

A RECORD OF EVENTS

BOOK OF POETRY AND SONGS

by William Metcalf Hawkins

Hudson City, New Jersey



Monday January 11th 1858

Rec'd. from Mr. Doxtater, Teacher of Publick School No. 1, one copy of Thompson's Practical Arithmetic and one of Porter & Hammond Copy Book.

Friday January 15th 1858

Rec'd. from Mr. Doxtater one copy of Davies Intellectual Arithmetic. Left school on Friday evening Jan. 15/58.

Monday January 18th 1858

Went to work for Thos. Aldrige putting up blower in Jersey City.

Saturday February 13th 1858

Rec'd. from T.Y.I. Aldrige  $15\frac{84}{100}$  dollars.

W. M. H.

Amt. of work done for T.Y.I. Aldrige from January 18th 1858 up to February 13th/58:  $21\frac{1}{2}$  days at 1 dollar per day. amt. due \$21.50 ct.

The Widows Last Loaf  
No 34 New Canal Street near  
Division Street, New York

February 5th 1858

The position in which to place your Locomotive Engine in case you should break either of your pistons. place her first on one centre and then the other till you find which one is broken. 2nd. The plan to set your eccentric tumbler in its place if it should slip. Work your reversing lever on the side it has slipped but first place the piston rod on the forward centre on the side that it has slipped.

Monday February 15th

Went to put up blower for Baker & Latourette Oil Manufacturers, Jersey City. worked there up to Thursday February 18th 1858.

Wednesday March 3rd 1858

Put up Aldrige's Blower at Heckers Brothers Metropolitan Mills, Cherry Street, New York.

June 29th 1858

Went to work for Selah Hill & Co., South Fifth Street, Jersey City, on sewer as carpenter.

Sum.: Multiply 365,365,365,365,365,365  
By 365,365,365,365,365,365  
Ans.: 133,491,850,208,566,925,016,658,299,941,583,225

Sum.: How many acres of blue sky in an ellipse whose semiaxis are 35 and 25 miles.  
Rule: Multiply the semiaxis together and their product by 3,1416 and that by 640.  
Ans.: 1,759,256 acres.

Question: How can 100 be expressed by four nines. Ans.:  $99 \frac{9}{9}$ .

Question: How can you place the figures 123456789 in a quadrangular form so as to count 15 every way.

8	3	4
1	5	9
6	7	2

Question: Place 10 cts. in a row thus 123456789 then take up one and place it on another, but on this condition that you pass over 2.

Solution: Place 4 on 1, 7 on 3, 5 on 9, 2 on 6, & 8 on 10.

Problem: There is a piece of work which A. can perform in 20 days, B. in 18 days, C. in 12 days, and D. (who is a boy) in 30 days; in what time could they all do it.

Ans.:

Problem: Suppose when the days are just 12 hours long in Latitude 45 degrees North, a man starts from that parallel at 6 in the morning and travels towards the sun till 6 in the evening. In what direction will he have gone, and how far will he have travelled!

Problem: If you start a fire under a boiler that is three parts full of water, the water being perfectly cool and all the avenues of escape for steam being closed, when your steam gauge indicates the pressure of steam to be one pound what pressure of steam will there really be to the square inch on your boiler.

Ans.: According to Sir Isaac Newton and other great philosophers, the pressure of the atmosphere on any or all bodies is fifteen pounds to the square inch (it is a settled fact beyond all doubt) and some men argue from this that the pressure on the inside of a boiler is really sixteen pounds to the square inch. but we must take into account the pressure of the atmosphere on the outside of the boiler which I have before stated is 15 pounds to the square inch which according to my idea exactly counter balances the 15 pounds pressure which is on the inside. consequently there is only 1 pound pressure on the boiler in reality.

Wm. M. H.

Book of Poetry and Songs

by Wm. M. Hawkins, Hudson City, New Jersey

The Old Folks are Gone

Far, far in many lands I've wandered  
    Sadly and lone  
My heart was ever turning southward  
    To see the dear ones at home  
Here after all my weary roaming  
    At early dawn  
I've come and find the cot still standing  
    But Oh! the Old Folks are gone

Chorus: Here I wander sad and lonely  
    In the dear old home  
    Those that I loved so well and fondly  
    And all the old folks are gone

Here's where I frolicked with my brother  
    Under the tree  
Here's where I knelt beside my Mother  
    From care and sorrow free  
Still sing the little birds as sweetly  
    At night and morn  
Still runs the little brook as fleetly  
    But Oh the Old Folks are gone

Chorus: Here I wander sad and lonely

Down where the old banana's waving  
    They're laid to rest  
Where Swanee's peaceful waters laving  
    The green turf o'er their breast  
But there's a home I know where parting  
    Never can come  
Oh for that home I must be starting  
    There's where the old folks are gone

Chorus: Here I wander sad and lonely

Remember Me

Remember me whene'er you sigh,  
    Be it at midnight's silent hour.  
Remember me and think that I  
    Return thy sigh and feel its power.  
Whene'er you think on those away,  
    Or when you bend the pious knee,  
Or when your thoughts to pleasure stray,  
    O then dear maid, Remember me.

## The White Rose

If this faire Rose offende thye sighte,  
Plac'd inne thye bosomme bare,  
'Twill blush to finde itselfe so white,  
And turne Lancastryan there.

But if thye ruby lippes it spye  
As kiss it thou may'st deigne,  
With envye pale 'twill lose its dye,  
And Yorkist turne againe.

(From the "Knickerbocker".) Written in the 15th century, & sent by the Duke of Plavence (of the house of York) with a white rose to Lady E. Beauchamp, a violent adherent to the house of Lancaster.

## Resignation by Elizabeth Lloyd

"I am old and blind!  
Men point to me as if smitten by God's frown  
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,  
Yet I am not cast down.

"I am weak yet strong,  
I murmur not that I no longer see,  
Poor, old and helpless, I the more belong  
Father Supreme, to thee!

"O most Merciful One!  
When Men are farthest from Thee Thou art near;  
When friends pass by, my weakness shun,  
Thy charity I hear.

"Thy glorious face  
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light  
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place  
And there is no more night.

"On my bended knee  
I recognise Thy purpose clearly shown.  
My vision Thou hast dimmed that Thou mays't see  
Thyself, Thyself alone.

"I have nought to fear!  
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing.  
Beneath it I am almost sacred, here  
Can come no evil thing.

"Oh I seem to stand  
Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,  
Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless land  
Which eye hath never seen.

"Visions come and go,  
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng.  
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow  
Of soft and holy song.

"It is nothing now,  
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,  
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,  
The earth in darkness lies.

"In a purer clime  
My being fills with rapture, waves of thought  
Roll in upon my spirit, strains sublime  
Break over me unsought.

"Give me now my lyre;  
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine  
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire  
Lit by no skill of mine.

The Number of Kings crowned in England from the year  
before Christ 1145 to the Reign of Victoria 1837

It appears from the account furnished by old historians that the first king crowned in England was William the Conqueror of the Norman line in the year of our Lord 1066. he was crowned on Christmas Day. The primate of England and the Arch Bishop of York officiating at the ceremony. He reigned from the year 1066 to 1087. The next king who was crowned was his son and successor William 2nd, surnamed Rufus or the Red. He was crowned king at Westminster by Lanfrane, Arch Bishop of Canterbury, his friend and tutor. he reigned from 1087 to 1100. The next king was William's brother, Henry the first, surnamed Beauclerc. He was crowned three days after his brother's death but my authority does not state who officiated at the ceremony. He reigned from 1100 to 1135. The next king was Stephen; his mother was sister to Henry, first to be crowned at Westminster on the 26th of December 1135. he reigned till the 25th of October 1154. The House of Plantagenet. Henry Second was crowned with his Queen Eleanor by Theobald, Arch Bishop of Canterbury, on the 19th of December 1154. He died at Chinon in Anjou on the 6th of July 1189. Richard first, surnamed Coeur de Lion, this monarch was the eldest surviving son of Henry Second. he was crowned at Westminster on the 3rd of September 1189. he reigned till the 6th of April 1199. The next who was crowned was Edward I. he was crowned at Westminster with his excellent Queen Eleanor, daughter of Alphonso, King of Castille, on the 19th of August 1274. he died in his tent on the battle field of Burgh July 7th 1307. We find that the next king who was crowned was Richard Third, the Hump Backed Tyrant. he was crowned on the 6th of July 1488. He reigned till August 23rd 1485. House of Tudor. Henry VII was crowned on the 30th of October 1485. he died on the 22nd of April 1509. Then taking into account the landing of Brutus which took place in the year before Christ 1145, at which time it is supposed Eli was high Priest of God's chosen people up to the coronation of Queen Victoria in 1837. During that time we have had 37 kings of whom Alfred the Great was the first

we take into account, and 5 queens of whom Mary I was the first and Alexandrina Victoria the last. and out of all these kings and queens there were only 9 kings and 1 queen regularly crowned.

### Forget Me Not

Forget me not---forget me not.  
But let these simple little flowers  
Remind thee of his lonely lot,  
Who loved thee in life's purest hours;  
When hearts and hopes were hallow'd things,  
Ere gladness broke the lyre she brought;  
Then, oh! when shivered all its strings,  
Forget me not---forget me not!

### Speech of Catiline

Before the Roman Senate on hearing his Sentence of Banishment

Banished from Rome! what's banished but set free  
From daily contact of the things I loathe?  
"Tried and convicted traitor!" - Who says this?  
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?  
Banished? - I thank you for't. It breaks my chain!  
I held some slack allegiance till this hour.  
But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords,  
I soon to count what feelings, withered hopes,  
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs  
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,  
To leave you in your lazy dignities.  
But here I stand and scoff you! - here I fling  
Hatred and full defiance in your face.  
Your conduct's merciful. For this all thanks.  
He dares not touch a hair of Catiline.  
"Traitor!" I go - but I'll return. This - trial!  
Here I devote your senate! I've had wrongs,  
To stir a fever in the blood of age!  
Or make the infant's sinew strong as steel.  
This day's the birth of sorrows! - This hour's work  
Will breed proscriptions. Look to your hearths, my lords  
For henceforth shall sit, for household gods,  
Shapes hot from Tartarns! - all shames and crimes,  
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn,  
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;  
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,  
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones,  
Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,  
And Massacre seal's Rome's eternal grave.

Finis



Forget thee! Oh there is but one  
Could from my memory chase  
Each sweet charm I've gazed upon,  
Each softly winning grace.  
So be that one's my first, first vow  
I pledged with infant breath.  
And he comes to demand me now,  
Thy rival, love is death!

#### The Anchor's Weighed

The tear fell gently from her eye  
When last we parted on the shore,  
My bosom heaved with many a sigh  
To think I ne'er might see her more.  
"Dear youth," she cried, "and canst thou haste away.  
My heart will break, a little moment stay.  
Alas! I cannot I cannot part from thee."  
"The anchor's weighed. The anchor's weighed.  
Farewell, farewell, remember me."

"Weep not, my love," I trembling said.  
"Doubt not a constant heart like mine.  
I ne'er can meet another maid  
Whose charms can fix that heart like thine."  
"Go then," she cried, "but let thy constant mind  
Oft think of her you leave in tears behind.  
A maid, this last embrace my pledge shall be."  
"The anchor's weighed. The anchor's weighed.  
Farewell, farewell, remember me."

#### The White Squall

The sea was bright and the bark rode well,  
And the breeze bore the tone of the vesper bell.  
'Twas a gallant bark with a crew as brave  
As ever launched on the heaving wave.  
She shone in the light of declining day,  
And each sail was set and each heart was gay.

They neared the land where in beauty smiles  
The sunny shore of the Grecian Isles,  
And thought of home and that welcome dear  
That soon should greet each wand'rer's ear.  
And infancy join'd the social throng  
In the festive dance and joyous song.

A white cloud flies thro' the azure sky.  
What means that wild despairing cry?  
Farewell! the visioned scenes of home.  
That cry is help where no help can come.  
For the white squall rides on the surging wave  
And the bark is gulphed in an ocean grave.

