book, affect little smartness and are less kind—even less courteous—to visitors. There they might be. So the result is that nobody goes there. Wether has deserted, all but entirely; old Kundsen (who is nobody in particular) drops in, perhaps once in three weeks; Charley Honeywell calls but 'won't stand no nonsense'; Haney goes there a week and is none the happier for it—but he can't deny himself the indulgence, though I know his heart aches for it. The family is under a
Plans about Sally's Marriage.

Social quarantine, from which it may emerge all the pleasanter. It is arranged that Sally shall go to Naot's home, where they are married, his mother residing there then, as now (Naot lives near the Weehawken ferry, some distance up-town.) This is a sensible arrangement and if Sally has the kindness and wit to accept her husband's mother, the honest old German woman (who can speak no language but her own) may become an agreeable and useful feature in the young wife's little domestic world.

Henry doesn't want to be present at the marriage; he projects an assumed necessity for a visit to Philadelphia when the time comes. I should like to see it well enough, having an insatiable desire to be a Lothar On at everything; but it would involve the necessity of shaking Naot by the hand, which would be hypocrisy, as I don't like the little beggar and he knows it. And you always hate a man the more, if you try to force your inclinations and be civil to him. So it's just as well that I shall probably be in Canada, when Sally Edwards drops the latter half of her name. What a deal I have written about this girl, to be sure, twenty times as much as about Hannah - grave, kind, earnest-hearted, patient,
A Secret Service Officer in a Loyalty Regimen

A SPECTER IN THE PRESIDENT'S LIFE-GUARD

A period of one to three days has elapsed since the President's Life Guard, who have their headquarters at the corner of Nassau and Beekman streets, by the alleged discovery that one of their officers was a secret service officer, and supposed to be a spy.

The facts, as they appear, are substantially as follows:

Dodge of Charleston.

One day last week a gentleman connected with a leading Express Company in this city, came to the President's Life Guard at the corner of Nassau and Beekman streets, and asked them this question: "If you had a secret service officer among you, would you watch him?"

The Colonel, surprised, answered that he would, of course. The gentleman then told him that not only was such a person connected with his regiment, but that he was an officer, and explaining the facts of the case, finally gave him the name of the individual together with his own, and referred to Judge.
loving and most unaffectedly pious Hannah—of whom I am altogether unworthy.

Jim Parson told Haney about the marriage arrangements. Got home about 2 A.M.

21. Friday. Down Town by noon, met Davyem at Westar's; to two places with him, then to State Street, an up-town, through the rain, to dinner. Out again at 5. Writing during the evening. When I was in the Evening Post Office this morning, behind the counter, Addey came in, to purchase a newspaper. I had a talk with him. He said he wasn't doing anything—hadn't any money to; declared that the man in England on whom he had given an order for money, in payment of Rector, was dishonest; and talked about going in the country, to live economically. I didn't dine him. He showed me a poem of his writing, an intended National American anthem, one of the Thousand and more sent in, in answer to a public advertisement for the same—which he had, also, got set to music and published. It is wholesome to know the regard that these poetasters entertain for one another; Davyem always depri cates Stedman; Stedman affects a candid disparagement of the poetry of his friend, Aldrich, and Shepherd commented laughingly on Davyem's speaking of his
Boweryen's Vanity and "Cockiness"

own "poems" and Shepherds in the same breath. Like everybody who knows Boweryen, Sheph-
herd has his special experience of the little man's vanity. When I was in Charleston and Bow-
eryen moved into the two little rooms recently occ-
upied by Shepherd, he told him confidentially, with an air of extreme importance, that he ex-
pected soon to remove to a suite of handom-
ely-furnished apartments, as his income would soon be $500 or more a week. He had an-
nounced his coming for three to me, at least a-
score of times; once he said he ought should have his hair dressed every morning in consequence!
If he could get an order for an advertisement, the advertiser intimating that he might continue it for a year or so, Boweryen came home and told you he had just made $500! when, perhaps, the man proved a defaulter for the very first insertion! I'm afraid he wouldn't show any better than the rest of us, in prosperity; he is dictatorial and even tyrann-
ous to dependents. Indeed he must always be playing first-fiddle: he is nothing, if not asserting his own importance. It renders him extremely provoking at times, as if not check-
ed he is apt to ride his hobby over the limits of other's independence; in short to be guilty
A party of Four to Yorkers.

of downright impertinence. If he sees a letter lying on the table, open, from anybody he knows, he glances at it, doesn’t want to read it; I’d not trust him alone with anything I didn’t want to come under his observation. I believe this sort of thing is one of the surest tests of instinctive gentlemanliness. As far as my experience goes, just about ninety-nine in a hundred persons are able to come out of it in triumph.

22 Saturday. With Mrs. Geyser, Mrs. Butler and Gabill to Yonkers, to visit the Mozart regiment. The trip was one of Gabill’s suggesting, on the women rallying him, over the breakfast table, about ‘The gentleman never taking the ladies anywhere.’ I fell into it readily enough, being willing to have an idle day and maliciously enjoying the prospect of getting the other women boarders cackling with jealousy. Little Dorothy was very glum about it, and asked Gabill what they were dressing, whether he was to be left out in the cold? To which Gabill responded with blunt candor, ‘Yes, he was’ adding further that ‘Of course we didn’t want him!’

The excursion proved pleasant enough, the day lovely. Riley had to be in town, but they gave us our dinner, with the officers; we sent the arrangements of the troops
Madame Geary and Butler.

Here took a walk, about and adjacent to the village. Mrs. Geary was acquainted by Gally. I walked with Butler. The wife of the Irish tenor is a very nice little woman, with blue eyes, brown hair, not dark, and a fair, English complexion. She talks with a dainty, clear, precise enunciation, with just a flavor of Dublin in it, really delicious to listen to; from its contrast with the speech of Americines. She has pretty unignorant ways, too, and is evidently fond of her husband. And he, though good-humored, is an awful Paddy, with a cock in his eye. Mrs. Geary dislikes Pollak; thinks him a snob and a coxcomb. The women have a story that she bragged about Miss Geary to his fellow counter-jumper, imported by a Miss Lee, who dines at our table, and whose "jumper"-cousin is employed in the store. This Lee is Irish and was ragman come towards Hain. How refreshingly it is to hear women praise one another to each other's faces, especially if they be Irish! Mrs. Butler said pleasantly enough; here is the common story—a husband and drunken and unfaithful. We learnt from these women no matter tending to confirm suspicions that I didn't like to entertain respecting our land-
Among the litterateurs and artists interested with Col. J. Augustus Page in the formation of a regiment are Mr. Fitz James O'Brien, and Messrs. Frank Wood and Edward F. Mullen, the latter well known from their connection with *Vanity Fair*. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the poet, is also anxious to follow to the field some warlike lord. *All bosh. They didn't go.*
Pape and his Son.

Lady and old Jew it. He doesn't pay any board, has no business, scarcely ever goes out of doors and devotes his time exclusively to the foolish woman, who seems to be realizing the proverb, 'no fool like an old fool.'

In which case the house will go to the devil. Pape, our Southerner, a light-haired, feline and suspiciously civil man, it appears, licks his prodigy atrociously; by way of improving him in music and maturing a prodigy of the boy. He pulled the lad's ears horribly and struck him on the head with his clenched fist in Mrs. Geary's presence; incumbrant that the pitiful-hearted little woman went out of the room and soon nearly cried her blue eyes out. She wished some of the gentlemen would interfere.

The boy himself is, in public, of the Daniel Martin order, therefore obnoxious; I infer the father intends social cannibalism, training his son to become a Phenomenon and then living on him. We returned by water, getting back by 6 or sooner. I was fetched down stairs by Mrs. Palmer to see Lizzy Woodward, whom I found looking pretty and saucy, in the room I recently Tenanted by the Hans, and talked to for five minutes.

23rd Sunday. To Brooklyn, to visit.
George Bolton's Child dying.

A Major Henashaw, in pursuance of an appointment made for me with equal good-nature and officiousness by Bowerymen. Got nothing worth the journey by way of information. Tried to find Dobbert's residence, failed and returned to New York by 2, the day blazing hot. Indoors writing the rest of the day, including the evening. I got a letter from George Bolton on Saturday—additional sorrow in it. The child, he says, "can't live over tomorrow"; he was sent for "late last night" to Comworth's house, where it has been in charge of John's housekeeper. John himself should be better than George had thought; "he has been very, very kind, otherwise I feel I should have gone mad." Hard work, "George continues," is at this season an absolute necessity and my field work is greatly in arrear. + + + I feel faint and weary; I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep; my work but, it is without hope; I have little interest and no pleasure in it. + + + John seems to have set his heart upon the little creature with a fondness as great as my own; he has been hanging over it these hours and his housekeeper sits crying over it, like a mother." Furthermore George urges me to
At 7:45.


get up at six o'clock, arrived at the office at nine o'clock. Writing all the morning. After leaving copy at The "Evening Post" Office, rode up-town with Hancy and dined at Mrs. Potter's, going together to 745 at about 9 o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Edward there; Sally, Tommy and Eliza on the sofa, and Matty working at the table. I chatted awhile with Mrs. E. & B. Then talked with Matty, who, finding out a narrow strip of crimson silk velvet, volunteered to transform it into a necktie for me. Then and there, and did it. Eliza seated from the sofa. Temporarily, coming to the table and anon returning, indignant at not being taken enough notice of. Nade left comparatively early and, directly afterwards, Sally and Eliza without saying good night to anybody, went off to bed. Jack came in from dinner with his red breeches, and Hancy and I left at the usual hour. He told me the other night, that he had resolved never to renew his addresses to Sally until Nade returned—a confession indicating that his passion was scotched, not killed, and militating against past protestations of heartfeltness.

25. Tuesday. In response to an invitation
Mrs. Butler talks about Mrs. Lewis.

From a letter from Whitelaw (in answer to one of mine) got up at 5 1/2, and by 9 succeeded in getting over to Governor's Island (Kelly's little steamer being withdrawn for painting). Where, in the Ordnance Office, I obtained what information I wanted, returning to the city by 11 1/2. Looked in at the "Evening Post" office, then uptown. At military article during the afternoon and part of the evening.

I find Mrs. Butler had some acquaintance with Mrs. Lewis, knowing Mrs. Phalen, wife to the "Paphian Lotion" man and crack Broadway barber, who was Lewis's dray acquaintance. Mrs. B. doesn't like Mrs. L., hints at her equivocalities with other men before Lewis's death; among others with this Phalen. I knew there was a certain militia colonel or captain, who once accompanied her to Philadelphia, and who gave her so many presents in the way of jewelry that Lewis made her return them. This was the man whom she once professed to "love" before her husband's and Mrs. Potter's face. Phalen is a low lot; has been a barber; has the faculty of making money, haunts brothels and the like. He had a pew at Chapin's and the brute, once, objecting to some anti-slave
very sentiment in the sermon, insolently quit
ted his seat, slamming the pew-door after him and
strutting off with all the consequence in the world.
Cathill tells a story about O'Hara's visiting the
brothel frequented by his son; each unknown to
one another. The wife is said to be a very warm

26. Wednesday. Writing third military com-
pilation till 4½; then down-town to "Evening
Post" office. Up-town with Haney; he dining with
me. (He was at 745 again last night!) He
went off to the drill-room, and after a smoke
writing during the rest of the evening.

27. Thursday. A note from Alf Ward
at Washington, asking Bob Gum's address. Write
to him and to Bob. Down-town in the after-
noon with Cathill. Returning on a 6th Avenue
car met little Warne (he who used to visit at our
boarding-house) and talking with him about "Mrs.
Gravelle", got some particulars about Orentholl
and Hill; with whom Warne was pretty intimate
during their residence in New York. According
to his showing, Hill, the quieter, was the worst of the
two; being extremely dissipated and mean to boot.
The two lived at the rate of about $50 a day;
the form at home suffering. About Orentholl's
infection for Lotty, Warne supposed it equal-
led on the other side. Both of them got to dissolvin
A Camp on South Brother Island.

Hill, I suppose for pecuniary reasons. Warne himself got into a row with Lott, on venturing opinions as to the self will and ravenousness of black-haired and eved women, when she was "very personal" in her objections. Finally the two Englishmen chartered a vessel to South America, to trade with the natives! Warne introduced them to our landlord: if he knew nothing of Lotty before her appearance at this house. He went to Fordham once.

20. Friday. Chico, and Luther and Martin all the morning. By 2, or sooner, to Rock Ship, intending to visit another camp up the East River. Owing to the employment of the two steamers in the transmission of the California regiment, in which Hill is a first Lieutenant) recently quartered at Fort Schuyler on its way to the city, en route for the south, I and others had to wait till past 4, when the General Arthur arrived and we steamed up Long Island Sound. I had intended going to Willett's Point, but finding I should experience some difficulty in returning that same night, I accepted the invitation of a Lieutenant Colonel Nelson Gros of the Long Island Volunteers, recently the Brooklyn Philanthrop (a regiment petted by Beecher) and disembarking at Ritter's Island, was rowed in a boat to that
South Brother Island is one of the smaller and more remote of the Long Island archipelago which lies six miles above New York at the head of Long Island Sound; indeed it is but a stone's throw from the mainland, the coast being separated from it by such rocky ledges as that upon which the redoubtable Tenbrooke, of Dietrich Knickerbocker's History, was discovered "drying his many breeches in the sunshine" on the back of the shipwreck of the heroe Dutchmen who voyaged from Commmi

to determine the site of the future city of New York. However this did not take place, for the adventurers sold their property for twelve acres—at high tide considerably less. Sansho Panza or Robinson Crusoe, the first of whom "coveted" and the latter of whom possessed a "sweet little island" for some years, made a clean sweep of the whole.

The Locality.

Disembarking from the Major Anderson or General Arthur at a pier consisting of a disused barges, we proceed along a wooden pathway, supported by rickety pine trellises, to discover a white-washed wooden farm house, access to the upper story of which is obtained on the exterior by means of a staircase. The premises are laid out for purposes of drill and parade, but from its unaccented nature and simplicity too well adapted for them. The tents vary in size and construction, the inscriptions on some of them indicating the insignia of First Lieutenant and Second Lieutenant of North Brother Island; to the left, across a bright channel of water, Kilar's, also occupied as a camp.

PLYMOUTH CAMP.

This is an evocative account of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, a pattern of the regiment, and comprises a double row of tents forming a constrict street or avenue in an ornate to the centre of the little island. The tents are laid out for purposes of drill and parade, but from its unaccented nature too well adapted for them. The tents vary in size and construction, the inscriptions on some of them indicating the insignia of First Lieutenant and Second Lieutenant of North Brother Island; to the left, across a bright channel of water, Kilar's, also occupied as a camp.

The Men.

These are young sturdy fellows, of good average physique and stature, recruited from Brooklyn, New York, New Jersey, and other parts of the United States. Organized by their Colonel, Captain W. Adams, E. of the United States Army, and Lieutenant-Colonel Nelson Gren, they have been supported the expense of the post and the war by the generosity of whose is Mr. Beecher, who, if it will be remembered, addressed them at their present encampment, and, most particularly to Washington, in their reception by the President. They have been sworn into the United States service on the twentieth and three on the twenty-fourth of the month, and will remain there under the charge of the committee of the Board of the coast. Their uniform will consist of a three-cornered hat, a flannel shirt, a blue coat, trousers, and a pair of shoes. They will have the appearance not particularly military, though

Note: The text provided is a historical account and appears to be part of a letter or a document related to a specific event or location, possibly from the late 19th or early 20th century. The content includes references to historical figures and events, as well as descriptive details about the natural and human environment.
of South Brother. Gross had been praising his regiment, after the usual fashion, saying it was composed of model men, none of whom ever got drunk; when one in the boat called his attention to two lying helplessly ineptiated on the shore of Riker's Island. And half an hour later, when I had completed my survey of the camp, and was standing on the rickety piazza of the farmhouse, there came a Captain to Gross, with an eager, open-mouthed suggestion about searching the tents when the men were at parade next morning, in order to discover "whooked—that blanket!" There was also a prisoner, in a shabby tent, demoted the guardhouse, close by; and he kept putting his head out, nodding, beckoning and grimacing in a familiar manner to his acquaintances in the crowd. I never saw a more cleverly camp; though the men were sturdy fellows enough. 

Returning to New York, I met Shepherd in Bleeker Street and he, professing to be hard-up and in want of a drink, accompanied me into the store, where we had ale. He narrated how he, O'Brien and Brown ("Artemus Ward") had been on a "big drunk" yesterday, how on leaving him at his boarding-house, they had fallen to dancing on the sidewalk, inviting passers-by to
With Hancy to Newark.

join them, hiring two organ-grinders to play to them and subsequently endeavoring to set them fighting with one another. I parted with Shepherd at our street-door, perceiving that he was not sober, and entered the parlor. Presently, concluding from the absence of light in my window, that I hadn't gone up-stairs he came again. I gave him the slip however, when he fastened on Davyren; wanted to ascend to my room to search for whiskey.

29. Saturday. Writing till the afternoon. With Cahill to the "Winter Garden", to see Gaylor's "American Cousin at Home." Rubbish. Saw the author on coming out.

30. Sunday. With Hancy to Newark, by boat. (By the way poor old Huntley died in Philadelphia last autumn.) Jack and Larry Crockett met us at the landing-place and we went home with them, to the pleasant home where we rehearsed our Christmas play last winter. Nicholas was gone off on a visit. We dined, smoked and talked, walking for a couple of miles to Damoreau's in the afternoon; finding him at work, engraving upstairs; his children "on the rampage" below. "The wife," he announced, "has one of her headaches in appropriate costume," so Madam Beatrice Damoreau, ex-Oradeux,
Damoreau at Home.

didn't appear. I believe she had surveyed our party through the window and resolved not to risk tea for us. The Crocketttes are to some extent charmed with her; Jack's wife congratulated Larry, with feminine irony, on having found "an intellectual woman" at last. She instinctively distrusts Mrs. D., whom she has not yet met.

Damoreau returned with us to the Crocketttes' house; we had stone-throwing and lager by the way, and, after supper, pipes and talk. I don't think Charley's routine of life is a very jolly one, now. Up at 5, a two-mile walk to Newark, a railroad journey to New York, wood-pecking till 6, then return—to "Madame." She was evidently alarmed at the idea of her bread-winning escaping her; hence her comparative rapid ascent to his demands that she should leave Boston. Hancy and I returned to New York by the 9 o'clock train, had a dull hour at 7:45, where were Morris, Honeywell and the inevitable Fust, and then parted. I should like to have seen Nicholas today; neither he nor the Crocketttes visit at 7:45 now. They have been invited to share our celebration of the Fourth of July, no has Damoreau, but I don't think they'll come—unless Madame is curious about the Edwardses.
Miscellaneous.

July

1. Monday. Writing till evening. Out with Galush for a walk; he remarked and talked about his having been making a fool of himself.

2. Tuesday. To Evening Post Office, saw Nordhoff and Maverick, then to Jersey City and by a crowded stage, in which I was seated by a rather pretty woman (a carman's wife, going to visit her husband, who had volunteered) to Newark Bay. Inspected the camp of the Anderson Zouaves. A breezy, sunny, but unusually cold day. A five-mile walk back to Jersey City. A blustery, raw evening. Ache early.

3. Wednesday. Writing. Lacked in at 7:45 in the evening. Matty being alone in the basement, her sisters and Nast on the housetop, watching the comet. Selwyn, Hayes' brother-in-law, came. Left soon and called on the Woodward girls, taking them out to have ice cream. The night hot. The streets pyrotechnic. The girls in great spirits. Taking them back to the house, I found Richardson, who boards there.

The New Jersey Regiment.

The Adjutant, United States Camp Expedition.

A Semi-Monthly...

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[Journal Entry]

[News Article]

[Letter]

[Announcement]

[Certificate]

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with Haney and walked to Jay Street, where we rejoined our party, on board the Metafoma. Morris was there, with a son of Keating—Patrick Clark; the latter not of us. Off up the Hudson. Never was a more beautiful or a hotter Fourth of July, and I enjoyed the sail enough. At first I sat at the stern, under the awning, chatting with Matty, who in the accustomed straw hat, curls and light dress looked pretty and was good humored; and I strolled hither and thither, sometimes conversing with Ann, at other times with Morris; or having a pipe, looking at the glorious river from the fore part. Haney, Jack and Selwyn got up some fun in the firecracker and harmonious way. Ann was not too much sought after, and I sat beside Sally who held down her head as though it ached very badly. Morris had been commencing a small poem and, borrowing my pencil, finished it on board. At the fresh little village of Nyack we found Nichols awaiting us, as usual; and soon reached his pleasant house, which I can hardly suppose wears any other than its Fourth of July aspect. Idling, talking, smoking presently dinner. After wards out for a sailing excursion on the Tappan Zee, Haney, Jack and Matty going in a row-boat, pulled—
"On the broad, bright Tappaan Zee."

by the men, the rest of the party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Anne, Sally, Eliza, Nast, Selwyn, Morris, Nichols and some of the minors Nicholses in the sail-boat. The excursion would have proved but dull, but for little Selwyn, who kept up an incessant fire of amusingly bad conundrums, which the girls laughed at, which eclipsed Morris, and which Nast tried to receive with congenial jocularity. Sally's headache had gone, I think, she sat at the farther end of the boat and said but little. Eliza, on my right hand, was wholly taken up with Selwyn; I had nothing but the tiller in my left; so I smoked my pipe and looked at the Tappaan Zee and didn't feel called upon for conversation. It might have been 4 1/2 when we returned. Though the river and Matty (of whom we were had done last night) were a good hour later. Sitting under the cool piazza, smoking, I was contrasting the three anniversaries of the day, when Sally came out, accidentally, and took a chair not far off present by asking whether I had enjoyed the boating party? "As much as I expected," I said. "Then you didn't expect much?" quoth she, adding something about why didn't I talk as Selwyn had done and that they would have laughed at it. "Well," I said, "the fact was, to use a
suggested American vulgarity. That things were played out and I knew it. To that she said nothing, except perhaps to Anne who sat some little distance off. Desiring of ascertaining whether the girl cared about being found again, I remarked that we had a jolly time of it last year. "Yes," she said; "Captain Worth and his family were with us." That was a sufficient no-thank-you; I said no more, but went on with my smoking. Haney, Jack and Mat returning, we had tea. Then there was a proposition started, to remain to a later hour than had been intended, crossing the river in the old boat in time for the 8 o'clock train. That Mr. and Mrs. Edwards couldn't Tarry for, and I, who guessed remaining would be dreary, resolved to return with them, leaving the rest to their pleasure or lack of it. So leaving most of the men bathing at the old spot, we crossed the Lee in the ferry-boat and found ourselves with the best part of an hour upon our hands, which we disposed of in a pleasant walk about Tarrytown; one of the prettiest of places. Then the train came and whirred us to New York in an hour. Mr. and Mrs. E. got out at 30th street, I kept on to Christopher. The streets were pyrotechnic and SMOKY as I walked to OBERG.
Shepherd Dissipating.

The rest of the party had but a dull time of it getting back, for there was no suitable train on the other side of the river, so they were fain to take stage to Piersmont; wait there two hours and return by the Jersey line to New York, getting there by midnight. In fact it proved a dreary repetition of our return on the same date in 1859. They were all tired and sleepy; no fireworks entertained them at Piersmont, and Morris stayed at Gaylord Blake's till the morning.

5. Friday. Called up with Shepherd, whom he had drunk with last night. Shepherd saying "All is lost!" and insisting that he was totally ruined. He told Cahill, last night, that he had forged a check and must fly; which we don't know whether to believe or not. Indeed he has been dissipating frightfully, of late. The parents or relatives of the girl he professes to love, wisely enough, want to keep her from him.

Downtown with Cahill. To the "Evening Post" office, to Hang's &c. Return. Shepherd seen off to somewhere — I think to Jersey, by Cahill, who undertakes the delivery of a letter to his girl.

6. Saturday. Downtown to "Evening Post" office, mother and Thither, to W. Leslie's; saw-
Off for Canada.

him and Kendall. Haney came to sup and stayed till ten. At The Optimus Together.

7. Sunday. In-doors writing till evening; then to Frank Illard's new house. There till 10. Return and door step till midnight, with Cahill and our women-boarders.

8. Monday. To Evening Post Office, saw Godwin, got $50. To F. Leslie, saw W. Wood; sherry-cobbler with him for half-an-hour at Brock and Duff's. Mother and Thither; proud tailor; up-town. All the evening and best part of the afternoon, both of which were oppressively sultry, packing up trunk and carpet-bag, with Cahill's help and stowing away books in the big box left by Bob Gunn. (I don't retain my room during my absence, so Cahill proposing to occupy it.) Out with Cahill to Ayiffe's store for sport-punches, and sitting in the rear of his place, Haney found and joined us. Arrived by midnight; the hottest of the season.

9. Tuesday. Up betimes, out to order carriage, good byes and by 10, off with Cahill; stopping at 14:5 to bid the folks good by, according to Haney's suggestion last night. Cahill kept snug in the ordinary carriage, while I ran up-stairs into the shop, finding Sally and Eliza...
From New York to Albany.

at the cool farther end. Mally and her mother nearer the street-front. My farewell was a very brief one and, returning to Bahill, we rode up Broadway and to the N.Y. and Harlem Railroad depot, at the corner of the Fourteenth Avenue and 26th street. Another closet-punch and a bit of a preachment to Bahill, and I am fairly off. The day, a blazing midsummer one in the city, was agreeably tempered by occasional breezes when we got out of it and the motion of the cars. Off we rattled through Westchester (not without a stray thought of Lotty, as we rushed past Fordham) and the eastern portion of New York State. I got an exclusive side seat, near the door, read the Three daily papers, sipped at port in flasks, got dusty and studied faces of fellow-passengers. So the day wore on; the country looking lovely in its midsummer glory. No change of cars at Chatham, where the road branches off towards Albany. A little rain. Pause for lunch. Had had mine in the car, so took a wash instead. More rain. Arrival at Albany during a shower (as in my last year's experience) and over the ferry, into the city. A run into the Broadway office of the N.Y. Central R. R. and got pass over their line—Lloyd, of the R. R. Guide, having given me a letter for that
purpose, and in effect putting me through some expense the whole distance. Back to the depot and ascertaining that we should not arrive at Rochester until 2 A.M. entered a sleeping-car off by 7, about twenty minutes after our arrival at Albany. Another rain-storm, which having passed over, ameliorated the dust and dirt of the journey, Sunday washes. Supper, and a good one, twenty minutes being allowed for it. At 10, our various seats were transmitted into carriages, into one of which I turned and slept soundly, but for the exception of another wash, until our 10. Wednesday's arrival at Rochester at the hour above-mentioned; when I entered the Lawrence Hotel, & had some ale and went incontinent to bed. Up at 7, a big wash, then breakfasted. Then out to find Heylyn's place of business, which being a sign of a fish shop suspended from a rod sufficiently indicated. Two rooms up a short staircase, one with a counter, glass-cases and fishing-tackle, the other a work-room. Two boxes in the latter, one a civil English-born one, mating artificial flies. Heylyn had not appeared yet, but was expected soon. I waited half-an-hour and he came, looking much as usual and giving me a very hearty welcome. Presently, after the advent of some customers, I went out with
him, saw to the sending of my baggage to his house and called at the office of W. Rogers, in the Arcade. He is an Attorney and Counsellor at Law, also the husband of Jim Parton’s sister. Not finding him, I set off with Heylyn to his house, a neat wooden one, towards the outskirts about a mile’s distance from his place of business. On the road, he volunteered certain confidences. "You’ll see a Mrs. Orwinton there," he said; "maybe I’m too intimate with her; but you know how it is with my wife" (an allusion to her prolapsus uteri)—"She knows all about it and doesn’t mind." Furthermore, however, it appeared that Mrs. Heylyn had declared a good deal of detestation of her husband, not directly on account of his infidelity, which she had consented to, or connived at; but because she had got it into her head "That he thought more of Jean than of herself, and had taken a spite against him." She had been so, he said, ever since her accident; he believed she was going crazy; he would have to send her away if it went on; there was no living with her. She had talked about getting a divorce, living away from him. To either of which he would consent, and he had suggested that she should go to visit some acquaintance for a month or two; just to see how she liked it.
Mrs. Eugenie Brinton.

She talked of going to England in the fall. Of course he should take care of her; but he could not, and the present state of things. Mrs. Brinton was as lonely as the devil but a smart woman, and she'd be mad as thunder, if she suspected his disclosures about her. She wrote poetry and sent it to the "Mercury" (N. Y.) and to a Rochester paper. Heylyn showed me one, which he had just procured, containing a sample. It was rather above the feminine average — about the stars, and pietistic. Arrived at the house, we found its authoress and Mrs. Heylyn. The first was a young woman, not more than twenty, certainly not handsome, but not ugly, as Heylyn's remark had led me to expect. She had her hair done in an unusual manner, parted behind, without knot or ribbon, and brought forwards in absurd demi-curves. Also she talked in an affectedly childish manner. Her husband was in the State Prison for forgery, though she ventilated a transparent plea about his de ceased. She showed me his portrait, subsequently, representing a "boy" like fellow, of the "most" order, with a glossy hat on, and a moustache, which his wife had added with a pin. Mrs. Heylyn seemed unchanged in appearance. She was black hair, an oval face, and a broad
Bill Rogers. Heylyn's Home.

yellowish complexion and bad Teeth. She duplicated Heylyn's friendly reception and we all had dinner together; after which I returned with Heylyn to his shop. At 2, he accompanied me to Rogers' office; where, finding its occupant within, Heylyn left me. Rogers is a very hearty man of perhaps forty, with some grey in his hair and beard; he recognized me almost immediately. We talked about Jim, Fanny and 745 and he invited me to join a proposed picnic on the following morning. Returning to Heylyn, at 6 we went home to supper, playing whist afterwards, with the two women till 10 o'clock; when Heylyn and I retired to an upper room. But it was a good hour before he could go to bed, for Mrs. E., downstairs, suddenly determined not to share that of her female companion, so that Heylyn had to coax and remonstrate some with her. When he came up, to me he was half-dismayed, half-exasperated.

