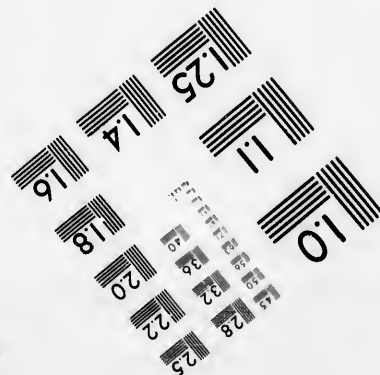
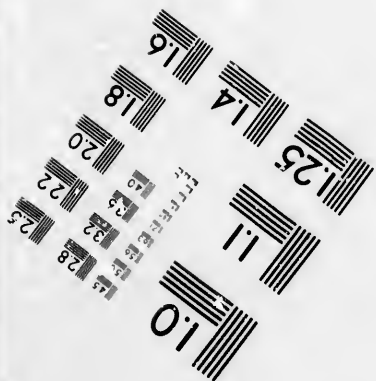
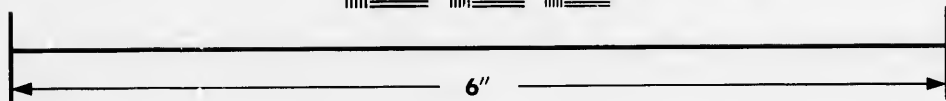
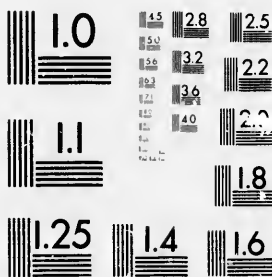


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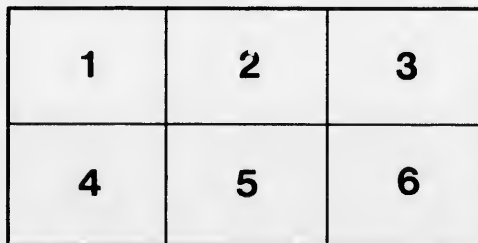
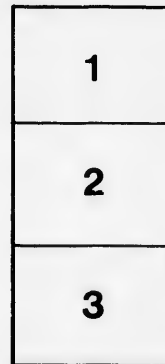
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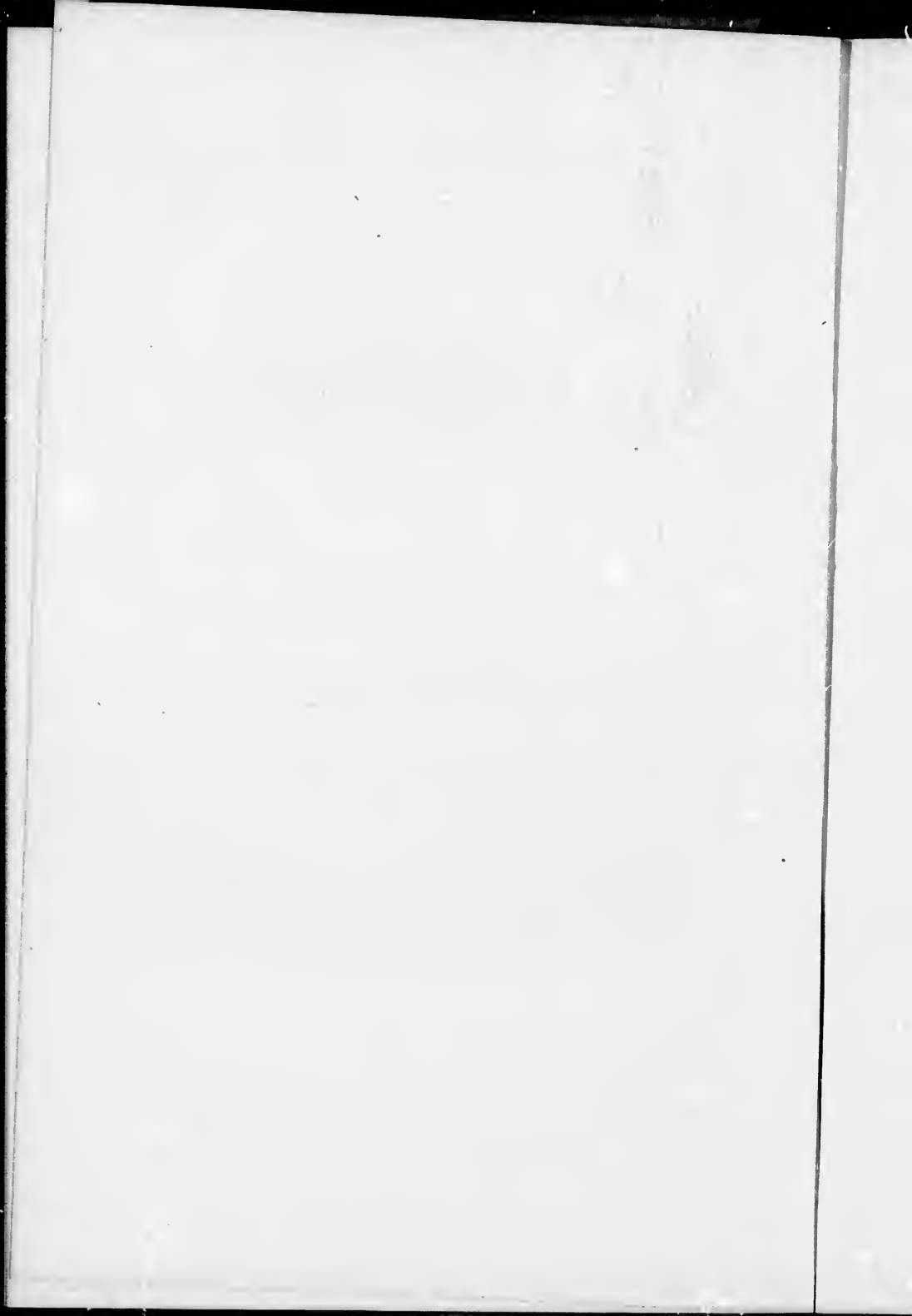
OF

1871

OR THE SECOND

TRIP TO NEW BRUNSWICK





COIT CORRESPONDENCE

OF

1871,

OR THE

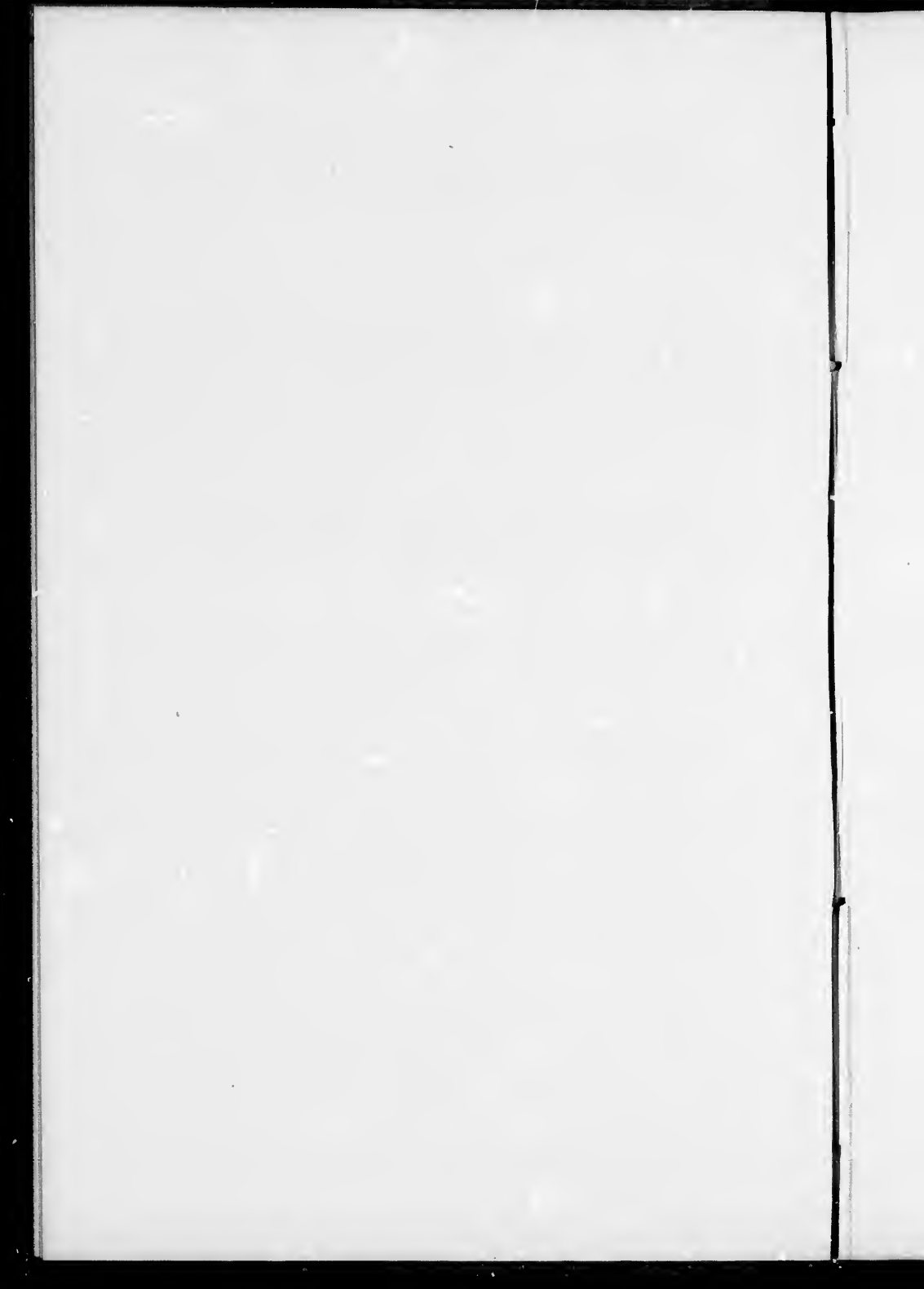
Second Trip to New Brunswick,

BY

THE COIT FAMILY.

