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PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE

Pedestrian's Adventures,

WHILE ON HIS WALK

FROM BOSTON TO WASHINGTON,

IN FULFILMENT OF AN ELECTION WAGER,

PERFORMED IN TEN CONSECUTIVE DAYS.

ALSO,

SOME ACCOUNT OF A WALK TAKEN BY HIM THROUGH
BALTIMORE IN DISGUISE AT THE COMMENCE-
MENT OF THE

Rebellion of 1861.

NEW YORK:

PRINTED FOR EDWARD PAYSON WESTON.

1862.



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Henry

“THE PEDESTRIAN;”

BEING A CORRECT JOURNAL OF “INCIDENTS” ON

A WALK

FROM THE

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.,

TO THE

U. S. CAPITOL, AT WASHINGTON, D. C.,

PERFORMED IN “TEN CONSECUTIVE DAYS,”

Between February 22d and March 4th, 1861,

BY EDWARD PAYSON WESTON.

ALSO, AN ACCOUNT OF HIS ADVENTURES, WHILE WALKING IN DISGUISE THROUGH
BALTIMORE, MD., AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE REBELLION OF 1861;
TOGETHER WITH THE PLANS OF HIS

INTENDED WALK IN MAY, 1862, FROM WASHINGTON TO BOSTON,

IN EIGHT CONSECUTIVE DAYS.

NEW YORK:

PRINTED FOR EDWARD PAYSON WESTON.

1862.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by

EDWARD PAYSON WESTON.

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States
for the Southern District of New York.

PREFACE.

As I am daily asked the question, what possessed me to make such an attempt as to walk from Boston to Washington in ten consecutive days—at a time, too, when the condition of the roads was such as to render the walking very difficult—I can think of no better way to answer this question, and others respecting this pedestrian performance, than by publishing this journal; inasmuch as it is my intention to make the attempt again in May of the present year. I have also added to this, the account of my adventures, while “walking” from Philadelphia to Washington in disguise, a few days after the riot at Baltimore (19th of April, 1861), and my arrest by the Sixty-ninth regiment of New York State Militia, Colonel Michael Corcoran. You will also find the particulars of my plans for the walk I contemplate taking in May next.

The journal of my walk of “ten days” is compiled from notes taken by my companions on that excursion, Mr. Charles H. Foster, of Worcester, Massachusetts, and Mr. Abner A. Smith, of New Haven, Connecticut.

Having agreed that, were I not successful the first time, I would attempt it again, I am only too willing to do so. I trust you will overlook the many imperfections you will find in these pages, believing that the author can *walk* better than he can *write*.

E. P. W.

NEW YORK, *March 31st*, 1862.

MY WALK

FROM BOSTON, MASS., TO WASHINGTON, D. C.

(DISTANCE 478 MILES),

PERFORMED BETWEEN FEBRUARY 22^d AND MARCH 4th, 1861.

EXPLANATION.

DURING the Presidential campaign of 1860, I made a wager with Mr. George B. Eddy, of Worcester, Massachusetts, to this effect: that, if Abraham Lincoln were elected by the people, President of these United States, I would agree to walk from Boston State House to the Capitol at Washington, D. C. (a distance of four hundred and seventy-eight miles), inside of *ten consecutive days*. I engaged also to be present at his inauguration. He (Mr. Eddy) agreeing to do the same thing, if Mr. Lincoln were not elected. It was simply a banter between ourselves while dining together one day, and I do not suppose that either of us at that time had the remotest idea of ever attempting such a task. For my own part, I was not aware, at the time, that I possessed any great locomotive powers; and Mr. Eddy has frequently said to me, that, if he had been the unfortunate victim, he should "*most decidedly have preferred to get excused.*"

I did not decide to attempt the feat until Christmas Day, 1860, when I told a friend (Mr. Foster) that, if he would accompany me by following behind in a carriage, I thought I would attempt it. Even then, I did not know how well I could walk. But on the first day of January, 1861, I made a trial of my abilities as a "pedestrian," by walking from Hartford to New Haven, Connecticut, a distance of thirty-six miles. I started from the City Hall, Hartford, at half-past seven, A. M., and left

one hundred and fifty circulars, and did this by going to the doors of as many houses on the road; and I likewise stopped one hour for dinner. I arrived at the Tontine Hotel, in New Haven, at ten minutes past six, P. M., having occupied ten hours and forty minutes in performing the journey.

I did not feel the effects of the walk at all, and did not retire until eleven, P. M., intending to return to Hartford the following day. Having overslept, I did not leave the Tontine Hotel, on my return trip, until half-past nine, A. M. I then stopped at one hundred and twenty-five houses, and sold several copies of a literary work (for which I had left a circular the day previous, to explain the character of the book). I arrived at Hartford at nine, P. M., having occupied eleven hours and thirty minutes on my return trip.

After this, I thought I could walk from Boston to Washington without injury to myself. But, if I needed more convincing proof, I received it soon after. Learning, while in New Haven, that a party had accomplished the same feat the previous *summer*, I thought *I could do better*, even in winter. Accordingly, one evening at half-past five o'clock, in the latter part of January, 1861, I started from the post-office in New Haven, encumbered with a large package of eight-paged circulars. I left three hundred and fifty at as many houses between the two cities, going four miles farther than the direct road, by passing through the village of Wallingford on my return to New Haven, making the whole distance seventy-six miles. I arrived at New Haven at five minutes past five, P. M., having walked the distance, including all stops, in *twenty-three hours and thirty-five minutes*.

Some idea may be formed of the condition of the roads, from the fact that when I reached New Haven there were no soles to my boots. It did not affect me in the least; and, after partaking of a hearty supper, I retired at eight o'clock, P. M., and did not awake until eight o'clock the next morning. I felt as well as usual, and attended church during the day.

I am frequently asked the question, "How fast can you run?" I am not good at running, and never exhibited any

abilities in that way, except on one occasion. It was during my employ as an *attaché* of the NEW YORK HERALD office, in the month of February, 1859, and happened under the following circumstances :

One day, a box had been sent from Mr. Bennett's residence to the office, to be forwarded to Washington by the six o'clock train the same evening. By some mistake, the box found its way back into the wagon, and was returning to the same place it had left but a few hours previous.

The wagon left the office at two, P. M., and I went about my business. About an hour had elapsed, when the gentleman called who was to convey the box to Washington; but the aforesaid box was nowhere to be found. It must have been placed in the wagon, and it had gone the *wrong way*—and I must plead “guilty,” so all agreed. I thought I was in a “fix,” and that I must vindicate myself in some way; and could think of no better plan than to secure the box and send it to Washington that night.

It was then three o'clock; but, taking into consideration the crowded state of the streets, I took it for granted that the wagon in question could not have gone a great distance in an hour. I determined at once to overtake “that wagon,” and bring back the “truant box,” if I had to chase it to Fort Washington.

Amid the jeers of some employees in the office (every one thinking it impossible for me to return in season to mend the matter), I started on a “run” from the corner of Fulton and Nassau streets, and did not stop until I reached the corner of Seventieth street and Broadway, where I found *the wagon and the box*. I was so much exhausted, that I could not stand for some moments; but I soon rallied, and, with the box in my arms, ran back as far as Fifty-ninth street. I then got on board a car, and returned to the HERALD office a few minutes past five o'clock. I had accomplished my undertaking, however foolish. It was my first and *last* “foot-race.”

When I found out my abilities as a pedestrian, I bethought myself to devise some means to defray my expenses. For I

knew that it would be useless for me to attempt to walk from Boston to Washington without companions, and that it was not at all probable I could find two gentlemen who would be willing to *walk* with me, and therefore I must furnish them with a conveyance.

George K. Whiting, Esq., of New Haven, Conn., agreed to furnish a horse and carriage, and a man to accompany them the entire distance for the sum of \$80. I was to pay all their expenses from the time they left Boston until twenty-four hours after my arrival at Washington. Presuming the team would accompany me the entire distance, I thought he would not make much out of the operation; but it seems he intended having the team sold at Washington. In February, I visited New York, to find parties who would like to make use of my excursion as an advertising medium. I had but a few days to prepare, and by the kind assistance of C. C. Yeaton, Esq. (then connected as an employee in the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Co.), I succeeded in securing several parties who furnished me with five thousand circulars each.

The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Co. was the first who became interested, and they requested me to sit for an ambrotype, from which an engraving was taken, which they caused to be printed on 5,000 copies of a little book, entitled "A Home Scene," describing the virtues of their sewing machines, and also on 100,000 cards designed for a similar purpose, for which they paid me the sum equivalent to \$100. My companions distributed 50,000 of these cards on my route, and also a package containing the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Co.'s pamphlet, a circular furnished by Frederick V. Rushton, Esq., druggist, Astor House and 477 Broadway, a circular from Messrs. J. Gurney & Son, photograph artists, 707 Broadway, one from the Rubber Clothing Co., 201 Broadway, and also Joseph Burnett's circular, of Boston. 5,000 sets of the foregoing circulars were enclosed in a wrapper, and one was left at each and every house I passed on the road between Boston and Washington, with the exception of those I passed on Sundays. About two thousand of these parcels, which were distributed between New Haven and New York, con-

tained a pamphlet circular of Messrs. T. L. Kingsland & Son., clothing dealers, No. 82 State street, New Haven, Conn.

The Rubber Clothing Co., through the kindness of their agent, F. M. Shepard, Esq., also furnished me with an entire rubber suit of the best quality, for which I had occasion to be very thankful on the third day of my journey.

All paid me, as they agreed to, for my services save one, Joseph Burnett, of Boston. He agreed to pay me \$50, provided I arrived at Washington, March 4th, *which I did do*.

I left with Mr. Whiting, when I passed through New Haven, orders on Joseph Burnett for \$40, and also on Messrs. Gurney & Son for \$25, and Frederick V. Rushton, Esq., for \$25, to settle the claim he had against me for furnishing the team for my companions to ride in. These were paid. On my applying to Mr. Burnett for the balance due me, \$8 (I had made purchases of him to the amount of \$2), he told me that he did not consider that he owed me any thing, as I had arrived at Washington too late for the inauguration, and consequently had not earned the money. He said that what I had already received I was welcome to, *as I had got it*, but that he should pay me nothing more.

He has since failed.

How are you Burnett?

Having made all the preparations I could for my intended journey, wearied and worn by continued exertion and anxiety, I went to the country on the 20th of February, and remained there until the morning of the 22d. During the week previous to my starting I did not sleep but four nights, and when I arrived in Boston on the morning of the 22d, I was completely worn out. Mr. Charles H. Foster, who took care of me during the journey, and Mr. Abner A. Smith, who had charge of the horse and carriage, arrived at Boston on the morning of the 22d, and all things being in readiness I went to the Tremont house and changed my clothes, and after partaking of a light lunch at 11.40 A. M. I proceeded to the State House and prepared to commence

THE GREAT PEDESTRIAN FEAT.

Friday, February 22d, 1861.

FIRST DAY—THE START—BOSTON.