11. Thursday. A wet day. The weather frustrating all possibilities of picnicking, chill withal. Put on heavy clothing and went to the shop with Heylyn. Over to Rogers' office and after reading "Blackwood" for an hour, he came. To Heylyn's. Back to dinner at 1½, returning in the afternoon, by appointment, to Rogers'.
Parton's Sister.

With him and his brother to the lower falls, the day still overcast, but the rain ceasing. Rogers' house is a stone's throw (say one of Damo- reau's chyrs) from the site of the burnt domicile, on the other side of the road. We found Mrs. R. and her two children in a comfortable room, where, in spite of the month, a wood fire was very welcome. She had a convalescent look, having, indeed, been seriously sick until very recently. The children are both young, the boy six, the girl four. (Willy was a correspondent and admirer of Sally Edwards last summer, as, I think, was little Ted Nichols. This was a speciality of Sally's.) I have divined a good deal about Jim Parton's sister before, especially during my frequent confidences with Sally Edwards, wherein that young lady's pretty shrewd estimate of Mrs. R. is set down at length. Mary Parton eloped with her present husband, as I alluded to in Fanny Fern's " Ledger" letter, pitching into The Friends of the Happy Bungle.

Rogers was born in Livingston County, N.Y. State, went to California in the early days of the gold discovery, made money, and is now a thriving man, owning his house and forty acres.
With the Rogers Family.

of land. He is also an even-tempered, hearty fellow, generally popular. After supper, in company with his "uncle John," an old man, a schoolmistress of pleasant aspect and Sunday others; I took a walk with Rogers, through his grounds and to the scene of January's fire, which had made a complete clearance of the house. They then dwelt in it overlooked the lower fall. In a thriving market-garden adjacent, owned by Rogers, and let on friendly terms to the two Pillows, who reside with him, we found one of Jim's half-brothers, Ned. They both work hard and are prosperous. John Pillow, the elder, is a punctual correspondent with Jack Edwards, who, I imagine, posts him up pretty minutely about what transpires in and concerning the family. Returning to the house, Rogers read aloud to us from "The Day's Tribune," while some of us smoked by the fireside. Bed-time at 10.

12 Friday. Loafing and improving my acquaintance with little Kitty, through the medium of a swing, under a tree. A horseback ride towards Lake Ontario, in company with Mrs. and Mr. Rogers; he on a big black horse borrowed from a neighbour; I mounted the best of the party. We left Mrs. R. behind.
for a while or so, regaining her at the house after a mug of lager by the way side. Then we accompanied Rogers to the house of the Galushas, which is near Queen's. We found Mrs. G. (nee Sally Gay and Vacter's former slave) in the garden, in a sun-bonnet. She appeared tawdry, with not unpleasing features, eyes fancied a little too near together. She is cousin to Mort Thomson, his father being brother to her mother; hence her past visits at The Thomson in Brooklyn and New York, when Tommy Vacter was a frequenter of the house, and his captivation; to which Rogers alluded, saying that Tommy was "quite smitten." Our business was to invite her and her husband to join us in a fishing and boating excursion that afternoon; to which she consented, in case of his return from Rochester. There was talk of expectation of Mrs. Thomson, Mort's mother, favoring the Galushas with a visit shortly. When Mrs. G. was last in New York (at the time when the Edwards' family went to Fanny Fern's, to make her acquaintance) Mrs. Edwards dispatched an invitation to her, requesting her to spend an evening at 745, to which Fanny quiet
A Fishing Excursion.

by suppressed, returning for answer that Mr. G. intended going to the theatre every night during her stay. The next morning Mrs. Galusha, in ignorance of the incident, called at 7:45 when the family thought it strange that she made no allusion to their invitation. Vast meeting subsequently at the Thomson's, took upon himself the retaliation of behaving coolly to his ex-plain when she inquired. The reason and obtained it and a discovery of Fanny's characteristic bit of dislike to the Edwardses. By the way Mrs. Galusha was also a visitor to Mrs. Sol Byrnes.

I'm the afternoon we set off for The Lake, Mr. Rogers, The children and I in one wagon, The Galushes, consisting of Mrs. and Mr. G. and a Miss Gay, her sister (who is like her), in another. Galusha is a good-looking, dark-haired fellow with an American physiognomy; he had got himself up in high boots for fishing, of which he is very fond. As we trundled along the pleasant road, Mrs. Rogers and I, and occasionally her husband, discussed Jim Parton's domestic relations to a great extent and, of course, abused Fanny considerably. Mrs. G. declares that she'll never call it a marriage; that Jim was "snared into it, like a bird by a snare." She insists.
That Jim had no affection for Fanny, no admiration of any sort, at any time. I differ with her; for I remember Jim's peculiar letters to her and his calling admiring attention to her meretricious dressing. He is very near-sighted; had, I suppose, not much experience of women—its a case of old Doctor Johnson and his "Tellly," over again. This, of course, the sister, couldn't bear to suppose. Jim's weak, every way, according to her testimony. When she, Mrs. Rogers, first saw Fanny, at the Christmas of 1850, celebrated at 745, she was so affected at the sight of that dreadful old woman, all dressed up so, that she escaped from the room, to burst into tears. Jim's Regina, last winter, was designed as "an experiment"; if he had cause to repeat it, he asserted that it should be final. "My god! what a deliverance!" Jim would say, speaking of it. There had been an infernal row between him and Fanny, in consequence of his staying late at the Edwardses. Fanny swore, swore, vilified, and threw things at him. She hated Fanny, then, considering him "her enemy"

When, pursuing Jim, she came to Rochester, she sent a peremptory summons for him, at night, from her hotel. Jim was really ill, the shatter had, so that Rogers told the messenger...
The Rogerses on Fanny Fern.

That he had gone to bed. "Everybody is obliged to lie, who has anything to do with her," he added truly enough. The next morning he brought Fanny to the house, in a hired carriage. She went upstairs into Jim's room, where another violent scene occurred. In that room she lived for three days. Jim taking up her meals. Mrs. Rogers was sick abed; Fanny saw nothing of any of the family but Rogers. At last he brought her down-stairs to the supper table. Mrs. R. regarded her as carrying off Jim as a deplorable triumph on Fanny's part. She pronounces her "the worst woman in every way in the world." She won't converse at any amiable fictions about the marriage; denying, when questioned, that they are or can be happy, and that Jim likes her.

I got some particulars, too, about Fanny's atrocious tyranny over poor Laura Jacobs. Inventing some transient or episodic of jealousy against the girl, in the course of some household round game, Fanny abused her like a very drab, calling her all the whores and bitches she could lay her tongue to; finally attempting to strike her, which Jim prevented. "Woman! if you do," said he, "I shall do you a mischief." In consequence of this row, Laura Jacobs was sent off.
Fishing near Lake Ontario.

Arriving at Quendequet Bay, a pretty inlet from Lake Ontario, (which, all ruffled into white wave-tops by the breezy afternoon, and with only a distant steamer on its way before us) we tarried the advent of the Galushas, and then, with an immense Newfoundland dog belonging to the latter (courted of Mort Thomson), entered a boat and tried fishing. We were not very successful, by Willy proving most so, the entire result of our angling proving about 10 perch and a bass, hotted by Mrs. Galusha.

She made a remark or two suggestive of a sense of humor. Rogers subsequently complimented her to me, as a strong, pushing woman, but said she was an invalid. He chaffed his wife good-naturedly about her not providing any bed as the Galushas had catered in other respects, trusting that would be a warning to her.

The shores of the bay were very lovely, as we coasted them in search of some better spot for fishing. At 6½ our party returned, leaving the Galushas to another attempt. On evening in store, over the "Tribune" and papers.

13. Saturday. A walk back to Rochester, with Rogers. At his office, Mr. R., and little Kitty came to turn in the buggy, under charge of Rogers' brother, and I parted.
Mrs. E. Heylyn

with them at the office of an homoeopathic physician, to whom, in conjunction with equestrianism, Mrs. R. attributes her convalescence. To Heylyn’s shop, loaing there with him till dinner-time. At his house all the afternoon, loaing, chaffing and drawing big piscatorial caricatures for the decoration of his shop, to his great satisfaction. It appeared that among other characteristics of Mrs. Oristone, she corresponded with fellows whom she had never seen and ate arsenic to improve her complexion. Mrs. Heylyn talked disparagement of her privately, saying “Ed. picked her up in the street, like any other prostitute!” Of course there was no thought of her own antecedents. She, Mrs. H., is pretty absurd, not a bad cook or housekeeper; and use has had its inevitable effect in uniting this couple to one another, yet there is a latent showiness in the woman; and she would sometimes exalt her voice in a shrill, strident, high-string manner, horribly suggestive of her old vocation. She talked of London pleasures occasionally, of going to the Derby with good looking fellows, of never rising till 10. of George’s and the like. She says she was born in Oxfordshire, somewhere near the Thames, and that
Talks about her Husband.

She spent her early years on a farm, near London. She walked to the capital with a girl-friend and got lost in it, on her first visit. I fancy that she is very ignorant; but that she must, for a time, have led a semi-luxurious, courtesan life. Wanting a certain amount of industry, she has all the harlot qualities; a trick of depreciating the chastity of all other women; of getting into rows with them, uncertainly and unrestrainedness of temper; capacity for almost unrestrained fury on the shortest provocation, or none at all.

The Leroy people thought her a smart woman and said that if "Ed." had resembled her, he would have been a rich man! I asked her, knowing very well what the answer would be, whether Heylyn's business enabled him to dispense with remittances from Acre Lane, Brixton? "Oh, no," she said; "he gets money whenever that mother of his chooses to send it." The fishing-tackle business never extended over two months of the year. I suggested, why didn't Heylyn get a clerkship? "He'd never have anybody over him," she said; "he was too proud for that. He had always been so. He wasn't industrious and was very selfish." With all her talk of "Eugenie Addie Brinton," or "Janie," as they cal-
A unique Household.

Mrs. J. was on as friendly terms with her, as I ever beheld her, with any of her sex. They had had rows, of course; and a great one, in which Heylyn intimated that "Jean" had used retaliatory language—called her antagonist bitch or whore, I presume. Generally she was placable enough, devoting a good deal of time to that extraordinary arrangement of her hair, to "cuttings up" with Heylyn and his wife and to the vocal affectations before-mentioned. It was a unique household to be temporarily domesticated in. I had to chaff, bark and talk nonsense all the time, or it would have been dreary; and was, in consequence, generally popular. "Jean" insisted that I should dictate a letter to one of her unknown admirers, which I did in incongruous Rabelaisian style. She sent it, I believe. At sunset I took a walk with these two women. (Heylyn had written a letter to his wife that morning, which he considered had had "a good effect").

Returning, I went to work on comic prose, chafed, barked, drank and talked till 11, and then to bed with Heylyn.

14. Sunday. A delightfully sunny day. Smoking and scribbling, loafing, reading and drawing. Mrs. Heylyn dresses herself elaborately and goes to church; the first time since her accident. All wo-
En Route again. Canada.

men of whatever degree believe in the respectable. This church-going never had the slightest effect on character. Heylyn, I and the boy employed by him at the shop went for a walk to the cemetery of Mount Hope, in the afternoon — a pretty place. Drawing caricature No 2, in the evening. When the women retired together tonight, they got to karting and playing tricks, and as Heylyn and I sat smoking together, sharp and shrill and emphatic, came Mrs. Heylyn’s “You Ditch!” to her companion, in the adjoining apartment, at which Heylyn laughed, weakly.

15. Monday. Finished drawing. To town with Heylyn; got note from Canada Railroad man including tickets. Tried Rogers’ office, he out. To Heylyn’s store. Return to dinner at 1½. Loafing and scribbling during the afternoon. To town with Heylyn in the evening, leaving him to attend a Fire Company’s meeting, to which body he is Secretary. Returned to have by 9½, he following in an hour. What again, during which Mr. and Mrs. T. squabbled with one another.

16. Tuesday. A rainy morning. To the depot by 7 a.m. in carriage, and off for Canada, arrived at the Suspension Bridge by 11 o’clock or sooner, and did the remaining fifty-four.
George Bolton's Home

Less than two miles between it and Paris by 12½. There, much as I expected, I didn't find George Bolton, the letter I had written from Rochester remaining at the Paris post-office, still called for. Setting out for a Tramp to his house, I was accosted by a honest fellow bound past it, who offered to transport me to my destination if I'd pay the toll, which I readily accepted, proposing beer into the bargain. Less than two miles riding in his buggy brought me to the place, a neat wooden-built farm-house, with a porch and green creepers over it, and an extension room on one side, the roof of which sloped to within a few feet of the ground. The house stands hard by, on the road between Paris and Brantford. Going to the rear (for the front-door and porch, after the Transatlantic custom, are not at all matters of use), I found a girl of eighteen or twenty, who told me that Mr Bolton was abroad but would return soon, as he did. George may be broader, browner and perhaps cooler-looking, but is otherwise unchanged. In a neat apartment, darting To rend the flies, with a big store fronting the boarded-up fire-place, he told me the particulars about his wife and child's death. He asserts that the doctors killed her, by administering Turpentine, which she only consented to
and talk. In the course of the afternoon he drove me to Paris, in his wagon, where I procured my baggage, and he made sundry calls, principally about hunting up a debt transferred to him by John Bonworth, who put putting out to loan the money that George had lent him when he first came hither, had discharged it by giving him the trouble of collecting what was due on the note; he, Bonworth having sacked eight per cent interest. George's talk was universally decedental about the people around he had a store of stories to tell of their meanness, love of money and miserable ways of living; in so much that I felt depressed, chafed and irritated. Time had wrought its inevitable effect as far as the matter of reconciling him to his wife's death; he works hard afield; is, I think, even more taciturn than of yore (though God knows that was bad enough), and preserved unchanged those family characteristics which I have always regarded with equal repugnance and depression. I feel a great deal of sympathy and good will towards him; I hope I am considerate of his recent loss, but this first day's experience was emphatically a damper. For, on our return he took me to the house of a friend of his, Mr. Baker, a good fellow enough no doubt, but who,
Kindly William Cowworth.

(after we had had supper, almost in darkness, in a dreary, unfurnished room) talked the dullest kind of rot and rubbish and Canadian ignorance about the civil war in the States, to which I could barely listen with patience. And George and he kept this up for a good hour and a half. George being interjacent, depreciatory and decadental, Bakker loud and talkative; while I paced up and down in a dreary, forestless field, in which the house stood, with a bad headache, and chilled by the dank and dark evening. On our return to the house, I saw William Cowworth, my fellow voyager across the Atlantic, now a stumpy young man with indications of whisker; a simple, somnolent physiognomy, ascetic nose and, when he laughs or smiles, a display of the whole of his upper gums and teeth. He has lived with George since their removal from John Cowworth's, and is a simple-hearted, kindly-natured young fellow; who works hard in the fields all day, and whose mental horizon seems limited by them. Yet, like his brother John, he has a quiet sense of hospitality; for in a simple, unpretentious way he suggests things which he thinks will be pleasing to you—in which respect I find his conduct contrasts with that of George Colton, whose idea of entertaining a guest seems to
be letting him alone and reading during his meals.

17. Wednesday. To Brantford with George Bolton; he having to get £100, sent as a present by the aunt of his late wife; the draft for which arrived within a day or two after her death. He, of course, mentioned the thing to John Garthwaite who verbally endorsed George's right to the money, while as she left no will, her husband only obtained so on the ground that it was to be devoted to the payment of poor Sarah's debts! — which is little enough I trow. This job necessitated the fox driving about a good deal in the buggy, leaving me boiling in it, while George went into the bank and after a lawyer. Previously I had suggested beer, and we had had a bottle of ale at a hotel; which building at George's desire we partially inspected, being duly impressed by the fact that the Prince had lunched in the dining room. After getting his £100, George went to pay his lawyer, finding him at a drinking-place and presently coming out to invite me to have a glass of ale (I suppose in return for the bottle) — but the lawyer paid for the three drinks. Brantford is a neat place, much bigger than Paris; over twice its size I should say; and I saw some nice English-looking girls with round hats and hair in nets (a fashion very much in vogue in Canada) an introduction to whom
Old Burwell, the Surveyor.

might have made one's sojourn infinitely pleasant than it promises to be. George's business dispatched, we went to see a certain Leslie Burwell, an old surveyor, to whom Leslie (my Scotch friend) had given me a letter of introduction—really with the hope that I might be able to find out something concerning a forty acres of farm-land owned by Leslie's wife. George in his negotiations for land heretofore had met Burwell, and had the usual depreciation to say about him. In the old man's office he questioned him about the locality of the land, which Burwell had let to a man who was fencing it; deferring the signing of the lease until he saw how the future progressed. When we left, George assumed that the old man didn't want to give any information and indirectly questioned a man (a Pennsylvania Dutchman, engaged in selling a drill-patent) whom we took up behind us about the land; until he extracted from him the assertion that he had let certain adjoining acres, his property, at the rent of $1 ½ dollars an acre, cash—subsequently commenting therein to me and assuming Burwell's dishonest intentions. Indeed, he finds meanness and dishonesty everywhere, and while listening to him, I am depressed and revolted, I am not infrequently reminded of the moral of Mr. Hawthorne's
story of the man who swallowed a snake and therefore became possessed of a diabolical perception of the existence of similar reptiles in others. The remainder of the day I passed in lying in and out of doors.

10th Thursday - Writing letters to Califin Bowery and The Jek at 132, PIcker. In the evening, after our early tea, I took a rapid walk to Paris to mail letters and get what might be awaiting me. William Bonwright seeing me about to start, suggested the pony and finding I was willing enough to ride, asked George who was brooding over his newspaper in the room where we take our meals, whether he wanted to use the animal; returning with a shrug of the shoulders and, "Yes." (To do justice to George, he did use the pony.) Got paper and a letter from Bowerymen, full of boarding-house gossip and read it wafting through the main street of the place, after a glass of ale. He writes in matronalized sort, on Sunday; which he would faint call Cloud-day, Rain-day, Damp-day, Slush-day, Mud-day or Gloomy-day. He has been half-sick and diarrheoic for three days, induced by indulgence in stale raspberries. He has a cough. He has been disappointed in not going to Fort Lee and the sympathizing of the ladies there has seemed to him exaggerated in
New York News.

comparison with the present. Cahill had been noisy and boisterous. Mary, the housemaid, has been as rampant as a cat-a-courtin', filling the house with erotic yells, in her elegant social intercourse with Phillips, Griswold and Cahill. Pretty Mrs. Giary is lipped at her lord's absence, and not such good company as usual. Mrs. Butler is competing with the Irish Giantess (Miss McBook) for the Dan of diamonds. If he goes into the parlor the jowled squinters will mark him for their own. Like the Frenchman on Sunday in London he has "the disgust." Now for items about politics. Stockton doesn't like his work in the "World"—it is all back labor. He says that in newspaper offices, literary ability is not appreciated or sought after, but only a certain business faculty adapting itself to the mechanical process of finding and attractively displaying ostensible news, just as dry-goods men set forth to their wares behind their plate-glass window—an apt comparison. "An creditor of Phillips, late of the "N.Y. Illustrated News," tells Davyzen, "that that gentleman is in Wisconsin, with a paramour, for whom he deserted his wife in England, and that the woman passes as his cousin." I remember hearing Phillips speak of her when Heney, Jack Edwards and I paid the Sunday visit to Miss Wund's—if I am not mistaken.
he spoke as though “Mrs. Ward” were acquainted with her! “The gentlemanly young Mr. Bache has resigned his 2d Lieutenant in Hamilton’s Zouaves, at Fort Monroe, to take the same rank in the regular army. Butler is trying to get a lieutenantcy in one of Sickles’ regiments at Bangor. Cabot is unchanged. “He woke me” writes Dawe ongm, “at Friday night, telling me that having made $10. That day outside his business, he had thought him of my partiality for claret. He therefore brought a bottle and brought ice in his hands to the bedchamber, insisting that I should drink the wine with him, then at midnight. I declined, and my thoughtful friend drank it all, alternately from my glass and his own. He immediately thenceforth cast it forth and went to sleep. Griswold would not have himself to partake of the festivities. Next evening, on my appearance at supper, Cabot informed me, with much gravity and earnestness, that a very stout body man, a British Volunteer, had been awaiting me some hours in my room, and had finally subdued into a drunken slumber on my bed. He called on Griswold and Phillips for confirmation. They accorded it. Mrs. Geary proposed out of her pretty eye, mischievous eyes and mouth.

**Duckshreek from the officers of Anderson’s Zouaves.**
A Boarding House "Lark."

That I should go up stairs and see who was my guest. After supper, when I did so, I found a clay figure with my military cap extended on my bed. I stuck a pipe in its mouth and with Phillips's assistance put the effigy in Cabell's bed and then brought up all the boarders, women and all, to see it. Cabell took it, of course, in good part and we all laughed heartily and ended with beer. Mrs. Geary wanted it put in Jewell's bed; but she came up and spoiled the fun. Mrs. Butler will go shortly into Ontario county, for a few weeks.

Undershell is still at Cape May, enjoying himself hugely. Weston senior, goes frequently to Long Branch, where the officers of the U.S. guards, formerly British Volunteers, are spending the money amassed by a benefit concert. They have no men. Their money will probably last them a week longer. They are all officers — about thirty of them! I cannot get away till I get some money to pay up here. I owe $36. Meanwhile I shall go to my trade at the first chance. Fancy has had letters from God Junce recently; I have not. "Thad Ben-

evem. Returning, I was accosted by Hart, a young Paris attorney, bound for George Bolton's; to whose house he had been invited in conjunction with Baker. He was on horseback, but presently dismounted and leading his horse, bore me company,
Life in Canada.

It is testimony against the country folk heretofore was depreciatory. He had once taken £30 of a morning, in suits; but the people hadn't money enough to go to law," he said, which I thought a wholesome thing. Walter came to George's shortly after our arrival and we sat in the door-porch, drank cider qualified with whiskey (at fifty cents the gallon) and talked till 10 or later; adjourning in doors when it got too dark and chill for my companions, or rather when I suggested it. Walter showed better than in my first acquaintance with him; was cognizant, good-intentioned, talked anti-drink, avowed himself an Orangeman and anti-Papist and liberally admitted that The Americans were a great people, after all. George speaks well of Hart. The attorney has given him profitable advice, without charging for it.

19. Friday. Sorting up Diary all day, from the time of my leaving New York.

There's an assertion that country-people are naturally malicious" (in a style satirical direction) in "Don Quixote"; in a story told, I think, by a shepherd, about the country-girl who elopes with a braggart soldier and is robbed and stripped by him. I am sure that my present surroundings afford an opportunity for a study of character a la Balzac, in his novels of country life. And I'm going to
George Bolton’s Weakness.

heap up a quarry of raw material of little facts, all of them as suggestive in their way as anything in “Eugenie Grandet.” Without some such employment this seclusion of mine would be insufferable.

20. Saturday. With George to Paris, he wanting to make purchases. At the store, I bought a bottle of London gin, and had a stone jug filled with malt whiskey, and got some lump sugar; for we additionally damaged our poor coffee with strong brandy, at my cousin's. Then I proposed a bottle of ale, and Hart was fetched over to share it, much as George thought it would be too much for two to drink. That dispatched, we drove to the railroad depot, to procure a box expedited from Richard Bolton, mutually to George and to John Conover's. On the way we passed a short, florid-faced, and white-whiskered Doctor Dixon ("The man who killed my wife," said George, adding that he did it with the best of intentions), when there was a talk, and something said of drinking together. Returning from the depot, our wagon met again, and George, in response to the doctor's, "It's too bad to make you turn back," answered, professing his willingness to do so; "I don't know whether we're to treat you, or you us." We went to a bar room, with the result that I proposed and paid for drinks for the crowd thrice. At
John Conworth's House.

The first round, George pointed out Patton, the man who kept the grocery-store, saying, "He treated us the other day — won't you ask him?" Of course I did; remembering that on the two occasions when we visited grocery-store, one at Paris, the other at Brantford, George had got free drinks of the proprietors. Presently the landlord stood treat and, on a bell intimating dinner-time, invited us to partake of the meal; to which I readily assented; as I had just exclusively on salt hams since my arrival in Canada. Then we went to John Conworth's house, which is mightily improved by the growth of the trees in front of it, and better-furnished within. He was at Martin's, his cousin Henry Ten being at home. This Ten is, in appearance, something like a roughy hewn, rustic Jim Patton. He was a salesman in a dry-goods-shop at Hamilton, saved money enough to study at college; intending to qualify himself for the ministry. He went to England last year. He is now a devout devotee and a consumptive, living alternately with his different relatives. We talked semi-theologic and presently had tea; at which a nice-looking woman presided — John Bonworth's housekeeper. She is a Mrs. Hewett, a widow, who attended poor Sarah Conworth in her last sickness. At the meal, which was a nicely-served one, hardly a word was addressed
To her. At last we drove to Martin's, to find John Conworth, pour him and out, of course in a darkened room, talking with Martin and an old man, his relative, an American, who in spite of his eighty years was moved to temporary enthusiasm, when I got excited at George's covert disparagement of the great republic, and blazed out in its defence. Returning to Conworth's, John invited us to remain, and I, at demurring at a cold night-lid drive to George's, accepted the invitation. George and I slept together. "Ted" Conworth was present during the evening, of whom George has fifty stories to tell, illustrative of the boy's being the incarnation of cunning and meanness. I record them, on the Balzac principle before-mentioned. The lad (always according to George's account) was a sly and a suggester of all sorts of mean things to his brother John, a rebel to and tormentor of his sister, a bad son. When the poor, old man died, Mrs. Martin had the ordering of the funeral; when "Ted" attached himself to her, following her from shop to shop, contriving that it should be solemnized cheaply, ruling somewhere a pine coffin instead of a more costly one. I asked if George supposed this done by John's direction. He said no, declared that John was naturally a good and liberal fellow, but from his coming hither, in his youth, falling into a narrow, colonial, money-grubbing, copper-
"The Spirit that says Nay To All."

having habits and living with the Martins — the head of whom George designates as a Yankee — John became what George now represents him to be. I take the liberty of dissenting from that representation, on my own judgment. I know that the Polton blood runs in meaner and dirtier channels than that of the Comworths and while to some extent sympathizing with George and seeing how this damnable, ingrained nature has been developed in him, yet abhor and shudder at it and wish — oh! how I wish that Charley had never married into that family. There's an utter distrust of all good in it; a cunning and selfishness which finds its outlet in immeasurable actions, great and small; a cordial habit of life which depresses and revolt me; a miserable fear of open speaking, a trick of hinting and sneering and attempting to accomplish its mean ends covertly; an absence of all liberal thought and construction; an omnipresent decadentalism, to which I cannot and will not shut my eyes; manages my present position. The good in George, I will do justice to, presently: I know it and perceive it, but I must secure the truth on the other side also. As George and I drove into Comworth's gate this evening, he pointed out the spot where poor Sarah lies; in a spot on the left, a mere corner of a field, unmarked by any grave-stone, with her dead babes on either side
Odious Suspicions.

but of her. But I could not remember that he had frequently spoken of his lost wife as much in connection with her usefulness, as a mistress of a house, as a living, self-sacrificing woman.

Talking of her I said that I hated to think of the poor girl’s life — it appeared one dull martyrdom. George said they were very happy together during their marriage. I hope so. But with his tactlessness and Bolton’s selfishness, if that poor Sarah ever had an healthy indulgence of unreserved affection — well, God forgive all of us! When she died, George suspected the people in the house of improving the opportunity by prying into and stealing from her drawers! He has a wholesome impression that all people are mean, and that most of them will thieve! He cautioned me about the contents of my trunk, more saying that he didn’t know but that the father of his little housekeeper would tell her to pilfer; as far as I can discover a wholly gratuitous suspicion. She is one of a family of five girls, of Scotch birth; her father, a widower, keeps a turnipette, near Paris, plays on fiddles of his own making, and the girls work hard and knit of evenings, while one of them reads aloud some story. They, in common with the main, were greatly exercised by Walter Bannard’s “Woman in White,” republished in the Toronto “Globe.” The turnipette —
Bella, the Housekeeper.

man "gets up clubs" of subscribers to this newspaper, and subscribed himself to the Paris "Star", a little sheet, because he likes to know the news of the village." George don't. He pronounces Coulter "a mean man," and thinks Bella is "too near" her home, and "not worth" the $3 a month he pays her, inclusive of board! She rises at 5, in common with the rest of the family, does all the cooking, bread making, washing, and household work of all kinds, obtaining only monosyllabic recognition from George, but some chances of talk with William Bannworth. She is puritanic and anti-Roman Catholic, fond of music, wouldn't go to a circus, has never seen a theatre, likes music, dresses herself mostly when her household work is done, and since her arrival in this country, sight at the age of eight, has hardly been a couple of miles from home. On the afternoon of my arrival at George's, she had some of her younger sisters to visit her and perceive them in the garden gathering currants (of which there are more than enough), George commented unpleasantly upon it. Subsequently, in the evening, when I was ardently endeavoring to institute a similitude of conversation by inquiries about things, currants were spoken of. I asked if they had many. "Plenty if the girls haven't eat 'em all!" he said. Their
A letter from Bob Gun.

sister was present. The remark was intensely Boltonian: I have heard similar things said at Wetherop hundreds of times. Mrs. Bolton and William excelled in it; but the whole family possess the characteristic. At the Post Office this day, I got a seven-page letter from Bob Gun; written at his private residence, 12 Godolphin Road, New Road, Hammersmith.