W.M. = William Mecom
A.H.D. = A.H. Dorr

WORCESTER:
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1872.



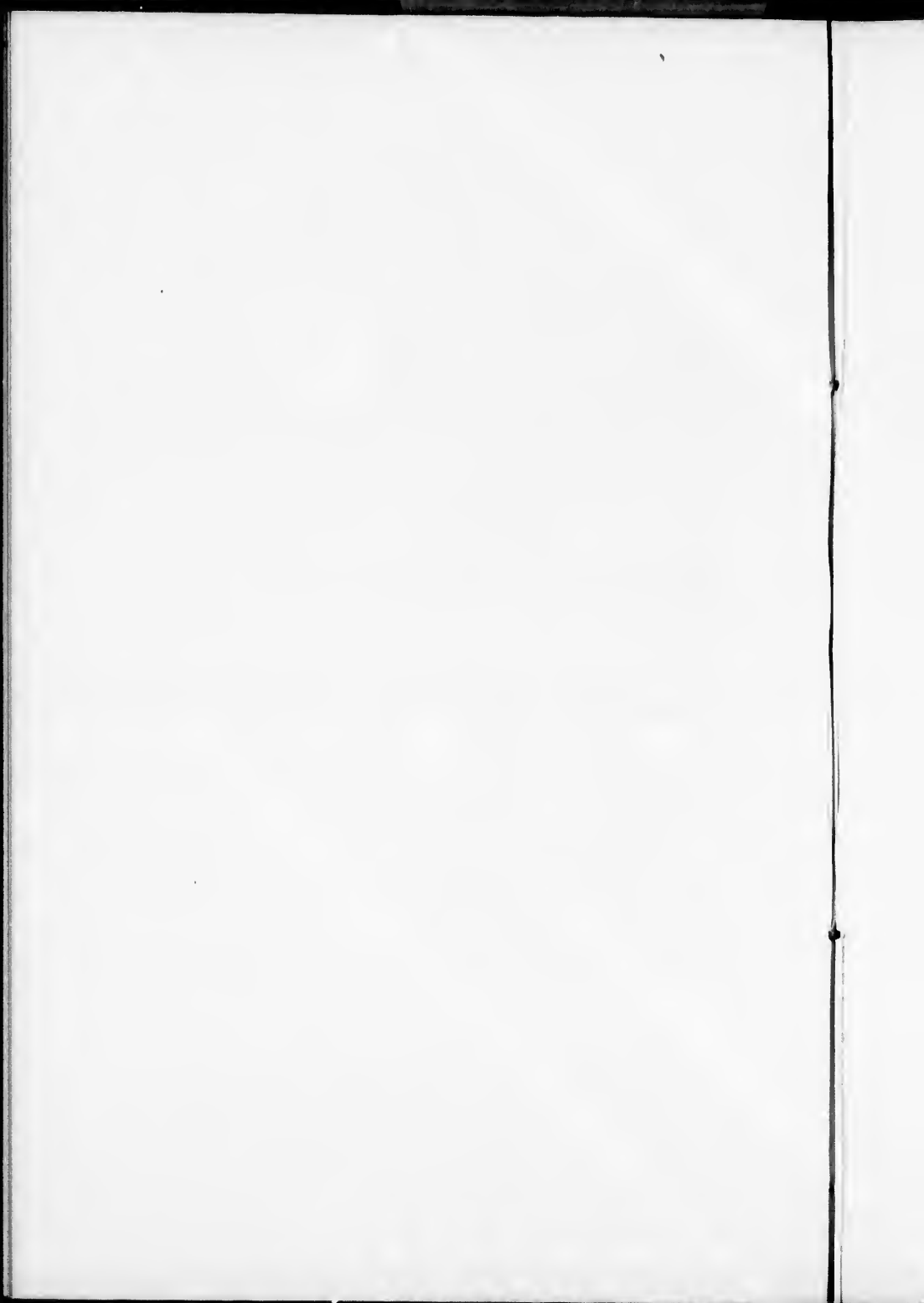
THE COMMITTEE
WOULD MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE THIS VOLUME

TO

CAPTAIN S. H. PIKE,

THE NOBLE COMMANDER OF THE STEAMER

"New Brunswick."



P R E F A C E .

To our "*Coit Excursionists*," and their Friends :

DEAR Friends, we again come before you in this, our fourth volume, containing the account of our annual trip for 1871. Having traveled over most of the route one year before, and having published a volume containing an account of the trip, of course we cannot enter into all the details of this our second trip on this route, without infringing somewhat upon that. There is, however, much of interest that might be told even in this our last visit to the "Queen's Dominions."

Before giving our readers any description of our last excursion, allow us to state to you something of the interest that was so plainly manifest months previous to our starting. The three excursions previously had by the Coit Party, had made a very favorable impression on the public mind far and near; and when the papers announced the fourth excursion, the letters, from all parts of the country, came pouring in, to make enquiry as to all the particulars connected with the same. Of course it was right that each *new* member who was to join the party, should understand all the particulars; therefore, it was the pleasant duty of the President of the Party to answer about one hundred letters, giving all the necessary information asked for. The decided success of the three former excursions was the cause

of this enquiry and interest. The papers far and near had spoken in the highest terms of our party. The good management, the hearty receptions we were having wherever we went, the good order of the party, the happy time they were having, and the harmony and good fellowship that was always manifest among its members—would naturally create in the minds of many outsiders, a desire to get inside of the “ring.”

We could not charter a steamer large enough to accommodate all who had made up their minds that they would like to join such a party. The tickets were limited to three hundred; and ten days before the time of starting *every* ticket was sold, and the cash in the hands of the treasurer. The announcement was made at that time, by the daily papers, that all the tickets had been disposed of, and no more could possibly be accommodated. Still the letters came pouring in, filled with the greenbacks, urging the importance of having the tickets returned by next mail. But the *money*, instead of *tickets*, had to be returned. More than one hundred and fifty persons had to undergo a severe disappointment for the want of more enlarged accommodations. The managers, of course, were extremely sorry that such should be their fate; but a promise to them of another excursion, soon to take place, under the management of equally as good men, who had chartered the same steamer, and were to have the same gentlemanly Captain Pike and his subordinates, had a tendency to make the disappointment of shorter duration.

Suffice it to say, that the excursion, under the management of Geo. R. Peckham, Esq., former President of the “Coits,” left Boston a few days after our return, and traveled over nearly the same ground. The company was composed of very influential ladies and gentlemen from different parts of the States. This trip was a decided success, and gave the greatest satisfaction

to the whole company; so much so that a full vote was taken to have another, one year from that time.

And now, dear reader, having taken up so much of your time in these few preliminary items, I will proceed to give you a very brief account of our very pleasant journey of twelve days.

It is not necessary that I enter into all the particulars; neither shall I touch upon many points of interest to us. The letters published in the "*Worcester Daily Gazette*," at the time of this excursion, contained much of interest, and were written by one of our number, A. H. Davis, Esq., Head-Master of our High School. They are published in this volume, by reading them you will be pleased and instructed; and it will render it unnecessary for me to attempt a description that has been so well done by the above gentleman.

We are under great obligations to that excellent lady and distinguished writer, Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, of College Hill, for the two excellent and appropriate poems, which we publish in this volume.

THE START.

It was a very pleasant sight at the Boston & Worcester depot on the morning of July 25th, 1871, when about two hundred and fifty persons met to proceed to Boston, to take the steamer *New Brunswick*, for a twelve days' excursion. Such a grand hand-shaking, such happy faces, all beaming with joy, that they were about to start on another excursion similar to those before enjoyed by them. Many of the party were with us on our last excursions, and wherever Coit met Coit there was a mutual good will and hearty recognition. Leaving Worcester at 6 A. M., we arrived in Boston at 8. We were soon on our way to the steamer, where we found our genial and warm-hearted

Capt. Pike, ready to give us a hearty greeting. We also met about fifty others, who were waiting to join our number. Previous to starting "our own special artist" invited all who wished to have themselves photographed, with the boat, to make themselves conspicuous on deck. The artist executed his part well, and on the whole, his picture makes quite a desirable reminder of days when we went sailing.

