Transcription of the correspondence of Lucy Chase, January 1864-March 8, 1865 (Box 2, Folder 14).

This handwritten correspondence is in the collection of the American Antiquarian Society (Catalog Record 271341).

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1864 Lucy Chase to Capt. Brown (no transcription)
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1864 Lucy Chase to Capt. Brown (no transcription)
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1864 Lucy Chase to Pliny (no transcription)
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1864 Lucy Chase to Wendell Philips (no transcription)
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January 1864 Lucy Chase to Miss Lowell (no transcription)
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January 12, 1864 Lucy Chase to General Butler (no transcription)
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March 31 1864 Lucy Chase to Miss Stevenson (no transcription)
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March 31 1864 Lucy Chase to Col Kinsman (no transcription)
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May 19 1864 Lucy Chase to Eliza
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Dear Eliza, We were delighted to receive thy last letter. Delighted to hear from all of you, and delighted to get general news. Out of the window, at my right, long streets of negro-cabins stretch over the table-land—a complete city. Fifty cabins Low, pigmy door-ways, open into their narrow, dimly-lighted single halls. Absolute neatness surrounds the cabins, which are unfortunately crowded, and are in many instances without garden patches. This neat little log house, with the schoolhouse on one hand, and the store on the other, stands on a little slope overlooking the village. Looking itself symbolic of the beneficence which emanates from it. Beyond the village lies the fort enclosing Genl Cornwallis's head-quarters and a number of other houses, one of which is the head-quarters of Gen. Carr, successor to Gen. Wistar. Gen. Washington's headquarters, are within sight, and Gen McClellan's fortifications are within a few minutes walk. The soil is sandy, broken, and billowy, and, as we ride about the district, we think of the barren moors where dwelt "that Eyre Jane we read about," as Sarah said. First day. Yesterday we went to Williamsburg, a ride crowded with interest. We drove through wasted plantations, all of whose fences were sent up in smoke by the soldiers. We passed Fort Magruder, a formidable fort, with seven large redoubts, some of which are garrissoned. A large negro village is near, and many houses have sprung up to meet the various needs of the large force, until recently quartered there. Williamsburg is now the oldest city in the country. Jamestown is no longer a city. It is a city in the wilderness. Williamsburg is a Conn. valley village in feature. The streets are wide, the houses old, and picturesque, with sharp roofs & dormer windows. Radiant now with rose-draped porches. Thee may remember that the rebels left a multitude of insane in their Asylum in Williamsburg. Those patients have been, from that day to this, in the charge of army officers. We entered the gate-way of the premises, and were fascinated with the boxed-up treasures of spreading lawns, blooming hedge-rows, parallel elms, spacious buildings, with columns and corridors. (Beautiful, because irregular.) Many old men were walking in the shade, or seated under the elms. One came to us. "This is the place of principalities and powers Powers I take to mean power of numbers; strength of will. Here beautiful woman dies with no one help." [sic] "There" pointing to the women's quarters, "Cruel negro [sic] lord it over the white man." "All the patients are noisy secessionists," the steward told us. The one with whom we talked told us he was a cruel master. At the head of Main St. stand the ruins of Wm and Mary's College and we took our basketed lunch within its walls. Madison