A large crowd gathered in front of the State House to see the pedestrian off, and cheer him on to the performance of his task. At 11.50 A. M. a carriage drove up to the sidewalk in front of the State House, and Mr. Weston, accompanied by one of his companions, alighted; he had hardly touched the ground when constable A. G. Dawes came forward and informed him that he had a claim against him in favor of Bean & Clayton. Mr. Weston said that it was not in his power to settle it until he returned from Washington, whereupon the officer informed him that he (Weston) must consider himself under arrest. Mr. Weston took the matter very coolly, and requested the officer to enter the carriage and convey him where he liked. As he was on the way to the carriage another person stepped up (whom Mr. Weston supposed to be an officer) and presented a claim in favor of D. F. Draper. Mr. Weston expressed some surprise at seeing him, but said nothing, merely requesting the gentleman to enter the carriage and go to some place to arrange the matter.

He told them how he was situated, and that if they released him *then*, he would settle the claims on his return to Boston. But they refused any thing of the kind *then*, and he, becoming excited, said the only thing he could do was to give them orders on parties who had engaged him to circulate their advertisements, as he had no money; and if they did not accept that offer, he should take the poor debtor's oath. D. F. Draper had an order all prepared on the Grover & Baker Sewing-Machine Company for twenty-five dollars, which he presented for Mr. Weston's signature. It was signed; and *then* his friend (?) Draper seemed very anxious for him to get off, and invited Mr. Weston to call and see his family on his return to Boston. He then went to Officer Dawes's office, and waited while Mr. Dawes went in quest of the lawyer who had caused his arrest. He soon made his appearance, and Mr. Weston told him how he was situated. The lawyer then went and

conferred with his clients (Bean and Clayton), and shortly returned, informing Mr. Weston that he would be released if he paid ten dollars for charges. Mr. Weston told the lawyer that he could not pay a cent *then*. The lawyer then went out, and soon returned, releasing him, on the condition that he was to pay ten dollars on his return to Boston, and settle the claim as soon as possible.

In justice to the officer (Mr. Dawes), Mr. Weston desires to say that he performed his duty, and did every thing in his power to gain his release from custody, and succeeded. At Mr. Weston's request, he held him under arrest until he had passed the limits of the city.

Having arranged matters satisfactorily, Mr. Weston, at a quarter to one P. M. again started for the State House. He mounted the steps of that building three-quarters of an hour behind time, and was heartily received by his friends, and greeted with three cheers by the crowd.

In response to earnest and repeated calls for a speech, Mr. Weston made a few remarks, though he evidently preferred to keep his breath for the long journey before him.

He expressed his regret at having been compelled to keep his friends waiting; but some of his creditors had seized this opportunity, supposing they would get their pay. (Cries of "Shame on them!" and calls for their names.) Mr. Weston would not mention the names of the parties, but said: He had made no money-bets, but had wagered six half-pints of peanuts that he would keep up to the time laid down in his programme. Abraham Lincoln had been elected by the people, President of these United States (applause), and he believed he had been elected to walk to Washington to see him inaugurated, and with God's help he would do it.

His speech was received with loud cheers, and at its conclusion (twelve minutes of one) he started on his journey. He seemed hardly strong enough to undergo the fatigues and hardships he must experience, but was full of courage, and set off at a pace which put all who tried to keep up with him on their mettle. A crowd of several hundreds followed him down Beacon street, cheering and shouting as he passed on.

his way. The crowd gradually decreased, and when the party arrived at the toll-gate on the Mill-dam, nearly all turned back, with three cheers for Mr. Weston and hearty wishes for his complete success. His two companions followed after him in a light carriage, containing his baggage, and the advertisements that were to be distributed on the route.

He was still accompanied by a few friends, who followed him as far as Newton, when they each shook hands with him and bade him good-bye. Mr. Weston *walked the first five miles out of Boston in forty-seven minutes*. He kept a few rods ahead of the carriage, and seemed to grow more refreshed each mile he travelled. On his arrival at Natick, a distance of seventeen miles from Boston, he was met by a company of young men, who were parading at the time; and as he came up to them, they presented arms, and gave him three rousing cheers. Mr. Weston bowed his acknowledgments, and passed on toward Framingham. When within a mile of the town, he came upon a party of drummers, who informed him that they had come out to escort him into town. Mr. Weston thanked them, and accepted their escort, and marched to the Framingham Hotel, where he arrived at a quarter to six p. m. having travelled a distance of twenty-one miles. (He had then *more* than made up the time he was detained at Boston; for, had he left that place at noon, as he intended, his time-table said he would not arrive at Framingham until six p. m.) He and his companions were most sumptuously entertained by the proprietor, Mr. Bolles, and his worthy lady, who paid us every attention. Mr. Weston, while eating his supper, was introduced to several gentlemen, residents of the town, and had a pleasant chat with them. He stated that he felt much better than when he left Boston, and felt confident of success, unless he was detained again. He soon entered the parlor, where there were a number of ladies waiting to see him. While preparing to leave, quite a little incident occurred, in which his companions were not permitted to participate. A gentleman informed him that a lady present desired to send a kiss to the President. Mr. Weston said he had no objections to *receiving* the kiss, but he could not promise to deliver it to

the President. Accordingly, the lady kissed him, and the other ladies present did likewise. He told them that he felt very highly flattered, and, bidding them good-night, left the room.

When Mr. Weston appeared at the door, the crowd outside received him with cheers, and he was compelled to make a short speech in response to their calls. He thanked them for their kind reception, and paid a compliment to our worthy host, Mr. Bolles, who refused to accept any compensation whatever for his entertainment.

One of our horses having been exchanged here, on his way from New Haven to Boston, we again took charge of him, and, every thing being in readiness, at seven o'clock in the evening Mr. Weston left the hotel, accompanied by a large escort of the villagers, headed by the same drummers who had previously escorted him into the town. After proceeding about half a mile, the escort stopped, and, giving him three hearty cheers, they returned homeward, and Mr. Weston struck out for Worcester. He had proceeded about three miles, when he came up to a carriage containing two ladies and a gentleman. The latter informed Mr. W. that the ladies had rode ten miles on purpose to shake hands with him. He thanked them for their attention, and, after a few minutes' conversation, bade them good-night, and passed on.

Notwithstanding the snow and ice, and the consequent bad condition of the roads, Mr. Weston continued to walk at a brisk pace, and appeared to improve more and more each mile. Just after passing the town of Westboro' we heard him laughing, and upon inquiring the reason of his mirth he said that a verdant youth who had left him but a few moments previous had been urging upon him the necessity of his reaching Washington "on time," as he, the aforesaid youth, had bet \$20. He promised to do his best, but at the same time expressed his regret, that any one should have bet upon his performance of a feat, such as he had never before attempted.

He travelled on very fast, occasionally stopping for a bowl of milk or a glass of water, and would frequently inquire the time. He seemed very anxious to reach Worcester "on time," but could not be made to believe that he would pass through

that city unmolested. When within about two miles of the city, we saw a carriage stop and quite a number alight, who proved to be some young men who had come out to walk with him into Worcester. A few moments later we saw an open carriage approaching containing two men; their faces were completely hid as though they were afraid of freezing. Mr. Weston called one of his companions and told him he should be detained at Worcester. It seemed to drive him almost mad, and he began to feel discouraged, but rallying again he said he would brave the worst. The open carriage proved to contain a sheriff and Mr. Balcom, and as soon as Mr. Weston entered the city limits the officer came up and informed him that he was under arrest. The officer offered to accompany Mr. W. to obtain refreshments, but the latter refused, saying he would go to the Lincoln House and attend to Mr. Balcom's case first (who had caused his arrest). As he entered the house he went up to the office, followed by quite a crowd, and demanded of Mr. Balcom why he had detained him. He (Mr. Weston) was very much excited, and made himself worse by entering a sitting room which was uncomfortably hot. He was so unfit, from over-excitement, to attend to any matter of business, that his friends took the matter in hand. After being detained nearly two hours (for Mr. Weston had reached Worcester on time), the claim was finally satisfactorily adjusted, by two gentlemen, almost entire strangers to him, who endorsed his note, payable in two months, for the amount.

Shortly after 2 o'clock he left the Lincoln House and proceeded to a "friend's house," where he found a number of ladies and gentlemen, and a bounteous supper, which had been in waiting over two hours for him.

Although when he entered the city, two hours previous, he was exceedingly hungry, and had not partaken of any thing since his arrival, yet when he went to the table he could not eat, and behaved more like a madman than any thing else.

Saturday, February 23d.

After remaining at his friend's house about an hour, at 3 $\frac{1}{4}$

A. M., he prepared to leave, notwithstanding his friends and companions urged him to lie down and rest himself.

The detention at Worcester surprised us all, and came very near using the "pedestrian" up. He seemed to lose all control over himself, and did not (as he afterward said), know what he was doing. No person who saw him at the time believed he would be able to hold out long enough to travel six miles.

But he insisted upon starting, and did. He had proceeded about a mile from Worcester when he complained of a strange sensation, and said he could not keep his eyes open. He could hardly stand on his feet, and the snow being over a foot deep he fell down several times. Once he gave the order to his companions to turn about and carry him back to Worcester; but in a moment he changed his mind, and said "*he would not go back.*" He seemed to think that if he went back *at all* it would be a failure, and if he went ahead it would kill him, yet said that he would sooner die on the road than back down. No one can imagine what a long and tedious walk it was to Leicester, (only six miles) through snow nearly two feet deep. Mr. Weston almost crept along, stopping to lie down on the snow or on a fence every five minutes during the whole walk. Neither of his companions thought he would be able to go farther than Leicester, but when within two miles of the village he was taken with severe bleeding at the nose, which seemed to relieve him greatly, and waken him up. He arrived at Leicester just at daylight, having been since 3½ o'clock A. M. travelling six miles. During the journey from Worcester his companions lost a heavy woollen shawl, but he would not permit them to turn back for it. On arriving at Leicester, the pedestrian entered the hotel at that place, and found them frying doughnuts; he bathed himself, and obtaining a few doughnuts passed on toward East Brookfield. When daylight came, he seemed to be much recovered from the effects of the excitement of the night previous, and learning that he was six miles nearer East Brookfield than he supposed, he started into a brisk pace, and arrived at the Wawaconnuck Hotel at 8.40 A. M. Here he found a nice breakfast which had

been prepared for him, some two hours previous, by the proprietor, Mr. Peter Parenteau, who treated him with much attention. After breakfast, at 9½ A. M., Mr. Parenteau kindly offering a bed, Mr. Weston retired and slept two hours. We awoke him every fifteen minutes during the time, and when he arose he seemed much refreshed. Here he underwent a severe rubbing for the first time, and during the operation he was notified that, about three miles distant, there was a band of music waiting to escort him into South Brookfield.

