Diary - Dec. 3rd 1863

The morning was as bright and beautiful as an island morning in this latitude. The all abhorred topic, viz. the Ritzler, was not settled. The General had been outside the fort all night, Genl. Gillman & Staff had taken her mail on their way up from Fort Pulaski. The enemy prefixes and the boat to await the pilot boat of this morning. Before breakfast my package of letters came - of various interest. Daniel writes that he is expected to return by the first boat which leaves N.Y. this month - which I doubt a little. Living in a good well balanced house, he has not yet read my invitation to visit Port Royal. Sam writes me confidentially, which I reply to at once, Mrs. L.B. Cornins of Charleston writes one of her husband.
Louis Cermis, 36th Mass Regt, sick in hospital. Convalescent Camp Nelson, Ky., and awaits a release for him. I have replied to him, and promise an effort on his behalf. He tells me that Dr. Waddell is his Surgeon. I will write him and see what I can effect.

The Ladies of Meade's Relief Society write to acknowledge the receipt of the truffles sent to them. "Fair" and "Goth" they sent one box.

Gent. Gelman went to Beaufort and returned early: a general commotion, as usual, no rest for the weary, no peace for the righteous on these occasions. "Hussar" was the cry today, and everything round asked to obtain them.

The glorious news of the defeat of Bragg by Grant has brought the nation, and also the general remembrance of Sent Mead, coming, pressing upon me, all this drew a salutation from our agents. We had quite a little regret over the good fortune of an distant brother of arms. 10,000 prisoners reported.

Team grow this may let off some of our burning white powder. I did not see Miss Baldwin but she was to ride with Joe Beall, as the Capt. did not yet have the horse to ride. Mrs. Gilroy is out of hospital, and dined with us, as she is not enamored of hospital life and would not choose it. I think he does not speak favorably of all the arrangements, and thinks the arrangements might be improved and the patients better permitted position, owing to their digestive organs. I cannot learn from him that I can probably be of any service to them.
Friday, December 1st, 1863

Another of those bright purple mornings—the first crowd roof
cone gauzed con tent till all were
of the same shade, the dock getting
in the sunlight looked like a huge
bar of silver turning into the sea
but the hundreds of busy hands flying
at the immense Range of the ballast
reminded one that the would be
afloat again and I must get
my pint of admiration some may
and my little deck for huddled round
that white pine four legged Camp
and cunning cedar desk were
the friends of a life time waiting
for me to speak to them and
I could address them only those
living ones as I first took
his hand as I imagined the familiar
rubber dinner of my gold pen kale
I sat down to come to with them
I went out today to have a few minutes of things more familiar to me than any one else, and much more intelligible, when the call to breakfast was to be made one, we had only May Flagg to do our little family and as usual the meal was well prepared and pleasantly portioned. Next was to arrange for a ride in the P.H. which we wished mainly on Miss Balderon's account she was not much of eccentric or other mode in these latter years, and pressed to detain us, to overcome this I wrote Col. Owen, inviting him & Miss Baldwin, and finally Miss B came to call on me. I fitted her to each preparatio as I knew she expected a long ride despite the little White horse for her, and it was needless that we go about 2 o'clock in the mean time Aunt Betty called to dispense a few thanks, and receive a few more from all of which we were gotten along with most graciously. Her house is near, done for all of which she declared herself very "proved," For old Aunt Betty I hope her freedom many not prove a burden to her. Various calls all for relating to the ride were made, and all extra services dispensed if I believe till at length the hour drew nigh, and for Lambe came bringing with him Colonel Otis of the 10th Connecticut Regiment, who was to ride with us. I was delighted to hear he directly from Col. Leggett, he is now in the In/create Corps. as I had heard, but will return in two or three weeks. He seems very grateful to me for facing the life of this dear Colonel—I am glad God saw fit to spare him, and give him strength to pass through that terrible hour of...
Saturday Dec. 5th 1863

This evening I determined to have the whole day to myself if possible. I had many letters waiting a reply, and others which I wished to write independently. Accordingly, made readiness and sat down early at my desk.

On the arrival of the Port Hunter from Beaufort, I was announced to me the arrival of Mr. Lineberry and Mrs. Judy Wonder from Beaufort. I laid aside my pen and went below. I was glad to see them. They are excellent ladies and I feel could spend more time in these short days. I shall enjoy such society very much. Mrs. Baldwin and Mary made a short call at dinner time.

Mrs. Kennedy and some Dr. from Beaufort called and finally I was greatly surprised by a visit from my esteemed friend Dr. March, this was near dinner time and he was persuaded to dine with us. Dinner had been arranged with access to Capt. Denton and Mr. Tatum. I Mr. from Minor’s Island, but the presence of the ladies frighten them and they did not appear. The Boat...
Whistle starting us all from dinner, the business went down in a carriage, the drayman to transact a little more business and quiet resigned again.

The subject of a visit to St. Augustine was discussed and I decide to go if I do doing I shall not miss a visit to Miami. After dinner resumed my letter writing and was called, he was soon followed by the Colonel, and by Mrs. Maj. Damon (Paymaster). I did not see Mrs. D. but she left word for me to call upon her and at ten o'clock the Colonel called for me and I went home with him. Found Miss Baldwin there as bright and cheerful as ever.

and after a pleasant hour, I passed along to the further end of the piazza and found Mrs. Damon who soon made known to me the subject of her desires. As I suspected the subject was horses.

She has been visiting the hospital at this place and has become not only interested but excited upon the subject. The Clothing Dept. she finds satisfactory, but the Store room appears empty and a sameness prevailing through food so provided which seems to her appalling.

A letter for deaf men. The states that they have no deliveries such as the country at the North are frequent hospitals with. That the food is all badly cooked. Serve cold and always the same thing. Slip toast, meat cooked dry, and tea without milk. Perhaps once a week a potato for such men. or a baked apple, she proposes to establish a kitchen Dept. for the serving of proper food to these men irrespective of the pleasure of the person that does the report. Resistance from the surgeons in charge, and Mrs. Russell, the Matron appointed and stationed by Miss Din, but thanks to commence by letter and work herself in, in spite of opposition, and make reports direct to Washington through Judge Holt, and other influential friends and obtain a carte blanche from Lady Stanton to act independently of all parties. She wished to know if I thought it would be possible to procure supplies sufficient to carry on such a plan, and people to cook and serve, if it were once established and directed properly.
The heat just mailed a letter to Miss Drape, calling upon her to aid the people at the mouth
and make as much of possible in the right
direction. She said Don't! Fillmore took her
with her the evening previous and accompanied
with much feeling. "You are my poor Boys."
She desired me to attend church at the Hospital
tomorrow (Sunday) morning, not with her, but
yourself, and judge for myself. In the
mean time the Major came in and the subject
was discussed generally. I listened attentively
gave it as my opinion that there would be
difficulty in obtaining supplies and means of pay-
ing for the preparation of them, but of the manner
and general character of the poor patients
among the patients I said nothing. I had nothing
to say. I partly promised to attend church the
next morning, and retired having said very
little. What I have thought is just another
thing. I have no doubt but the patients look
many resources which the country at large endur
or to supply them with, and suppose they have
no doubt but men sufter and die for the lack
of the nursing and foremen of the best men at hand.
No doubt but the stables, stables, and may
forward-nurse of the officers in charge, entitling
the step of the poor sufferers who have become
machines in the hands of the Government. I am told
and appeared by puffed up conceited and self
sufficient sophomores in position. No doubt but a
good well regulated hospital, presided over
with a little good common sense and womanly
sense would change the whole aspect of things
and lengthen the days of sorrow, and brighten the
last days of others. If the poor suffer within the
walls of this hospital. I wish it might
be but what can I do. First it is not my
province, I should be out of place there, next
Miss Dep is Supreme, and her appointed nurse is
Major, next the surgeons will not brook any
interference, and will in my opinion remain
resist the smallest effort to bough or their
own arrangements. What others may be
able to do I am unable to conjecture. But
I feel that my guns are effectively silenced.
My superintendence is not distinguished by any
means, but my confidence in my ability to accomplish
anything of an alarming character in this
Dep't is completely annihilated. I went with
all I had to work where I thought I was greatest
need. A man can have no greater need than to...
be saved from death, and after six weeks of unremitted toil, I was driven from my post by the selfish麦当Dat futility of a pumpkin staff surgeon with a little accidents, temporary authority, and I, by the means thrown upon a couch of sickness, from which I barely escaped with my life. After few weeks of suffering most intense, I was in my weakness and readiness against my post, and scarcely, even my labors recommenced when through the same influence some influence but to bear upon the fort Commanding I was made the subject of a general Order, and Commanded to leave the Island, giving me three days in which to pack, remove, and ship, four tons of supplies, with no assistance, that they knew of but one old female negro cook. I complied, but recommendations to Beaufort failed, in the hospital there, with this portion of the Order I failed to comply, and went home to Beattie's Head and wrote to the Commanding General a full explanation of my position, intentions, prepared leaves etc., which brought a rather sharp response, telling my humanity to account for my being willing to comply with his specific request, insisting upon the plan as purely as if it had been a possibility to be accomplished, but for the extreme solicitude of the thing I should have felt at the base thoughts of such a charge against me from such a quarter. The hospitals were supplied by the Sanitary Committee, Miss Dip holding superior on all female attendants by authority from Washington. Mrs. Walker claiming one and preventing to enforce the same, and scandalizing through the Press, each hospital labeled - No admittance, and its surgeons visiting like precipices at the last sight of a proposed visitor. Now in remembrance of all I had to labor there, should I prepare my food and thrust it against the outer wall, in the hope it might strengthen the patient inside, should I tie up my bundle of clothing and creep up and deposit, on the door step and shirk away, the quietly, mentally, and watch her off to see
of the masters of the mansion cyber reject the "groundling". If the Commanding General in his wisdom, when he assumed the direction of my affairs and commanded me where to labor, had opened the doors for me to enter the idea would have seemed more practicable. It did not occur to me at the moment how I was to effect an entrance, but I have since thought that I might have been expected to watch my opportunity some slack might and storm them although it must be confessed that this mode of attack was rather on the decline in this Dept at that time. Having reached itETHOD very soon after the Middle of July.

The weather has come off cold and the rain are rolling thick and angry. The Bonnorf day off the dock with a boat & Fly, flying again. was been ascertaind that General Symon was on board and had come to remain. Capt Ford and Col Jackson of the commancy dept are ranked next door to us, and before noon the God was installed in his new home. I had thought to attend church at the hospital but when all ready even to my glasses on the steps thought it was late and I did not go, but went to my desk and write, I should have mentioned that I wrote to my dear friend Rev. Nathan Brown, Ed. of the "Christian Baptist." This gave me great satisfaction and was an old neglected duty felt the better late than never. The Fulton failed about 11 o'clock. — Little or nothing of interest has occurred today if I shall except the following in my hands of a letter by Capt --- which I am to keep. I hope always to now. I now 9 o'clock and I am tired. Slept so little last night. Letter from Col Hall this Mornig. Mr. Hope
Monday, Dec 7th 1848

The morning was rough and the waves rolled furiously. Greatly to our astonishment, the first object which met our eyes was the Steam Fulton vigorously navigating the shores of St. Helena. She had returned during the night, having been sent back by General Commodore in search of her. The circumstance at once became the theme of conversation and gave rise to all sorts of vague speculations and rumors. Some said there was to be an "expedition," and she was determined that either she might or might not take dispatches to the north, like Mrs. Parley's, who was delayed and took the troops on this important occasion, or that she came back to coal, which absurdity became a literal fact, which however, for the sake of economy, was a consequence of the increased length of her trip. I refer the vexed and anxious question to Cal— who presumed she was determined to give an opportunity to put on a clean paper ticket, as a steamer with a General's flag displayed had just come down from Belle Isle, and was ordered to give a little more time to Mr. May, his especial friend who is here for the purpose of looking through the Dept. and writing a history of it under its present administration. Of course all lesser objects must stand still while the Sun is glorified.