Monroe, Genl Scott, Chief Justice Marshall graduated there. Halfway down the pretty street, a desolated church faces the desolated court-house, and govt horses are stabled in the basement of each, while vacancy has taken the place of all the inner architecture. We visited the "oldest church," under the favor of the half-crazed, black secessionist sexton, who sported a big-headed foil for a cane, and wore a button, a candelabra drop, and a triangle hanging from his buttonhole. We asked him their significance and he said the button means "Be faithful." The triangle means the trinity. The rebels removed the pews, and made of the church a hospital. "We tried to prevent them," the sexton said, "but they existed." "This house was once a house of grace, now disease and sickness fills the place," said the sexton. "Who was the author of those lines?" I inquired. "I offers em to you now, myself," he replied. A tablet upon the church wall tells of somebody whose "Other felicity ware crowned by his happy marriage with She died and left behind her a most hopeful progeny." Some of the tombstones mention that the great Panjandrum himself attended the funeral. On First-day we went with Eunice Congdon to Acre-town, a mile or two distant, and taught the children of the village in an unfinished school-house which the friends are erecting. Into that school-house they design putting colored teachers. We were very much excited by the spectacle of rebel earthworks in the neighborhood. Long lines of parallels, with zig-zag communications, protected by forts, all so complete as to be intelligible, with Heinzelman's 6 opposing breast-works startingly near. Acre-town was built by Gen. Wistar. The cabins are well-built, of uniform size, not crowded, fence-inclosed, with the door-ways within the gates, the acres adjoining, and nothing unclean to be seen either in front, or in the rear. The negroes when first driven upon the plains, found homes in the woods, and in the power-magazines under ground. Gen Wistar finding the negroes dying rapidly in the Forts at Yorktown and Gloucester point sent them out unto the open, and sentimentalists call him unfeeling. All might have died if they had remained in the Forts. I imagine Wistar is what Butler thinks him to be, a man of rare judgment and ability. Impatient, to be sure, and unwilling to tell the curious and imprudent the whys and wherefores of his movements. Yesterday we drove over McClellans roads upon Wormleys Creek and saw many of its works. Long lines of zig-zag. We visited a masked battery of the rebels upon the rivers-shore. It was planted upon the arc of a natural circle screened by trees. An English officer who visited it said it was the prettiest masked battery he had ever seen. Upon the shore near the battery we picked up rare shells unknown in Northern waters. We passed California Joes tree, and visited the house where Washingtons terms of capitulation were signed by Cornwallis. It was McClellans headquarters also. All of these spots are within walking distance of the mission-house. The friends have already done a great work here. They have nearly three hundred pupils in their day school, and they have a large night-school of adults. The Trojans came here with Eunice Congdon; and her predecessors and associates have accomplished wonders in cultivating the morality of the community.

June 5, 1864 or 1865 Lucy Chase to home

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Dear Ones at home. June 5th Just received Pliny's letter- Will write to Newport. We wish very much we could be there Indeed we do [?] will go North in July. I want to remind you that you very seldom! write to us! I also want to remind you that you very seldom come to see us! Do come oftener! And do come right away. Lizzie will tell you how glorious our view is. We have decided that it will be best for us to continue housekeeping, but we want you to see our present home. Dr. Brown's secret detective (once Chief of Police in New York) is trying to find for us a furnished house. We shall hunger and thirst for our present view, which, modified by atmospheric changes, is new to us every day. The mists and fogs and sunshine; soft air, and summer flowers, have brought the South right back again, and we want Lizzie to hurry back again. I meant to have her take to you some of our second crop of apples. The trees continue to blossom and some of them have a great many young apples upon them. The cherry and peach trees are also in blossom. Roses still abound, rich in variety. The autumn tints upon the leaves seem like smiles from home, and make me want to shake hands in the woods with Blake Brown & Co. But we don't have the beautiful Gum-tree with its English-ivy shaped leaves,—green, graceful, and abundant in the summer, and, in the fall, rich bronze in the sunshine, and purple, almost to blackness, in the shade. Neither do we have the beautiful hanging-moss, which festoons the gray oaks. The live oak we dont have, with its willow-shaped leaves. An evergreen too. And the male mulberry is a stranger at home, is it not? Its glossy laurel-shaped leaves are glorious all through the winter. Stately trees, with thorny spikes invading their sides now bear heavy clusters of purple berries, but we dont know what they are. The "What is it" is all around us. The negroes say "Dont know" when we ask the names of things; and as we dont want to trouble the whites to "Don't know," when we know, right well, that they do know, we satisfy ourselves with admiring. We are making last visits for the winter to some of the distant farms. We frequently think, after leaving home for town only, that we will visit some farm, and we remember our passes only when they are called for. Sometimes our story serves for a pass, and, sometimes we cannot pass. The picket-stations annoy us greatly. In going to some of the farms we pass through a rebel intrenched camp, and through the "Alabama Camp" village of log-huts. A Negro family by putting a fence around some of the houses have made a cozy homestead in the wilderness. Our draw-bridge annoys us, and as it wont stay shut we shall be glad when we are shut of it. We can always arrange to have it closed for us, if we know, before leaving home, that we shall not return until after eight; but, as unforeseen events sometimes detain us, we sometimes are turned off upon the hospitality of our few town friends. The night we took tea with Lizzie at Dr Brown's I sent to the Genl requesting a pass at whatever time we might choose to cross. When we handed the pass, the guard said, "This is very peculiar. When did you get this?" "This evening," I said. Then I added, "What difference does it make?" "A great deal of difference to me," said the guard. I suppose he fancied I should be awed into silence by his oracularly ambiguous speeches, but I startled him by saying, "Is not the pass dated the 27th?" "Yes," he replied. "Is not that today?" I said. "Yes." "Well," I said "Why should the Gen choose to change the date?" (He had said, "It makes a great deal of difference to me, whether it was written yesterday.") "I understand," said the man, "they wont even pass bearers of despatches!" "Is not that an order from Gen. Barnes?" I inquired. "Yes, it is." "Well, he is Military Governor,