Our most excellent band, the "Worcester Brass Band," T. C. Richardson, leader, gave us and the people assembled some rich, stirring music. The steam was up and away we glided down the harbor. The scenery was beautiful, and every heart was as full of enjoyment as it could be; but alas! it was of short duration, for the "white heads" were soon visible, and the rocking and pitching of the steamer was not calculated to make those of us who were unused to a sea-voyage admire its beauty, or desire its long continuance. The upper decks were not as crowded as when we left Boston harbor. Eyes had become tired and heads dizzy by the wonderful sights; and so rest was sought in a more obscure retreat. To make the story short, it was dreadful rough sailing, with now and then a little fog. There were people who really enjoyed this trip to Portland, and called it delightful! And so it may have been, for there must be something wonderful and majestic in the heaving and rolling of the waters of old Neptune. For my part, I did n't see it just at that particular time. I think, however, that distance would have lent enchantment.

During the voyage to Portland the usual arrangements had to be made for seats at the tables. As usual, the Company were divided into two sections, or first and second tables. Then the drawing for berths was an exciting occasion. Best of all, the selling of state-rooms afforded the most amusement. Mr.

Glazier, the auctioneer, and our head steward, was just the man for the occasion, and did his duty well. The price of the lowest state room sold was \$15.00; that of the highest \$56.00. Total amount realized for state rooms over \$1,400. Making our whole receipts a little over \$9,000.

Arriving in Portland at 6 o'clock p. m., we all felt better. Every countenance began again to beam with joy — I said every one, but there was one exception: a lady who did not like following the sea, was determined that if she lived until morning, she would take the land route and return to her home in Worcester as quick as possible; not even a night's lodging would she endure on board that steamer. Here is what one of the papers said about the matter: "One lady who started with the Coits has already returned home, finding herself not quite enough of a sailor to continue the voyage in comfort. The trip from Boston to Portland was unusually rough, and a gentleman on another steamer saw the Coit vessel, as he describes it, resting with the bow and stern on the tops of the waves and both paddle wheels out of water, spinning around like a pin wheel on the Fourth of July." Some of the above may be true, but the upright position of the boat and the pin wheel operation, I am inclined to think is a little stretched for the occasion.

The reception of the Coits in Portland was all that could be desired by them. As we were steaming up the harbor guns were fired, steam whistles shrieked, and bells were rung. Mayor Kingsbury, with other distinguished citizens, met us at the wharf, with the Portland Brass Band, and invited us up to their splendid City Hall, where we were heartily welcomed to the city by the distinguished mayor. Speeches were made by the President of the Coits, Gen. A. B. R. Sprague, Capt. Coyle of the International Line of Steamers, (our steamer, the *New*

Brunswick, being one of them), by Rev. Asa Bullard, Rev. Mr. Beal and others. After the speech-making, the hall was put in order for the merry dance. The Portland people, with the Coit Party, spent the hours in the dance, and making each other's acquaintance. Our short stay in Portland was made very pleasant by the kind manner in which we were received by its citizens. We shall long remember our very hearty reception by them.

At 11 o'clock we started for the next port of destination, Eastport, Me. Here, as the year before, we were met by the people of the town and their greeting was cordial. The great event must be a dance in their Memorial Hall. The reunion was very pleasant, and speeches of congratulation were made by both parties, after which our band set the people to whirling. Eastport is a fine little town, "away down east," next to the British dominions. The people are sober, industrious, cordial and happy.

We left Eastport Thursday noon, 27th inst., for Annapolis, N. S. — distance sixty-nine miles from Eastport. Arrived at Annapolis at 7 P. M. The sea was rather rough but not so hard for us as the day before. We weathered the storm well, and heartily enjoyed the beautiful scenery as we neared the old city of Annapolis. This is one of the oldest places in Nova Scotia—early settled by the French, then by the English, again by the French, and lastly by the English. We were shown around the city, and given a very brief history of the same by Judge Cowley. A very interesting social gathering was held in our cabin, where the band, our choir and several speeches made the time pass very pleasantly away until it was time we were all abed, as we were to make a very early start for Halifax, by rail, in the morning. Arrangements had been made with the managers

of the railroad for an extra train, at half price (\$4.00 each) for the round trip of 250 miles.

The trip and scenery is so well described by our Correspondent "A. H. D." that we will not attempt to do what is so well done. Suffice it to say that this was the most delightful part of our whole trip. Such scenery as spread itself out before us as we journeyed from Annapolis to Windsor, cannot be described. It will linger while life and reason are given us.

From Windsor to Halifax was not to be compared with what we had just feasted our eyes on; the change was very great,—a dense forest was about all we could see until we reached Halifax. The harbor is one of the finest; the older part of the city is a dark, dismal looking place. The citadel or fort, is beautiful for situation, and is really worth a visit to any one who has not had the pleasure. For a description, I refer you to the letters published in this volume. The people are not so cordial as in St. John; they looked and stared at us, and crossed over on the other side; they seemed afraid we had come to take away their political rights, or were on a mission of annexation. Our reception was rather of the cold shoulder kind. The great thing sought for first of all by our party was a dinner; for it was noon when we arrived; and a ride of 125 miles with scarcely a mouthful of breakfast, made us feel as though that was what we needed most. Two hundred and fifty half-starved men and women seeking a place or places for food, was an interesting sight for the people of Halifax; we were not all fortunate enough to get all we wanted in that line; for a famine commenced in that city when we commenced on our half-rations, at double price. The people of Halifax were notified several weeks before, that we should make our appearance among them about this time, and should have made a little more preparation.

We spent most of our time in sight-seeing until 8 o'clock P. M., when we started for our steamer at Annapolis. A jolly time we had until we arrived at headquarters, at 1 o'clock next morning.

This morning, July 29th, at 6 o'clock our steamer started for St. John, N. B., a distance of fifty miles, and but for a heavy fog we should have arrived before 11 A. M. On our arrival we were greeted by the people of St. John, and their stores were flung wide open, ready to sell their goods at a much less price than we were accustomed to pay. Magee's, the heaviest dry goods house, was the favorite resort for our people; of course not being permitted to take goods home with us without paying duty, we only looked at the goods and enquired the price. There was one article that we did feel at liberty to buy freely; that was gloves, nearly all having at least one pair and some several; our purchases were not very heavy. In the evening we had one of the best social gatherings it was ever our good fortune to attend. Our cabin was literally packed with people; and many were unable to gain admittance. The people of St. John were very cordial and gave us a good reception. The speeches that were made were earnest, grand and fraternal. It is seldom any assembly is called upon to listen to any better. In absence of mayor Reed, O. D. Wetmore, Esq., made the welcome-speech. It was one of his best and came from a warm heart. Speeches followed by Revs. Messrs. McKey, Carey and Dodd of St. John, Prof. Dellissier and Messrs. W. K. Reynolds, Barelay and Irvine. These were responded to by our President and Rev. Messrs. Boardman and Beal, our chaplains. In this place we spent the Sabbath; the day was warm, foggy and muggy. In the morning, services were held on board our steamer. Rev. S. L. Beal preached a good sermon from John 8: 12. "I am the light of the world." Rev. Mr. Beal was assisted in the service by Rev.

Mr. Boardman. After the service our people scattered throughout the city to the different churches. In the evening, services were again held on board our steamer; so great was the crowd, that we were obliged to hold our meeting on the upper deck. Thousands of people of the city filled the platforms of the docks. The sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Boardman, one of our chaplains; assisted in the services by some of the St. John clergymen. The services throughout were very interesting.

Monday, July 31st, was spent in St. John; the day was occupied in sight-seeing, *looking* at goods and perhaps buying a few more pairs of gloves. Our stay was made very pleasant and agreeable by the hearty reception the people gave us wherever we went. In the evening another large gathering was held in our steamer's cabin. A large number of the people of the city were present; speeches, singing, and our band, all made the meeting one of pleasure and interest. I must not fail to mention one speech which was calculated to stir a little ill feeling *against* the man who made it.

One Mr. Willis, a member of parliament, considering himself "some pumpkins" let off a tirade of abuse against our Government; and intimated that we, the "Coits," had come down to their dominions to abuse the Queen, and seek to annex her territory to our United States. The speech was much out of place, uncalled for, and only bounded back on the head of him who made it. With this slight deviation, all went off like clock work. We shall never forget the cordial welcome we have received from our friends in St. John during two visits we have made to that beautiful city; we hope at no distant day to meet them again.

We left St. John for Eastport at 12 o'clock this Monday night: We were now homeward bound. Arrived in Eastport at 6 A. M.

Tuesday morning. We heard of no sea-sickness during this short trip. Stayed nearly all day at this place and enjoyed it very much.

Left at 7 p. m. for Bangor, Me., a distance of 136 miles. Arrived in Bangor at 3.30 p. m. of Wednesday, August 2nd; we were detained several hours in a dense fog when near Bass Harbor.

We were cordially received by the citizens of Bangor, headed by that noble man, now deceased, mayor Dale. A train of cars had been for hours in waiting to convey our party to "Oldtown," where we might get large ideas as to what the people know about lumbering. Our arrival being too late to run the train so as not to interfere with other trains, we were obliged to abandon that part of the programme that had been gratuitously offered by the mayor of the city of Bangor.

