Washington, D.C. Mar. 11, 1860

My Dear Mary Ann,

The meeting that our folks appointed for last Wednesday, after which I expected to get away, has dragged along, the meeting not getting here till yesterday, so the meeting will be held tomorrow.

Sibly is now here, also, Faxon & Nelson of Utica, Cynoel Field of N.Y., & Dr. Jones of N.Y. Barnum & others will be here tomorrow. Where we shall take up the subject of the California Bill, and discuss it, hear and decide whether or not to change the program.

As the bill now stands, we ask the Govt. to contract with the Tel Co. for the use of a Cal. Tel. for Gov't use, paying $50,000 per annum for 10 years, with right of way, use of land for stations, with right to buy the same if necessary to the extent of 40 acres at each station at 1.50 per acre.

Therefore expect to get away by Monday. When I shall stop to publish and get home by Saturday, if nothing happens.

I have got quite tired of staying here, not because the object of interest is exhausted, because I am unexpectedly detained and had...
other plans for the employment of my time.

I would spend and shall spend about a month here doing the objects of interest, but I want you with me so that you too can enjoy the same opportunity and I can avoid any of the advantage of having a lady with me which secures a fellow亚马逊 advantage, that masculine humanity is deprived of or secures by stealth.

Though I have devoted as much time as possible in pursuing the telegraph upon the attention of Members, still I have had some time to spare and have improved it in drooping around among the current amusements of the capital, last Tuesday being the President's reception night (which occurs once a fortnight), I called up at the White house, shook hands with James the Usurper, circulated through the gaudy apartments, and gay through until the crowd became too dense to be pleasant when I returned to my hotel.

Everybody goes to the President's balls, and it is quite common for the crowd to be so great as to render it extremely unpleasant, especially for ladies who trail
a yard of rich damask silk, behind which
that gets, though she is a very good, and
evry now and then anchor the main, till the Atlantic,
of a huge pan of boots can be stored.

Thursday I went to Mt Vernon with the Boston
leaving him at 11, 4th terming at 3 P.M., giving,

It was 17 years since my former visit to
the Tomb of Washington, and delapidation
and decay, had wrought a change, in that
period, the house very much decayed, so
much so that rough steps had to be
set up, to support the pierza, from
falling. The same universal destructor had
made sad havoc with fancy, art building
and every thing finishable, it seems. That
the late owner, though a direct descendent
of the Good & Great Washington, and a bear
of his money, had done nothing to preserve
the estate from the most galloping con-
duction, and but for the ladies present
a few years would have obliterated the
last trace of the residence of the
father of his Country.

In the vicinity of the tomb a few
monumets has been erected to the memory
of other members of the family, which is
the only change noticable,
Friday evening I again called on Joe Seward. It being his election night, this was the third time, I have been at Seward, and each of the occasions has displayed the same pleasantries in the company, the reception, and its social greetings, and treating. A short time since, after the Penn Republicans, held their convention and recommended Cameron as the choice of Penn. Some of the delegates were there and attended one of Seward's election. While circulating through the crowd, eating ice cream and drinking champagne, Seward came up to them, and said goodnaturedly, "That he thought it was too bad that they should recommend Cameron for the Presidency and then come here to drink his wine." The other night, I mentioned to him the result of the election, he said, "Oh! yes, it is but a little while since I could dine all the Republicans on four plates, but now it would take more than six months sitting all the plates he could butcher each day." He is full of pleasant jokes of that kind and always a confident and happy as a new well can be.

Yours affectionately

Edward Cornell

Mary Ann

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