### Love in the Heart

What is it that drives the red rose from the cheek  
Or the lily displaced with blushes that speak,  
That dims the bright beam by a tear in the eye,  
That checks a young smile by a murmuring sigh.

'Tis love, 'tis love in the heart.

And what bids the soul the emotion declare,  
By the glance of the eye when the lips do not dare.  
And what when its meaning another can guess,  
Emboldens the tongue the fond thought to express.

'Tis love, 'tis love in the heart.

### The Dew is on the Grass

Softly, softly will I pass,  
As I steal out love to thee,  
When the dew is on the grass,  
And the moonlight on the tree.  
When the soft winds in the shade,  
Murmur fitfully in sleep,  
And the hues of daylight fade,  
In the bosom of the deep.

When the dew is on the grass,  
And the moonlight on the tree,  
Softly, softly will I pass,  
As I steal out love to thee.

Gently, gently will I glide,  
To our quiet trysting tree,  
When the sun's last beam hath died,  
And the stars look on the sea,  
When the moonbeams pale and cold  
Glances thro' the forest shade,  
Shall our tales of love be told  
And our vows of truth be made.

When the dew etc.

### Love Wakes and Weeps

Love wakes and weeps,  
While Beauty sleeps!  
O for Music's softest numbers!  
To prompt a theme



# Wishes and Prayers

To the angel and dove,

Wish the steady soul!

For she were left a waste!

For the power of the

Power should be done.

So the angel of the sun

Should be enough for you

So the sign of the sun

Should be in the sun

So the sign of the sun

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For Beauty's dream,  
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers.  
Through groves of palm  
Sigh gales of balm  
Fire flies on the air are wheeling;  
While through the gloom  
Comes soft perfume  
The distant beds of flowers revealing.  
O wake and live!  
A dream can give  
A shadow'd bliss the real excelling;  
No longer sleep  
From lattice peep  
And list the tale that Love is telling.

#### All's Well

Deserted by the waning moon,  
When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,  
On tower, or fort or tented grounds  
The sentry walks his lonely round;  
And should a footstep haply stray  
Where caution marks the gaunted way,  
Who goes there? Stranger quickly tell  
A friend - the words. Good night; all's well.

Or sailing on the midnight deep,  
When weary messmates soundly sleep,  
The careful watch patrols the deck  
To guard the ship from foes or wreck;  
And while his thoughts oft homewards veer,  
Some friendly voice salutes his ear.  
What cheer? Brother quickly tell;  
Above - Below. Good night; all's well

#### The Brave Old Oak

A song to the Oak, the brave old Oak,  
Who hath ruled in the green wood long.  
Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,  
And his fifty arms so strong.  
There's fear in his frown, when the sun goes down,  
And the fire in the west fades out,  
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,  
When the storm through his branches shout.

Chorus: Then here's to the Oak, the brave old Oak,  
Who stands in his pride along,  
And still flourish he a hale green tree  
When a hundred years are gone.

In the days of old when the spring with cold  
Had brightened his branches grey,  
Through the grass at his feet, crept maidens sweet  
To gather the dew of May.  
And on that day to his rebeck gay,  
They frolicked with lovesome swains.  
They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid,  
But the tree it still remains.

Then here's to the Oak, etc.

We saw the rare times, when the Christmas chimes  
Was a merry sound to hear,  
When the squire's wide hall and the cottage small  
Were filled with good English cheer.  
Now gold hath the sway, we all obey,  
And a ruthless king is he.  
But he never shall send, our ancient friend,  
To be tossed on a stormy sea.

Then here's to the Oak, etc.

#### Cicero's Speech Against Verres

The time has come, Fathers, when that which has long been wished for towards allaying the envy your orders has been subject to, and removing the imputations against trials, is effectually put in your power. An opinion has prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries; both dangerous to you and pernicious to the state, that in prosecutions, men of wealth are always safe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the confusion, I hope, of the propagators of this slanderous imputation, one whose life and actions condemn him, in the opinion of all impartial persons; but who according to his own reckoning, and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted; I mean Gaius Verres. I demand justice of you, Fathers, upon this robber of the public treasury, the oppressor of Asia Minor and Pampylia, the invader of the right and privileges of Romans, the scourge and curse of Sicily. If that is passed upon him, which his crimes deserve, your authority, Fathers, will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public; but if his great riches should bias you in his favor, I shall still gain one point to make it apparent to all the world that what was wanting in this case was not a criminal nor a prosecutor but justice and adequate punishment. To pass over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does his quaestorship, the first public employment he held, what does it exhibit but one continued scene of villanies? Oneias Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treasurer. A consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people violated. The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pampylia what did it produce but the ruin of those countries? In which houses, cities and temples were robbed by him. What was his conduct in his praetorship here at home? Let the plundered temples and public works neglected, that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witness. How did he discharge the office of a judge? Let those who

suffered by his injustice answer. But his Praetorship in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedness and furnishes a lasting monument to his infamy. The mischief done by him in that unhappy country during the three years of his iniquitous administration are such that many years under the wisest and best of Praetors will not be sufficient to restore to the condition in which he found them; for it is notorious that during the time of this tyranny the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws or the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman Senate upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. His nod has decided all causes in Sicily for these three years. And his decisions have broken all law, all precedent, and right; the sums he has, by arbitrary taxes and unheard of impositions, extorted from the industrious poor are not to be computed. The most faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies. Roman Citizens have like slaves been put to death with tortures. The most atrocious criminals for money have been exempted from deserved punishments, and men of the most unexceptionable character condemned and banished unheard. The harbors, though sufficiently fortified, and the gates of strong towns have been opened to pirates and ravagers. The soldiery and sailors belonging to a province suffered to perish. The ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatness, the statues of heroes and Princes being carried off and the temples stripped of images. Having by his iniquitous sentences filled the prisons with the most industrious and deserving of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman Citizens to be strangled in gaeols, so that the exclamation, "I am a citizen of Rome," which has often in the most distant regions and among the most barbarous people been a protection, was of no service to them, but on the contrary, brought a speedier and more severe punishment. I ask now Verres what thou hast to advance against this charge? Wilt thou pretend to deny it? Wilt thou pretend that anything false, that even anything agravated is alleged against thee? Had any prince or any state committed the same outrage against the privileges of Roman Citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for demanding satisfaction. What punishment ought then to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked Praetor, who dared at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian shore, to put to the infamous death of Crucifixion that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Corsanus, only for having asserted his privilege of citizenship and declared his intention of appealing to the Justice of his country against the cruel oppressor who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man arrested as he was going to embark for his native country is brought before the wicked Praetor. With eyes darting with fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he ordered the hapless victim of his rage to be stripped and rods to be brought; accusing him but without the least shadow of evidence or even of suspicion of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman Citizen. I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus and will attest my innocence." The blood thirsty Praetor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defense, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. This, Fathers, was an innocent Roman Citizen publicly mangled with scourging whilst the only words he uttered were, "I am a Roman Citizen!" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy. But of so little service was this privilege to him that while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution, for his execution upon the cross! O Liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O

sacred privilege of Roman Citizenship! once sacred. But now trampled upon! But what then? Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor who holds his whole power of the Roman people in a Roman province within sight of Italy, bind scourge torture with fire and red hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross a Roman Citizen. Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the Roman commonwealth, nor fear of the Justice of his country restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty and sets mankind at defiance? I conclude with expressing my hopes that your wisdom and justice, Fathers, will not by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape due punishment; leave room to approve the danger of a total subversion of authority and the introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

Finis

Be Kind to the Loved Ones at Home

Be kind to thy father for when thou wast young  
Who loved thee so fondly as he.  
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue  
And joined in thy innocent glee.  
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,  
His locks intermingled with gray;  
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold.  
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother for lo, on her brow  
May traces of sorrow be seen.  
Oh well mayst thou comfort and cherish her now,  
For loving and kind hath she been.  
Remember thy mother for thee will she pray  
As long as God giveth her breath.  
With actions of kindness then cheer her lone way  
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother, his heart will have dearth  
If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn.  
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth  
If the dew of affection be gone.  
Be kind to thy brother wherever you are,  
The love of a brother shall be  
An ornament richer and purer by far  
Than pearls from the depths of the sea.

Be kind to thy sister, not many may know  
The depth of true sisterly love.  
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below  
The surface that sparkles above.  
Be kind to thy father, once fearless and bold,  
Be kind to thy mother so near,  
Be kind to thy brother, nor show thy heart cold,  
Be kind to thy sister so dear.



12a

THE LAST OF SUMMER

Still blooming alone;

Still her lonely companions

Are faded and gone;

No tower of her kindred,

No Rose-bud and sighs,

No petals to check her blushes,

No gem-like or sighs,



I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,

No pine on thy stem,

Since the south-wind sleeps;

Go sleep all in a dream;

When twilight's water

Flows o'er the bed,

When thy mistle, the part

Is cast and dead.



Let some may follow

When friendship's done,

And from life's shining circle

The gems drop away;

When true hearts be withdrawn

And find our own frown,

Oh! who could interest

This least world alone!



'Tis the east tide of summer

Of soft blooming alone;

All her lonely companions

Are faded and gone;

No flower of her kindred,

No Rose-bud in night,

No mistle, to check her blushes,

No gem-like or sighs,



### The Last Rose of Summer

'Tis the last rose of summer  
Left blooming alone,  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone!  
No flower of her kindred,  
No rosebud is nigh  
To reflect back her blushes,  
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
To pine on the stem;  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go, sleep thou with them:  
Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves o'er the bed  
Where thy mates of the garden  
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,  
When friendships decay,  
And from love's shining circle,  
The gems drop away,  
When true hearts lie wither'd,  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone.

'Tis the last rose of summer  
Left blooming alone,  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone!  
No flower of her kindred,  
No rosebud is nigh  
To reflect back her blushes,  
Or give sigh for sigh.

### The Minute Gun

When in the storm on Albion's coast,  
The night watch guards his wary post  
From thoughts of danger free.  
He marks some vessel's dusky form,  
And hears amid the howling storm  
The minute gun at sea.  
Swift on the shore a hardy few  
The life-boat man with gallant crew,  
And dare the dangerous wave.  
Through the wild surf they cleave their way,  
Lost in the foam, nor know dismay,  
For they go the crew to save.  
But oh! what rapture fills each breast

Of the hopeless crew of the ship distressed!  
Then landed safe what joys to tell  
Of all the dangers that befell.  
Then no more is heard by the watch on shore.  
The minute gun at sea.

#### Tell's Speech

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!  
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,  
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear  
A spirit in your echoes answer me,  
And bid your tenant welcome to his home  
Again! O sacred forms how proud you look!  
How high you lift your heads into the sky!  
How huge you are! how mighty and how free!  
Ye are the things that tower, that shine, whose smile  
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,  
Robed or unrobed do all the impress wear  
Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,  
I'm with you once again! I call to you  
With all my voice! I hold my hands to you  
To show they still are free. I rush to you  
As though I could embrace you!  
Scaling yonder peak I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow  
O'er the abyss; his broad expanded wings  
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,  
As if he floated there without their aid,  
By the sole act of his unlorded will,  
That buoyed him proudly up. Instinctively  
I bent my bow, yet kept he rounding still  
His airy circle, as in the delight  
Of measuring the ample range beneath,  
And round about absorbed, he heeded not  
The death that threatened him; I could not shoot.  
Twas liberty! I turned my bow aside,  
And let him soar away!

Heavens with what pride I used  
To walk these hills, and look up to my God  
And bless him that it was so. it was free,  
Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,  
And plough our valleys without asking leave;  
Or as our peaks that wear their caps of snow,  
In every presence of the regal sun.  
How happy was it then! I loved  
Its very storms. Yes Emma I have sat  
In my boat at night, when midway o'er the lake.  
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge  
The wind came roaring. I have sat and eyed  
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled  
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,  
And think I had no master save his own.