It was still uncertain if I should go to St. Augustine. The steamer Maple Leaf was to lie at Beaufort, and it was thought to be enough. She would not come out, but about 10 A.M. Dr. & Mrs. Marsh made the appearance of several persons were on board. In blisters Mrs. Du Bois, Miss Judy P. Norren, and several others. I thought I would go. Dr. Binno, who was going preliminarily, to Mrs. Marsh to done—and I made ready to go, but it was urged that it was "rough." The Captain did not wish one to go.
Tuesday Dec. 8th, 1863

The morning was so rough as need be—
the Gullet had crowded over to our side and lay just off the dock, the "Maple Leaf" had gone. I got a fire started and made ready to go breakfast.

We had a long conversation with Maj. McClung relative to Capt. Hitchcock, now of Washington, and author of a series of Explanations of Ancients, folios, and many other works, with articles showing their hermetic character. The red book of Appian, "The Egyptian," etc., I was pleased with the opportunity of learning something of the character of one of my neighbors as Capt. Hitchcock is a male resident of W.

I read the paper up ready for the invoice by the "Argo" expected on Thursday, and am especially interested in Miles O'Keefe and his interviews with the President & Cabinet. This has not been one of my busy days, but my mind has not been wholly inactive. After dinner the Col. came in, and I learned from him that Col. Halpin was going to Washington to be on Gen. Heolleek's Staff. I am very glad the wise Col. Hall, co-commanding, is not of similar opinion.
Helton House, Dec. 8th, 1863

Dr. Col. James B. Hall

My dear friend,

I beg you will not suspect for a moment that I have any important mission to accomplish by writing you tonight. I have little to communicate only as our Colored Brethren would expect it in our pauperized state, and will remain only as I may wish to refer to them in a proper manner.

I am fully sympathetic with the writer, it is hard to have one's good opinions despised, I remember when a new child with what feelings of awakened pity I reread the weary formulating phrases who gazed at the beautiful fruit, red and golden growing upon the shores of the Ocean sea, to find it turn today biternes in their mouths.

I have been reading today with great interest Miles O'Reilly's interview with President Lincoln and his Cabinet. What a shocking shame that was of fake Clark's; no wonder Miles think his part at them, till he had to be called to order. But whether well or ill taken by the dignitary of the President, certainly could not doubt the sincerity of Miles, after that stroke of the heart upon being introduced. In spite of all opposition I think Miles is bound to become famous, upon calling Col. Stuffle's attention to the article, this PM he informed me that he had learned through you that Miles was likely to become a resident of my city this winter. I am very glad to know it.

We have not a particle of enmity, having sent and believe, the last time spoke off by the "Bellin." Only the great, great and glowing hallelujahs of victory, which like the day light and sunshine, seem to spread over half the globe. Heaven grant us strength and peace as Grant, till the end come, and
the purpose be accomplished.

If I should chance to have a friend about your field, please remember me to him. Not forgetting that bright eye pale face look also must gather strength and freshness in our Southern sun and winds. And counting me always as your sincere friend, allow me so to remain.

Most Respectfully,

And truly, Clara Barton

Wednesday Dec 9th 1863

The action is still very high, and the tide as shown by its marks of retreat has seldom been so high. I commenced to write early and have done little else all day. Aunt Betsey came to bring me some groceries, and Mrs. Hittington a refugee came to get the articles which Mrs. Dame left with me. Col. C. called in the PM, with a headache. Of course as the Ben before is here, that boat always brings the head ache.—the boat by Gent has been taking Mrs. Balburn out to ride all day. "How are my poor girls? Mrs. Doe called at evening. He thinks, the May May go north. I am beginning to think seriously of going to Washington. There are many things I wish to attend to there, paper of the 4th bill us that Genl. Moore has fallen back. The army is almost due tonight, is confidently expected by Mommy.
Thursday Dec 16th 1863

It is still windy and rough. The signal flag floating from the old customhouse was the first sight which greeted our eyes. About 10 o'clock the nearer the dock our the steamer was being discharged she could not come in. Capt. Land went out with a tug and brought off the mail, and my letters came straggling in all day, one from Mr. Alphonse telling me that Mr. Holloway had advised my writing to be dropped in consequence of the representation of some twenty ladies that I was in receipt of long delayed from the government here for my services on the army.

At the same time requiring one not to expect his name in any reply I made, and asked me to ask Eds. promotion in the O.C.S. I draw my conclusions.

Mr. Brown writes me in reference to the same subject and has met it manfully and fought it out right like a true officer and as he is.

He also writes me from Trub. precisely, that he went home to Thanksgiving and Mr. B. took Mrs. B. to look with him. Had his old room, wrote me to come home, and that Sam. Tilton came on with him. He said he spent on his begging. It seems to me.

Dan and Amelia write, sends me a Crockett letter and a block very pretty.

Many of them write me a good friendly noble letter, such as she always does, and encloses Mrs. E. C. Thomas photograph, beautiful, and a little old time note from Charlie. Very allies of the P.S. enclosing the Judge, who he has written Mr. Baldwin on the subject and requested to be informed of anything more.

David writes that he shall return by next boat and sends on Mr. Crawford—Warren Aldrich as Engineers. And Mr. Parker & Stone as barners, they all called upon me, and I passed a pleasant hour with them.

Miss Edge and Miss Baldwin went to ride and have pictures taken. Called for my condemned ones. I rent for them all immediately, and distingue them. I can have no pictures and will not buy any more to please anyone.

The Cole called at evening and visited the Cape and simply to come and pass the evening with them. I was not in the right spirit.
December 11th 1863

Hon. J.P. Holloway
Com. of Patents.

I learn that the little matter of writing which is done at your office in my name, has been recalled—this of itself as a mere fact, could never have drawn a response from me, but the mere presentations which I am informed indicate it are sufficiently gross to do so.

I understand that some twenty or more of the ladies who write for the Patent Office have positively represented to you that I am the recipient of a salary from the Government, as connected with the Army, and on that ground demand the removal of my name from the Books of your office. This as a section (at who will make it), is utterly, completely and deceitfully, and maliciously false, having no foundation seen or truth, but so far from it the fact is still present in your memory, and

Mr. Baldwin came in directly after dinner and remained all after dark. We had a most interesting visit. Still I have felt an under current of unhappiness all day. The Army of the Potomac have fallen back to their old position north of the Rappahannock. The same old round I was dealt out. Out of patience and endurance.

Friday December 11 1863

I thought I would write all day, without interruption, at peace, the tide was almost at the door, and a steep scala do the door gone. At last, just time Col. Clark went and Miss Baldwin called. We conversed of Mary's Island. I could not feel right. I fear the edge is off, after a little, she left, and returned to write. Left now Mary Fox and Mrs. Gibson came; they were going to Beauvoir and return on Sunday. Monday go home on the Arogo. They were just as usual—like one of the days of poor Byrdy, killed by the explosion of an engine, his wife thought he did not leave money enough. I invited them to return on Sunday and write with us. I hope they may do so.

The Col. called after sending a note and I spoke with him of the future. He is calm and considerate, and trusting. I made a prophecey, which he declared his intention of remembering at the effort. That Mrs. H. would come in two or three weeks. I should go home soon after. This in the spring. She would go with them to Cleveland and return to Washington and send persons in the spring.

I want to Commissioner. Following the feeling letter. It is true that I am sitting on the video in the settling room. I have the Captain home.
I ask no better witness than Judge Halleck that in the early commencement of this war, I was led to be permitted to unite without pause that our Government might have the benefits of my little labors. This gave me too many to allow, and I could no longer content myself to sit selfishly at my desk for my own personal benefit; paid by our Government and our soldiers dying on the field for lack of comforts, care, and nursing. I returned my writing to the office to be done asking only that my position be held for me and went to the field. I believe a part of the decided salary has always been given me. With a portion of this I have paid the rent of a room in Washington which I have rarely occupied, retaining it merely as a shelter to which I might return when my strength should fail me in the exposure and labor at the field. I deemed this prudent as I had neither father or mother and nowhere on the face of the earth have I other home a shelter that which I have not required to meet this expense. I have expended on such articles of food as I saw needed, prepared them myself and distributed them to our soldiers wounded and languishing in Camp hospitals, and on the open field. My own living has been such as our Government provides for its troops, hard crackers, often moldy and wormy, salt meat, and water. And from no person, or persons or society or commission or corporation or bureau, or anybody conceivable there, I have ever received one dollar of salary or reward, and in all cases where I could, without doing possible injury to the feeling of a grateful soldier, I have refused all presents, I derived to labor without reward, and I have done it.

This removal will only involve the necessity of dispensing with my room, which I can easily do by distributing its little contents among the poor of our city of whom I have never found any lack, and if sickness ever take me at the field, I cannot think that the doors of our hospitals will be closed against me. My chief regret will consist in the loss of the few dollars to the needy soldiers I met on my rounds, but of the ladies who write for you need it more than our
Saturday 12 Dec 1863

The rain fell in torrents the first half of the day and there has been little respite. I employed myself with my letters, wrote to Judge Mary Norton, Worcester Relief Society, Julia M. Upham, Eliza Sam Harrell, Mr. Brown. I have not felt much more contented or happy than on the day previous. We were to escort Major Wether to done, but the rain prevented. We had intended of the desiring of the anchor to be hauled out, and parting her admission the anchor only plucked twice and went down. The men were mostly below, and could never have known the cause of their disaster. Shocking—Bal & Mrs. Baldwin called at evening. Still the rain poured down, Bal Hall, and Bent Gulman came down on the Bow. I begin to think I will go out on the arquebuse. Most if not return from St. Augustine.
Sunday Dec 13th 1863

Salem, warm, but misty, the sun is trying to break through the clouds and fog, but is not very successful. I expected Morgan Fay and Mrs. Elson, but a dispatch came at 11 A.M. saying that they would be detained by the weather. I did some homework, read a letter from John Cae, he goes north with Morgan Usher in the Ange. I think they will not return, Mr. Lucas of Norcesta, now in the Stone with Mr. Daniels, brother of Capt. John called and brought some things from the Norcesta Spy Cal. Hall called and dined with us, and left in haste to go to Beauport. At dark Mr. Marsh came, the Maple Leaf had returned from St. Augustine, had been lost all day in the fog, was off the bar at 7. Club-hour, but the light ship had been swept away, and the pilot (mistook the channel for Tyllee, and took the bent up to Edisto and just returned. I send down a basket of cookies & cheese, their passage has been very rough, but went pleasant.

December 14th 1863

Monday

I woke before daylight, and the rain was still pouring down, of a truth I thought the deluge had come upon us, more, but the clouds broke away with daylight and the sun broke through the mist, the Ange was really stayed, and at breakfast we found that Capt. Usher and a party of friends had improved the best horses and Capt. Lambo's side saddle into a ride from his ship. The Hunter from Beauport hot, Mr. Howadley who had just met Mr. Marsh and the party returning from St. Augustine, he thought there was not only a high wind, but a certain depth in their faces. He informed me that Morgan Fay and Mrs. Elson were on the Ange, and would be up soon; they came and we arranged for a ride after dinner, which we took at 2 P.M. which is longer than our time. We included Charlie and took a ride down the beach and up Lees Lane, the Pin was fine and the ride really delightful. Nothing could have brought us more fine and delightful Memories of
The scene is splendidly. The Georgeville lay at the wharf. Capt. Cope went to his room. Monday, Mrs. Eaton not visible, probably had not commenced upon her campaign. While preparing for breakfast, a car came from Col. Cope's riding left-3 maps. The next day Pilately, the Mary Regan would go down, of course we walked. The Made ready accommodated by the carriage came, the carriage waited and took in one and little (Maud Pines, Corn. Seymour, & Mrs. P. walked). Found "I & Mrs. Green, Mr. & Mrs. Baldwin, Col. Cope, and at 9 a.m. we were away. The day was beautiful. Beyond description. The pursued the inland from through the river. Calabaqueen. Second passed Salbrick when all the dreams and deeds of this Dept. are deposited. The Mackinac shop is being removed to. It seemed this week.
The point near Spanish Wells, was

rebel pocket, on the right, and Conoa,

on the left. The scenery was most

dazzling: great circles of trees, which

were a perfect landscape in themselves.