At 12 M. he left East Brookfield, and just before he reached the next village he was waited upon by a committee and escorted through the town of South Brookfield by a brass band, consisting of twelve pieces; several spirited airs were played. On arriving at the outskirts of the village they came to a halt and gave him three cheers. Mr. Weston responded by a brief speech, thanking them for their approval and kind reception, which was as pleasant as it was unexpected. We then passed on toward West Brookfield. There was a large crowd collected at that place, who gave him three cheers, and the pedestrian raised his cap in acknowledgment, passing on toward West Warren, where he arrived at 3 P. M. Here a lady came to the road-side and presented the pedestrian with a small American flag, and some young men in the village obtaining a small cannon gave him a salute of seven guns. Quite an elderly gentleman came up and asked the "pedestrian" if he could accompany him a few miles. Mr. Weston readily assented, and slackening his pace a little, they walked together, chatting quite freely. The flag presented to the pedestrian we placed in the whip-socket, and the breeze causing it to flutter, our horse became frightened and started to run; for a moment we were in imminent peril of being capsized, but we soon checked him, and consoled ourselves by thinking *he was not the first, neither will he be the last creature, that has trembled at the American flag.* The elderly gentleman continued journeying with Mr. Weston for about five miles, when he bade him God-speed and left. All along the route from Brookfield to Palmer the people would come to the road-side

and offer him refreshments, and not unfrequently he would partake of milk, also molasses and water.

His companions would also receive similar attentions, and frequently would quench their thirst with an excellent draught of cider.

The pedestrian kept quite a steady pace, at the rate of three and a quarter miles per hour, until he reached Palmer, walking the last mile over a beautiful road in *nine minutes*, and arriving at the Antique House at 6.20 p. m.

Here he was surrounded by a great crowd which had been waiting since 2 o'clock, and much interest was manifested that he should accomplish the feat. Much indignation was expressed at his being detained on the route.

E. B. Shaw, Esq., the proprietor of the Antique House, had a splendid supper in waiting for the pedestrian and his companions, and paid them every attention possible. He not only refused any remuneration whatever, but wished that we should inform him of any thing he could do which would add to our comfort. He furnished us with an excellent apartment, and Mr. Weston, after bathing and rubbing, retired at 8½ p. m.

Sunday, February 24th.

We arose at 2 a. m., and in fifteen minutes were prepared to leave. Mr. Shaw having kindly looked out for our comfort by providing us a bountiful lunch, which we took along.

The pedestrian complained some of his left knee, and walked quite lame for some miles. At 4 a. m., when near Baldwinville, we stopped at the residence of S. M. Bliss, Esq., who kindly furnished the party with a lunch of bread and milk.

At 6 a. m. we arrived at Wilbraham, and it began to rain. The pedestrian for the first and only time donned his rubber suit (presented to him by the Rubber Clothing Co.) He seemed to enjoy it for a change, and walked along quite fast until 7¼ a. m., when we stopped for a lunch on squash pie and a cup of tea. Mr. Weston here took off his rubber suit and started onward; it soon began to grow very cold and windy, the wind blowing directly in his face. It was very muddy in the road and exceedingly slippery, which caused the pedes-

trian to be very irritable. It continued so until we reached Hartford, Conn., at $4\frac{3}{4}$ P. M. Mr. Weston said it was the toughest day on the whole route, and he felt it the more as he was due at Hartford at noon, and had anticipated attending church in that city. Arriving at Hartford, he went immediately to the residence of Mrs. Lambe, and was kindly cared for by all. He had spent the greater part of the winter at Hartford, and being in trouble at the time and somewhat unfortunate, he felt much indebted to the friends he had made during his stay in that city, for their kind assistance; among them were Messrs. D. C. Pond and C. W. Clapp, who did every thing in their power to assist us and make us comfortable. We all feel greatly indebted to Mrs. Lambe for the excellent supper furnished by her. After tea and during the evening Mr. Weston received a few friends, and after the usual process of bathing, &c., at 9 P. M. he retired. He slept nearly three hours, when he arose, and partaking of a lunch in company with C. W. Clapp, Esq., left Hartford at midnight.

Monday, February 25th.

Mr. Clapp walked with the pedestrian a few miles and then bade him good-bye. When about seven miles out of Hartford, Mr. Weston was chased by a dog, and while endeavoring to keep the animal off, sprained his left ankle badly. But he pushed on and walked ten miles farther to Meriden, although he says he suffered excruciating pain, the roads being very rough and his ankle very lame. He arrived at Meriden at 6 A. M., and was kindly cared for by a family living in that place; having slept one hour and partaken of a nice cup of coffee, feeling much refreshed, at 7 A. M. he left Meriden. Soon after he arrived at Yalesville, at the residence of G. I. Mix, Esq., where he had engaged to remain the night previous. He stopped and made his apology to the family, who had sat up quite late, expecting his arrival. At $10\frac{1}{2}$ A. M., we arrived at the residence of D. S. Stephens, Esq., Wallingford, and partook of an excellent breakfast, for which we all felt very grateful. The pedestrian's knee was quite painful, and he left his friend Stephens at 11 A. M., and he was very irri-

table until he arrived at New Haven. During the last three miles previous to his arrival at New Haven, Mr. Weston walked very fast through mud and slosh, and arrived at the residence of Ben Bryan, Esq., 135 Crown street, at 2 p. m. (Mr. Bryan had extended the invitation to Mr. Weston some days previous, and the pedestrian had promised to stop there.)

As he entered the city, he was loudly cheered by the crowd who had been awaiting his arrival for some six hours. We received every attention, and our every want was supplied by our obliging host.

The pedestrian, after partaking of a light lunch, retired and slept one hour and a half. He then arose and partook of a first-rate dinner. After making a short speech to the crowd, at 5¼ p. m. he left New Haven, followed by the largest crowd we had witnessed since our departure from Boston.

At New Haven, Mr. Weston received quite a number of his friends, and all expressed a decided wish that he would be successful.

We here meet Mr. George K. Whiting, who engaged to furnish the team for Mr. Weston's companions. He took charge of the team when we entered New Haven, and supplied us with a fresh one. We here renewed our stock of advertisements, such as we had distributed at houses along the route, Sunday excepted.

Passing through Milford, bonfires were blazing, and ladies waved him "good cheer" with their handkerchiefs. He made a brief stop here at a restaurant, and then goes on to Bridgeport, where he arrives at 11 p. m. He quarters at the Sterling House, and receives the best attention from the proprietor, M. H. Wilson, Esq., who furnishes us with most excellent accommodations and a bountiful supper, not consenting to accept of any thing but our thanks. The pedestrian retires at midnight, and sleeps soundly.

Tuesday, February 26th.

We arise at 5 a. m., and leave Bridgeport at 5½. Pedestrian grew somewhat lame, until he arrives at Fairfield. We find no hotel in the village, but are kindly invited by Mr.

North to partake of a cup of excellent coffee at his house. We here meet a friend from Hartford (Mr. Kelly), and he walks a short distance, chatting with Mr. Weston, when he wishes us all success and bids us good-bye.

Shortly afterward we arrive at Westport (at 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ A. M.) We find the Stars and Stripes thrown to the breeze, and a great crowd greet the pedestrian with cheers as he passes. Mr. Weston then strikes into a fast gait, and at 11 A. M. arrives at Norwalk. Before leaving Boston, a note was handed to us, which proved to be an invitation from J. C. Kelly, Esq., proprietor of the Connecticut Hotel, Norwalk, for Mr. Weston to stop at his house on his arrival at that place. But, upon reaching the town, he did not know which house to go to. Not wishing to create any ill-feeling, he said it was his intention to stop wherever his printed time-table had been sent. Mr. Bradley, of the Norwalk Hotel, came up to Mr. Weston, and waited upon him to his house; but upon an explanation being made, Mr. Weston proceeded to the Connecticut Hotel, where he was cordially welcomed by Mr. Kelly, promising to call at the Norwalk Hotel when he again visited the town. Mr. Weston was kindly received by all, and held quite a *levée* in the parlor of the hotel while waiting for his breakfast. Much enthusiasm prevailed, and flags were displayed upon many of the buildings. At 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ A. M. the pedestrian and his travelling-companions sat down to a bountiful breakfast prepared in Mr. Kelly's usual style, and of which we all ate heartily. Here, as before, money was of no use to us, and none seemed inclined to think we ought to pay for any thing.

The pedestrian was so much pleased with his reception by the good people of Norwalk, that he seemed to gain renewed vigor, and at 12 M. started for Stamford at a brisk pace. At 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ P. M. we arrived at Darien, where we again find the Stars and Stripes unfurled, and much excitement.

At 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ P. M. the pedestrian enters the village of Stamford. Here he finds another crowd awaiting his arrival, and again finds the ever-glorious Stars and Stripes flung to the breeze. He makes a short stay at the Stamford Hotel, and is kindly cared for by the proprietor, W. G. Nichols, Esq., who did not

care to know whether we had any money or not, and, if we had, would not consent to have us use it at "that time." Just as he was leaving the house, a gentleman mounted a platform and proposed three cheers for the "predestinarian." It is needless to add that the predestinarian received the cheers.

Amid the acclamations of the crowd, the pedestrian leaves Stamford at $3\frac{1}{2}$ P. M. At $5\frac{1}{4}$ P. M. we arrive at Horseneck (Greenwich), the scene of General Putnam's daring leap. While passing through the village, a bright little youth about six years of age (whose name we learned was Little Freddie), came forward and presented Mr. Weston with a medal, bearing the portraits of Lincoln and Hamlin on either side. The pedestrian said he should preserve the medal, and ever after remember "Little Freddie."

Just before entering the village of Port Chester, we met a baker's wagon, and obtained a nice, fresh loaf of bread. The pedestrian "blessed *that* baker" many times before he retired that night. We cross the dividing line between Connecticut and New York at 6.19 P. M. The pedestrian *walks two miles in nineteen minutes*, notwithstanding the roads were very rough and muddy, and arrives at the hotel in Port Chester at $6\frac{1}{2}$ P. M. Much enthusiasm prevailed, and he was loudly cheered by the crowd which had accompanied him during the last mile. He makes but a short stop, and receives kind attention from the landlord of the house (whose name we did not learn). Having been introduced to several ladies, he bids them good-night, and proceeds on his journey, arriving at Sibery's Hotel, New Rochelle, at $10\frac{1}{2}$ P. M. He is much amused at learning they do not think he is *the man*, they having been "sold" several times during the evening. Mr. Sibery, the proprietor of the house, was out of town at the time, but every attention was shown the pedestrian by the worthy lady. An excellent supper was set before us, and we all enjoyed it greatly. At $11\frac{1}{2}$ P. M. we prepared to retire. As Mr. Weston was about to ascend to his room, he was introduced to several young ladies, who seemed to pity him exceedingly. The pedestrian thanked them for their sympathy, but expressed himself as being very well, and *very sleepy*.

Wednesday, February 27th.

We arise, and at 5 A. M. leave New Rochelle for New York. Pedestrian encounters very rough roads, but arrives at Harlem bridge at 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ A. M. Here he strikes into another fast gait, and arrives at the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, at 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ A. M.

