

228 South Broad.

Philadelphia Pa.

24th Jan. 1859.

My dearest Papa,-

Of course I find time to write you, - it would be queer if I couldn't squeeze in time and will write just as often as you want me to. I stayed all day at Broad & Master's today. Usually I come home at noon, for the teachers leave at that hour, & do not return in the afternoon, and Miss Emily thought it just as well for me not to tax my eyes too much at first. But today I stayed ~~today~~ to finish a drawing, but did not finish it entirely. Next Tuesday I go into the 'life class', and Miss Emily says in March or thereabouts, I can enter Mr & Mrs Sartain's class of 'colored life', which is, painted, not charcoal & black & white studies. The work is very tame, or so I find it now. I wanted to go to

the exhibition at the Academy of Fine Arts last night with Mamma and Lucy. Going out was afraid it would tire me too much for today. They seem to think I am doing pretty well. Miss Emily & Mr William Sartain are both very kind indeed, and Herman Fisher the charcoal teacher, is a queer old German. They all know, and ask about you. A good many wars on the continent. Mamma and I are going to hear the Boston Ticals in Martha, Carmen, or some of those operas next week. They play right here at the Academy. The Lyceum has degenerated. Nothing good is played there, & not the Broad St Theatre now.

Things are awfully cheap here now. They are selling pretty brimmed hats at Hiramakers for \$2.75 & up. They, of course, are the winter stock. The lady said it was better to sell them so cheap than take off the brimnings and wait for another season. There

are hats, though, that tin tricos
\$3. or would hardly get. Lovely gauze,
opera bonnets and hats. Oh that
matters, there are hosts of pretty things
not confined to dramamakers alone, but
as I tell mamma "there's not for such as
we. Bailey has a beautiful clock, as
usual. Their silver and china ware
is superb. Likewise the miraldo!
There's one place that's a continual
source of delight to mamma. That's
a Japanese store that's selling out
and cheaply, too. I think she soberly
meditates buying a fancy leopard.
She falls down & worships it whenever
we pass the place.

What do you meditate doing
with those minerals? Hearing them
in Mayville to await the time I
shall arrive there, or sending them
here? I am quite anxious. By the
way, I wish you'd ask Auntie Miller
if you please, to send me the
lock & key of my padlock bracelet.
I do not want the bracelet, but
just the lock & key. Both, I think
are in my jewel box.

Mamma is typewriting your story.
The Remingtons sent her an once, new
shining, all-new-improvements, type-
writer, to use until her came back.
It runs ~~not~~ very easily, and does
not make the noise her old one did.
Maisie departed for Baltimore
today. She's out, fully, in the
society since of the word, and start-
ed off for a good time. From
Baltimore she goes to Washington. She
has been out every evening (with us!)
since we came, and to dinners,
teas, luncheons, drives, etc., during the
day, and is fresh, rosy & looking
aglow to, and says she's just happy.
She's very pretty, and dresses elegantly.
There's a queer lot of people here.
Lots of old ladies, fat, gray-haired
and voluble, several young men
& girls, a kleptomaniac a girl that's
troubled with dyspepsia, ~~some~~ ^{asleep}
rush of blood to her head, aggriness
and goodness knows what all. She
delights in expatiating on her ail-
ments, and has a waist about 18
inches around. When she complains

in my hearing of dizziness, etc, I
feel strongly tempted to tell her
if she didn't lace so tight maybe
she wouldnt be so troubled that
way, but I have to keep still, &
am quite proud of the restraint
I have over myself. There's a
young ~~and~~ Tennessee naval doctor,
of 'Koor white' barmit age, they say,
who's lonesome, not polished, bash-
ful, except in talking, & gets his
words awfully mixed up, introduct-
ion for invitation, & vice versa, and
others much worse, & his grammar! But
I guess he's a rather smart fellow.
Then there's a woman who looks
like a scrawny Irish washerwoman,
hands & all, who nevertheless belongs
to an ancient Philadelphia family
and is a perfect blaze of diamonds
immense earrings, pins with half
a dozen diamonds as big as three
cent pieces, bracelets with clusters
& strings of diamonds, and rings of
all kinds on her feet & on her hands
tegh! But they are beautiful
diamonds! Then there's Maissie with
her "new" & "flower bran, carving bran

candy bear, dancing bear. Theatre
bear and general bear." as she
informed me last night she perceived
I was never awake, before I came
here, & what an ^{all} important and all-
powerful and all-perfect thing country
was. How was it so lived all this
time in oblivion of it?

But its dinner time, & I'm as
hungry as a polar bear that's been on
and ice-cream for three weeks without
a seal or walrus in sight. So I
will stop.

Hope you'll enjoy Mayville, &
get grandpa to come down.

Your most loving daughter
Annie L. Tourgill.

Thursday p.m. I have finished the type-writing. The new
machine worked like a charm. It was nothing but
play to use it. Jones from Janesville coming chek
for \$150. rec'd this morning. I think I must use a part
of it for some clothes, though I ought to pay the taxes
but I think you will be better pleased to have me
use it the other way. The missing leaf, the Advance
people wrope about, they must have lost their
I know it was intact when it left my hands.
I telegraphed Harrison to see you about it today.
at Grand Pacific. — I am awfully disappointed
that you do not think you can come here,
but I won't complain if you think it best.
I can do all the copying you want, and I tried
to loan everything library for you in the of-
fice. I went out with Luke, to Reary's book
store and found a copy of Allibone's Poetical

Quotations which you have wanted to bring
so I sent it to you. It is a second copy, you
see and I did not pay so very much for it.
I saw Alice Porber and Mr Stephens at the recep-
tion at the Academy of Fine Arts last night. All
I saw wished to be remembered to you and
hope to see you soon. Miss Porber had several
paintings on exhibition, I am just having
the best time, then I feel so well, not a head-
ache, - and with all the noise and clatter
I sleep like a top, instead of lying awake half
the night. I got your telegram this morning
am glad you have arranged with Clayton
I think ~~you~~ ^{he} will do very well, by you. I have put
some question marks on this mes. Do draw it to a close
I do not think they appreciate it. Don't you think
the type of the new machine is nice? Rodie has
written me a long letter I see. Good night. Love
from
I am getting sleepy. - Emma