Here are items: Bellow and Bob, in conjunction with Charley, tried several publishers about my proposed "Charleston in Persecution-Time," without success. Bob called on Butcher and Clarke on his arrival in London; has seen them since. He intends going to Paris in a few days, on business. Bellow saw both Nast and Seymour, on their way through England. Abrahams borrowed 10 shillings of Bob, to help pay Cadull's passage out, which sum he hasn't refunded. He, Abrahams, was employed at the office of the Metropolitan Hotel Co., which was established for the purpose of erecting a big hotel, on the American plan; but nothing has come of it; for the bill was thrown out of the House. A. J. Turner was to have been the architect. What the young man is now doing, Bob doesn't know; perhaps studying law, as he talked about it. He told Bob that he left a situation of $25 a week in New
York on the "Courier": I believe he got about $5. Ledger is about town in London, but talks of returning to the U.S. Bellow lives at Kensington, as well as his brother Beckett. The former could do more, if he had it. Mrs. O. hates and detests England, and Cahill got into her good graces by joining in abuse of it. Bellow had to appear before a magistrate about an unpaid board-bill of Cahill's. The case was dismissed. Bob has been threatened with a summons on a similar account. "After all that has been done for him by his friends," writes Jim, "the said young man has not even sent a newspaper, to say nothing of writing." Beckett talks of going to Bagota, as soon as he gets some money, which his wife is entitled to. Bob asserts that "without exaggeration," Overreyen's neglect of the business of Jim and Co. has cost the firm £200, and that it will take twice that amount at least, to recover the position lost through not getting the N.Y. papers regularly; and through Overreyen's taking no notice of letters sent to him about business commissions, accepted by the Agency. Bob, on his return to Scotland, went from his native place to Caithness, returning by Aberdeen, through the Highlands and past Balmoral, arriving at that place on the same day as the Queen, on which occasion he had a...
good inspection of the royal party, "but was unable from press of business to spend a few
days with them which he much regretted." Two
days coaching through some of the most roman-
tic scenery in the world brought him home again,
after an absence of two weeks. At the end
of August he came to London with the intention
of going to Paris, and thence to Mecklenburg-
Strelitz, where he has a sister at school, re-
turning to Scotland and so back to New
York by November. But "unforeseen circumstan-
ces" in the shape of matrimony "altered his plans,
and he is settled down for life, although the
chances are that he will return to America when
things are better there in the event of the Agency
proving not so lucrative as he could wish. Call-
ing at Lodger, the Day Oodr arrived in town, he
learned, not much to his surprise, that Cahill
was in London, and the next day saw him.
Oodr, Oodr met by chance in Oxford Street, just
as he was entering the American Stores to get a
drink. Major Piercy is and has been for several
weeks, living in the country, for reasons best known
to himself. That bold soldier has taken the pledge.
Oodr speaks of meeting him at the Crystal Palace
and of his state then. Viele, our queer boarder
has got back to London. The rest of the letter-
Bill Few's and John Conworth's.

contains talk of Blondin at the Crystal Palace, of Train and his "Train-ways", of American affairs from an English point of view, inquiries about whether any Carolinians were killed in Fort Macon, as of the truth about it is known in New York, more condemnations of Bouveren, questions about old acquaintances, an allusion to Mr. Bulleigh and the debt, details about Bob's residence and walk to business of a morning and minor matters. A good letter and amusing.

1. Sunday. At Conworth's till the evening. With George Bolton and John Conworth to visit William Few in the morning, whom we found in bed, having returned late overnight from a fishing excursion to Pine Pond. We talked fish and pugilism for half an hour, bringing away a couple of pike, one for Conworth, one for George. Mrs. Hewett, John's housekeeper, gave us one of the nicest of dinners; indeed, throughout, Conworth's hospitality showed in advantages contrast to that I had been experiencing for the last five days. George credits him with this, but says that owning flesh and manure is the ordinary rule, when there are no visitors. At George's, their presence seems to make no difference. Returning, he made a detour of a mile to avoid a turnpike. I remark that time is considered of no value in comparison
More of George Bolton's

with money here. Furthermore, George predicted that the owner of the wagon we sat in would want to borrow his team in repayment, for a whole week, expressing anticipatory injury at it. The presumption was half-gratuitous, but he felt it bitterly! He told, too, other stories of the meanness and dishonesty of everybody, until I asked him if there were no honest and generous and kindly people around? "There might be," he said, "but he hadn't found any."

The taciturnity of folks here compels one either to imitate their dreary example, or to talk at the expense of appearing coquacious. I have done the latter, however, being desirous of throwing them into sociability; at the expense of considerable latent irritation at being forced into a false position. They seem to be watching you. I'm out of the world in regard to news. Only three Tidbits have arrived, and my subscription commenced on the eleventh. Little Davenport has sent two illustrated papers, The Post folks, me, Gabill me.

22. Monday. Writing diary nearly all day. Had the pike for dinner, which disagreed with George, according to his representations—possibly from his being unaccustomed to fresh diet. At sunset accompanied William on his evening milking expedition. He suggests that "we" might as well
Housekeeping and Characteristics.

Kill a sucking-pig, (value #1), or a duck, (value $5 cent) and ask "we" have more than we know what to do with; and he and I pick the first peas of the season, without authorization. At night I compound myself a glass of milk-punch. George lies on a settle, monosyllabic. William disposes of the remainder of a glass of weak—very weak—gin-and-water, left over from last night, and we all sit by the light of one tallow candle—not a mould one—which requires frequent attendance. I read the "Examiner" (expedited from New York) meanwhile, and then, when the rest have gone to bed, commit an atrocious violation of hospitality, by scrawling in this diary, up to the very late hour of eleven, when I look it up and go to bed, too.

23, Tuesday. Lazing and scribbling till 11. Then off in the wagon with George and William to Paris, the latter being impressed to attend to the wellbeing of butcher. George didn't speak agreeably to the young fellow (whom he doesn't pay, except by an occasional bonus of), I cannot suppose a very heavy amount) muttering something about "never understanding," when he trade him "Come, jump in!" to the wagon, which set me thinking of the young man's being the brother of the dead Sarah, it was blazing hot on the road, George saying scarce a word. At Paris, where we stopped to
Will Waud arrested in New York.

get the horse shod. The emitter told us a story how there had been a battle at Bull's Run, in Virginia, with a loss of between 2,000 and 3,000 on the side of the "Yankee," or federal troops. Accordingly we went in search of a news paper and read the same news in the Toronto "Leader"—three columns of it. Among the minor items was the death of "Major "Rawlings, the inoffensive "blower" and unmitigated nuisance. sometime attached to Frank Leslie's paper. At the Post office I got a paper and letter from Will Waud. The latter narrating how he had been arrested in New York, having "that infernal stunt Dodge of Charleston or Newburgh" to thank for it." Waud met him in Varson Street, Dodge being at the door of a bar-room in a lieutenant's uniform. He appeared very much confused, but after hesitating, addressed Wud, said that he belonged to the Brooklyn Phalanx; that he had experienced very hard times; "being stripped out of every cent here and having all his property confiscated in Charleston; which," adds Wud, "I believe to be a lie. I listened to what he had to say and he then begged me to take a drink with him, which I had to pay for, as the bar-keeper would not trust him." Fifteen minutes after they parted, Waud received a mes-
A Drive to Blenheim Township.

...age that Kennedy, Superintendent of Police, wanted to see him. He was kept in the Detective's Office, without charge or warrant, or examination from Wednesday until Saturday, merely on Dodge's affidavit. Finally the British Council liberated him, on the promise of his being forth coming when wanted. Will wants me to send him a detail of Dodge's villany.

To John Bonworth's, a smart; then, changing our wagon for Bonworth's and taking Henry Teu aboard, off for a seventeen-mile drive to the elder brother of the Teu family, in Blenheim Township. It was a pleasant ride; part of it through picturesque and woody country, where the smell of the pines and balsams was delicious, and the sky and water beautiful. We passed a good deal of rough land and some swamp. At the house we got a very hearty, if quiet, welcome, and a nice supper. After a not very delightful tramp through wheat fields and over-ploughed turnip rows (with our host and George, who was occupied in picking up information) we returned, talked, and drank carlsberg, wine of Warwickshire make, in honor of George's birthday. He has a wife with two daughters, one a girl of four, another of six. They both toddle about without shoes or stockings but wear hugged socks, and the eldest walks with...
Napoleonic Pictures.

A natural grace and suppleness pleasant to look on. When George and I retired, it was to a neat room with the inevitable feather-bed (an uncomfortable English superstition) and old-fashioned engravings, one representing Napoleon at Longwood, evidently copied with the times. Therein the French Emperor appeared standing on a sort of lemon, in an ill-drawn cocked-hat, his broad hand in his breeches pocket, a protuberant stomach, contorted legs attire apparently in attenuated drawers. To him, a highly fashionable lady, considerably above him in stature, and dressed in a long straight night-gown of limited material, without any waist, and a man's hat decorated with a feather, which concealed her features, was presenting a demonstrative leg in brown. Napoleon had all the air of opposing his stomach, in an ill-tempered mood, against the two. The other engraving displayed an officer in a cocked hat and epaulettes riding amid mountainous scenery, followed at a distance by a pedestrian. I should have thought the mounted person had been intended for Napoleon but for the absence of stomach; the country would have answered very well for St. Helena. Both pictures were colored after the time of George the Fourth, the foliage of the same period. Between the two,
An Old Peasant.

at "our beddes hedde" hung a decently drawn lithograph of the head of a boy-cricketer.

24. Wednesday. Up betimes. A talk with an old man, named Arnold, who has lived with Arthur Tew for the past two years. He was engaged in weeding a carrot-patch and informed me that he once lived with an English Israelite who ate such weeds as "per-dein, burridge, churlish, bugloss, and Tarragon" (I took down the names) the last of which he described as a sort of wild parsley. He proved to be an interesting old man; had been a gardener, a gamekeeper, a cricketer, and a walker of matches. In the second capacity he had been "left for dead," twice, by poachers. It was all Wiltshire and Haute experience; he had received many a guinea from Ascheton-Smith, the sporting squire, for earth-stopping and fox-purveying. The Duke of Wellington used to be a guest of his master. To listen to his rustic speech was as good as an hour with Chaucer, while his health and contentment (he was over seventy; had his board and £100 a year) conveyed its moral. In Arthur Tew, as in all the country folk, I notice a softness and deliberateness of utterance suggestive of how our English language was spoken long ago, and of Chaucer's open-spelling. I like these Tews, all of
Arthur Tew's Hospitality.

Then. Arthur's "I'll kill a sheep if you'll stay long enough to eat it," uttered in the quietest, most matter-of-course manner, disclosed the soul of simple hospitality. His wife, too, gave us one of the nicest of breakfasts; we had rashers of bacon, newly-laid eggs, fruit, preserves and cream, andbetter than all, goodwill and friendly behavior. After breakfast I took a long walk rather out of the way with Arthur Tew and George to visit the farm of certain nephews of the former, to whom he had acted as father. Tew came to Canada with the rest of his family, imported by Moses Their uncle, and John Gonworth's; to whom he left this John's present farm. Arthur went back to the old country, dissatisfied with the new, for two years, but returned to it, as is always the case. Returning to the house, I got to be immense friends with little Mary Tew, aged 2. Dinner. By 2 o'clock off again for our return, by another road, which passing through Ayr, induced George to order a barrel of ale (emulating the example of Arthur Tew who always keeps it) at a little Scotch Brewery. A rough road, involving the going through gates and the fording of a pretty stream. The country like the day, lovely. At Gonworth's by supper time. The pretty housekeeper had been out for a day's
John Conworth’s pretty Housekeeper.

“berrying” - getting raspberries, somewhere in the direction of Pine Pond, in company with the Tew and Martins, and we talked of it. She seemed as good and diffident and self-sacrificing as may be, and were I, John Conworth, I’d make her my wife, if she’d have me, without a day’s delay. She is the widow of a man much her elder, a tailor who drank and died, when she made dresses and came to live with the Martins; her relatives by marriage. John, so Henry Tew informs me, has some hawkings around after Sarah Ann Bolton - of whom this nice housekeeper is worth ten thousand. Supper, sitting in the parlor, institution and bed. John Conworth still shows very hospitably, likes to have things handsome about him and, if a money-lower, does not let it influence his household expenditure, when guests are under his roof. I suggested to Arthur Tew, as I had to Conworth, that an ice-house would obviate any supposed necessity for the eternal salt-ports, did it in summer and both took kindly to the notion. Within the limits of courtesy, I have been free both of comment and commendation of the way of life here, and I think it has some effect on George, of whom, maybe, I have written too impulsively. But in all his sentences he is contracted and decorous.
A rustic Grave-Yard.

25. Thursday. Went with Henry Tier (whom I like) to visit the little grave-yard. It comprises half an acre of land, nearly fenced in, but left in its natural, rough condition, with bushes and trees, wild flowers and long grass, shading its few graves. Some few plain stones of white marble, and one neat little obelisk of that material, are there, amid the greenery. A mound, with two little cross stones beside, marks the burial place of poor Sarah Connorton and her dead babes; another, that of her father. The old man’s grave needs turfing; but grass has already begun to spring over the dead girl. It’s a peaceful, simple place; Death doesn’t look at all ugly or forbidding there. From the house to the grave-yard is but a very little distance. Sarah was buried on a wet June afternoon, many mourners attending. About this simple burial-place young "Ted" had the beastliness to remark that it was a pity that his old father had been buried there, so John might want to plough it up some day! There may be less than a score of persons interred there. "Ted's" conduct about the pine coffin has deservedly set all his town-folk against him. He told Mrs. Martin that he knew John’s mind on the subject—a lie. I had these particulars from Henry Tier; who yet spake considerately about the boy.
At George Bolton's and Paris.

Back to Paris with George, and thence by a very picturesque and rough road, winding along the banks of the Grand River, home. Dinner, scribbling, dozing, and reading the rest of the day. Wrote a long letter to Will Wand, with extensive details about Dodge.

26. Friday. Writing till near noon, a letter to W. Leslie and the preceding seven pages. In the afternoon got the pony and rode to Paris, to mail letters. Returning, and dismounting at the turnpike, entered the little house and read the day's Toronto "Globe," Colter, the father, and one of the sisters of our little housekeeper, being present. The room was one of the barest, with but little furniture in it; the girl sat knitting. Returned to a taciturn evening. In conversing, George has occasionally an agreeable way of sitting with his back turned towards you.

27. Saturday. At work overhauling "Paul Yager" and writing till near 2, then walked to Paris, meeting Hart there, who proposed to take me back in a buggy, and did so; after I had been to the Post Office and drank some ale at his house. We returned to George's by about 7, tarrying at the turnpike to read a portion of one of Russell's "Times" letters, from Cairo, Illinois, which was accomplished as we sat in the buggy. Supper. Day &
AN AMATEUR SCOUTING PARTY SURPRISED BY THE REBELS.

Last evening, at about 10 o'clock, a small party of the Naval Brigade, accompanied by Major T. E. Rawlings, brother of Dr. Augustus Rawlings, a visitor here, left the camp at Hampton on an amateur scouting expedition. They passed on to Newmarket bridge, crossing there at about 3 o'clock this morning. When half a mile beyond, and just as day was breaking, they saw not far away on the left a small company of mounted dragoons. Turning to escape, they ran toward a negro house in the opposite direction, but were surprised to be met near the door, and just before they had reached it, by a party of dragoons, mounted and unmounted, who fired upon them to cut them off and assist the company first seen in surrounding them. The scouting party returned the fire with pistols, their distance from the rebels only being from five to ten paces, and two of them dropped from their horses. The rebels first seeing them coming up fired up the scouts. One of the balls passed directly through the head of Major Rawlings, killing him instantly. Capt. Jenkins, of the Naval Brigade, was severely wounded and fell. A private named Shurtleff was also wounded, and both were taken prisoners. The remainder of the party fled into the house and then through into the woods. Capt. Halliday, who was the leader of the expedition, sent his secretary, N. P. Small, from the place where they halted in the woods, around on his way to the camp for a company who should come to their relief. They were not pursued, and from the spot to which they had fled they could see considerable confusion among the rebels, when, soon after, they went away, bearing their dead (as it is supposed) and wounded and prisoners. Mr. Small has not since been heard from, and it is supposed that he too has been taken a prisoner. A negro and his wife, occupying the cabin near where the shooting occurred, were severely frightened and fled to the woods in terror. The body of Major Rawlings was recovered, being left on the spot by the rebels.
Country Boorishness.

essentially kindly, only it has run in the narrow
est of channels, and is flavored with puritanism.
Even Sarah had her spice of this; I remember
her condemning the free habits of the Tewo. She
herself, as I have written before was one of those
women, whom I believe England can alone produce,
who carry the idea of duty and self-sacrifice to fan-
maticism. As in her single, so in her married life,
she had no servant, to relieve her daily labors; in
addition to accomplishing which she actually made
the clothes of her husband and brother—both cutting
patterns out and sewing them. When John
came, this afternoon, and George issued from the
house, the latter did not walk up to his brother in
law and greet him, but sauntered as Kansas Toward
the garden; nor was there any salutation when
they met. John took it as a matter of course, in-
deed didn't notice it. It was characteristic—
being much the same sort of welcome as I got from
George, on my former visit to Canada. He rarely
ever looks at you, when conversing; sitting
sideways, or with his back turned. I believe
George is as glad to see me here as his nature admits
of towards anybody; that he has no desire to expe-
dite my departure, but that it simply is not in him
to act otherwise. Unquestionably he felt Sarah's
death extremely; but it hasn't made him kinder,
gentler, better or more disposed to think well of his fellow-creatures. Indeed such events in their effects on survivors are, almost universally, merely temporary. Character is unchangeable.

19. Monday - With George to Oranjestad in a big cart, like a drawer on wheels, he having to make purchases. In the afternoon, returning from a visit to Paris, George brought back a letter for me from Haney. He projects a journey to Niagara in three weeks' time, and may visit Rochester, in company with Jim Barton and Mr. Edwards. Sally and Thomas became twins on the 29th of September, his birthday; following which they visit Niagara. So the thing will be over by Christmas, which will be a blessed thing for all parties, especially for those who ought to be the least interested. Mattie, Eliza, and Jack have gone to Po'Keapo, to Mrs. Weddell's, a sister of Rogers. They remain two weeks. Mort Thomson is at Washington, Eliza a quartermaster in Carl Schurz' Regiment. Alf Wand is home again - he had a narrow escape in the Potomac from Manassas - Haney has not seen him as yet - hearing this from Lagast of the "Old Nerve"; as also that "Mrs. Wand" is "about contributing another twig to the family olive tree."

(God's Revenge against Adultery - five red-headed children.) Mrs. Wheeler, Bellew's father-in-law,
"They marched, the Elephants, two by two."
ed to go to the show very much, yet as finding her
pictures about to do so, declined, as she wasn’t drest
all in her best. She wouldn’t go to a circus, though
and thinks Theatres very wicked places.

31. Wednesday. San Anburg’s show, including
his two elephants, pass our door at breakfast-time.
Writing, reading and boiling, the former du-
ing the afternoon in the corn wheat-field, where
George and William were “cradling.” Went out with
the former to some little distance, towards a neigh-
bror’s, but a rain-storm drove me back. Royal
summer weather.

August.

1. Thursday. Writing story in the forenoon.
after dinner walked to Paris with George, going
presently to the hotel where he (after George had
transacted some business at a bank, next door)
we went going by Walker, and Transitorily by
Clark and Dixie. Returning, at about sun-
set, George and I attempted a bathe in the
Grand River, which is shallow, swift and
horribly stony; insomuch that our bathe proved
a wash in clambering to which, down the
steep and rocky banks, my boots (cloth ones
and not of the Newest) became a mere mass of
George's Farming.

...cloth and leather, notwithstanding which we tramped merily homewards through the darkening and odorous fields.

S. Friday. Reading Dumas and writing Paul Gauv, the first till 10, the second till 2; walked when I attempted another battle with William Bonworth; at the cost of a mile and a half a sultry walk to a spot perhaps a quarter of a mile nearer to us than the scene of yesterday's battle. This proved a repetition of it. In the evening with George. To visit Walker, over four or five extensive fields in our rear; he bearing us company on our return; after we had sat and smoked and talked and drank in his outh for half an hour. As I suspect, is commonly the case with George, he combined interest with pleasure, in this visit. Wednesday's "cradling" proved such hard and sultry work, that he was not sorry to accept the offer of a neighbor (one of the average "mean" people in the vicinity, I presume) of sending his horse and reaping machine to secure the rest of the crop. Our expedition, on the evening of that day, was to ascertain when these means would be available. Not until Monday was the answer, George brought some back; adding that he thought he should wait. However during our yesterday's drinking at the Paris, he...
must in many things have been akin to that of Mr. Bolton, then Mary Edwards, and has culminated in her son William. The incredible meanness of the rule of life dictated by this spirit, its sharp-eyed ascendency in the direction of making or saving a penny is worthy of Balzac's old Grusinde. It never seems conscious that other eyes may suppose it desirable.

Two days ago George hired a man, who applied for work, at $1 per day, "to chop and bind." On the morning of the second day's labor there came a rain-storm, which determined George to discharge his laborer. He did this after dinner and having no change, came in to borrow fifty cents. When I produced two quarters, he asked if I had English shillings; because while they pass as half-quarter-dollars, they are yet one cent less in value, when changed. (He mentioned this as the reason.)

The man was paid with one English shilling and one U. S. quarter. When George repaid me it was with two English shillings. He wants a housekeeper badly, and has cast about him how to replace poor Varadie in that capacity, of course as inexpensively as is possible. There has been talk of Varadie Ann Bolton coming out here, but she, possessing the family spirit in perfection, would I am very sure, never cross the Atlantic,
His University and Selfishness.

unless desperately hard-up for a husband and in the hope of securing John Conworth to whom she would probably prefer George Gardner—but for the latter’s being a mere lawyer’s clerk with, as George contemptuously says, but $500 a year, while John has a house and farm. About the break-up between these two, George assumes that his sister did it in consequence of John’s Canadian degeneracy; but Henry Tew told me that John himself didn’t answer her last letter, though Tew believes that he is still hankering “after her.

To return: George had thoughts of importing Sarah Ann as housekeeper, but agreed with me when I told him that she wouldn’t endure the life. Coming through the fields one Thursday night, we talked about Mary Anne and the boys in Illinois; he inquiring particularly about them. He should very much like to go and see them, he said, adding presently, “I should think they ought do better in Canada.” That meant Mary Anne as housekeeper and the boys as farm-hands. Pretty Mrs. Hewitt is inaccessible, though George courted her; for she is very fond of John Conworth and has a better home than George could offer her. We talked her over last night. I meant to say that the probability was in favor of John’s marrying her, after he had waited more or less years.
Talk of John Cowworth.

about it, but George thought no – John would never marry. He had been brought up under the care of his uncle – the one who left him the farm – had like him, no thought of or regard for women. He believed John had imitated Joseph the Hebrew, or Joseph Andrews, all his life-time. I spoke of the unnaturalness of this attitude, from even "lawful, married pleasure" in a stout young fellow of over thirty, when his means permitted it, and said that if the pretty housekeeper were only selfish or abroad enough to know her value, declaring that she should quit her position and go to England (as she was once near doing) John would want her to stay as his wife. George thought he'd let her go, but added that were she to tempt John with a bolder alternative he would marry her after. The suggestion was characteristic. But he agreed with me when I said she was no good and modest and self-sacrificing as could be, and would be incapable of such interested dishonor.

Saturday. Wind blew all the morning. In the afternoon lying in the shade of a tree in the wheat-field, scribbling "Paul Gaver", while George, William, Walter and five men (whom the latter had brought with him) were at work. The reaping-machine, which Walter drove, daughter,
The quadrangular space of ripened grain at every circuit around it. The day a gloriously sunny one. After they had cut down all the wheat, there was an interval devoted to whiskey and "a bite," before they all fell to, completing the setting up of the shocks. This ending about 7, the men went off, only Baker and a school-teacher, who called, ramping with us. A little surprised at the amount of the assistance volunteered by Baker, I asked William Bonworth whether the hearty person employed the men and, whether George would have to pay anything? He didn't know; thought it "very kind" of Baker, if the contrary; and opined that the men ought to have been asked to supper. It's my impression that this instance of Canadian meanness was rendered gratis. After supper, as they talked crops, I had a doze and then did a page or two of "P. Q." I got a letter from Honest Jack Edwards the other day, written from Poughreepic. He tells me that the 2nd Volt Life Guard were engaged in the Manassas fight and that one of those champagne-bibbing captains — the owner of that case of wine — opened it in one of the bed rooms — had a leg shot off. The Weddles says Jack are pixes, and he mattered love equally to girls at church. Mat and Eliza, at their brother's time of writing, are making nightshirts for a Hospital Relief Society and talking
A Visit to Baker's.

Sunday. A hot, idle day, in which we are all fearfully taciturn, insomuch that scarcely a single word is spoken, either at meals or between them, in which George dozes; William arranges himself in his best and goes to church at Paris. "Bella" is, according to her wont, much too pious to cook anything for dinner (though she doesn't think it wicked to doze afterwards) and in which I, finally, find it so clear that after scribbling all the morning and idling afterwards, I rest for the pong and meditate a journey to John Bomworth's, when George reminds me that we are engaged to go to Baker's. In another hour or so we accomplish this and are very hospitably entreated in consequence. We find our host in his short-sleeves in his sparsely-furnished room (much of his "portable property" having been consumed in two fires, at a former habitation), with four healthy, little shor bare-legged children, with one of whom I soon become great friends. In time we sup heartily and plentifully downstairs, with Mrs. Q. and the family. Afterwards we sit on the stoop under the piazza, smoking, talking, and watching the gathering of a heavy storm of thunder, lightning and rain, which presently bursts and obliges us to remain all night which I—and I think George—are not sorry for. Baker is English-born,
George's Parsimony.

Though he came to Canada when a boy; he so has 206 and odd acres at an easy rent from his father, who is a clergyman. An opinionative, hearty fellow, loving to talk, friendly and very hospitable. This was exhibited in a hundred little things, the absence of which constitutes the want of it, to my thinking, at George's. To wit, on the morrow we had eggs, rashers of ham, pickles and condiments for breakfast; at my host's, boiled and decidedly fat bacon is the rule. To be varied only on suggestion, or and eggs mightn't have appeared even twice, but for William Conneworth. I should be disposed to attribute this parsimony merely to habit and indifference to anything but coarse fare, did I not observe that George appreciates good living at other houses. A reflection I remember hearing made, respecting his family, by my mother, twenty years ago. Unquestionably training has a good deal to do with it—antecedents are never totally ignored. There's another palliative—the girl Bella can't cook anything beyond the plainest dishes. I notice, however, that this served rather for an excuse for a matter, than as a stimulant to the procuring such innocent indulgences as a little trouble (no expenditure being needed) would obtain. I chronicle these things principally as a quarry; they will admirably fill a character in 'O. P.' George scratched himself a good deal of
More of George Bolton

evenings — a very porcine habit.


6. Tuesday. Writing "P.G." and a letter to Jack Edwards. In the afternoon helping to build a wheat-rick.

7. Wednesday. Rain or drizzle all day long. Writing. We have a young cock for dinner, which George slaughtered yesterday, and which owes most of his appetizing attractions to nature, for the Scotch damsel cooks it very indifferently. We are as silent as usual at breakfast, talk gastronomic at dinner, and in the evening absolutely institute a conversation. I have promised myself to, like Griffith in Henry the 8th, "speak the good" of my cousin and here's to do it. His antecedents, blood and training, one in the main part responsible for the habit of life he has got into; which like a narrow, deep-worn out, he will inevitably pursue unto the goal of prosperity, although he has already attained enough to justify a more liberal existence. He works hard, but likes to see those about him work harder. He is patient, his taciturnity forbidding much manifestation of emotion, even of anger — which gene-
in the store, listening to a noisy dispute between a
verbose American, a Scotchman and the stately
Paton, apropos of Bull's Run; in which the two
latter talked Canadian depreciation of "Yankees." I
crossed over to Hart's office, a big unfurnished
room; he busy at his desk, with a litigious bald-
headed ass, as he subsequently proved. After a
drearly twenty minutes, in which George said not a
word, but wandered round the room, looking at
the scanty maps, I turned out and tramped through
the mud and moisture to the post-office. "Nothing
for Bolton or Gunn!" Back again; George gone.
I had got into the street, when I was called back
eagerly by Hart from the window. Litigious ass
had seen a sketch I had made, out of sheer enui;
understood I was an artist, and wanted to suggest
a stupid notion for a caricature on the Bull's Run
business. Back to the farm-house, dampened
and dreary. George sacrifices a lamb and we have
done of his internals for supper.

Friday. Rain and drizzle and the most
depressing absence of all sociability or conversation, the
entire day. Writing steadily from 9 till the same
hour, without scarcely opening my lips, except to
receive food or utter monosyllables. And at the
drearly gloaming, when the girl had gone off to visit
the parental turnpike, when honest William was
about some of his multifarious farm-yard avocations, and George sat, silent as a savage, smoking his pipe on the porch; not having offered or encouraged any friendly overtures all day, I got nervous and savage and said my say to him, telling him that I had come hither with the kindest of intentions, that I could sympathize with him as to his recent loss; but that his taciturnity and the isolation was insufferable, and I therefore intended clearing out within a week or so. He was monosyllabic in reply, though he subsequently caused himself into conversation—about the despicableness and meanness of all Canadians—during the evening.

Thus behavior of his has none of its origin in poor Sarah's death—s I am sure of it. Despite his letters written to me at that period, he has got as completely over it as could well be. He laments her more as an housekeeper and upper servant than as a wife. He has as keen and mean an eye to the main chance as ever, and talks of the prospective loss of a dollar with a morbid misery which would be ludicrous, were it not frightful. It's useless to struggle against convictions which every hour of the day brings fresh facts to substantiate—George is what every one of his blood must inevitably be, and what I don't care to descript upon. I was an ass not to recognize it sooner, and for coming
With W. Consworth to his Brother's.

George has paid William nothing for his services, and the young fellow (who works as hard and infinitely more conscientiously than any hired laborer) trusts to "his honor" for future recompense. Yet he, as far as his simple, kindly nature permits, understands and condemns the general meanness of the household. George made him, however, a present of $10 at Christmas, when he expended it in an abortive attempt to construct a sawing-machine—which attempt George speaks of with contemptuous condemnation to this day.

