

Caldwell – Lake George
Wednesday 25 Aug '58

Dearest Maimie

Me voici enfin after all my troubles safely & snugly at Lake George & I am so glad to steal off from the gay party down stairs into my snug little room to have a chat with my sweet dear one now over four hundred long miles away from me. – but I will commence & give you in chronological order what I have been doing or a pocket edition of the haps & mishaps of traveling – I got off from Annapolis – the name has a pleasant sound to me – in good time on Monday & all went well till our arrival at the Junction – where we had to wait three hours – mortal hours – hours thrown away almost in sight of you too but there was no help for it -- So I set to work to philosophically & scientifically discuss some very fine peaches that Lt. conductor Hammond had with prophetic foresight bestowed upon me as a solace for any wayside troubles – but joking aside my dear Mary I missed the connection with the Phila train which leaves Balt at 11 o'clock [sic] & so had to spend four or five useless hours at Balt – if I had have had [sic] a letter of introduction to your dear Margie I could have gone to see her tho' perhaps it is just as well as I was in my worst “costume de voyage” & first impressions might have been too much against me – here is a little piece of vanity for you! N'est-ci pas ma cherie? [Is it not, my dear?] We go away from that delectable city at 5 ½ PM & thence went ahead as fast as steam could take us through Phila – my old home -- I arrived at New York about 4 in the morning. I met Barton Key [son of Francis Scott Key] & Banks the [plethonic?] young gent you used to see at Washington last winter, in the cars & we had a merry time in the “Owl Train” as this night train is called – at Newark about 3 ½ o'clock who do you think stepped onto the cars but but [sic] my old friend Scharff – was it not good of him to sit up nearly all night to meet me – he went with me to N York where we picked up something to eat no easy matter at 4 o'clock in the morning to find, we then went to the Albany boat & spent the 3 hours that intervned before the boat left in a very pleasant chat – in which your dear name was often mentioned most affectionately – I have had so much fun teasing him about his gaucherie as I call it at Annapolis.

We had a charming trip by day light up the beautiful North River – past the palissades [sic] which are towering precipices of rock overhanging the beautiful stream for miles & rising to 400 & 600 feet almost perpendicularly – past the thousand beautiful villas of the NY merchant power which dot the East bank – past West Point with its fortifications & its dashing officers & cadets – past the Cattskills [sic] rising up to nearly 6000 feet in elevation & past the thousand river craft from the palatial steamer nearly 500 feet long with its city of passengers, to the humble dutch [sic] looking sloop that takes you back to the days of Hendrick Hudson & Rip Van Winkle - & finally our boat loaded up young & old, fat gentlemen & clean looking spinsters, valetudinarians, sentimental looking young damsels, fast young gents & rustic villains (you know villains used as mean country people) landed us all, this medley, at the good city of Albany about 5 PM – sleepy & fatigued dusty & choked with smoke I soon got off in the cars via Saratoga to Moreau Station & thence by stage to Lake George, when I arrived at 11 PM last night – when I now am writing to say dear little sweet heart.

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O if I only had you with me to enjoy in your enthusiastic way all those beautiful things & thus enhance my pleasure! I have met a number of my old friends, habitués of the place who come every year regularly – we have exchanged our arrival greetings – congratulated each other on meeting once more – alas some that I have met in the last four years that I have visited this place – are no longer here – some scattered far away & some stricken by misfortune – some gone whence none return – as I sit in the same little room that I occupied 4 years ago it gives me themes for res [pluleur plen ?] & reveries – how many important things have happened to me since then – I thank God the bright days to the retrospect much outnumber the dark – I believe with Longfellow – tell me not in mournful numbers life is but an empty dream – we have so much to be thankful for & gay. Day after to morrow I leave for Bolton 10 miles further up the lake – I intended to have gone to morrow but my old—[?] Mr. Davids has persuaded me to stay & promised to take me up in his yacht if I do, so I will. But the hour and my paper warn me that I must stop – I hope you are well and happy as you deserve to be my sweet girl – with many kisses my sweet one I consign you to the good care of One whose dear child I know you are – from your

ever affectionate
J Buchanan Henry

Write me soon a real long letter and send it – Goodbye

JBH

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