There were quite a number of our party who were provided with a small steamer, by the same generous-hearted Mayor; and were thus enabled to reach Oldtown.

Thursday, August 3d, at 3.30 p. m., found us in the beautiful and quiet city of Gardiner, Me. Here the whole people came out to greet us. Johnson's Hall, one of the largest in the city, was freely opened for us. The mayor, D. C. Palmer, invited us to the hall. With our band, we were soon in line, headed by the mayor of Gardiner, and other distinguished citizens. We were soon gathered in the hall. A speech of welcome was made by the mayor, and responded to by the President of the Coits. Other speeches were made, after which the floor was put in order for the merry dance. The crowd was so great that it was a difficult task. Our String Band furnished the music, and a general good time was had. Soon we were invited to tables well loaded with good things for the physical growth of

man. We felt sorry that we should be thus kindly treated, for it is no small matter to provide for three hundred people on so short a notice, and do so well as the people of Gardiner did. We shall always feel a debt of gratitude to these people for their hospitality.

Friday, August 4th, at 12 noon, we left the people of Gardiner for Portland, where we arrived at 6 p. m. Another greeting awaited us here. The mayor, with other distinguished citizens, met us on our arrival, and desired to give us another reception. We respectfully declined the honor—first, because it was asking or taking too much after the grand reception given us by this people on the first night of our excursion; secondly, we were near home after living upon the top wave of excitement for ten or eleven days, and were about tired out. We left Portland for Boston at 4 p. m., and arrived in Boston Saturday, August 5th, at 8 a. m. Here we were put through a thorough searching process by the Custom House officers of Boston. Our baggage was all placed upon the dock; we were marshaled into line by the police; each in turn had to fill out a blank of the number of bags, trunks, valises, bundles, &c., that he had. All must be registered by an officer, who was in no great hurry about the matter. The paper was then put into the hands of another Custom House official, who proceeded to examine the several parcels to see that "Uncle Samuel" should not be cheated by having goods smuggled into Boston harbor. We were kept in line about four long hours, going through this sweating process, in a drizzling rain. You may well believe we were not greatly in favor of that way of doing business. It might have been done with much less trouble to both our party and the United States officials. The whole amount confiscated for all this trouble was *one* velvet vest pattern—cost, perhaps,

\$5.00! This was the only hinderance and imposition we had found during our entire trip.

We were soon on our winding way to the city of Worcester, thankful that so much of pleasure had been enjoyed by our large party.

FAMILY MEETING.

The Coit family had long desired a remmon in order that they might hear the report of the several committees, to see what our financial standing was. Accordingly, a meeting was called for the 18th of last December. Although a stormy night, there were assembled in Sons of Temperance Hall, more than one hundred and fifty of the Coit Family. A good social time was had, after which the President, W. Mecorney, called the meeting to order and made a short address of welcome. Barnard & Richardson's String Band was present and gave some of their good music. Several speeches were made, all tending to another excursion for 1872. Officers were chosen and committees appointed having that in view.

The following are the officers for 1872: President, Wm. Mecorney, of Worcester; Vice President, O. P. Maynard, of West Brookfield; Secretary, George E. Stearns, of Worcester; Treasurer, Gen. A. B. R. Sprague, of Worcester; Stewards, Henry Glazier, T. W. Davis and Henry Streeter, of Worcester; Surgeons, Drs. E. Schofield, of Worcester, and George F. Forbes of West Brookfield; Chaplains, Revs. M. B. Boardman, of Brimfield, and S. L. Beal, of Westminster; Auditors, Dr. Curtis, of Westborough, E. W. Carter and M. M. Garfield, of Worcester.

Resolutions were passed on the death of Geo. W. Allen, of West Brookfield, one of the party of 1871; also, upon the death

of Mayor Dale, of Bangor, Me., who so heartily bade us welcome to the beautiful city of Bangor.

Letters were read from several of the absent ones. Two poems were also read from Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, of College Hill, who was one of our party. The poems are published in this volume.

Our treasurer, Gen. A. B. R. Sprague, made his report, showing a balance after paying all bills of about \$300. This balance was left in the hands of the treasurer, for a fund to get up another excursion with the coming summer.

One encouraging feature of all our excursions is, that we always have funds left, which is far better than being in debt or being obliged to assess our members to make up deficiencies. Success has always attended these excursions. Not an accident has ever happened to mar our enjoyment. No unkind words have passed between any members of the party, and but very little grumbling has been heard. We have reason to thank that Higher Power who has watched over us, protected and cared for us. May we love Him more and serve Him better.

W. M.

OFFICERS OF STEAMER.

CAPTAIN:

SIMON H. PIKE, LUBEC, ME.

PILOT:

LEONARD S. GRANT, ROCKLAND, ME.

CHIEF ENGINEER:

THOMAS MERRILL, CHELSEA, MASS.

SECOND ENGINEER:

JAMES H. MERRITT, PORTLAND, ME.

CHIEF MATE:

JOHN THOMPSON, PORTLAND, ME.

SECOND MATE:

JAMES THOMPSON, EASTPORT, ME.

STEWARD:

WILLIAM E. LEONARD, BRAINTREE, MASS.

MEMBERS OF THE BAND.

LEADER:

T. C. RICHARDSON.

JOHN RIEDL,

WM. H. HEYWOOD,

T. F. GOODWIN,

G. H. SMITH,

A. A. BICKNELL,

C. A. PARKER,

M. RIEDL,

F. L. BARNARD,

H. W. BATCHELLER,

OTIS A. GATES,

T. W. SNOW,

EDWD. HARTWELL,

H. A. LIBBY.

OFFICERS OF THE PARTY.

PRESIDENT :

WM. MECORNEY. 

VICE PRESIDENT :

O. P. MAYNARD.

SECRETARY.

GEORGE E. STEARNS.

TREASURER :

GEN. A. B. R. SPRAGUE.

STEWARDS :

HENRY GLAZIER,
HENRY STREETER,
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COIT CORRESPONDENCE

OF

1871.

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Salt and Fresh Water—A Pallid Family—What Happened at Portland—Great Expectations.

AT SEA, OFF MT. DESERT, July 26, 1871.

THE great Coit Family has traveled under a cloud thus far. At this moment, 10 A. M., the East wind is working his bellows in spite of King Æolus, and Jupiter Pluvius, unmannerly lout, is pouring cold water upon us with the evident intention of drowning us out. Neptune, either dead or indifferent, nowhere shows his placid phiz above the surface of the water, though multitudes of (w)retched beings have been unceasing in their sacrifices to him night and day. *Stat immotus*—he won't budge, *he has no bowels*. Meanwhile we go *up—up—up*; and then, with a gentle, swan-like motion, *down—down—down*, fetching up with a lurch and a die-away sensation too beautiful to be described.

Coits of the pluckier sort are huddled and perched together in every available place of shelter, looking out from beneath slouched and dripping hats with dubious, not to say morose expressions upon their faces. Within, "the human form divine" appears in a variety of limp attitudes and its face is lugubrious. In the lady's cabin there is "a sea of trouble," but no disposition to "take up arms." But as Nero fiddled when Rome was burning, and gay young men and maidens caroused while the pestilence wasted Florence, so in the saloon of the steamer *Nere Brunswick* to-day, the sounds of wind and stringed instruments blend with the groans of the sea-sick and the turmoil of the elements.

An excellent table was spread, and the trumpet was sounded; but there was no rush. Soup, roast beef and boiled halibut have attractions, no doubt; but there are higher objects of thought, and the great Coit family was thinking of something else. This state of things is not to be regarded as a calamity, like the appearance of the Colorado beetle: for if it continues it must inevitably lighten the expenses and swell the dividend. For the present there is, I fancy, a preponderance of misery on board; but we expect to get rid of it all at Eastport, and to pursue our way under more favorable auspices.

This great family is so thoroughly disciplined, and its affairs are so efficiently handled, that, excepting the weather, nothing has gone awry. Quitting Boston at 10

we steamed directly for Portland, and just at the designated hour, 6 P. M., were passing the islands and forts which stud the beautiful harbor of the Forest City. At the wharves, Mayor Kingsbury and citizens, accompanied by Chandler's Band, were in waiting. His Honor at once invited the excursionists to the City Hall, where a large number of ladies and gentlemen were assembled to greet the Massachusetts visitors. After a pleasant address from the Mayor, to which President Mecorney appropriately responded, and a few remarks from Gen. Sprague, Capt. Coit and others, a hop was extemporized which must needs come to an untimely end by a summons to the boat. Promptly again, on the stroke of 11, the *New Brunswick* stole off, and before morning, had well nigh groped her way to where my letter began.

On the whole, there is good reason to predict a successful excursion. The state-rooms sold briskly at an average of forty dollars per room—the whole amount realized by their sale being \$1,385, nearly \$400 more than last year.

Then, too, the Coit Family is, or is bound to be, a *select* party—in a sort of Darwinian sense at least. The great principle of “natural selection” or the “survival of the strongest” is here perfectly exemplified. How many will survive in the present “struggle for life,” if this weather holds, it would puzzle the best developed ape in existence, be he Darwin or somebody else, to tell. At all events, this company admires itself, and if the spirit of the

original monkey from whom we have all descended (or ascended?) hovers over us in the drizzly air, I know he must be wagging his tail with satisfaction.