and I should imagine you would reverence his authority." The ignoramus let us pass. So many streams that we wish to cross here, are left unbridged, that delays, deception, and unsuccess are in accordance with good order. Two or three days ago, having left our pass at home, I obtained one from the Adjt Genl but a stupid picket, not knowing who was Adjt. Genl refused it, and so we took our horse out of the carriage, and trotted Albert to town to the Genl giving him an outdated pass drawn up for me by Genl Barnes. I wrote, in pencil, upon the pass, Genl B. Sir: I find at the picket-station that this pass wont pass. May I ask you to make the pass passable? Today, the Genl asked me why I did not go to him whenever I wished any favor. ("Come in person," he said, gallantly—"Because you are a General," I said. "And you are a lady," he said—bowing low. "Ladies come constantly to me with much more trifling requests that your's." "That is why I stay away," I said. "Cela ne faut rien," said the Genl. "Do yur work through me," said Dr Brown. "No, do it through me," said Genl. Barnes, and so on we talked for several minutes. These occasional social chances are very refreshing to us. And now, after months of lonely living, we hope for a semicivilized season. I spoke of Gen. Barnes, I find, when I laid aside my pen. I told some of you that I took to his door a box of our beautiful November apples and apple blossoms, telling him upon the cover of the box, they were "Contrabands to Nature for Genl Barnes's inspection." His son, a New York horticulturist, saw the blossoms and growing fruit, and said he ne'er saw the like before. Mrs Barnes, and her lovely daughter joined the Gen and staid here until he was removed. Mrs Barnes was a Vir. But she is strongly anti-slavery, and I one day heard her utter her sentiments freely to another Vr lady, the wife of an U.S. officer. Mrs. Barnes is a very elegant woman. She was very kind and sweet to us, and kissed us, with tears in her eyes when she left Norfolk. We called on her the evening before she left and heard a grand serenade from Post band. Her husband left a few days before she did. We felt personally attached to him, and determined to see the military display on the occasion of his leaving. It was really a grand spectacle. The colored brigade formed a hollow square around the green in front of his house. While the white troops, with flashing bayonets and streaming banners, paraded impatiently while biding the General's time. He—tall, handsome, and elegant stood upon his porch, welcoming the officers who mounted his steps, while his wife and daughter sat near him receiving the compliments of the occasion. Every-body talks of flashing bayonets and streaming banners, even when the provocation is exceeding small but we all realized, for the first time, the exceeding beauty of sun-stricken steel and floating colors glazed by sunbeams. It was so sunny and so Southern we revelled in it. A son of Genl Barnes was Capt. of the Minnesota and his lovely wife from Philia was in the Generals family. She was an enthusiastic admirer of Philips Brooks, and gave me his famous thanksgiving sermon. From that day to this we have had many Generals. Wild Graham and Mrs Wild we knew. I don't know whether I ever told Shepley you much of our beautiful home at Ferry Point where we were in Norfolk, but outside of it, and looked upon Norfolk and Portsmouth over the water. Having around us forty or fifty beautiful and charming lady teachers we have not taken time to visit them, but, we sometimes meet them very pleasantly. I will tell you sometime, at length, about my pleasant interview with Gen Butler. People from far and near look in upon us, very often. Mr Hale (who is now in camp at the front) called on us two or three times while Sarah was in bed with her sore-stricken eye-lid. James Miles now (with Augustus wounded and at Fortress Monroe) has been twice to see us. The Adj Genl took us to Gottschalks concert and to see Laura Keene a courtesy which we highly