You know the jutting cliff round which a track  
Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow  
To such another one, with scanty room  
For two abreast to pass? O'ertaken there  
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,  
And while gust followed gust more furiously,  
As if to sweep me from the horrid brink,  
And I have thought of other lands, whose storms  
Are summers flaws to those of mine, and just  
Have wished me there, the thought that mine was free  
Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,  
And cried in thralldom to that furious wind.  
Blow on! This is the land of Liberty!

Finis

Bury Me in the Morning

Bury me in the morning, Mother,  
Oh! let me have the light  
Of one bright day on my grave, Mother,  
Ere you leave me alone with the night.

Alone in the night of the grave, Mother,  
Tis a thought of terrible fear,  
And you will be here alone, Mother,  
And stars will be shining here.

(So bury me in the morn, etc.)

You tell of the Savior's love, Mother,  
I feel it in my heart.  
But oh! from this beautiful world, Mother,  
Tis hard for the young to part.

(So bury me in the morn, etc.)

Forever to part when here, Mother,  
The soul is fain to stay,  
For the grave is dark and deep, Mother,  
And heaven seems far away.

(So bury me in the morn, etc.)

Never unclasp my hand, Mother,  
Till it falls away from thine.  
Let me hold the pledge of thy love, Mother,  
Till I feel the love divine.

The love divine Oh look, Mother,  
Above its beams I see,  
And there an Angel face, Mother,  
Is smiling down on me.

So bury me in the morning, Mother,  
When sunbeams flood the sky.  
For Death is the gate of Life, Mother,  
And leads to light on high.

Bury me in the morn, Mother,  
And let me have the light  
Of one bright day on my grave, Mother,  
Ere I am alone with the night.

Consent, I Read Love In Those Eyes

Come love, I pray don't say nay,  
Let me kiss those lips divine;  
My tongue's too weak my love to speak,  
No passion e'er did equal mine.  
Of all the world thee most I prize,  
Consent, I read love in those eyes  
Lovely eyes, sweet blue eyes,  
Consent, I read love in those eyes.

Give loose to love, I'll never rove,  
Ne'er from thee will I depart,  
Pray then give ease, and with it peace,  
To my almost broken heart.  
Love like mine it never dies,  
Consent, I read love in those eyes,  
Lovely eyes, sweet blue eyes,  
Consent, I read love in those eyes.

Bonnie Doon

*[Transcriber's note: see "Ye Flowery Banks" by Robert Burns]*

Ye banks and braes of Bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I sae weary, full of care?

Thou'll break by heart, thou little bird,  
That wanton'st thro' the flowery thorn,  
Thou mind'st me of departed joys,  
Departed never to return.

Aft times I've roamed by Bonnie Doon  
To see the rose and woodbine twine,  
And ilka bird sang o' its love,  
And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'ed a rose  
Frae sweet upon its thorny tree,  
But my fa'se lover, he staw my rose,  
And left its thorn behind wi' me.

#### Bells Upon the Wind

That heavenly voice, that heavenly voice,  
When every joy has fled,  
In accents soothing brings relief  
When all save hope is dead.  
Those melting sounds, those melting sounds  
Alone can calm the mind,  
Like dying sunbeams gild the scene,  
Or bells upon the wind. (Repeat)

Those mellow tones, those mellow tones  
The soul desponding cheer,  
Reviving joys the bosom fill,  
Fresh budding hopes appear.  
The drooping heart, the drooping heart  
In friendship's voice shall find  
A balm, whose cheering accents thrill  
Like bells upon the wind. (Repeat)

#### Good Night

Good Night! a word so often said  
The heedless mind forgets its meaning;  
'Tis only when some heart lies dead  
On which our own was leaning,  
We hear in maddening music roll  
That last "Good Night" along the soul.

Good Night! in tones that never die  
It peals along the quickening ear,  
And tender gales of memory  
Forever waft it near.  
When stilled the voice - O crush of pain -  
That ne'er shall breathe "Good Night" again.

Good Night! It mocks us from the grave,  
It o'erleaps that strange world's bound,  
From whence there flows no backward wave.  
It calls out from the ground  
On every side, around, above,  
Good Night! good night, to life and love.

Good Night! O wherefore fades away  
The light that lived in that dear word?  
Why followeth that good night no day?

Why are our souls so stirred?  
O rather say, dull brain, once more  
Good Night! thy time of toil is o'er.

Good Night! now cometh gentle sleep,  
And tears that fall like gentle rain.  
Good Night! O holy, blest, and deep,  
The rest that follows pain.  
How should we reach God's upper light  
If life's long day had no "Good Night".

by M. Dehming

### I Would Not Die in Spring

I would not die in spring time, when all is bright around,  
And fair young flowers are peeping from out the silent ground,  
When life is on the water, and joy upon the shore,  
For winter, gloomy winter, then reigns o'er us no more.

I would not die in summer, when music's on the breeze,  
And soft delicious murmurs float ever thro' the trees,  
And fairy birds are singing from morn till close of day.  
No! with it transient glories I would not pass away.

When breezes leave the mountain, its balmy sweets all o'er,  
To breathe around the fountain and fan our bow'rs no more,  
When summer flow'rs are dying within the lovely glen,  
And autumn winds are sighing, I would not perish then.

But let me die in winter, when night hangs dark above,  
And cold the snow is lying on bosoms that we love,  
Ah! may the wind at midnight, that bloweth from the sea  
Chaunt mildly, softly, sweetly, a requiem for me.

### Beautiful Extract

Go out beneath the arched Heaven in night's profound gloom, and say if you can, "There is no God." Pronounce that dread mystery and each star above will reprove you for your unbroken darkness of intellect---every voice that floats upon the night winds will bewail your utter hopelessness and despair. Is there no God? Who then unrolled that blue scroll, and threw open its high frontispiece the legible gleanings of immortality? Who fashioned this green earth, with its perpetual rolling waters, and its wide expanse of Island and main? Who paves the heavens with clouds and attunes amid banners of storms the voice of thunders, and unchains the lightnings that linger and lurk and flash in the gloom? Who gave the eagle the eyry where the the tempests dwell and beat strongest, and to the dove a tranquil abode amid the forest that ever echoes to the minstrelry of her moan? Who made thee oh man with thy perfect elegance of intellect? Who made the light pleasant to thee and the darkness a covering and a herald to the first beautiful flashes of the morning? Who gave thee matchless symmetry of



sinews and limbs? the regular flowing of blood? the irrepressible and daring passions of ambition and love? And yet the thunder of heaven and the waters are chained. They remain but the bow of reconciliation hangs above and beneath them; and it were better that the limitless waters and mountains were convulsed and commingled together---it were better that those very stars were burnt with fire or shrouded in eternal gloom than one single soul should be lost, while mercy kneels and pleads for it beneath the altar of intercession.

#### Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,  
I lay me down in peace to sleep.  
Secure I rest upon the wave,  
For Thou, O Lord! hast power to save.

I know Thou wilt not slight my call,  
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall,  
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,  
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine;  
Or though the tempest's fiery breath  
Waked me from sleep to wreck and death.

On watery wastes still safe with Thee,  
In hope of Immortality;  
So calm and peaceful is my sleep,  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

#### Afton Water

Flow gently, sweet Afton,  
Among thy green braes!  
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise!  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream---  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream!  
Thou stock dove whose echo resounds through the glen,  
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,  
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear---  
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair!  
Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,  
And winds by the cot where by Mary resides!  
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,  
As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave!  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes!  
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays!  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream---  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream!

Robert Burns



Camp Entrikin, Montgomery Co., Md.  
Wednesday, January 1st, 1862

Working on a chain of Fortifications, consisting of three Forts called respectively Forts Alexander, Franklin, and Ripley, built for the defense of Washington, D.C. Ft. Alexander has 9 guns of which 6 are 32 pounders Howitzers, and three are Siege Guns 24 pounders. The Howitzers are set on Pintle Blocks which will only admit of their being turned in a circle, while the Siege Guns can be run anywhere within the limits of the forts.

Ft. Franklin has 12 guns all Howitzers 32 pounders, and set on P. Blocks similar to Alexander. Ft. Ripley's armament consists of Seven Guns, six 24 pound Howitzers and one 100 pound Siege Gun. They are all connected by Rifle Pits, so as to give the forces occupying them accession to any or all of them without being exposed to the fire of the besieging forces. They are built under the superintendence of the following persons: Major Barnard, who has charge of all U.S. fortifications, and Lieut. Houston, U.S. Engineers, both military men and under the personal direction of A. Grant Childs, Civil Engineer, and A.C. Entrikin, Engineer in charge. these forts are Earth works and are merely temporary, however, and will have to undergo a great many alterations in order to make them permanent structures.

Jan. 1st. The day clear and pleasant. It seems almost a pity to work on such a day. but isolated as we are, it makes but little difference whether one works or not. Worked all day on Block House on Ft. Alexander. A very different mode of spending New Year's day to what I have been accustomed. But needs must when Uncle Sam drives. Spent the evening very pleasantly, however, in company with the carpenters in the Bunk Room, singing songs and other amusements. Retired to my tent about 11 P.M.

Thursday, Jan. 2nd

Day fine, similar to yesterday, scarcely a cloud to be seen in the sky. the weather is unusually fine for this season of the year. worked all day on Block House. We hear a great deal of artillery and rifle practice across the river on the extreme right of the army. this is the day for the general review, which is held every week when the weather permits. No news from any other portion of the country engaged in the war has reached us.

Friday, January 3rd

We were favored this morning with a beautiful sunrise. the air was rather cold but not disagreeably so, but clouds obscured the sun's bright radiance about 9 A.M. and he continued out of sight until noon when he showed his face again. the afternoon was fine. worked all day on Block House. Evening the sun set in a sea of splendor but the clouds which o'erspread the western horizon looked rather yellow. I expect we shall have snow before long.

Saturday, Jan. 4th

Morning. the bright blue of the sky is obscured by clouds. began snowing about eight o'clock, continued until noon when the wind increased to a gale but the snow had ceased to fall. Worked all day on Block House. The day

has been very cold and disagreeable. Evening. Began hailing about 8 P.M. and continued till eleven P.M. We had a very pleasant evening in the Bunk Room singing, notwithstanding the storm. how easy it is for one to conform to circumstances, however great the transition in the scale of living. Tomorrow is a day of rest.

Sunday, Jan. 5th

Sun rose beautiful this morning. the air was rather frosty but Sol's genial rays soon dispelled the chilly feeling. Sat in the Bunk Room and read the news of the past week. Noon. Horn sounded for dinner. all hands rushed to mess-room. everything on the table was cold and uncomfortable. After dinner, Joseph Aldridge, Father and myself walked up the Washington Aquaduct as far as Cabin John's Bridge. This is a stupendous arch of granite spanning the ravine thro' which flows a romantic little brook called after an Indian Chief who, in the time of Washington, made his home in the glen Cabin John. The bridge spans this ravine by a single arch of 220 feet. The depth of the ravine below the top of the bridge is 101 feet. It is the largest masonry arch in the world. Began, so the inscription tells us, in 1856, Franklin Pierce, President and Jefferson Davis (then in the zenith of his power but now sunk to the lowest depths of infamy, branded as a traitor), Secretary of War. It is built to carry the water across the ravine and is a part of the Washington Aquaduct. Cabin John's Creek empties into the Potomac about 400 yds. below. The surrounding scenery is very romantic. The reflection of the tall pines, which stand like grim sentinels on the hills on either side, in the smooth and silvery stream which here spreads out and forms a beautiful little lake, and the miniature falls caused by the dam which is built there, look splendid. We walked thro' the section of the pipe on the crown of the arch, which is 9 ft. in diameter (the pipe, not the arch) and is built of brick and cement with a lining of asphalt, a composition which is proof against the ravages of time. We rambled over the hills, thro' the dim woods and down the glen, until the sun's fast declining rays warned us 'twas time to start for home, which we did reluctantly. We reached Camp shortly after sunset, rather wearied in body but much pleased with our afternoon's excursion. Began to snow about nightfall and continued through the greater part of the night, rather cold and disagreeable in the tent but not so bad as it might be.