A. H. D.

Arrival at Eastport—A Foggy Crew—A Municipal Welcome—
Coits and Cod Lines.

EASTPORT, MAINE, July 27, 1871.

THE Coit party reached Eastport last evening at 6 o'clock; and in spite of the drizzle, found the wharf and adjoining woodpiles covered with a dense throng, who nearly lifted the fog with their shouts of welcome. Discontented occupants of beds in the infernal regions flocked to the Passamaquoddy House, and begged for one night's blissful repose; but the presiding demon was inexorable, and sent them back wailing to their own place of torment. This large and handsome hotel was first opened for guests last season. It is most excellently kept by the proprietor, Mr. Elisha Taft, and during the summer months has seldom an empty room.

Among the permanent boarders the register records names from Boston, Salem, New York, and one, at least, from Worcester—Mr. William Sumner—who is here with a yacht, and who brings the same intense enthusiasm to salt water sports that distinguishes him in the musical world.

The citizens of Eastport had made extensive preparations to entertain the Coits. The whole party were invited to Memorial Hall, which was found spacious enough for a large company of dancers and a larger one of spectators. The Chairman of the Selectmen, in behalf of his townspeople, bade us welcome in a neat speech. Messrs. Mccorney and Maynard responded. The gas "shone on fair women and brave men." "The light fantastic toe"(s) were aching to trip. "Music arose with its voluptuous swell," and straightway the whirls, genuflections, and bewildering entanglements of the dance began, and only ravelled out in the "wee sma' hours."

"No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

This morning the clouds have scattered and brought back the sun. How the waters sparkle! There is general rejoicing, and some heathen shouts—"three cheers for the Sun!" A score of boats have shot out into the bay, laden with Coits and cod lines. Several sailing parties are coasting about the harbor and along the shores of Campobello. In a word, our recovery is complete. No sick mortal

among us wishes to be set ashore, or to be sent home, or to go down into the briny deep.

The annual pea bee has just come off. Last year twelve bushels escaped from their shells in thirty minutes. This morning the ladies have liberated the same number in twenty minutes.

Richardson's full band is giving a grand out-door concert on Water street. I must be there to see.

At precisely 12 m. we start for Annapolis, N. S.—a five hours' run.

A. H. D.

Leaving Eastport—Arrival at Annapolis.

ANNAPOLIS, N. S., July 28, 1871.

PROMPTLY at 12 m. we steamed away from Eastport, breathing balmy air, and bathed in glorious sunshine. We quickly glide by Campobello, otherwise called Feniana, then Grand Menan, leave a pack of wolves on our left, and steer directly across the mouth of the Bay of Fundy. We are soon enveloped in

fog rolled in from the great fog manufactory below by a stiff southerly breeze, but the tide is in our favor and the horrors of sea sickness are averted. At length we reach Digby Gut, 60 miles from Eastport, a narrow strait with bold headlands, constituting the entrance to Annapolis Basin and river. From here to Annapolis, 15 miles, the most charming rural scenery meets our eyes on either bank. Pretty cottages line the shores and green fields stretch away to mountain ranges in the back grounds. Peaceful and picturesque—it is the very Acadia of our imagination.

Nearing Annapolis about 7 p. m. our band startles the inhabitants and brings them all to the wharf. They number about 600 souls, and are mainly farmers. Their town is the oldest settlement in the province and the oldest in America after St. Augustine. It was founded by the French in 1605, and named Port Royal. During the 17th century it was now under French, and now under English rule, tossed back and forth like a foot ball, according to the varying fortunes of war. In 1710 it came finally into British possession and was named Annapolis Royal in honor of Queen Anne.

The one interesting feature of the place is the ruins of the old French fort. Its ramparts no longer bristle with cannon, and it is many a day since either French or English soldier here paced his tedious rounds. Only the dilapidated officers' barracks, the little blockhouse and magazine remain. The latter is a genuine curiosity, built

of square blocks of beautiful white stone, brought all the way from old France. The fortification was surrounded by a moat into which the water of the river might with no great effort be turned to-day. The ancient drawbridge is still represented by a few decaying timbers.

We were specially indebted to Judge Cowley, of Annapolis, who conducted us to points of interest and showed us many courtesies. At the jail, we were shown into the poor debtor's room and into the dungeon, the latter being a small granite-walled cell with no ventilation. It was pleasant to be told that it is seldom used.

To-morrow morning, at 5 o'clock, some 250 of us take the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, for Halifax. The distance is 124 miles. The fare for the round trip is \$4.00 in geenbacks.

A. H. D

A Trip to Halifax—Appearance of the Country—Acadia.

HALIFAX, N. S., July 29, 1871.

“**F**IVE o'clock in the morning,” is all very pretty as Madame Parepa sings it, and the prosiest mortal would own it a charming sight to see “the mower whet his seythe” at that hour, on the Grand Prè;

but when one has been a Briton's guest until midnight, and has then written a letter to the *Worcester Evening Gazette* before going to bed, not all the nine muses can wake up his poetic sense at five o'clock in the morning. Yet that was the hour set for starting upon our ride through the Annapolis Valley. I had hardly got fairly asleep, when I began to hear a most insufferable drum-beat, demoniac yells, and a roar as of battle. A vague notion possessed me that I had been drafted on Satan's side in a war with Heaven. Partially waking, an incoherent din of voices suggested Pandemonium. One anxious look from the state room window dispelled the horrible illusion, and revealed the ludicrous reality. There upon the wharf were the cars already going through with those interesting preliminary forward and backward movements in which cars are wont to indulge. By means of a few dextrous thrusts and plunges, I was enabled to give almost immediate pursuit, accompanied by some of my clothes. The cars started in *ten* minutes.

We bowl along at a somewhat rapid rate towards Kentville, our first stopping place, 54 miles away. On our right and left, about equidistant, are parallel ranges of mountains running an easterly course nearly the whole length of the Province. Their green sides display frequent cultivated clearings and pasture lands. Their summits, nowhere rising into peaks, are as even to the eye as an artificial wall. Between is the valley, from 10 to 30 miles wide; and by

our side for a considerable way flows Annapolis river. The whole area is under high cultivation, and to our enchanted eyes looks like a magnificent garden. The neat and often vine-clad cottages, with their trim fences and fine fruit-orchards, tell of a thrifty rural population. Dikes cross the meadows, dug by the Acadian peasants long, long ago. The landscape wears the look of June. The cherries are just ripening. The vast potato fields are almost gay with white and pink blossoms—ominous, they say, of a prolific yield. Fields of wheat and oats display a rank growth, but have no heads yet to show. The haymakers are afield, busily cutting the grass, or tossing it to sun and spreading its fragrance, while all around thousands of hay-cocks dot the broad expanse.

Man, however, lives partly by bread, for which beauty is no substitute, and we are at Kentville, impatient for breakfast. We are informed that there are seats at table for only ninety at a time; so Mr. Glazier proceeds to bisect us, allowing one half of each individual to eat at the first table, and the other half at the second. This came near causing some ill feeling, and doubtless accounts for the fact that the proprietor, Mr. Sangster, charged us about double the usual rate. There had been a circus the day before, and the "baked meats did *coldly* furnish forth" our table.

Seven miles further on we pass Wolfville, the seat of Acadia College and of a young ladies' seminary, while an-

other three bring us to the very spot where once stood the little village of Grand Prè.

“Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shores of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Lingers a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land, to die in its bosom.”

As we look out upon the beautiful Grand Prè, thousands of level acres unmarred by fence, we indignantly think on the terrible struggle which there took place one bitter winter morning a century ago, between English soldiers and the poor French peasants, when all the wounded were left to freeze to death. We build again in imagination the little church they loved, in which, treacherously decoyed to hear the king's proclamation, they were all made prisoners, and required to choose between exile and allegiance to the second George. We like not to be reminded that the British commander, Gen. Winslow, was a Massachusetts man, of distinguished Puritan stock; but we should expect to find him, later in life, a despicable loyalist; and we do not grieve to know that when he was himself an exile, he fled to the land he had desolated, to die, that his memory rots, and that his family name is extinct.

Scarce a vestige of the little hamlet is now visible, though some two years ago, in making the road over which we pass, the workmen unearched several hundred

foundations of their cottages, even discovering the blacksmith's shop by its heaps of cinders and bits of iron.

On the southwest coast, by the misty Atlantic, is the township of Clare, to which such of the French as would take the oath of allegiance were assigned. We regret that our route does not take us there, where the

“Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat *Evangeline's* story.”

We must pass on ; but henceforth we see a lovelier picture than before in these four lines of Longfellow :—

“In the Acadian land on the shores of the Basin of Minas ;
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Prè
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.