appreciated because they were the first public entertainments which we had enjoyed here. Eliza will thee please to write for me to Fidelia Bridges, asking her if she will be in Salem in Aug. or Sep. and asking her to let me know at once, where I can meet her, in either of these months, to be a pupil for one or two weeks. I must refresh myself by painting. I should write but I dont know where she is. I hope I shall hear speedily from her. We may decide to remain with the soldiers through July. If we do, we shall give several hours a day to the contrabands. But we may go home the first of July. Our visit in Philia will be on our way back. If anything should cause Gen. Butler to leave this department we may, instead of returning here, go to Richmond, or to Washington, where we have been asked to go. I wish you could have seen the woods here in April, alive with a multiplicity of blossoming dogwood (not poisonous like ours,) and fragrant, and wondrously beautiful with the golden Jessamine, whose perfume Fanny Butler calls the richest on earth. The beautiful, drooping bells of the red honey-suckle, wild and luxuriant, here, burning like drops of sunshine on many a leaf and branch. Now the laurel towers into a tree and bears large and rosy blossoms. The magnolias are in bloom and "The rose blossoms like a wilderness!" I want to fill a whole sheet about the hospitals. As all when able to be moved are hurried North, none but the sore-distressed patients remain in our hospitals. We talked with men gasping with lungs shot away, with men bleeding to death, saying "I'm beginning to grow cold." Saw a poor boy raving with a bullet in his head which could not be found though the wound had been probed four inches deep. Wrote letters for men with amputated limbs, and internal wounds and spent a; great deal of time in a ward devoted to patients with gangrene and erysipelas. Many of the poor fellows are grieving because they have received from home no return for letters they have sent telling of their wounds. The Christian Commission is doing a great and noble work in Hampton. Unlike the Sanitary Commission it is not the agent of the Govt and does not require a surplus demand for its comforts. Fortress Monroe is alive with the Army. On our way to Yorktown we stood on the wharf when more than a hundred wounded men were taken from a transport to the hospitals. We talked with many fresh from the field; and found them hopeful and believing. A hundred prisoners were marched by us while we stood there, and a hundred convalescents were put upon a steamer to be brought to our Portsmouth Hospital. I will write again and send to Newport as you may all be there. Aff. Lucy

Lucy Chase to Freedmen's aid July 1, 1864
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Norfolk Va July 1st 1864
My Dear Friends
Box "No 10" is safe in my hands. I propose a summer regimen of wholesome neglect for my negroes. "I can do without it" would be very becoming for warm weather. "I want" looked warm and comfortable, and was an absolute necessity in the winter; but is cumbrous for summer wear.

It stifles the moral sense and chokes independence; but, if discarded now, it may, when the cold days come again, be looked upon as a superfluity.
Have I told you that I hope, if I am in the field next winter, to furnish remunerative work to women? I can command as many sewing machines as I may desire, but I think it unwise simply to teach the use of them. To teach it too to women unlikely to go far from Norfolk, where many private machines are now lying idle while their owners beg work from door to door. Now, if the Government will let the machines sew for it, the machine-worker can be furnished with present means of support and those who become experts, may secure here, or elsewhere, permanent situations in manufacturing establishments. That will be one spoke in my grand industrial wheel. I have already put into the hands of a shoemaker five sets of tools, for apprentices, all of whom shall be cripples, incapable of active work. But some efforts, even on a large scale, could not meet my demand for Ready opportunity for labor with the assurance of a ready reward. Let the transmutation of dollars into clothing cease at the North.
—Stores for the negroes are now liberally supported, at all their central camps. Those persons who find employment at the hands of chance and circumstance can avail themselves of the opportunity furnished at these stores to buy at less than market prices, and they may well thank the good fortune that has made two feet sufficient for each one to stand upon, and two hands quite enough for his main-stay. To each we (all of us) furnished opportunity and now we further honor them by leaving them atone. But why should we increase the misfortune and degradation of those who have drifted away from all things needful for their physical comfort, and now find themselves stranded on our fallow shores? They open their mouths and we feed them, and they stretch out their arms and we clothe them. “Yes,” we say, “heads were made to push with, hands were made to work with.” “There is work for you now, at the North, but you mustn’t go there. There’ll be work for you here, at the South, when the war is over!! Here’s a nice broad shelf we of the North have made for you. Pocket your hands and tuck up your feet, you wont need them here. Crawl upon it. Leave all to us. We won’t let you fall off.” This is what you of the North (or rather we, your representatives) have done. But there is a highway, that leads to Independence, which the negro would gladly travel, if the North would pave it. Every foot-fall therein should be labor which would bring the sweat to his brow, and weariness to his frame. But the courage, in his heart, would be freshened by that sweat and it would be a crown of manliness to his brow. On the stage, at the North, you have “The Ticket-of-leave-Man.” When our houses of opportunity are opened here, the negro shall enter them with his ticket of leave to be a man. Let come that day, O Government! Even in these burning days, with the thermometer 1000 in the shade, our benighted friends still work vigorously at [?] planting. One is sometimes oppressed by the moral significance of the solemn earnestness they exhibit. We have 100 hard working students in our night school, which is presided over by Miss Smith and Miss Collins, members of our family. Some of our scholars come to us fresh from Richmond and its vicinity.
Far out, on a sandy point, stretching into the ocean, stands Cape Henry lighthouse. Opposite it lies the dark point of Cape Charles, whose lighthouse was destroyed, not long ago, by the rebels. A plan to destroy Cape Henry lighthouse, and to murder its guard, was recently detected, so increased vigilance is maintained there night and day. A colored company is stationed there—isolated, solitary, and inactive. It is officered by noble men who are ambitious for the welfare and reputation of their company. One of them appealed to my sister and myself, some time ago,