Monday, Jan. 6th, 1862

Morning cloudy but the snow has ceased to fall. very uncomfortable walking. the snow has fallen to the depth of 3 inches. The Potomac is frozen over for the first time this winter. Afternoon. cloudy but no falling weather. rumors of an engagement across the river but no certainty. worked all day on the Block House. Some of the boys, feeling rather cold I suppose, stole our washing tent to make a coverted for their bed. I hope it will make them comfortable whoever they are. Evening clear and cold. There was three of our men transferred to the forts on the Eastern Branch of the Anacostia, 4 miles from Washington, this morning, but they have just returned to Camp and bringing the intelligence that it was not a fit place for any decent man. Harry Reynolds, who superintends the hauling of the timber used in constructing the block houses and magazines out of the woods, had a misunderstanding with Miller the Master Carpenter, and resigned his situation. I tell you we shall miss him in the quarters. ever ready for

any sort of merriment or mischief, he was the life of the party. good-Bye, Harry. Success to you wherever you go. It will be long till we look upon your like again. I have just received two copies of the N.Y Herald from kind friends at home, but do not feel like reading them to night. Ft. Franklin was completed to day.

Tuesday, Jan. 7th

Morning clear and cold. went to work on the Block House as usual. the engagement yesterday was only a skirmish between pickets. An officer under Gen. McCall came over from Virginia to examine the condition of our forts and those that are situated East of us: viz. Fts. Mass., Penn., Dariusie and Gaines at Tenleytown, and the so called Vermont Battery of 4 guns about 2 miles below us on the Aquaduct. Afternoon clear and cold. saw the Sun, Moon, and Evening Star about half past three P.M., a very unusual spectacle. the sun was about 1 3/4 of an hour high, the moon (new) about mid-way in the heavens, and the star was between the Sun and Moon, a little southward if anything. A Regiment of Cavalry crossed the Chain Bridge this afternoon, to join the army of the Potomac of which such great things were expected and so little has been realized. The officers spend most of their time airing themselves and showing their uniforms on Pennsylvania Avenue, while their soldiers idle away these most precious hours in camp as best they can. We are all waiting anxiously to hear from them. Evening. Wrote a letter to Brother Thomas, also to friend Doc. Bed time saw four Rockets ascend from Gen. McCall's division, right opposite our camp. I wonder what it means.

Wednesday, Jan. 8th

Morning rather cloudy. wind S.E. very cold and damp. Mills, Reynolds, McLaughlin and Emerson all left Camp today. Mills & Reynolds went on to New York. Mc. came home at noon. I worked all day roofing Block house. Emerson came into camp in the evening, slightly elevated, hat smashed in, clothes covered with the sacred soil of Maryland, his eyes beautifully shaded with black and both in mourning for the loss of his money, of which he had been robbed during the day by some of the sharpers that infest Washington. The rain began falling about dark and continues up to the time I retire.

Thursday, Jan. 9th

A fine, drizzling, penetrating mist is falling and the fog obscures all. Father was taken sick about 3 A.M. and he waked me. he complained of a headache. I arose to get him something to drink, heard the drums beating the long roll across the river. Also a great deal of irregular firing. Daybreak. all has ceased. we have no clue as to its meaning. went to work at 9 1/2 A.M. took charge of Wm. Entrikin's gang working on glacis on the N.W. side of Alexander. Noon. the fog has cleared away and Sol's refulgent rays shoot down on hill and dale, on wood and stream. A dim haze, a dreamy haze like that of an April day, obscures the distant country and in fact there is as much difference between the weather this morning and afternoon as between winter and summer. A feeling of listlessness came over me as I sat on the trunk of a huge prostrate chestnut, and I fell into a deep study. I built large Chateaus De Espagne, I thought of Curtis' Lotus Eaters. I dreamed of wandering thro' sylvan groves and by beautiful streams and of everything that was nice, and was awakened by Mulgrew's voice asking

me for a pipe of Kinnikinnick. Oh! Howadgi how could you rob me of my beautiful Chateau, I said when he laughed and I awoke and lo! it was a dream. So the Engineers not being in sight we straightway filled our meerschaums and began to smoke. There is a fascination for me in this rough backwoods style of living. you are far away from the turmoil, strife and busy cares of the city, free from the conventionalities and constraints of artificial society. in fact you are your own master, free to think and speak and act according to the dictate of your own conscience. You can here hold sweet communion with nature and look from nature up to nature's God. thoughts are freer, purer, holier here methinks than elsewhere. But perhaps I should weary of it if forced like Crusoe to spend my days alone, for variety's the spice of life. Evening. I have been reading the news of the day but one derives very little satisfaction. 8 P.M. it is raining again; the weather is very changeable.

Friday, Jan. 10th

Morning cloudy but no rain. Engle & Bennett left for Baltimore. afternoon clear. worked 3/4 of a day. nothing new. Evening cloudy.

Saturday, Jan. 11th

Morning cloudy, air cold. went to work on Block House. received two letters from friends in Adams: one from Lillie and the other from Ada. I derived a great deal of pleasure from their perusal, especially L.'s. I have also received five papers from Hudson, sent by Brother Thomas, and now I shall have plenty of reading matter for a few days. Evening. raining again, we shall be deluged. All the carpenters were discharged for want of sufficient work, with the exception of Mentenz, Henkel, Father and myself. Our old party is fast dwindling down in numbers. Joseph is going to work cutting abatis on Monday, if all's well. We lose our best friends just as we begin to appreciate and to find out their many virtues.

Sunday, Jan. 12th

Morning clear. The sun arose in a sea of gorgeous tinted clouds from a pale yellow to a deep purple color. truly nature never stints us in the various scenes she presents to the eye. I passed the forenoon in reading, in the afternoon took a walk to the seven locks up the canal about five miles. while there I had the pleasure of meeting some of the boys belonging to the Ram Rifle Regiment that were in the Drainsville engagement. they all wear the deer tail plume and are called the Buck Tails. I conversed with them about the fight, but they did not give a very spirited account so I did not make any notes of the incidents connected with it. We had quite a pleasant walk, returned to camp at dusk. Evening. the day has been very pleasant. I have just wrote an answer to Dear L.'s letter.

Monday Jan. 13th

Morning rather cloudy and the wind is blowing very hard. The river has been rising slowly for the past few days owing to the recent showers. Our gang of four was increased by the arrival of all the men that were discharged on Saturday. There being no funds appropriated to pay them, there was no other recourse but to set them to work again. Noon. I received quite a mail:

three letters, one from Mother enclosed in Thomas's, and one from a young secessionist lady in St. Louis who signs herself M.T.J. she has evidently allowed her rebel feelings to overpower her while writing, as the letter is brim full of sympathy with and for the rebels. I cannot imagine who she is as I have no lady correspondents in that section of country. Night. the clouds begin to gather and assume a blacker tinge. I expect we shall have snow.

Tuesday Jan. 14th

Morning. The snow is falling fast and as it falls is carried by the wind into drifts that remind one of snow-covered graves. Many, very many, loved ones' graves are now wrapped in the pure and stainless snow. "But little they'll reck if they let them sleep on in the grave where their loved ones have laid them." Went to work laying floor in the Block House. Afternoon. the snow has ceased to fall, but the wind has increased in violence and goes shrieking by with perfect fury. It is very cold; we are building a frame or crib work out the East end of the Block House as a foundation for the parapet which is to be extended over it. Evening clear but the wind has lessened in force while the moon's rays beam placidly o'er the snow. passed away an hour or two playing Muggins in the office.

Wednesday Jan. 15th

Arose at 6.A.M. after a rather poor night's rest. It began raining some time in the night, and is raining still. as it falls it freezes and the forest is being robed in a garb of ice. The scene is one of beauty. The tall pines with their deep green branches clad in ice are splendid, while the rusty cedars with their bright blue berries and the brown buds and naked branches of the Tulip tree vary the scene. While the wind tossing the ice-bound branches and the deep murmur of the water, as it glides over the falls, make a sweet melody to the listening ear. I went to work laying floors in B. House; worked till noon when the rain came down faster than ever so that we were unable to work. So I contented myself with reading some old papers as I sat by the stove in the Bunk Room. The rain ceased about half past four, and the sun shone out with splendor. I walked out to observe the beauty of the scene, as his declining rays beamed out from clouds of yellow and purple, of crimson and gold, upon the forest. nature seemed clothed in great cordons and glittering pendants of jewels, while far away to the south lay a great bank of clouds of a pale green color, the edges just tinged with silver, while before loomed the forest-crowned hills of Virginia, glittering in their icy garb. the scene was one which will never be forgotten. Truly Nature is ever beautiful and the all wise Creator is ever presenting some new phase of beauty to please the eye. "These as they change, Almighty Father, these are but the varied year." I could not but feel impressed with his goodness to ungrateful man. Heavenly Father, teach us so to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Thursday Jan. 16th

Morning clear and pleasant. went to work on the Block House. Afternoon. finished laying floor and hanging doors. There is an unpleasant rumor afloat in Camp that our forces under Gen. Lander, in western Virginia, were defeated by the rebels under Gen. Jackson. I trust that there is no

foundation for such a statement. Evening. The moon is shining brilliantly on forest and stream, and the countless myriads of stars seem like great clusters of jewels in their azure setting. No letters yet. We had quite a concert this evening in the Bunk Room.

Friday Jan. 17th

Morning clear and pleasant. went to work cutting out windows in the Block House. worked there till noon. Afternoon. Kirby, Young and myself have been putting up revetment stakes on the roof of B.H. for extension of parapet over it. The clouds assume a leaden hue and bid fair for more rain. Co. H, 62nd N.Y.R. Anderson Louaves, who have been posted here as a garrison since Dec. last, were today removed to their Regimental Camp at Tenleytown on account of the negligence of their Captain, Lewis by name. they were replaced by Co. A of the 98th Pa. Volunteers. The Anderson Louaves bore a very hard name here among the settlers, as they would steal everything they could get hold of. They have no discipline whatever and do as they please. Evening. the weather has been moderating very much, all afternoon, and it is very likely that we shall have an abundance of rain.

Saturday Jan. 18th

The blue sky is o'ercast by lowering clouds, but it has not yet begun to rain. We finished the staking on the roof about 9.A.M. when it began to rain. the laborers all gave up work about 10.A.M. on account of it. I went to work on the windows again. Noon. came down to camp and found there was no dinner to be had, owing to the want of bread, which had not yet been brought from town. But after waiting patiently an hour or so, we were at length supplied. It ceased raining about one P.M. but none of the laborers went to work as the ground was too wet to build any embankments. about 4.P.M. 10 wagons arrived with 1200 rounds of ball for the forts. things begin to look more like war every day, and should the rebels make their appearance they will find us ready and willing to give them a warm reception. I worked all day. Spent the evening in the office.

Sunday Jan. 19th

Morning. raining very hard. arose at 8.A.M., went into the mess room to get my breakfast and found the floor about two inches deep with mud and the water running thro' the roof like a showerbath. very appetizing. drank some stuff they called coffee, and eat little bread and molasses. went into the Bunk Room feeling perfectly seraphic (in a horn) and set down to make myself miserable by reading two or three excruciating stories of the hair-stand-on-end style, and succeeded in accomplishing that feat. Afternoon. still coming beautifully. the river has risen two feet since morning according to Tippet's account, who went down there to try and shoot some of the wild ducks that are so numerous, and it is still rising. The roads are in a frightful condition, in fact almost impassible to pedestrians. What a splendid country, especially in the rainy season. Well, it is too wet to go out, so I must do the other thing----stay in and make the best of it. So I'll make a virtue of necessity. Wrote two letters, one to Mother and one to Thomas. Evening. The rain still continues to fall and the Potomac is roaring furiously as it sweeps along, its waters once of a bright transparent green, now changed to a dirty yellow by the sacred soil which



has mingled with its crystal tide. While the little island at the head of the falls, on which the bodies of those brave but unfortunate men were lodged that were drowned at Edwards Ferry, in that sanguinary battle, is almost hidden by the now madly rushing, angry waters. While the wind is now sobbing, now shrieking and again sighing in a wail of despair, like some lost spirit seeking rest. All making a mournful dirge o'er the loved and lost that now lie deep, deep in the river, never to be reclaimed till the sea shall be called to yield up her dead.

