ON APRIL 15, 1861, three days after hostile cannon began to shell Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor, President Abraham Lincoln issued a call for 75,000 three-months militiamen to quell insurrection in the southern states. In so doing he laid the foundation of the Union’s military effort, destined to continue through four bloody years of civil war.

A great many of those who answered this first appeal to enlist came from the Keystone State and filled the Department of Pennsylvania, commanded by a sixty-nine-year-old Mexican War hero, Robert Patterson of Philadelphia. In mid-June, Patterson, a Major General of state troops, was sent from his headquarters at Chambersburg toward Martinsburg and Harpers Ferry, Virginia. On July 2 he crossed the Potomac River into the Shenandoah Valley, there to confront soldiers of the Provisional Confederate Army under General Joseph E. Johnston.

With Patterson marched 17,000 farm boys, students, store clerks, day laborers and professional men, many of them residents of the southern counties of Pennsylvania, including Lancaster, Franklin, and Dauphin. A large number of these indifferently trained levies, in common with their less numerous comrades from New York, New England, and other Union states represented in Patterson’s force, considered warfare a glorious idyll, an extended picnic, a storybook romance come to life. Bred on the oratory of Independence Day spokesmen and stirred by the same patriotic impulses as animated neighbors and loved ones at home, these youngsters strode south with buoyant spirits and confident smiles.

Such enthusiasm did not survive their three-months enlistment. Long before their stints were up, grueling marches, endless drill, the privations of life in the field, and the brutal reality of intermittent
skirmishing with the enemy drove out of mind the notion that campaigning in Virginia was a page from Sir Walter Scott. One result was that by the third week in July, when ordered to move in force against Johnston’s people near the village of Winchester, General Patterson found those outfits nearing the close of their tours of duty unwilling to extend them. Insisting upon the inviolate rights of citizens only temporarily in uniform, numerous militia regiments turned their backs on Winchester and marched homeward.

The long-range upshot was that, deprived of crucial strength, Patterson withheld the blow aimed at Johnston and retreated, permitting most of his enemy to shift forty-five miles eastward to the Centreville-Manassas Junction-Bull Run vicinity. There, on the 21st, Johnston’s soldiers tipped the balance of battle in favor of fellow Confederates in General P. G. T. Beauregard’s Army of the Potomac, sealing the doom of the largest Federal army in Virginia, 30,000 men, most of them longer-term volunteers, under Brigadier General Irvin McDowell. Thus, largely due to the depletion of Patterson’s command, the first large-scale land battle of the Civil War ended in eleventh-hour Rebel victory.

Historians have offered various reasons for the unwillingness of the ninety-day militia to serve beyond their time despite the clear and crucial need for their services. Yet, little attention has been paid to a powerful psychological factor in their refusal to remain with the colors. By mid-July, 1861, not only had the morale of the citizens-in-arms deteriorated, so had the spirit of those at home. With the war so young and not yet a national experience, few of those who had cheered their youthful menfolk off to Virginia had anticipated the demoralizing impact of the loneliness, uncertainty, and apprehension their departure and long estrangement would occasion. Furthermore, given the poor communications facilities of the age, it was not a simple matter to maintain personal contact with those who had marched south, taking the glow of familial warmth with them.

Several cases in point are furnished by the following assortment of hitherto-unpublished letters. All were written and mailed during the first half of July, 1861, from towns in southcentral and southeastern Pennsylvania. Doubtless hundreds of other missives, similar in tone and content, arrived at their destination and greatly affected
the peace of mind of their recipients. None of these particular letters, however, reached those to whom they were addressed. Instead, they came into the possession of one of Patterson's division commanders, fellow-Philadelphia George Cadwalader—and in General Cadwalader's possession they remained. These letters, part of a collection of more than 100 in the Cadwalader Papers at the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, remained unopened and unread until October, 1939.

It seems a rarity that so many letters from those at home to soldiers in the field should have been preserved as a group, especially missives written so early in the war. But this is not their chief value. Examined as a whole, they present a deeply disturbing picture of northern homefront morale in dissolution at a period preceding the days when the hardships and discomforts of war were manifest on a national scale. The letters printed here appear substantially in their original form with some punctuation added.