Lewis Leland, Esq., then takes charge of him, and kindly cares for his wants. A most excellent breakfast was set before him, and we think he very soon took care of that. Mr. C. V. Segar here waited upon Mr. Weston to the photograph gallery of Messrs. J. Gurney and Son, 707 Broadway, where he is presented with three dozen *cartes de visite* of himself by the proprietors. The pedestrian also stood for a photograph as he then appeared.

Soon after, he returned to the Metropolitan Hotel, where he met Mr. George B. Eddy (with whom he had made the wager). Mr. Eddy showed every attention possible, and desired to do more. The pedestrian remained at the Metropolitan until 2 P. M., when he visited the establishment of the Grover and Baker Sewing-Machine Company, 495 Broadway. He here mounted himself upon a table and took a nap until 4 P. M. On awaking, he found a very nice cup of coffee and some lunch, prepared for him by some of the ladies employed in the establishment. It proved very acceptable, as the pedestrian was *prepared to eat at almost any time*.

He soon took his departure, passing down Broadway, making several calls on his way to the Courtland-street ferry, and at 5 P. M. Mr. Weston crossed the ferry to Jersey City, and in company with Mr. Eddy proceeded on the plank-road toward Newark. He walked very fast, and did not slacken his speed during the entire distance, arriving at the city of Newark at 7 P. M. Here a large crowd received him, and he was obliged to call the assistance of several policemen to keep the crowd off his heels. On arriving at the City Hotel, he immediately repaired to his room, and received the congratulations of many of the citizens. He then partook of a hearty supper, and at 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ P. M. retired.

Thursday, February 28th.

We left Newark at 12 $\frac{1}{4}$ A.M., accompanied by a large crowd ; among them Mr. Eddy, who accompanied the pedestrian as far as Elizabethtown, where he arrived at 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ A. M. Mr. Eddy then bade us good-bye and we started on toward Rahway. Here the pedestrian encounters a great deal of mud, which was quite deep, and consequently very difficult to travel through ; he lunches upon sandwiches, and soon after became exceedingly exhausted and sleepy ; complained of a severe pain in his chest, and attributed it to the eating of mustard on sandwiches. He stopped every quarter of a mile and sat down to sleep ; was exceedingly irritable, which caused the whole party to have the blues, of the "darkest kind." Mr. Weston concludes to go back half a mile, to a public house and sleep (we having just passed the village of Rahway). He returns a few steps, when, suddenly throwing off his blanket, he exclaims : "*No, I wont go back !*" and, wheeling around, strikes into a four-mile gait and proceeds about two miles, when we arrive at the residence of Mr. Samuel Forbes. The gentleman kindly invites us into his house, and furnishes us with a hearty breakfast. As he would accept nothing but our thanks, we soon bade him good-morning and passed on toward New Brunswick. The pedestrian keeps up a brisk walk, and arrives at Williams's Hotel, New Brunswick, at 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ A.M. He was escorted to the house by a large crowd, and immediately retired to his room. The crowd surround the house, and remain until he takes his departure. The pedestrian sleeps nearly two hours, and at one P. M. prepares for dinner. At the table he meets a party of Lloyd's Minstrels, who congratulate him upon his success thus far ; and Mr. Cool White, on the part of the company, extends to Mr. Weston an invitation to visit their entertainment, whenever he could make it convenient. After dinner, he visited Mr. Williams, who was confined to his room by sickness, and, while there, a lady requested the privilege of cutting a lock of hair from the pedestrian's head, to which Mr. Weston made no objections. He was also requested by an artist in the town, to sit for a photograph ; but,

being very irritable at the time, he declined to comply with the request.

At 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ P. M. we left New Brunswick, followed by a large crowd; and, finding the roads much better, the pedestrian makes good time, and at 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ P. M. we arrived at the residence of Mr. Charles Shaun (South Brunswick, two miles from Kingston), where we were very hospitably entertained by Mr. Shaun and his family, who urged Mr. Weston to remain with them overnight and offered every accommodation for himself and companions; but Mr. Weston, desiring to reach Trenton that night, declined their kind offer, and after partaking of an excellent supper, bade them good-bye, and proceeded toward Trenton. He had not proceeded far, ere he wished he had accepted the kind offer of Mr. Shaun; for it was very dark, and the roads being exceedingly rough, it was with difficulty that he made any headway.

About 9 P. M. the pedestrian complained of his ankles being very lame, and is fearful that he will sprain one or both. He stops every few minutes and seems to be in excruciating pain. For an experiment, we suggest to him the idea of riding into Trenton, but he will not listen to us and becomes exceedingly irritable, which makes him push forward more briskly. Soon after we stopped at a private house on the road, and the inmates flock to the road-side, loaded with various eatables of which we all partook. Mr. Weston was again kindly invited to stop with the family overnight but declined. (Though we did not learn the names of our worthy host and his family, we are none the less thankful for their kind treatment.) We proceeded, and soon after arrived at a tavern in Clarksville (7 miles from Trenton) kept by Mr. Fairbrothers. It being then 11 o'clock, the pedestrian concluded it was best for all hands "*to turn in,*" and all retired at 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ P. M.

Friday, March 1st.

We arise at 6 o'clock, A. M., feeling much refreshed, as it is the longest sleep we have had since our departure from Boston. Mr. Weston appears greatly improved, and seems more confident of success than ever. After partaking of a light break-

fast, we left Clarksville at $6\frac{3}{4}$ A. M., and the pedestrian walked as well as at any time since his departure from Boston, one week before. The turnpike was perfectly straight, and a beautiful road to travel on. Mr. Weston sprains his great toe which causes him some pain. Notwithstanding this, he arrives at the American Hotel, Trenton, at $8\frac{3}{4}$ A. M. Mr. Weston was kindly welcomed by the proprietor, Mr. J. V. D. Joline, who expressed some regret that he did not arrive the evening previous, as the citizens had made arrangements to give him a grand reception. Mr. Weston felt some disappointment at not arriving there in time, but said, "his being detained at Worcester, Mass., had caused the deviation from his time-table, and came very near preventing his arrival there at all." Just before the pedestrian sat down to breakfast, and while standing in the bar-room of the Hotel, a gentleman hastily entered, and handing to Mr. Weston a sheet of music, said, he was requested to give it to the pedestrian, and then immediately left the room, giving Mr. Weston no chance to thank him or ask who was the donor.

The piece of music was entitled, "Liberty's Reveille," and was dedicated to Hon. John J. Crittenden of Kentucky.

We soon sat down to a number-one breakfast prepared by our worthy host, and while in the enjoyment of our meal, Mr. Weston is introduced to several prominent citizens of the place who congratulated him upon his arrival and energy. The pedestrian seemed to enjoy the honors conferred upon him, and was much pleased at his reception in Trenton. Breakfast being concluded, he prepares to leave, but before doing so, at the urgent solicitation of several gentlemen, he makes a short speech from the balcony of the Hotel. At $10\frac{1}{4}$ A. M., we left Trenton, and crossed the bridge into the State of Pennsylvania. We met quite a number of people who seemed much interested, and wished the pedestrian success. We soon pass Wm. Penn's manor, find the roads quite dusty, but the weather is clear and the scenery beautiful along the banks of the Delaware River. Mr. Weston keeps a brisk and steady walk until he arrives at Bristol, Pa., where he was kindly received by a large crowd who escorted him to the Railroad House, Mr. Wm. Early,

proprietor. This gentleman had sent a note to Boston inviting Mr. Weston to make his stop in Bristol at his house. We were provided with a most excellent dinner, and every thing was done for our comfort by Mr. Early and his family. Mr. Weston learned that the Bristol Brass Band went out on the road at 6 A. M., the morning previous and waited two hours, intending to give the pedestrian the honor of an escort into town. He offered an apology for disappointing them, and explained the cause of his delay.

At 2 P. M., Mr. Weston left Bristol followed by a large crowd who cheer him on his journey. We find the road to Philadelphia a very pleasant one, only though somewhat hilly, and the pedestrian kept a brisk pace the entire distance. He finds it very uncomfortable walking on the flag-stones and brick sidewalks, but arrives at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, at 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ P. M., where we were kindly cared for by the superintendent of the house, Mr. Jones. The pedestrian is invited to take a ride to his room on the steam elevator, but declines, saying, "As he commenced to walk he thought he would not alter his mode of travel until he arrived at Washington:" accordingly he walked up stairs to his room. He was favored with a visit by a few of his Philadelphia friends, and after partaking of a light lunch, and going through the usual process of bathing, retired.

Saturday, March 2d.

We arrived at 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ A. M., and through the kindness of Mr. Jones, we sat down to a very good breakfast. After having renewed our stock of advertisements, at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ A. M., we left Philadelphia, and crossing the Market Street Bridge, we proceeded on the old stage-road toward Baltimore. We found it quite hilly, and having proceeded twelve miles, learned that we had taken the wrong road, which caused the pedestrian to be very irritable. He drank a great quantity of water, and this made him feel quite sick and weak. Stopping several times on the road, we obtained some refreshments, and soon after arrived at the Charter House, Media, where (quite unexpectedly to us) we were cordially welcomed by the proprietor, Mr. D. R. Haw-

kins. The pedestrian slept one hour, and decided to stimulate for the first time on the journey, so he drank a very little sherry wine.

He then ate a capital breakfast, and we all felt greatly encouraged. The sun shining very warm, Mr. Weston took off his coats, and changing his shoes for lighter ones, prepared to leave. The crowd which had by this time collected, gave him three cheers, and he proceeds onward.

The road was quite hilly and somewhat sandy, but the pedestrian pushed onward, and at 6½ p. m., crosses the Brandywine at Chadd's Ford. On the road, during the day, he frequently regaled himself at private houses, where the occupants paid him marked attention. Soon after crossing the Brandywine, we arrived at the Washington Hotel, Hamerton, Chester Co., Penn., where we were very hospitably entertained by the proprietor, Mr. Conlin. Quite a crowd collected in front of the house, but Mr. Weston concluded to sleep a few hours, so retired and slept until midnight.

Sunday, March 3d.

We arose, and having partaken of a good breakfast prepared by Mr. Conlin, at 12½ a. m. started for Port Deposit. It was a long and tedious walk (40 miles); for from the time we left Hamerton until 1¼ p. m., when we arrived at Port Deposit, the pedestrian could not obtain any refreshments to do him any good. Going into Port Deposit we managed to take the wrong road, and Mr. Weston walked down the main street in his *undress uniform*; it being a mile long and on Sunday, it may easily be imagined that he was not in a very amiable mood when he arrived at the Washington House. Here, though unexpected, Mr. Weston was kindly cared for by the worthy proprietor, Mr. Wm. Crompton. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Crompton for his exertions in our behalf; he used every effort, and succeeded in finding the owners of the ferry boat, and after some delay, she was prepared on purpose to convey the pedestrian and his companions across the Susquehanna River. It being Sunday, the boat was not in running order, and we were obliged to wait some time for them

to get her ready. We were well cared for, and partook of a tip-top dinner, after which the pedestrian took a nap, and shortly after 4 p. m., every thing being ready, we left Port Deposit, accompanied by a large crowd, who escorted us across the river. Mr. Weston observing that he would have to wait a few moments for the crowd to pass through the narrow gateway to the steamboat landing, and being in a lively humor, surprised all present by leaping over a fence nearly as high as himself. Having crossed the river, the crowd gave him three hearty cheers, and he walked quite briskly for some miles. Soon after passing the village of Belair, the pedestrian became very sleepy and was exceedingly cross. We stopped at the residence of a Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Weston lay down by the side of the stove and slept an hour, when he awoke, and after partaking of a hearty lunch, furnished by our kind host, we proceeded.

