

April, January

Wednesday 1
MONDAY 22

1873 1874

I look back at what I have written after five months have passed. I wish for two things; the return of Christmas, and that future diaries may prove as interesting re-reading as the present. I have passed many a happy hour, looking back over these pages. About nine, I left my bed. R. H. Sullivan called about ten. We left soon after, played billiards, and made calls. We first visited Mrs. Mullarky, Dick's sister. We then called on Mrs. Callahan of Washington Ave., Mrs. Egan of Clermont Ave., Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Dever, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Recknagle, and the Misses O'Sullivan of Pacific Street. We then parted. On my arrival home, I found a large party in the parlor: Gen. Bourke, Ed. Bourke, Henry Mulleda, Miles O'Brien, Mr. Bowles, Capt. John M. & Clure, and John O'Connor. They left about two o'clock. At three, we went to bed. The weather was pleasant. It threatened to be stormy in the morning, but the sun was out in the afternoon. The day was well kept.

Thursday, 2.

Fine result of observing New Year's. We ate our breakfast at twelve. James Kelly called. At two or near it I served a notice on a Wm. Appgar of 187 Greenwich St. New York. Aunt Sue and her daughters Susie and Jennie arrived in the afternoon. In the evening Aunt Sue, Mary, Rob and myself heard Rubinstein the pianist and Wieniawski the violinist play at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn. The two artists were ~~TUESDAY, 23~~ ably assisted by Theo. Thomas and his orchestra. Aunt Sue and Mary were pleased. Coming out we found the sidewalks one mass of ice. We experienced difficulty reaching home.

Friday, 3.

Up about nine. Commenced writing my diary. Gen. Bourke called about twelve. Papa told some stories. He amused the gen. with one about Peter's wife's mother who fell sick of a fever. Looking over Moore's works put Papa in mind of one Balderagh. He was once lecturing on "Irish Poets" and in his lecture said that Davis as far as he had gone was as able a poet as Moore. Balderagh wished to contest the respective merits of the two. Papa further spoke of "Albion" whom he knew very well having dined once with her at a grand dinner in Saratoga. He came across a picture of an Alaskan when he told us he had the casting vote for an appropriation to purchase Alaska and could have made \$50,000 in gold for one word against the bill. We were also informed that Willard Filmore was born in the 18th century.

Saturday, 4.

Aunt Sue and daughter Jennie left for Newark. Mamma and Willie both sick. I arose about half past eight. Papa to New York. I received a letter from Aunt Jen: a long one. To the theatre alone. Saw Pizarro and Jack and Jack's Brother. Was pleased though neither piece amounts to much. Frank Roche and Walter Linnox played the principal parts. Before going to bed I commenced an answer to Aunt J's letter. R. N. Sullivan and G. ~~Sunday~~ ~~WEDNESDAY, 25~~ ~~Ed. Recknagle~~ called while I was at the theatre. The ~~latter~~ ^{former} stayed quite a while. Mary and he playing on the piano the popular minuet of the day.

Sunday, 5.

I went to nine o'clock Mass. In the morning it rained and froze. In the evening T. B. B. and G. A. Recknagle called. I finished my letter to Aunt Jen and looked over sixty two newspapers for Papa.

Monday, 6.

As the holidays draw to a close I grow sad. Called on T. B. B. and R. H. S. to bid them good by. The former I found not in the latter I saw. Left sick some time after ten. Papa to the Club.

Tuesday, 7.

Down hearted. Left home for College about one. Mamma came to the door to bid me good by. Tears were in her eyes. I called on Aunt Sue on my way to South Orange. Mary Rob was there. I bid her good by. I found So. Orange looking poor. The walking was poor, I fell twice. Saw spirited.

Wednesday, 8.

Roughly roused from sleep, Burke a seminarian. Went to all my ^{classes} ~~classes~~ but studied very little. The weather like myself has the blues or white for everything is covered with snow. Passed a miserable day.