Monday Jan. 20th

A grand performance takes place today. Exordium. Morning dawns to the music of the spheres, that is, the wind, rain, and the river's dull roar; truly a fitting orchestra for the play about to be enacted. Synopsis of scenery and incidents: Act 1st, Scene 1st. Breakfast in the water on swill, called, by courtesy of the cooks, commissary, and waiters, coffee; salt horse, bread and molasses, good for dyspeptics. Scene 2nd. All the company walking in mud to their knees up to the forts. Act 2nd, Scene 1st. Dinner afloat a table all the company round in the water. Bill of fare. Salt Horse, windy ham, Ward Island poultice, wet bread, molasses washed down with government champagne. Grand dissolving view Scene 2nd. Tramp to work again to the same music as in the morning. A Grand Discharge, not of guns, but of Carpenters. I worked all day on half a window. last appearance on a gov. stage previous to departure north. Scene 3rd. Supper table. Curtain rises disclosing a beautiful scene. 2 pieces of candle stuck on the end of a stick, one at each end of the table. all the company standing round in the mud. Orchestra gives a grand crash with their instruments and all hands make a terrific onslaught on everything eatable and drinkable. Scene 4th. Bunk Room. Grand finale. the performance closes musically, poetically, gymnastically, aerostatically, dramatically, farcically, comically and forcibly by the ejection of an unruly member. last appearance of this talented company in this section of country for a time and perhaps forever. Went up to the office and rec'd my ticket on the discharge roll. Amt. \$68.68. I retire to the tent after the performance to sleep, perchance to dream. A heavy, penetrating mist is falling and the fog is thick enough to slice. Ugh. it is enough to give one the horrors.

Tuesday Jan. 21st

The company take their departure from this stage of action. Rain still Rain, nothing but rain. Took breakfast surrounded by the comforts we enjoyed yesterday. Then we packed our valises and after saying good-bye started for the teamsters camp, which was about five minutes walk below ours, and under the shelter of one of those hills which abound in the valley of the Potomac. got there and put our baggage and ourselves in one of Uncle Sam's wagons. let me see, how many of us are there in the wagon. Tippet of R.I., Read of N.Y., Rust of Maine, Hamilton & Garanflo of Pa., Kirby of Baltimore, that city of secessionists, and Richard, Chris & myself from Jersey. Nine of us, quite a crowd. Wagon has started at last and we bid farewell to the romantic valley, and as we were jostled and tossed about, the ready wit and story and song went around, and I pitied the poor fellows that were left behind. and my eyes instinctively were turned toward the river on the other bank of which so many of our brave fellows are waiting so patiently till their miserable commanders shall lead them "Into the jaws of

death, Into the gates of hell." and I asked myself how many of those will leave the Potomac with as merry hearts as we did. Who can say? We reached Winders Building in 17th Street, Washington, where we were to be paid at 10.A.M., but were informed that we could not get any money until four P.M. We then separated and each wandered where'er he chose. Tippet and I called at the general P.O. and then walked up 7th St. to M, and then down M to 4th St., then down 4th to H, and so across H until we struck Penna. Avenue at Washington Statue. we then crossed over the Bridge to Georgetown and took dinner at Mrs. Macdonald's, a very fine lady who's husband's in the army. We sat there by the comfortable fire until half past three, when we again started for the pay office. Some of the boys created a disturbance with some of the Provost Guard that are posted around the building, but we succeeded in restoring peace. We received our money after a delay of two hours. Richard Kirby and myself then went to Mrs. Pierce's in 24 St. a friend of Kirby's and I had supper. while there I was introduced to her daughters three, very pleasant and agreeable young ladies. we spent the evening in conversation on various topics and went to bed at 10.P.M. I was almost smothered with feathers. What a change from straw and boards to an old fashioned feather bed. I could not sleep. It is snowing very fast.

Wednesday Jan. 22nd

Arose at 5.A.M. still snowing. had a good breakfast at Mrs. Pierce's and started off, after saying good bye to our new acquaintances, for the Baltimore Depot. saw them off for home, and started off alone at that early hour for a tour of observation thro' the city. Met Chris on the avenue and him and I walked as far as the Capitol. Entered the Rotunda, and saw the gallery of paintings representing different scenes in America's early days. The 1st picture was the Landing of Columbus by Vanderlyn. Columbus in the foreground holding aloft the flag of Spain and surrounded by his followers who are gazing in rapture at the beauty of the scene, while the Indians are hiding in fear behind the rocks and trees at the strange sight of the (to them) floating monsters (ships) and men that were white. a beautiful picture. A bas-relief over the entrance, from the chisel of Enrico Causico, represents the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock 1620. 2nd P. Embarkation of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven, Holland, July 21st, 1620, from the hand of Weir. The scene is on Shipboard, just before the departure, "Mr. Robinson", the pastor in the centre, kneeling in prayer surrounded by the Pilgrims. There was one face on the right of the picture that was beautiful. it was Rose Bradford, her head rested on her husband's shoulder and the eyes turned heavenward as she sent a prayer up to the God of the sea and of the earth and heavens for his protecting care on them, while the silent tear trickled down the pale cheek in agony at the thought of parting from loved friends she never more might meet on earth. it will haunt me to my dying day. Another bas-relief from the chisel of N. Gevelot represented Penn's treaty with the Indians in 1682. The 3rd P. was Gen. Washington resigning his commission to Congress at Annapolis, Md., Dec. 23, 1785, painted by Trumbull. 4th P. Surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, Va., Oct. 1781, painted by Trumbull also. As were the 5th & 6th pictures. Namely The Surrender of Gen. Burgoyne at Sarasota, N.Y., Oct. 1777, and the Declaration of Independence, Phila., July 4th, 1776. all these paintings contain portraits of the principle men of the day, English, French and American officers, and are authentic as Col. Trumbull was personally acquainted with them in his position as Gen. Washington's aide. There were

also two bas-reliefs, one by A. Capellano 1825, representing "Pocahontas saving the life of Capt. John Smith" 1606, and the other by Enrico Causico of Verona representing the "conflict between Daniel Boone and the Indians". 7th P. "Baptism of Pocahontas" at Jamestown, Va. 1613 (painted by Chapman). Pocahontas kneeling & the gray haired minister with his arms extended over her in the act of blessing. While the Indians who are witnesses of the ceremony stand and gaze with feelings of awe, as the fair maiden abjures the Pagan's creed and clings to the Christian Faith. I can imagine her feelings as she renounces the miserable doctrines which the medicine men have taught her and stands boldly for the first of her race to worship her God free from the superstitions of her benighted race. And what must their thoughts have been, think you, Oh gazer? do you not suppose great waves of anguish must have rolled across their spirits as they saw the darling and pride of the camp take the step which must separate her and them forever unless they followed in her footsteps? Did they not feel that there was henceforth a gulf between them, and that the spirits of their fathers looked down from the happy hunting grounds in wrath, to think that a daughter of the forest should discard forever the beautiful but alas superstitious tradition of her people? You are silent! Well, in silence we will leave the fair maiden and turn to a different scene, "The discovery of the Mississippi River by De Soto", a truly gorgeous scene painted by Powell. What a flood of emotion must have overwhelmed him (DeSoto) as after weeks and weeks of weary travel, the grand panorama of the Father of Waters was spread before them. How his mighty bosom has swelled with pride despite the suffering of himself and his men. in the foreground on the right the pious monks, who have accompanied him thro' forest and over mountain, are about to consecrate the spot by erecting a cross. the artist has selected the moment when the priest blesses the word and the men are kneeling with uncovered head as the man of God prays for His blessing upon the soil, thus dedicated to him. and has it not been blessed? DeSoto is seated on horseback in the centre surrounded by his body guard, while a cannon on the left in the foreground seems to menace the Indians who scout on the scene from the hill in the distance, while their deserted lodge from which they have fled forms an additional feature of beauty to the scene. It is truly a magnificent painting. I gazed with pride at these master pieces from the hand of American genius and felt proud that I as an American had a share, tho' small, in the grand pile which these pictures formed a part of. On the right of the East entrance is a group of statuary representing the "Advance of Civilization" (from the hand of Greenough). A sailor is holding an Indian warrior who struggles to free himself from the sailor's grasp, while a woman, evidently the warrior's wife, is crouched at their foot in an attitude of terror and clasping her child with a convulsive embrace. On the left is another group representing the "Discovery" (by Persico). Columbus holding a globe in his hand emblematic of the New World, while a maiden almost in a state of nature is striving to hide herself from his gaze, while behind them is a panther crouched just ready to spring. In niches on each side of the door are two figures representing Peace and War, from the chisel of Persico. We then walked toward the North Wing. In the Eastern Pediment are three groups by the lamented Crawford. the one on the left represents "America as it was". A Settler is felling a tree surrounded by bushes. from one clump there is a rattlesnake coiled just ready to strike a small boy, half naked. evidently his son is coming toward him with a pole on his shoulder, on which he has strung game of different kind, while in the other he has a cord which is fastened round the neck of a hound, which stands beside him. Behind the boy

is an Indian seated on a rock, resting his head on his hand in an attitude of sorrow and despair. sorrow for his condition and despair at the thought of being driven from his home in the forest, while by his side is seated his squaw with a little babe in her arms, while she gazes on it with looks of love that only a mother can feel for her helpless offspring. this completes the group. On the right is another group by the same master. The design is "America as it is". First an officer of the Navy. Then a Professor gazing on a globe. then two boys, one with his books under his arm, the other with a stick in one hand while the other arm encircles the neck of the boy by his side. next a father is seated with his little son between his knees, teaching him to read. then a machinist resting from his labors on a wheel, while an anchor and a Sheaf of Wheat complete this group. the design is to my mind beautiful from its simplicity. The third group consists of two figures, one emblematic of "History" and the other a female whose features were the counterpart of Dear Lillie's, representing Justice, Law and Order. When returning from the hall of Representatives, we had a view of Leutze's celebrated painting, "Westward the Star of Empire take its flight", on which he was at work. but the door was quickly closed upon the scene. The house was not yet in session when we visited it, but some of the members were at their seats. The Hall is handsomely furnished; the decorations are in a variety of colors, green and gold prominent among the rest. We then visited the Supreme Court Room. the Court had not yet convened, so we visited the Congressional Library, which consists of a large and rare collection of books, over 30,000 volumes embracing every department of Literature. after taking observations there, we crossed to the Senate Chamber, which is a handsome affair, but I fancy that it is small and it is not as gay as the House of Representatives. We thought we would stay and see the opening of the session. we sat down in the gentleman's gallery, and by and by the members dropped in two's and three's until there were 37 present. the galleries looked well, being filled with ladies among whom were Gen. McClellan's lady and Miss Chase and several other ladies of note. their gay dresses and brilliant bonnets quite overwhelmed me, who had so long been isolated from the companionship of the fair sex. and their bright eyes which shot such dangerous glances & their bewitching smiles completely charmed me. The president of the Senate, H. Hamlin, called the august body to order. When the Chaplain prayed for the Divine Blessing upon their labors and asked Him to impress upon their minds a sense of the great responsibility which devolved upon them in this the time of their country's danger, and I thought afterwards that some of them needed it pretty bad. Then after prayer the business of the day was formally begun by the reading of the reports of the previous day's journal by the Clerk of the house. heard an interesting debate between Chandler (Rep.) of Illinois and McDougal (Dem.) of Cal. heard Sherman of Pa., Fessenden of Me., Sumner and Hale of Mass., and several others give their opinion on the subject. when Darrett Davis, a fine old gentleman of Ky., began speaking he was truly eloquent. but time flew by on rapid wings and the clock warned us 'twas getting late and we reluctantly took our departure, as Chris had to leave that evening by the 3 P.M. train. I walked to the depot with him and bade him farewell for a time, and the cars whirled him off. and I was alone. Alone! What a feeling of desolation came over me then, as I stood in the depot. alone! how many have been left alone, some in the desert, some in the forest, some on the ocean, and some in the grave. One can hardly realize how much of desolation, sorrow, and despair there is in that one word. I called to mind a lone grave that I had seen in one of the grand old forests which skirt the