10. Saturday. Sunlight again! Writing to Heylyn and to Stanley. In the afternoon set off with William Consworth for a tramp to the house of his brother. The day growing sultry as we progressed. Half a mile beyond Paris we got a ride, sitting on a long plank, conveyed on four wheels by an old man whose talk proved interesting; for he had witnessed the battle of Lundy's Lane and other warfare of the epoch. He was a Jerseyman born, but had come to Canada with his father, over half a century ago; when it was all forest-land, Indians and fever and ague. Alighting at Martin's, we saw two pretty, bare-legged children (girls) and talked with a Corksley man, who had come to this country in the vessel which brought Mrs. Hewitt over, and who talked of returning. Shortly afterwards Dixon...
driven by with another man in the buggy, stopping to talk with us. William and I got measured for boots, at a roadside cobbler's, and anon made a cut over the field's to John Conworth's, where the pretty housekeeper bestowed herself to set forth a particularly nice tea; as the family had already partaken of that meal and were afield, getting in the peas. John appeared in due time and with him, William and "Ted," I went for a bathe, in a good place for the accomplishment of that end. "Ted," an arrant coward in the water, preferred another spot, where he went in up to his knees. Returning to the house and the society of Henry Hewitt, we talked; drank Mrs. Hewitt's currant wine or John's whiskey and went to bed by 10.

11. Sunday. With John to William Hewitt's, bringing him back with us; though he did not stay to dinner. Visitors in the afternoon, a Mr. Smilie and his wife (at whose house we called on our journey to John Hewitt's). In the evening, with John and William Conworth, to visit John Hewitt, not at the house he occupied three years ago, but on the farm which George Dolton now has thinking of buying, and which John Hewitt has purchased. William Hewitt was of the party and we discussed the proposed fishing excursion to Pine Pond, which I had received instructions from George about organizing — of course entirely
according to his own likings and conveniences. Returning, we halted outside Martin's, and inside William Twee. The day throughout, cool and cloudy, suggestive of the morrow's weather. I find myself in an infinitely pleasanter and more hospitable household than the one I have quitted, and the contrast is remarkable. I think John Conworth's character may be put down as naturally kindly and good hearted, subjected to unfavorable influences, from his early and long residence with the Martins. William, his brother, admits that he is "tight" — not in a New York sense, God nort! — but the equivalent of "near" in England, though the young fellow finds George ten times more so. These Conworths, barring "Ted," are intrinsically superior to the Dodson stock every way, and notwithstanding a general lenity of judgment, three parts good nature and one simplicity, they have arrived at something like an estimate of George's characteristics, though they exterminate more than I can do. After all, his cunning is of the ostrich sort, involving blindness in the practitioner. "He did hardly any work, except perhaps at harvest," said simple William to me, of George, "when he lived at John's; he used to sit in the parlor reading, for a month together, and John never said anything." It is different now; George works well enough, spurred by self-in-
More of George Bolton.

forest, but I observe that he contrives that William shall work harder." George talks about the mean-
way of living of Canadians," said John, in his quiet
manner, "but I don't see as he lives much better him-
sell." John, too, who is a good farmer, possessing,
in partnership with Martin, all the requisite machi-
nies, observes the folly, if not the greed, of putting
money out at usury and risking a crop of wheat for
want of indispensable tools, whereby a dead loss often
results to George. He thinks, indeed, his brother-in-
law unfit for the business and inclines to the notion
that he had better give it up. This, I am convinced,
he won't do, for George likes it, and our inclinations
have the most weight in influencing our actions. Dick
percutuated by his brother's recent loss, and by the let-
ters which George wrote to him (all in to those sent
to me) would have him abandon farming and go into
trade, as his partner. The coal traffic in Banbury,
and the pleasure of sharp practice in handling money
inclines George to this, but he wants to combine it
with farming, and as he got this land cheap, he cer-
tainly won't give it up, except at such a price
as would prevent William Banworth treating for it;
which, I discover, is a half-formed idea of John
and the family. They, like myself, have been getting
up an amount of entirely superfluous sympathy about
the presumed melancholy result, as George, of his wife
George Bolton's Greed.

death, not discerning hair, whatever his grief—
may have been at the time, that he had entirely
relapsed into his former self. Asking William
whether he was different when Sarah was alive;
he said "not much"—he was always "very quiet."

They appear to have lived in the same parsimonious
way, greatly modified by her skill in cookery and
industry—which George speaks of more than of any
thing else appertaining to her." She used to ask him
for things," reports William, "and tell him he ought
to do so and so; to have this and that." William
thinks he has no ambition! In our walk to John
Consworth's yesterday, the young fellow's talk ran
a good deal on the household; from which I think
he is beginning to be desirous of emancipating him-
self. As he is twenty-six, I think it's time. He
seems impressed by sundry instances of sharp prac-
tice on George's part, and actually pronounced some
of his acts "mean." George lent a man #100, at
heavy interest, went to law with him, directly pay-
ment became due, and the debtor had to pay #30
costs; which William thinks very hard and unfeeling.
He observed, too, what I had not, George's "making"
an odd penny or two out of me, by way of change,
since the quarter and chilling business already chron-
icled! George's letters and daily behavior
have always conflicted; perhaps they show what he—
Pleasant Quarters.

would like to be, what he thinks he is. All of his faults originate in bad blood, mean breeding, and an ever present distrust of human nature. He loves to rail against, as to talk of, the love of money, being the root of all evil — not a bad indication that his thoughts are set on it and that he believes he ought to have a good deal more and would have attained it, but for the selfishness of others.

12. Monday. A very rainy day, windy withal; and the house being on an eminence, we had the full benefit of it. But pretty Mrs. Hewitt (whose face resembled one of Henry Meadore's rustic beauties) made a cheerful wood fire in the sitting room, and I read Macaulay, smoked and scribbled; being alone all the morning, for Henry Tew had gone out and the storm detained him at a neighbor's, until the evening. William Comworth returned to George Bolton early in the morning, before the beginning of the rain. John was with me during the afternoon. We got to picture-cleaning, restoring the title to a certain print of "Charlotte, Queen of Great Britain and the Princess Royal," after Benjamin West's painting. The queen is represented as a plain young woman, with a very German face, a nose which the courtly Quaker artist has in vain endeavored to render handsome, a mouth with lips inclining to negro redundance, and, of course, an edifice of paw
Some Portraits by Benjamin West.

dered and powdered hair, in all the excess of the dominant fashion. The Queen, snuff-box or pincushion in hand, directs the attention of the princess to a bust of Minerva. The latter has a pleasant, almost a handsome face, in its prominent features, the nose, the eyes, the rather voluptuous lips, involuntarily reminding me of the young prince whom I saw aboard the Harriet Lane — whose turn it now is to submit to flattering painters. The towers of Westminster Abbey appear in the distant distance.

There was another guest in the house beside myself, a Warwickshire woman, whom they called Beasy, housekeeper or servant to Hart the attorney. She, Mrs. Hewitt, John, Ted, Henry Tew and I were assembled together in the evening.

13. Tuesday. With John Cumworth and Henry Tew to George Olfen's, passing through Paris by the way, where I got a letter from Hannah and a lot of "Tribune" — the which have hitherto been eschewed by somebody else. After dinner at George's, while John and Henry drove to Brantford, I walked over to Baker's, to get his company to the proposed Pine Pond excursion, going a mile out of my way in so doing. Baker was very hearty; we smoked and drank for an hour or so, when I discovered that he had some sort idea of George's character by one
or two chance remarks about love of money. He came back with me and in an hour or two, John and Henry returning, we all supped—a larger party than commonly gathers around that board, I fancy. Afterwards we sat nearly till midnight, getting up a Theologic, orthodox, heterodox, Calvinistic, universalistic, predestinational, irrational, aggravational discussion on the Bible and its belongings—ending as usual, in such, in confirming each in his own opinions. John shared my bed, the cords of which being relaxed, rendered it of a trench-like uncomfortableness, insomuch that I presently deserted him and, with shovel and coverlid, made up a bunk on the settle in the sitting-room. Hannah tells of going to Neithrop, of Sarah Ann reading a letter of George's—"so very sad and touching just in the strain of yours—about his wife's death; of Charlotte going to Ramsgate with Mrs. Heritage; of John's going to fetch her home; of my sister Rosa 'writing very religiously—always now'; of Charley and his wife going to Neithrop to spend his holidays, of a wet, disastrous summer, and of the writer's own unmatchable goodness and tenderness of heart in every letter. I wish to God the recipient were worthy of it!

14. Wednesday. Indoors writing all day. Almost as quiet as heretofore, though George has, I think, been
Haney and the Edwardses at Po'keepsie.

stimulated into some indistinct conviction that dumbness is not an inevitable ingredient in hospitality. The girl, who is quite chatty towards me, goes to Paris in the afternoon and returns with a letter from Haney to me, and a rather pretty sister Mary, to help her wash on the morrow. Haney has spent a week at Po'keepsie, whether he went for two days, "pleasing aGraphian experience of daily lunchings off cold shoulder," through but his sojourn proved very agreeable. He praises The Weddles, though they be Methodists, as exceedingly agreeable folks, fond of books and sociality. "You should have seen Mrs. W.'s eyes brighten while I was reading Locksley Hall. She asks Mattie out by and gave me my dry little digs afterwards, for being so soft. Practical young woman is Martha and I don't like her any the less for a little aversion to written sentimentality. + + John, the apostle to the Po'keepsians, exerted himself with the zeal of Paul and the perseverance of Peter, in spreading the gospel according to Dedworth. He had willing converts, of course among the women, always the first to accept a new faith. + + We danced without any of our young saints having the fear of church-readings before them. The party had a pic-

nic opposite the town, "not very lively," a row, many swings, a ride and similar pleasures.
They returned to New York on Friday, and the next day Jack and his mother went to Rochester, joining Fanny and Jim at the Rogers'. "Is the hatchet buried and the peace-pipe smoked?" asks Haney. "Yellow-curl says it hath (sic), but the task for scalps endeth only when M'Innotino calls the warrior to the happy hunting-grounds." Haney has anticipated his holiday in Portage, hence no Niagara. Alf Ward has returned to Washington. No visitors at 7 L 5, except Thomas. Sally is learning German! Thus Haney, who thus gravitates towards pretty Matty, who maybe, will make him a happier man than Sally might have done.

15. Thursday. Writing the last nine pages and a letter to Hannah, reading "Tribune" and Emerson, with intermittent leafing. George talks a little; my remonstrance with him and the fact that I am going away seem to have impressed him with the notion that my experience of the last month may be transformed into hospitality by an occasional remark. I'd like to cheat myself into that belief, but for "facts are facts that wanna ding and dunn be disputed."

16. Friday. Finishing letter to Hannah in the forenoon, packing up and doing chores incidental to
departure. The Scotch girl and William showed very kindly concerning it, in minor ways, George saying nothing. Only when I had got quite ready, he exhibited a characteristic trait. I had told him on my return from Dunwoody's of my intention to accept the invitation of hearty William Twy and that in our setting out on the Long Peak excursion that I should take baggage, leaving it at Twy's, involving the supposition that we should go in a vehicle. Observing none in preparation, William asked him how he intended to go? "Walk!" he replied, going upstairs to dress. That stirred me, and I spoke reminding him of my announcement. He demurred about his not owning a vehicle. "Use that blessed old wagon," I said, "it is good enough for us to go to Paris in, and you can drive thither if you needn't be afraid of meeting many people beyond." The real objection lay in his desire not to furnish a horse to the expedition; though he had two, neither of which would be used on the morrow; no more than the car, as the wheat crop had all been got in; so I very well knew. I told him that not driving thither would involve my troubling Twy or Dunwoody to fetch my baggage. Presently he went William to borrow a neighbor's trap (which was immediately lent) and his pony and off we started. At Paris he invited me to drink purchasing a quart and half-pint of whiskey at twelve.
Again at John Conworth’s.

cents the quart) and obtaining entitled drinks of an article at double that price, under pretense of “trysting” it. At the Post-office he, as usual, allowed one to pay for his mail as well as my aim, and must have suffered from his neglect in not specifying that of Conworth, the Jews and Martind, until I had got into the buggy and opened a letter; when he descended himself and had to risk advancing two or three cents, which might not be repaid.

To William Fowlie. Found him fishing in the pretty creek” which lies a field off, at the rear of his house—getting fruit for the morrow. Left my baggage, (after George and I had been to Conworth’s, and supplied them), and then, the three of us, to Martind, and he not being at home to John Tevis’s, with the like lack of success. But we found the latter at a roadside “Farmer’s Rest,” where we alighted, talked and drank—first at George’s suggestion and my cost; then at his—only he hadn’t anything less than a dollar bill and so took credit. After considerable stay, we entered the wagon again, stopped at the shoemaker’s (where I got boots) and drove to John Tevis’s, remaining there while he made his preparation for the morrow, and taking “a bite.” By 10½, I left the two hearty brothers at William’s house, George remaining with them, to start at 3 for the Pond, and walked to Conworth’s, finding all abed on my return, but the pretty housekeeper.

I got two letters to-day from the Post-office, one from my mother, containing an order for $1.00 from the “Illustrated London News.”
Some News from Home.

for sketches and photographs; and an intimation that Della, now on her way to New York, has 10s. more from another source. The letter is full of sympathy for George, a hope that he'll visit our folk if he come to England &c. "Mrs. Charles Gunn" has been for two or three weeks in Neithrop, and at our house subsequently. (Oye the eye, in a letter written to George and exhibited by him to me, this young person was guilty of a characteristic piece of suppression. She bewailed the inhumanity of her mother and sister not coming to her during her confinement, but said not a word of my mother and sister's visit—when her double dealing with Charley before marriage and indifference to my mother after, might have justified their stopping away.) Jane's wife is sea-bathing at Ramsgate, Naomi at Harrow, Rose projecting a Neithrop visit, my mother "a picture at home" on my father's account; "perhaps it is better," adds she. She and Rose have dined at Harley Place with aunt and cousin Fielder, when George told them of his late voyaging about the Mediterranean in his yacht, Julia, his sojourn at Constantinople and Athens, going to a concert at the latter place, and entertaining Cavasse Garibaldi off Capriera. My brother Charley is looking for a house, getting tired of his daily distances.

Heylyn writes only one sentence worth preserving:
An Expedition to Pine Pond.

"I am very wretched indeed as regards my wife, for she scarce ever is pleasant to me."

17th. Saturday. With John Bowworth to Martin. Henry Tew also deciding to accompany us, after a stipulation that he should be transported home before sunset. Martin provided another horse and off we drove, getting started by about 9. The day was a lovely sunny one, agreeably sultry, the roads good, the country pretty, sometimes picturesque. We took another and a nearer way than that adopted on my former journey to the same spot. We passed little pools and streams, farm houses of wood, stone or brick, the first material predominating. To the left, for some distance, was a long continued line of unbroken foliage. The immense roots of trees, spread over the sand of the fields, looked like the entangled teeth of geologic monsters, upon whom some antediluvian dentist had been operating. We saw but few villages. Towards the end of the journey, the country grew wilder. Presently, inquiring our way of a man named Walker (Oxfordshire born) we entered a private path, necessitating the occasional removal of stakes by stables, of fences crossing it and their due replacement. Pursuing this for a quarter of a mile, we beheld the tall trees, dead and alive, shutting the pond, and affording our horses the shelter of an outhouse, left the wagon in the gloom sultry sun-
Pine Pond again.

shone, went through a field or two into the wood, where the pines and hemlocks, the maples, firs and varieties of oak-trees grew thick, and the undergrowth was full of wild-flowers and blood-red squaw-berries; as my companions designated them, from their use by the Indians. A descent of a sloping, wooded bank brought us to the margin of the Lake. It looked perfectly familiar to me; my visit three years ago might have been yesterday, for all the change I saw. The wild water-filiies, with their broad, green leaves and so pure, wax-like flowers; the half-sunk, merged trees and driftwood; the mosses; the reeds, and rushes, near the shore; the distant bank, with its dead trees entwining the brook; the reflecting green, glad forest; the leaping, sparkling living water, with its God-given wealth of color and beauty——I knew and loved its every feature. Meanwhile the muskrats bit us considerably. We beheld our friends in the distant boats and shouted to them, and after due time they came paddling up to us, in the same old boats like three years ago. They had two of them, two strangers on the lake occupying a third. Robinson Smilie (on whom we called when going to visit Arthur Tus) was of the party. The Tews and George having taken him up by the way. Then ensued a debate as to whom should re-enter the boats.
Fishing and Loafing.

But first we ate and drank both heartily. Then Henry Few (who, being very religious and assured of his salvation, was much more apprehensive of experiencing it in an untimely manner than we were) allowed his brother John and Smiley to row him out in the best boat, while George and I embarked in the carrier's concern and tried fishing, without success, though we paddled to divers places. It was deliciously cool, though sunny on the water. Presently we returned and I reembarked in the same boat with William Few, keeping him company for the remainder of the day. The four who preceded us had caught some fine pike before our arrival, but I think only one was taken subsequently, by John Few, in the row for Harry's benefit. Though William (the sportsman of the family) was anxious that I should be entertained by the capture of one, I fished for perch with my usual lack of success. Also I did a good deal of paddling and, at my comrade's request, singing. We returned to the shore by about 4½, when John Conworth, Martin and Henry Few, at the request of the latter, started to return, I remaining with the hearty Warwickshire brethren and George Bolton. The day became a little overcast; I, promising rain, though a few drops fell. William fished, I paddled. About the time arrived for departing and we had to
paddle through the two miles of shallow water and dead trees, submerged and standing which lie between the lake proper and the mill, whence the boats had been borrowed. It was as desolate, yet picturesque a region as any I have ever witnessed. Our progress involved some hard work and any amount of tortuous circumnavigation. Once we got aground, on a sunken log tree, lying evenly balanced athwart it. George Bolton, John Tew and Smilie preceded us. At the Mill at length. A long protracted drive home, I riding with William and George. Our halting at a Tavern necessitated a return to it, after we had ridden over a mile; for a messenger was dispatched after us, in apprehension about a certain #1 bill which George had produced, and which the publican suspected the party of pocketing! It was discovered behind the counter. At William Tew's by midnight, where George and I share one bed.

10. Sunday. A delicious breakfast at the results of yesterday's expedition. Am a walk with George and William Tew about the domain of the latter. It is delightfully well-wooded and watered, and we strolled in the woods surrounding the "creek" or pretty stream, admiring the beauty and variety of the trees. In some parts, logs and timber lay about in profusion, brought thither by the spring
freshets, against which all fences seem useless in protecting the adjacent fields. Crossing to an
uninhabited island, upon a huge beam, the remains
of an abortive bridge, as Tew and I were strolling
through it, George having lingered in the rear, we
came upon a young rake-legged varlet, who had been
busy despoiling the butternut trees of their yet un-
ripe fruit and he, impeaching his Confederate, took
to his heels and the stream. There was quite a
trout of small pilferers, who had amassed several
bunches of the woodland dainties. Tew administered
a sharp reproof to the elder of the offenders, but
was as kind and gently-disposed towards the child-
dren as any Joe Gargery could have been. Finally
they left their plunder and departed. For two years
the same crop had suffered by similar hands. We
returned to dine upon one of our pike, to chat and
to dose. At dinner Harry Tew looked in, bringing
with him pretty Mrs. Hewitt, whose pretty face and
curls framed by a summer straw bonnet, was
more than charming — in her Sunday dress she
appeared a real rustic beauty. He was engaging
her to chapel. At 5 George harnessed up and
we went to Comworth, in the wake of Martin and
his family, so that there was a numerous assemby
at the house upon the hill. The pretty housekeeper
who wore innocent white guiter-bands with tips of gla-
A Talk with John Conworth.

zed leather) made much of the children; I talked to John and then to her, wanting to get both of them to do a tomorrow's excursion to Niagara, but in vain. "Ted" and William Conworth had settled to go. We all supped together and an hour or so afterwards George drove off, leaving me behind, entirely to my satisfaction. And Mrs. J. went off with the Martins, looking under the calorite, prettier than ever, inasmuch that as John Conworth walked with me to William Towne's, I was stimulated into asking him why he didn't marry her. His answer to all I urged exhibited a curious mixture of caution, passive selfishness, and amiability. At first he professed that it was better to live single; then objected to her being "a widow"; said "widow women" changed so "after marriage; admitted he had "no fault to find with her"; allowed that he might get a wife some day, but implied that it mightn't be her, and much more. I praised the dear little woman as she deserved, and told him that all Canada couldn't produce her equal. John appears very friendly to me and I like the fellow.

19. Monday. About with William Towne. He is a manly-looking fellow, with an aquiline nose, good features, freckled and sunburned complexion, darkish hair and short beard, worn American-fashion, etc.
Bill Ten and his Family.

ven on the upper lip. He was a dark-haired, pleasant, hospitable, English wife, and four or five children: the oldest girl a quiet, sunny-cheeked Mary Jane; the oldest boy a brown-faced lad, who being struck by another, his superior in size and strength, when at the circus, returned the blow with such effect as to make the claret fly upon which both young heroes rode peacefully side by side; neither of them having cried out or appealed for assistance. The father saw this, and related it to me, and from it, I infer that the lad will be worthy of his parentage. For I do not believe that Shakespeare's country ever produced a more manly, kinder or healthier-natured fellow than my present host. He was born at Banford, near to the old town of Warwick, and when a mere lad, of sporting proclivities. Henry has told me how he had nearly got into a scrape about poaching, the which no English countryman ever did, or ever will, consider a criminality. "He will strike," but not quietly, on occasion—for like most men of true courage, he is wary of entrance into quarrels, but being in, he does himself so that his adversary, especially to children, and his midland English speech sounds manly and pleasant to my ear. When Orville (nicknamed Awful)
The philosopher came to Canada to avoid the consequences of half-killing another, and gave sparring exhibitions. William Teew Trick his bruising pretensions and, I think, successfully encountered them. In occasional spots by any means numerous fights he has established his reputation as a formidable antagonist. He farms well, but easily, fishing, hunting and shooting as much as he pleases — which is a good deal. Consequently, I suppose he does not make as much profit as the others, but lives infinitely better and I think I'd rather board with him than with any farmer in Canada. He is, too, the soul of quiet unpretentious hospitality. He likes a drink of whisky and is as liberal with it as others as to himself. He loves children, and if driving in an opposite direction to one of them is sorry that he cannot give it a lift. His farm is more picturesque, being so well wooded and watered, than those of his brothers or Cemworth's. The house is a spacious convenient one, built of cool-looking stone, with trees about it and a spacious orchard on one side. There is a delicacy within twenty yards or so of the rear, and woods at no great distance. I like the both the farm and its owner exceedingly. The first has all the virtues which Dickens is fond of gratuitously combining with oddity and extravagant caricature traits, as in Joe Gargery, and
To Paris and the Village.

is a hearty, hospitable, kindly, sensible Man, every inch of him. It rained during the day, near the less we drove to Paris; principally to fill a three-gallon stone bottle with an article which stands on the table pretty nearly all day long here, at your own inclination, and to get material for making nets to catch crawfish. Owing to the Niagara excursions nearly every shop in the village was closed. We went to Nell's Saloon, the Gore House, drank, talked, loafed, met jolly Dickson; loafed, talked, and drank; helped to stop a row at "Fuellings hotel." talked, loafed and drank, and got home early by about 9.

20. Tuesday. With William Few to the little village (if it's big enough to boast that name) where, the other night, we found his brother. I think my host's business was to see about disposing of a portion of a lamb which he designed killing. (Yesterday he shot two fowls, as an expeditious manner of containing and retaining them.) There was a kind of idlers at the "Farmer's Rest", among them a drunkey and very protestant Irishman, who proposed to God bless the Queen as long as she continued of his faith. He had been a soldier, was a blacksmith. To Martino to obtain a "cultivator." Mark. Writing up to this present moment, almost in the afternoon; my hearty day lost being now dozing on the sofa. The afternoon cool and sunny without, summer insects buzzing.
Angling and Crawfishing.

around and the voice of a child and women heard in the adjoining room. Methinks I wish I were William Few, and that my wife's name were Hannah. At 5½ O. M., we, that is William Few, the boys Willy and Arthur, and myself, go angling in the creek; for I catching bait for our nets; in the shape of suckers, shiners, other small fry and occasional bass, (many of which were good enough for breas,^t next morning.)

The spot was a very lovely one, the tranquil water reflecting the cool, deep-green trees on the opposite bank. The evening beautifully calm and pleasant. The fish bit well and, after obtaining as many as we required, we baited or our circular nets, and proceeding down (or up) the stream, set them, while the moon climbed the heavens and night descended on the peaceful earth. I find my heart is perfectly alive to the beauties of such scenes, as men of this nature, intrinsically in harmony with them, commonly are. The crawfish proved as hungry as their recent live bait; we had reasonable success in taking them. Little bare-legged Arthur went fast asleep on a huge log. I, stepping incautiously into an unseen hole, fell and sprained that unlucky ankle, badly. We got back to the house about 10½, cooked our crawfish and made a hearty supper on them. I have included
some errata in what I have written of William Tew, or incomplete statements. He was bred a plumber, at the pleasant town of Leamington, but preferred butchering. It was his brother John who sparred with "Anjel Gardiner" at Hamilton.

21. Wednesday. John Tew called, and the stalwart brothers practised with my revolver, William hitting a scrap of paper pinned up on a beam at a distance of about twenty yards. Talk, uncle-bathing, loafing, writing. In the evening with boy Arthur and his father in the wagon to a place where there was a dam across the creek, calling on the old Scotch couple, a Mr. and Mrs. Simpson who owned it and the adjacent property. The old woman proved chatty and told me of the country thirty years ago, when you could see deer from his door and pike swam down the creek with Indian spears sticking in their backs. Presently we set our nets for crawfish, to the music of the rush of the water over the dam. The night, at first mild and misty, with indications of rain in the distance and summer lightning on the horizon, became overcast and as we prepared to depart, a few drops fell. When within three quarters of a mile from home, the storm burst upon us with drenching energy. Nevertheless we cooked our crawfish and supped merrily on them.
22. Thursday. Writing to Nancy; Richard few days going to Paris. In the afternoon, after I had witnessed the milling and dressing of a sheep by my host, we both went to the creek, at the scene of our first fishing expedition, and used angle and line very successfully, until near sunset, after diversifying the pastime with a swim. He enjoys both the sports and scenes extremely, and has a contemplative love of discussing life from his simple yet manly point of view which is as delightful, and more real than the reflective talk of Joe Garvey. At nightfall we baited our nets and tried for crawfish, not catching many, returning by 9 to sup luxuriously on our piscatorial prey and a woodcock, shot by Tom yesterday. He rents the farm of his mother, who at present resides with him, instead of owning it. Talking of George Bolton, his testimony confirms what was told by William Gonwirth about George's little labor, while he lived at John Gonwirth's. George, says William Few, used to fish with him, at least three times a week, in summer and shoot for the same proportion in winter. When George got married, he did it characteristically, saying not a word of it to his father or other acquaintances, though in daily communication with them. Nobody was present except the Gon-
worth family, Mrs. Hewitt and the clergyman. I believe he never wrote word of it to the folks at Nei-Throp; that they learnt it indirectly through Richard or my letters to England. Of course it never entered his head to afford his bride a trip to Niagara or some such excursion; I daunt if poor Sarah Gonworth ever had a week's holiday in her life. She retained her "shyness" to some extent after marriage; William Teut tells an anecdote of her disappearance, when he and three or four others called at the house, from apprehension of meeting her. George must have more money than is supposed. When we first crossed the Atlantic, I'm pretty sure he could have quadrupled my $20. His travel in the U.S. cost him but little, he returned to deal in coals with William To live at home at free cost and to save money. I shouldn't wonder if he had some few thousands of dollars — say two or three — at interest. He told me he had invested over $1000, for Dick in that manner. Incidentally commending his skill in accounts, William Teut remarked that it wasn't visible, when George undertook to arrange the outstanding ones between John Gonworth and Joseph Martin, which had got into such a state of entanglement that neither could come to a satisfactory conclusion. George tried and, according to my host, erred by $200 or $200 to the
disadvantage of Canworth, which was discovered by Henry Tew. "Neither Joseph or John said anything to me about it," added William. "Harry happened to mention it." Now George had told me the story a week or two ago, only reversing the parts played by him and Henry and speaking contemptuously of the latter's capacity. William Tew has observed that W. Canworth is the harder worker on George's farm than its owner and inquired of me how much he got a year. I find I have over-estimated George's industry; though, I think, he doesn't spare himself—when he can't get anybody to work for him and when making money is the incentive. I remember he never worked hard on his father's farm.

An anecdote, communicated by him, which I had forgotten to chronicle will do well to use when I paint his grandfather in Paul Gavro. He sold a sheep which had died naturally to a Paris butcher, and commented bitterly on the man's dishonesty in retailing it at a first-class price, and only allowing him an inferior one. He instanced this as a reason for his not dealing with the man. I have noticed in him and in his family that they commonly justify some meanness of living or behavior by attributing small social villanies to others. It is ingenious and highly characteristic. Thus George's diatribe of the butcher was offered.
as an indirect justification of his parsimonious table. He exaggerated the Scotch girl’s incapacity as a cook, for a similar purpose. I distrust that his selfish regret for his dead wife as a housekeeper, cook, tailor and maid of all work fully equalled that entertained for her as a woman — if it did not exceed it. Harry Few returned to Coburg on Monday, calling here to bid us good-bye.