Temple University  
Edward G. Longacre

July 8, 1861

My darling,

Another sad day has slipped along, & yet not slipped, but dragged. It has been very hot, & we did not go out till after tea. . . . I have kept by myself most all day, for the sound of voices has jarred upon me, & now I feel nearly spent. I do not think it is wholly from the circumstances as they exist, for I cannot but be glad that you are not here. There is much that is disagreeable even if your time would be wholly occupied, & you would have many hours each day unoccupied.

Your letter fills me with comfort & doubt, with pleasure & apprehension, with pride in you & yet a sinking. . . . I cannot tell you the painful interest that clings to each sentence. . . . I wrote you quite a long letter yesterday, & directed [it] to Philadelphia, you will be too busy to read, so I must write little. I do not know how I manage to write so much as I do, for I never had the faculty of
running along about pleasant things or thoughts, & I am afraid there is much that had better be left out. . . .

I spent most of the morning weeding the flower beds, partly from the love of them, partly from restlessness; the buds are well on to the wires, & the hops growing finely on the gates.

Their stems will seem tame enough in the din of battle. How strange! how terrible to think of, & yet I would not go back to a year ago, & you are going farther & farther from me. Good God, have mercy on me.

Kittie, I must not write you any more letters.

I do not know that I ever told you of the pleasure we got from the map you sent. We know the country well & shall not do much in [the] future but study it.

Freddie finds it hard work to learn to read these hot days, he grows old very fast. we have lost much that was attractive to you, & gained much. Little Ella is good for little, but as a pet for all, from Michael up. Cousin S has just appeared in her night dress, & remarks that there are some advantages in not having a man about. Can my darling do all his work, & endure all his annoyances, & still not use a profane word? I would not ask too much, but I pray most fervently for you. Oh Kittie, I cannot try any longer, my heart aches, aches, aches. I am so dreary. I stretch forward to see the future you speak of as a fainting man would struggle for breath. Morris tell me some time that no matter what I do, or what happens to me, that you shall work for the little ones. Thank God that you have got the strength of a man, & use it faithfully. Thank you for the burning words of love, thank you for the promises to take care of yourself. I wish I could believe that they would stand the fire of a temptation to rush headlong into a fight. I must kiss you, & not worry you with my wailings. God grant that you may be left to us, if only to come back sick or wounded. He will watch over all, & may bring you back as near to me as ever we were. Good bye, Kittie, my head aches & longs for your shoulder. I should be very untrue to you to write a happy letter, for it is not in me.

The little ones send kisses, & the girls their love. Take mine Kittie. Your loving

Josie
Hublersburg July the 10 1861

My Dearest Henry

It is with a sorrowful heart that I seat myself down to write to you my dearest Henry to let you know that I have answered all of your kind letters and I would be very sorry to not answer your most kind and affectionate letters. My God Henry dear I sent you two letters last week and it will be two weeks tomorrow since I had a letter from you. My dear Henry I am allmost crazy about you. My dearest Henry I am so afraid you will think I did not write to you. My dear I have sent you three letters since I came to Hublersburg. Oh I am sorry you did not get my letters. God bless you Henry dear I have not forsaken you nor never will my dearest Henry. My God Henry I am nearly dead with trouble. I hardly know what to do. Oh Henry dear you need not think that I will ever forsake you my dear fore I never will. Oh Henry dear I am true to you my loving Henry. O I am so afraid you will think I did not write to you but my dearest Henry I have sent you three letters within the last two or three weeks. Oh Henry I hope you will get this letter.

Oh Henry dear I am nearly heartbroke about you. I am troubled so much that I am not able to work. Oh Henry dear you are in my mind all the time. O I can't sleep at night for thinking about you my dearest Henry. O I am so afraid something will happen to you it would kill me fore this trouble has sat so hard on me that I don't think that I will ever get over it. Oh my dearest Henry you don't know what feeling I have fore you my dearest Henry.