Monday, March 4th.

It was very dark and the clouds were threatening in their appearance. The pedestrian grew weary and almost disheartened. We found an innumerable number of toll-gates, and were compelled to wait for each gate-keeper to arise and unlock the gate before we could proceed; what with hills, dogs, and darkness, it was a long and tedious journey to Baltimore; but we arrived at the Eutaw House, in that city, at 4½ a. m. We here found the excellent and well-known proprietor, Robt. B. Coleman, Esq., up and ready to extend to the pedestrian a cordial welcome and a hearty breakfast. Mr. Coleman was very anxious for the pedestrian to reach Washington on time, and consequently made every one who could assist him hurry things. In a few moments after our arrival we sat down to a hearty breakfast, prepared in the famous style of similar meals at the International Hotel, Niagara Falls, of which house Mr. Coleman had also the management.

At 6 a. m., Mr. Weston left Baltimore. It began to rain, but only continued to rain a short time. The pedestrian walked very fast, and still felt confident of reaching Washington on time. We had proceeded about seven miles when we

found our horse was unable to proceed any farther. We did not know what to do, but Mr. Weston concluded to cross over to the Relay House (two miles off his road) and endeavor to obtain another horse for his companions. We accordingly visited the Relay House, Washington Junction (30 miles from the city of Washington), but was unable to secure a horse. Finding that his companions could proceed no farther, and notwithstanding he was then late, after partaking of a light lunch he bade his friends good-bye (telling them to proceed by rail and meet him at Washington). He crossed over to the road, and walked the remainder of the distance alone. He says that he met but one team on the road, until he came in sight of the Capitol. Mr. Weston walked very fast, and hardly stopped while walking the entire distance; indeed, on his arrival at Washington his lips were very much parched. He touched the back of the Capitol just as the clock struck 5 P. M., after having walked from Boston, Mass., to Washington, D. C. (including all delays and detentions), *in ten consecutive days, four hours and twelve minutes*. Taking into consideration the distance he walked off of the direct road, he must have walked during the journey at least *five hundred and ten miles*. On entering the city he was soon found out, and a large crowd followed him. Being *somewhat* tired after his journey, he accepted the assistance of an officer, who took him into a house, gave him a glass of ale, and then quietly escorted him to the quarters which had been prepared for him.

He found quite a number of his Washington friends waiting to see him, and after a few moments' conversation he lay down upon a sofa and slept an hour; he then arose, and after partaking of a bountiful supper, prepared himself to attend the Inauguration Ball. He went to the ball, but being too sleepy to enjoy any thing, he remained but a short time at the ball, but returned home and retired at 10½ P. M. He slept soundly and did not awake until 11 A. M. the next day.

Mr. Weston felt very much refreshed after his long sleep, and declared that he never felt better in his life. After eating very heartily, in company with a few friends he visited the Capitol, where he met Hon. Christopher Robinson, of his

native State (Rhode Island). Mr. Robinson introduced him to a number of the members of Congress, among them Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, who congratulated him upon his safe arrival, and extended an invitation to Mr. Weston to visit his house.

A few evenings later, Mr. Weston attended President Lincoln's first levee, where Mr. Douglas introduced him to Mrs. Douglas and others. He was also introduced to the President and Mrs. Lincoln, who seemed much surprised that he should possess such great powers of endurance. The President offered to pay the pedestrian's fare from Washington to Boston; but Mr. Weston informed him that as he had failed in the first attempt he felt obliged to try it again, and should walk from Washington to Boston.

NOTE.

Justice to myself and to all concerned, demands my making the following explanation with regard to my detention at Worcester, Mass., on the night of the 22d of February, 1861.

During the latter part of the summer of 1860, I was engaged in business in the city of Worcester, and at that time I boarded at the Lincoln House, then kept by Mr. E. T. Balcom. While there, I managed my affairs very injudiciously, and it may be extravagantly, consequently, I was somewhat involved in debt. As I could no longer attend to my business in or near Worcester, I moved from the city, leaving behind me a debt of nearly \$50, due to Mr. Balcom. I promised to pay him a part of the amount the following November, but was unable to keep my promise. I cannot deny that Mr. Balcom was very patient, and do not blame him for wishing to collect his just due; but why should he choose this particular time? Shortly before I started on my walk to Washington, I wrote him a letter, explaining how I was situated and telling him I would be able to settle the claim he had against me as soon as I had accomplished my walk. I never received any reply to that letter, and thought, from his silence, that he intended to stop me on my way through Worcester if I did not settle the

claim previous to my starting. Accordingly, I sent a friend of mine to see him and arrange the matter, and to tell him that it was not in my power to settle his bill, until I returned from Washington. My friend met me in Boston and assured me that Mr. Balcom would not attempt to detain me at Worcester, as he had not *intimated any thing* of the kind, though he felt displeased at my not settling the bill. Had Mr. Balcom said to the gentleman, that unless that bill was paid he should detain me, some arrangement would have been made. *But he did not, even intimate any such design.* When my friend said to him, on the night of my arrival in Worcester: "Mr. Balcom, you did not give me to understand you would detain Mr. Weston at this time, if the bill was not settled,"—the only reply Mr. Balcom made, was, that *he had made up his mind the night before (21st inst.), that the bill had been standing long enough, and that he would have it settled before I left Worcester that night.* Suffice it to say, had not some friends (almost entire strangers to me) came forward and assisted in adjusting the claim, *I should have been detained in Worcester as long as Mr. Balcom possessed the power to stop me.*

EDWARD PAYSON WESTON.

I had not been in Washington many days after my walk from Boston, before I became dissatisfied with myself and my failure in the undertaking I had attempted; and more especially, as every other person I met, would say to me: "It's too bad, that you arrived here *only* four hours late!"

It was very annoying to me, as I never have made it a practice to undertake the performance of any task and leave it half completed. I knew that the walk was a very difficult task, but I knew from *experience*, that had I not been detained upon the route, I could easily have accomplished it.

Having agreed if I did not succeed at first, I would try it again, I made all arrangements to do so, in April last, and determined upon leaving Washington, April 23d, 1861, to walk back to Boston in "ten consecutive days." As the Southern Rebellion broke out about that time, I thought proper to forego that task for some future occasion, and to use my pedestrian

abilities in serving our government. At the time of the riot in Baltimore (19th of April), and when the communication between Washington and Baltimore and the eastern cities was interrupted, I prepared to take a

WALK IN DISGUISE THROUGH BALTIMORE,

and convey, myself, a mail down to our soldiers, stationed at Annapolis, Md. and Washington, D. C. Messrs Brooks, Brothers, clothing dealers, corner of Broadway and Broome st., New York, furnished me with a disguise, and Mr. G. W. White, hatter, 216, Broadway, gave me a hat which made it complete, and made me resemble a "Susquehanna Raftsman" "on a bender." I took with me 117 letters from Boston and New York, designed for the Mass. and N. Y. Regiments, then at the seat of war. These letters being confined in an enameled cloth bag, furnished by the Rubber Clothing Co., which was sewed into my clothes; on the evening of the 26th of April, 1861, I proceeded in the cars to Philadelphia, where I arrived at 10½ P. M.

Mr. J. E. Kingsley, of the Howard Hotel, corner of Broadway and Maiden lane, New York, had kindly supplied me with a bountiful lunch, and so, without stopping in the City of Philadelphia, I proceeded on foot a few miles out, on the same road I had travelled but a few weeks previous; when I came to a stop, and sat down on the side of the road to eat. It being then past midnight, there was no one travelling, but I was furnished with a sufficient supply of "music" by the incessant barking of dogs. I have always been afraid of a dog, especially at night, and to avoid these animals on this occasion, I would always, when nearing a house where the occupant possessed one of these *attachés*, get over the fence, and passing at the distance of several rods behind the establishment, would thereby avoid meeting the animals; and more than half the distance between Philadelphia and Media, Penn. (14 miles), that night, I presume I travelled over fields and through woods to pass "those confounded dogs." When I arrived at Media, shortly after 1 o'clock on the morning of the 27th, the Charter

House looked so inviting, that I felt very much inclined to enter, and take a snooze. Accordingly I rapped at the door several times, but receiving no answer, I took two sticks and commenced to beat a "tattoo" upon the door, which soon aroused the inmates. Mr. Hawkins came to the door and wished to know what I wanted; I told him a "snooze." He opened the door; when I made myself known, he gave me a hearty welcome, and a nice bed to sleep on. I neglected to say to him that I did not wish it known I was there; so when I arose at 8 o'clock, I found quite a crowd waiting to see how I looked after my "*long walk*." It was my design to travel the same road to Baltimore I had a few weeks previous, and to cross the Susquehanna River at Port Deposit. But receiving several hints from friends in Media, that I might possibly be stopped at Port Deposit by "secesh," I determined to take another direction, but did not make known my intentions to any one.

While at Media, I met the family of the Assistant-Secretary of the United States Treasury (Mr. George N. Harrington). They had arrived at Media the day previous, having travelled in a carriage from Baltimore. They gave me letters, which they requested me to deliver to Mr. Harrington, and inform him of their safe arrival.

At 2 p. m. on Saturday, I left Media, and after going a few miles on the road to Port Deposit, I turned into another road, and after travelling a few miles, I came to the junction depot of the Philadelphia, Westchester, and Oxford Railroad. Being informed that a train would shortly arrive there on its way to Oxford, Penn., I decided to get on board and go to Oxford, and then crossing over during the night, to reach the Conowingo Bridge (nine miles above Port Deposit), and cross the Susquehanna River on the following morning. Accordingly, when the train arrived, I entered the cars, and soon after became acquainted with the conductor Mr. A. P. Danfield, and one of the directors of the road, a Mr. D. Woolper, residing at Chadd's Ford, Delaware Co., Penn. I soon learned from their conversation that they both were "true Union men," and, therefore, as I needed some advice, made myself known. They

expressed some surprise at seeing me, but that did not deter them from showing me every attention.

Upon arriving at Oxford, Mr. Danfield conveyed me immediately to his house, where I was introduced to his worthy lady. We soon sat down to supper, and I being very hungry, never enjoyed a meal more in my life. After supper, Mr. Danfield went out to try and obtain a conveyance to carry me a few miles on my journey, but was unsuccessful. Though I told him I could walk just as well, and was just as much obliged to him, he did not seem much inclined to let me go off in that way; but I insisted that he had done quite enough for me, and more than I had any right to expect, and he concluded to let me have my own way.

