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Brunswick, Me.,

July 17, 1875.

My Dear Garrison,

It was my purpose, on coming here, to write you, if only to express the great satisfaction which my wife and myself had derived from our brief visit at Rockledge, and our sense of gratitude in view of your kindness, and that of Frank in conveying us to the station on the day of our departure. But, since coming here, I have been in no mood for correspondence. During the first week we were in all the excitement of the Bowdoin Commencement. It was, as you know, the 50th anniversary of father Abbott's graduation. Eleven members of that class were here, and

These meetings, at several of which we were present, were exceedingly interesting. It was a great satisfaction to meet Mr. Longfellow, and to hear him deliver his fine poem. Dr. Chenevix's oration was characteristic in every respect. He shut his eyes and rushed at the scientists as a bull goes into a china shop. He failed to make any strong moral impression because the intelligent portion of his audience recognized his partisan unfairness and narrow bigotry. It was pitiful to see great talents so misused and perverted.

Ex-Governor and Gen. Channellain, President of Bowdoin, is a very intimate friend of my wife. He is a man of excellent learning and high character, and though nominally if not really orthodox, little inclined to run the College in the interest of the sect that has mainly controlled it heretofore. The Congregational leaders are dissatisfied because he will not wear their collar nor draw in their harness. He is an earnest, religious man, but broad in his sympathies, magnifying moral principles, and not inclined to the use of the current cant about "coming to Christ," etc. I have been very glad to make his acquaintance.

This is the native place of Jennings's father and grandfather, and here she lived with her parents for many years. We are therefore among troops of her old friends. We are guests of a grand-daughter of the first President of the College. Among the men whom I have met here is the Rev. Leonard Woods, D.D., son of the late Dr. Woods of Andover, and a former President of Bowdoin. He

is a medieval man, a book-worm,
but socially one of the ^{most} agreeable men
I ever met. I spent an hour with him
yesterday in his study, enjoying his con-
versation and drawing him out on some
religious questions, on which I found
him, to my surprise, very radical. He
had a paralytic stroke recently, which
crippled him very much, but left his
mind strong and free.

Baby has been having a
diarrhea, the effect of teething, but
is now better. We shall leave here
on Wednesday next for Manchester,
Mass., where we shall pass a
few days with friends, and
then I must return to my post.
Mrs. Johnson will go with me as far
as New Haven, where she will remain
some time. She joins me in love to
you and all your household. Tell Frank
the purse came safe. Cordially Oliver Johnson