It appears evident that John Conwith’s pretty housekeeper is decidedly fond of him, and the women here sympathise with and ‘champion’ her. They know how hard she works; how unselfish she is; how much the household owes to her; and are ‘half out of patience’ with John for not behaving naturally — though like all English women they accord an amount of deference to man’s sovereignty which contrasts suggestively with the 40th rather rampant self-assertive common in the femininity of the U. S. Mrs. Hewitt had actually packed up her trunks, made a farewell round of calls and arranged to accompany Peter Gardiner and his family to England, when John requested her to remain, on the morning of her intended departure! The little woman told Mr. Few that it was “too bad” that he should have permitted her to go so far if he had driven her about to do the good-byes without escorting her to stay before. She knew what people would say, she added, about
Solomon Martin.

her being a widow and having designs on Mr. Godworth, but now could she leave them? John, she knew, never would be yet married.

23. Friday. Newspapers. Fishing in the afternoon with William Teir. He bathed and, of course, swam well. Reading to folks in the evening.

There was talk about another excursion to Pine Pond on the morrow, and as Solomon Martin, an individual resembling in some respects the Dick Schiller of Young's Knickerbocker, came to arrange about it. He fished with us. Returning to the house at nightfall, while we sat in the kitchen, he was summoned away by the news that his father had just died. The son had told us that the old man had spat blood during the previous night, and that his further illness might prevent his (Solomon's) joining the proposed fishing excursion. The father was three score and ten, a good Tidemaker, and had some land. The son has Indian blood in him on the mother's side.

24. Saturday. Visitors; a brother of Mr. Teir and an old countryman, who was much interested in the discovery that I was born at "Bambury" and talked about it as if it were London. The old boy was a triple tipsy, which William Teir observed after the production of the hospitable whiskey bottle. It generally stands convenient on
The Confederate privateer Petrel, formerly the United States’ revenue cutter Aiken, ran out of Charleston harbour and fired into the Federal frigate St Lawrence, under the impression that she was a merchant vessel. The St Lawrence returned the fire with a broadside which sunk the Petrel. All but five of her crew were rescued by the frigate. It is stated that the privateer was cut in two by the broadside.
his house and we take perhaps a dozen “rips” a day; sometimes bolder my host brings it to me in a quiet, earnest way, accompanied with a pitcher of cold water, fished up from the bottom of the well. Never, I’m sure, was a bottle often refilled in a private household, than that in use in this hospitable dwelling. Fishing in the afternoon and part of the morning, returning to a great fry of our scaly prey and a pleasant fire for dinner. Lodging, dozing, reading, pitching ball (the weight at the end of a dumbbell) for the rest of the day.

- Sunday. Old lady and little folk off to church. Reading and scribbling. By 6 o’clock with W. Tear, girl Mary Jane and boy Willy to visit the household of John Tear. There we found two Englishmen, young fellows whom their host had met overnight at the little roadside tavern and invited home with him. One was Cheshire born, of farming and mercantile antecedents, the other a London hitch - he could not have been mistaken for anything else. The Cheshire man had quitted England but two weeks ago, the Londoner preceding him by six months. Both were amusingly British, especially the chimney. The English, he said, were all turning in favor of the South; they had been for the North at first, supposing that the war was intended to put an end to slavery. He hoped the South would beat.
Courtney Rat about the Civil War.

The Northerners wouldn't free the slaves; they'd take 'em and sell 'em somewhere. They were a denominating lot, and had oppressed the South, in favor of their own manufactures. Ever since that fellow (Warren) had written a book about how he knew the English, the people were wide awake to Yankee tricks; they had got so that they didn't believe anything from America until they saw it. All the railroads of the North had been built of English capital, and now they turned round and abused us. They were all dishonest. The South ought to have been allowed to secede. He believed the West would follow the example and the whole country be split up.

All this (which would have been considered sound doctrine in North Carolina) was uttered with delicious self-satisfaction, and not a grain of doubt in the part of the speaker that he was thoroughly qualified to judge of the question. He talked too, with the air of one, who coming from the centre of civilization, might afford to be affable to mankind in general. With his companion, he was on the lookout for a farm, intending to purchase one. The butcher's name was Harry Pain, the shoemaker's, Lee Martin, and his wife coming in after supper, invited the Brit to where to visit his farm, as he was willing to sell it. Returned in wagon, with W. Tier and the children,
my arm round Mary Jane's waist part of the way.

26. Monday. Writing to my mother. After dinner John Teur came, with the two Englishmen and presently John Gaimworth rode up. After two hours desultory talk, John Teur and I set off to Paris in his car, and thence, having got papers, ministers and other necessaries, to "Jemmy Batey's", stopping by the way to have a crack of talk with the father of George Bolton's housekeeper, who was of the opinion that a judgment of civil war had fallen upon the Americans, because of their being a very wicked people and awful swearers! Batey we found "cultivating" in a field and he gave us a characteristically hearty welcome. We sat, talked war and Pine Pond, drank, and at one had tea; when I was pleasantly placed beside the pretty, English wife of Batey's brother-in-law, whom I had seen in my former call upon him. She is but recently arrived in Canada and newly-wed; her husband crossed the Atlantic for his health, and brought back with him this fair-faced young woman. She has clumpy, dark, shining hair, wine dark eyes, a fair skin, and a quiet, good way with her; and it was pleasant to elicit a few half-shy remarks from her pretty, innocent-shaped mouth, with rosy lips and white teeth. I thought Canada must seem out of the world to her, after Brighton — her English home.
John and William Few.

She said she didn't object to being "a little dull"; so thought the weather very hot, and told me one or two things about her voyage. Father called her "Jane"; she was a Mrs. Duckeridge. We met her husband when near Paris, on our road homewards. John Few is younger than William by three or four years; a tall, strong, dark-haired, heavy-whiskered, sun-baked fellow, who in his high-boots might have sat for the portrait of the beau-ideal of smuggler.

John Coworth crossed the Atlantic with these stalwart Warwickshire brothers; they much about his own age. John was "what you might call a school-boy," with long hair "which, becoming populated, he got paid to cut it, and still made a regular fighting look on him." John Few evidently worked harder than his Epicurean brother, liking sporting almost as much. When we got back to William's we found the Coworthers there. They had been to look at John Coworth's farm and supped there. William was for inviting them to stay all night, but they didn't do it, going off to the tavern at "Beaverville," as the village of a dozen houses is called.

27. Tuesday. Fishing in the island with William. Under cover of the hastily-planted trees during a smart summer shower of rain. Loafing in the afternoon. John Few called and we had more talk of Pine Pond. A thunderstorm during the evening.
2 P. Wednesday. W. Comworth came; he having been "barrying" with "Ted," yesterday and slept at his brother's. Of course he had walked from George's, and designed returning thither this afternoon, in John's wagon; taking pretty Mrs. Hewitt with him, for a visit, she to return in the evening. Meanwhile honest William had come for a scythe, with the intention of employing the rest of his holiday in working for his brother. That intention was frustrated, by inviting him to go fishing with William Few and myself, where the young fellow enjoyed mightily. With the addition of boy Willy we busied ourselves in catching "baits" until noon, when W. Comworth must join depart, with a dish of fish for home consumption. At dinner there arrived a boy-express from Baker's, stating that Mrs. O. had the dysentery and, that, therefore, her husband couldn't go — which upset our arrangements about a camping-out expedition to Pine Camp. John Few appeared presently; when we had more talk and no conclusion; the question being the old one of horses, for one of which we had relied on Baker. W. Few has but two; both needed for farming operations; his brother has four, but was unwilling to lose two days' labor, proposing to go on the morrow at 1 A. M., instead of this afternoon. Throwing over the camping-out project, upon which William and I had principally reckoned. Of
much desultory half-discussion, John Tom went away. At 5, I proposed to William that we should go over to the island and spend the evening in trying for eel-fish, which we did; boy Willy accompanying. After setting our nets, we sought the end of the island, amid the thick climb of trees that had afforded us shelter during yesterday's rain, and there, first establishing a log "back-log," built up a goodly fire, which blazed and roared bravely, enabling us rather to enjoy the patterning of another storm on the leaves overhead. Here we stayed, night coming down upon us; the fire lighting up the our leafy canopy, rendered transparent by its heat, and making great shadows of the tall trees form, while the back-ground of driftwood and timber grew densely black and the little creek twisted and eddied around us. Our eel-fishing proving unsuccessful, we abandoned it for the fire, ate some of the sandwiches prepared for Pine Pond, and lay and enjoyed the blaze. Tow on the rough log not here to join contrived, I and bare-legged Willy (who was mighty curious to know whether we intended to stay all night) as a broad plank, at first used as our screen from the heat of the fire. By 10 we resolved to return to the farm-house, and did so, encountering some difficulty in the darkness and devious, woody, ferny island; 0, for my part, mis.
tak[ing] an open space for the waters of the creek.

Our evening immensely and spirit of an
Indian's life with a sort of mild, speculative envy.

29. Thursday. Furnished by John Town at 2 A.M.,
he and Patteridge en route for Pine Point. William
Town agreed to join them, I preferred bed. So after
a good deal of clapping about to procure bait, etc.
and they went off. At a more rational, but still
early period of the morning, Fred Canworth passed with
a party of young folks, going "travelling" again, be-
stopping to leave paper for me. Thoughtfully obtained.
at the Paris post-office by pretty Mrs. Hewitt, in her
yester-evening's return. Looped, went to the is-
land to pull up nets. After dinner walked to Paris.
to post-office, that of the "Star" newspaper, etc. Met
Hart. Returning about 7, when the shadows of
evening were falling dark and peacefully on the little
woodly graveyard in which poor Sarah Canworth's
sister met her brother John, driving his cows
homewards from the little, watery declivity beyond
my root's chase, beside the road. At 10 the
fishing party returned, with no more success than
suffered to supply William and myself with a perch
break-fast on the morrow, and a three or four-pound
pike—caught ignominiously in a cast-net. Innum-
eratable catfish had troubled the water, so the pike
couldn't see the bait. The husband of pretty Mrs.
An Island Pic-nic.

Buckbridge seemed a good sort of fellow enough, and had been as much used up by the fatigue of the journey as I was, three years ago. He went off with John Tew after a halt and "wet" at the ever-hospitable William's.

20. Friday. I took a walk and my overcoat to Harry Naugh's, the shoe makers, at Ohsenville, and, returning, missed my road and went about two miles out of it. In the evening with W. Tew to John Gomworth's, where we had tea and talked over a projected "horrying," or picnic on the island, resolving on the latter for the morrow.

31. Saturday. Preparing in the way of tackle, wood, &c. News of the death of the wife of a brother of Joseph Martin, inciting distrust whether the hard-to-be- persuaded John Gomworth might not, therefore, cancel the picnic dissolved. Getting poles in a little wood, and filling pockets with hazel-nuts. Returning, found the pretty housekeeper in her huge round straw hat, like the Wife of Bath's:

"Orode as a buckster or as a Page," and, with her brown eyes, dark hair, and "ripe, innocent face, looking more like one of Kenny Macdow's beauties than ever. John couldn't come, as anticipated; Joseph Martin had sent for him. Off in great array to the island; Mrs. Tew, Mrs. Hewitt, four of the children (all but the youngest, "Johnny"),
Their father and myself. A great time getting everybody over the bridge, and some wailing on the part of the juveniles. Fishing; I undertaking the putting on of the worms and the taking off the fish for Mrs. Hewitt. Amur, fishing myself, recrossing the bridge and up the stream. Returning, while on a slippery log got a tumble into the water, necessitating a visit to the house and change of boots and breeches. Found a fire blazing on my return and the cooking of fish in progress. All dined merrily, using my plant-matress for a table. A lovely, sunny, cheery day; perhaps no more wit among us than usual but certainly plenty of laughter. The children ubiquitous and exacting in the matter of swinging, for Tew had rigged a rope for them. By about 2, it was generally proposed that we should cross over to the opposite shore between which and us, bounded a little stream perhaps three-deep, over its pebbly bed. As there was neither bridge nor stepping-stones, of course the women must either wade or be carried over. Influenced partly by Mrs. Tew (who pronounced for conveyance by husband), partly by him (who liked the fun) the pretty widower agreed to emulate her companion’s example. So Tew strode through, bearing Mrs. T. in his arms, and disdainful to remove his stock and sturdy ankle-boots. Then I carried Mrs. Hewitt over, going in bare-legged. No D. Wh
And yet again -

were moderate

Aidan Travers hoops and was as satisfactory to the

sense of Touch as to that of sight. We carried

Mary Jane and the juniors over, boy Willy and

Arthur paddling at pleasure. Then we rambled

through the wood, where the beech, the sugar maple,

maple and the fir grew tall and stately, and

where some had fallen, and their trunks were

rotting, the under-sides exhibiting profuse growths

of fungi. Upon, up a steep path and through the

trees to a field partially cleared, but full of dead

stumps, a farm house of rude aspect in the dis-
tance. Arrived at the edge of a steep declivity, the

Two saw their domain stretched out below them,
as did we. There was "Uncle Richard" ploughing

in a field, the upturned earth of which looked of

a deep chocolate-purple color; nearer, a long strip

of bright green - the maize or Indian corn - and

beside it a yellow-ochre barley or oat-field. Neater

wound the little stream, and below was the declivity,

invariably submerged in spring, which also drained

cour island. Last of all, above and succeed in

stopping Uncle Richard's horses, which is looked upon

as a great joke. Then we descend a steep footpath

and are at the bank of the stream again, across

which I carry my pretty burden without the slight-

est wish. To rid myself of it in the summary man-
nor adopted by the curate friar towards Robin-
I see Her Home.

Held on a similar occasion. And, when safe over, some of the children strip and paddle about in the streams like young aborigines. The cows have been in search of the salt of our dinner-table, upsetting things and trying to munch the table-cloth. More north, swinging, packing-up and fishing, at the last of which employment we are fair to have Mary Jane and Willy, to return to the farm-house, when they so please. We go Neither and sup. And at about 8, I walk home with pretty Mrs. Hewitt, talking of Sarah Jand of John Gonworth by the way. At the house we find only "Ted," taking off his earthy boots in the obscurity of the kitchen; and when I met him, incidentally, whether John has gone after Mrs. Hewitt, he responds "No!" with a mixture of urWhedness and rusticity, inciting the dear little widow to a mild expression of blended self-depreciation and feminine pride, as she turns into the sitting-room and buxees herself about washing up the tea-things, which have not been removed from the table. John himself comes in almost immediately and is, as usual, very friendly and hospitable. Presently he sees me three parts of my way back to hearty William Hewis, whose house I leave for Gonworth's on Monday. I wish I had a farm of a hundred acres adjoining it, with Hannah Bennett to wife.
September

1. Sunday. Writing until the afternoon, then a walk with William Jevr about the wilder and woodier portion of his farm. Of the hundred and odd acres of which it consists, not more than fifty are cultivated, the rest being mainly unpeeled forest land. As he does not own the farm, he will invest more labor or money in it than suffice for temporary purposes — hardly that, in some instances, I fancy. We coasted the pretty creek to a large dilapidated saw-mill, with ruined houses, sheds and shanties near it; a place called "Pitt's town" by Jevr; from its founder, a disreputable Yankee who "lived with a woman as wasn't his wife, and that sort of nonsense," involving Mormonic privileges with her two daughters. He died at the place a year or more ago. This constituted the boundary of Jevr's farm. We talked with a sturdy square-built man, a carpenter or barn-builder, who drove up to his roadside house, in company with a comely daughter, dressed in the prevalent Canadian fashion — round hat and hair in net, and who was occasionally visible in the back ground of house and bushes. I noticed this, as on other occasions, the folk address one another by their Christian names. Returning to the house, stayed in doors during the rest of the day. The Canada girls generally seem to get themselves up nicely for out of doors.
A Letter from Bowman.

met three sisters of George's "Della" in Paris on Thursday; when they looked so different from the un-acclimated and occasionally bare-legged lasses that I had been accustomed to see in the unfurnished rooms of the turnpike, that but for a smile of recognition from Mary, I shouldn't have known them.

Monday. Packing up and doing chores incidental to removal. Walked to John Bauwirth's in the afternoon; then with him in the buggy back to William's; to Johnny Hought's, and to John Teik, where my two especial friends, little Polly and Anna, did rush out at me and moist on being carried about and tossed aloft; as much to my gratification as their own. They must needs be driven a little distance, too, on our departure. To Paris. A letter dated "Tribune" Office, from Bowman, strenuously exhorting me to visit his folks, in Waterloo county, with four pages about them and their belongings. To study which would require a month's time, possibly two. To sundry stores, getting horse shoe, etc. Return after sunset, to William Teik's; leaving purchases for him. I had bought a lamp, also, for Mrs. Teik. William's, I think, was a little irate about certain "breachy" cattle of John Baumuth's, which had over-night entered his garden and devastated the cabbage patch. I heard the noise at about mid
night, "Tom's dole", Smoker", "Rattler" and "Lady", barking and their master chasing the cows, in his shirt; he was then doubt full as to their ownership, but a similar attempt this evening, convinced him. John was plausible enough and no breach between the cousins followed. That of the cattle. When Con-
worth told "Ted" of the occurrence, that youth said, "He must ha' had his barn down, them!" which, in a modified degree, was the fact. "Ted" received the intelligence as "news", but in the course of the evening confabulated, with a cunning snigger, that he had let out one of the cows (which had escaped Ted's notice) in the morning.

3. Tuesday. Joseph Martin up, to get the drill
ning machine; with him a man named Tuffard, once condemned to be hanged, as a rebel, in the Mackenzie rebellion of 1837, but pardoned, at the inter-
cession of his wife. We talked of it, but he wouldn't be drawn into personal particulars. Accidentally mentioning this to William Teer, in an afternoon cri
ce, I found he didn't like Tuffard at all. And here—also for Joe Gargery!—I must chronicle
the inevitable specks on his character. He was sus-

pected, rather arbitrary in manner and speak

towards his good wife, on little domestic occasions,
generally relating to the repression of those young Tartars, the children. Also when she spoke of
American and English Wives.

which matters, she evidently considered as are the feminine intellect. For hourly Williams had been reared in, and implicitly adopted the European estimate of
women; involving obedience to their natural superior
The males; as the first of all duties required of
them, as mothers, wives and unpaid servants of
all work. And, like her class, good Mrs. Fewner
dreamed of questioning it. How widely does the
American differ from the English practice in this
respect! I find myself making this observation when-
ever I am in company with my own countrywomen,
whom I veritably believe to be the best and most
lovable in the world. I know the Americans are
ahead of us in justice, not to talk of liberality, but
I have no doubt as to which system produces most
domestic happiness. I can only call to mind two
really harmonious American couples, Eldredge and
his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hillard.

William Few would verbally correct the writer res-
several, in my presence, which made me feel unpleasant-
ly conscious of it. But "Jane" took it so with so
little antagonism that it never amounted to anything
serious. She is, indeed, excellently well suited to
him and one of the hardest-working of good women.

Another class-fault of his: he did not readily
defy his own will or inclinations to those of others;
so even when the right of choice was on their side.
One of Dickens' Errors.

He exhibited occasional prejudice and narrow-mindedness in his estimate of people and, like all dwellers in a limited social sphere, talked of small matters with a redundancy and particularity of detail utterly disproportionate to their importance. So much of the drawback to the character of the my most hospitable host, the hearty Warwickshire yeoman, which I put down for quarry purposes. I am persuaded that Dickens is wrong in attributing so much refinement and delicacy of feeling to his humbler characters. In life Joe Gargery would not have had the magnanimity to have remained perfectly uncomplaining under Pip's ingratitude; to have relieved him with such generosity and delicacy; to have found a Christian apology for Pumblechook. He might have done all the goodness put down to him; but the narrow-mindedness, inevitable in his position in life, would have rendered it impossible to be manifested in such a fashion. Dickens always falls too much in love with his good, eccentric, humble characters to humanize them with a few faults. Tract reay, Little Sister in "Philip" is the truth. With William Tew to the island for mets, then with him, them and bay Willy to Gosworth's. After tea to Simpson's Lane, trying for crawfish with but little success. Returned by about 9.

2. Wednesday. In doors, reading, writing and
More Holiday-making.

Looking during the morning. In the afternoon to Paris with John Bannworth; sent off letter to Rawman, got "Trinidad"; did chores. Coming out from O'Neill, when about mounting the buggy, met George Bolton. He seemed friendly, momentarily; talked crook with Bannworth for half an hour, and then asked me when I was going to give him a turn of another week; increasing in his request that I should do so in proportion to my declining; on the plea of a visit to Waterloo county and an already protracted holiday. Back to Bannworth's. He off to Martin's, after tea. Reading news by a wood fire. To pretty housekeeper — for I don't reckon "Ted" as audience — till his return. This day chilly and cloudy.

5. Thursday. Writing during the morning; in the afternoon to William Tew's and with him, boys Willy and Arthur, to the stream, where I caught enough fish for tomorrow's breakfast. Supped with the Tew's, returning to Bannworth's by 9 1/4.

6. Friday. Writing story till 3 C. M. Then, with John Bannworth to Paris in wagon. In the evening to William Tew's, together, to settle about tomorrow's "boring" excursion and picnic; which after as much discussion as might have preceded a campaign (after the manner of country people about such matters) is appointed for the morrow.

7. Saturday. A very slight shower and a cloudy
morning modified our hopes as to the fineness of the day, to be however, agreeably realized. With Mrs. Hewett and John Gannworth into wagon. (App.
rope of the second, I must put down that yesterday,
when I was about to set off to Tew's, she wanted to
shoe my boots! "I always do it for them," she said,
in reply to my refusals. "I'm sorry to hear it," I
answered.) At Tew's, we were joined by William
and his wife and Mary Jane, the latter of whom
occupied my lap, at first, as I sat beside our
driver, John Gannworth; the pretty housekeeper and
William Tew filling the hind seat, with Mrs. T. accompa-
nied on the laps of both. Pursuing the road to
the Pine Pond, as John's two horses rattled us
merrily on, the day growing sunnier and ple.
antly cut by the advanced. At Robinson
Vangal's we paused; he and his wife, having redu-
d on a similar expedition, agreed to follow us.
Continuing our journey, William changed seats with
me, and I had the pretty housekeeper on my lap
for the rest of the way. By 11, we had done about
that number of miles, reaching a rough wooded
tract of country, overgrown with blackberry and
other bushed and plentifully obstructed by the
trunks of fallen trees. Hitching up horses, we
all set to work gathering blackberries, of which there
were more than enough. I worked industriously
for an hour or more; part of the time in the vicinity of the pretty housekeeper. At half-past one we pic-nicked merrily on the grass by the roadside, completing our banquet of sandwiches with berries and cream, brought by Mr. H. in a bottle. Our meal was a protracted one and a great success. Then we industrious women must Jain go to work again; what time we lazier lords of creation lay on the grass, on buffalo or sheep skins and enjoyed ourselves, myself being the idlest. In truth I smoked, dozed, read, talked and missed the best part of the afternoon away, until the others rejoined me, in a scattering and strolling fashion. Some had got "lost," involving the necessity of some hollering. There were other parties in the woods, intent on the same object: wagons passed us, laden with round, hatted girls and rustic, and buckets and cans filled with berries. Also a disreputable character—a woman named Canel (mother of a disreputable and numerous progeny) came by, with a husband and bucket; the contents of which were purchased by our party. She lived in the autoticks and, during this season, occupied herself exclusively in "berrying." Gathered together again, we sat or lay on the grass, and at William Fine's instigation, got to singing. His wife, the pretty housekeeper, Smiley, and I were the vocalists. Overhead the sky
Off for Waterloo County.

11. dinner. In-doors during the rest of the dull day. William Toward went out this morning. Reading to John and Mrs. H. in the evening.

9. Monday. Writing in the forenoon; to W. Towd with John Cowsworth by L., fishing in the creek, boy Wally with us. His father and John Towd design another fishing excursion to Pine Pond to-morrow.

10. Tuesday. Off early, in buggy, with John Cowsworth to visit Downman's Fire Jock, in Waterloo county; the morning cloudy, but very pleasant; the air fresh and sweet, the dew lying thick on the grass, the trees still and beautiful in their heavy verdure. At Paris, obtained a letter from Hancy. He, Eliza, Jack, and Mattie spent nearly a week at Nyack with the Nichols family; enjoying themselves "in a quiet, aquatic way of evenings and Sundays; somewhat to the scandal of a neighbor." Hancy adds: "Things much the same at Yale, except that Irene (Mrs. Edwards') is bad and signs of approaching matrimony strong; the solemn seclusion continues and maddens. Bellew is back. He lost exceedingly English, in a hat that weighs a pound and nearly creeps on the bridge of his nose, thick black cloth coat, and light British shoes. He has color but not more flesh; arrives in very good health as does Mrs. Bellew and Addie Oarby. They were so ill, however, before
Off for Waterloo County.

Till dinner-time, in doors during the rest of the dull day. Writing in the forenoon in the morning, reading to John and Mrs. H. in the evening.

9. Monday. Writing in the forenoon; to W. Ten's with John Conworth by 4, fishing in the creek, boy Billy with us. His father and John Ten design another fishing excursion to Pine Pond tomorrow.

10. Tuesday. Off early, in buggy, with John Conworth to visit Bowman's fine folk, in Waterloo county; the morning cloudy, but very pleasant; the air fresh and sweet, the dew lying thick on the grass, the trees still and beautiful in their heavy moisture. At Paris, obtained a letter from Haney. He, Eliza, Jack, and Mattie spent nearly a week at Nyack with the Nichols family, enjoying themselves "in a quiet, aquatic way of evenings and Sundays; somewhat to the scandal of a neighbor." Haney adds: "Things much the same at Nyack except that Ixion (Mrs. Edwards) is bad and signs of approaching matrimony strong; the so-called isolation continues and maddens. Believer is back. He looks exceedingly English, in a hat that weights a pound and nearly cretes on the bridge of his nose, thick black cloth coat, and light British shoes. He has more color but not more flesh; arrives in very good health as does Mrs. Believer and Allice Condy. They were so ill, however, before
The Towns of Galt, Preston & Blair.

Sailing that it was a question whether Mrs. B. could endure the voyage. They were seven weeks at sea, seven weeks, as Odebeer said, 'in company with people with whom you wouldn't wish to stay half an hour.' Odebeer's regiment is with his regiment in Washington, soon where, also, are Mortimer and Halsey; anxiously awaiting the next battle, which in private circles is said to be imminent.

I have not seen Coblitz since you have gone; though I have been twice in his room, early in the morning, for that purpose. "Oh, merely made the news from the last-arrived Tribune; talking and smoking. Our road lay through a pleasant and sometimes picturequely woody country, bounded by worm fences or those composed of tree roots. By half-past twelve, when we had eaten the cold whiches judiciously put up by the pretty housekeeper, we reached the town of Galt, situate beside the Grand River, whose ontry immunities we had occasional glimpses of, on our road. Erroneously, we drove through its main street. White, wooden houses, Scotch names, inn-signs, exhibiting the appropriate conventionality of design, as instanced in a brown Red Lion with a disproportioned head and comically impossible countenance. On to Preston, German names, almost exclusively so. Blair, a mile or more further, to reach which we crossed.
The Bowman Homestead.

On an abandoned railroad, where the grass, weeds, and wild flowers growing between the sleepers and close to the rails, presented a curious picture of desolation. By 1½ we had travelled about twenty miles and were at our destination, the residence of Benjamin Bowman, father to my friend Amos of the "Tribune." It is a spacious wooden house, just in the outskirts of the town, standing on "Garlisle" hill, and commanding a fine prospect of river and distant forest. Proceeding up a path between its front garden and a decayed nursery, we went to the front door and, after knocking in vain for some time, proceeded to the rear. There we found a tall woman, middle-aged, with a high waist, without a cape and I think I bare footed; also two strapping bare-legged girls, of perhaps fifteen and sixteen, one with an exceedingly German countenance and her light hair about her ears. Announcing my name, and inquiring for the head of the family, he appeared in the shape of an elderly, bald-headed man, and giving order for the disposal of horse and buggy, welcomed us into the sitting room of the "old homestead," as Bowman's letter termed it. This consisted of one large apartment, stretching from front to rear of the house, without any table or other furniture but a few chairs and a corner book case, floored by a matting called in Canada "drag carpeting."
On each side of this room there might have been four or five doors leading into smaller chambers. The old man, without shoes and stockings, sat conversing with us. He was Bowman's father, the woman, his mother, the girl, his sister. The remaining member of the family soon entered, a young fellow strongly resembling his brother in face and manner; quite a compressed edition of him. If we had about three months ago, returned from the United States to Canada. We talked of Amos, of the Tribune and the war, while a lunch or dinner was prepared for us, of which we partook in the kitchen, neighbors by a huge stove and waited upon by the flaxen-haired damsel. The old man had expressed himself quite friendly, told me that Amos had written about me and volunteered some particulars about his farm. He returned to it in spring, from Hermitage University in Ohio, certain Scotchmen to whom he had let about 120 acres of it, having failed to pay the rather exorbitant price of the acre. They intended going into the nursery business and had left a good many evidences of it behind, as a glass-less green house and cut buildings all of which he took us to see, presently leaving us in charge of his son. With him we went into an orchard, sloping down towards the bank of the stream and, on the near side of the road, into the abandoned
nursery, comprising seventeen acres. There we lay on the grass and talked of South Carolina until John dozed; and it began to rain, which sent us back to the house. To young Bauman's "study" - a bare, small room with only three doors in it, exclusive of that leading into the yard. It had many cheerful books, of the Fowler and Wells kidney in it, on Electro-Optics, Hygiene principles, Old Water cure and the like, in which I imagine young Bauman to be deeply versed. His family, like the people of the vicinity, are of peculiar origin. Of Swiss German descent, 18th century immigrants, they emigrated from Pennsylvania to this portion of Canada, in from 1800 to 1825. Many of them being "Mennonites," in faith, sects (a title adopted from the founder) were exposed to persecution during the war of 1812, in consequence of their tenet of non-resistance and opposition to war, for "the Mennonites," as Bauman wrote, "are a sort of Quaker sect, originating from the Waldenses, and in blood a cross between Swiss and Hollanders." It narrowed outside diamally; young Bauman left us, John Bonworth dipped into an annoyed publication attributing all man's physical ills to his perversity in falling upon and using other articles besides those produced by the coal upon which he was born, and I dozed. The afternoon wore on. Supper, at 6,
was announced by the tolling of a large and dis-
oral bell, placed in a frame, at the top of a stout
post. The meal took place in the kitchen, as be-
fore; at it there was present the whole of the fa-
family except Mrs. Bouman, who had not been intro-
duced to us, neither had the daughters. In honor-
of our arrival, these girls had put on shoes and
toasting and conjured their flowing locks, the old
man had donned a wig (which rather unsettled his
identity) and also dressed his lower extremities.
There appeared too, a cousin, Isaac Bouman, a
pensive, dark-haired, taciturn man of thirty-
six and upwards, a school-teacher. As I learnt
subsequently, unfortunately he was a great "temperance"
advocate, hadn't "tasted, touched or handled" for
ever so many years. Indeed the family was un-
comfortably reformatory in divers ways, as I found
plentiful occasion to observe. When I had a
pipe after supper, my preliminary inquiry as to its
admissibility, produced the answer that though Mr.
Bouman was a smoker, in past years, and though
visitors were freely welcome to the indulgence, the
family generally had pledged themselves to absti-
nence from "The Flagrant weed." This intimation
came from Bouman junior, as I sat in company
with him, cousin Isaac and John Comworth, sitting
bookshops in the big room looking out of the wide-
open front door into a pleasing prospect of persistent rain. There was no fire-place or stove visible though the dank, raw, chilly evening would have made the use of such more than welcome. I talked in the gathering gloom to concon Isaac, finding him a very amiable sort of fellow. Presently the old man returned from a ride somewhere in his buggy, and to the best of my perception, went and opened the upper half of a window in the rear, so as to establish a nice, damp, sannitary draught throughout the apartment, the effect of which was materially aided by the occasionally open doors of the smaller rooms. Mr. Isaac went off to the school-house, in the chance of hearing a runaway negro lecture; I boldly closed the outer door, Mrs. Baumal and her husband appeared and we talked. They were evidently good, honest, industrious people, hospitable in their way and willing enough to have us stay, but the first fifteen minutes of our visit had decided me to return with John, which resolution every hour strengthened. As a sister of Mr. Baumal was to be buried to-morrow, during the forenoon, Mrs. B. suggested that we all go to bed early, adding with abrupt good-will "You stop in bed till I ring the bell." So before 9 o'clock, John and I turned into one of the little rooms, that leading into young Baumal's study.
Our Lodgings.