Mrs. Danfield very kindly cared for my "appetite," by furnishing me with a nice lunch, and a bottle of "ginger-beer." Having obtained, as accurately as possible, the route I was to take, and bidding my kind friends good-night, at 9 P. M. I left Oxford, to travel a road I knew nothing about. But I was determined I'd travel till I brought up somewhere. During the night I travelled over fields, and through the woods, as I had done the night previous. I frequently stopped on the road side and partook of the lunch which Mrs. Danfield had prepared, and I never ate any thing which seemed to do me so much good as that lunch. I would only drink a small quantity of the beer at a time, fearing it might "give out" too soon.

I had traveled about fifteen miles, when I came to the junction of two roads. I was puzzled, and did not know which road to take here; and seeing a house a short distance off, I proceeded to it and rapped. Some one (who proved to be a woman) inquired from within, "What do you want?" I replied that I wished a drink of water. Says the voice: "Sure, an' I'm a lone woman, an' I'm not afther gettin' up to give ye a drink o' wather this time o'night! Who the divil are ye?" I then replied, that I was a lone traveller, and thought I had taken the wrong road; but before I had time to speak further, she said, "Perhaps ye have, but you can't come in here." I asked her to tell me the road to Peach Bottom, and she an-

swered, "T'other one." Supposing she meant the other road, I started on that, but had travelled it only two miles when I came "chock up" against a fence. I then retraced my steps, and took the other road. I had not gone a great distance before I began to feel like sleeping; and being then, as I supposed, in the state of Maryland, I did not feel inclined to "make any acquaintances." I observed, a few rods from the road, in a field, a tree, and I thought I could manufacture a bed among its branches, and be entirely out of sight. Accordingly, I proceeded to put my plan into practice; and arriving at the foot of the tree, I found a small piece of fence-rail. Securing this, I climbed into the tree, and, placing the rail across two of the limbs, about ten feet from the ground, then sitting upon that, with my back against the trunk, and my feet elevated somewhat higher than my head, I was prepared to take "a comfortable snooze."

I had slept soundly, as I supposed, about two hours, when, probably thinking I was sleeping in a "modern bed," I chanced to turn over, and consequently soon found myself precipitated below. It woke me; I needed no second call to get up. I had used what lunch I had left for a pillow; and unfortunately, when I fell from the tree, I struck on that. It was not quite daylight, and, as it was raining, I thought I would finish my nap in under a haystack which stood near. Crawling in under one side of the stack, I covered myself with hay, and slept nicely until about six o'clock. I then awoke, and not being prepared to "make my toilet," I had only to eat my somewhat damaged breakfast, and proceed on my journey. It was raining quite hard, and, being very thinly clad, I soon became wet through.

I had proceeded but a short distance, when I was overtaken by a farmer. He questioned me as to who I was, where I came from, and where I was going, and then said: "*Boy*, you look quite young to be travelling about here all alone; don't you know it's dangerous, now?" Upon my acknowledging my ignorance of any thing of the kind, he proceeded to inform me that the "d——d Yankees" were trying to create a disturbance and have a war, and that it was unsafe for

strangers to be travelling alone about there, as the Yankees were supposed to have plenty of "spies" on the road; and every stranger, who could not give an account of himself, was locked up in Belair Jail.

The farmer walked by my side, and allowed his team to travel on ahead. I soon found, from his conversation, that he was no friend to the "Yankees," and that it was my duty to play a "Yankee trick" upon him if I could. I learned that we were then about three miles from the bridge over which I intended crossing the Susquehanna river; and, as he insisted upon my riding with him, as he said he was going that way, I readily accepted the invitation, and seated myself in the bottom of his wagon. He kept talking, and asked me, among other questions, my age. I told him, "Sixteen years," which seemed to satisfy him on that point. At last, says he, "Boy, it's getting on toward spring, and I shall want a boy to work on my farm; and as you want a place" (I had previously informed him that I was a poor boy in search of a situation), "I don't know but you'll suit me: can you farm it?" I answered in the affirmative. And then he asks, "Can you milk a cow, plough, &c.?" I told him, "Yes."—"Well, boy, have you got a father and mother?" And I told him, "*No*," but had I possessed an onion at that time, I could have made the answer more effective.

He then went on to say: "Well, boy, *you don't seem to know much*, and would like to learn something, and seem to be pretty active; I guess I'll hire you; I don't suppose you'll expect much wages at first, except your clothes, but I never like to be hard with any body that works for me, and so I'll give you *twenty-five cents a month*, and find ye." (Says I to myself: "Wont he have a jolly time in *finding me*—about an hour from now?") But I thanked him for his *liberality*, and agreed to his terms, but I told him I must see my *aunt* first in Goshen. Says he: "No you don't want to see your aunt, neither; come right home with me now, and then you'll be ready to commence work to-morrow morning." But I insisted, and when I told him my aunt would give me some money, he said he would let me go, if I would be at his house at five o'clock the

next morning. I thought we had travelled a long time to go six miles, and I then asked him how near we were to Conowingo bridge. He very coolly informed me about *thirteen miles*. *I warn't mad then ; perhaps not !*

When I entered his wagon I was within three miles of the bridge, and when I left it I was thirteen miles beyond it. But I could mend matters no better way than to walk, so crossing fields and through the woods, I soon came upon the banks of the Susquehanna, above Port Deposit. It was then raining quite hard, and though I was wet through to the skin, after I had descended to the river, I could not help but stop and looking up admire the tall and craggy bluffs above me. I met an innumerable number of raftsmen along the banks, and I soon joined one of the crowds who were proceeding toward the bridge some seven miles above. I said nothing to no one, but listened to their conversation among themselves, and soon learned that a large crowd were guarding the Conowingo bridge to prevent the Pennsylvania soldiers from crossing the river to Maryland. I thought from their description of affairs that it would not be policy for me to attempt to cross the river by that bridge, and so concluded I would go farther up the river in the hopes of finding a boat. I proceeded on eight miles above the bridge, and came to the village of Peach Bottom. I waited there until dark, and then securing a boat I crossed the river.

I travelled on some three miles through the woods, and it being very dark and not knowing the exact road, I determined to turn beggar, and find some benevolent person who would lodge me. I came to a house soon after, and asked if they would please give a poor traveller a lodging. They asked, "Have you got any money?" I said, "No." (For I was like the Irishman who said, if steamboats were selling for a penny a-piece, he had not money enough to buy a gang-plank.) "Then you can't lodge here." I went on, but upon my next application, I came across a Quaker, whose name I do not remember, says he: "Friend, I do not know thee, but if thee behaves thyself, thee shall not want for a bed." I informed him that I was on my way to Baltimore to work for a Mr. Church, a lumber merchant of that city. He informed me of

the troubles there, and also told me it was about fifty miles from his house to Baltimore. Says he: "It's a pretty long walk, but if you could walk as well as the man that walked from Boston to Washington, you would not mind it much." I expressed my inability to walk so far, and there the conversation ended. I retired and slept soundly until six o'clock the next morning, when I arose and proceeded on my journey after partaking of a good breakfast.

From what I had learned concerning Belair, I determined to avoid going through that town, and to keep out of sight as much as possible, I travelled on in that way some twenty-five miles. At last I perceived an elderly Quaker gentleman approaching me on horseback, and I thought I could with safety question him a little as to my whereabouts. He informed me that I was then twenty-three miles from Baltimore, and three miles from the old Harvard road, which would take me into the city. "But," says he, "friend, I would advise thee to keep away from there, as it is in trouble, and the road is guarded every mile to prevent soldiers and suspicious-looking persons from entering the city." I told him I was going there to drive a lumber wagon for Mr. Church; but he thought I would not be allowed to proceed far on my journey. I left him, and, following his directions, soon came upon the Harvard road.

I had not proceeded far, before two men stopped me and inquired who I was. I told them I was from Goshen, and was going to Baltimore to work for Mr. Church. Says they: "Where's Goshen?" Says I: "It's in Maryland, about fifty miles from here." They said they never had heard of any Goshen in Maryland. Neither had I, but I knew that I had got to make them believe Goshen was in Maryland, and therefore proceeded in a clumsy way to give them a short lesson in Geography. They soon told me I was "a fool," and to go on. I then travelled on, meeting quite a number of people, but was not disturbed again. Whenever I heard a wagon approaching as I neared Baltimore, I would hide myself by the roadside. Just before entering the city I saw a soldier mounted on a horse coming toward me. There being no place to hide, I took

the middle of the road, and, greatly to my relief, perceived that he was drunk, and passed by without noticing me in the least. I soon reached Baltimore, and seeing a crowd of Irish women standing in the street, I asked one of them the way to Ais-quith street; says she: "Divil an Ais-quith street is there here, you must be a Yankee." Quickly correcting myself I said As-quith street, and obtaining the desired information, I proceeded to the residence of E. J. Church, Esq., and making myself known, I was kindly cared for, and soon sat down to an excellent supper. I arrived there at 9 p. m. The good people urged me to stay overnight, but I desired to perform my mission as soon as possible, and Mrs. Church having placed in my hands a bountiful lunch, in company with a friend of the family, at 11 p. m., I left the house. Passing through the city at that late hour, I observed a motley crowd on almost every corner, and did not feel inclined to make any longer stay in Baltimore at that time, although but a few weeks previous I had been kindly entertained by a number of the citizens on my way east, after having walked to Washington.

After reaching the outskirts of the city I bid my companion good-night, and walking on the railroad track, nothing of importance occurred until I reached the Relay House, ten miles from Baltimore. I had just passed the depot, walking very carefully, when I came upon a clump of bushes; thinking I heard a noise I stopped and listened; the moon shone a little, and I observed only a rod ahead of me a sentry (I could only see the bayonet by the light of the moon). I stood perfectly still for a few moments, and finding that he had not seen me, I waited a favorable chance and passed him. I then congratulated myself upon being clear; judge my surprise, when I had proceeded a few rods farther, and came in sight of the viaduct bridge at that point, to find two large bonfires, and on each side of them two benches, on each bench a man, and on each man two "elegant revolvers." There was a picture for "impudence" to contemplate! I had to hang on to my hat, for *my hair was rising*. But at last a spirit of recklessness seized me, and creeping cautiously upon my hands and knees I gained the bridge, for the valiant guard were both fast asleep.

I was so much excited that when I reached the opposite end of the bridge I fell down. But soon picking myself up, I proceeded onward eight miles farther, when I was saluted with, "Who goes there?" Supposing that I had arrived at Annapolis Junction, and that the troops were from Massachusetts, I answered, "Never mind;" but was saluted again with "Stand and give the countersign." At once knowing my situation, I told the sentry to call the corporal of the guard. The corporal approached me with a revolver in each hand, and escorted me to the officers' quarters.

It proved to be the Sixty-ninth Regiment of New York, Col. Michael Corcoran. Capt. Lynch was officer of the night, and Lieut. Giles came up to me and inquired who I was. I told him that I was the bearer of letters to the Massachusetts and New York regiments. I stayed talking with them for an hour or two, not dreaming that I was under arrest, or suspected of being a spy for the rebels. But such was the fact. When I attempted to proceed on my journey, I was told to wait until Lieutenant Colonel Nugent awoke, Col. Corcoran being then at Annapolis.