Potomac, a few days before. The trees were lofty and majestic, and the sky seen thro' their branches was far away and deep and winning and glorious. The voice of the mountain wind, as it swept softly and sighingly thro' the pines, was singing a mournful melody, and the voice of the Potomac that murmured by was even more melodious. But I forgot the sky and trees and wind and waves and sat down among the dead leaves of last autumn to hold communion with the unknown spirit of him who slept below, alone. I did not know whether he was a negro or white man, nay, I did not know that he was a man, saving only that I did not think any human being would lay a woman down to sleep alone in the forest, thro' all the days and nights of the dismal years. but I know by that strange consciousness that every one has felt but no one can describe, that human dust lay in its kindred dust below, and I paused to look on the turf that hid it. The turf! it is comforting when the cold is coming over one, when the eye is dimming, the hand failing, the lip trembling, the heart's throat hushing, to think that one will not be laid alone! that one will be laid side by side with those you loved so well in life, under the green sod whereon violets grow, and that this vile dust of humanity may have a resurrection among roses and myrtle blossoms, not alone. These thoughts filled my mind as I stood at the foot of the Capitol and the first thing that met my eye was the monument that stood over those brave men's dust, that fell in defense of their beloved country. they are buried where the nation can weep over them in sorrow, and not alone. With these feelings I turned away and walked up the avenue towards Georgetown, like one lost. I had not a friend in all that great city to welcome me, and I resolved to start for Camp Entrikin again, which I did. I could not but stop and admire the beautiful bridge which is built across the creek just at the junction of W. & G.T. It is an arch of 200 ft. clear span, composed of two immense cast iron pipes 4 ft. in internal diameter, in the form of an arch springing from massive abutments of sandstone, supporting a roadway and at the same time convey the water across the creek as a triumphal monument to the skill of the architect. I do not think it can be excelled. I passed this however after a short look at, as I had a good distance to walk and it was almost dark. I trudged along thro' the lively street, past the busy town, glided past the Aquaduct Bridge to Virginia out on the towpath between the canal and river away past the 3 Sisters, a group of rocks in the river that rear their water-worn and moss-covered surfaces up to the eye of the traveller---tho' why they are called the three Sisters I cannot imagine. away I sped till I was far from the town, and the night came down so dark. Oh! so dark. and I was alone amid it all. The wind rose too, and the rude blasts shrieked adown the valley and the sycamores that lined the river shore writhed and tossed their leafless branches, while the river ran blackly and with a heavy roar on my left. How I longed for the companionship of anything living, whether a man or dog I cared not, which to drive away the sense of loneliness that overpowered me. but on I sped past the Chain Bridge where the river rolls over great fragments of displaced rocks with a fury that was perfectly awful. on I hurried till I saw the camp lights in the distance. Never was a beacon more welcome to the storm-tossed and shipwrecked mariner alone amid the waves of old Ocean than the cheering gleam of the camp fires was to me. then my thoughts instantly were turned to pleasant themes and "Richard was himself again." I called into the Old Bunk Room again and then I forgot the darkness, the wind's sorrowful wail, the river's roar, and all all were forgotten in the welcome that I received from the Boys that we left the day before. I went into the Mess Room and had something to eat, and then called in the office to see

Father. He had just received a letter from home. How the wind does howl thro' the trees that are round the camp tonight. I have heard it sometimes like the rushing of the wings of a host, and again like the sound of the pines on the mountains. There is a fireside far away among the mountains in Mass., by which could I sit to night to warm my cold and weary feet. I would lie down and sleep such sleep as God giveth his beloved. It seems to me as if I had not slept for months, save only that dreamy, restless sleep that is filled with visions of dear faces looking on me thro' impassible land or out of unapproachable distances. And tonight as I lay me down in the tent I feel that sleep would be glorious if it was at home. And now to turn from dreams to reality. I am very tired after my day's tramping. Expenses for sundries \$3.00.

Thursday Jan. 23rd

I have left Camp Enriken and all its associations, pleasant and unpleasant, for a time and it may be forever. I left all the dear friends I found there, and I had some good friends there, I think, and there are some sweet recollections connected with my short stay. It is an epoch in my (thus far) varied life to which I shall always look back with pleasure. Then good-bye friends one and all, good-bye old Bunk Room, never more shall I hear the merry song, and jest, and laughter ring thro' your old frame. I leave you and you, the old familiar camping ground, with great regret after all. I started for Washington in company with two officers of the 2nd N.Y. Volunteers at 8.A.M. in a government wagon. A very poor way of travelling, indeed, but a great deal better than walking thro' the mud. After I arrived in the city I sent my baggage to the depot and as I did not intend to leave for home till night, I started for a stroll thro' the city to see the lions. I called to see Mr. Winkle, whose residence is No. 351 6th St., between H. and I., and who treated me with a great deal of kindness during the time we worked together. I shall never forget his many kindnesses. I went from there to the Patent Office to see the many inventions that the genius of America has placed there for inspection. I cannot here describe the many objects of interest which I saw, as they were jumbled together in such confusion, and I had not time to go into a minute examination. But I must mention the uniform, sword, writing case, and camp chest, etc. that belonged to the immortal Washington, as they are among the most noteworthy objects of interest in the building. I received a set of the Mechanical Reports for 1859 from the chief messenger, a work which is of value to me. After rambling all thro' the building, I came away rather unsatisfied with my inspection as it was rather hasty, altho' I spent three hours within its walls. I went from there to the "Smithsonian Institute" on the island, as it is called. A splendid building of reddish freestone of fine grain in the Romanesque style of architecture. Its dimensions are length 450 feet, width 140 ft. and it has nine towers varying in height from 75 to 150 ft. The first department I visited was the Museum, which consists of a large collection of American and foreign birds, some of them beautiful in shape and gorgeous in plumage. Beasts of all descriptions, and thousand of varieties of Reptiles, Fishes and Insects, but I had not much time to examine these unless I neglected some portions that had more interest to me. The first object that met my eye on leaving the museum was the dress of fur worn by the lamented Dr. Kane during his exploring expedition in the Frozen North. I could not but stop and gaze upon one of the relics of a man who had sacrificed his life for the benefit of his race, and who has gone to

give an account of life's (to him) stormy voyage to his Maker (Rest in peace). brave man. I then gave those magnificent fabrics of Japanese manufacture, brought home by Commodore Perry in his famous expedition to Japan, a hasty inspection. there were a great many articles of interest in the collection, but time, the resistless monitor, goaded me on and I had to leave them also. Here are a collection of articles of different varieties from the Friendly Society, Navigators, Hawaii, Figea and other islands in the Pacific. here a war canoe that some daring chief has launched upon the tossing waves to go forth to battle with some other nation powerful as his own. and who shall say how many of the dark skinned degraded race this club has sent to their last account. Into how many bodies has this huge spear been plunged. What gaping wounds has this club armed with sharks teeth made in the quivering form of some unlucky foe whom the chances of war thrust in the owner's power. See those instruments of torture. how many writhing sufferers have succumbed to King Death thro' the infernal agency of those ghastly instruments. See those grinning skulls marked all over with the fanciful "tattoo" of the New Zealanders. Observe those necklaces, armlets, and anklets of shells, cruries, small coins, stones, and human hair and teeth. These may have adorned the person of some dark eyed and dark skinned maiden, the belle of the tribe, the pride of her race, no doubt. how they have rattled as she danced the weird, uncouthly measures of her native land to the barbarous music of the tom-toms, while the admiring athletes gazed in astonishment and savage admiration at her movements. But what are these ghastly objects that protrude their unsightly forms to my eye. Mummies from far off Egypt, whose bodies buried for thousands of years have been at length exhumed from their resting places for the people of the 19th century to gaze and moralize upon. Even in the grave there is no rest for them, and if their spirits, which are immortal, are permitted to visit this mortal scene, who shall describe their feelings at seeing their bodies thus exhumed, and bared before the public. I turn from them sickened at heart. they are full of horror to me. their long lank hair, hanging over their eyeless sockets, their features grinning horribly and their forms drawn up into deformed shapes. they have nothing that could tempt me to gaze longer at them. Farewell! ghostly reminders of a past age. Here are some relics of the Aztecs, the children of the Sun, whose fires that burned for untold centuries as an offering to their Deity (the Sun) have at last died out in darkness and oblivion. here do we see their idols, hideous, deformed specimens of art indeed. and here is the crown of royalty made of gold and silver feathers, and the trumpery that savages delight in, emblem of their brightest days. the crown worn by the last of their Inca's. Simple monuments of a once grand race, but now how changed. I saw close by some of those curious specimens of nature's handiwork, fossils. that is, stones with the impressions of fishes, snails, serpents and leaves imprinted on their surfaces. Truly "God moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform." In one of the great deep windows that light the Institute lay the skull and some of the vertebrae of the great "Mastodon". I have never seen any bones that were as large as these. fancy a skull four feet across and five feet high. What a monstrosity. Scattered around in the niches of the museum were many very fine specimens of minerals, crystals etc. There was one of them that was found in Illinois. it had been round, was about as large as a 56 lb. cannon ball, and was hollow inside. the owner broke it in two, when he found the inside coated with crystals of various shapes, very brilliant and of a pale green color. I have never seen as handsome a specimen of crystallization. on a stand in the centre of the museum lay a

piece of a meteor that was found in Brazil. it must have weighed 80 pounds, judging from its size and look. something like a mixture of silver and iron. But what I looked at most was a piece of stone taken from one of the temples in ancient Ninevah, with curious characters carved upon its face. A strange train of thought took possession of my mind. It was only a stone, with some outlandish characters engraved upon its surface, but I translated it, tho' I will not say it is correct as I am not versed in hieroglyphics. There was but a line on the stone, but it told of the days of the princes and kings of a once mighty people. It was of kingly footsteps on the palace floor, of the light tread of the fairy feet of princesses, of the tramp of men-at-arms, the sound of music and laughter, of song and revels and dancing. Soft passages were not wanting either, that told of pure and gentle love. and those I studied most, for human love hallows the earth more than any other incident in the life of man. No matter where it is, though in the hut of an Egyptian Fellah, or the wigwam of an American Indian, if the sanctifying influences of love have been there the place is sacred. And the thought that this rock had witnessed love's embrace, that arms had been entwined beneath its shadow, that lips had wooed each other's kisses here, that hearts had beaten against hearts, and strong embraces held young beauties, and voices whispered low soft words of fondness and eyes looked love here within the walls it had once formed a part of. this thought hallowed the rock, tho' arms, lips, and young beauties were all dead dust a thousand years ago---dead dust carried away on the river that laved its steps to the sea. There is nothing outre in this flight of fancy, for almost every rock that is brought from Egypt has interesting memories that cluster around it. And no American, accustomed as we are to all that is modern, can look on them without pausing to analyze his feelings and the new thoughts and emotions that crowd into his brain. It did not take me half as long to imagine this story as it has done to write it. but I found I had not much time to spare and a great deal yet to be seen, so with reluctance I left the spot and stumbled on the Picture gallery which occupies the lower floor, on the west end of the building. there is not much of a collection here as yet. The only marbles being a mother and child and a statuette of a sleeping child which was beautiful, together with an Eve, and a group of casts of the Peltrich family. There was a magnificent Moorish Battle piece from the hand of an unknown artist that hung right over the entrance to the library, and while I stood admiring it the rays of the fast declining sun shone in upon it thro' the oval window, lighting it up with a glory and splendor that could not be excelled. it bro't the figures of the mounted knights in the foreground into full relief and they loomed up like giants amid the smoke and flames and carnage of the battle field. There also hung beside it a madonna and child (artist unknown) that had nothing enticing about it to me, as it was so dim and smoke begrieved that one could hardly distinguish the features. the face had nothing beautiful about it or else I cannot judge of beauty. but to me it looked commonplace. There were also some very large daubs hung up, merely to fill the vacancy I suppose. Some etchings from Rubens, lithographs and crayon sketches completed the gallery. I went from there to the library, which is a fine large and well lighted room that is capable of holding 100,000 volumes, but which is not yet filled. From there I went into the upper part of the building where the Lecture Room, the Laboratory and the celebrated Stanley gallery of Indian portraits and scenery are. This is a fine collection of pictures, and well worth a visit. Especially No.'s 27, 33 and 48. One (No. 27) the chab is splendid, but I had to hurry from here also. The celebrated statue of the