O I am so afraid you will think I did not write to you but I have answered all your kind letters Henry dear. Maybe you give me the rong direction[s, and this is] the reason you did not get my letters. Oh Henry dear I hear bad news every day. I heard that the southern men were killing all of our men but I can hardly believe this. Oh Henry dear I hope the Lord will save you[r] life and bring you back safe to me.

Henry we had a grand ball here on the fourth. There was a great meneey here. We had a grand supper but it did not do me eney good. I was down hearted all the time. I did not take eney share in it. Oh if only you had abeen here I could of enjoyed myself but
i never can have eney pleasure till i get with you again. oh henry dear it is possible you have had a battle. oh henry dear i am so affraid you will get killed. o my dearest henry i am praying fore you all the time and i hope the Lord will hear my prayers. o henry dear i am so troubled i can hardly write. i have not been able to work eney sence i came down here. oh i am troubled nearly to death about you. i can hardly live fore i think so much of you my dearest henry. o henry i hardly know what to do.

my love to you, oh henry dear write soon to your true friend

Mely

[The Cadwalader Collection contains four other letters from "Mely" to her lover, all written in early July. They run in this same vein, and, of course, none of them reached Henry.]

Thursday Evening 8 oclock

My Dear Charley,

I have this evening received a letter from you dated Tuesday the 9th from Martinsburg. Oh my Dear I hardly know what to write to you. I feel so bad to night. I think my heart will break. I worry so much about you. I cannot sleep sound no more. I awaken up at night and lay for hours wondering if I ever shall see my dear Pet again. Oh I hope to my God I shall, for I cannot tell you here how dear you are to me. You are my all in this world and without you now my Pet I feel as though I could not live. But I pray to my God in heaven you will be spared to come home, that I may see you and embrace you once more. Oh I cannot tell you what a three months this will be to me. I shall never want to see three months like it, if it be God’s will, for I have suffered more in both mind and body than anye Wife and the best one in Phila. could have done. But I am willing my Pet to suffer ten thousand times more for the sake of seeing my dear Pet once more.

Oh I am so glad your health is so good and that you are so hearty. That is a little consolation to me. I thought my dear you would not move any further but alas dear Pet that was not your fate. I hope God sees fit to do it all for the best. I see in the papers you
will come home on the 20th. Oh I pray to heaven nothing will happen until you can return home for my heart will be in my mouth until that time expires. I shall sleep no more until I see you. And oh if I do it will be dreamy sleep I ashure you. Keep up your spirits my dear and I will pray to our God every night for your safe return.

My Dear Pet I have had my Aunt and cousin here spending the afternoon with me, but it was hard work for me to entertain them I felt so bad. They feel very much worried about you, they all send their kind love to you and hope you will return safe home. Your very kind brother called here to day to leave me 5 dollars. He left me 5 last week and none at all the week before, only my rent bill. I was obliged to pay my gas bill out of it, and live on the rest through the week, and live on 5 dollars all last week. I could not humble myself to hand him my gas bill. It is paid and I called and seen my landlord. He treated me with all manner of respect, and told me any time that it suited me to pay it would answer. I told him I was waiting to hear from you. I wonder how he thinks I am to live. He has a particular liking for me I am shure. I think I have had a pretty hard tug of it since you have been gone. His wife will not suffer I am shure, but I am not your wife and of cours[e] it dont matter much, although you are the Father of my Child.

Well I dont care if your brother thinks he is doing right. There is one above who will see me all right. I have a great deal to tell you my Pet when you come home. I cannot write you much more, I am too full to say anything more to you. And I hope you wont be angry at me for what I have said, for I cannot help it any Pet. Answer this as soon as you get it for I shall worry so much until I hear again from you. God bless you and send you safe home. The children are well. Dont say anything to John.

S. W. W.

Philadelphia July 12.