There, Mr. Bowman senior was good enough to partly close the window and no incessantly tumbled into a feather bed, cracking the cords thereof, but not so as to render it impracticable. The room, of the smallest size, had no furniture but a wash-hand-stand. It was ornamented by two cheap, gaudy, colored lithographs, "The Fascinating Milliner" and "The Baptism of Our Saviour," in which a browning of St. John resembled Heenan administering "punishment." We lay laughing and cutting jokes under our breath (for the girls had retired into the adjoining room) for half an hour or so and then fell asleep, to the music of the rain outside.

11. Wednesday. It was very like getting up to be hanged, rising before daybreak to the lugubrious toll of that "dreary bell," but we did it, turning out by 5, when there appeared a wretched, sickly streak of light in the east, through the drizzle and mist. The old folks had already partaken of breakfast though, and Mr. Bowman, attired in wig, and stove-pipe hat and suit of shiny black, was, with his wife, made ready to start for a ten-mile ride to his sister's funeral. There had been talk of the young ladies going also, but the rain operated against it. So when Mr. and Mrs. O., had shaken hands with us and driven off in a
little covered buggy which looked like an old-fashioned London cab in desperately reduced circumstances, we sat down to breakfast, a "Pennsylvania Dutch" duplicate of the two preceding meals. The girls were called Carrie and Lizzie; but Carrie, the dark-haired one, not being bad-looking. They said scarcely a word, their brother speaking for them. Loafering in the big room, a pipe there. The mist hung heavily over the stream and distant forest, producing beautiful atmospheric effects, the fine drizzle fell perpetually. In the bookcase were a score or so of volumes, in German or English, most of them intensely annotated unannotated, each book generally having the culinary date of its purchase, the name of its seller and the price paid for it written on the fly-leaf. An hour thus, then into our buggy and goodbye to Carlsbad Hill and our Deutsche friends. We passed cousin Isaac presently, going, under shelter of an umbrella to his schoolhouse. (I had observed Carrie set off to it, before, in blue stockings, shoes and short skirts, carrying a slate.) The drizzle fell fine and fast, but we were stoutly clad, had two sheepskins over our legs and could afford to defy it. Though the wet, solitary, Canadian country, and over the miry roads we kept on, during the morning, young Bauman having made
a pencilled plan of them for Camworth's guidance to a locality he knew, not far from Arthur Jew's house, where we had determined to dine. This locality was beyond a village called Rossville, and consisted of a tavern known by the sign of the Black Horse. John mentioning the name of the proprietor and the circumstance that the man accompanied his brother William to Canada, I instantly recognized him as our fellow passenger across the Atlantic in the Washington. So we hitched up and entered and found Newcombe behind his bar — Newcombe, the fat, easy-tempered Londoner who lay sick in his berth so long, hesitated in his speech and had crossed the ocean half a dozen times or more. He recognized me almost immediately and was very friendly, producing some excellent two-year-old ale, of which we partook in company with an inebriated Bostonian who declared himself ambitious of fighting Heenan. This man had a legal grievance in print, a copy of which he gave & me, for the enlightenment of the New York public; his name was Harmer. We left him, rather finished by the ale, seated on the piazza outside, where was a young fellow reading Marryatt's "King's Own" in a big volume of the sailor-novelist's works. A mile's further progress brought us to Arthur Jew's where the smell of brewing made the house fragrant.
an aunt of the Tews and of the Gunworth's, Mrs. Richard Bass, widow of he who died in 1829 at quarantine, Staten Island, was staying there. We dined, stayed till 3½ P.M. Then set off again homewards, arriving at the house upon a hill by 7, where a cozy meal and a good fire upon the hearth awaited us - both the work of the fingers of pretty Mrs. Hewitt, who, I notice, always contrives to dress herself in perfectly good taste, despite her multifarious occupations.

12. Thursday. The weather fine again. Scribbling till 3½ P.M. Then to William Tews. Found him walking in the little copse adjoining his grounds in company with Edwin Gunworth. After filling my pockets, returned to the house, with William and presently went fishing. Great success, in about an hour he had caught over three pounds weight, consisting mainly of what juvenile sporting men denominate "whoppers." Supped at the house and returned to Gunworth's with the fish by 8½.

13. Friday. Wth. John, in wagon, to Paris, calling at W. Tews' preliminarily, to get that "stone-jig" which wanted filling. At the post-office, obtained letters from Browning and Jack Edwards. The latter relates a last Sunday's visit to Newark, involving an after-dinner call on Damoreau, apparently a repetition of mine and Stanley's experience.
on a similar occasion. Charlak had not work engraving. Madame was invisible, although we were there three hours; her husband, bagoncious about having to refuse Breau the loan of a V. At Rochester, write Jack, "They have a sorrowful time," in consequence of the death of Jack Pillow. He was 80 before the visit paid by Mrs. Edwards and her son to the Rogers household, a fever having reduced him very much, yet he had been expected to convalesce and go out for short rides. But on Monday night, Jim received a message, calling for Jack's mother to come up directly and on Wednesday morning another arrived, stating that Jack had died the night before at 11. "Mary and Ned were standing at the dear old boy's bed when the call came for him; he seemed to go so peacefully. He opened his eyes a little while before and Mary asked him if he'd been asleep." "No," he said, "I've been thinking about what, I guess, is going to happen." Then he murmured a few things without any coherence, and in a few minutes after he was gone." To the honest Jack Edwards: "How cheerfully he had talked to me as he lay in bed, two weeks ago, about the next Christmas, when he said he could afford to come up and see us, and what a lot of little pleasures he proposed, well I believe he'll be with us after all, how full of life
and cheerfulness he seemed, the strangest fellow in the house. It's a bitter trial for poor Ned; they were like Siamese twins, always together in labor or pleasure; all in all to each other." Boweryem sends twelve pages of pretty closely-written note-paper, the four consisting of a letter dated July 21, which "would have been mailed had not Bahill made a row with him "and upset him" for two or three weeks," during one of which he left the house. The particulars of this "fracture" as my little friend elsewhere terms it, he refrains from communicat-
ing: "from a natural delicacy against prejudicing me against his act against me. The row seems to have terminated in Bahill's arrest and departure from the house." Boweryem's letters contain more than the usual amount of gossip about boarding-house acquaintances. The first tells how he is going to sit types in the office of the Secessionist Daily News; a humiliation for the bold British Volunteer and rampant republican, affected by poverty alone. He has, of course, other projects: he expects to be installed as money-taker at Hope Chapel, during De Cordova's lecture-exhibition on the subject of the war; his tailor, "an officer in a Volunteer regiment" offers his influence to procure Boweryem the post of Secretary. He would have gone to Fort Lee, "to-day" but had no money. He
The claim of the present Sir Lucius O’Brien, Lord Inchiquin, to vote for representative Peers in Ireland in right of the ancient barony of Inchiquin, has been heard again by the Committee for Privileges of the House of Lords. Capt. Fitz James O’Brien, who is said to have as good a claim in the premises as anybody, was not, so far as appears, represented.
has invitations to pass a week or two out of New York, once at Sing Sing, in a ladies' school, the other with Mrs. Foster at Williamsburg, but cannot accept either "for want of wardrobe." I can guess how the first one originated, it is highly characteristic of Davyюm. He sent one of his advertisement circulars to the principal and she returned a lady-like answer regretting her inability to avail herself of his services for want of means, inspired him with a spasmodic enthusiasm for the writer, to whom he instantly addressed a long letter about the future education of his little girl in England! To return: Davyюm "wrote to Cobb lately, about some guns and rifles, Cobb wishes him to sell; "I suppose we ought make $10,000 by the job." Stockton is beginning to write editorials for the "World." Winter, of the late "Saturday Press" is talked of as about beginning a literary and critical paper. Shephard has spread himself out of his situation. O'Connor promenaded Broadway for the purpose of exhibiting a curious and newly fashioned fatigue-cap. The "Gazette" is at its last gasp, as is "Vanity Fair." Underhill is earning his honorarium of $100, besides his board and that of his family, by writing watering-place correspondence from Cape May—a job offered to me by Weston, through Davyюm. Weston is at Long
Coranch. Lizzie Woodward was at 932, last night and "made at slight motion of avoidance" on the sight of the writer, when he turned on his heel and walked up stairs." Mrs. Butler has cut Boweryen for alluding to Le Van (who is in her room every evening when she is at home) as Caballan. Mrs. Geary fraternizes with the gentlemen and with Cahill. Papi hammers his bay, and the boy hammers the piano, as of old. Boweryen has had "a rencontre with an old flame of two years ago, etc. It is a pity I cannot like her as she likes me, for she is very pretty but too ignorant for my taste." Then follows an account how "a pretty little singer" whom he knew in Philadelphia, "married to a very common fellow, has been matching-matting with himself and a friend of hers, how the two had got as far as the playful stage of flirtation, "when his married friend "blackened her own game by a sudden fit of jealousy," at which the narrator ejaculates "How wonderful are the ways of women!." A postscript of three days later to this letter tells me that its writer is likely to be Colonel's secretary in the Washington Grays, To go soon to the war, that Cordova didn't engage him as door-keeper, that his audience was Hebraical and his lecture clap-trap doggerel. The second epistle commences with the allusion to the war with Cahill, narrated
how nocturnal type-setting on the Daily News has made the writer ill, how he has paid a day's visit to Jing Jing which did him a positive and great benefit "and then plunges into gossip. "Stock man has left The World which has once more changed hands and is going on with its dying in an equable and respectable manner." Daweryan holds possession of my room till I return. "Mrs Butler has left. Jones' distressing love-affairs are maliciously alleged as the cause. Mrs Hamilton is back, unhaunted. "She was talking such assisted by Miss Tone, to an Irish captain and an Indian refugee from the South, expelled for refusing to fight for the holy cause of Slavery) and a precious moccasin-wearing the pair kept up. Said Ham, languishingly: "People say I am cold. Well, I know I am cold, but the world makes me so!" "In Heaven's name, Madame!" Daweryan suggested, "why don't you wear flannel, then?" which brutal remark elicited a hearty laugh from all present. Old Jewett and Mrs Cooley till and too all day, he like Sydney's shepherd.

"Rippling as tho' he never should grow old." Phillips still potters over his inventions, Tent &c., totally out of work and means. Griewold is clerk in Anthony's stereoscope store and sends me pictures.
as specified for friends here.) The house does not prosper; Mrs. Doley can pay no rent. Dradeau, the bold sea-rover, has come back from his paniola, and the Spanish Main, looking very scarlet and black; he is getting up a "serile" blue-bottle flirtation with Taulindon. Mrs. O'Sulller forgave Boweryen, "for that he was merciful to Calhill and appeared not against him;" Jones proved an 01 antidote to Le Van in her good graces. Last night came Captain Kettle of the Chasseurs, in blue uniform and gilt shoulder-straps, and with him, his superior officers, Mrs. Kettle and son. Pape and boy are gone. Underhill is in Washington, correspondent of The Times. The Tribune is to be reduced in size. O'Trudman complains that The World underpays him wretchedly. "Then follows a page and a half about O'Doweney's reception of a letter from a former employer in England," so that it brought tears into the little man's eye, to read it, and details how he wrote "a monstrously long letter in reply, giving a full explanation of the causes of The American Civil war "and another to his friend's wife, involving "items about American domestic affairs, such as dress, courtship, maternity, and funerals."!!! Adds Boweryen "it is a great consolation to me, that I have such dear friends." He has also written to Coble, decri-
To George Bolton's.

Incitator of the officers of the late British Volunteers, exposing the whole scandal, how the paymaster had been arrested for embezzling, how the appointments were for sale and how the quartermaster had talked secession, after Bull Run, he being a Marylander. "I told them," says Barnum, "that I would squeak them, if I did not get my money." And his letter terminates with advice to me: To stay in Canada as long as I can, as I shall find things in New York as bad as I can imagine.

To George Bolton's. Our arrival brought out Bella and William Conworth, but not George, who (perfectly aware of our arrival) sat writing until the horses and wagons having been put up, we entered. We had no dinner, the others informed us. Dinner, with little talk. Afterwards, I sat reading newspapers outside the kitchen, John Conworth dozing beside me (for the day was sunny and quiet), William preferring apples and keeping me company, while George in his wonted scaldable manner, preferred reading alone in the darkened parlor. An hour or more thus, then John, George and I walked over the fields to Decker's. That hearty individual we found superintending his excavation under his barn. Watching the progress of this awhile, we afterwards adjourned to his house, drank gin-and-water and discus.
A last "good bye" to W. Conworth.

The war and other topics, disputatiously. Pretty Mrs. Puckridge and her husband had left Baker's. "He thinks I'm a humbug," said hearty Baker, "and I'm sure he is one." Sharpe the school teacher called, for a short time. Baker went back with us to George's and we all supped sumptuously, on mutton, freshly fried. (So appearance had been previously accounted for by William, who incidentally mentioned that a neighbour had volunteered a quarter to be returned 'any time we killed.') Shortly after, John and I left. I shook hands with a great deal of good will and liking for William Conworth, and parted quite cordially with the Scotch girl, who had been especially friendly all the day. George had proposed coming over to Conworth's so I had not to say farewell to him. This day's visit, indeed, was of John Conworth's suggesting, when we met George in Paris. I think he may come over tomorrow, as he wants to plan a visit to Pute Road with John Tew; he would not otherwise. When he took me to Arthur's, some weeks ago, it was a business motive which influenced him; he wanted to lend Arthur some two or three hundred dollars from the £100 received from the good aunt of his dead wife — of course at interest. He spoke of it as though it were done at the dictates of friendship.

John Conworth rattled me homeward.
Fishing with the kindly Tews.

very expeditiously, almost before the last streak
of crimson had died out of the gorgeous sunset.
I felt a little matter-of-factized at the thought of
my approaching departure from a good many kind
people who I have learnt to like very much.

14. Saturday. A wet day. Paddling until near 2, then to William Tew's, in John Conworth's wagon, with boy Willy and Richard Tew, John having occasion to pass by the door. (Have I yet
found some put down that Richard is the elder
brother of the family, yet works for William for
$100 a year, doing, I think, the major portion of the
farm labor. He has some land of his own, too.)

Out fishing, for the last time, with William and the
juniors, including Mary Jane until past sundown,
then returning to cups at the house. By 9
back to John Conworth's, my mind full of the
good people I am leaving. A magnificent moon-
light night, a great dream of clear sky from north
to southern poles, bounded by luminous continents
of cloud. The knot of shady trees, at the entrance
of Conworth's land, and those over the grave yard
very dark and peaceful and still.

15. Sunday. George Bolton appeared, having
ridden hidden on horseback. Just as usual in manner.
He and John Conworth went out together
in the morning, to make the usual circuit about
Pretty Susan's confidences.

the farm—an inevitable portion of a Canadian visit. I stayed in doors, scribbling, reading, and packing up. 
In the evening, I suggested a combined visit to William Few's, and Mrs Few's, (who was headachy from staying in doors), on my suggestion, accompanied us. Half an hour with the third family, then return, John poking me to hear the pretty housekeeper company, while he and George struggled in the rear. It was another fine night, and as we walked down the road, we talked of John and the dear little woman unconsciously revealed her feelings towards him in the most artless manner. "She knew him so well," she said, "he didn't like to hear women talk, she could always tell directly when he wasn't pleased." She evidently liked his character in all its traits but that one, being quick to recognize its sterling worth, though discouraged at his presumed indifference to women. "I try to do my best," she answered in reply to my assertion that she, and Englishwomen like her, did not know how good they were. We spoke of Sarah Brownworth and of Sarah Ann Better. Of course she knew of John's claim for the latter. "There was something of a liking between them," I said. A very great deal she thought, and evidently attributed John's celibacy, in a considerable degree, to the breach.
Night at Conworth's
do between him and Sally, innocently accepting
the estimate of that young person. Tonight her by
Sarah Conworth. "She must be a very accomplished
young lady," said pretty Susan Hewett, with a
spontaneous self-disparagement in her tone. I didn't
tell her that she herself, in her good-humor, her
self-abnegation and patient devotion to another's in-
terest was worth a hemisphere full of Sarah Ann
Potters, but I told her that John's old flame would
ever love him or any man well enough to accept a
Canada home, if she could get one in England.
"If she were to get married, perhaps John might,"
my companion suggested. I should have liked to have
kissed her for her innocent self-betrayal of the
natural womanly hope within her. But I dis-
ter the fact that her being a widow militates against her
in John's eyes. Then she has no money. Then
he talks occasionally to me of the Pettit's, daughters
of a neighboring Canada-born farmer. We
are out in the sacred room, ordinarily closed.
Throughout the summer, over our whiskey and
until 10, then to bed, for my last night un-
der John's roof, perhaps.

Monday, Shoreo 2c. A sunny, pleasant
day. John undertook to drive me to Paris. George
Wolton, who had thought of saving fifteen minutes
by riding on without hearing us company to William
Back to the U. S.

Mrs. Smith decided not to do so. Goodbye to kind William and his kind wife and God bless them! and on the road. Paris. At the post-office, the core hotel &c. George calls at Hart's office and doesn't find him. Parting with him, he tells me that he thinks more of me than of anybody else knows; that he doesn't care about money so much as he used to do, and that if I am hard up in the summer anticipated hard times, he was plenty prepared, presumably at 6 per cent. interest, which would be ready to aid me—which aside from anything else if I ought to burn this volume of my Diary. Then George rides off and John drives me to the railroad station. Goodbye to him and aboard the cars. Day dullish. Niagara City by about 4. At the U. S. hotel, at which I put up three years ago, found a son of Mrs. Griffin, who told me that Miss Cooper had recently arrived at his mother's from New York, and that he was in attendance as a witness in a law-case, conducted by Davis, the plain husband of the pretty Wrighty, who has a baby and is one of the most devoted of mothers. This Griffin seemed a loaferish young fellow.

A two mile walk to Niagara village and house, formerly hotel of that name. Found Miss Lucia conversing with an acquaintance, who soon left. Talk with her, with Mrs. Griffin and Miss Julia
Griffin, the latter of whom was fetched from her chamber and indisposition. Her sister lives at one of the second-class hotels in the village. We all talked about old acquaintances, including Mrs. Theodore Griffin, ex-Gouvernour, now in Paris, from where she writes about "dear Lucia" telling her that she should be perfectly happy were she with her, and that she spends her whole time in writing for some present to bring home to her. Presently I proposed a walk and all four of us crossed to Goat Island. Its woods were as black and sombre, the rush and roar of the waters as great, the rapids as beautiful and terrible as when I first visited them. While looking at the American Fall in company with Miss Cooper (the others declining the descent of steps leading to it) the moon came out and gave us a lunar rainbow. To the Horse-shoe Fall. I visited the Tower on Terrapin Rock alone, mindful, incidentally, of Sally and Tommi Nast coming thither in less than two weeks on their bridal holiday. Returning I walked alternately with Lucia and Miss Julia. A little chat and talk with the latter produced an avowal of her being at feud with her sister, whom she does not visit, nor has, since the marriage. Julia intimated that the fault lay on Weighty's side and said that if I knew all, I shouldn't blame her.
To the house again by 10, then set off to walk back to Niagara City. Mrs. Griffin had just let the hotel to a private family; it was all unfurnished above. Her cottage is let, too; she intends renting a smaller one. Returning, and walking hastily, sprained the unlucky ankle again, to the sad solicitude, exultant laughter of a negroes walking with others of her color in the rear. I think nearly all ignorant people, including children, are naturally cruel. To bed at the U.S. hotel.

17, Tuesday. A rainy morning, deterring my intended return to the falls. Reading in and about the bar. An objectionably soapy landlord (who could not resist the temptation of a small overcharge when I paid his bill subsequently) of English Canadian antecedents, a coarse fellow, engaged as "runner" and a promiscuous dropping in of Americans, most of whom swore so odiously as to remind me of the opinion of Bella's father touching the cause of the decline and fall of their country. A visit to the Railroad depot got things "posted" at the Canadian house. An abortive attempt to walk to the falls. Return. Off by rail at 2½. Rain. At Rochester by 2½.
To Heylyn's store, where I found the boy Johnny who piloted me to a house just taken by his master, not far from his former one. There I
How Barton and "Fanny Fern" discovered the folks in all the confusion attendant on moving, but was hospitably welcomed by them. Supper, table, whist, and to bed with Haylyn by 9 o'clock.

10th day. Haylyn at house-cleaning. With him downtown by 11. To Rogers' office; found him there. After a little preliminary talk including mention of Sally's coming marriage, "It's to be very quiet, only the family present; she'll be married at the house in her travelling dress and they'll take the night-boat to Altamont," said Rogers — after this I obtained a lively and dramatic account of the visit of Fanny Fern and Jim Barton to Rochester, and the inevitable consequences upon it. The Rogerses invited her, inasmuch as they supposed that she would not let her unfortunate husband come alone. She extorted an invitation from both "Billy" and "Mary," standing on prudential about it. He write in legal formula. A company of "juvenile Zouaves," belonging, I think, to some Rochester school, were to drill in front of the house of the Galushas and the Rogerses, willing at the same time to gratify Fanny and to oblige their friends by the sight of her, had persuaded the folks to defer it until the New Yorkers arrived. "Some of our acquaintances had heard of and wanted to see the woman."
Visited the Rogers Family.

Rogers said, with emphasis on the word, but making light of the fact, which his wife subsequently ignored utterly, with that magnificent unfairness universal in women towards those they don't like. "The thing had been intended before we had ever heard of her coming!" exclaimed Mrs. G. Doubtless she and her husband were not superior to the human weakness of desiring to see the "Juvenile Escapes" in the Ledger, though both would have strenuously denied it, and it might be merely a secondary principle in inducing their invitation to Fanny. Well, Fanny having taken a dislike to Mrs. Galusha, who, she declared, had not treated her with proper respect and deference, when in New York, in not calling to bid her farewell, extorted a promise from Jim, given in such terms as: "if you don't go, I won't." So to Rochester they came, Mrs. Edwards and Jack being there, and Mrs. Thomson, Mort Thomson's mother staying at Galusha. Fanny, by the way, hates her way, declaring that she is false, a hypocrite and the like, to Mrs. Rogers, though she flies at," dear Sophy," and hides her when they meet. "Why does she detest her?" I asked of Jim's sister, "she used to be Fanny's most devoted." "Because she is a woman!" replied Mrs. Rogers. Fanny and Jim came then, and she did a good deal of gua-
"Fanny" won't go. She was again charmed with her host. "No refreshing!" she said, of sturdy Bill's manners, "it revived me like a fresh cool breeze." She had not then speculated on the possibility of the breeze rising to such a wind as blew her out of the house. When the folks got to picking apples in the orchard, Fanny must needs plant flowers and moss and arrange them on a plate, beseeching Mary to abandon her more useful employment to come and admire them. "We did our best to keep her in good humor," said Mrs. Edwards to me, six days from the date under which I write, "but one rainy day, we were very much afraid she'd break out." Well, the day of the Acme drill arrived. Fanny heard everything discussed without demur until the morning, and then intimated that she wouldn't go. She and Jim were going to take a walk to the river fall, they should enjoy themselves very much, the others were to go along and not trouble about them. Everybody attempted to persuade her. No! she wouldn't go. Mary ought to know that Mrs. Galusha had insulted her by neglecting to call. Or, Jim got indignant. "No! you won't go! not for the universe, you wouldn't! nor the whole solar system!" There was a row; Fanny holding him to his promise, his sister dispensing with further entreaties about Fan, but telling him how-
his friends expected his presence. Fan either walked out or went up stairs— I think the former—and the prompt Mary incantingly whistled Jim off to the proposed entertainment. During it, Fanny did the emotional in her room or lingered about the outside of the house. "Uncle John saw her sitting on the stoop and told Rogers there was a woman there. Perhaps you'd better ask her if she doesn't want some cold victuals," responded bluff Bill. When Jim and Mary returned, Fanny so descended from her apartment and addressing honest Jack Edwards who sat near the door, requested his company for an evening walk, saying that she knew that she cannot sleep that night without exercise. Jack risks with such palpable reluctance that she perceives it and "won't trouble him." Whistling round towards Jim who sits beside his sister, she demands his company "if Mary can spare him." Mary replies "Oh yes, Fanny!" says that she is just going to bed and wishes her guest a goodnight, to which Fanny tosses her head without reciprocation. Then Jim breaks out into indignant blasphemy: "He'll be damned if he'll go with her, he says. And, marching out, he leaves her to tears and execrations. And so that night ends wretchedly. When Fan and Jim came down to
"Fanny" calls names, breakfast in the morning. You never saw two such guys," deplores Rogers. Neither had slept a wink all night. Jim had begged her to let him have silence, when he would return with her to New York in the morning; she had wept and bewailed herself and accused him. After breakfast the opposition, discovering that Jim was really so ill and weak as to be unfit for travel, suggested that she should go to a hotel in Rochester, to remain there during the day and that Jim should join her in time for the night train. The prime mover of this was, of course, Mrs. Rogers, who prevailed upon her husband to undertake the agreeable task of breaking it to Fanny. Fanny in the meantime had tried to enlist him as her champion, talking disparage of his wife, when the ex-Californian shut her up very promptly. Then Fanny, in a bit of a walk with her husband, was guilty of the additional impudence of calling his sister "angry and ill-tempered skeleton!" at which Jim blasphemed and left her, straightway retailing the epithet to the person so complimented, who, of course, told her husband. This made Rogers irate and he upspoke strongly to Fanny, when she stubbornly expressed her determination not to leave that house unless she took her husband with her. Meanwhile Jim had secreted himself...
And is assaulted by Bill Rogers.

in one of the upper rooms with Mary, hoping that Fanny would be persuaded out of the house, affording him a brief respite from his daily Tophet. The proposition of removal, at first made by Rogers in his wife's presence, being obstinately refused by Fanny, Mary had left the room and sought her brother. Then a decided row occurred between Rogers and Fanny. He told her that the relations between host and guest were mutual, that he would not have his house turned into a hell for anybody, that she should leave it without seeing her husband if Jim so desired it. She tried to rush up stairs; he barred the way. She shouted "Jim!" ("squawking and yelling" as Rogers called it, so loudly that she was audible to a considerable distance) adding considerably to Rogers' exasperation. He put his hands on her shoulders she clung to the banisters and squawked "Jim!" As no Jim appeared, Rogers got her down stairs, ignorant of her husband's locality, they did not want to undeceive her, so Rogers went out of doors, hiding his chance to see his wife and through her, to communicate with Parton. Fanny followed him. Presently getting rid of her, he got up stairs and walked down the stairs, having speech with his wife — interrupted by the apparition of Fanny
The Taming of the Shrew.

with her squeak squawk of "Jim!" Rogers, goaded to fury, made a rush at her with the intention of carrying or pushing her down stairs bodily. She, physically apprehensive, and as cowed as Pip's sister, after Dolge Orlick had administered his practical mode of dealing with shrews, clung to the rails again, fured them giving way, and screeched "Jim!" louder than ever. Rogers' heavy hand left marks on her shoulder which she afterwards exhibited (and which Mrs. Rogers surmised she had manufactured herself by punching.) I acquit Fan there, for I know her flesh bruises with unusual rapidity.) Nor did "Bill" spare her in speech. "A woman of fifty behaving like this!" quoth he. "Say sixty!" the maddened shrew rejoined; "Well, sixty, then!" Call my wife an ill-natured hag, a mass of grossness!" Fan, prolific of epithets as she is, was no match for her antagonist, who spoke of her to me with loathing and anger. In this row she had evidently found her master and knew it, yet she triumphed. Her yell of "Jim!" on Rogers rushing at her belittened such bodily terror, that both Barton and his sister appeared at the head of the stair case. "Then", as Bill remarked, "all the fat was in the fire." She clung round Barton as she tottered, half-fainting a-
against the wall and did tragedy. Still Rogers told him that he should not go and that she should, if he so wished it so. "I told him it was all theatrical on her part," he said; "that she had no feeling for him, only selfish ones. He said something about her having slept in his arms or nonsense of that sort. I got mad and half-disgusted and left them." Of course Fanny carried her point then. Parton joined Rogers at the stable presently, where they parted in friendly sort. Will giving him to understand that he should always be glad to see him, but that it must not be accompanied as then. "If ever you hear lies against me (as you will) recollect that I and Mary shall be always the same towards you!" said Jim's sturdy brother-in-law. A lad drove the wretched pair to Rochester and Tam had her victim again. "There's but one word in the English language which does justice to her," I commented, when Rogers brought his narrative to a close. "And that is Oiitch!" he rejoined, putting it in vocal capitals. Notwithstanding which I think that the opposition didn't behave judiciously nor was it altogether in the right. But Jim's indomitable sister believes in resistance, in spirit, in her brother to do what he is physically and mentally incapable of. Jim's subjugation by the me
Slavery and Tyranny akin.

erable and misery-inflicting cutamaraun who notified him it only a different development of the same weaknesse which made him infatuated about that female fool Ann Edwards, whom, too, he backed up in her shameful mutinies against his good aunt, Mrs. Edwards, a woman worth a hundred such step-daughters. Had Jim married a woman who loved and admired him he would have tyrannized over her, intellectually — as perhaps Hayley unconsciously proposed to do with Sally Edwards, and so — lost her. That young person's selfishness saved her there, as it has made her choose one who may prove a far worse Tyrant, because a stupid one. Hayley's faith in Jim is touching and womanish, therefore liable to abuse. "The loyalest of friends" doesn't dare to visit his eulogist, for fear of the intolerable despot, sensualist and siren who sleeps in his arms. Which woman really has torn the clothes off her husband's back in some of her furious assaults. He was in mortal dread of her turning the M. S. of his third volume of Jackson, as she threatened. Wife of Jim, I'll horsewhip her until she prays for mercy. In the run at Rogers, Mrs. Edwards escaped witnessing it, by going out with Jack. Lunched with Rogers at 2, then back to Heylyn's store.
Friends of the Rogerses.