for books, and we determined to visit them so that we might learn their actual wants. On the very day of our arrival, their captain received some primmers, from a tract society, and he declared to us his intention to put one into each man's hands. We gathered the men and found their zeal needed no quickening. They were very apt, and those who knew no letters, learned a number of words, in the one lesson we gave them. To one of the men, my sister said, "Are you free now to run and do just as you please?" "Oh no," he said, "I'm free to hold myself, to learne, to show my best behavior to everybody, to serve my country, and to 1e always a gentleman but I'm not free to do anything else. I want to do all I can to show the white people our race is of some account." Books and teachers find the colored man, even if his home is the wilderness, and I know they will brighten the days of the soldiers on Cape Henry, like blooming flowers in its sandy waste.
Far from town, and near Cape Henry, we saw an occupied schoolhouse, the first we had seen in Virginia, and curiosity prompted us to visit it. The teacher, a young Virginian, told us the house was used for a public school before the war, and she had permission to teach a private school there. She had but three scholars, but they were bright and well advanced. Scattered about in the woodlands, in all directions, in this part of Virginia, are tidy school-houses and pretty churches; but the school-master is far abroad, and the minister is away, and so are the people.
Since I wrote you last, my sister and I have made a delightful visit to Yorktown. It is now very easy for us to leave our own school, and so we readily assented to a very urgent invitation, from the Phila. friends (who are doing a large missionary work there) to aid them in organizing their schools which had for some time been struggling to secure a permanent foothold. Yorktown would be a fine point for a Northern tourist to visit. There one may see what the Negro can do with small opportunities, and may learne how surely the effort of his white patron meets with a speedy reward. A mile from the fort is Sabletown, a village of 500 negro cabins; while a half mile beyond it, is Acretown, a neat, negro village built by Genl. Wistar. Each cabin is enclosed with its acre, by a curiously interlaced slab-fence (the universal cabin enclosure in these parts). The acre [sic] are contiguous in their rear, so air and space are meted out in double measures. The cabins are built of an uniform pattern and absolute neatness is enforced upon the premises, by military authority. There the friends have built a school-house which, like the one at Sabletown, is occupied as a church on Sundays. A large Sunday-school is also kept, in each place. Uniform neatness, taste, and cleanliness characterize the dress worn on Sundays. The combination of colors, known at the North as "niggerfied," are seldom, if ever, seen here (in the South). Upon a hill, a few rods above Sabletown, the friends have built a mission-house, a school-house, and a store. To the mission-house the people flock for sympathy, advice, and assistance. The school-house bell calls 400 children daily to their teacher and summons hundreds of adults to the night-school; while the store is thronged with customers.
But few soldiers are now left to represent the large force which has garrisoned Yorktown since our forces took possession of it. With the Army, must have departed the means of support for the Negro. Efforts are constantly made to induce the negroes to remove from their huddling places upon government farms. Some still find work with the troops who remain and, satisfied with the present, shrink from looking for a new home, while the multitude wait patiently for the gates of Richmond to open that they may rush therein. Here and there, as we move about the country, we find many freed people longing for Richmond. All who come from its neighborhood refuse to find a home elsewhere. But I see no reason why the Yorktown community, if 2000, should be

more than very transient. Today it is prosperous, firm, and full of interest. The money earned is still on hand, the garden vegetables supply the table, and the store satisfies a variety of domestic wants. But Yorktown is out of this world and, if we do not again make it a stronghold, each man must look to himself alone for the reward of his labors.