"Dying Gladiator" stands in the centre of this room. I do not recollect ever seeing the ruling passion, strong in death, as well depicted as it was in that senseless block of marble. to see the features that were distorted with passion change gradually to that of peace is remarkable, and the statue that exhibits that change. I went from there to the Lecture Room which was empty. But from its size I should judge it would seat about eleven hundred persons comfortable. There is a fine collection of scientific apparatus of every variety almost. Electrical, Magnetical, Chemical, Philosophical, and a great many other cals too numerous to mention. Presented to the Institute by Dr. Hare. The grounds around the building are handsomely laid out and will in the course of time render it a very handsome Institution, but the trees and shrubbery are as yet in their infancy. After this hasty visit was over I thought I would visit the famous "Washington's Monument" which is, as it stands, a disgrace and object of reproach to the authorities and to the nation at large. but I found I had not time as it was "4 of the clock" and at forty minutes past I should have to take my departure. I hastily walked up 6th St., up to Penna. Avenue, and I could not but stop and admire the panorama spread out before me, the broad ave. covered with wagons of all description, carriages. while here go a company of Lancers, their bright spears glancing in the sunlight and their gay pennant of scarlet fluttering in the breeze, while the clatter of their horses' hoofs and the ringing of their sabres kept up a music to their movements. the sidewalks are crowded with people of all sexes and colors, and dressed in very vanity. here are a company of "Lou-Lou's" in their baggy red unmentionables, their dark blue jackets with yellow slashings, their jaunty red cap with a blue tassel, their fierce mustachios and fiercer scowl, as they saunter along regardless of remarks. There go two or three congressmen in their sober dress of black, in company with a bevy of elegantly dressed ladies. There are a squad of regulars. see how their bayonets and the bright barrels of their rifles gleam in the evening light. how clean and tidy they look in their natty dark blue uniform and polished boots. what a contrast between them and the volunteers. Now a news boy rushes past you crying, "here's the Star of the Evening, here's the Clipper." and "here's the Sun," shouts another little fellow behind you. while a couple of little contrabands rushes up with the query, "black your boots?" There go two or three members of a rifle regiment in their dark blue uniforms with green facings, with the skull and cross bones on their quaint, off-shaped, two peaked hats. While the officers gallop thro' the streets in their splendid uniforms and on their splendid charges, while the poor fellows under them are rotting away in the mud of the camp. This sort of dance seems all very nice. The fancy dressed officers may ride and walk thro' the avenue for to catch the admiring gaze of the still more gorgeously dressed ladies (heaven save the mark) but somebody must pay the piper. I turned from the scene and bade adieu to the avenue, and started for the Depot. was stopped by an officer with a squad of regulars who wanted to know to what Regiment I belonged? as I had on a military coat. I told him no Regiment. he then politely informed me that I could not wear that coat unless I took the buttons off. I told him I thought it was rather arbitrary, but that I did not think it necessary as I was about leaving the city, on which he let me pass. Arrived at the Depot, was about taking my seat in the cars when another officer demanded my pass, furlough, or discharge. I forthwith showed him a discharge from the Forts, which fortunately I happened to have in my pocket, when he let me pass on board. I thought my troubles with the coat would end here, but it did not. The cars were full of Soldiers going home on

furloughs and it was impossible to get a seat, so I had to stand and---keep the coat on. Train halted at Annapolis Junction. Another "ossifer" came on board with the cry, "passes! furloughs! or discharges," and the coat and I had to vindicate ourselves once more. now, thought I, after this ordeal, surely we are free. When lo! no sooner had the train left the station than I saw our friend busy with some of the officers; he left us however. The whistle shrieked and the train, which was tearing along at an excellent rate, slacked its speed. the conductor shouted, "Relay House," and another officer came in who insisted on our clearing ourselves satisfactorily, which we (that is the coat and myself) succeeded in doing. after which examination he sang out, "all right," and off we went once more, the wind howling as we sped along, while occasionally the engine would vent itself in an unearthly shriek that sounded thro' forests that skirted the road like the expiring shriek of a departing fiend. We flew over the famous "Gunpowder Bridge", on on thro' cuts over embankments and bridges with the speed of the wind, until we reached Baltimore just at dark. the streets look cheerful after the darkness, but we did not stop long. Another "ossifer" went thro' the same formula as the others, and after we had changed horses we started off once more. Nor stopped till we reached Havre de Grace, where we crossed the Susquehanna on a large boat capable of carrying an Engine and train of cars over together. A mammoth boat, indeed. after we crossed I fell asleep, standing and all, I was so tired and weary with my day's tour. was awakened by falling on the floor as the train halted at Elkton, Md., on the border of that state and Delaware. The night was very dark, no moon, no stars, all gloomy and cheerless. The next place we came to was Wilmington, Del. after leaving Wil. we never stopped till we were landed in the Depot cor. of Broad & Prime Sts., Phila. at 12.M. we then got in the horse cars and rode to the Kensington Depot, which we reached at 1.A.M. I bought a ticket for New Y.; the agent wanted to charge me three dollars but two dollars was the lawful fare. I had a slight disturbance with him in which he came off second best. when I took a seat (this time) in the cars, put my baggage under the seat, composed myself for a good sleep which I had. and I slept soundly till the train stopped in Jersey City at 4.A.M. I know of nothing more uncomfortable than travelling by myself in the cars, unless it is travelling on foot, however I trust it will be long before I have to do either. I had about two mile to go before I was at home, so I went into Taylor's Saloon, Exchange Place, J.C. and refreshed myself by a good wash and cup of coffee. I sat down in a chair and fell asleep. woke up at 7.A.M., took the cars for Hudson and here I am at home, after an absence of two months. Home! what a world of meaning there is in that little word. what visions it calls up to the fancy of the wandering in foreign lands. he dreams of a cottage under the hill, whose porch is o'er run with climbing roses and honeysuckles. there are the beautiful drooping elms and the graceful willows with their branches waving in the soft wind, while the little brook that leaps joyously over the stones just in front murmurs sweet music to his listening ear. There he beholds his loved ones seated round the table, at their evening meal, the last rays of the sun shine in thro' the window and shed a flood of light on the humble board. He sees his aged Father and his dear Mother and the dear Sisters, one a sunny haired blue eyed darling the other with her jetty locks and dark eyes now partly closed as Father asks a blessing on the repast. There is one place vacant and the aged couple gaze on each other and say, "Our darling one is not here; where is he this evening," and a prayer ascends from that little room for heaven's blessing on the wanderer. thank God for a home. "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

January 24th 1862

The day is cloudy and Old Boreas blusters very harsh and rude. What a difference in this climate and that of Washington. After I had conversed awhile with my own dear relatives, I started around to see my old friends and chat over my late adventures, if they can be dignified with that title. In the afternoon I crossed over to New York to buy some clothes; returned at 5.P.M. rather tired. Evening. There is a storm of hail and sleet without, but here in the cozy sitting room all is bright and comfortable, and I heed not the shriek of the wintry blast as it whirls around the corners of the house and tosses the branches of the trees, now dying away in a sorrowful wail and now howling in fury. I heed not the storm for I have found a safe harbor. If Father was at home now our circle would be complete. and if my Lillie was here to enjoy these comforts, blest I'd be. But tho' absent, she is not forgotten and the few pleasant hours that I have spent in her company "Still lingering haunt the greenest spots in Memory's waste." And now the ticking monitor on the mantel says 'tis time to retire. And Dear Mother reads a few passages of comfort from the sacred volume, and we kneel once more together around the family altar in a prayer of thanksgiving to the "Giver of all good." May we all meet an unbroken family around the great white throne, where we shall sing a hymn of endless praise to Him who has washed us in his blood. Who has not felt at some time the sacred influence of a Dear Mother's prayer for her wandering one. I care not how reckless and hardened a man may be in sin, how deep the taint has sank into his heart, there are times when the hallowing influence will overpower him in spite of all he does to drive it off. "Conscience", the silent but ever watchful monitor, brings up old scenes, old sins, and he reviews his past life with all its follies, its sins of omission and commission, and its alas! few virtues. but how many heed its warning voice? All the events of his past life are arrayed against him and he thinks of the time when he, a happy boy, knelt at his mother's feet and murmured after her, "Our Father." Blessed be a mother's prayers, a mother's influence, a mother's watchful care. One may forget the scenes and companions of his youthful days. But his mother's words, never! One thinks of them when tossed on the rough tempestuous seas, amid the darkness and the howling storm, or far away in foreign lands among strangers. No matter where, the hallowing influence clings to him still amid wreck and carnage and death. And while I am in this mood, I close my book with a prayer, sinner tho' I be, for Heaven's choicest blessings on my mother's head.

W. M. H.

Dimensions of the Capitol

Whole extent of building	751 ft. 4 in.	
Length of wings including steps	324 ft.	
Width of "	142 " 8 in.	
Width of Old Capitol	352 " 4 "	
Height of Dome above Basement	264 "	
Area of ground covered	153112 ft.	
Or more than	3½ acres	Mem.



## An April Day

"When the warm sun that brings  
Seed-time and harvest has returned again,  
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood where springs  
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well  
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms  
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell  
The coming on of storms. # # # #

# # # The softly warbled song  
Comes from the pleasant woods, and color'd wings  
Glance quick in the bright sun that moves along  
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills  
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws  
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,  
And wide the upland glows.

And when the eve is born  
In the blue lake the sky o'er-reaching far  
Is hollowed out and the moon dips her horn  
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide  
Stand the gray rocks and trembling shadows throw,  
And the fair trees look over, side by side,  
And see themselves below.

Sweet April---many a thought  
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed,  
Nor shall they fail till to its autumn brought  
Life's golden fruit is shed."

## Spring has Come

"Sweet spring has come and once again  
O'er hill and plain  
She lays her soft green carpet down,  
Where late the white and chilly snow  
So loth to go  
Leaked off and left the earth so brown.

"No icy fetters hold the stream,  
The sun's bright beam  
Comes dancing o'er it to my feet;  
The violets that skirt the bank  
Bend down to thank  
The laughing stream with kisses sweet.

"Sweet spring has come, season of bloom  
And soft perfume,  
Season of calm and holy joy.  
Mount up my soul on wings of love!  
Mount up above;  
Learn from the birds a song of joy!

"Beyond the plain the new leafed wood  
Is all aflood  
With music from a thousand birds."

"There's a magical Isle in the River Time  
Where the softest of airs are playing;  
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,  
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,  
And the June with the roses are staying.

"And the name of this isle is, the 'Long Ago',  
And we bury our treasures there.  
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,  
And heaps of dust, but we loved them so!  
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

"There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,  
And part of a baby's prayer;  
There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,  
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,  
And the garments she used to wear.

"Winters are drifting like flakes of snow,  
And the summers like buds between;  
And the year in the sheaf, so they come and they go  
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,  
As it glides in the shadow and sheen."