My dear husband, i take my pen in hand to let you know that we are all well at present and hope you are the same. i have not had a letter from you for a week and more and did not know wear to wright. i want to hear from you very bad, i saw in the paper that
you was in martinsburg and though[t] i would wright to you but did not think you would get it. i have sent three letters to you and put post stamps in them and ten cents and i expect you did not get them or you would wrote to me.

i hear that your regentiment has gon[e and re-enlisted] for three years but hope you have not done the same. if you have you may expect never to see me and saly for she does nothing but talk about you coming home and cry when eneybody says you are not. i hope i will soon see you again and in a bout too weeks. if i do not i shall go wild. i almost count the minets now. . . . the baby has got the hooping cought very bad and i fear it will take it out of saly if you do not come home. she will come and wish you very bad and then you will stay home. . . . she says this [is] her letter and you read it with care or she will never wright to you again. she has got too rabets that Uncle Roch sent her and she says they are for her papy and will not let eney body feed them but herself.

Mother sens her love to you and says to come home as soon as your time is up. i will have to bring my letter to a close so good bye at present and for a short time from your true and loving wife.

Melvina R Buckman

come home soon and dont delay

My dear Son, I am verry anxious to know how you are getting along. I have been verry uneasy about you. I heard you were not well and in the Hospital tent, you were not dangerously ill and I want you to write to me and tell me wether it is true or not.

I dont want you to enlist for 3 years. if you do think of enlisting do not until you come home for if you would enlist for 3 years and then come you might not want to go back again. Georg Emerson had enlisted before he came home and he did not want to go back at all. I had been looking forward very anxiously for your 3 months to be up and then for you to come home to stay. I saw Mrs Huff yesterday and she does not want you to enlist for 3 years. . . . I suppose when your 3 months term is up you will be paid and when you receive it do not spend it foolishly. . . . Nothing more but I remain your affectionate Mother

Sarah Bowman
July 9th 1861 Tuesday

Dear Sone, in Sorrow I sit down to send A few Lines to you Not knowing whether I am Wrighting to the Living or to the Dead. I Received A Letter from you this morning that was dated on the 4 of July which is the only Acount that I have had from you since Last monday . . . and it has made me feel very sorrowful to hear of yower week and helpless Condition and Bad health without Beeing Able to Render you Aney help. But sow it is and I know that All I Can Do is to Pray fervently to the Lord for you and hope of his Infinit Mercy that he may spare you and trust he will Do All Things well. If I knew that you were Dead I Could hardly feel as Bad as I now do for I Could then Surender to the will of God. But this Suspence Between hope and fear is Continually knowning at my heart sow that I am often very unhappy.

Dear Sone I see All the Statements in the Pappers that you have made to me in your Letter Except the Number killed and that was stated as 3 killed and 10 wounded. But I am well Aware that we Never Get More than one fourth of the [actual] Number killed in No Battle.

your Brother Robert wrote to you on Last Sabath and Directed his Letter to Haggerstown and I sent A Letter on wensday the 3 of July to same Place According to yowr Last Directions from Camp Spealman. I told Robert to Direct to hagerstown Althoug I well knew that you were in Virginia at Martinsburg But I did not Expect that there would bee Enney Mail Conveyance farther than Hagers-town or Williamsport.

Well Sir I Commenced to Wright on the 9 But will Not finish to the 10th . . . Dear sone I feel that thare is meny things that I would like to Say to you that is unimportant to Wright Now But thare is one thing that I will say to you at this time and that is iff God Spares you to Ever see the Gap [town in Lancaster County] Let yower Communications Bee few and Short thare till you see mee. I see by the Map that you are on the Rail Road at Martinsburg that gows Direct to Baltimore and iff you Should Bee Permitted to Remain thair and Live to Saturday week then yower time is up and I was suposen that you might Bee Sent home by way of Baltimor. iff Such Shout Bee the Case I would try to meet you at Haver dagress [Havre de Grace, Maryland] with the Carrage and I could
Shorten yower Rout 100 miles. the Reason that I mention this is that should yower Ragement stay [for three years’ service] I know that you Will not.

I am in hopes that I may Get a Letter from you today or tomorrow that will say that you are Better. Dear Sone I must soone Bid you Adieu at this time and Leave you in the hands of yower Great Preserver and Bountifull Benefactor in hope.