Moving on at a speed that has been gradually slackening since we left Annapolis, we reach Windsor, a pretty little village, whose inhabitants showed their good will by treating us to cherries. Here is Kings College, the oldest university in Nova Scotia, and here are the famous Plaster Quarries. We stop long enough to take a drink “right off the plaster,” and to attach the government locomotive to our train. We are now seventy-nine miles from Annapolis, forty-five from Halifax. Leaving the red clay of the meadows behind, we cross the carboniferous belt. Huge blocks of gypsum lie piled by the roadside. The neighboring hills are solid with it. You have only to tap

the turf. It is worth here, ready shipped, \$1.00 a ton; when ground in the States it sells for \$10.00. The dark is used on land, stimulating growth by attracting moisture; the light is boiled like hasty pudding, and becomes what is called calcined plaster, used extensively for fine plastering, and in forming a strong and fire-proof cement.

Away we go again, over deep ravines, through cuttings in the trap and granite, and presently behold a very paradise of rocks! This is the gold region. A flock of geese solemnly gazing between the stones over which they walked, we took to be metamorphosed gold-hunters; possibly they are holders of fancy stocks. I once was interested in a Canada copper—ahem! who has not been? But I have burned my certificates.

This sheet of water upon which we abruptly come, is Bedford basin, eight miles from Halifax, connecting by the narrows with Halifax harbor. We sweep around its left margin in a long circuit high above the water level. The view is grand. Costly mansions stand upon the shore, or look down from the bluffs above. High up on our right are the ruins of the Prince's Lodge, once the residence of Queen Victoria's father, the Duke of Kent. In front, near the water, still stands the Round House, where his band was stationed. For five miles now we approach the city between thick clusters of wild roses which border the road. Finally, about 1 o'clock, three hours behind time, we land in Richmond Depot. Some

load down hacks, others break down horse cars and then trudge a mile and a half on foot through the heat and dust. All, however, keep good natured ; and all, scrubbed and dusted, in due time, get good dinners at the Halifax, the International, the Waverly and elsewhere.

Having got the Coits into a comfortable condition, I am very glad to clip my thread.

A. H. D.

At Halifax—Scenes and Incidents—Fort George and other
Interesting Objects—Off for St. John.

ST. JOHN, N. B., July 30, 1871.

THIS letter will give you some gleanings from Halifax—the most *English* of the provincial cities. It was founded in 1749, by the Lords of the Board of Trade, and named after the President, Gen. Montague, Earl of Halifax. It has ever since been the capital of Nova Scotia,—robbing that honor from Annapolis. Thirteen transports brought from England 2576 emigrants, the nucleus of the present population, which

counts about 40,000 souls. The sloop of war *Sphinx* led the way, bearing Colonel the Honorable Edward Cornwallis as Captain General and Governor of Nova Scotia. He afterwards *presented a sword* to Gen. Washington at Yorktown, a circumstance which will never be forgotten. His name is more pleasantly linked with Cornwallis County, the garden of the province.

Immediately upon landing, the town was laid out in squares, with streets sixty feet wide. A fence of upright pickets or palisades enclosed the town, running up from two points in the harbor, with block houses at frequent intervals. The town of Dartmouth, on the opposite side of the harbor, began its career a year later, in 1750, and in the year following some German settlers added themselves to the colony occupying the North End, now called Dutch Town, through which we came from the depot. So late as 1780 the streets were impassable for carriages by reason of rocks and stumps. They have not yet attained the dignity and cleanliness which paving stones impart.

Having dined, a delegation proceed to the government office, accompanied by Mr. Lunt, of the steamer *Rothsay*, of St. John, whose acquaintance our party made last year. Through his influence we were enabled to obtain from Captain Nagle, the town major, a pass to the citadel, signed with due formalities, for the whole Coit Family. Fort George, popularly called the Citadel, is a huge fortress, built upon a hill, towering high up behind the

city—in form like the frustum of a cone. Our procession moved up a *gentle* slope that may be likened to George street, Worcester, directly through the town, until it passes the limit of houses; then by a fine road we climb the steeper portion circuitously to the summit. Our pass being respected, we enter, and a surgeon is detailed to show us round. The interior is roomy enough to afford standing room at least for the whole resident population, and was originally designed to be a place of refuge for the citizens in time of danger. The barracks for men and officers occupy the central space and the sides of the inner work, which is separated from the outer one by a ditch fifty feet wide.

We hasten to the top, whose zigzag circuit of a half-mile bristles with great guns, 100, 200, 300 pounders—“devilish enginery.” It is simply impossible to describe the view. It is magnificent, wonderful, stretching in vast extent to the far-off mountains which form almost a circular wall, whose foundations, as Cæsar says of the river Dubis, seem to have been traced by a pair of compasses. Their encircling arms tipt with headlands, like clenched fists, leave only a narrow entrance to the harbor south of the citadel. This McNabb's island partially fills, guarding it with guns weighing twelve tons and carrying 300 pound projectiles. Some “Infants” are soon expected from the Queen, whose play-ground may be the little solitary island

called George's, within the harbor. As they toss balls weighing 600 lbs. their gambols will be amusing.

We linger long in the cool, breezy atmosphere of our lofty station. North is Bedford Basin, covering ten square miles and able to hold the whole British Navy. Indeed, I doubt not that in the North East arm which is nine miles long and includes the Basin, the navies of the world might assemble in grand convention and be secure as sheep in a fold. West, across the harbor, one mile, the town of Dartmouth is tilted up so as to display all her charms, most conspicuous and central among which is the Lunatic Asylum, an imposing structure of freestone. East and South below is Halifax city, fringing the western side of the promontory on which it lies, for about four miles. Near the western extreme, we look down into the ancient dockyard, along whose granite wall a dozen feet high, our pedestrians paced a good half-mile on very empty stomachs. It contains military stores, workshops, warehouses, officers' residences, &c., &c. The figure-head of the "Chesapeake," taken by the English cruiser "Shannon," is exhibited here along with other war trophies. Wheeling about, and looking west, a lofty edifice of striking architecture arrests attention. It is the Poor Asylum, just finished at a cost of \$260,000. Nearer, on the left, are the Public and Horticultural Gardens, containing an artificial lake (with swans of course) and beautiful fountains. Of less extent than the Public Garden in Boston, the

flowers were thought by our ladies to be choicer and of greater variety. Here were young ladies with bows and arrows and suspended quivers, beautiful as Diana and as gracefully habited, shooting at a target. Young ladies have ever been sharp-shooters; but their most dangerous shafts are invisible, and I trembled for our innocent young men. The Government Band, however, distracted attention, somewhat, playing royally to music loyal ears. To the right lie spread out the "Commons," beautiful green meadows, too little graced and shaded with trees as yet. Here, in the spring, the ball-players and cricketers pursue their sports; and here is the race course.

But it is time to descend. So we take one last circum-spective look and return to the city, well paid for coming to Halifax, even if we see nothing else. But in addition to the objects I have mentioned we visit the Court House, the Jail, with its inevitable poor debtors' cell, look at some ancient and some fine churches, and finally visit the new Parliament Building and Province House. The former is the finest building in the city, and is really very splendid to look at. In the latter we visited, under the conduct of a polite usher, first the library, then the Legislative council chamber. It has seats for twenty-one members, who are chosen by the Crown. Here was the President's chair to sit in, and on the walls were some paintings to look at. The latter were very fine, including full length portraits of George II. and George III. with their Queens, and of sever-

al generals and judges. There was an especially rich picture of William IV., standing with the royal ermine about him. He once served here as a midshipman, and when he became King not only sent this picture over, but released from service all his old comrades and provided handsomely for them. Lastly we step for a moment into the House of Assembly — thirty-eight seats. In another moment we are on our way to the cars. We are off at 8 P. M.; we reach our steamer again at 2 A. M. It was a regular night frolic that we had, and needs a whole letter to describe it. Imagine us at two o'clock in the morning groping and jerking our way through the streets of Annapolis. Capt. Pike had taken our boat to another wharf, and another boat had come in. Some of our party therefore, found themselves on the wrong boat, disturbing the peace most effectually. Presently, however, quiet reigned. Two hours later the boat moved off toward St. John, at which place we arrived about eight o'clock, poking through the fog just as we did on another morning one year ago.

A. H. D.

At St. John—The Victoria Hotel—Arrival at Eastport.

PASSAMAQUODDY HOUSE, }
EASTPORT, ME., August 1, 1871. }

THE Coit family took its last departure at midnight from St. John, and slept quietly at the International wharf, Eastport, for two hours, before the general resurrection and mustering for breakfast.

We move again at 7 to-night. The weather is propitious for aquatic sports. A dance on board the boat is announced for 3 p. m., in which the fair Down-Easters join. In fact it has already begun, and I, wishing to tell you something of St. John, have betaken myself here to escape the fascination.

Our arrival at St. John was expected at a later hour, but the strains of "God Save the Queen" drew to the wharf a large crowd that gave us lusty cheers of welcome. Many friends of last year greeted us, and renewed their courtesies. Every Coit was granted free access to the News Room during our stay, through a personal introduction of the Coit officers by His Worship the Mayor. Robert Reed, Esq., merchant, sent a polite invitation to visit his gardens and grounds on Mt. Pleasant, very properly excepting Sunday which in St. John is Puritanically kept. The ladies, too, did a graceful thing in sending 300 tickets of admission to the Masonic Fair, Carleton, and thereby swelled the ranks of their admirers.