#### The Fathers in Glory Shall Sleep

The Fathers in glory shall sleep  
With others who fell in the fight,  
But the sons shall perpetually keep  
The tablet of Liberty bright.  
We bring thee no trophies,  
We bend not the knee,  
But our hearts Lafayette  
Are surrendered to thee.

autograph of - Sprague Rankin of Boston

*[Transcriber's note: Handwriting indicates above  
poem was entered and signed by Rankin.]*

April

"They say thou wert a loiterer, lovely child,  
In days of Ela! thou art no lingerer now,  
For soft I feel thy flower-breath on my brow.  
They say when nature called her children round  
To portion them, thou wert astraying wild  
This wood and vale - by streamlet willow-crowned.

"Have we not ofttimes paused upon the brink  
Of Marah's bitter fount and stopp'd to drink,  
And in our bitter anguish turned to die."

Fairy Knowe

In the Land of Romance, where the Muse often roves  
By Fancy's omnipotent power,  
'Mid myrtles and osiers and orange tree groves  
I have built me a beautiful bower.  
'Tis founded on coral from ocean-bed won,  
By hands which in ocean-caves dwell;  
The walls are of beams drawn down from the sun  
By gnomes with their magical spell.

The columns around it of moonshine are made,  
With pearls are the doors made secure;  
Of lightening condensed is the dome overlaid,  
The windows are adamant pure.  
'Tis garnished with mirrors of qualities rare,  
Which only chaste beauty disclose,  
With caskets of jewels surpassing compare  
And couches which tempt to repose.

Luscious fruit in the forests perpetually grow,  
Which change as the seasons go round;  
Rich nectar in streamlets continually flow,  
Ambrosia eke doth abound.  
The flowing shrubs which enamel the glade  
A fragrance delicious distill;  
And from birds rich in plumage which sport in the shade  
Soft music enchantingly trill.

This wonderful Fane lacks a Queen as its soul,  
Enjoyment and life to impart;  
Will you Fairy Nymphs assume its control,  
And rule o'er its master's lone heart?  
For all this Magical Mansion were vain  
With all its dominions so fair;  
Its splendor and richness no happiness gain  
Without a Titania to share.

February Fourteenth Eighteen hundred and fifty-nine.  
A Valentine To Miss \_ \_ \_ \_

Good night! A word so often said  
The heedless mind forgets its meaning;  
'Tis only when some heart lies dead  
On which our own was leaning,  
We hear in maddening music roll  
That last "Good Night" along the soul.

A scene from GOETHE'S FAUSTUS. Translated from the German.

Oh! once in boyhood's time the love of Heaven  
Came down upon me with mysterious kisses,  
Hallowing the stillness of the Sabbath day!  
- - - - Then was the birth  
Of a new life and a new world to me;  
These bells announced the merry sports of youth;  
This music welcomed in the voice of spring;  
And now am I once more a little child,  
And the old Remembrance twining round my heart  
Forbids this act, and checks my daring steps.  
Then sing ye forth! sweet songs that breathe of Heaven,  
Tears come! and Earth hath won her child again.

(Faust's Soliloquy in this study as he is about to commit suicide. But his intention is checked by hearing sweet voices sing the Easter hymn.)

What is it to Love

Stranger didst thou ever prove?  
Ever what it is to love.  
Stranger didst thou ever feel  
What thou tremblest to reveal?  
I have proved and I have felt  
What a heart of stone would melt.  
                  didst thou ever sigh  
Knowing not the reason why?  
Didst thou blush, if one lov'd name  
E'er in conversation came?  
                  ne'er my cause divide,  
Though I own, I've blushed and sighed.  
If his eye thine eye has met  
Blushes did it not beget?  
If his praises reached thine ear,  
Seemed there not enchantment near?  
Him I've met, his praise I've proved,  
Where is now my best beloved?



## A Curious Steam Engine

M. Hippolyte Leamy of Paris has obtained a patent in this country for a curious engine, which he styles the "Organic Engine," from the fact of its being an imitation of the human organization. It consists, says the patenter, of a heart divided into 2 distinct parts, each comprising two compartments or cells, one of which contains the arterial or acting steam, the other the venous steam, or the steam which has already exerted its working power. The heart is represented by 2 cylinders, the motion of the piston exactly simulating the motions of systole and diastole. There are 2 lungs, the conformation of which resembles as nearly as possible that of the lungs of animals, presenting under a given volume a very large surface. There are to be seen veins, arteries, glands, and a stomach, the functions of which are of the same nature as those of the stomach of animals. The steam represents the blood, and as the blood consists of a liquid which drifts various substances, so the steam acts, as it were as a vehicle of the heat which constitutes the force on the life of the engine. The leakage corresponds to the secretions, and the radiation of the engine may be compared to cutaneous perspiration. The inventor proposes to substitute his engine for the engines in common use on our railways, which he compares "to a man who has a vein constantly open, out of which the blood incessantly runs, and who requires a constant and large supply of food and drink in order to recover the blood lost.

Copied from Frank Leslie's Newspaper of April 16th 1858.

[*autographs:*]          Henry J. Volk, Artist  
  Charlemont  
  Franklin County  
  Mass.

The fathers in glory shall sleep  
With others who fell in the fight  
But the sons shall perpetually keep  
The tablet of liberty bright.  
We bring thee no trophies,  
We bend not the knee  
But our hearts, Lafayette,  
Are surrendered to thee.

Sprague Banker, of Boston

Mr. Charles Lees  
In Care of Captain Woodside  
No 117 South Street  
New York

Captain R. H. Lees  
United States Consul  
Spezzia  
Italy

Miss Sarah Henderson  
(now 42 Devon St.) No. 39 Chapel Place  
Erskine Street  
Liverpool, E.

February 14th      Sent a valentine to Gussie of Newburgh

Isle of Beauty

1st    Shades of evening close not o'er us  
      Leave our lonely barque awhile  
      Morn alas will not restore us  
      Yonder dim and distant Isle.  
      Still my fancy can discover  
      Sunny spots where friends may dwell  
      Darker shadows round us hover  
      Isle of beauty fare thee well.

2nd    'Tis the hour when happy faces  
      Smile around the taper's light.  
      Who will fill our vacant places,  
      Who will sing our songs to night.  
      Through the mist that floats above us  
      Faintly sounds the vesper bell  
      Like a voice from those who love us  
      Breathing fondly Fare thee well.

3rd    While the waves are round us breaking  
      As I pace the deck alone  
      and my eye in vain is seeking  
      Some green leaf to rest upon.  
      What wou'd I not give to wander  
      Where my old companions dwell  
      Absence makes my heart grow fonder  
      Isle of Beauty Fare Thee Well.                      Finis

[autographs:]      R. G. Rose      of Matanzas, Cuba

Wm. M. Hawkins

William Metcalf Hawkins

H. S. Goodwin Esqr.  
      Pittsburgh, Pa.

Thos. Tompson, jr.  
      309 26th St.      near 9th Av.  
                              N. York

Locomotive Engines

The means by which you will regulate your Engine in case you should break one of your pistons, if you are not certain as to which of them is broken. Place one of her Engines on the forward center then put on your steam and if

the Engine does not move off her center then the Engine that is not on the forward center is the broken one & vice versa. The way to put the Eccentric Tumbler or Sheaf in its place in case it has slipped while you are running, find out which of the eccentrics has slipped and place the piston rod on the same side on the forward center. Then get hold of your Lever or Motion Bar on the same side and work back and forth and it will bring the Tumbler in its place.

#### Story for the Drawer

I once heard a story related concerning an old woman and her cow. the cow was sick and the old woman thought she was going to die, so what did she do but send for the parson. and when he came she asked him to pray for the cow to be spared. So they went out together to where the poor animal stood, and the parson told her to untie her and let her run loose. then he commenced walking around her saying as he did so, "If she lives, she lives, and if she dies, she dies." he did so some 6 or seven times and left. as luck would have it the cow got well. Not long afterwards the parson was taken very bad with a large gathering in his throat, so large as to stop the passage completely up and he was in a very bad state, indeed. in fact he was not expected to live. well the old woman soon heard of his illness and she came to the house and demanded admission, which was refused. when she said she must see him as he prayed for her cow when she was sick and cured her. So they let her in, and when she came to where he lay, she ordered the attendants to pull his couch from the wall, which was done. she commenced walking round him as he did round the cow saying if he lives, he lives, and if he dies, he dies, and continued in her course 6 or 7 times as he did. The parson was so struck with the ludicrousness of the affair, that sick and all as he was, he burst out laughing, and in so doing he burst the gathering in his throat. and I understand that he still lives a monument of the efficacy of laughter.

S. M. Van Clief, Engineer  
58 Columbia Street  
New York

July 1st 1858 sent a letter to Box 3389 Post Office, New York, applying for a situation as an engineer. No answer.

Applied to Geo. B. Meistting, Contractor. Van Ness Gap Tunnel. for a situation as Engineer. Dec. 24th 1858. Ans. rec'd. Jan. 4th 1859.

Wm. M. H.

[autographs:] Mr. John J. Citton

Mr. R. G. Hore, Esqu.

Mr. Wm. M. Hawkins  
Bergen Tunnel  
Hudson City  
Hudson County  
New Jersey

The Philosophy of Arithmetic By Uriah Parke

Miss V. Brother  
No. 12 South Fourth Street

Weigh with four weights any number of pounds from four to forty.

1. 3. 9. 27.      ans.





# Declaration for Invalid Pension.

Acts of June 7, 1890, and May 9, 1900.

To be executed before some officer authorized to administer oaths for general purposes. The official character and signature of any such officer not required by law to use a seal must be certified by the clerk of the proper court, giving dates of beginning and close of official term. If certificate on file, so state.

State of Pennsylvania, County of Lehigh, SS:

On this 15<sup>th</sup> day of Aug, A. D. one thousand nine hundred and four

personally appeared before me, a Justice of the Peace

within and for the County and State aforesaid, William M. Hawkins

aged 64 years, a resident of the Borough of Catasauqua

County of Lehigh, State of Penn, who, being

duly sworn according to law, declares that he is the identical William M. Hawkins

who was ENROLLED on the 26<sup>th</sup> day of August, 1862, in Co. B. 21<sup>st</sup> Regt

N. J. Vol. also enrolled on the 29<sup>th</sup> day of August 1864, in the U.S. Navy

and regiment if in the army, or vessel if in the navy and served on U.S.S. Pontoon

In the service of the United States in the War of the Rebellion, and served at least Ninety Days, Private U.S. from the U.S. Army on the 19<sup>th</sup> day of June 1863 and

and was HONORABLY DISCHARGED at from the U.S. Navy at Boston Mass, on the 7<sup>th</sup> day of

June, 1865. That he is unable to earn a support by manual

labor by reason of Age, Born March 5<sup>th</sup> 1840

Here name the diseases or injuries from which disabled.

That he has not been employed in the MILITARY OR NAVAL SERVICE otherwise than as stated above.

That he makes this Declaration for the purpose of being placed on the Pension-Roll of the United States, under the provisions of the Acts of June 27, 1890, and May 9, 1900. He hereby appoints—

U. S. Litzenberg of Allentown Penna

his true and lawful Attorney, to prosecute his claim, and he directs that the sum of Ten Dollars be paid to said Attorney

that his post-office address is Catasauqua

County of Lehigh State of Penn

Chas Gaffin William M. Hawkins  
Thomas Hawkins Signature of claimant







William Metcalf Hawkins

born March 5, 1840 in England  
died fall, 1918 in New York

married on December 18, 1867 in New York, NY  
to Charlotte ("Lottie") Ann Hathaway

born January 16, 1846 in New York, NY  
died September 25, 1915 in New York, NY

daughter: Ethel May Hawkins

born July 1, 1870 in Seigfried, PA  
died August 25, 1922 in Glen Ridge, NJ

married on May 25, 1892 in Winthrop, MA  
to Charles Albert Comp

born February 9, 1868 in Pittsburgh, PA  
died ~~1911~~ *Nov. 12, 1942 in San Gabriel, CA*

daughters: Beatrice May Comp (Mackenzie)  
Laura Gertrude Comp (McCroddan)  
Ethel Grace Comp (Horner)  
Marian Lucille Comp (Olsen)

Diary transcription by  
Doris McCroddan Soulé  
Sudbury, MA  
May, 1988