We advanced, and strayed around the

right side till at length, Fort McAlpin

appeared in the distance. Its general

appearance is such like Fort Sumter, with

the difference of being one story less in height. It

is situated in the center of a marsh, so deep

as to preclude all possibility of a flank

movement, and the difficulties attendant upon

its approach, is given the sea near two years

of constant contemplation, although this was

part of the program in the intended attack

before the capture. A low causeway of only

some seven feet in width, leads from the clock
to the Fort a distance of some 1/4 of a mile (220
gods) across over which a stormy party must
have passed. The march on each side utterly

impossible, even for horse and on extra side

rifle pits had been ranged which

would play directly into them the whole distance

while the Fort would enfilade the whole distance.

It is built of brick covering some two acres

A deep moat surrounds the Fort on all

sides. In the attack, the fire was centered

upon the NE corner of the fort, something

which was soon begun. The Magazine

was located in this same corner, which

was said to lead to the early capitulation

The passed around the fort on the space

West Col. McGovory who is in command, and

Lieut. Goodnow, who commands a company of

U.S. artillery, who gave us some fine shells

gathered on Bay Point — at 2, but we were

reminded that it was "time," and started to

the boat; our ship home was fine and

we approached our dock just as the sun

was setting. On our way up, we were

stopped by Col. Ellice with the explanation

How would you like to go to Mordenel

tonight "All right," and we unmoored
that we go at 9 o'clock. At 10 o'clock we met Chaplain Haskell of the
40th Mass. Regt. had been sick in Beaufort
was returning to Morris. Capt. I could
not leave his business to go, but at 11.30
lighter, we go to the Ben Officer, when I found
Col. Ellers. Ms. Miss Baldwin Dr. Hildreth
& Gt. Lowell. Miss Baldwin played the piano
the evening, others sang, and the evening passed
very pleasantly. At length all retired,
I wrote my journal and lay very still
in the morning, determined I would not get
up, and jumped up and commenced to dress
with all possible deliberation, but as I had
about half completed a hurried toilet, the boat
gave two or three lurches and I was done.
Finally I gathered strength and finished my
little toilet, and found myself the first lady in the
drawing room. Soon Miss Baldwin made
her appearance looking rather pale, neither of
the guards, sick, but we were not quite well
at length or could move his entire, but was
the sole representative of the family. From that time
was announced, Mr. B took a seat at the table
and thinking it a mark of apology, acted.
I followed the example and took my seat—a
nice piece of toast greased my plate, and a
cup of tea made half my state, I looked
at them, then at my company. All they began
to take their slow courses. Miss Baldwin who
suddenly decided that I would meet
her entrance best in silence from the
table. I watched the motion, and was much
grateful when Mr. B. found it prudent
to join her at table, always I consider my
self-religious, and followed suit. Well after
this style the time passed till we found ourselves at Stone Inlet. Here are sepulchers
Dr. Blu. Leved. & I went on board the
Maine, went up Stone Inlet for "Stone Inlet"
for Paumee landing. The remainder of the
party went to camp on the Belf's corn
day. Who had Mrs. Landen in charge.
Upon reaching the dock, Rear. Vegeles
came and took me to his tent, I passed
a few hours of usefulness, happen, which
I shall always feel grateful for. I consider
the Belf. the most learned man in the Dept.
His reasoning is clear and good and upon
matters of importance he is not an injudicious
man by any means at about 8 o'clock.
the Dr. Mrs. Leet called for one and I luncheon with the Doctor and were prepared on board the Monitor. It was thought best to go to Morris Island, and the remains of the day was thrown away passed the night very comfortably and in the morning ambulance took us to High House. I arrived and walked up to the Sanitary Commission. This was the first moment I had felt at home since I left. I was almost happy and there. I found the ground all prepared for my tents, and Mr. Day & Mr. Hadley in attendance, genial and cheerful. Dr. Kellogg was much better and had been declaring that he would come once to see one of all the surgeons on the island. He's now Surgeon Officer of the island, now clear the way seems to come more to go to Morris Island and be useful and happy, and if I had ever been  

saddened abroad, and matters were in the hands of people of feeling and sensibility I should not hesitate. Judge Fuller was introduced, and I enjoyed pleasant conversation. Col. Montgomery also called Col. Clay all & Mr. Bolden direct with them. Mr. Hulsey and I went to call on Dr. Kellogg, found him better and out, Dr. Murray was at home. They are occupying my old original tents, the two walls, contested for the benefit of the hospital. All are deceiving of having one order my tents put up and remain, I almost wish I might have done so, Capt. Burns came over and spared a long time, and I declared was anxious to have one arrayed. Doctor, but I could not quite decide to do it. I could not get the ear of the Col. and finally, we all started for the enemy and finally, we all started for the enemy.
Saturday Dec 19th 1869

I said I was homesick last night, by the morning I was not so bad. I thought at first I would remain in bed till we got home, as I found by the motion of the boat that we were arriving at daylight. But it was of no use, we attempt to come on the boat; I returned to our walk on the beach. I thought I might as well dress which I did, and walked out upon deck, and found Lowell and packed up and down a long time in the main deck of length. Mrs. Landen made her appearance looking very fine, and she made her way to the pilot house. I saw the Col. & Miss Balden on the deck land marching to breakfast and found the General just placing himself at the board with Mrs. Landen and Mrs. Balden on either arm, the Col. sat beside me looking the very ghost of a man, pale, sad, and despondent - discouraged.

I came down to Planse Landen and Mr. Landen, the Morrohensett, and while at dinner Mrs. Landen came on board to return, finally it was settled that we go over to the Dictator a new boat bound for New Orleans, and we went to find Capt. Billmore on board and Mrs. Landen coming on a little boat across the river deep. And well here we are at last length have found a stable room and escaped I suppose, mine and company are at endible these notes thus far. It is proper perhaps for me to mention that the party all went to Fort Wagner except one I was afraid and remained behind to see my friends, Mrs. Balden has just taken up and said that Capt. Billmore wanted one to come down, but I have sent my excuse and declined I do not prefer to go any more happy to remain alone, I am more happy to remain alone, brought up the whole matter of my trip. I should say that it had been most unsatisfying for I have not enjoyed a moment of it since the letter came from Mrs. Landen, once am shown as the instant.
Breakfast was passed with all the ceremony. Miss Lander congratulating the Col. on his good looks; thought him much improved since you last saw him, presumed he had had a good night's rest. "Oh yes," I interposed in a whisper, to express my own views of the lad's judgment in this respect. I could not see the eminence looks, indicative of recent sleep.

After going up stairs, the Col. came down and expressed himself in quite copious terms. He had done some frightening over the island, much more, was great dealt with.

Finally it was proposed that the Col. and I should go off, and before I decided that the company was too large - and that I should like to have the Col. and Miss Lander alone going on shore, arrangements were made when we left the Col. and Miss Lander were going on shore, Miss Balden was in active to go to the end of the pier to take them of course I would not go then, but Miss 13 elected not to go, and I...
it was proposed that we ride up on horseback
by moon light, but I thought better of it
and arranged to go over to breakfast with the
revelers at 10 am. I slept well, at eight I took an
ambulance from Capt. Alphonse and went to break-
fast. Mrs. Sue D. Brown was good to me, and Mrs.
Newman best. Mrs. Brown. I was amazed that
Col. Hall go with me to Dunia Oct. 20th. Mr.
Hodgley & Judge Hatter came in. Then a call
from my good friend V. St. V. V. I. S. Who in spite
of all his eccentricities holds a high place in my
estem, and good will, he remained and
entertained us long with a most interesting con-
versation. The next day my old school chum, Dr.
Simpson, of the A. S. H. Tartlet, who told me
much of all our old school mates, and of the
deaths of all Miss Banker's property, and all the
things I was regaled to know of someone with the
exception of the death of one person, was particularly
involved. Finally, the news was announced and
as the business of the day wore on, I got me for the
next day, my mind in a state of all, to return to the
Philadelphia and await a boat to the Heart

I have not seen any of the people to the beautiful
Masonic Chapel near Col. Hall's tent. It is,
almost defy description, it is beautiful, composed
of tents and buildings as can be seen from
a carpet-tile view, and altar, beautiful
and neat, of most tasteful construction, trimmed with

Palmetto Magnoliæ dé corollis. The statue
is to be dedicated in sight of the church,
and church is to be taken three hours more, at noon we
saw Mr. Hall. This was a long, tedious,
but good weather, and the land was to accommodate
the ambulance, with which I went to St. John.
and at the
Philadelphia was across the river. I called on Capt.
Simpson, found him to be one of the old Bamie-
ners. Mr. A. S. H. Tartlet, with the 2d Division and
she passed on to the Philo. when she came
in, and I found in every letter I received
Col. Hall came down, again, and embodied
in a Kim's Church in the morning. I fully
perceived, I propose to mention the great
suffering that man can not get one to set for a picture
shop. Col. Hall, no. 12, was one of them. I
received again, Col. Hall.

A St. Newman had his Capt. Hodges, det.
and gave them to me, also a photograph
of the Capt. which was sent home, to return
and I found
the Capt. might well.
Dec 20th Sunday 1863

The sun was shining clearly when I rose to learn that the Pen Defrin was lying off the bar, and the Kelly Moore was going out to her; soon the Moore returns with the Gen'l Comdy who having doubts as to the safety of his precious charges, but the Pen Defriu return directly for the mail, so I do not see, and one glad of it as it has saved me an unpleasant encounter, but soon.

Mr. Such called, he had learned that I was on board. I thought at first well I don't know what I didn't think the best happened, but I found that he had come to get his brother a furlough, he having heard that his foot had irritated at Paloski. I do not know when he shall get back to his own good pleasant home, and the canons there. I have been greatly unhappy since I left because I have sought of too much alone in the world to allow myself to be overcome by homesickness, and weary days. All are kind, but none like those I have left. I have made an efficient attempt to get rid of unpleasant company, probably the fault was own, but I could not endure so much, with many unresolvable exceptions, I have less regret for this experiment, I could have suppation the views against from that moment.
Monday Dec. 21st 1863

Before making my appearance below, I heard Davids voice, and finding my petticoat down, to find him and Bob. Stetffen so, I find he is called now, both looking well, and a big box containing the newest, new beaver and astrich plume that I ever saw, most perfect shape. I was accompanied by a number of other smaller gift of coming thru Annies hands. The best I was said to have won on a bet. I do not thank so. I found letters from various friends, which I got time to read and commence to reply. The Fulton would leave on the next morning, and I had much to write in the time I found among my letters one from Minnie, enclosing a letter from Mrs. A. that written at the suggestion of the ladies of Watervis N. Y. to Ben. Ferguson, giving information in relation to my self and whereabouts. The family interest of these strange ladies is very grateful tome. I wrote Ben. Ferguson, and hope to write them soon. I spent a large portion of the day on assuring Davis on unpacking his books and arrangements for him, he brought me a box of Tamara pudding, a box of Autumn leaves with note from Sis. dear old lady, from N. P. E. packages from Amelia. I am glad to find me at home and quiet once more.

Tuesday Dec. 22nd 1863

The Fulton sailed at ten o'clock. I mailed my letters, and after this I cannot recollect much that occurred excepting that I read a note inviting me to attend a grand party, as at head quarters in the following night. I had thought much of going to Beaufort with Mr. Smith and Brother, but it was not thought best to go this day. I unpacked and set to rights after my trip, among my letters was one from Ben. Ferguson, telling me how much he was troubled in N. Y. when he attempted to obtain a pass; to P. B. I wrote a note to him with the view of softening his feelings as much as possible, they were enough with him. I need an invitation to pass the 25th and eat Christmas dinner with Co. Capt. Dennis, 1st Ct Vols., on St. Helena in Company with Capt. Lambe. It is rainy and cold, if the weather is at all favorable, I shall accept the invitation.
Port Royal, South Carolina
December 8th, 1863

Messrs. Richard Goddard Jewellers

Gentlemen

I learn that the
antique gold watch of my deceased
father, the late Capt. Stephen Barton
of Oxford has been purchased by you
and I write to desire you if you still
have it in your possession to retain it
for me. If you have disposed of it to
other parties, I would wish, if possible,
that you would re-purchase and hold it
until I can communicate further with
you. If it has as I fear, already found
its way to the crucible, there is nothing
I had not the slightest idea that
my Father's watch was for sale or I
should have produced a purchase
means.

