

during a rainstorm, I bewailed my true excursionist's fate, but all to no purpose. The fates opposed my seeing Hudson river scenery.

At New York, I proceeded to screw up my courage in order that I might go to Boston by way of sea-sickness and Long Island Sound. I was not sea sick! Oh, no! It never would have done for a prospective Freshman to get seasick! I saw others in that condition and said to myself that I was not. A strange feeling that there was nothing under my feet mattered not.

*I was not seasick.*

At last Boston was entered by me. Woe is the day. I had a grip that for chunkiness could not be beat. I also had patience. My hotel being near the depot, I accosted a policeman to find out its whereness. The reply, simple enough in itself was: "Go straight ahead three blocks, and turn to your left and you can't help but see it." Now I went ahead two blocks and there were three streets ahead; I guessed at one of these, and before I knew it, I was unable to tell whether I was going ahead or to the left. A boy now helped me out of my difficulty and saw me where I belonged, but where I did not stay very long.

In order to see the sights I at once boarded a car. The conductor extracted a nickle from me immediately, and in a minute came around for another one. All the explanations he would offer were, that at first, we were going out of the city, but now, we were going in, thereby enabling me to realize the mystery of the ins and outs of a great city.

I had had one inning and would have been willing to have put up with a score of outs for the sight of a Nebraska prairie.

"Fools and their money are soon parted." But I kept a tight grip upon my money. I saw so many veterans doing the same with their money, that it quite gave me heart. That they did not succeed was proven by some of the hotel bills I saw. The city was so crowded that cots in the hotel corridors

were at a premium. When a person is so situated that he is compelled to pay a dollar and a half for the privilege of snoring, by no means undisturbed, on a canvas cot in a public hallway, he begins to feel that he greatly desires solitude. This was my fix exactly, and I retreated from Boston, on a still hunt for a small amount of this delicious loneliness. I had received enough experience in a day and a half to last me a long time; so with scarcely a pang, I oozed my way out of the city at the very commencement of the "G. A. R." reunion. But I had one satisfaction, I had been to Boston. If every tourist's thoughts could be sifted down, the impelling motive of travellers might, in many cases, be found to consist of no more than this, the desire to be able to say, I have been somewhere.

On boarding the steamer after deserting the "Hub," I felt regret only, at having missed seeing Plymouth Rock. My road, however, was rocky enough, without putting any additional crags across my pathway.

Although standing in a line for half an hour, upon the steamer to get ones baggage checked, and then standing in another line for three quarters of an hour to get a berth, is not conducive to elation of the spirits, an hour afterwards with a bunco steerer will put one in the best of humor. I was in the best of humor, and so was my pocketbook. Mr. B. S. kept himself in the hold of the vessel.

My spirits began to rise the minute I was in New York. It was with real satisfaction that I visited Bedloe's Island and viewed the great statute. I saw her majestic form towering high in the vast expanse of mighty ocean, that bears upon its bosom the commerce of the world. I saw her eyes looking down upon the myriads of inhabitants who people that vast city, beholding alike their deeds of goodness and mercy; of iniquity and crime. I beheld the broad expanse of her mouth and wondered no more that there were anarchists in our midst, for there was plenty of room to crawl through. Let me say that there is as much work in climbing that statute, as there is in remembering the Chancellor's bulletin board suggestion.

Work, however, stimulates hunger. Hunger works up an appetite. I had one then, and the sign, "To The Cafe" gladdened my heart. How all my joy vanished in a cloud of disgust when I came upon the sign, "Pret-