I am Not sow well since I got my hay in. the weather is verry hot at this time. wee had A verry havy Rain yesterday Evning and it Apears that [it will be] as Before this morning. Neglect now opertunity to Wright to mee and Let mee know yower Wants. the Reast of the Famely is About as Common.

John Bartley
to William B. Bartley

Mr Henry Pittenger

dear brother i now sit down to write you a few lines to inform you that we are all well at present and hope these few lines may find you the same. we are glad that your time is so near out that you can come home and pap says you must not minde what any one says. you must not [en]list any longer you must come home.

we under stand that you are well used [to] w[h]ere you are and we hope you will be till your term is out. I would have sent you a nother little dollar but your time is so near out and times is harder [than ever]. i would have sent you another dollar but you must excuse me this time but we will try to have a tiptop dinner when you come home. jane says she is going to make a good dinner for you to but some of us will hafto make it a good breakfast.

we are vary proud to hear that your regament is [the] most respected of any other rigament that is out and that is quite a satisfaction in that you conduct yourselves so well.

little frank is here now. john Gallock and his wife sends their best respects to you and john says he will give you work when ever you come back.

we have an awful bad set here at camp washington. they got drunk and two got shot but none killed but badly wonded and
fifteen or twenty in confinement and they kick down the station house and now they are abuilding one out of logs.

So no more at present, but I remain

Garret Pittenger

July the 3

My Dear Joel, to day i recived you[r letter]. you talk very quear to me. you say if i dont intend to rite i shall let you know. did i say so? let me know it if i did. i said that i was glad to hear of you and anser them [letters] to.

what is the reasen that you rite so sasey to me? i think it is very little you care for me dont you think so? i think so. if you dont care as much fore me as i care for you you would not rite so to make me to mutch truble.

i have not been well for too week but it dont make no difrence about that if i am diad or alive if you dont care for me no more. it seems you dont care for nobody but your son. it is all right if you think so mutch for him.

let me know if you got that letter that i rote on the 28. you say perhaps i have other things to tend to. truble i have that is all. My Dear if you was at home you could see i am just as if i was in jale.

here is what i done sinse you left me in truble

Mrs Fletcher
1 Dress 37 [cents]
1 Bonnett 18
1 Dress 37
1 Shirt 18
1 bonnet 18
1 Dress 25

Mrs Chaney
1 Dress 50
Mrs thomas
sewing 67 cent
Mrs jenkins
1 pants 25
1 Bonnet 12
1 Shirt 37

Do you think that is nothing?

you say that there is more geting letters from me than you. i would like to know hew thay are, let me know so as soon as you kin. if you think so rite to Mr garman. he does direct all my letters that i send. i rite too aweek to you.
let me know if you got them stamps that i send to you on the 29 and that pease of paper that William rote to you. the futher you go south the les you care a bout me. it trubles me to think you are foreting me for i never will for get you as long as i live.

it seems if you come home you wont live with me no more. i hope you wont talk so my Dear Joel. if you dont let me know i wont pay rent no longer. i hope you will soon come home then we will talk to each other. i think thay are people riting to you a bout me...

My Dear husband have you forgot me so soon my Dear . . . ?
My Dear husband in hast
your dear wife if you one me as your wife

Sarah A Myers
and your son
William Myers

let me know all that is in this letter My Dear Joel.
i hope you wont refuse me

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Centennial Notes

The following account is taken from the diary of my father, Henry Crew. Most of his diaries are on deposit with the History of Physics Division of the American Institute of Physics in New York, but this 1876 diary is in my possession. Born in Richmond, Ohio, on June 4, 1859, the diarist was seventeen years of age when he made his visit to Philadelphia, spending several days in Washington on the way. Later he was to attend Princeton and to receive his Ph.D. degree from The Johns Hopkins University. After teaching at Haverford College, he served as Professor of Physics at Northwestern University for more than forty years. Well known for his work in the history of physics, he died in 1953. This diary takes the reader back to the enthusiasm and sense of patriotism of a boy, born and raised in a rural area of eastern Ohio, when
exposed to the wonders of the Centennial Exposition and the thrill of the dawning of the United States of America’s second century.