The positive influence for good that emanates from the zealous friends who have made their home in Sabletown is marked in its results upon the reverential, receptive people. It seems like a well-regulated realm there. Forty couples, over whom "The Matrimonial" had never "been read," because no state law could make it binding, were married in the church, while we were there, and were feasted at the Mission-house with huge slices of rich, frosted wedding cake, and lemonade without stint. The Superintendent of Contrabands united with one of the energetic teachers in compelling all living as man and wife to take the choice of separation or marriage. Many unwillingly assented to marriage, while others indicate a full appreciation of the necessity, propriety, and dignity of the ceremony. It was a strangely picturesque and impressive sight to see, in the twilight, the neatly dressed couples, moving from their various quarters and drawing near our doorway. Old men and women, hand in hand, coming up to their "bridal." "Take her by the hand," one old man said as he led his wife forward. Everyone had an air of serious modest reserve. Some were young enough to blush, and all seemed to say, "This is our marriage day." After the ceremonies in the church, the newly married were invited to the house, where the great cakes were cut for them and the air was sweetened by the magnolias and brilliantly illuminated by the kerosene. Our good friends anticipate immediate and wholesome results from the occasion. The colored people easily assume the responsibilities, proprieties, and graces of civilized life. As a class, their tastes are comely, though they are acquainted with filth. I fancy they see the moral significance of things quite as readily as white people. Eighty other applicants urged their claim to enter the pale too late to make preparations for them, but in a week they will promise faithfulness to each other and each will have a gift of a candle in its stick. The candle will be lighted that it may shine on their new way.

We are near the front, you know, so the soldier, as well as the slave, gets near our sympathies. On our return from Yorktown, we were obliged to pass across the deck of a hospital-boat. Nearly every man aboard had lost a leg, or an arm. The amputations were very recent for they were in the battle of the 22d of June. The flies are a worrying nuisance both to sick and well, in this climate, and so I rejoiced when I saw the indications of thoughtful kindness that hung in the branches over the soldiers cots. It was late and dark when we touched the wharf. No boats were due at that time so, in place of the usual bustle, all was very still—Before us, we saw men with lanterns, and, nearby, the glare of white sheets —We knew the dead were there. The surgeon stood by and superintended the removal of the bodies from the cots to the coffins. An attendant carelessly took a waistcoat from one body, fumbled in its pockets, and threw it to a colored man standing by, saying, "Here boy, here's a waistcoat." But the man took it not. The surgeon said to us, when pointing to one body, "That poor man has no name. We could learne neither his name nor his regiment." We came on to Norfolk and were met by a very large body of Norfolk ladies and gentlemen, bearing white flowers. A hearse stood in waiting, and a number of the stately gentlemen went on board the "City of Hudson," expecting to take from it the body of a rebel general. But they did not find it there, and she whispered, and bowed, and walked grimly away.

I must tell you what excellent care the colored soldiers received in the Balfour Hospital, in Portsmouth. Hundreds of them have been brought here from Bermuda Hundred and my sister found among them many of her old camp pupils. Noble men they are and I rejoice that noble men and women are in charge of them. I have seen in no hospital such genuine, direct, and gracious courtesy as the hired nurses in the Balfour show to their colored patients. Our hospitals are full, or the poor men, who touched at the Fortress, would not have gone on, in the heat, to Washington. The soldiers generally are cheerful and even those robbed of legs and arms are often very gay; but the colored soldiers excell in jollity. One man, who had lost his arm, said to me, "Oh I should like to have it, but I don't begrudge it" Another said, "Another arm robbed. Well, there's one thing, 'twas in a glorious cause, and if I'd lost my life I should have been satisfied. I knew what I was fighting for." " 'Twas my effort to take Petersburg," one said, "and I worked as hard as I could. "(Next fall there will be no lack of cripples for my shoe-shop.)

