

West Point, N.Y. April 24, 1855.

To Mrs
Parmelee.

+ + I am fresh from the woods. I have
 rambled all over the mountains today, and have
 had some charming talks with our Undine-chorus
 who are as merry and loquacious as if they were
 not cold water drinkers. Then I have had nice
 times with the Liver-worts, the Blood-worts, and
 other spring beauties, who have "their little me faces
 above the [ground] giggling and laughing with
 all their might," + + I am glad to hear that
 you are progressing so well in German, & not that
 story of the Elze a beautiful one? Your wish to
 have some easy dialogues to read, reminds me of
 some of Tieck's comedies which I think you would like,
 particularly his version of Puss-in-Boots which is
 full of wit, and his Blue Beard, parts of which
 are admirable.

I have been very busy with the "queer in-
 strument" of late, having struck a vein of rich gem
 of the ocean which gave the bottom of the Gulf the
 I know you can sympathize with my feelings of plea-
 sure and almost of awe, in feeling that I am placed
 it were in direct communication with the Deity
 called upon not only to behold wonders which
 mortal eye but mine has yet beheld, but that
 is my mission to reveal these "thoughts of
 to mankind. There seems to be no end to
 beauties and wonders which are in the sea

peace-breakers. The Doctors are condemned no doubt to their own favorite Poppy, the Seneca, the Cassia, and the Assa foetida. The Jesuits and Monks still wear their cowls in the Monks-hood, and hallelue. The rare choice plants only blooming on mountain crags, amid the spray of cascades, or in cool shady ravines far away from the vulgar world, are your geniuses, poets, painters, lovers of nature's wilds.

But enough — a little fancy will suit all kinds of humanity with appropriate plants when they shall undergo the supposed floral transmigration, + +

→ To turn to graver matters — the state of our country is indeed more alarming than I have ever known, and but little is needed to bring times to try men's souls. I have no doubt that when the occasion calls for it the right man will be found to sweep away the rascally set who are now uppermost in public places. There are many now devoting their energies to other things, scornning the petty political chicanery of the day, who when the great question of free speech, or free soil are to be fought for, will step forth as leaders to the armies of deep-feeling patriots who are ready to risk all in defence of their dearest rights. I know nothing against Fremont. I liked the little I saw of him, but I fear the influence of that half lunatic Benton, and I confess to intolerance enough to distrust a Catholic.

J. W. Bailey.