Tucson, Ariz.                  William H. Crew

June 30 Left Washington at 9:35 A.M., arrived at Phil. at 1:20 P.M., this is the fastest train I have ever been on up to this date, it ran at the rate of 40 miles an hour. Took dinner and supper at the Continental Hotel, then engaged boarding at Dr. William Haycock’s, No. 907, Filbert Street, where I met Dr. Weld and his wife on their Centennial tour. At Baltimore our train was ferried across the head of the Bay on a boat. For ten or twelve miles out of the city, Phil, the land is very highly cultivated. There are many nice homes and some large dairies. Most of the fine residences have the national colors displayed in front on a flag staff.

July 1st Today is the first of the last half of the year and my first at the Centennial. Going to the grounds early this morning, I took breakfast there at a place called the “Dairy,” where milk and cream are served in every variety, also cake. No sooner had I eaten breakfast than I met Nettie Harlan and another lady, Miss Johnson, from Vassar College, in whose company I remained the rest of the day, which we spent mostly in Main and Chinese buildings.

I was mostly interested in the furs from the north, the firearms from the different nations, and the Chinese work. But most especially the Chinese themselves. Some dress in American style, some in their own, but the boys laughed at the latter class so much that they dropped their Chinese dress. While at dinner I met Robert McNeice from Richmond, but only to speak to him. In the afternoon we saw a parade of perhaps a hundred boys not more than four feet high all dressed in military costumes. The officers were also boys of their own size.

July 2 Attended Twelfth Street Meeting this morning, where I met cousin Benjamin Crew and wife. At this meeting they silenced one man, another had to ask permission to speak. In the afternoon Mr. Junius Carpenter and myself visited the Zoological Gardens and a part of Fairmount Park. The monkeys attracted my special
attention. We noticed a large condor, tapir, several Giraffes, many animals of the cat tribe, as the lion, tiger, panther, leopard, three sea lions and hundreds of other interesting animals.

I went to the top of Lemon Hill Observatory, 300-ft. above sea level, and 238 from the base. Here we obtained a fine view of the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, the Park and the whole city. The machinery at the Water works is large and powerful, and the fountains near them are very beautiful, one had the effect of providing a rainbow.

July 3 At 7:00 A.M. this morning I took the steamer "Twilight" for Florence Heights, N. J. to see my friend, George Terrell, who is attending the Hygeian Home [a water-cure establishment] at that place. I had a fine ride of 20 miles up the Delaware, remained on the Hurrican deck with the pilot most of the time, saw some very beautiful residences on both sides of the river. George met me at the warf and showed me through the grounds and building, the former of which are especially beautiful. We took a bath in the Delaware and had a nice skiff ride, after which we ate dinner with the famous Dr. [R. D.] Trall, formerly editor of the "Herald of Health." George came down to the city with me in the evening to remain all night. We first went to Independence Hall, then to Carpenter's, then to Franklyn's grave, next we went all through Fairmount Water Works and some of the park.

At night we saw a civic parade of many miles in length. At half-past eleven we started for Independence Hall to see the first century of our national existence go out, and the second ushered in. We pushed our way into the mass until we stood in front of the Hall, in sight of the tower in which the new bell hung that was presented to the city which had never been rung before. As the hands on the dial came around to twelve, just then the bell pealed forth for the first time and it was not without much national pride that I stood and listened. But we only heard the first tap, as the cheers of the people were so loud as to drown the sound of that large bell. The crowd went far ahead of any thing I ever saw. I always thought I had seen a crowd until tonight, but now I have changed my notion.

July 4 The big day has at last arrived. I suppose it was celebrated today very much as it was this day one hundred years ago,
except on a larger scale. Today, like yesterday, there has been a terrible racket of fire-crackers, cannon and pistols, thousands of dollars have been used up in this form.

Well! early this morning George and I took breakfast at the market house just above us. Then we went down on 5th as near Chestnut as we were permitted, to see the grand military parade of 10,000 troops. Here we obtained a fine view of them. We stood until we could stand no longer, and while miles and miles and hundreds and thousands of soldiers passed.

