

To day I received a long letter from Bayard Brasher. It is a very long and interesting letter. I also received a letter from Mary to day. She writes in a great hurry with "Papa's terrible ink and one of his big pens" and her misery is great. She says that on Friday the 31st ult. she went to the Clau na Gael Ball held in Irving Hall and here no doubt like Mr. Bagothy, when ~~descending~~^{descending} to Agnes and David he "It's a most of water," fur to come across, and my stay a matter of fower weeks. But water (especially when 'tis salt) comes nat'ral to me; and friends is dear, and I am heer. — Which is verse, though I hadnt such intentions." Mary composed verse though she hadnt such intentions. Among those whom she met there were Gen. Bourke O'Donovan Rossa M. Mulleda J. O'Connor Miles O'Brien and J. McClure. Altogether she seems to be enjoying herself. Sixty years ago to day the Inquisition was abolished in Spain. The Jews ought to celebrate this day as a second deliverance from the gentiles. I have just three lines left to say something miss mowcher with her scraps of the Russian Prince's na'ls flat before me and involuntarily I exclaim "Bon soire."

TUESDAY # 4

This is the eighty third anniversary of Galv Galvani's birth-day. And now that we come to examine into the celebrities born in this short lived month we find them ^{in neither year in} number nor small in name. Robert Peel, Ole Bull, Chas. Dickens, Harrison, A. Lincoln, Copernicus, Washington, and Long fellow are all claimed by youthful Feb. Yesterday or to day I received a letter from Jas. Russell Jr. It referred to base ball matters.

Wednesday, 5

Robert Peel was born on the fifth of February 1788. I do not know much about Mr. Peel and ^{his early life} what I do know is not very such as would ^{inspire} make me with any love for him. If I remember rightly I ~~thought~~^{believe} it was Peel that by his cruelty led the unfortunate Chatterton to commit suicide. Ole Bull was also born on the fifth of February, ~~not~~^{but} 1810 saw this wonderful violinist make his bow to the world that world whose members were to stand astonished by the beauty the strength and the melody with which this disciple of Paganinni was to invest his loved instrument.

Thursday, WEDNESDAY 6.

"Good bye William God bless you." With these words of his loved Helen ringing in his ears the lover had torn himself away to seek his fortune. But a short time before had he won her heart and it almost broke his heart to leave her. Both were poor and William was too honorable to claim Helen's hand before he could bring her to a comfortable home. Years had passed, Helen had not heard from her future husband for ^{months} weeks and ^{months} weeks. Hope was still with in her breast and day after day expected she ^{was} to hear his well known step to welcome that well beloved form. Still more years had ^{passed and day} gone and with their flight had also flown the last glimmering spark of hope. Helen had grown older and older as ^{the} years had rolled on. At present she was a woman who though young in years seemed old. William all this time had labored hard and amassed a large sum of money. He had his homewards lands and at last stands before that house. He wishes in and sees her sitting in the chair. ^{upright} His look of joy is changed to ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{stare} as he calls upon his Helen. She is dead and he — both are gone to the time of their creation.