Where till 2, then hour with him (sounding off trading line to William New by the way) to a road pig dinner. Cards in the evening.

19. Thursday. By 10½ to railroad depot, there waiting an hour for Mrs. Rogers, who had appointed here to see off her mother and William Pillow, on their way to New York, from a sojourn dating since the death of John Pillow. As neither Mrs. nor Mrs. R. appeared, I walked to the lower fall, finding the children and the pleasant-faced schoolmistress at home. Presently Mrs. Rogers returned from the city. Lunch. Return to Rochester, Mrs. R. driving barouche, I driving wagon.

To the arcade for Mr. R. Then through the side streets of the city to a house where were staying certain friends of the Rogers family, chiefly sisters of Weddle of Poughkeepsie. They were from Canada, and with them a Mr. Airdale, from near Detroit, on the British side of the river. Asking him about Canapec (which name he pronounced Campo as I used to write it) I was confirmed in my impression that the man whose body was found in the water, was indeed my Lake Superior and Detroit friend in 1858. He had a counting house on a wharf, so and was supposed to have tumbled into the river in a state of intoxication. A rich, fast young
Heylyn's bad bargain.

man with a handsome wife, everybody in Detroit knew him. Though my informant spoke only from hearsay, I hot-drink back to the lower falls, both included fall. Across a drive to a point on the river where we took boats and rounded the women and young folks up to the falls, which looked pretty enough. Rogers and I propelled me boat, Acadian another. Back - supper. Evening; some talk, and presently I got to reading, as the best played & undraged or talked among themselves. Rogers and folks were friendly but American hospitality won't begin to compare with English. You leave the latter loving people.

21. Friday. Rain, clearing up as Rogers drove me to the city. Goodbye to him. To Heylyn's fishing tackle shop, where he came by P.O. M. Home to dinner with him. Afternoon dozing and drawing; he and his wife (who wore at discord with each other) making down carpets. When, after tea, I bade her farewell, she was sitting in a dimmed parlor, in a state of moody, miserable, vexious exasperation on the Bronston question. Heylyn, half-crying, trying to soothe her. "I wish I were going with you!" he said, when she had given me a friendly goodbye. "I wish you were!" she rejoined. We passed out, she still forever crying. "This getting married isn't what it's cracked up to be!" he commented. "I was
I return to New York.

a fool ever to have got married as I did." He went on to talk about his "having these spells," to assert that he couldn't help thinking more of "Jean" than of her, that things couldn't go as so, that "Jean" wouldn't remain, that he felt bound to take care of her and much more. To the railroad depot; reclaimed baggage, got it checked through, good by to Heylyn and off. In the sleeping-car. Heylyn had given me an owl—a small one known as of the "cat" species—in a temporary cage contrived from a cigar box, which I stowed away in conjunction with a jug of rye, both of Canadian whiskey. Off. Turned in by 10 o'clock as did others, for the car was well filled. At Syracuse an old bay man led the shawl adjoining mine and was subsequently disturbed by the snoring of an adjacent sleeper. "Greece that must be now," he suggested. I slept 21. Saturday I well enough as I generally do travelling. We arrived at Albany by 3 A.M. I lay till near 6, as I knew my train did not depart till 9½. Great just at a river side place, where a woman apostrophized my ear with unconscious eloquence, as "Poor little misery!" Over the river by ferry boat. Three hours of heat, headache and waiting (during which I felt not unlike the owl), then off. Smoky and gritty. A man named Lowry, a lawyer, who had met me at
Back to 132.

Frank Hillards, addressed me. Very lovely, with some autumn tints in it. New York by 3½ P.M., arriving dirty enough. In a 4th avenue car to Podlecky, some oysters at restaurant, then to 132, welcomed by Mrs. Boly and Mary the robustuous chambermaid. A bath, then visits in my room from Phillips and Cahill. The latter of whom has recently returned to the house. Talk of the war between him and Davy Gunn. Supper, with some familiar and some unfamiliar faces at table, Hewitt, Bradshaw, Griswold, Grady, Mrs. and Miss ditto, the woman Ham, her fellow-carrie Lee, Mc Cook, Mrs Jewell (not Ol) Ward, "wife's" mother) among the former. Ham opened her mouth and elevated her eyebrows, preparing to quack an ecstatic welcome when she saw me, and Mrs. Boly hardly could conceal her laughter at my brutally cool reception of it. Chores, packing, unpacking, getting things into their former order. Out. At 9, found Cahill at Lipcomb's "Optimus"—ale and talk. A gossipe with the women on our stair-case on our return, principally Mc Cook and Geary. They must have ascended to my room to view the owl. I had, with some difficulty, induced him into a parrot-cage, and a closet. When Cahill and I got up stairs, behold the bird had dislodged one of the water or cord glasses, emerged at the orifice.
in the burs, found the door closed, the door ajar, the window of the room open, and a fine, warm, starry night inviting him to flight. So I was not less.

Here's the story of Cahill's row with Boweryem, condensed from half a dozen informants, including the principals. After my departure, Cahill temporarily occupied my room. Presently objecting to it, on the ground of bugs, he only occupied it by day, during each portion of it as he was in the house. Boweryem wanted it and reduced Mr. Deere to allow him to sleep there. This, Cahill took in dudgeon; there were raves about the key of a closet and the like. One morning, at 2 A.M. Cahill came home very drunk, and after looking at the expense of Gridwold and Phillips, his sleeping companions in the lower room, must needs some go up to annoy Boweryem. The little man was abed, tired of from his much bewailed to mount, alabor on the late Daily News, hence he was naturally wrath at the visit. He ordered Cahill out of his room. The latter wouldn't go. Boweryem then sprung out of bed and upset his chair. A scrambling fight followed, if fight it might be called, for Boweryem appears to have been horribly frightened, much that he did not much more that screams "Watch!" and "Murder!" Cahill was so inclined that he either tumbled, or his
antagonist got him down upon his back, with the
table on him, and mounting that (it had been up-
set during the struggle) diversified his screams with
inquiries what Cahill intended to do, if he complied
with his drunken request to be let up. "Hit you!"
was the answer, at which the little man yelled the
more. Presently Albert Coyle, who slept in the ad-
joining chamber, appeared with a light. (Cahill's
had been knocked over.) He was appealed to by Davy-
en for assistance, went away under that pretext
and stayed there. "I only wanted to see the fun," he
told Cahill afterwards, "and thought if you wan-
et to lick him you ought not to be interrupted." But
assistance arrived in the shape of Grie wold, Phillips,
Lloyd, and Hewett, all in their chairs or night at-
Tire. They separated the antagonists, persuaded
Cahill down stairs and would have had Davy en
go to bed. But the little man was equally frighten-
ed and furious, his life was in danger—Cahill
intended to murder him—he would have him arrest-
ed—disgrace—ruin him! So he sat breathing
vows of vengeance and dragging on his trousers, un-
der the sloping portion of the attic. Cahill heard
him, rushed upstairs again and struck him so
as to make the little man's nose bleed. Davy en
told me that the cartilage of his nose was broken—
that two pieces came away, inviting me to look up—
Boweryem bawls for the Watch.

his nostrils—a proposal respectfully declined in my part. He asserted, also, that he was “covered with blood.” But Phillips and Jewett, not to mention Bahill, laughed at these characteristic exaggerations, which are essentially Boweryemish.

“They might have prevented it, if they had wanted to,” said the jealous little victim, “and the women, too. They all seemed to pity Bahill instead of me, saying “Poor fellow—he’s right—that’s all.” as if that didn’t aggravate the brutality of the attack.”

The women appear to have been hovering at the stairway, as the whole house was alarmed. Of course the men prevented further assaults on Boweryem and forced Bahill down stairs. Then Boweryem went down to the door step and screamed “Watch!” awhile, presently going some little distance in front of the police. That sobered Bahill. “Where shall I go? what shall I do?” demanded he, alive to the probability of his revisiting the Jefferson Market cells, and huddling up his clothes in a hasty bundle, for he had nothing on but shirt and trousers. They hurried him down to the second-floor (American) back, temporarily occupied by Jewett and locked him in a closet. Presently up comes Boweryem with a policeman, having placed two others at the threshold to prevent the escape of the assassin. He would have every—
Boweryam's hat was found in the area next morning. Cahill must have pitched it out of window room and closet in the house searched! He averred, exhibiting an amount of panic and vindictiveness which none of my informants spoke of without laughter. Phillips and Jewitt asserted that Cahill was not within the house, that he had escaped during Boweryam's absence in search of the police. Still he insisted. At length both of them spoke privately to the officer, admitting Cahill's presence, saying that one man was drunk, the other scared, and offering that he should appear in answer to any charge against him in the morning. The police man, originally disinclined to apprehend Cahill, in consequence of his adversary's frantic assurances, departed with his companions and quiet reigned throughout the house of Coley. Next morning the enemies met at the breakfast table, saying each other grimly enough - Boweryam got a warrant, went to the Times office, made a splurge generally. The magistrate wrote to Armstrong at the office, requesting Cahill's attendance. Bowery didn't appear against him; he says because the women begged him not to do so; Cahill, that the case was too unimportant to be seriously entertained. The magistrate, on Cahill's appearance, knowing him to be a reporter, asked "Did you whip him good?" "No!" was the answer. "More shame for you then! - The case is dismissed!"
Poor little Boweryem seems to have reaped a plentiful harvest of derision in consequence. His ordinary boasts of being a "fighting man"; his Orsonian Volunteering, taken in connection with his unmitigated Terror, have been largely sniggered over in secret, by both men and women-boards. "Babill was so drunk that a child might have held him," deposes Jewett. Boweryem was going to sleep at a hotel, after the departure of the police, saying that he had fifty cents and that he considered his life worth that. Babill kept away for three weeks, calling in the day-time for his linen &c., but finally returned. Of course he had not paid any more money to Mrs. Levison, nor saved any. Boweryem is "in love" again with a Miss Jeannie Jewell, daughter to Mr. I., who is husband to a big man, a professional gambler, who doesn't show at table, having his meals sent up to him when at home; he is at present in Washington. Mrs. Geary did a good deal of flirting with Babill and with the Duke of diamonds—an ex South-American governor and doctor. He left as he averred, in consequence of a robbery of some of said diamonds in this house; an excuse, Babill surmises, for doing so. They say Mrs. Geary used to meet him out of doors. She never flirts with anybody.
Things at 132.

being sly and non-committal about it. The cross-eyed tenor is here, also Mrs. Wills — the latter doing a mild flirtation with our Halded, who boarded her formerly. He was a Pennsylvanian of ultra secession tendencies, went down to Savannah about a year ago, was in danger of being drafted into the army, and had to escape westwards, leaving property behind him. He is now in the volunteer Northern army and, they say, in a consumption. Jones got fearfully jealous about Mrs. Butler; went about slapping his forehead — and doing melodrama. Miss, really Mrs. Black, our ex-boarder, who excited the wrath of Bolley by starting a rival establishment, and wheedling away some of ours, made a smash of it in short time, previously seizing near Le Van's Trunk on account of his getting in arrears. Mrs. Palmer has left. The Lloyds all live in Jersey City. Griswold has regular employ at Anthony's and "fights the tiger" occasionally — a weakness of his. And the womenackle a great deal of evenings and are generally of a very cheap order, all of them.

22. Monday. Doing chores all the morning. Cahill present most of the time. A dull, overcast day. In the afternoon to Pellew's, learning from Cahill that he had returned to his old lodgings at 12th street, though the occupants of the
At Bellow's.

house are different, as I surmised, for I knew how uncomplimentary the former ones talked of him, on my call, subsequent to his departure. Bellow is little changed, Allie taller, of course, Mrs O. didn't show, being ill — querly, current? He was at work in the old place, had lots of sketches to show, and general disparagement to talk of England and the English. Somehow all the people who come into pecuniary relations with Bellow prove to be very mean, suspicious or exacting — which is suggestive enough. Thus how Bob Gun had recently disgusted him by sending to Haney to "collect" a borrowed £4, which ought to have been included in some of the American Agency recognitions between Bob, Pocket and Frank Bellow. Then Pocket talks of going farming in Canada, hence I infer that the "fortune" he married isn't so easily accessible to Irish fingers as the Bellow's wished. Bellow himself complained of the difficulties and laws' delay in such cases. He was as usual to me. We took a walk into Broadway, and returned to supper together, at which meal "Tom" Wheeler, Bellow's brother in law was present. Banks came in too. I sat with the latter and Bellow until 10½, when we departed together, Banks telling me a highly Banksonian version of the achievements of Alf Wain and Boll
Meagher at Bull Run.

Run, the truth of which I obtained subsequently from Haney. It appears that Waud, in some part of the action, got excited and procuring a musket, blasted away with the others, with what effect, if any, dependent on what the others did. Haney, on duty for the Tribune, reported this feat, a little to Waud's dissatisfaction, as in case of capture, he intended to avoid himself of his nationality, notwithstanding his having abjured it. Haney and he were at Centreville during the retreat to whom came the Irishman Meagher (one of the sword) demanding a horse to ride away upon, in as Waud imitated an atrocious brogue. 'They have whipped us handsome!' he ejaculated and it's me opinion that the Southern Confederacy should be immediately acknowledged.' This fellow is now receiving public dinners as a patriot. Left Forts at 7.45 expecting to find Haney there and not caring to do so earlier. Out, after church, with some of the family, he had gone home. Jack accompanying him, as it after Wards proved for the purpose of inviting him to Sally's wedding, which he, inducing Jack to say all the necessary kind things, very sensibly declined, as it would inevitably give him pain. The girls had gone to bed. I found only Mr. and Mrs. Edwards. Stayed half an hour talking principally about Fan and the Regicides.
The Lovers "rite" Folks.

Then left. Nothing was said about the marriage.

23. Monday. Chores. Drove town with Cahill. Met Thatcher on his way up town to Mrs. Leonard, which estimable person has discharged Larrison and does what "editing" the Nie-mox there is herself. She sent to Cahill asking him to get advertisement. To Haney's office. Found him listening to a Mrs. Clarke, theatrically Mrs. Kate Fisher, who rattle immensely about herself, showed me some trashy verses of her writing, and is going to board at 132 Bleecker. She left in time. Talk. Dined up.

To the post office, Haney with me. Met J.A. Wood. Up-town. Haney came at 6, dined with me and spent the evening. Talks of 145 and of Sally. The toto-a-titos of the livers, their sitting reading out of one book, sofa-doings and general ignoring everybody has offended folks, even in the family. Eliza is less of a confidante than she was, being now unnecessary to her elder sister. Matty behaves well; has told Haney that she used to refrain from church of Sunday nights to entertain us, and that she suspected that we didn't care anything about it. Charley Stoney has again sequed. He invited Mat to his mother's when the girl thought over it and composed a letter, reminding of his having cut her father and mother in the street one day, and demanding that
he should explain, or she couldn't accept his invitation. He couldn't or wouldn't, so she didn't.

Of course no one goes to see Henry, who is the only visitor at the house now. The wise Anne has incurred Naast's detestation by casually saying "some nonsense about Frank Leslie, having said he had been the model of Tommy, and talk of his ancestors. (He did sweep out the Bryan Gallery as "boy" in the time when his father was a musician in Dodsworth's band, &Bahill recollects him; he was a bearded Teuton, not podgy, like his son.) Jack complains to Haney that Naast "seems without feeling." The marriage is to be celebrated on Thursday afternoon, at about 2 or 3, only the family, including George and Harriet, being present. There have been visits to Naast's mother on the part of the Edwardses; she cannot speak English. Generally the culmination towards matrimony has made 745 very dull; Naast takes Sally to entertainments alone, not extending such courtesies to his future sisters, whom Haney does not feel called upon to "treat" as of old. Yet he goes to the house as usual—paying for it, I think. He left me by 10 1/2 o'clock.

24. Tuesday. Working up Diary. Down town in the afternoon. Past Sol Eytingo and Naast in Broadway, the former looking corpulent, the latter laughing. Met Kelly, who told me that Hart
"Fanny" and Wine of the Avenue.

was in Town, having been in New York for some weeks. He made a tour through Canada east and the eastern states, visiting the White Mountains, previously. He is stopping at Kelly's house and has called for me during my absence in Canada.

To the Evening Post Office; Saw Maverick and Henderson, Up Town. Went to see the Woodward girls in the evening, meeting F to by the way. Gossip with them and Richardson till near 11. SaidBusy: "I saw your friend Fanny Form walking with her husband on the Fifth Avenue, the other day, and how loving they did look, to be sure! She nearly had her face against his." "And he?" I asked. "Oh! he looked so fond of her!" No doubt. His Fanny, like old Johnson's, has fascinations for him, though Haney, the Edwardses and the Rogersons indignantly refuse to recognize a fact patent enough to me. Didn't he write letters to her calculated to gratify her gross taste and didn't the woman show them to me with an air of triumph? To both pitting him, he scorns as he should.

25. Wednesday. A letter from the best and dearest and kindest of earnest-hearted loving women—Hannah, whom God make me worthy of and bring me to—soon if it may be! Though the prayer sounds cruelly self-reproachful to me, that I haven't compassed it. For that reason I dare
Mrs. Charles Gunn

not trust myself to write of her, as I do of others—
Comments on George Bolton, who, it appears, says in his home letters about "praying and believing" and that "his loss will prove his spiritual good"—

haha! while chanting William Barworth of his labor and scraping up dirtily—were far things. Confirmation of my estimate of the whole family. Mrs. Bolton—I wish she had never lost that name or changed it for some other than mine!—it seems, treats her guests (or rather Charley's) with "hospitality as akin to George's. "She received me kindly," writes warm-hearted Hannah, "barring a word of detraction and dreading to appear uncharitable," but it grew into an ordinary manner of treatment in a few days, and when I left, I believe she was not sorry. I did not mention what I thought of it to any one, not even to you, until Charlotte came back from Blagwell and spoke her mind." As for Charlotte! rightly done! "I was inclined to think her economical, as young beginners in housekeeping ought to be, but there is a difference between economy and meanness." Ah! don't I know how much this implies, and how much my dear charasmatic girl softens it; she, like all of her family except her father, the very soul of hospitality!" Charlotte went purposely to accompany Mrs. Bolton because she (Mrs. B.) could get no one else and Mr.
Acting after her kind.

Gazey paid the woman's railroad fare, which hasn't been refunded. Of course! Like mother, like daughters, like sons! The whole mean, cunning, despicable lot of them, baring only the single hearted father who committed the hideous mistake of marrying his half-brother's servant-wench. Charley has taken a villa at Islington. His little bitch of a wife has been lying to him about the honest Gazey, saying that Mr. and Mrs. G. tried to persuade her not to marry Charley (which is untrue). She appears to try to excuse her past conduct by laying blame on her friends. So much for her cant of confidence and affection for Hannah. Charley invites Sam and his wife to visit Blisworth for the first time, and poor Minnie has been to Ramsgate in search of health. My sister Rosa, at Nitebrook, designs visiting first the Gazey's, then Charmane. She is looking thin. All Sarah Ann's movements are actuated by George Gardner who, has oprained his ankle but begins to get about again.

I wish to heaven he'd hobble into church with his little, cunning-mouthed, selfish choice and leave an open door through which dear little Mrs. Hewitt might tempt John Gomworth to happiness of which he is three-parts worthy. William Bolton and whose... Michael Bennett, farmer at Banbury market and incidentally says he
Hart from Louisville.
supposes I can "bread and cheese," but expresses an opinion that mine is "a poor calling," at which my Hannah comments at the expense of the said William. Edwin Bolton—a self-willed, ill-bred boy in my recollection—has three children at Warrington, but is "careless." Thaco much of it, for the rest God bless the writer. Writing till 3, Cadill with me part of the time. Down town, met Willm. Return. At 7 Hart came up, looking hearty and sunburnt, with a nutty brain wig concealing his baldness, also sporting a mustache. He tells me that Dillon's child is dead; that a young Irishman is anxious and something of a Southern rights man, politically. Hart himself is a strong Unionist; has been prominent in the cause in Louisville. Out with him, with Kelly and a Mr. Brown. To Honey's till 10 1/2, and dropped into Tom Hyer's and visited two dance-houses, one a Nigger one, Hart being curious about such scenes and Brown our guide.

20. Thursday. Day of Fast and National Humiliation by order of President Abe Lincoln of the Disunited States, who, I doubt not, enjoys as good a dinner as usual. To Hawks' church, Cadill having got me the job of reporting the sermon for the "N.Y. Times." After service called at 15th street 5, saw Mrs. Potter, her old mother.
and Wife Sturgis. Haney, I learnt, had gone to Newark or somewhere, out for the day. Poor Haney! I should like to have been with him. Back, Dinner, did report, smoked, read, loafed, wrote up seven of the preceding pages. As I sit now, alone in my room, on a cool, darkish, starry night, and very quiet, I suppose that Sally and Tommy Nast are seated on the after deck of a Hudson river steamboat, placidly their way towards Albany. The last time that young lady made so long a voyage on that "renowned river" was one August night, a year ago when I sat beside her and told her of my head and gone passion for Mary Wilton. I remember advising her, too, to accept Nast, if he returned a special good fellow, with his liking for her unimpaired. "How anxious you are about me!" she said; "perhaps I shall never marry." On my repeating a not uncommon prophecy of mine — and a perfectly truthful one as the event has proved — that, did she become Mrs. Nast, our friendship would terminate, she insisted that it should not — that she would "make him like me." Ah! Sally! you thought so, then, perhaps! She told me that she had lain awake all night, next morning, "Thinking." I hope they'll be happy, but the natural man within me wishes that the wish might only include Sally. And I never-
a Talk with Will Ward,
liked Haney so much as I do T-night. Me-
thinks the pair have acted more than ungener-
tly towards him. When "Pet" went in "Little Dorrit"
was going to be married to her artist, she knew
how to part from the man whom she only suspected
of loving her. Thinking of the generous and
fawning letters that Haney addressed to her, at his
refusal, I cannot acquit Sally of cold-hearted-
ness, selfishness and duplicity with which he
charges her. But perhaps I shouldn't have been so.

27. Friday. To Wiley's, to get the money sent
through Bahrley from the Illustrated London News.
To the 9th Ward police station to procure a license
for T-night. To F. Leslie's, saw W. Ward. To
the "Evening Post" office, saw Ripley, Nordhoff and
Maverick. A job. Found Haney and W. Ward at
a restaurant. Lunch with the latter, and an hour's
talk. More details about his arrest, of which he
spoke with extreme irritation and acrimony. Dodge
having been expelled from the Long Island Volun-
teers, as from that paper corps, the President's Life
Guard, is now in some other regiment—an officer
of course—and out of the city, presumably in Vir-
ginia. W. Ward told me of Cal's feat, at Cen-
terville, conjecturing that it will be ascribed to him
at the South, when his Carolinian comrades will
consider him the worst of traitors and scoundrels.
About Damoreau’s Wife.

House's paragraph about Alf went the rounds in the papers. Damoreau declines as usual, having relapsed into his former state of conjugal submission; W. Waud favored me with a history of his wife, which may be true enough. She has never been in Europe; the story of her Italian birth having no more foundation than this: her father was an Italian named Volcini, her mother a half-Irishwoman, his mistress, while both were residents in Boston. Madame has a legitimate brother, a chemist, who repudiates all acquaintance with her and lives at Newburyport, Mass. The mysterious stories about the Russian consul waiting upon her and informing her that she was heir to a large fortune, her aristocratic tour through the south, her return to mingle with the wealth and aristocracy of Boston, her subsequent benevolent fortune and position by the appearance of a nearer heir—also mysteriously announced by the aforementioned consul—all these interesting stories, retailed to me with perfect faith by Damoreau, are simply lies. The woman was taught needlework at some Roman Catholic seminary and probably cared for, to some extent, by her father. As to her marriage with Prideaux, Waud knows nothing. I think I have heard that she was married, and accepted
Mrs. Damoren.

That she lived in the same relations with the elderly Frenchman as her mother did with the Italian. Lying would seem to be the woman's especial weakness; she credited to all the neighbors around Damoren's house near Boston, how she was not sorry to obtain retirement, as she had been pursued with carnal intent by J. Russell Lowell, Holmes, Annes Lawrence, Rufus Choate and Heaven knows how many more Boston celebrities, who had perhaps never set eyes upon her distrustful countenance. Indeed she made similar charges against almost every man of her acquaintance, besides lying about her present husband in an unprecedented manner; asserting that she had caught him in bed with an Irish servant-wench (a very trollop, says W. Waud), and going into nauseous particulars about his behavior to her. Things that are only talked of by Massachusetts women, adds WU (who is married to one.) Altogether Madame Damoren unquestionably merits becoming the subject of Chapter the second of that Book of Bitches which ought to be written: the illustrious Fanny, of course, having unquestionable title to the first. Damoren seems to have been almost as free in his confidence with W. Waud, during their Boston sojourn, as with myself in New York.
Banks cadging again
will talk of him with spleen and contempt, now. Another test of nauseous on Dr. Leslie has deposed Watson from the editorship of his illustrated paper, and E. G. Squier succeeds in his place. Cause: Squier has a pretty wife and F. Leslie, alias Barter, is normally under the domination of the fiend Lechery. This Squier is a Yankee and an ex-U.S. consul to Niagara.

To Strong's. At Ross and Tencer's, I found Haney and Dellew. (Haney did not go to New Art yesterday; that was a blunder of Mrs. Potter.) At Brook and Duff's, during a rainstorm with Dellew, Banks and Cahill. The former had suggested to the latter that Banks was hungry and that he (Cahill) had better stand to that exceedingly hard-up Bohemian, which Cahill very willingly did; and to Dellew, too.

Like Mr. Wrenn, alias Jobling, Banks declared he "felt better" after filling his stomach. What I feared when he lost his situation (in consequence of drunkennes and negligence) has come upon him; he is begging and borrowing throughout his acquaintance. I know he was applied to Haney, Darnorean, the Wends, Bowerymen, Shepherd and Cahill. The latter lent him money and saw him drunk, and smoking a cigar in a tavern shortly afterwards. Banks told W. Waud that if ever
Some of the Slums of N.Y.

[Paragraph begins with a quote from a person named Ward, discussing spare dollars and leaving them in an envelope. Then, the text continues with a description of a visit to the slums, mentioning a young fellow named German, and the visit to Hart's place of employment.]

At 10 A.M. met Hart, Kelly, and German, a young fellow employed by Hart and his fellow-traveller. (Hart is in the liquor business, as well as the lithographic.) With them to the 6th ward, and under conveyance of Officer Golden, through some of the slums of the vicinity, foul and goryy alley, where the sleepers burrowed like rats, noisy and strutting alleys and courts, all seen under a dull, drizzling, close, filthy night. In some dens, the lodgers lay in berth-like shelves, as on shipboard; in one some brazen women barred egress and clamorously demanded money. These were five and six cent lodging-houses.

Thence to the 4th ward and my old acquaintance, sergeant Williams, who detailed a policeman, named Clark, to guide us through the neighborhood. We visited the different dance-houses, at some of which Hart and young German danced, but none of them presented anything different to what I had seen before, though my companions were interested enough. To bed, tired, by 12½.
Saturday. A letter from Heylyn, with more details about his domestic affairs. A few days after my departure, Mrs. H. in Mrs. O's room, "raging awfully," and swearing she will turn her into the street, going to kill her husband "and most insulting to him," as he, rather gratuitously, adds. "Saturday morning she got up as ugly as the devil," Heylyn continues, and I tried to reason with her it was a wet day, but I concluded Genie had best leave Liz got mad and told me if I did not take her away she would turn her out and I took her away and Liz spoke kindly to her before she left." Then follows a detail of how until Tuesday, ending in the departure of Mrs. Heylyn for Le Ray, with assertions of his affection for one who "in education and feelings is more equal." The letter concludes: "I think I am a fool to continue the way of life I have done my wife forms no acquaintance a she is so uncommonable I am about tired of living."
Sally and Nast are Married.