Please communicate with me.
immediately upon receipt of this addressing I am at Washington D.C. where I shall probably be by that time. Be so kind as to inform me what the watch is worth, and I am willing to become your best purchaser for it as it cannot possibly possess the value for any other person that it does for me.

Sincerely but

Most Respectfully

Clara Barton

Address

Miss Clara Barton

Washington

D.C.

Wednesday, Dec. 23 1864

Dear Clara,

Mrs. Scott came in at breakfast-time, and asked me to go to Beaufort with herself and wounded soldier (James) I packed a basket of delicacies and accompanied him to the wharf, where we took the tug "Rescue" to go out the Delaware, lying off with orders for her to proceed to the Savannah, take Mr. Scott on board and run up to Beaufort. Finally, Mr. Scott thought best to run direct to the 74 with the tug since seeing a number they could not be held in support in going to the Delaware. We did so, and as at least decided to take him on board the "Rescue" and go at once to Beaufort. In the course of an hour he was brought on board, pale and emaciated, he showed that he had suffered and appeared in much distress for a healthy condition with such a wound. I should think him liable to a fever from his appearance.

His wound
having received from the discharge of
of his gun with the muzzle resting on his
instep is of course a ragged one, but
his surgeons are attempting to save the
foot, which I should think very doubtful
may lose even more, especially if
these indications of nervous excitement
and symptoms of gout continue to
develop themselves. — The news some
two hours running up against the tide
Dr. Smith, his surgeon accompanied
him to remain in charge. — The
day was too warm to take them inside
the field house, and he was placed
forward under a pavilion; the wind
was strong and we could not see much of
him in the way, as we landed. I went to him, still
that same窗外 appearance, the ship had
been peacefully long to him, he could not sleep.
I saw the first lady he had spoken to in sixteen months.
— He was taken off and we followed him up the
street to Mrs. Hale's Hospital, as it is called.

He was taken up stairs and made very
Comfortable in a large room, which his surgeon
was to occupy with him, though at all I was pleased
surprise, gratified beyond description to see the
attention which is bestowed upon the sick and
disabled of the Navy, in comparison with the
army. This seaman received more considera-
cion and care than I have seen dealt
out to fifty wounded soldiers.

He left him at about two o'clock, and made
our way home, reaching the dock about sunset.
This was the night for the grand party given
by the Commanding General, — my imitation
had arrived, but I feared there might not
be room for me, and I would have
regretted exceedingly to find myself again
in the way of the Gent and his Staff.
I conclude that to men of their caliber
nothing can be more acceptable than space
and I propose to leave them all in my power.

— I, seven o'clock Capt. A Mrs. Donnie come.
to call, and invited me to visit their friends in Sallins Row, I went with them, found his father & mother, brother & wife, all pleasant people, spent the evening with her, returned, and found Captn. Gamble awaiting in blissful uncertainty an after-coast tea prepared, and we made a which started till 1 o'clock. I promised to go home with them, and B2 veterans of 26 Co who had re-entered under the new role, now Captn. & wife were late for the theater which we had to take thebeautiful people home from the Ball and remained on board the Delaware late morning.

Of the Ball I heard little only that it was splendid, and everyone had the privilege of getting gloriously drunk, when puntin made themselves of the opportunity presented. I am not able to say, not having been present, I am more than ever qualified at the justice of my decision. "Room"
certainly must be, under such circumstanes, a most desirable object.

Had I known the predominances of this body at an earlier date, I should never have committed the unpardonable crime of narrowing their bounds, on the field.

My mistake came from not understanding their beliefs.

Thursday 24th 1863

This has not been an eventful day. Less
lived and did not accomplish much, and
it was a most unpleasant day out. Read
most of the day.

Read a letter from Mr. Bals
in and Col. Chevalier, the letter remain
some trouble, was put in very excellent
Spirits, neither was I.
Friday Dec 25th 1868

One more Birth day - Cold and rainy. The sea was too rough to bring a boat up to the dock with safety.
Sat. Dec. 26, 1863

I have made up my mind surely to go home by the turret and commenced today to arrange for the departure of my steers. I have some tons on my steers home, I am in a position one half, read some more.

The Argo came on the Ben at eight, once was started but had to anchor on the stream as the Constitution lay discharging at the dock. Capt. Leavitt on board and found Col. Leggett among the passengers. The mails came off and were divided. I read a letter from Com. Hall, guarantying my deal to me while he said his present position in saying that both of us have been misinformed.

McGee read a note that his brother is not so well and goes to New York. Letter from Mrs. Sage, Mrs. Nathan Brown, Mrs. Juden Brown, Irving. Mrs. Ambrose, etc., which I have committed to answer.

Sunday 27 Dec. 1863

Warner, I read, and wrote in the early part of the day, in the PM the Argo came in to the dock, and David went down and escorted Col. Leggett up to the house, he is looking pretty but still has some chills, he has his new leg, and walks with his crutches very gracefully.

He feels very much hurt that he should have neglected to write one regularly and I think returned the sooner for it, for which I am very sorry, he bore no need. "Gabriel" is with him and much improved, has become a preacher, the Col. tells me. At dark, Col. left for the hotel to return in the morning.
Monday 28th 1863

Monday, rainy. The colonel came about 11 o'clock and invited me to dine with him upstairs at the Capt. Arms at Sea Brook. The colonel had brought me his picture, a colored photograph, very natural, and fine.

I did little besides that all day.

Tuesday 29th 1863

Another day of social conversation. We decided to ride, Col. Capt. & I, but in the P.M., Col. Elwin, Mrs. Polk, Hardee, Mrs. Beale and Miss Paul were to accompany them, and took the house. We all went to ride and we declared altogether at night a boat was to leave for St. Augustine and the Col. went to leave also in the evening. I had a conversation with Capt. Young.

Wednesday, 30th 1863

My letter was mailed at 9 and the chigo sailed at 10 A.M. I then commenced to arrange good for distributing among my friends. And as charity I have a nice little coal stove in my house, and a box of see shirts (old) to send to St. Helena to Col. Heber to distribute among the suffer from Small Pox. A similar one for Capt. Jenkins. To use among the destitute at5 Heathville. In the P.M. went to ride, but Capt. but was not invited with my horse route to the mill, and lack...
Thursday 31 Dec 1865

spent my money as best as I could. At my store house, purchasing. Books made a large one for the Waccash County men at the Mill as a New Year's gift. designed it as a store and such a box for resort in time of need. sent all the fellows a brick. I tried to spin, start. how many days, dehydrates, don't medicate. Stopped dressing guns. didn't put the barrels the way to open. helped me on the survey. Strain hard.

Wilton Road in, Carolina

Wednesday Dec 19th, 1865

Mr. Parker

My dear kind friend.

It would be impossible for me to tell how many times I have commenced to write you. Sometimes I have put my letter by, because we were doing so little there was nothing of interest to communicate; at other times because there was so much I had no time to tell it, until some greater necessity drew me away, and my half-written letter became "rubbish" as destroyed. And now I have but one topic which is of decided interest to me, and that is so peculiarly so that I will hasten to speak of it at once. After about a year or two, I am beginning to think about once more coming home, once more meeting the scenes of kind friends. I have been from so long, and the reason I bring this object to my mind, the brighter it appears -- the reason I fancy the meeting, the dearer the face, and the kinder the smiles appear to me, and the sweeter the welcome voices that fall upon my ear.
Not that I have not found good friends here—mine would have been kinder. I came with one brother, loving kind, and considerate. I have met others here scarcely less so, and these too, with whom rested the power to make me comfortable and happy, and I have yet to recall the first instance in which they have failed to see their utmost endeavors to render me so, and while a tear of joy glinted in my eye at the thought of the kind friends I hope so soon to meet, there will still linger one of regret for the memory of those I leave.

Eight months and two days ago we landed at the dock in this harbor. When nations move as rapidly as our moves at present, that is a long time—and in it as a nation we have done much, gained much, and suffered much, still much more remains to be done, much more acquired, and I fear much more suffered. Our brave and noble old army of Virginia still marches, and fights, and the glorious arrival of the fleet still fight and conquer. Our soldiers still die upon the battle field, pine in hospital, and languish in prison—the wise and

Sisters and mothers, still wait and weep, and hope and tire and pray, and the little child, gazing at the long drawn days, asks in tearful impatience, “When will my papa come?”

The first sound which fell upon my ear in this Department was the thunder of our guns in Charleston Harbor, and still the proud city sits like a queen and dictates terms to our army and navy. Sampson, the watch dog that lay before her door fell, maimed, and bleeding. It is true, still there is defiance in his growl, and death in his bite, and pierced and prostrate as he lies with the tidal waves lapping his wounds, it was worth our lives, and more than his, to go and take him. We have captured one Port.—Begg— and one Harrel I have—one Wagner—and we have built one cemetery, Morris Island. The thousand little sand hills that glitter in the pale moonlight are a thousand headstones, and the restless ocean waves that roll and break upon the whitened beach, sing an eternal requiem to the Infinite gallant dead who sleep beside.
Washington March 29-1863
Tuesday

I find it impossible to narrate with any satisfaction the events of a day on the cramped space of a pocket diary and have abandoned mine; and have resumed my larger sheets as before.

This day, which has been one of the most unpleasant that could be well conceived, when nothing fell from the clouds, and neither thunder lightning, earthquake shook us, but the winds have shaken and the dust deluged us. I decided to devote so far as I could to the care of and advancement of my good and truest friend Capt. Lamb. He desires to obtain an appointment in the Regular Service, and it would seem of utility both to him and the Government that it be accomplished. His experience is too ample, and his inexperience is too considerable to be economically allow to leave the service while his physical ability enables him to remain in it.

With this view of things I proceeded after commencement of Office hours to call upon General Rucker and state the case.
asking his opinion in reference to removing the Capt here. as a stepping stone. The at once coincided, and recommended that his friends in Congress ask of the Hon. Senr. that Capt. Lamb be relieved from his position at Port Royal, and ordered to report to Washington. When once here, the Hon. Senr. had a place for him. He was just the man he wanted. I then proceeded to call on George H. McCullough, 20th West, P.M. Senr. - upon whom I had called some weeks previous upon a similar errand. He met me very cordially. I stated the case to him as I stood at that moment, and he recommended that I call at once upon Mr. Samuel Hooper of Boston, who was a member, and instrumental in obtaining Capt. Lamb's appointment, and desire him to ask of the P.M. Senr. the exchange - giving me at his own option a very kind letter to Mr. Hooper. I proceeded with this to the Capitol, encountering Mr. John Wilson, Capt's judge in the cars, and meeting Mr. Brown at the Rotunda, who accompanied me to the Hall, where Mr. Hooper was called out and I presented the letter to them.

He did not desire to act on it at all was afraid of losing up his influence, or did not believe precedent to his district, and besides he had not time to go to the Dept. to ask it. had not been to the Dept. for a month, and recommended that the matter be referred to Henry Wilson, as Louisparr being more at leisure. than Mr. Hooper—

Said I should "join Mr. Wilson very accessible and pleasant." I did not make any reply to this consulting assurance, but upon his suggestion that I not take my letter of introduction and pass it to Mr. Allyn, I decided to take it. and also have good day I proceeded to wait before seeing Mr. Allyn. The colleagues were being delivered in the Senate upon Hon. O'Brien Longray and we went in to listen. Mr. Turnbull had spoken, he was followed by Hon. Mr. Pomeroy, and Hon. Charles Sumner both of whom spoke with feeling and eloquence, upon the eulogy of Mr. Sumner's speech the Senate adjourned and we returned home. I was not satisfied with my day work and
Washington, March 20, 1864

Tuesday - Wednesday

This day has presented little of interest to me. The weather was most unpleasant - raining and snowing alternately. I did not attempt to go out, but sat quietly down to little indoor matters - the most important of which was to open back all the old files of new papers, and clip such as concerned myself, and arrange it for a scrap book. I have lost much of the little that ever reached me.

