

Went and saw the Park, at the other side of the town; it is large and attractive-like, and beside the river. Saw a good many pleasure parties on foot and driving about; but it was so hot in the sun, that I couldn't enjoy it. Went in the evening to see Blind Tom perform—a nigger boy—the only public entertainment I had gone to except the concert in Chicago. The room was called the Concert Hall, and I think larger than our City Hall, but no galleries; and besides this place there are four or five theatres: so the city which the Quakers originally founded, and in which there are still a great many, does not seem to keep up its strict Puritan principles. The performance was really a great treat. The blind nigger boy seemed about twenty, and besides being a musical genius, seemed quite a character. He said at the beginning, in a loud comical voice, "He didn't know why God Almighty had given him, a poor uneducated nigger boy, this talent for the pianoforte." Theoretically, he did not know about music. He then played selections from "La Sonnambula," and other two pieces, very well indeed. He gave us exactly an imitation of a railway train starting, the conductor's "All aboard!" to the close imitation of the steam and the railway whistle; also played on the piano an exact imitation of a musical box. The most complete musical genius I ever saw or heard of. It was most amusing to see him going about on one leg and dancing as the gentleman was playing on the violin; and he always applauded his own performances by clapping his hands