29. Sunday. To Chapin's. Met Hart there. After church, Jack Edwards joined us. Hart dined with me. Then went to Jersey City, returning at dusk. Writing. Cabbed up. To Honsey's with Hart after supper. At 8 1/2 left him and went to 745. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards in. Talk. Sally and Nast were married at 6 A.M. instead of after dinner, as proposed, a Philadelphian acquaintance of the family officiating. They started for Brooklyn by the 11 o'clock train A.M., on the Hudson river railroad. In an hour a time Matt, Eliza, Jack and a Miss Griswold returned from Chapin's. Friendly chaff and spar with the girls, especially with Eliza. Hints about "all their friends deserting them and the like, involving the employment of a little wholesome irony." Left at the usual hour. Honsey intended going to Nyack to-day and I suppose did it. Miss Griswold is a sister of Mrs. Weddle's. George Edwards came in with the others, but stayed not long. He has got a second lieutenantcy in some volunteer regiment, and is on duty recruiting.

30. Monday. To Kelly's, for Hart and German and with them, crossed to Brooklyn, to the Navy Yard, there to obtain details for an article for the "Evening Post." Captain Fleming, the commander, proved as obliging as usual in authority generally.
THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.

Gunboats, Steamers and Sailing Vessels Preparing—A Secessionist in Irons.

Any one familiar with the ordinary aspect of our Navy Yard in the time of peace—with its next, straight entrance path bordered by green trees, rows of old cannon and piles of cannon-balls—its trim offices, its many sheds devoted to as many different departments, all conducive to the necessities of such of Uncle Sam’s servants as go down to the sea in ships and whose business lies upon the deep waters—any such person, remembering its former quietude, the bright waters of Wallabout Bay (long ago characterized by Irving as “the nursery for our infant navy”), the old “receiving-ship” North Carolina, and the two or three vessels which commonly lay there, would, in a visit at the present time, find occasion for surprise. War has changed all that most effectually. Never did our Navy Yard exhibit a spectacle of so much energetic activity as now. The clang of hammers, the noise of saws, the sound of chisels on metal and wood, the hum and bustle of 2,750 men employed in multifarious branches of naval industry for ten hours a day, all combine to impress upon the spectator the fact that we really are at war and in earnest about it.

PUTTING CAPTAINS OF GUNBOATS IN COMMISSION.

The captains of the steamers Unadilla and Alabama were yesterday afternoon put into commission, as it is technically termed, of their respective vessels. The form is very simple. The entire complement of men being mustered on the after-deck and the stars and stripes hoisted, Captain Almy, the commander of the yard, in a few brief, appropriate sentences, commits the vessel to the charge of her captain. Both gunboats went down the river yesterday to obtain supplies of gunpowder from the stores at Ellis’s Island, whence they will proceed directly to join the blockading squadron at whatever locality the government shall have appointed. The Unadilla, commanded by Captain Napoleon Collins, contains ninety-five men, inclusive of officers, but no marines. It is armed with two brass guns and two thirty-two pounders. It will carry one hundred rounds of ammunition to each gun, the usual complement. The men are sworn in by the captain upon embarkation.

The Alabama, a larger vessel, commanded by Captain Lenier, a loyal and patriotic Virginian, but a Tennesseean by adoption, has a crew of one hundred and fifty men, inclusive of officers and a sergeant’s guard of ten marines and two corporals. Its armament comprises eight thirty-two pounders, four long ones, of seventy-five hundred weight each, four shorter, of forty-four hundred weight, also a Parrot gun, a twenty pounder, the effective range of which is three miles and three-quarters. On Captain Lenier’s receiving his commission, the marines presented arms, the bugle and drum struck up the “Star-Spangled Banner,” and the blue jackets gave three lusty cheers for it, their captain, and for Commander Almy.

OTHER GUNBOATS.

The gunboats Ottawa and Florida, similar in description to the Alabama, lie at the wharf, expecting sailing orders in a few days. They have as yet no armament. The first will carry four, the second eight thirty-two pounders and one pivot gun at the forecastle.

The Santiago de Cuba, a fine, new United States mail steamer which has made but one trip to Havana, is being pierced for eight guns, and will carry, also, two deck ones, thirty-two pounders. The port holes are already cut, and the present carpenter’s work between decks presents a suggestive contrast to the elegant fittings up of the steamer.

Two small gunboats, the Mercury and Petit, are armed with two twenty-four pounders, rifled cannon, on pivots.

SAILING VESSELS AND STEAMERS.

Of fast sailing vessels at present in the Navy Yard, three, the Brazilletto, the Amanda and the Gem of the Seas, are being fitted out and equipped as cruisers, mounting forty-three pounders each. The other, the Release, will be employed as a store-ship, and is now taking in provisions and necessaries for the blockading squadron.

A similar task has been assigned to the two fleet steamers, Connecticut and Rhode Island, which arrived at the Navy Yard from the South on Sunday morning, having made exceedingly short passages from Galveston, Texas, and the mouth of the Mississippi, averaging less than a week, exclusive of stoppages at Pensacola, St. Mark’s and Key West, by the way. The Connecticut sailed forty miles in two hours and ten minutes. She has on board, as prisoners, the captain and mate of the bark Annie Taylor, a vessel captured by the South Carolina in the attempt to run a cargo of coffee and cigars from Tampico into Galveston under the Mexican flag. The Annie Taylor is here, awaiting disposition by the government. Also a secessionist named Walter Carleton, of Richmond, Va., at present in double irons on board the Connecticut, and charged with mutiny and treason on the frigate Santee, off Fort Pickens; and, to complete its catalogue of passengers, the keeper of the lighthouse at the Balzo, or Southwest Pass, with his family, all of whom had been compelled to take refuge on board the steam-frigate Niagara and to
Boweryens and Jennie Jewell

came to the press. And Lewer, the Tennessee captain, after the ceremony described in the text, invited us down into his cabin, to partake of some very good Bourbon whiskey. We returned to New York by the Fulton Ferry and dined at Grook and Duff's. Thence, parting with my friends, I went up-town and wrote letter to George Babbage, in Charleston, S. C., stating Hart's being able to send it by hand from Kentucky. I had called previously at F. Leslie's and given Mr. Waud a similar opportunity, of which he availed himself. Wrote report for "Poot." Hart came in the evening. Out for half an hour with him at Honey's. Collared up during part of the afternoon and evening. Boweryen's "engagement" with Miss Jennie Jewell (for it seems the pair had got far enough to call it by that name) has culminated and collapsed. My irrepressible little friend was, it appears, shocked by the young lady's sending out for brandy for her own consumption, at night — I don't know that she didn't propose that he should fetch it. Then there was some intimation on the part of the father that he approved; that the swain was a "smart little fellow," and that they had better get married immediately. Upon which Boweryen wrote a lengthy and elaborate letter...
abandon their lighthouse home, in consequence of fears for their safety from the secessionists. Their loyalty to the government was their only offence.

The Connecticut and Rhode Island will remain no longer in port than suffices to take in stores and mails for the blockading squadron. The former consists of fresh beef and pork packed in ice—luxuries our troops and hardy tars will be able to do justice to in those latitudes.

STEAMERS BUILDING.

There are three new steamers on the stocks and making rapid progress in the Navy Yard: the Adirondac, a sloop of war; the Oneida, and one which has not, as yet, received a name. The Adirondac will carry ten guns, the Oneida six. Both of them are growing towards completion under the immense sheds, from which they will be, it is said, in about six weeks, launched into the waters of the East river. The third, seen under no other canopy but that of Heaven, is at present only a huge skeleton.

Two little gunboats, the Potomac and Satellite, carry each two rifled cannon, twenty and thirty pounders, placed fore and aft. They were not long ago towboats, and have been converted to their present use by defending them with iron bulwarks, fore and aft. They are of no great draught and designed expressly for operations in the shallow waters of southern ports.

That squire of dancers, Bradshaw, whose not handsome countenance Galill compares to a cross between an owl and a gorilla, is devoting his spare time—more than two thirds of the day—to Mrs. Geary, who doesn't seem to care who it is she listens to. Galill made love to her, but cooled off on discovering this fact, and on her suggesting that he should supply the missing stone of a ring of hers with a diamond. He says she acted Bradshaw was for a banquet left alone with her step-daughter Minnie, one morning, Galill got to love-making with her, to which she had no objection. And Mrs. Geary—(he has a truly Micanorough, eating for spreading himself on paper) stating that he is unable to keep himself, and declining the proposed alliance. Whereupon Miss Jennie goes to reside with an aunt, and Mrs. Doyle characterizes her privately, to me, as a liar and a drunkard, and says that she'll give her three years to complete her disinfectability.
entering the room unexpectedly, caught him kissing her.

October.

1. Tuesday. Down town by 9½ with article To the “Evening Post” office. Saw Maverick and Nordhoff. To Watson’s, the “Courier” and “Times” office, met Oscarayan at the latter, who told me he had been writing editorials on the East, for the “Herald.” Walked with him to the “Post” again. Saw Godwin; proposed going to Kentucky to report the war there, he in favor of it. Met Nichols the picture-dealer, who has been in England to present that of the City and Day of New York to the Young Prince, at the cost of certain subscribers here – looked into it by Nichols, who despaired of selling the picture. He is a humbug and, artists say, a rogue. Talking to me of a puffed attempt to get up a gallery of U. S. picture in London, he said it failed because the American artists were d——d fools; which might have been a just aspersions, had they trusted him. Hither and thither. Met Calhoun and Armstrong, momentarily. To East Broadway, saw Hart and German. Up town. Writing To William Tor and his wife. Hart up in the evening. To Honey’s together.
Wednesday. Drove in by 10. To "Poor" office. Saw Godwin; called again. Met Hart at the Astor by 11½. To Walker and White streets, endeavoring to discover "Major" Jim Turner. To get him to show Hart and German some crack gambling-hells. To the "Post" again; saw Godwin. Answer unfavorable about the Kentucky project, or assent postponed. With Hart to W. Leslie's, saw my long friend and little Kendall. Dined with Hart at Dataram's Up-Town. evening doing chores and scribing.

Thursday. Hart and German came. With them to Orson street, saw Turner. Then took them to Harry Jennings', to show them the place. (Harry has been recently "sent up to the island" for thirty days, for fighting dogs.) Then Hart wrote a letter to me, dictating from Fort Lafayette, the prison of "rebels" in the Harbor, stating that he had been arrested and sent Turner, which letter I enclosed in another to Deline Mapother, for the purpose of hoaxing him, and sent it off during the afternoon. Return to dinner. Writing. At 10 P.M. met Hart, German and presently Turner and a "sporting" acquaintance of the latter, and under the guidance of this person, evidently a professional gambler or "roper-in", visited two faro-banks on
Gambling Hells & Concert Saloons.

Broadway. One was well, the other handsomely furnished; the first had a nude, indecent and ill-drawn Venus in oil ornamenting the wall, and both places had negro attendants. There was but one player in each, and he, I have no doubt, a professional matter-betray. Seclusion has affected the trade as well as others. The gambler was kind enough to say he'd like to see me win $5 but didn't experience it—or the other contingency. He also proposed, first to me, and then to Hart, to pilot us to certain fashionable brothels, which offer was not accepted. Between our visits to the dream-deserted hells, we descended to one of the numerous singing and drinking saloons in Broadway, and out there, witnessing a dramatic duel, in German, drinking lager and weiss-bier and observing the frequencers of the place. The waitresses were German, tawdrily dressed and generally ugly; they mingled freely in conversation with the visitors, many of whom appeared vastly entertained with their forward vulgarity and drowsy familiarities. Of course they were ex officio, all prostitutes. We parted at 11.

4. Friday. Writing to Hannah. In the evening, at 9½, dropped in at 7½. Nancy there, the girls, Miss Griswold, a little Miss Weddle, and Mr. Edwards. Max looked pretty in her—

curls and was conversable, Eliza sat on the sofa and did Sally. Talked about news, books &c. Mrs. Edwards appeared and Jack returned from drill in his red breeches. Walking homewards with Haney afterwards, I learnt that the married couple are expected home on Tuesday and that a little party is to celebrate their return. Sally has written a letter to J.5, illustrated by her husband. Haney declined reading it.

S. Saturday. Mort. Brown came up to see me, which young man dismayed at the educational rigor of Swedish universities, gladly avoided himself of the exhortation to come home on the part of that respectable latter, his father. He saw Charley and Bob Gun in London, Jewer in Paris, bringing me a letter from the latter. It appears that Bob also visited Jewer, when in France. That kindly little artist has been working hard during the last five years, doing a good deal of copying, as "pot-boilers". The panic of 1857 cut off his resources, pecuniarily, hence his "cart-horse" work. He would like a return visit to New York, but, judiciously enough, distrusts doing so at present. And, of course, he likes Paris vastly. Dow town; looked in at the office of Turner's "Lesley Guard"; to the
Belhew gives me some advice.

Times and Strong's for Boving. At the "Evening Post" office, saw Ripley, Maverick and Nordhoff. More chances of work. Return. In the evening Baveney came home with the news that Belhew was in town, so at 10 we went down to Courtlandt street and there left a note of invitation to him.

O. Sunday. Writing a story. In the afternoon, Belhew came up and sat an hour. Out together for a stroll, down and up Broadway. Talk of fellows, much of success in life and the lack of it. I quote him in advice to me, on some incident: "It is the ambition of Bohemianism at my part. Take $5 in silver and spend it in treating fellows at Brock and Duffy—You have managed them badly." So. His theory about "the debtors and borrowers," as Rabelais calls them, is curious: "If a man acknowledges a debt, or lets you see that he remembers it, it doesn't so much matter if he don't pay it." Like Micawber's recognition of his indebtedness to Traddles. I spoke my convictions about O'Brien, whom Belhew defended. Clapp he holds almost at his right estimate. That newspaper gorilla he knew for the first time in England, when Clapp often dined at his expense. On Belhew's departure for America, the American would have depleted him of two-thirds
of his money, giving in return, an order for a similar sum on "a friend in Minnesota." At a later period Clay proposed to borrow $300 from Beelee. Left him at 5½, so in the 6th Avenue, looked in at the boarding-house where Jones and Mrs. Bentlee reside, saw both of them, talked with the latter. Return. Hart came at 7½; with me for an hour, then I walked with him to Canal street, parting there both with him and German, who we met at the St. Nicholas. They start for Kentucky early tomorrow morning. I like Hart; he is one of those sensible, cheerful Englishmen whose reliability and business capacity have made his name respected all over the world. Looked into Blaynus' on my return and finding Jack, Eliza and Matty there, walked up to the house with them, asking Matty. A little gossip on the doorstep with all three, pleasant enough, Eliza willing to do the pretties as before the Nast-y epoch and drive to indirect chaff thereon.

7. Monday. Writing. Downtown with Cahill by 11½, calling at Kennedy's (Superintendent of Police) office by the way. To the "Evening Post" office; saw Ripley. Up in the "World" office, Nicholson, Hendricks and another reporter, whose name I don't remember there. While descending the stairs, met
Mrs. Alf Waud & Mrs. Sexton.

Easily. Great changes in the paper since its assumption of the "Courier and Enquirer"; old hands off; new ones ass. Marble chief. The poetry piety dropped; theatres duly noticed and (Eroly & Co.) salaries cut down at the paper paying. Nicholson told me that Frank Wood was with George Arnold at the Phalanx. Up town seeing Kennedy and getting letter from him. In the afternoon, a little to my surprise, Hart came up, having deferred his departure, in consequence of a ball gotten up in his honor at Kelly's. Writing during the afternoon and evening.

P. Tuesday. A windy, stormy, rainy day. In door writing short stories till I, then downtown met Watson the editor, in a demi-military cap and costume, who told me he was getting up a company, with the object of becoming its captain. Returning up Broadway, in the windy, chilly, moist, with a bit of rainbow in the sky, came plump upon Mrs. Sexton and "Mrs." Alf. Waud, who greeted me with great cordiality. The latter looked large and fair, her features are beginning to assume something of the boldness of outline perceptible in those of her mother. She was going to Washington next week, she said, Mrs. F., accompanying her. I asked about Alf. Oh! he was there still. "Growing a good deal?" I suggested. "Don't he!" she ejaculated. He was there for the war, she added.
"Then he may stop three years!" I said. "So I think," she added, with a smack of petulant affection characteristic of her. The two invited me to come and see them, giving me a new O'Brooklyn address, at which both of them, and at present their mother, are residing. "It's a long way off, and you can stop all night — I can find you a bed!" said Alf's Maury, who could not restrain from sportively pulling my beard, as we stood talking and joking. And so we parted. Writing during the evening, Shepherd up. He has been living quietly with a married sister in Jersey, recruiting his health and looks for it. He left me to go in quest of Cahill and they both came up at about 11, when Shepherd and I talked Tennyson till midnight; he retiring to share Cahill's bed.

The Geary's left this house for furnished lodging yesterday; a measure of economy I expect. No doubt the grand assertions of the approving and cross-eyed Tenor Touching the big salaries he got were simply Irish. Bradshaw too — the "boiled owl" — as Cahill absurdly calls him, has gone off to Boston. Not many boarders here at present.

9. Wednesday. To the "Mercury office", saw Whitney and left two stories. To the "C. Post office", saw Ripley; went to the U. S. Quartermaster's office in State street near the Battery, and an after waiting
To Governor's Island, &c.

during a party of seamen, Zouaves and soldiers, about to be sent off to Washington, got a note from the commander of Ossabaw Island. By Kelly's little steamer to Governor's Island, saw Col. Loomis, in command there, an old gentleman with a large white beard, who proved as little communicative about the subject of my visit—the Southern prisoners on the island—as most U.S.A. officers commonly are. He was playing chess with a German officer. Returned by a chance steamer-landing workmen. A lovely, breezy, sunny day. To the office of the Harbor Police; half an hour with Captain Todd, getting information about the operations of that service. Up-town; to the "E. O. P" office. Lunched on oysters in Fulton market. To Haney's; saw him and Odelier. Met Nicholson and F. Wood at street-corner; the latter said he and G. Arnold had been at work on a dramatic piece "ordered" by Laura Keene? A Massachusetts regiment coming down Broadway. At Anthony's; saw Richardson and Griewold, bought photographs for Canada folks. Return to Blocker. A note from Matty, stating that the Bride (with a big B) has returned and is "staying for a few days" at 745 and that we should be pleased to see "me" this evening," and "hoping to have the pleasure of beholding the light of my..."
A Bridal Reception.

Dinner for her husband for the first time today. The poor old German mother is, it seems, not to live with her son and newly-acquired daughter. They will keep no servant. They made all their preparations without taking anybody into their confidence, said Ann, but had got very nice things — she was surprised on seeing them. The young man had a decided will of his own and was very emphatic in expressing his likes and dislikes; Sally must defer to them at present. To this I talked quietly and commonplace, and presently, on Sally’s return from a brief absence from the room, where she seated herself at the other end of it and when Naot relinquished her side for a few minutes (which he was very chary of doing) I went up and offered a few words of congratulatory chaff. She had been so encircled by the others, I said, that I couldn’t do it before, when she to a wedding-cake and them to the sugar on it. The loss was hers, she said. I had thought she had looked her least at a distance, but laughing, she opened her mouth and spoiled that impression during our momentary interview. Haney (who had been sick with diarrhoea yesterday, keeping his room) had left, in five minutes I followed him, and Matty (who had just executed a song in conjunction with Eliza) coming out after me, to give me a piece of the second
Pretty and kind Matty.

wedding-cake, of her making. I stood talking with her till Anne must needs come out and her Haney rattled at the railings. Walked to 16th street with him and in his room for half an hour. Mat wrote him a very urgent invitation, which I saw; the pretty girl now tries her best to keep up old kindnesses. But this wedding-party was not a success, nor were the right feelings attendant on it. I had expected, when either of these sisters got married, to have said, vocally and mentally, "God bless you!" with all my heart, as "twas, it was neither felt nor wanted. Other faces ought to have been present. Too, Nicholas and Welles and hearty Jack Crockett, the latter of whom was invited. Talking of the former Anne mentioned that he was now in love with another girl, as though I ought to sneer at him for it. "A sensible fellow," I said. Haney's estimate of the new Mrs. Nast has settled down into a cold conviction. On his leaving the room, I remarked that Nast put his hand upon Haney's shoulder, inviting him to visit them. It might have been done in good faith— it probably was—but I didn't like to see it—there was an air of patronage about it intolerable to me. If Haney goes, it will be a mere call of ceremony.
The prisoners had not arrived, but were expected that afternoon. I drank and dined with the officers, who seemed to regard themselves as so many military Robinson Crusoes. Returning, I met Bowman on the Battery, who told me that the "Tribune" wanted a man to go with the big naval expedition which is setting off for some unknown destination, possibly New-Orleans or Charleston, none of the valiant employees being willing to risk their valuable lives in that service. After calling at the "Post," went up and saw Dana about it. A man just engaged. Up-Town. A letter from Dillon Mapother—he not caught by the hook, swears he will retaliate by making "trouble," about Hart's imaginary incarceration public in the "Louisville Journal," thus biting the bitter. Furthermore, he charges him with loafing, to the omission of chances of money-making by the firm. In the evening down Town with Bowman for a night cruise with the Harbor Police.
Of course, the Fort awakens pensive recollections of other times, and the splendor of the great Magruder before, like Lucifer, he fell from glory. Do you remember his rides, his strides, his military saddle, the orderly riding behind him, and also behind Miss, when she drove out? Oh! things have been, Sir, the like of which we shall not see again— and heaven forbid we should! Let those who have gone forth from among us in the pirate's paradise and true swindler's heaven, where they belong, and where, no doubt, they are much more comfortable than they ever were with us. Do you remember how wildly he charged across the grass-plot, and how his artillery horses leaped the guns and caissons through these paths and round that sharp corner? And how quietly we looked on at his rehearsal of treachery, wondering at the unknown art of War, and wondering still more whether the commander at the Fort was good for much, save to receive dinners and give parades. And you all know now what he has come to. The minus one of last year was nothing to his minus, when the true co-efficientines were added up. Are you not sorry now, ladies, that you haunted his house, and followed his footsteps, and plagued his poor wife, even?

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A correspondent of The Boston Journal furnishes some facts in regard to Brigadier-General J. B. Magruder, C. S. A., commanding at Yorktown and the country round about:

He is especially gorgeous in mess furniture, and extravagant in his cuisine, by which means he has ruined very many young officers. He is also somewhat fantastic in respect to women and politics. When he was in Mexico he came out particularly in blue trousers with red stripes of enormous width—the stripes being in their turn striped with gold. The officers had a debuting society in the camp, and this is one of the questions which were discussed in their minds and debated upon. The following powers: Whether John B. Magruder's trousers are blue with red stripes or red with blue stripes. Tradition does not give the decision, but I understand that the members of the society were taken to view the premises. In one of the battles, he was directed to send a section of his battery to a designated point on the field. So he detached a young second Lieutenant. Having given the young substem its orders, he added: Would you instead, don't you?

"Of course, sir!"

"Well, then, let me give you a little advite. When you get there don't you mind whether there's any Mecklenburgh or not— you will like the death. Then they'll like you— you'll be a devil of a fellow— take my advite, and you'll get your orvet!"

The young officer agreed no 'Mecklenburgh,' but he followed his superior's advice, got his brevet, and is now in a responsible position in Washington. Gen. Magruder was wounded at the siege of Richmond, the records say. So he was. Struck by a spent ball. A cut across the back with a riding whip would have inflicted a greater injury. But the occasion furnished an opportunity for a sensation, and was not to be lost. Drawing forth his revolver, he insisted that the wound was a bad one, elegantly, put on a look of horror, and was evidently about to call for brandy and water— he had taken the precaution to fill one of his plunder boxes with wines, brandy, cold chicken and the like before going on the field— when a corporal stepped forward and offered him water from a canteen. The corporal sipped a little, and handed it appendage back with:

"Thank you, corporal; I make you a sergeant on the spot for your coeliacthetia!"
He has one whole chapter on the decline of the Boulevard des Italiens, and of the French café:

The French café is a doomed institution. The Boulevard des Italiens and the traditional white and gold café were in the height of their glory under Napoleon III., and have since been in a decline. In a few years the boulevard that extends from the Opéra to the Madeleine will be the heart of the capital. Paris has ever been moving west from the Bastille to the Bois. The famous companions of Tortoni will give up the struggle or be transformed into brasseries before long, for the brasserie is becoming the king of the boulevards, and German beer is triumphing over French wine.
"W. H." believes in Milner. I don't, and never did. He is an obstinate "intellectual," and a nagger, and is apparently without sympathy, a perfect tool for the Colonial Secretary. A man of John Morley's or James Bryce's type was wanted; if, that is to say, we desired to adjust matters and keep the Republics standing, which is very doubtful. "W. H." may have good information; but we have ours (leaving the newspapers out of the question, as useless); and our information convinces us that the Republics hated the idea of war, and that it would never have been thought of on their side but for the Jameson Raid, and our ill-disguised sympathy with it, the utterly dishonest revival of a plainly-abolished suzerainty, and the ceaseless nagging of the Colonial Office, followed by our practical declaration of war, by calling out the Reserves, moving troops to the frontier, and summoning Parliament to vote Supplies. We believe that the "conspiracy" was ours; and this is why we hold that the war is our war, and as unnecessary as it is wicked. We regard it as a great crime which has morally ruined us, as a matter of fact, and in the eyes of the world; and it is our real patriotism that resents it.

W. H. startles me with his statement that "this has been the most humane war ever waged." I invite him to get behind his newspaper, and to read the evidence that is fully set forth in the publications of the various anti-war committees. I question whether even in the French and German war, or the war in the United States, the devilry of farm-burning and the "denuding" of the country came up to our sort of that devilry in South Africa; and certainly the transportation of women and children, to herd as prisoners in sheds hundreds of miles from home, is new.

It is startling, too, to be coolly told that I "must see that Lord Roberts is one of the gentlest, kindest, most religious-minded of men." I see nothing of the kind, notwithstanding the faked little stories about curly-headed little girls. His Indian record is a haunting misery, and his South African proclamations—blends of futile assumptions of ferocious threats (carried out)—may yet break his reputation when the consequences are seen and felt. He is going to be welcomed as a great hero. What has he done, even with his six men to one, and Great Britain, the Colonies, and the seas to back him? We have nothing, absolutely nothing, to be proud of. As for "religious-minded," I prefer not to discuss it. The less we talk about religion or Christianity—or Christmas—in this connection the better. It is shocking. It is too horrible to think about.
Perhaps the most striking feature of the fight was the number of  
men who turned up in portable arms. The situation is strikingly  
illustrated by the following incident: A man who came to  
see his brother wounded was shot through the heart. Another  
man, who was on his way to the fight, was shot through the  
head, and both men had only their hunting rifles with them.  
These men were among the many who were not even aware  
of the battle till it was over.

The battle was fought in a ravine, and the noise of the  
fight was so great that it could be heard miles away. At one  
time, a man who was standing on a hilltop exclaimed, "It's  
like thunder!"

The fight lasted for several hours, and at one point, a  
man who was watching said, "It's like a hurricane!"
THE EVACUATION OF FORT MoulTRIE.

VINDICATION OF THE MILITARY FAME OF GENERAL ANDERSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

In the August number of the North American Review there is an anonymous article entitled the "Diary of a Public Man," in which the writer gives the substance of a conversation held at Washington on the 28th of December, 1860, with Mr. L. L. Orr, of South Carolina, touching the removal by Major Anderson of the garrison of Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter on the 25th of December, 1860. The language used was as follows:

"His (Mr. Orr's) explanation of Anderson's movements is, that he lost his head over the excitement of two or three of his younger officers, who were not very sensible, and who had got themselves into hot water on shore with some of the bravest and slyest young bloods of Charleston. Mr. Orr was one of the three Commissioners sent by the Convention of South Carolina to bear the copy of the ordinance of secession to the government at Washington in December, 1860, and as the respectability of its origin might lead people to accept this story as an historical fact, I feel it to be a duty as one of the surviving officers of that garrison to make the following statement:

"The movement from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter on the evening of the 26th of December, 1860, was conceived and executed by Major Anderson alone, without consultation with any one. The officers, whose cooperation was necessary to the success of the movement, were informed of his purpose only upon the day on which it was made. It was made from a standpoint purely military and in view of instructions from the Secretary of War, Mr. Floyd, conveyed to Major Anderson by Major Don Carlos Buell, then an officer of the Department, on the 11th of December, 1860. In accordance with them, Major Anderson was commanded to hold the forts to the last extremity if attacked, and that any attack upon or attempt to take possession of either would be considered a hostile act, and that he might move his command into either fort he deemed proper, and that authority was implied for all acts of war without any tangible evidence that a hostile act was contemplated. Major Anderson believed that he had such evidence and he moved his command.

"The responsibility for the movement was distinctly avowed by Major Anderson in his reply to Colonel Pettigrew of the First South Carolina Rifles, who came to Fort Sumter on the morning of the 27th of December as an envoy of the Governor of the State to demand that Major Anderson should return with his command to Fort Moultrie. He stated openly to Colonel Pettigrew that the movement was made upon his own responsibility solely and because he considered that the safety of his command required it. The same responsibility was assumed by him in his reply to the telegrams from the Secretary of War asking an "explanation of the report" of his movement. "I abandoned Fort Moultrie," said he, "because if attacked my command would have been sacrificed." etc.

"There was no "excitement" of his younger officers, nor was there then or at any time before the movement any interruption of the courtesy which had characterized the intercourse of the garrison with the citizens of Charleston. The true "explanation of Anderson's movement" rests upon the highest military grounds, and the version of it given in the reported conversation with the "Public Man" is without foundation in fact. S. W. CRAWFORD, Brevet Major General, United States Army, formerly an officer of Major Anderson's command. New York, August 14, 1879."