After noon Kate came, and upon going to the office found letters from me from Capt. Lamb, Col. Leggett, and Columbus - the Capt. writes kindly, and asks me to send the measure of my little writing desk and he will have a book case made to match and put on the top. He re-offers the letter on the late Florida disaster to be fully paid - he did not receive a letter from one of the Delegation which surprises me, but leaves me to look out for something from time to time.

get it as the best I could do - I felt as if I had to accomplish much near the end all that I did. With the exception of Henry Wilson, I cannot recall a single instance where any person from any state of Massachusetts has come near me. Not a chance of a straw to help me on in my purpose of attempting to carry on for her sisters, the war all ready to see that I have helped them, but let me want a little rest for one of my weary hands that can not give quite the load of composition and reach it out to them. They quick as thought draw them skirles close about them, and do not care to become responsible for any more than they have. In the evening, it rained in torrents, but in Ellers Tuesday after Miss Fisk they sent Henry Hammond and E. W. I was not alone until quite late. The great Belt at the Potomac was held in the midst of all the rains - Mr. Brown went to Beltsville upon the invitation of friends whom he had employed in obtaining a patent - and he went to witness an experiment with the machine making seaweed vessels.
her return on the 24th. - Col. Leffert has tripped in descending the parapet of the fort, and disjoined his thumbs, which has prevented him from writing one cannot write much.

Colburn writes brashly, but very well, will write again - I have returned to both the Capt., and the Col., and as it is getting late must retire, after my near quiet day.

Washington, March 31st 1864

Thursday

This has been a busy day, but on the whole has ended no more cheerfully than it commenced, at first I had mistaken it for Wednesday, and of course thought I must look up street for the little matter of liquor. I walked from Market, and accordingly pushed on up street, taking the Post Office in my way, learned my mistake, but found one same street same place, which I was very much pleased, and returned following down to the Market, found better selling at sixty 50c. friends, returned slowly looking at furniture on my way, picked up my broken jewelry and called on Mrs. Libby, who was below in her husband's store, ordered my repairs, stayed till 12p. and came up stairs a little discouraged - Mr. Baldwin did not call as I had hoped, I heard nothing from Bro. Ferguson, and I could not remove Capt. Lamb and Leandus' promotion was by no means sure thing - I felt that if I could only succeed in reinstating myself in my old frontier in the Office I would be well.
to withdraw within myself and never again any thing more, as I commenced to look over old letters for copies and tried to set them down and be content. Soon afterward Mr. Jayson came in, he had to report to me success in anything he had attempted with Mr. Webster, but is by no means willing that I lay off my armor, he wished one to send me in a circular, he would add his name set and call on goods, but I had no one to house—finally he desired a note to Mr. Baldwin, which I gave, and he left. His absence unmarked by the absence of Amelia—Mr. Brown returned from Bellemore. Irving and Dr. Lockwood and Mr. Jayson returned to say that Mr. Baldwin met them most cordially and would call on me in the morning. After all had left Mr. Nelson came to tell me that he expected that Sanden would be appointed. He has just gone and I relieve feeling much light.

Washington D.C. April 12th 1860

Friday

Our succession of rainy days remains nearly unbroken, the sun struggles through the clouds at times, but soon relapses into its old obscurity. I rose rather late and remembered that I was to receive a call from Mr. Baldwin before it should be time for the House to assemble, and making very preliminary arrangements as I thought proper, I awaited him. In the meantime Mr. Brown brought in my papers, and told me of various arrests which he had caused to be made in Baltimore of delinquent parties which he had observed during his stay at Bancroft's hotel. At ten o'clock Mr. Baldwin came and we had a long talk in reference to the volumes and corruption of certain secrets. He was anxious to do all in his power to bring the hidden affairs to light, and would go and confer with certain other parties and left. I went immediately to the Post office and on my return met Mr. Upshur who had my Menton's salary with him, but had reflected and thought better of calling to deliver it. He found I was going to pay some one on the
Knuckles, and if I did it would hurt them too—
I said no one else hurt, he &c. and passed on
home. Called on Temelia. Met Mrs. Whelock (Lucia
Smith) called on Mr. How and refused to
letter from Ltc. My Port Royal mail does not
arrive. The mail from the North being too late
be distributed tonight, but a letter came from
Nov. Dec. as a means to mine to him to Brown,
he is anxious to go to the field, though
he is losing golden opportunities, says he is pleased
with my letter note of esteem from poor Mr. Wells
that their issue will probably be too small for
the call which will be made—how much I wish
I had the power of pen to move men and women
to utter, deep, thought, and sincere action, prayer to say
sometimes what I feel, what I know to be true
and just. I sometimes think I might have told
of the red, rich, green and ripe on mound, I do
not know what a better education and selection
in the paths of literature might have
been for one. I know it is useless to regret des-

If all neat words of tongue or pen
The saddest are there. Tonight have been

A little later Mr. Brown bent me on a letter from
Dr. Brockett, in which he sends me a receipt for
which I am going to copy here but when most needed
the letter should not be at hand.

Remedy for Diphtheria.
Best Locution. Aloes produce, one part.
Black Candy, producing four parts blown upon the
part affected through a quiet or tube and repeated
at intervals of three or four hours till free secretion take
place.

Tells me that my article on Mr. Wells was published
this week in the Baptist and sends me a copy—
That the Pamphlet, "Philanthropic results of the War
in America" was prepared for foreign distribution in
England, France, and Germany, at the instance of
of N.G. Merchant, 25,000 copies were circulated
in England, and about the same number in France
and Germany, that it is renewed and will soon
be published in Book form, that one copies
are for sale now, but he will send me a copy that
he has by him. 70,000 copies in Book form.
Washington, D.C. April 2, 1864
Saturday Evening

This has completed the week of rain and storms of one kind and another. It has been nearly all day today, but melted as fast as it fell. I rose in good time as my French neighbor wanted to say “le bonjour” and by and by went for my mail. Found a letter from I. E. Leander, saying that he had not heard from me for the two last mails, steamers which had arrived at Hilton Head. I am unable to understand this, as I have never omitted writing once in eight days or oftener. I am greatly pleased to know what caused the happened to my letters.

I found also a letter from Col. Elwell dated Elmina, N.Y., March 21st, saying that it was the queer letter he had received since his arrival at that post. That he is informed that his stay is to be temporary, and that compared with his former days, it seems “but a drop in the bucket.” He is tried, and wants to rest still longer. I was told to think he needs sleep six months if released from his bonds, and does not know but that is what he is doing now. I only wonder that he has strength to go on.
I read the pamphlets printed by Dr. Griswold yesterday, give in number, and two papers from Dr. Brown, both containing articles in which I was interested.—I replied to Sanderson's letter and wrote Davis, and finished one coming some time since to Mary Sege, and mailed with them one written to Ida, which makes up the sum of my correspondence for today. I have been reading with much interest some articles in the Anti-Slavery Standard, especially George Thompson's speech delivered in Springfield, Mass. Contrasting it with one he delivered three ten years ago, when the Springfield Republican attempted to incite the populace to outrage and murder. He thinks the character of the paper remains the same; but the feelings of the populace have materially changed. Also I read the contract of this year with a year ago, in the progress of a year. By Miss Mary Crew, a well written article. and almost standing in its place. and the Geneva Gazette on Mrs. Anna Dickinson, intended to be the nearest thing that could be written, although strongly written it cannot affect her, he is evidently not a "Vorwärts Rights" man. The writer entitled his article "Sparta," and deduces it as a disease which manifests itself in the abuse of power on the part of men to usurp the place, and execute the functions of the male sex—defined as an era of ancient date and frequent recurrence. It traces it back to the Amazons, who he says derives their name from the custom they followed of burning off the right breast, that they might handle the bow more nimbly. And he finds them in the age of Pericles at Athens, a class of women, by no means distinct from men, engaging in the discussions of men, and direct the affairs of state. Then again in the French revolution it broke out in its most disgusting form. From the 13th of March, to the Halls of Justice—setting Senators from their seats in the National Convention; even placed at the right hand of the President. The desire first broke out in this country some thirty years ago; and the time when the Anniversary Chelsea on the
person of Harry Wright - an English woman. A man representing the class, who are generally free thinkers on religion, in politics radical, in morals, temperate, personally bold and outspoken, in correspondence, money and letters in their looks, and fluent and articulate in speech, unassuming in attire, but intenders of men. The last development in Miss Ann Beecher, of whom accounts are contradictory, said to be young, and recently turned away from the U.S. Army. The place she was employed at Manual labor for being rising to her employer, and has since been exercised into the Halls of Congress placed between the Press and the Speaker of the House, and the assembled wisdom of the Nation humble to her.

Don Manuel, the other self-possessor of Ehrlich in Miss Beecher, notions it for granted that she cannot be a correspondent because she dare speak a Trojan truth which he feels has been given her, and she cannot, dare not, not only is it long, "when a sick in times of great peril", and why not be seen, is not woman flippantable with man, shall not be seen to say to be seen, a must shut wholly down and access without the privilege of shutting once to them, when effects alone can save.
Washin[ton] April 4 1864
Monday

This day too has passed with little interruption and I fear to little purpose. The morning was not bright. I went to the Post Office, after having finished a first part of a letter to a friend who is at home and with Mrs. Collins in my hand awaited Miss Haskell, in the mean time a loud knock on my door and a letter came on the transom. It was from Mrs. D.Soze, Petromar in Marcella City and saying that my two letters were read and she had decided to start directly for Washington, whom a few minutes before the writing of her letter another came from her sister who at Rockburg saying that she should be in St Louis soon on a furlough and this information had thrown Washington as out of her thoughts and she should start for St Louis immediately, but in the mean time had

Written Senator Wade, and some other friends asking a clerkship for her.

Mrs Haskell came soon, and I went before and assisted her up the stairs. While coming Sally called, as I had my book and slid on she did not stay but called on Amanda and me to the Capitol, we called on Mr. Baldwin, he came, and we spoke of the matters most nearly concerning us at some length. He is very anxious to bring that rotten institution up to justice by close examination, but fear people will shirk from testifying, and I think not unless the proper course is taken. After a time he commenced to understand the propriety of commencing as I had pointed out, and had not time to follow out the idea to its full extent, will call by as one. When we left the Capitol a strange hand. We lunched as one of the ladies, and came home, Mrs. H. went on. (Read & Called on Mrs. Sebby at her store. looking jewelry home with me, ate some oysters but was too sleepy to write much. Mr. Sebby)
Washington April 5th 1864

Tuesday

Rained all day, just as if it had not rained every other day for almost two weeks--and I read as steadily in doors as came out--am nearly through with No Name--until 4, left PM. I had no disturbance, and then a most pleasant one. Mr. Brown came in to bring me letters from Mary Norton, and Juile--and next to ask me to mend a little cloth, and next to paint me a beautiful scrap book designed for my own articles. It is a very beautiful article, and I prize it much. Then my friend Mr. Parker called in a chat, and I read to him some two hours--in order to prepare my mind for George Thompson lecture which is to occur tomorrow night--then a call for Ann & me, and next Dr. Elliot--whom last week I just now, and it is almost essential that I have set my fire out and appointed pitts the day to little purpose. Since I think of the gleebs among very inactivity, and with a few minutes preparate I shall relieve, not a grateful heart for the even pleasant day which ran so smoothly in my order.