We have our sympathies called out, almost every day, for the innocent children who are harshly beaten by their will-enemies, their harsh mama's. Close by us lives a black woman who lashes her little boy with a raw-hide. We have remonstrated repeatedly, but she "Reckons I shall beat my boy just as much as I please, for all Miss Chase," and she does beat him till his cries wring the anguish from our hearts. We complained of her to the Provost Marshall and, for a few days, she has been more quiet, so we think he must have visited her. "A few licks now and then, does em good," a sweet woman said to us once in extenuation of her practice of beating. Many a father and mother have begged me to beat their children at school. "Spare the rod and spoil the child," is on every mothers tongue. "Now you whip her and make a good girl out of her," the kindest mother says when she trusts her sweetest child to us. .

A good old Craney Island friend of ours, wise and faithful in her home relations, and conscientious and loving in her business relations with the whites on the Isd. found her first husband, a few weeks ago, in a crowd of supposed strangers at the Rope-walk. "Twas like a stroke of death to me," she said, "We threw ourselves into each others arms and cried. His wife looked on and was jealous, but she needn't have been. My husband is so kind, I shouldn't leave him if he hadn't had another wife, and of course I shouldn't now. Yes, my husband's very kind, but I ain't happy. No. He hasn't any enemy but himself as I knows on and perhaps I ought 'nt to worry about him, but I do." Thinking again of her first husband from whom she was early parted, she said, with keenest feeling, "White folk's got a heap to answer for the way they've done to colored folks! So much they wont never pray it away!" "I didn't thought 'twas written folks should sell folks," another Craney Island friend of ours said,—adding, "God dont tell me any such thing." That was Aunt Nancy, the good old soul who cared for us tenderly, when we were sick on Craney Island. We asked her, a few days ago, if she sometimes attended services in a colored church close by her home. She said, "I haven't been there since the church's been sittin there. 'Taint my way to have such long meetins. My way's the right way, and the straight way. The spirit dont stay so. It comes and goes you know."

We thought she was right—"They begin with a meeting and end with a party, don't they?" my sister said - And so it seems. The excitable people protract their evening meetings far into the night. It is customary with them to continue the exercises of prayer and singing after the benediction has been pronounced. Their spiritual gratifications are emotional, rather than rational, and they rock, and sing, and wail, and bowl, till their own most lazy patience is

exhausted It is very common for a large congregation to accompany the preacher, or prayer, by a wailing chant, swaying their bodies all the time, and often drowning the voice of the speaker. It is usually the women alone who are so unseemly. In their prayer-meetings, one or many grow "Happy," jump, and spin, throw their arms into the air, embrace those near them, shake all the bands they can reach, screech words of religious rapture, and give an occasional staccato howl, - horrible and startling. The minister has great control over these exhibitions. Some ministers will not countenance them, and check them easily; but most of them encourage the noisy. It is an important question how fast and how far it would be advisable for the whites to check such customs. The congregations have manifested determined opposition to settling white preachers. Few white men would have the tact gently to lead their loving spirits. The lash and the auction block could dictate to them, but not the preacher. They must find out that their way is not the best way, without being told so, or they will never change it.

The stumbling preachers sometimes say striking things. I heard one say, "The spirits of the wicked have gone to the wasted ends of creation' '- (worse than the place of fire!) "Nebrecomezer was a Roman Catholic." "No eyes and couldn't see, no ears and couldn't hear, no actions and couldn't do nuthin." "I have been asked to take the pasticheer of the church." "Bless the brother who has the privilege of standing in the shoes of John, but let him stand behind the cross." "I pray that the dry bones may be enleavened." "On our sin-buckled canes, Lord, we bend to thee, Oh thou adore-double-name!" Another preacher said, "On our bended bow-canes, we bow down to thee, oh thou most gracious magazine."

The "Praises" (Hymns) of the negroes, as you know, were often poetic and picturesque

Oh happy is the child who learns to read When I get over
To read that blessed book indeed.
CHORUS:
When I get over, when I get over
'Twill take some time to study
When I get over.

