

Yokohama Nov 6th 1872

My Dear Chris

Yours of Sept 8th was received only last mail, but with much pleasure. Having never been away from home yourself, as I have, you've no idea what pleasure it gives to have a letter from an old chum. Giving details of other old friends; of a good many of them, I have had no particulars of since I left, tho I knew they were still in the land of the kicking. Now there's Crackey (don't suppose he likes that name now) I thought he would still be on that old bench in the back shop, pegging away for his Chow Chow. Glad to hear he has got on so well. Spose you recollect the time we Cob'd him back of his Dady's shop, when he threw the stone at me. Give my kind regards to the good old boy.

I hope you will be prosperous in your new business. As you say you were a long time with Breed & Co. almost long enough to be boss of the Shanty.

So you were going to vote for the mad [???] Farmer [Horace Greeley]. Yesterday was the day, but it will be another week or more, before we receive Telegrams. I don't agree with you on Politics, and the majority in this part of the world are for Grant. However I won't say any more, for Greeley may have been elected, tho I have bet my \$5.00 he ain't.

Is Frank Merritt still in the Pill [Pile ???] & Blister Business; if so ask him to make a blister strong enough to draw me home free of charges.

So you have surrendered the Charms of Bacholer [sic.] existence and gone and done it. Well, I think I should do the same if I were at home, but can't think of it out here. Cash in the House of Beauchamp out here, don't allow such liveries. I remember your good wife, but never knew her personally, tho I was well acquainted with the Dr. I have seen the deaths of a great number of old acquaintances, since I left home in the Lynn papers, which I receive every mail. I enjoy reading those papers very much, and get a general idea, of what old Lynn is doing, and shows a great change since I have been away this time, which is now six years.

There is nothing of interest out here to write about. No life or pleasure. The only thing to do of an evening is to play Billiards, and I rather be loafing in Andrew Harlow's store, than that. I suppose it hasn't cost me less than \$1000.00 for Billiards since leaving home, which is very cheap, in proportion to a great many people who come this way.

What became of the club that was over Proctor's in the Arcade; has it bust. Wish I was there to night, for a game of Cribbage.

Can't think of more at present; give my regards to the old crowd, and all folks.

Yours sincerely

[???] Beauchamp