Wednesday, Washington April 6th 1864

There are signs of clear weather, although it is hot; perhaps means an estiablishe day yet. I have my reading aside, and took up my pen to address a letter to Mr. White. I wrote at greater length than I had expected and occupied quite a portion of the day. The subject woke up the recollection of a pair of old letters submitted to, and borne so long that I suffered intensely in the reproduction of them, but I did reproduce--whether to my purpose or not time into account. It is to be supposed that any decided resolution is to follow as this is never to be looked for in my case. I have done so long and done I trust with my effort in behalf of others. I must take the little remnant of life, that may remain to me, as my own special property, and appropriate it accordingly: I have asked an appointment as before referred to. I fear I cannot make the use of it I had desired, and I have asked to recall the application. I have said I could not afford to make it. This was the day preceding the night of Mr. George Thompson lecture in the Hall of Representatives. I went early with Mr. Brown, we went into the gallery, and took
a front stroll, in a side gallery. The house commenced to fill very rapidly, with one of the finest-looking audiences that could be gathered in Washington. Conscious among them were Mr. Chace, Gov. Sprague, Sen. Wilson, Sen. Boutwell among Speaker Webster Coffin, Speaker Colfax, Labay, Stevens, and to cap all the brothers of "Old John Brown" came and sat with us. At eight o'clock the order of the evening entered the Hall in the same group with President Lincoln, Vice Pres. Hamlin, Rev. Mr. Pierpont, and others whom I did not recognize. Preliminary remarks were made by Mr. Pierpont. He next followed Mr. Hamlin who introduced Mr. Thompson, who seemed so overwhelmed with emotion, that he could scarce utter a word. It seemed for a time that he would fail in making his address. He came to address the Congress was evidently too great to be contemplated with composure. His presence, thevice of President, and the coming of our country's enemies, he had come to address. The Congress was evidently too great to be contemplated with composure, his presence intense reverence doubting to his presence assists to this country, whom he had seen himself owing and in every house, mocked, stoned, and assailed with filthy missiles, and now he stood, almost deafened with applause in the Hall of Representatives.
Thursday, Washington, April 7th, 1864

The weather has absolutely closed the port, and we are left a quiet harbor, but the sun is beautifully, and I see too.

I continued my letter with few interludes, and went with it to the Boote, as 2 p.m. began to end. I went to the galleries and saw it delined, and read with a mixture of interludes, and finally deplored in the side pocket of the coat.

I then left, returning by way of the observatory, made a little purchase on my way, and returned to my room, to complete my volume — while reading late, say eleven o'clock, a quick rap on the door, and the response of my mate came in; he evidently felt perplexed, and a little written. He had delayed the appointment, wished he knew if I objected to it, in my other quarters, then there named wished to know of something could not he done to make my situation better, wrote the

He left me the Poste, the jun toes, on the door, and a cream of Smokes, and return, and I made good escape to my room.
Washington, April 8th, 1864.

A warm springlike day. I had not rested an hour all night. Mymenses are pretty much regular. I wrote a letter to Mr. Wilson, and crossed one in the usual style, and read them as deposited in the same style without a word of yesterday. I returned to the supper and made up my mind to go to Ampfield this morning. Miss Brown is occupying one of the letters I wrote called this morning, and Kate came to tell me that length she and Meg had been to the Masons and told me all about Lucretia. I am very singular, they knew it before, and an address to know that I had proceeded ten. These prepared gum for my soap; it is to be used.

Saturday, Washington April 9th, 1864.

Did not write until 10 o'clock. Called on Brown and directed that you should go and send down the copies and the train moved out. It was nearly raining; we had been but just to go over to the Congressional Barge Ground, and taking the first car filled with our men, going by the way, you see mud as far as you can, and a black cloud across the fields to the bunched clouds. After driving to the covered road, before coming, some were, vanish with the mixture of birds, more brilliant, than can be described. We entered through the gates, the course and round and on may climb the path; both old and new, for the gait, and light yellow ground to every test mounted as that it was by no means on an frequent spot, and that only two have a number of it. Two went on, so whether again. The epidemics of the past winter have done a wholesale work.

We sat down on the step of Mrs. Wil's Monument and posted the letter to the breakfast in their house, and me a common slate on, the myrtle was full bloom, and the apples were coming out. I got some hops, and also took from a tree, some runners of vio and wrapping them in a paper we turned on steps have.
Home, reached just before the rain. My letters by the Army post are met with some delay, and while arranging my persons, Kate and Meg came. Kate got earth and set my baby in jars, dressed my rooms, and made me very comfortable. I pressed my letters and letters that Dr. March had done. I expressed some regret and commenced my new paper books the gift of my own thoughtful friend Mr. Brown, but in all I lived at the time, but did not reply to my letters.

Sundays

Washington, April 10, 1864

The day seemed very clear enough to ride, and made ready to write. Answered Gen. Long's, Judge, Dr. Brown, and Col. Smith. I made a letter of my own, and the day had few changes.

Mondays

Washington, April 11, 1864

The day seemed very clear to write. Read a letter from Mrs. Andrew Cope. Mr. Cope's letter came clearing off some doubts.

Copy of letter written April 11th, as altered in the papers preceding.

Mr. Henry Wilson:

My dear friend—You gave me permission to write you, and I shall avail myself of the privilege. Not that I have anything to write that I might not speak as well. Not to affect formality, but simply to save you the time and weariness of listening to me. I can send this note where I could not come to speak. I shall say nothing that will require a reply. It relates chiefly to business.

I asked you to have my friend and cousin Mr. Poor appointed in the service, and I now ask you not to. This appears "fickle as a woman." I admit, but you will recollect that I only asked it that I might have the benefit of his personal attendance at the field or wherever I might need it. I have used all the little means in my power to gain this end, and it is impossible: his appointment will therefore be useless to me. And although highly deserving and competent, and possessing my fullest confidence and kindest wishes, there are not sufficient reasons why I should incur the liability of having such an appointment. He has not the slightest
Knowledge of having been procured for the position and therefore cannot be disappointed by the change and so far from my having any past obligations to cancel, he would tell you that he owes it to me that his bones are not whitening under the lead of the cross-oak, and later, that he enjoy the lucrative position that he does today. I mention all this to show that my request wrongs no one. I only speak because I cannot afford to have it otherwise. Do you open your eyes in astonishment at what I have to afford in the matter, that is best known to me perhaps, but certain it is that I must mean—out of consideration to my own feelings—lay myself under future obligations in any quarter for the mere purpose of benefiting my personal friends and relations. It is safe to say that one half of my natural life is past, and in all probability, a third of the remaining half, and if of all my time, labor and strength both mental and physical has been expended upon the abode named class, + + +

My brother's appointment to go on farther look, and in which I was so grateful I could not speak my thanks. You very naturally suppose would benefit me by lightening my cares. Most naturally—although glad, and quite proud of an un-sought appointment, he held me responsible for placing him in a position entirely new to him, and his family, told me responsible for his personal safety in a deadly climate and insisted upon my accompanying him. Although my brother, he was not my D.M., and I had no control over this location. I left all and went with him, sometimes every rough path for him. He walked on the rocks, and I tromped the thorns the whole year, never detailed on how to accompany me. Carefully, thoughtfully made one forte with lightened duties at Helen House, while I went alone, to do my work, unprotected. Forty miles away with the sheltered sands of Morris Island over my bed. My food the mouldiest, warmest eaters I had ever seen an army unclad with. My drink the tide water that leaked through the lone sands of the little island just becoming a crowded Cemetery. My shade from a seething August sun. The friendly clouds that neared between us. My light at night the moon, a dying camp fire, and the long glowing轨迹 of fire that followed the dead body of the enemy. Shell that burned and shucked and burst above us.
My employment. All that is the only bright spot, for it proved that I selected my hand to perform that later. — And so unprotected was I the while, so at the mercy of the selfish, that when at length my own tent came, and I had them jettied up and made a little comfortable, a worthless, opium-selling, greedy surgeon came my cheek burned while I wrote it from Massachusetts. I once a sailor, I was ordered to provide comfortable quarters for himself — get a 25th, secure for mine, and took them from me, leaving me again at the mercy of the elements, which, together with my sickness, the in short time brought me with acute disease, within twenty-four hours of my grave. — And when God came to Col. Elwell, that the morning sand did not light up my dead face along with the gray soldiers brought out for burial — I write all this not for effect. — Not for vanity. Oh no, not that; but simply to show you how little use is a friend in the service, unless I can command his services myself.

And now a little farther I must show you why I cannot afford to incur further liabilities for my friends, and I am going to return to my official position. Most any of complaint — not to ask anyone to attempt to ret. — That I did not look for this late day, but simply to show that I am too happy to afford anything that is not directly for myself or those more helpless if possible than I am.

Pardon me, my dear friend, for intruding, as I have not a matter, I must do so as it will harm no one to leaving upon the table.

Steadily as I have borne the weight of my hand against the wants and sufferings of others all these years, it is still to be confessed that my own self-remaining dependence lies wrapped in the little trinkets, rolled and mixed, Salary, the meager remains of a once noble gift of a still nobler friend. As its original magnitude it was ample, I almost thought it puny, unblameable to deserve, as well as earn it, but scarcely would it suffice in it, and had commenced the plan of a life of study, when it was snatched from me by sordid vellies (once the same still lend it over me today) — because I was a Republican, and not a good Southern Buchanan democrat. It was true, and I had to retire and leave my position to them, and they held back from me, — state, $ 380, of undrawn salary — Six years ago it would have been hard to make people believe that good Democrats holding high official position under State, today the change might not seem so great. All that I could ever bravely, it was from my enemies, but I must confess that when the Government changed hands, and the
I receive, you have only to cast about you upon the prices of the present day...+ + + + +

If I had any selfish motive in asking the appointment, I must excuse me to you. It was that I might do some benefit to the people, it was that I might do some service to the country. I have only to give it up and seek my own interests to end and I will do it. Don't have show you without the shadow of concealment my perfectly inexcusable condition. You will at once comprehend why I cannot afford to incur liabilities by asking favors gratuitously from my friends with no return in view. Please do not misunderstand me. This is not a complaining letter. It is a task upon you I have to seek it all, but I promise not to repeat it, and now do one this last favor, withdraw the name prepared, destroy this letter, forgive one for writing it, and forget it. —

+ + +
Copy of a letter written on the following day. [March 8, 1864]

Another letter? Well you are partly to blame. I learned you in my last against taking any further notice of me, you are not heed my warning and here's the consequence. Last evening you asked me a civil, friendly, sensible question, and like a spoiled child, I looked down, winked fast, bit my nails, drummed with my foot on the floor and would not answer. Today I am ashamed of it. If it would extenuate the fault at all, I could offer the excuse that my not having slept for some nights, has precipitated me as I have not subsequently, there is money reasonable hope of improvement.

You asked me what I intended to do. I thank you kindly for your advice, you shall have my original plan which it cuts me to the heart to give myself compelled to abandon. The coming campaign is to be active, promising, and perilous - I want, to be in it. I wanted my chance, when I wrote but implicitly to accompany me with a rank that would secure me organization, efficiency, and command such facilities as would expedite my labor and increase my usefulness.

...
Mr. James: I am quite ill, and can do nothing that will make me feel the approach of this decision. I am fond of you, and I feel that the sentiment of the decision is too great to be given to the affair without

Dr. Rush, and their East Jersey, are disinterested. I am, Dr. Rush, and their East Jersey, are disinterested.

Dr. Rush, and their East Jersey, are disinterested.

April 24th, 1844

I am, Dr. Rush, and their East Jersey, are disinterested.
Wednesday of April 13th, 1864

Mr Shaw is pretty sick— you know a "pack" this morning, and remained by him till Noon. Mr. Parcell called, the put some draft on his feet which were very effective. Dr. Marsh called in the P.M. had been too much occupied to make his visits, and Congress was not in session. Having adjourned in consequence of the death of Mr. John C. Breck, of the "Globe," I cannot recall much that I accomplished during the day, excepting nursing and receiving a few calls.