It was about 3 A. M., Tuesday morning, when I arrived there, and at 5 A. M. I was brought before Lieut. Col. Nugent. He demanded my business there, and I told him. He then demanded the letters, and I gave them to him. They were all directed to members of the different regiments, with the exception of two for the Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury. As soon as my person was searched, Lieut. Col. Nugent ordered Capt. Lynch to put me in the guard-house, a nasty, filthy place, about ten feet square, wherein were confined three or four of their own men. I thought it was an elegant place to invite a man into who had walked seventy miles in less than twenty-four hours, and who needed at least a decent place to sit down in. But I had to "go in and bear it." I remained there about two hours, when the assistant paymaster of the regiment (whose name I have forgotten), came and said he recognized me, having seen me on my way to Washington, in February, when passing through Jersey. He obtained permission to take me from the filthy guard-house

and give me the liberty of the officers' quarters, and after the officers had breakfasted, I was invited into their room to eat my breakfast. I was then placed on the outside of the officers' quarters, and a guard set over me with a strict injunction to keep their eye on me. In the meantime I had my eye on a barrel of eggs which stood near me, and for the first time in my life raw eggs were a luxury.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon, Colonel Butler (brother of Major-General Butler) came from Washington, and spoke with me. He had a hearty laugh at my expense, and offered to assist me. I told him I preferred to wait and see the result, and he left me. Soon after, Judge J. H. McCunn, of New York, who then had charge of the trains running between Washington and Annapolis, came and placed me on board the cars, intending to take me before General Butler, stationed at that place; but the officers of the Sixty-ninth would not give him the letters, and so he was obliged to leave me behind till Colonel Corcoran should arrive—at the same time charging the sergeant of the guard to treat me kindly, as I was "all right." My patience had by this time about run out; and, being very irritable, I exclaimed that I was tired of being hauled round by an (calling them no flattering name) Irish regiment—for which expression I was kindly escorted to the aforementioned guard-house, where I was duly installed for *four hours*. I offered every apology, but 'twas no use; the sergeant was inexorable. At last, Adjutant McKeon, of the regiment, came and released me for dinner.

After dinner, I was again placed on the outside of the officers' quarters as before, and soon had the pleasure of seeing Captain Chapin, then on Governor Sprague's staff, from Rhode Island. Captain Chapin, seeing my uncomfortable situation, used his utmost efforts to gain my release, but without avail. At night I laid in under a table in the officers' quarters, covered with a cape about half a yard square, which one of the surgeons kindly threw over me while I was asleep.

The following day Colonel Corcoran arrived, and late in the afternoon he called all the commissioned officers together in his quarters, and he and the chaplain of the regiment (Father

Mooney) interrogated me closely. Colonel Corcoran said that but one of those letters looked suspicious, and that was directed to a member of the Cincinnati Zouaves. He opened that letter, and read, "My dear son," and then came to the conclusion 'twas all right; but thought best to telegraph to J. E. Kingsley, Esq., proprietor of the Howard Hotel, New York, to see if I was all right. Receiving a satisfactory reply from Mr. H. S. Moore, who, in the absence of Mr. Kingsley, had answered the dispatch, I was released. And when it was known who I was, Colonel Corcoran and his officers insisted upon it I was their *guest*, not prisoner, and I wanted for nothing to make me comfortable. I am much indebted to Adjutant McKeon and the assistant paymaster of the regiment, together with the surgeon and his assistant, for their kindness toward me during my detention.

As soon as the train for Annapolis came along, I took the letters, and Judge McCunn kindly cared for me. Upon our arrival at Annapolis, the judge took me to General Butler's head-quarters; and the general, after congratulating me on my deliverance, furnished me with a pass, and I proceeded to the quarters of the Boston Light Artillery, where I found Officer Dawes (with whom I had become acquainted some weeks previous in Boston). Mr. Dawes furnished me with a nice supper and a place to sleep; and the following morning, in company with Judge McCunn, I left Annapolis for Washington. On the road, the cinders from the locomotive nearly burnt my clothes off me; but, fortunately, I had a change of clothing in Washington.

I arrived in Washington during the afternoon of Thursday, and, after delivering the letters in my keeping to the various parties to whom they were addressed, I went to my old quarters and changed my clothes. And thus ended my "WALK UNDER DIFFICULTIES."

TO MY FRIENDS AND THE PUBLIC.

I HAVE many reasons for wishing to attempt to walk from Washington to Boston a second time, and will here explain some of them.

I never have made it a rule to commence any thing and leave it "half done." Having once made the attempt to walk such a distance and at such a time, and it proving a failure, I deem it a bounden duty to "try it again;" inasmuch, as some persons have intimated that I could have made up the lost time, if I had not been hired to do otherwise, or in other words, it was policy for me to arrive in Washington too late to gain the wager. To such I have nothing to say, I consider them beneath a *man's* notice. For there are those who know my late arrival in Washington proved not only a serious loss to myself, but placed me and one of my companions in a very mortifying position. Having met so many creditors on the route, and given orders on the parties for whom my companions had distributed circulars, I was entirely destitute of funds upon my arrival in Washington. I was obliged to remain there three weeks, and could not then have proceeded east, had not Mr. Coleman, proprietor of the Eutaw House in Baltimore, furnished me with a loan sufficient to pay my expenses home; also, Mr. J. E. Kingsley, of the Howard Hotel, New York, although then a stranger to me, learning my circumstances, generously extended an invitation for me to remain at his house, until I could extricate myself from the difficulties by which I was then surrounded. This I think is convincing proof, that my arriving *late* in Washington did not enrich me "*much*."

Some may think my "time-table," which allows me only *seven days' time to travel 478 miles, incredible*. But having walked in the month of February, "*eighty miles in twenty hours*," and over roads then in the worst condition, and 510 miles in "*ten consecutive days*" a few weeks later; I have no fears of a failure, or of *meeting with any obstacles to prevent*

my keeping pace with the time-table of my intended walk in May.

Another important reason for my exercising my walking abilities is, by so doing, I shall be able to "*pay my debts*," and to *repay those who have been friends to me when I most needed assistance*. I cannot close this without saying one word with regard to my companions, Mr. Chas. H. Foster and Mr. Abner A. Smith, who took care of me on my walk from Boston to Washington. They did for me every thing in their power, and I wanted for nothing they could add, to make me comfortable. None but those who have been similarly situated, can form a correct idea of what they had to endure. Watching me constantly night and day (and when travelling, they rode in a narrow contracted carriage); anticipating my every want, I had nothing to do but to "Walk." Had I been an own brother to them, I could not have received kinder attention. My future actions *will, I think*, speak louder than words.

Very respectfully,

EDWARD PAYSON WESTON.

NEW YORK, 31st *March*, 1862.

TIME-TABLE.

In my attempt to walk from Washington, D. C., to Boston, Mass., in "*eight consecutive days*," I shall endeavor to make use of the subjoined "time-table," and I think from what experience has already taught me, that I can accomplish the feat, as I have no fears of again being detained by "CREDITORS." I shall be accompanied by four gentlemen who will act as witnesses, *they will be my companions the entire distance*, and will on my arrival in Philadelphia and Boston, *certify under oath*, as to my performance of the task. They will ride in a carriage, drawn by two horses, and keep behind me a short distance at all times when on the road.

One carriage will be used the entire distance, changing horses and driver *eight times*.

LEAVING CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, MONDAY,
MAY 19th, 1862, at 5 P. M.

TUESDAY, May 20th, 1862, Dis. from Washington.
Arrive at Baltimore (Entaw House), at 3 A.M., . 40 miles.

It is my intention at this point of my journey to make an attempt to perform that, which some may think impossible, viz.: to *walk* from the Entaw House, Baltimore, to the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, crossing the Susquehanna River at the Conowingo Bridge, thereby walking the entire distance, *one hundred and three miles* (including all stops), in "*twenty-four consecutive hours*." I think I can accomplish what I undertake, "*but it remains to be proved*." I shall leave Baltimore at 12 M., on Tuesday, and proceed by the following route from Baltimore to Philadelphia:

Baltimore to Conowingo Bridge (38 miles)—(crossing Susquehanna River at that place); Conowingo *via* Rock Springs and Kirk's Bridge to Oxford (17 miles); Oxford *via* Hazeville, Russellville, White Horse Tavern, Taggart's Cross-Roads, Parkersville, Darlington's Corner, and thence by the Street Road to Philadelphia (48 miles).

Provided I am successful in the above "*test of man's powers of endurance*," I shall then continue my travelling as follows:

WEDNESDAY, May 21st, 1862, Dis. from Washington.
Arrive at Philadelphia (Continental Hotel),
at 12 M., 143 miles.

THURSDAY, May 22d, 1862, Dis. from Washington.
Arrive at Bristol (Earley's R. R. Hotel), at

7 A.M., 168 miles.

" Trenton (Amer. Hotel), at 11 A. M., 179 "

" Residence of C. Shann, Esq., at

3 P. M., 195 "

" New Brunswick (Williams' Hotel),

at 6 P. M., 205 "

" Elizabeth, at 12 P. M. (retire), . 225 "

FRIDAY, May 23d, 1862, Dis. from Washington.
Arrive at Newark, at 7½ A. M., . 231 miles.

" New York (Howard Hotel), at

10 A. M., 241 "

FRIDAY, May 23d, 1862.		Dis. from Washington.
Arrive at New Rochelle (Sibery's Hotel), at		
3½ P. M.,		259 miles.
" Stamford (Stamford House), at		
8 P. M.,		279 "
" Norwalk (Conn. Hotel), at 10½ P. M.		
(retire),		288 "
SATURDAY, May 24th, 1862,		Dis. from Washington.
Arrive at Bridgeport (Sterling House), at		
9½ A. M.,		302 miles.
" Milford, at 12 M.,		311 "
" New Haven, at 2 P. M.,		320 "
" Hartford (Allyn House), at 12 P. M.		
(retire),		356 "

Having made a promise to my "mother," that when I again attempted to walk from Washington to Boston, *I would not* use the Sabbath in the performance of my task; I feel that out of respect to her wishes, it is my duty to keep that promise, and therefore, *under no circumstances whatever will I continue my journey between the hours of twelve, Saturday night, and twelve o'clock, Sunday night.*

MONDAY, May 26th 1862.		Dis. from Washington.
Leaving Hartford at 12¼ A. M. :		
Arrive at Palmer (Antique House), at 12 M.,		396 miles.
" South Brookfield, at 5½ P. M., . .		416 "
" Worcester, at 11½ P. M. (retire), . .		436 "

TUESDAY May 27th, 1862,		Dis. from Washington
Arrive at Framingham (Bolles' Hotel), at		
11 A. M.,		457 miles.
" BOSTON CUSTOM HOUSE, at		
5 P. M.,		478 "

I shall *walk the entire distance* (save crossing the Ferry between Jersey City and New York), inside of *eight consecutive days.*

EDWARD PAYSON WESTON.

