

Ash Wednesday that is to day <sup>to-morrow will be</sup> was duly celebrated in our little Chapel. And as in our Chapel so over the whole world. Surely the world needs a season of prayer and fasting for this year has been it more wicked more gay than ever before. To day is the celebration of the battle of Trenton in 1776. One of the few things little New Jersey is that some of the finest displays of bravery in the whole of the Revolution were done within its narrow confines. Truly of all others this same battle of Trenton and the incidents before and after its occurrence are among the most glorious recollections of her citizens.

Wed 25 day, 26

Last night we had pan-cakes. Oh what pan-cakes those pan-cakes were. Thick pan-cakes are disagreeable even if warm. Thin pan-cakes are more disagreeable than thick warm pan-cakes if they are cold. But when you have set down before you pan-cakes thick and cold —! And yet such was the

Thursday, TUESDAY, 27.

Longfellow's birthday! Hiawatha Minnehaha and old Nocomis once more play their <sup>simple</sup> savage sim part. The ~~same~~ is Acadian village is restored and we view it and its happy villagers. Longfellow sweetest of living poets. The envious may laugh at what they call your plagiarisms the fastidious may find fault with your humbleness of heart your picturings of nature the critics may say you are simple and childlike in your writing and all may come to the final conclusion that as a poet you were never more than passable nevertheless the whole world of <sup>readers</sup> regard you as one of the world's most pleasing poets. Is it not the poet's part to soothe the weary to gladden the light hearted to recreate the weary to smooth down the over ardent. This thou hast done and still continuest to do Oh Longfellow! The envious the fastidious and the critics may still harry on but in the fresh wreath of roses of the wreath <sup>of poets</sup> not one gives forth more fragrance not one has a sweeter <sup>and more</sup> readers look than you Henry Wadsworth Longfellow!

Friday, 28

The last day of Feb. It is a long time old month since I had the pleasure of seeing you. Your company has not proved disagreeable. It has even been most pleasant. Twenty eight days have you had. A short time and yet so agreeable that it seems twice that time since I looked into your <sup>most</sup> <sup>pleasant</sup> <sup>beauty</sup> face for you had travelled many a day before you introduced yourself to my pen and paper. It behooves me therefore when you are going to tell you that you have been all to me that could be expected. You have been gruff and your face was seldom illumined with a smile. Nevertheless your gruffness was original and your heart was honest. Good bye old fellow! Once more you set out in search of another year. May you when your search is crowned with success once more appear unchanged by time and may we once more spend a happy <sup>happy</sup> twenty eight day.