

Washington, Jany3, 1859

My own sweet darling/

You do not know how sorry I was my own sweetest pet that I could not write to you on Saturday – but being New Years day I was in such a whirl in getting things ready for our Diplomatic & Public Reception that I scarcely had time to breathe – still I thought of you dearest & felt so sorry for I was afraid you would be disappointed but I felt consoled when I reflected that my own darlings [sic] consideration would tell her not to expect to hear from me that day.

The diplomatic corps in their Court dresses looked very well & it was a handsome sight – young Bonaparte was with them – he is a splendid looking fellow & was in his uniform of a chasseur d'isfrigne at 11 ½ o'clock [sic] the Army & Navy officers were received in uniform & at 12 precisely the great gates were thrown open & in rushed the “great unwashed” – this phrase is strictly between ourselves as it would ruin me were it known that I spoke thus of the unterrified democracy. After 2 o'clock [sic] when our reception closed I went around with Mrs. Crain & called upon about a dozen people & drank nearly a dozen glasses, a beverage compounded of eggs, etc – Miss Emily knows the name. The day was horrible under foot – I told you I think that Capt Ingraham was at Sartiges [sic] – he cannot stand mourning – I saw the girls last night – black is so becoming to all of them – they expect Miss Emily soon – they mentioned that 15<sup>th</sup> as the time for your mother to come & supposed Miss Emily would make her appearance then tho they had nothing positive from her. I saw Dr. Dan last evening & was surprised to find that he had not been down to Annapolis as I expected. I argue from that all hands much be getting better & am rejoiced at the inference – will you go to Baltimore before your mother goes to Washington?

I have written to Scharff that I will be his groomsman & that as I shall see him soon he had better not spend his money coming on to see me, as he will soon have need of it all – am I not a prudent & considerate young man to thus deprive myself of the pleasure of seeing him for his own good?

I have taken the liberty of writing a note to your cousin Phil Vorhees today on some business -- I hope it will not inconvenience him – he is so obliging that I do not like to trespass than necessary on his goodness.

What in the world did you do with yourself on New Years [sic] day –tell me all about it – I must thank you dearest Maimie for your kind little note of Friday returning me Mr. Scharff – he is a treasure & you will find him so.

The weather looks like snow -- will we have it in earnest? I fear not – I like it for it looks so cheery.



God bless you my own darling –

Your ever affectionate

JBH

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