Georgetown College, Nov. 14th, 1849.

My dear father and mother,

Your very welcome letter was duly received. Danie also got one. I think that it would save you some trouble if you would write to Danie one time and to me another. I show Dan all of my letters and he shows me his. As you would save time, labor, and money this way. You can however make up for this by writing somewhat oftener.

This week has been a very idle one, since we were given a holiday on Tuesday on account of the National Fair, and speaking on Friday and today is a holiday of obligation. There was a great deal of doubt...
Whether we would get a holiday
in order to see the National Fair
but every doubt was banished on
Tuesday morning by the announce-
ment that there would be no clap.
Dannie and I started out and
walked down to the depot and
on the way we met the procession.
On both sides of the street were
dense crowds of all kinds of
people. Anybody who could take
up a coat or anas seemed to
be out. I never saw so many
negroes; all shades and sizes.
The procession was simply a lot of
advertisements, some of which were
very curious. The furniture man
put a bed on a wagon and in
the bed sat an old woman, at
least some thing that looked like
an old woman. Wherever this
spectacle was seen, everybody
commenced shouting and laughing. A barber, who had advertised “cutting children’s hair especially,” was engaged in mowing the auburn locks of a dirty hodlum, while in the order of the wagon were a lot of little negros who were waiting for their turn. I pity the man whose hair was slick with the grease with which they were oiled up. Some farms had very long lines of men and wagons so that the whole length of the procession was about four miles. Just before we reached the train it commenced to rain and when we got to the farm grounds, about two miles from the Capital, we had to wade through the mud and water for some distance after a half hour or so that clouds dispersed and the sun shone brightly. A profitor then gave an exhibition of tight rope walking, going backward, forward, blind-
I fell, in a bag and with his head downward, swinging along by means of his feet alone. A single woman who was standing near me remarked in an austerely strict voice: “Well, I guess God made man to walk de ope.”

Then were all kinds of little games to patch the rural bumpkin. In the afternoon there were horse races, of which we only saw one. Today we went out and saw the “Mighty Dollar.” It is getting somewhat old now but is still very good. Mrs. Florence as Mrs.

Self and was conspicuous for her paint and beautiful dresses; Worth, and a New York firm made them and they were very nice. The weather has been rather cold and windy for the last few days but we have had no snow nor ice yet. Give my love to Maggie and tell her to write me.

Yours affectionately,

W.L. McLaughlin.