We spent the afternoon in the Zoological Gardens and Fairmount Park. In the former we were especially interested in the bear, monkey, and snake departments, saw two fine boa-constrictors. I went out to Fairmount Park again this evening while George remained at home to rest. My object was to see the fire-works and I was well paid for my trip, although I had to walk home in the rain. The works were fired from the hill lying in the vertex of a right angle drawn from Lemon Hill and the Reservoir. The exercises were begun by burning these colored lights which lit the park up very beautifully. I stood right up on the top of the Reservoir, where I had a good view of the whole thing. The first works were fired at 10 min. passed 8 o'clock. It was simply an artificial meteoric shower of thousands of sky-rockets. Among others they shot up one that turned out a balloon, and as soon as it went out of sight, another and another and so on. I timed one and it remained in the sky visibly for eleven minutes—though I did not time the others, I think they remained in the sky fully the same length of time. But the grandest one of all was that which turned out the "Temple of Liberty." It was very much larger than the dome of the Capitol at Washington and lighted the heavens for miles around, the colors were red, white, and blue.

July 5 Or in other words: the second day of the second century of the country's existence. After seeing George Terrell off for Florence Heights and getting a good hot breakfast at the Market house, I went to the Centennial Depot to meet Nettie Harlan, and her friends Misses Johnson and Lachler, the latter from Switzerland. The first place we went to was Girard College. We were shown through the main building and one of the side buildings, which is a
sample of all the rest. In the main building are deposited many relics of the founder—among others his “gig,” sea-chests, cloths, furniture, and on the first floor his body in a marble sarcophagus. They have religious services twice a day. All the pupils, which now number 550 (five hundred and fifty) are gathered into one room in the main building. They kept the “most strictest” attention during the entire service.

We put in the afternoon at Independence Hall and the Zoological Gardens, which I have mentioned before in this narrative, though at the State House we were admitted to the Council Chamber in the second story. It consists of two elegant rooms finely furnished and covered with Brussels carpet. In the room below there is a schooner perhaps a foot long made from the wood of Washington’s coffin. We took lunch in the Zoological Gardens.

**July 6** Just finished up another day’s hard work at sightseeing. Thought I would sit down and rest awhile this morning, but I had to be on the go, so I went to the Mint with Dr. Welch, his wife, and Dan Foland, all of Wilmington [Ohio]. They were not working at the Mint, so we saw nothing of any interest but some old coins. Spent the afternoon at Machinery Hall, but only got half through it. Saw some very fine cannon and locomotives especially, though it all was very interesting. The large Corliss engine is a marvel of beauty and strength—it is the motive power of the Hall, has a 40 inch cylinder and a 120 inch stroke, is 1400, and if required 2500 horse power. This evening I called on cousin Benj. Crew and wife, took tea with them and had a very pleasant evening. Was very kindly invited to stay with them the remainder of my visit.

**July 7** Visited no place except Machinery Hall and Main Building Annex. I cannot begin to enumerate the wonderful pieces of machinery which I saw; but among them were Krupp’s great cannon from Germany, which are simply tremendous, an engine from the same country which works by gas, the gas is mixed with air in the cylinder, then exploded, which forces the piston upwards, the explosion produces a vacuum and the air forces the piston downwards, this is the principle on which it works.

At this Hall you can buy silk handkerchiefs which are woven right before your eyes, the display of looms is very fine, also that of
artillery. I saw the identical suit that Paul Boyton swam the English Channel in and also saw a man swim in one just like it in a large pool, there in Machinery Hall. He could not sink if he wanted to, unless he let the air out of his suit, he propelled himself with an oar that had a paddle on each end, feet foremost.

July 8 Put through another day in the Centennial. I noticed a machine in Machinery Hall that would make 120 spools in a minute; also one that would shake up every part of the body. You could lay your legs across a cushioned board and it would soon warm them up by a quick up and down motion, you could hold your breast or back against four sticks and they would beat it so as to warm you right up, hold your hands or feet against a wheel to warm them.

