

The hour for departure having arrived, formed our little ones into two companies, under command of Nos. 518 and 535, who marched them in good order on board of steamer Kent, where we took up our quarters in the saloon. The gentlemanly Agent of the Individual Enterprise Line, to which this boat is attached, kindly made a reduction in our favor, charging but ten dollars for the entire company of fifteen children; customary rates being \$2.50 for passengers over ten years. Above ten dollars, with my fare (\$2.50), amounted in the total to twelve dollars and fifty cents.

Embarking in high glee at seven o'clock, A. M., nothing transpiring to mar the pleasure of our trip, except that of ravenous appetites, which some big slices of bread and butter from the steward's dominions, with some cakes, had a tendency to appease. Fine day; children very happy; much interest manifested by lady passengers in us, (I mean the children); many questions propounded as to who we were and where we were bound.

Upon our arrival at Easton Point, were met by Leonidas Dodson, Esq., of our Local Committee at Easton, who escorted us to the town, which is about a mile from the landing, where we arrived safely, with bright eyes and muddy shoes. Upon entering the town, our little scamps favored the good people with a *voluntary* from the *Sunday School Opera*, with a whistling accompaniment, much to the surprise of the over sympathetic portion of the worthy burghers and matrons, who could not conceive how it were possible for the "little wanderers" to "sing the Lord's song in a strange land." Indeed, it was a glorious scene, especially when we contemplate "the pit from which we were digged," making at least one heart leap for joy at the prospect of glorious homes for the little forsaken, homeless ones.

Arriving at hotel, found arrangements already made by the Local Committee for our accommodation. As we marched into "quarters" quite a crowd collected to see "The Aid Society Children from Baltimore."

Our "Home" brigade, taking advantage of the confusion caused by its sudden and overwhelming charge, captured the stove, which it held under a strong guard until supper time. "Our youngest," "Anthony," a little Paddy, with the shrewdness so characteristic of his nation, marched up to bar-keeper with—"I want you to warm me hands; they be cowl'd." His demand was readily obeyed, although in rather a novel way—*they were bathed in whiskey.*"

By the advice of our Local Committee, filled no applications this evening; to-morrow being a public day, and the majority of the children already engaged to be delivered at that time. After a thorough warming, and replying to any amount of questions, "Are these all your children?" "Where did they come from?" "Are they to be bound out?" "I want a girl"