I am thinking very deeply about the result of the Breckbillion into the Glendie Molten. Dr. Bent Lammon to be sacrificed when do many hundred people, and they then know it to be all based on falsehood and wrong is there no manifest justice in the world. Is there not one among them all that dares rest the little of Military station in any person to come out and speak the truth, and do the right—Oh pity—(At God what is man that they should put off them)
Thursday  

April 11th 1864  

This was one of the most down spirits days that ever comes to me. All the world appears selfish and baseless. I can see no hold on a good noble sentiment anywhere. I have scanned over and over the whole moral horizon, and it is all dark—the right clouds seem to have shut down. So stagnant. So dead. So selfish. So calculating. Is there no right? are there no consequences attending wrong. There shall the world move on in all this weight of dead moral meaness—hall lies present for evermore—look at the state of things both Civil and Military that cause our Government—the pompous air with which little dishonest pumps loom it on their letters. Contractors receiving the mission, and oppressing the poor, and no one rebukes them. See a monkey faced officer or two and men from one oppressing and degrading poor women who come up to his shell to feed their children—and he may steal, cheat, lie, do grace and show to the Government how much his  

Economy saves it each month. Poor American Government never feels inside his pockets, poisoning with all gotten gain heavy with sin—his whole debt, known it but it might not be quite wise for them a shock— they will tell it freely enough, but will not affirm it. Council and Congress know it but no one can see that it will make votes for him at home by meddling with it—the is winked at. The cabinet know it, but people that live in glass houses must not throw stones. It is not in the general. And in the women live lighter and much lower. God help them. And near an ameliorating dishonest. God keeps a political plot to be executed with human life. He is to create a senator, some Memberships—Governor, Commissioners and all the various offices of a state—and the grateful recipients are to repudiate the former, by gaining for him his confirmation as Mayor Bank. Do the firm rank and file an honour. Do it.
the path a leader is selected to know to be brave in rashness if need be and to give the command in the dark that he may never be able to claim any portion of the glory—Do that he can not say I did it— improvised and he knew it—he is sent on—
monsters come back and explain—\textit{...} is left alone with the responsibility on his shoulders. Trees declared, animals stamping men suffering, enemy missing in part and still there he is—suddenly he was attacked defeated as he expected he must be—
and the world is struck by the tales of his rashness and procedure contrary to order—He cannot speak—he is an subservient officer and must remain silent—
the thousands with him know it, but they must not speak—Congress does not know it and refuses to be informed—\textit{...} and the damned man is condemned and the guilty one others for his reward—And the tormenting world Clears of—\textit{...} he has been a battle and only lost 2,000 men and gained nothing, surely this deserves something And all the world comes on crowding—

\textit{...} looks dark though to those who come near the time—\textit{...} my day has been long with these thoughts and my heart heavy and I cannot raise it—I doubt the justice of almost all I see. \textit{— Evening—}

At eight Mr. Wilson called—\textit{I asked him if the investigation was closed—he replied yes—And that Sen. Seward would leave the Dept in disgrace. This was too much for my quiet soul and I poured out the result of my indignation in one unattended measure. I told him the facts, and what I thought of a certain} that was too imbibe to listen to the truth when it was presented to them, that they had made themselves a laughing stock for even the priests in the service by their defenders inculcated and gullibility. \textit{...} they were all a set of dupes not to say braves—\textit{...} for I knew} 

\textit{...} of N.Y. had been on using all his influence with them that was possible to wipe over them—When I had freed my mind—\textit{...} it was some time—he looked amazed and called for a written statement. \textit{I named it he left—I was an instancemarried}
April 15, 1864

Thursday

Little section, I rose early as usual, and commenced preparing for leaving on the 11 o'clock train, went to breakfast with Mr. Brown then walked to Mr. Sturgis to get Soldier ticket of Derry, which I did, and which he would not accept any pay for, $5.60, and return at the same time, as I had an early train in the Smithsonian grounds, and I returned, and made ready. On the arrival of Mr. Sturgis reached in time, nothing of note occurred, till we went to the

T. 8th April

My dear friend,

I could have slept at the disquietment of not being able to see you alone a moment, but as arranged neither Call, did not control them.

I have been thinking deeply, and I have considered your remarks. See that you disapprove, what I have done, or do not look to do. It all seems worse than useless to you, I cannot consent that you take upon yourself the burden of presenting at request, the city will offer it strongly, and perhaps shortly, and you could have no confidence, no heart, with which to meet his objections. After all your kind acts and speech, I have neither the right, or desire to ask this. I know how worthless a woman's life is, and what a pity it is to wear one — few persons ever felt this more keenly, or bitterly than I — few, more ready than I for years to resign the useless battle. I have striven (against the painful odds) to make my life worth something to mankind, but realize that it has been, and must be, a failure. I am ready to call it so, and I will stop where I am. I know that others can do better. I will leave it to them, I did not know that you had been called upon excepting by myself. I did not intend to trouble you. I was earnest
in what I had previously written. Do not ask anything for me. I will remain quiet unless I am
I thank you for the appointment of Mr. Stonewall Jackson, if you did not yield a preference. It is well. No other
man could have been selected. The department can assign him as usual (if he accepts) and he will know
his appointment.

Respectfully,

Sunday, May 12th, 1864 —

I have seen bright May day mornings
but rarely a tender one, mild, warm and genial.
As usual, I rose early, while the house was very
quiet and commenced my toilet, very promptly.
I had evidently been thinking much during the night
but it was not easy to recall what had been the precise
nature of my reflections. Although from the thinness
of what is usually denominates the head,
I suspect it could not have been a thousand miles
from the Army of the Potomac. I wonder the heart of
the Malayan does not sink. After dressing I made
some changes. Went to the office to find no letters.
I sent word and wrote Seely what I suppose
to be the last letter I am to send him at P.R. Army.

By other reflections I have decided to ask that he be
relieved. No Colonel Tucker if agreeable to the Post
I think I will see and ask them tomorrow. This
Army do as well as to have him assigned wholly
to me. I will see how satisfactory I can make
it appear. Next I took up Mrs. Seely's letter
for answer. I have not done it very well.
My dear Mrs. Sage,

It is Sunday, I know, but can it be wrong for me to write you on Sunday? "Did we not eat blackberries & cream on Sunday? Did we not make filo on the borders of Clandon on Sunday?" and did we not on the clearest day of the Morning go over there on a wicked world's lesson to the terrible thunder of the booming guns, roaring, rolling, leaping, and fleecing freedom to the world? Charleston, I doubt it, thought it very wrong — but you and I, and we cannot discern a gleam of right and a ray of forgiveness in the act, so ever lenient we judge ourselves, and our own acts, so lily-like mine. So May again, May Morning — one year ago. I come to visit you — it seems but yesterday that I walked with you through that sea of bloom and fragrance everywhere surrounding you — though this, and over the fields, and out to the sea of waters — Can you not see the little day our rolling up and the waving biermen lying off — and the fishy net — and the Change —

...can you not hear the Meeting kids? My of course you can. And this was a year ago! And one is expected to live only a few such years in a lifetime. We only a few of any kind, few like that. And this opens with all its changes — if better I know not — I hope so, — You are now in the War stricken West, which hopes it has done its honor fighting, struck its heaviest blow for freedom, and the right; I hope so too, but — here am I once more, and as ever and it almost seems to me forever looking a great soul shaking battle full in the face. — its blood red bannermen wave over our gates — its lacerated gleam at me, and do not approaching death almost reaches my cheek. Even as I write the low notes of the drum are sounding down the street, and the heavy tread of armed men falls upon my ear. One more regiment Marches to "The fort" — and as it has
been for weeks. Just a regiment, then
in a body - resist a corps - Great Heaven!
What is at the front? Only one day less.
Next five miles of Barricades from march
through our city - in it has gone a day
here as the man has no longer an individual existence,
but is counted in thousands, and measured
in miles - I followed them to Alex-
andria, where like the wandering tribes of old
they rest in the valley a day, and I saw
and spoke, and bore good by, and even
while I spoke and gazed with teary eyes
at the sinking sun, a cloud covered heaven
dashed up with the order. "Move to the
front, at day break, and again like the
Arabs they have folded their tents and fled
away, gone to the front, that great mal-
stream where men go in and down, but
men come up again."

What of the Campaign? you ask - Don't ask me; I am holding my
breath in awe at the readiness of the surprised
that floats like a pall above our heads.

What numbers? What concentration? Can
the earth hold up under the shock that is to
come? - Can the Heavens look on and

send not? Can God behold and smile
not? - Ay, but he is smiling - and this
is his terrible retribution! Is this war near
to end, till for every African slave that
ever drogge who chain an Anglo Saxon
shall have suffered? - Shall I lift
 till we take up his old "Stret," and span
with him. Oh Lord remember me? -

four hundred thousand men, just
out in these fields beyond mine, to March and
conquer March, and meet and fight like
so many wild beasts, and fall and die
and be buried among the bleeding cans
of twice their number. And yet on these
they yield his the army been fought
and done, Oh what a terrible thing is God's
retribution! - Pandora's one for deluding
the long on only its effects. It is because
I have been so much aware that the
coming scenes paint themselves more
vividly, on an imaginative, Hemming
and known, I cannot shut my senses
down perceptions even in one of the reality.
'Who am I going to vote for? Why I thought for President Lincoln to be sure. I have been voting for him for the last three years. I thought him honest, and true, and I believe him to be the right with all his power, and would do it as fast as he saw it clearly, and I still think so. I believe his advisers could be improved. It is true that someone else would do better, could see the clear, and act more promptly, and as long as I remain with my predilections, I shall oppose. I want the best man - see a strong side scattered in for Frencm, I know he has great weight. It is true, he is more clear than Mr. Lincoln, the great chief of this war, and to what it tended, and the result of it, and he did suffer for it. Of the Presidency is to be his reward. I must not complain. I love Mr. Lincoln and I have believed and still do, that last election was ordained, and he was raised up to meet this crisis, but it may be that no one man could be conscripted who should be equal to both the beginning and end of this crisis, this might change. The same men that cropped a safe in the outset may be two above now, for nor has lost its footing upon us, and are temper as a people, and we our conservative strain and touch as with the fire of the old nations, we have grown enthusiastic, and short-lived, and long, else once we should have looked on evidence - I have said from the first that I believe this whole thing is directly in the hands of Providence, and the best and continue, and this if we and needs of our present ruler, whom I have always condemed as appointed, and not-elector. This if we need further need of him, we should have him, but if the times demand a change to keep pace with their change, we shall have it. - I shall not listen to moment's trouble, don't return to this country, and shall he perfectly satisfied in either event. I can trust either President Lincoln, or General Freeman.
Some accounts a change would be well, I think it would root out the tractors. Some effects, it is the killing out the weeds and roots in a piece of sound land, the only means the plow is put through the fence will remain - the accession of Mr. Lincoln approximated a host, but another change would rest them closer still. On this account I should have felt sure that still Abraham Lincoln's can worn face is very dear to one, so you see this personally. I am at a standstill - political, not a bit. Vote! Why shall I vote for the regular Union Republican Candidate, one must have but one of any strength and that bee he who he may has my vote. ++

Clara Barton

While writing my friend Mr. Ferguson came in, he has just returned from a visit to his home. I learnt news from my old friends at Walkers, and I promised to write them, and I must - he is out of here, and I enjoy his calls exceedingly. After he left I went to my supper at

Mrs. Streets attended to my little girl, if not in the bottom of the Potomac, and I think she will get more than it is possible for me to keep him comfortable, with all the care I can take. He is constantly chewing bubbles, at the top of the globe, and turning pale about the mouth, and gasping, and fleeting head up and tail down, and then in his best estate he is not over intelligent, and on the whole I conclude I am not fond of pets. I mean helpers, removers pets.

I have just turned to see how all this slumber affected the poor little fellow but he is lying remarkably comfortable on the very bottom of his globe. I conclude he must be a philosopher. My evening I have spent alone, and now at 12-8 I write down my long day journal and retire
Monday, May 20th, 1864

I have not heard how I must this morning on the way down to Washington from the Mayor’s office, that I was considerably more than half-elected, but I remember that I was thinking pretty deeply of how many days it might be before a battle should commence, and I was trying to draw some conclusions, and secretly noticed that the morning was as clear as a piece of cloudless sheet against the sun. So I decided to see one of the cars, and take my letter to Mrs. Ewing to the office, and Mrs. Haskell. Ewing, she seems a little better and Mrs. Haskell has returned to live with her which I am very glad to know. I gave her some articles that I thought might benefit her more than any one else, and then I decided to go to the Archives office and engage for General Sherman.