Saw silk handkerchiefs, Brussels carpet, and gingham woven out ready for use. The display in the War and Navy Departments of the Government Building was fine indeed. I noticed some fine torpedo boats that work by electricity and have propellers at the stern. Visited all the state buildings, but none of them were equal to Ohio, that is in the building, inside I think Pennsylvania was the nicest, registered my name in all of them, met Benny Ladd at the Iowa building. Mr. Compton (of Wilmington), who is clerking in the Government Building, called on us this evening.

July 9 Left Phil. in the company of Dr. Welch and wife and Gen. [J. T.] Wilder and daughter for Cape May. Gen. Wilder is from Chattanooga, and during the war he fought 185 battles in the Union Service and never lost one. We put up at the Ocean House and spent the rest of the day on the beach gathering shells and talking, also took a bath in the afternoon, it was the first I had ever taken and was fine indeed. I was not the least bit scared, enjoyed it fine, especially to meet the large waves and let them roll over me. It looked quite odd to see Dr. and Mrs. Welch in swimming. We spent the evening hearing Gen. Wilder give his war experience.

July 10 Left Cape May early this morning in the same company in which I came down, had a fine ride up the Delaware Bay and River in the “Richard Stockdon.” Landed at the Walnut St. wharf a little after three o’clock, spent the remainder of the afternoon in rest. I think I have enjoyed this little trip more than any in my life.
July 11 I have now spent my last day at the Centennial. In the company of Mrs. and Dr. Welch I went to the grounds. Looked at things in the Government Building, among them two meteorites, one of them belonging to Gen. Wilder, it would ring like a bell when you struck it. The other would do the same, it weighed 1400 lbs. Miss Mary Wilder gave me a piece of magnetic rock from North Carolina, it makes the compass spin like a wheel. I went to the Agricultural and Shoe and Leather Dept. to day for the first time. Saw the mamouth grape vine from California, which is a monster indeed, it looked to be about 15 in. in diameter.

July 12 Today is the first I have spent in visiting since I left home. Last night I left my boarding place at Wm. Heacock’s, and came to cousin Benj. Crew’s. After packing and sending home a few presents this morning, I went to the week-day meeting at 12th St., Meeting House. Spent the afternoon in rest at cousin Benj. Crew’s office.

July 13 Today I took particular notice of the emblem over old Independence Hall. It represents the century plant with the names of the thirteen original states at the root, representing the roots of the nation. Just above these thirteen names lies the Declaration of Independence as the foundation of the nation. Still farther up the trunk of the tree is the Constitution, binding the nation, that is the states, together. At the top of the trunk branches out the 38 states as the fruit. I think it is the best illustration I have ever seen.

Cousin Benj. Crew went down to the Mercantile [Library] with me this evening. I was much interested in looking over some of the books, among them an immense one, the “Directory of the World.” Was surprised to find a list of Wilmington firms, among familiar names are those of R. S. Sayres, William Schofield, John Owens, etc.

July 14 Left the Centennial city this morning at 7:20 A.M., after spending two weeks there; and I look back over it as the most pleasant trip of my life so far. We run to Pittsburgh, a distance of 354 miles in 10 hrs. and 40 min. arriving here at 6 P.M. After leaving the Centennial depot at Phil. I passed the place where the goods boxes, in which goods from foreign countries came, were piled up,
it really looked like a town of goods boxes. I think the finest section of the country that I ever passed through was just after leaving Phil. going west, especially Chester and Montgomery Counties. We only made three stops between Phil. and Pittsburgh, at Lancaster, Harrisburg, and Altoona. Dined at the last named place.

Stopped at the Monongehila House in Pittsburgh. I made the trip in one of the most elegant cars run on the Penn. road. The scenery was very beautiful, but I liked the Balt. & Ohio better, and I like their road in general better.

*July 15* I arose early this morning, crossed the Monongehila River and ascended the inclined plane on the West Virginian side. Here I obtained a fine view of Pittsburgh and the two rivers. Took an early train for Steubenville, reached Richmond about 5 P.M. . . . everything looked the same . . . no improvement . . . met many old friends.