MEMOIR.

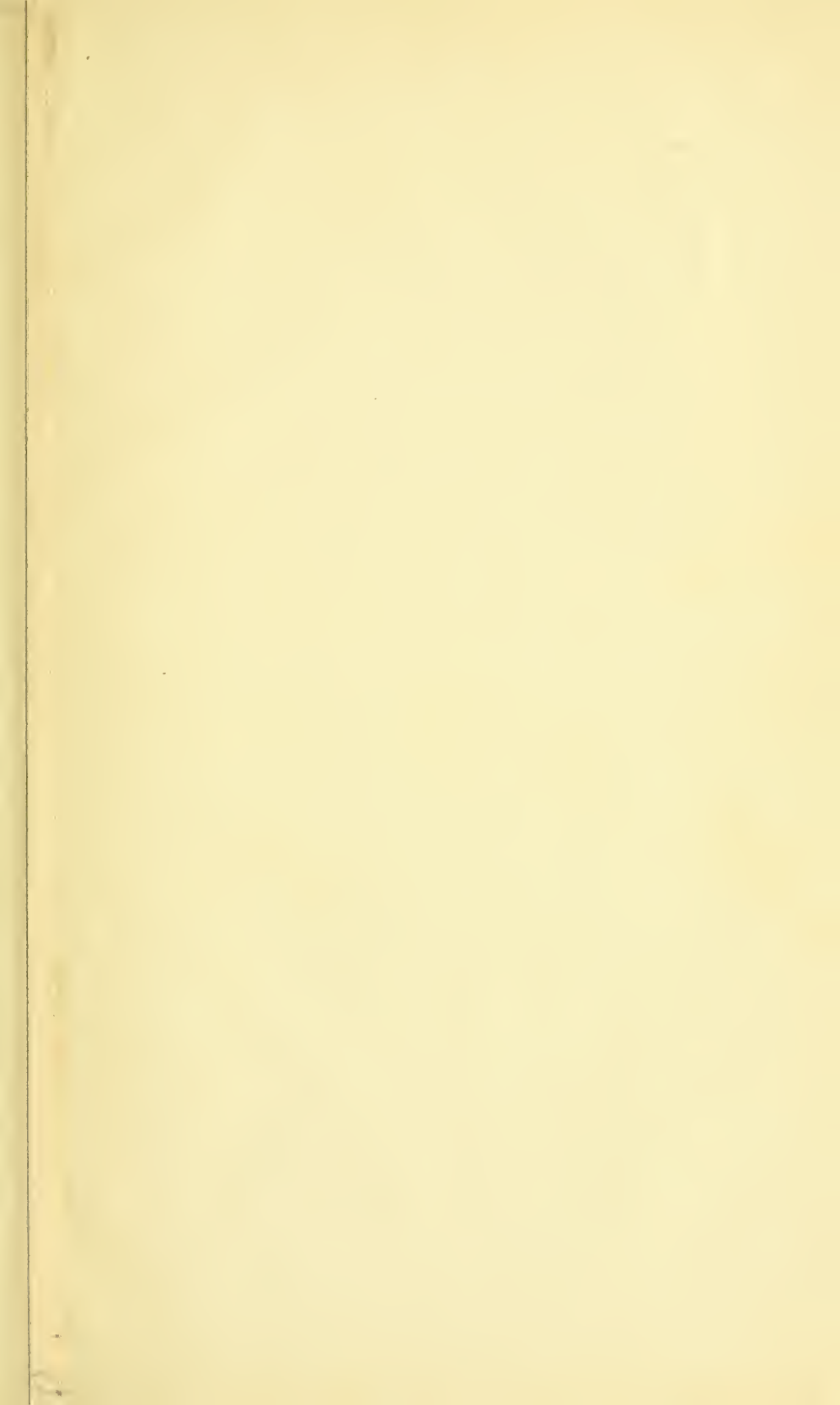
EDWARD PAYSON WESTON was born in the City of Providence, R. I., March 15th, 1839. When he was ten years of age, his father became afflicted with the California gold fever, and left him and three other children with their mother, to go to the modern El Dorado. During the winter of 1849 the Hutchinson Family visited Providence, and young Weston urged his mother to allow him to accompany them on their travels. His mother being in feeble health, thought they would be good guardians for him, and gave her consent. He travelled with them for a year, selling candies and song-books at their concerts. Afterward, he resided with one of the brothers (Jesse Hutchinson), at High Rock, Lynn, Mass. In the year 1851, he attended the Adams School at Boston, Mass., for six months, paying his board by selling candies at Ordway Hall, during each secular evening; Mr. John P. Ordway (then the proprietor) giving him permission to do so. In the summer of 1852, his father returning home, young Weston did likewise, and attended school for a short time. In 1853, he published a pamphlet, descriptive of his father's travels in California, and was very successful in selling it in the principal cities. During a portion of this time, he acted as news-boy on the Boston, Providence, and Stonington Railroad. In the year 1854, he occupied a similar position on the steamer Empire State, running between New York and Fall River, Mass. His father not permitting him to remain there, he soon returned to Providence, and became a clerk for a merchant in that city. He remained there six months, when his father obtained a situation for him, to act as an apprentice to a jeweler in Providence. He worked hard to learn a trade he never liked, but finding too many branches to it (*sawing wood, etc.*), and no pay, he soon retired from the business. In the winter of 1855, he published another pamphlet, descriptive of his father's travels in the Western Islands. It did not prove successful, and he again began to lead a roving life. He became discouraged, and in the spring of 1856, attached himself to a

Circus Company, and travelled with them, under an assumed name, a part of the summer. In June of that year, while riding on one of the wagons belonging to the Circus, and when near Tyngsboro', Mass., he was affected by a stroke of lightning, and came near losing his life. A few days later, he refused to appear with the company in Boston, and consequently was discharged. Being destitute, and too proud to visit his relatives, in such a condition, and seeing Spalding & Rogers' Circus advertised to appear in Quebec, Canada, he obtained a pass, and upon arriving at Quebec, fortunately found they were in want of a drummer.

THE CELEBRATED BUGLER, THE LATE EDWARD KENDALL, knowing young Weston's condition, kindly assisted him, and though he knew nothing about a drum, Mr. Kendall, and his son George, proceeded to teach him, and in a short time he made a satisfactory "drummer." Mr. Kendall cared for him as if he had been his own son, and young Weston travelled through the Canadas and the Western States, with Spalding & Rogers' Company. The Company separating in Cincinnati, Ohio, young Weston returned to New York in the winter of 1856, with renewed ambition, and with brighter prospects in view than when he left that city but a few months previous. He then became engaged in the book business, and has followed it most of the time since.

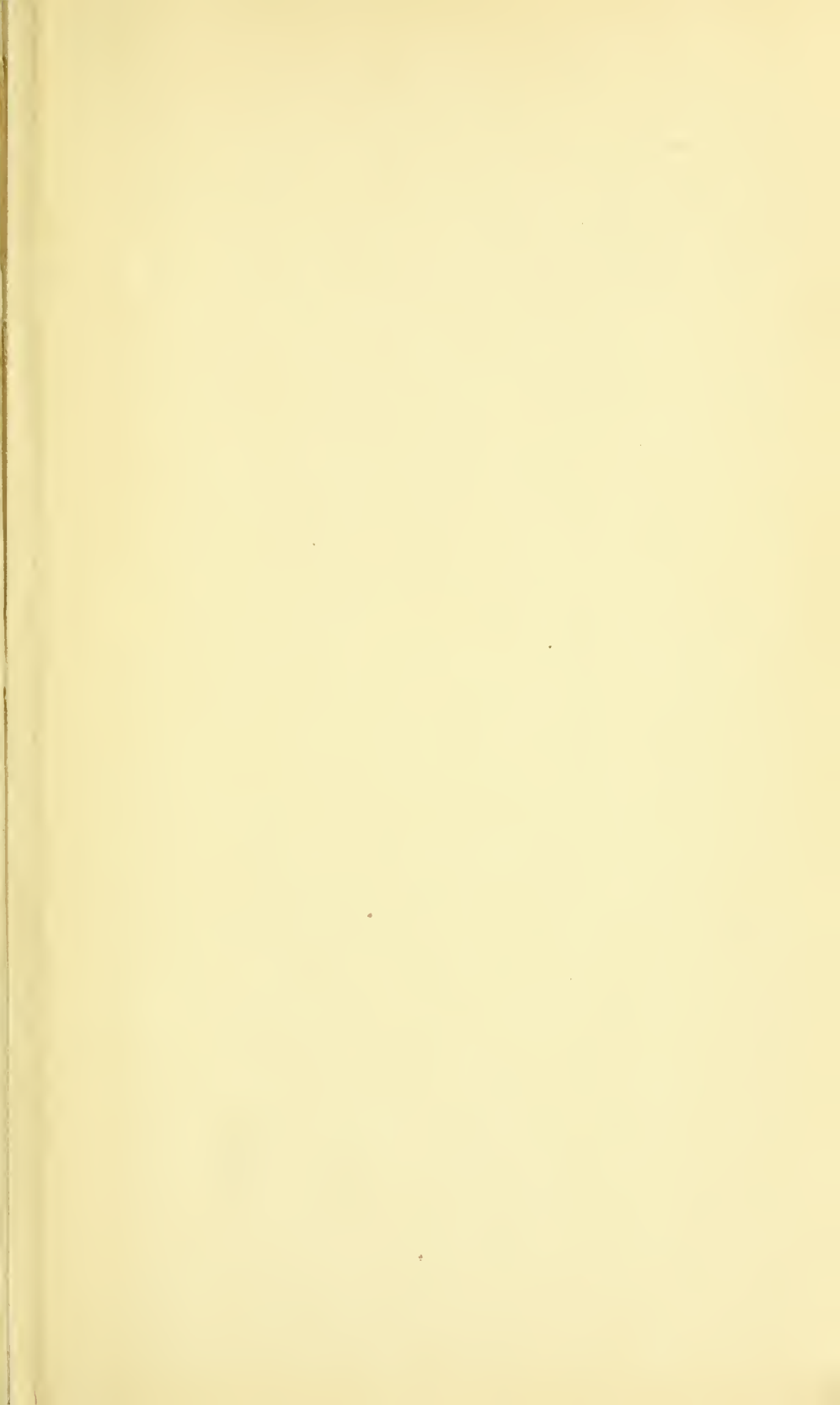
In the year 1859, he published a book, written by his mother, entitled, "*Kate Felton; or, a Peep at Realities*," which met with a prosperous sale, until the failure of parties in Boston, in January, 1861, took it from his hands. He hopes soon to enter a more laudable business than pedestrianism; but as *his heels* are the only things which he has to rely upon at present, he considers it his duty to allow them to serve him, when *all else fail*.

In testing man's powers of endurance, he enters into no training whatever, but eats plain food, and abstains from drinking any stimulating liquors. He never becomes "leg weary or foot sore," but sometimes may be considered "*very sleepy*." He measures 34 inches around his chest, and 26½ inches around his waist. His weight is 130 pounds.









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