But go and dine with me at the new Victoria Hotel, corner of Germain and Duke streets, the most conspicuous edifice in the city, viewed from the harbor. Its granite basement rising six feet from the street, is surmounted by a superstructure of five stories. Its architecture is Italian; its walls are of brick relieved by rustics, and covered with mastic. The office fronts an imposing main entrance, and commands a view of all the public rooms on the first floor, which, including the dining hall, are covered with a mosaic pavement of white marble and red slate tiles. The dining hall, sixty feet long by forty wide, is finished with Corinthian columns, between the sets of which twenty-two recesses are filled with plate glass mirrors eleven feet high. The niches between the columns are to be adorned with paintings.

While enjoying our salmon and strawberry pie, Smith, of the *Daily Telegraph*, obligingly imparts information and answers inquiries. At an adjoining table sit the members of the Tyne crew, recently arrived from England, and soon to contend with the "Paris crew" of St. John, so called from their victory gained on the Seine, at the Great Exposition. They were beaten, however, last year, by the Tyne men at Lachine. We especially observe Renforth and Kelley, the former the best single oarsman in the world, the latter a champion oarsman, with a most brilliant record in English aquatic history — both publicans. Let us step now upon the steam elevator and go to

the roof. It takes one minute. The roof is gravelled and slopes slightly to the open central area. It is one hundred feet above the street and supports two flagstaffs seventy feet high, one floating the Union Jack, the other the Stars and Stripes.

We mount still higher into the observatory and command a view of the entire city, with the harbor and environs. Running north is the famous Marsh Road, the great outlet of the city, built by government, and broad enough for five teams to drive abreast. From lack of repairing, it is become the worst road in the country, its foundations giving way, and its cavities made more unsightly with poles erected as beacons to warn pedestrians and drivers from breaking their own or horses' necks. Parallel with this and along the banks of the Kennebecasis river runs the Eastern extension of the European and North American Railway; to the opening of whose western extension in October President Grant has been invited, and which will make through connection *via* Bangor between St. John and Boston. On the Kennebecasis the great race is to come off on the 23d of August between the "Renforth" and "Paris" crews.

In nearly the same direction is Mt. Pleasant or Reed's Castle, the favorite resort for picnics and bazaars, about a mile and a half from the city. East is Courtenay bay, the Penitentiary and the Orphan Asylum, brown stone edifices; west is the harbor, with the granite Custom House near

the water, and opposite are the parishes of Portland and Carleton, accesible by steam ferry boat. In this direction the mouth of the St. John is plainly visible, spanned by the suspension bridge, nearly an eighth of a mile long, from the falls beneath which the body of no drowned person has ever been recovered.

The Carleton people are locally known as the Algerines. Nevertheless, Mr. E. D. Jewett, a wealthy American lumberman, has built a residence among them near the bridge, known as the finest wood house in New Brunswick. About one hundred yards from the Victoria, on the opposite side of Germain street, the Academy of Music is building which when done will conspire with the new hotel to make St. John the most attractive city in the provinces. The auditorium is to be 200x52 feet; its stage 50 feet square; its height, three stories; its finish, modern.

Looking South we see Partridge island and Manawaganish in the distance, and at our feet the old fort and barracks. There are no red coats there, and few "*petticoats*," as we hear the kilted warriors styled. England is gradually taking all her soldiers away and leaving the provinces to rely on their own militia, the expense of maintaining which makes the Dominion people groan.

Having traversed St. John pretty faithfully a year ago, we are content with this bird's-eye view for the most part. We go down by the stairway, on a tour of inspection through the house. Fine Brussels carpets cover all the

rooms and corridors. The finish and upholstering are elegant throughout. In the Grand Saloon the splendor culminates. It extends along the whole front, and can be cut by folding doors into five parlors. Five crystal chandeliers depend from the ceiling. The furnishing is in five beautiful styles. It contains a full grand piano, costing \$1000. The Victoria cost \$200,000. The architects were the Messrs. Washburne & Son, Boston. It is owned by a joint stock company in St. John, but its management is wholly American, from the lessee, Mr. B. T. Cregan, down through the whole corps of officers. Mr. S. W. Balcom, formerly of Worcester, is the chief book-keeper, and was especially attentive to the Coits. The staff of servants numbers about eighty. The per diem charge for transient patrons is \$2.50. The new hotel is likely to give a new impetus to the prosperity of St. John. The citizens are proud of it. It gives character to their city, and will enable it to monopolize provincial visitors, of whom there are now 1000 arriving in St. John weekly, by the International Steamship Line alone.

A. H. D.

Sunday in St. John—Ploughing a Down East Fog—Arrival
at Bangor.

BANGOR, August 3, 1871.

ON Saturday evening, at St. John, many of the Coits went to hear McQuade, in "Rip Van Winkle," and thought him equal to Jefferson. The majority, however, attended the social meeting on board the steamer, at which were present, besides members of the press, many ladies and gentlemen of St. John. Among the speakers were several clergymen of the city, O. D. Wetmore, Esq., a sagacious politician and eloquent temperance advocate, a Scotchman by the name of Barclay, from Glasgow, Mr. Irving, representing the Young Men's Christian Association, and W. K. Reynolds, the projector and builder of the Suspension Bridge. The speeches brimmed with fraternal sentiments, and flashed with wit. By some mistake too few orators were brought with us, but suitable responses were made.

On Sunday morning a number of young men came on board, politely offering to escort any of our party to church, wherever they might wish to go. At eight A. M., a religious service was held in the saloon, and another at six P. M., on the hurricane deck,—the chaplains, Rev. Messrs. Beal and Boardman, officiating. In the latter service the great congregation united to make the harbor

resound with "Hamburg" and "Old Hundred," and the effect was fine.

Monday dawned auspicious, but the steeds of the sun were recklessly driven, now dashing us with rain, and now flooding us with a sunburst. Yankee ingenuity was tested to shoot in between the showers, the pre-arranged programme for the day. The special attraction for the evening, off the boat, was a concert at the Rink by the Brignoli troupe. Brignoli was in his best voice and humor, Ronconi was irresistibly comic, and Miss McCulloch sang Flowtow's "Last Rose of Summer" divinely. It was certainly worth the silver quarter's admission to see the interior of the Rink. It is a circular, wooden building, 160 feet in diameter, capable of seating 10,000 persons. Decked with flags and brilliantly lighted from pendent chandeliers and side jets, with a gaily dressed multitude promenading upon the floor, it is a fine sight to see.

On board the boat meanwhile, a farewell social meeting of great interest occurred, marred only by the bad taste of one of the speakers, a Mr. Willis, M. P., of whom his friends were sufficiently ashamed.

As we say our good byes, we feel ourselves attached to St. John, and mentally resolve to see it again.

"Out into the West as the sun went down"

on Tuesday evening, with flags flying and Quoddy bay resounding with the music of our band, the *New Bruns-*

wick moved from her moorings at Eastport. The wharves and woodpiles bloom and flutter again with white handkerchiefs which we watch and respond to until they fade from sight. In ten minutes we are wrapped in a cold and dismal fog. We scatter from the hurricane decks and retreat within. The engineer slackens the speed, and the watchman takes his place at the bows. Then we grope along through the night, which is made hideous by the momentarily recurring shriek of the whistle warning vessels from our path. It does not add to our comfort to know that our pilot is running solely by the compass. In Captain Pike, however, we have perfect confidence, and feel that, under Providence, we are safe in his hands. In the morning, darkness still covering the sea, and the region being perilous by reason of rocks, the Captain wisely orders the anchors to be cast out; two hours later, the sun has triumphed and all the mist has disappeared; then we go on again merrily. But the fog likes us, and we once more linger awhile in its embrace, yet struggling all the while to get away. At last we are in the waters of the beautiful Penobscot Bay. The fog pursues us no further. The river scenery charms all, and so does the sight of Bangor, which comes into view about ten o'clock. Here I quit the Coit excursion, led away, but not *astray*, by stronger attractions.

A. H. D.

Halifax and St. John—Dry Goods and Wet Goods—Annexation—Characteristics of the Dominion.

PORTLAND, ME., August 14, 1871.

IT is difficult to elect wisely the threads which shall go into an epistolary web; and the perplexity grows, when materials abound. The late Coit Excursion was prolific in incidents, as well as in objects of present and historic interest. From the surplus material, I venture to pick out the woof of another letter.

Of all the places visited, the most memorable, when taken in connection with the overland ride through Nova Scotia, which led to it, is Halifax. The city is richer, shabbier, more antiquated than St. John. It is more grandly picturesque. If we had forgotten that Halifax is the chief naval station for British America, as we have forgotten so much the school mistress told us in the long ago, we can only plead that she was not a disciple of Pestalozzi, that she did not take us up into the exceeding high mountain behind the city and *show* us the magnificent harbor; for one look from the citadel would have impressed the fact past all forgetting. The inhabitants, like the Bostonians, have their "South End," where the houses and genteel surroundings give him a higher culture; and their "North End", too, suggesting the older ones of a common bond in beastliness. The great export

is fish—coal and lumber finding their exit mainly at Pictou and Annapolis. Paradoxically speaking, it may be said that the people of Halifax live chiefly on pickled herrings shipped to the States. But one article is exported to the mother country, and that is—deals. A *spruce* affair, twelve feet long, nine inches wide and three inches thick—that is the “standard deal.” With this exception the trade of the Nova Scotians is with the United States and West Indies. After the opening of the European and North American Railway, in October, Halifax may loom into some importance as the point of “new departure” of American travel for Europe—cutting off, as it will, two or three days from the sea voyage. At all events, it is a fine old city, of which more might be made.