Circumstances determined me to call at Mr. Tierney’s, and there was a right-hand door, and I opened it with the lightest heart, he is evidently near his end, in great distress, met much difficulty.

On my return I called at the War department and found that General Sherman was supposed to be in NY, had not been in Washington. I hope I may hear something in relation to him before many days. I came home and wrote some verses on my journal-

Lying up as usual, went out and was caught in a fearful storm of dust, the rain approached. I just cleared it, as down it came.

Mr. Hunt sent Berry for plaid. She has returned and has breakfasted hence been at Annapolis. About dusk heavy footsteps announced visit, and Mr. Jerome and Major M. Ward body the secret so often taken, and so soon released, were at my door. They passed the evening till the 8th. I resumed my journal.

Senator Wilson’s son has been commissioned today as a 1st Lieut. in a colored regiment. 17 1/2 years old. I am more and more discouraged at any efforts that I am able to make. I shall do little.
Tuesday

May 8th 1864.

Clear and cold, and the face of Nature looks cleaner and better for the washing. It is now to eat and I have little accomplished nothing today, not that I did not desire to but there is one a spirit of unrest, this will not let me to what I seek to, and yet will not allow me to remain quiet. Nothing of note has occurred.

The papers this morning gave details of the great meeting and ceremonies of the "Ladies' Crusade," pledging to wear nothing during the war. If foreign import duties countenance this dress, I did not attend: it did not seem to me, that it belongs to me, in the least. When all the ladies of the County have cut themselves off from so many luxuries for the sake of this war as I have we will enjoy in any more to reduce still lower, not that I am not ready more but the production is not yet up with my constant practice. They must get beyond negro apparel apparel before it will reach me, when they get down to bread and water, I will listen to them as it is let them without it, it will do them good, but the same

standard to which they will reduce them selves would be an increase of expenses, downright extermination to me. I have no time to join in dress festivals. I hope it may prove real and measurably effective and I think it may.

I called on Miss Samm. She lodg'd near Fort Monroe saw Mrs. Marden she thought the hospitals in the Dept. were better in good condition, but that it was very hard for a lady to doing thing in that Dept. Since the Administration of Mrs. Lamar-

Mrs. L. appears to have done up all the nursing necessary for the Army in the year months she labored—very effective Lady truly—Mrs. Vassell called—Mrs. Robert Smith called this morning Mrs. Bernad Vassell—Miss Dra. Boul—Mrs. Helly, Sam and Amelia spent the evening—Mr. Boul in once a little—

I wrote to Anne & Willis Childs—Lough to have something that I founded necessary to wash and clean my entire room the
Wednesday, May 4, 1864

This morning gave us a little more genuine spring-like feeling, so much so that I did not light my needled fire, but between a shaded and some moving about, I kept me comfortable. The sun locked in at my window, and all was right. I went early to the P.O., and found letters from Cousin Landis & Mr. Conley of Brooklyn. Cousin Landis among his appointments, and it really seems that the mails will never go through next days, since he had heard from me—Mr. Baffiets, wished me to and his unobtrusively a situation at the N.Y. custom house—derives me to call and ask Mr. Jones for a letter to Collector Barney. Dear Mr. What requests! what a childish world, how little we know the real cost of the judgments of our vague wishes.

Later in the day a letter came from Lorraine—she is not well, writes pleasantly, asks some thing from me to forward to King Victor Emanuel of Italy. I commenced to reply to her and must I suppose comply with her
request - I did some sewing, for a wonder - put a pair of scissors in my purse morning dress - quite a success. Bernard and Fannie came at evening spent a short time and I remained alone thoughtful and dull as usual.

I know pretty nearly that the army of the Potomac is in motion, although no mention to that effect is not, all seems as quiet as the grave but still I think I know it must be so.

We cannot remain long as we are, and I think we should be gone. I am depressed and feel desolate and satisfy with myself as if I were not doing today what I ought to be doing. Still I suppose I am or I believe I am somewhere else.

At 4:45 I received a telegram from Mr. and replied by letter to Steamer Jr. I also wrote Seabed again. I thought I had not time to write David, but I suppose I shall if I have time. I remember the broads I have to do, and does not care for my letters, especially now that he intends to resign, his thoughts all time inward.

May 3rd 1864

Washington

Hearing from some cause not well known to myself little very little news early. Not reported, but cold and lonesome. My mind weighs over sleep. I think perhaps might have been a march like everything else, of a similar character. Gone to the front. Left a family behind and some domestic arrangements. I went to the P.O. to find a specimen of the Baptist. Only little news. Indeed the Chronicle had little if we except the European war. The Germans have Carried the fortifications of Breupel and the Dunes, after a hard struggle. Have been compelled to retire. The works which were very strong were carried by siege and storm. Carabali has returned to Caprera. Public rumors say in accordance with the wishes of the great king-domin, who were fearful of the popular press, every extra thrust upon them and the consequent excitement. I do not believe it at all. I believe his health.
required rest. Mrs. Brown & Dora came in. She is quite lonely, I ought not to allow it but I am so company for others, and but little for myself. I went to my breakfast, returned and commenced to bring up my neglected correspondence which haunts me, but as usual a succession of long calls, interrupted among others, Miss Haskell, who is not as well as usual, and deeded me to become one of the administrators of her will, which she proposes to make one decree to name a second. I think I should like to decline, but saw that it was going to decide her if I die and descended and married Bro. Ferguson. This settled the matter and she left. In the afternoon Mrs. Marden of the N. Hampshire Relief room called. She had been at Port Royal while I was, and returned in Feb. She is a regularly Medalist in memory of the U. S. N. R. Regt. and is at present with Mrs. Dorn. Mrs. J. is still at Fort Monroe. There are return rumors of a battle. It is said that our forces have crossed the Rapidan. Communication is more than ever obstructed, we hear nothing. At evening, Dr. Young called; he is much better than before his illness. I think his attack benefitted me. I am sure I am much better. My letter to Louise I did not retire early, but was too tired to bring up even this poor little page, and now at 10 o'clock let it close it and re-open upon another day's events.

Friday May 6th 1864

This appeared to be one of the meanest of the memorials which a kind father creates to gladden his loving, faultless children. I had decided to keep closed doors, and answer every letter I had but, after finishing the cleaning up of my doors leading into the adjoining small room, making my wife, covering for my fish, poor little fellow; sweeping and dusting the air, Mr. Brown & Dora came and invited me out to breakfast. We walked through the upper Market and down 9th street.
to Mrs. Streeter's where we partook a meal. Exquisitely cooked breakfast called upon to the Union League Rooms, and visited the new bathroom on E St. just around the corner from me. A lucky box not prepared to recognize me near me, and its reasonable, and at the corner of our street Mr. Brown tells us good morning and we return to our rooms. I have looked over the Chronicle, and find to my great grief the execution of Washington Mr. G. by order of Genl. Butler, the abandonment of our stores and the great distress of the hundreds of Union families residing within the former jurisdiction and what is worst it would appear that a very incalculable force of the enemy remained the burning remains having been withdrawn to Va. The fear of the rebel rams must have influenced the decision. Indeed, Mr. Wade and General have returned from their Council of inspection of the Massacre of Fort Pillow. Their testimony more than confirms the previous descriptions which have reached us as terrible beyond comparison with anything in civilized life. Wounded men held up and shot. Children murdered as by scythes, men nailed to planks and set on fire. Hospitals burned, women butchered, most in the heat of battle, but after a surrender, and after a night's sleep, rose again in the morning and resume the work of butchery as usually a butcher goes and goes about his accustomed occupation.

How are we all to die out here? Have its allies grown cold?

Shall the curse come at last which our fathers foretold?

Then Nature must teach us the strength of the Chariot That her petulant children would sour in vain.

They may fight till the hogs are jaded with their spittle—

Dirt the harvest grown black as it rests on the soil.
Tell the victory and the Catamounts troops
from their caves.
And the short troth, the pirate the land
of the waves —

So rain is the stripe, when its furies past
Their fortunes must flow in one channel at last
As the current that rush from the mountains up
Yet, mingled in peace thru the valley below.

Our Union is river, lake, ocean and sky
Man breaks not the Medal, When God cuts
the die
Though drenched with sulphur, though
Clean with steel.
The blue arch will lighten the load will heal —

If any one men everywhere can be
So kept, and taught and restrained so
That no relations in kind shall ever
be practiced, indeed we have seen again
an opportunity, as at present under new duties.

Foreign papers continue to declare the de-
parture of Garibaldi compulsory. That
the Conference must be continued, the Empire
would not come while Garibaldi is in England.
The Austrian Ambassador will not enter the
Conference while Garibaldi is here stirring up
sympathy for Russia. Russia will not
sit at the table while Garibaldi is making
speeches to Poland, and Prussia will give
its a wide berth, while he is here telling the
Danes he is ready to volunteer in the
service of Denmark —

Park Grant was born in Clermont,
Co. Ohio, Apr. 28, 1829. —

The day was exceedingly hot. Mrs.
Davall came and desired me to go out with
her to make some purchases for living. I went,
and after receiving many things we went in at 9 O'clock.
I purchased myself two silk dresses, which
would be extermous very low prices in these
days, and as I considered for more economical
the

Seventeen gets each one at $1.00.
and one at 9, 15 etc. less than 1 30 for the two. Chrump, and the pieces are gone -
The reports are to the effect that the army
are in battle, but no one knows.

Read a letter from Mr. Marsh saying
that the bullet would sail on Friday a.m.
that himself & Col. Holl had both been detained
all this time. Requested that he consider not have
returned to Washington. Mr. Brown invited
me to accompany him and Dora to old fellows
Hall. to hear the Kitchenengers, who are the sons
of Mr. Alley. Their concert was good, and Mr.
Alley and family. I am pleased with middle
life. My return I attempted to write but was
too late and gave it up - She night pass over
it is back coming December.

Saturday

May 7th 1864

Every promise of a hot day when it
first stepped in with its mantle of gray - I did
not sleep very soundly. I think on at least I
woke every second. The papers contain little
on our intelligence. Every one supposes that the army
are in constant, and fighting, but no one prefers
to know. Our army under Genl. Grant, seems
like 'that brave Jim whose no braver return
My standard came today, clear and decided.

as ever. Contains very full accounts of the
Massacres at Fort Pillow, while writing.

Dear uncle, one to go out with him, and at the
cour then entered the two (Mr. Rassell and I)
went on together. Called at Carles, and
sang together. I took another sheet
them, as much the same note, May
not keep it think I can retain it.

Sunday

On my way home I went to dine
with Mr. Brown & Dora. and commenced to learn
that the reports of battles were true. I went direct
to Genl. Reeds, found him sitting in the door
step of his office, he was certain that no one
knew much of what was going on, that no
were as well protected as any one, that he had
been at the War Dept. and was resigned that the
Secy. did not know the general results, I asked
him if he would accept letters if he were
assigned to him. He replied yes, certainly,
that if I chose it he would, and staid
him here in the city as long as he remained
and loan me the use of him as I needed.
There is no end to his goodness.
The thanks of the people will be carried for at the field, from the fact that a great many hundred hospital tents have been ordered and he holds them in readiness and that they have sent up to know if they are needed. He is certain that no pass can be gotten yet, though he would wait a little before asking. I walked home past the San Cam. Rooms and just as I came up, I saw Mayor Davis pass out in company with some other gentlemen, he did not appear to recognize me.

After my return, Sen. Wilson called to ask me about my passes, he spoke more fully of the battles, said that the first days drags (i.e. Thursday) was very successful for us, that since that no returns had been gained no one knew anything later. The battle was sharp that Genl. Hays of R. N. was killed. That the 18th Mass. Regiment suffered very severely. He took my application to the Secty. of War and said he would see what he could do with it.