

Searsport, Oct. 20th. '49.

Dear Chamberlain.

After many wonderful adventures and hair breadth escapes I have at last reached home safe and sound. I have been attending to Civil Engineering in that famous city of Spindles, Lowell. Mr. Latham, the gentleman with whom I have been, having finished his Railroad contracts I am at home engaged in drawing and practicing Surveying. I may return in the course of the winter or Spring. The profession I like <sup>ch</sup> never in all my wanderings up and down this world have I seen such beautiful, intelligent females as I saw in Lowell. I have formed many pleasant acquaintances there of both sexes. Last Sabbath being at the <sup>Baptist Church the</sup> Superintendent of the Sabbath School, with whom I am acquainted invited me to take charge of a class of young ladies. Imagine my surprise when I was brought before a class of twenty five lovely, intelligent looking females. We enjoyed a very pleasant time together. "Holla ye Romans!" Lawrence that was a glorious letter you wrote me. The curiosity of our Post master as well as that of his better half, the fair Nancy was completely staggered as they viewed those characters on the letters back.

Go such a pitch were they excited that they sent for  
a young fellow, a Waterville graduate, who is studying  
law here to see if he "could make anything out  
of the ternal things." After viewing them for some  
time with a sage countenance he informed them  
they had something to do with secret societies.  
Nancy who stays in the office, some declared it was  
"orful and unheard of." If they could but have seen  
the illustrations at the close of the letter, which I  
must confess were fully if not more mysterious  
than the characters I wrote, they would have felt  
worse. The letter I found safe & unharmed.

Last Monday as I was walking along Washington  
Street, Boston, a truck horse frightened at some-  
thing sprang on the sidewalk near me.

A smutty Irishman behind fearing that I  
would be trampled under foot, seized me with  
both arms around the waist and bore me to the  
other side exclaiming "The Crathur! The Crathur!

While we were locating a Railroad in the Town  
of Westford we stopped one night in a house  
where a number of men boarded who were em-  
ployed there. Several beds were in the room where  
we slept. In one of these reposed an individual  
whom they honored with the title of Doctor.

It so happened that "when all around was still"  
the Doctor was unfortunately seized with a fit  
of the nightmare & commenced screeching most lustily  
"Get out! Let me alone! Oh mercy! mercy!"



Immediately one sang out to the Doctors bed fellow  
"Punch him!" Another "Turn him over." Stuff a pillow  
in his mouth." Soon they commenced a general cry  
of Doctor! Doctor what's the matter? — At last the  
Doctor was roused much surprised to find himself  
alive & kicking. He said he thought the Devil  
had him. One of the men drily remarked that was  
true enough. — You intend to believe to keep  
"Bachelors Hall" this year and I suppose even now  
the old cow bell, discourses sweet music for the  
ears of the Pres. If you start Proff. Naphans will  
he will have it unshipped. — Proff. Boody  
doubtless performing the Polka with his usual grace  
I believe the No. of his boots were not stated in  
the last North American Review.

Now Chamberlain I wish you to write me all  
news as soon as you receive this. Dash the letter a little  
on the back with Greek letters. They look mysterious.  
Zell, Gibson, Hayes, Frink & Willis they owe me a  
letter. Remember me to all the boys. I should  
feel gratified to hear from them. If they forget me  
I cannot them.

I must now bring this letter to a close, that is hind  
of taper off or in other words stop writing i. e.  
stop the onward motion of the pen or as Dunder-  
bopon sagely remarks stop the flow of ink  
that is the dark fluid which emanates from the  
quill or steel pen as the case may be. Yours &c

A. B. Houston.

N 1851

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Oct 20/49



Mr J. L. Chamberlain, III

Brunswick

1849

A.X.P.

Care Mr W. Owen Phila.