St. John is less wealthy, but more enterprising. She is the commercial capital of the Province. Here, too, fish is king; and “by this sign” she hopes to conquer. Indeed, the corner stone of provincial greatness is laid upon “banks and shoals” of fishes.

The decision of the late Joint High Commission imperils this piscatorial foundation, the Province people think. They are sore about the result, and heartily repent that they brought forward their little matter to pester the august tribunal. They do not care, they say, to fish in our impoverished waters; that the right to fish in theirs, which are inexhaustible, gives Americans the long end of the lever. Fleets from Cape Cod and Gloucester, fitted

out by Boston capital and offering hard competition, no doubt torment their imaginations. It is no wonder. These have already robbed Eastport of her fishy flavors, leaving her only an idle place of summer resort. As an offset to our use of their finer fishing grounds, the Canadians claim that their lumber and coal should be admitted to our ports free of duty. But this might disappoint "great expectations" in Pennsylvania.

St. John offers special attractions as it seems to me, for a summer sojourn. It is a good headquarters for branch excursions—to say nothing of charms in and about itself. Then board must be cheap where the finest cuts of beef are but sixteen cents a pound, and chickens sell for twenty-five cents a pair at Christmas. But if particularly intent on reducing expenses, you have only to seek a tailor and let him fit you with clothes enough to last you until you come again.

If determined that your trip shall cost you nothing, it will be necessary to buy a few dresses and laces for your wife, at about half the home cost. No lady can visit St. John without bringing away *pleasant memories*, at least, of its dry goods houses. The largest of these in the retail line, and the most fashionable is Magee Brothers, Nos. 1 and 2 Imperial Buildings, corner of King and Prince William streets. Here, made and unmade, is to be found everything a lady can wear,—boots and jewelry excepted; and here Monsieur Hammondi, *costumier*, not only measurers,

cuts and fits, but keeps an eye on sixty or seventy dress-makers. Here are produced the bridal *trousseau* which grace the grand weddings of the Dominion, for the same of Magees' has gone through the Provinces. A thousand dozen kid gloves are always kept in reserve; and the maker of the Josephine (seamless) kid has a standing order to send to this firm all he can spare. The goods are displayed and sold entirely by young *men*, thirty or forty in number. The firm is 35 years old, and the senior partner, in the prosecution of its business, has crossed the Atlantic more than 80 times. I have gone thus into details, because I think the dry goods houses of St. John constitute a noticeable feature,—the only one perhaps in which she eclipses her sister cities of like size in New England.

The question coming oftenest to the surface of everyday speech in the Provinces, which the stranger hears discussed everywhere, is annexation. It is not easy however, to discover what the people themselves want. One will tell you the majority are *for*, another that it is overwhelmingly *against* the project. The truth seems to be that political thought in the Dominion is in a transition state, waiting for "something to turn up." If England would disclose her intentions respecting the Provinces, the proposition would be simplified. At present, I am told opposition to annexation is not based on any conviction regarding material thrift, but is a matter of pure sentiment. Mr. Wetmore (himself an annexationist, I believe) finely

expressed the feeling which, no doubt, pervades many provincial breasts, when he said in the saloon of the steamer *New Brunswick*: "It is not necessary for the sake of paltry rhetoric to throw away one bit of our patriotism. We love our country, and we greet you no less cordially because we extend to you British hands." This is all natural and right. Our forefathers were aglow with the same sort of sentiment before it was spanked out and stamped out with the maternal slipper. It does not seem likely that we shall importune the Provinces to become states of the Republic; but if in the progress of events *they* shall desire to link their destinies with ours, I trust we shall give them a hearty welcome.

The Dominion of Canada is about four years old. Already the Confederation is without harmony and unpopular. It is particularly distasteful to Nova Scotia. Indeed, nowhere in the Provinces we visited does there appear to be any loyalty to the Dominion as such, corresponding to that devotion to the Union among us, which is its safeguard and strength. The parts are indifferent to the whole. They are held together by clumsy carpentry, not by living processes of organic growth. Consequently there is no enthusiasm—nothing akin to a national spirit, among the people. The notion that they belong to the Dominion of Canada seems vague and unfamiliar, and the name has no magic in it.

In the Provinces farther north and west, there is a furor

for independence, finding some sympathy throughout the Dominion. Men are dazzled with visions of a grand empire bounded by three oceans, and wait impatiently the snapping of the leading strings which have become "attenuated to cobwebs." It is likely that the child will soon go alone; and not unlikely, I think, that in some crisis of croup or teething it may be turned over to the United States as to a sort of Children's Home.

A. H. D.

DEAR MR. MECORNEY :

You'll wonder,
Perhaps, why I write you to-day,
But there's something I want to tell you,
So do excuse me, I pray;
I hear there's to be a reunion
In the old town of Worcester to-night,
And that hosts of the *Coits* are expected,
To be there early and bright,
At least, that they've all invitations —
Though you didn't send any to me,*
I am sure, though, 't was because you forgot it,
Because I'm a Coit you see!
So I sha'n't treasure up any malice,
But send you right off by the mail,
A good, hearty, old-fashioned hand-shake,
And I hope "Uncle Sam" will not fail
To have it get there before evening;
For I want all the family by;
And I want you to read them this message
I send them — I hope you'll all try,
All the fathers and mothers and children,
The sweethearts and husbands and wives—
To have just the pleasantest evening
That ever you had in your lives,
And don't be too saving of money,
You won't miss it a month or two hence;
But have plenty of apples and doughnuts,
And candy — don't mind the expense!

*COLLEGE HILL, Dec. 28.

I must beg ten thousand pardons —
Your polite invitation just came,
Since I wrote me above; you'll excuse me,
If I let it remain, all the same.

And if there should be any others
 Who're absent this evening, like me,
 Don't forget to drink our healths — will you?
 In a cup of old-fashioned Bohea.

Though not there, I shall hear you all talking
 About our excursion last Fall;
 And the beautiful places we went to—
 Bangor, Portland, Eastport, and all
 Those old British towns where they made us
 So welcome, and hoped we'd all come
 And pay them a visit next summer,
 And all make ourselves quite at home;
 I think with what fond recollection —
 Of all the bright faces we met :—
 Their thousand kind words and attentions
 Live warm in our memory yet.
 But I mourn that my purse was so empty;
 Their laces and silks were such loves—
 And I long shall regret that I did n't
 Buy a dozen more pair of their gloves !
 Let it pass though!

I want to hear something
 About the Coit family — come!
 Do tell me just how you've been lately,
 And how all your folks are at home!
 Who of you are going to be married?
 Our family circle 's so wide
 There'll be surely *some* weddings among you,
 So pray don't be bashful, and hide
 The dear little secret, but tell me
 All about it,—quick, just whisper it low;
 I'll keep it, all snug, to myself.
 And nobody else shall know!

I hear some among you have flitted
 And gone from the old parent-nest,

And that others are gathering their treasures
And will soon be away to the West.
But what of the rest?—Who among you,
Like me, sit at home by yourselves?
Who are dancing away the cold winter?
Who are laid on Society's shelves?
There's one, a small maiden of twenty,
Perhaps you'll remember her name,
From a classic retreat overlooking
The "Hub" of the Nation she came.
She is sunning that mantle of velvet,
She bought of the Briton Magee,
In the land of the dark-eyed Italians,
And is far away over the sea,
But I'll send her your kind invitation:
She will give it a sigh of regret,
And remember the days of last summer,
Which none of us, Coits, can forget.

I think, now, I've finished my message,
And nothing is left me to do,
But to send you a thousand good wishes,
And one and all, bid you, "Adieu!"

C. M. SAWYER.

THE COITS.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

MERRILY sailed the merry Coits
Along the coast of Maine;
The waves rolled high, the fog lay low,
And drearily fell the rain;
But spite of the waves, and spite of the fog,
And spite of the rainy weather,
You never met
A merrier set
As they sailed along together.

Merrily sang the merry Coits
Upon the dark sea waters;
There were sons of many a gallant state,
With Massachusetts' daughters,
Contralto, tenor, sounding bass,
And sweet and clear soprano;
Their strains above the ocean rang
Like songs along the Arno;
And spite of the waves, and spite of the fog,
And spite of the wind and weather,
You never met
A merrier set
As they sailed along together.

Merrily danced the merry Coits
In seaport, town and city;
And many the welcomes they received
In speeches grave or witty;

Fair Portland, Bangor — wheresoc'r
Our eagle spreads his pinions,
Or waves aloft the English flag
In Britain's proud dominions —
The words were kind, the clasp was warm,
The smile was bright and beaming, —
O, well they knew how much was true —
How little of it seeming!
So spite of the waves, and spite of the fog,
And spite of the wind and weather,
You never met
A merrier set
As the Coits sailed on together.