"De Lord commanded brother Jonah one day, when I get over, when I get over, to preach the word in Ninevay, when I get over, when I get over, etc. But Jonah he went on the contrary way, So God Almighty stormed upon the sea. The Captain and mate were sore afraid, and dere anger fell on brother Jonah's head. Dey cast brother Jonah overboard, to appease de angry Lord. The Lord sent a whale upon the sea, which did swallow brother Jonah verily. So in his belly be did lay, Three long night and three long day. When dey cast him on de lily-white shore, Lily-white corruption (!) of Ninevah. Ah brother mind how you get hold on the cross, Lest your foot should slip and you get lost. You must learn to watch as well as pray, you must learn to do as well as say. You must bear your cross from day to day, In the straight and narrow way. Whenever I gets on the other shore I'll argur with 'ee Father and chatter with 'ee son. I'll sit up with 'ee Father in 'ee Chariot of 'ee Son, Talk about 'ee world I've just come from." Sing this in a drawling chant and say its pretty.

"You must watch the sun and see how she run
I hope for to get up into Heaven
I 'se afraid he'll catch you with your work undone
For I hope for to get up into Heaven

Says my guide, I hope for to get up into Heaven."
"If I had uh died when I was young, I shouldn't uh had this race for to run I shouldn't uh sinned as many has dun. De prettiest thing that ever I dun, was seek religion (or de Lord) when I was young." "My Lord 'liver Daniel, My Lord 'liver Daniel, My Lord, 'liver Daniel, Why not 'liver me. Daniel was a curus man: he pray three times a day My Lord histed 'ee winder, fur to hear brother Daniel pray My Lord 'liver Daniel, &c. So Jesus listen all 'ee night, Listen all 'ee day, Listen all 'ee night, Fur to hear one sinner pray."
I wish you could drive out with us upon some of the government farms. They are almost all upon the water and are approached through woodlands. A Massachusetts woman was left, by her rebel husband, upon a lovely farm upon the oyster-famed Lynnhaven river. We took her farm this spring and she wailed like a woman to the manor born. "Do send me to Richmond, to save my funeral expenses," she cried. When her husbands colored sister refused to accompany her, she urged the propriety of her doing so by saying, "You are a near relation to the family." She took the guard, put in charge of the estate, to the family burying-ground, and with tears in her eyes, begged him to keep the sacred spot in order. The graves were without head-stones and the place was an overgrown waste.
One noble woman told us of the efforts made by her mistress to retain her and said, "I said to my Missis if folks owns folks, then folks owns their own children."" No, they don't," her mistress replied. "White folks owns niggers." "Well, then," the woman said, "Government owns you and everything." We asked one of Gov. Wise's slaves if he ever heard the Gov. speak of the Yankees. "No," he said, "but I often heard him speak of the Damn Yankees." Sometimes the women take our playfulness seriously - Finding some newcomers at the rope-walk, poring over their books, Sarah said to their guardian Auntie, "Put the books in the fire, Auntie, ain't that the place for them?" "Oh no, Missis," she replied, "looks better in their hands. Likes to see em there." "We have the consumption of being called refugees," a man said to us. "Where's your husband, Auntie," my sister said inquiring of an old woman. "Don't know, Missis, hadn't had him but a week, when Massa sold him away from me and havn't heard of him since."
The good Craney Island woman, who found her early love the other day, said to us, once, when we told her she had a nice new dress, "New? No indeed, 'tis a sad enough dress to me. One night Massa came home and threw a package at my head so hard it knocked me down. When I opened it, it didn't make me feel glad, for I knew something was the matter, for he didn't give me such things. I sat up all night to make it, for he told me to make it before morning; and right soon in the morning he came and bad me put it on, and he carried me to Richmond prison, to be sold, for I was the best hand he had and he bad to raise some money right away. He sold me away from my husband he'd just married me to and from all my friends. He asked so high for me that I had to stay there three weeks before I was bought. I put that dress away, as soon as I was sold, and I haven't bad the heart to put in on since. I knew 'twas given to me (when I first saw it) to make me sell well. To make 'em think I had a kind master. Now I have my old man with me and all my children but one son whom I study about all the time, cause he hasn't good sense. I mourn for him and seek for him constantly. Oh, I feel as if I must get him and be kind to him, and give my life to him because I don see why a babe, before he's born, should suffer for things goin on in the world. Master worked me so hard, he warnt quite bright, so I feel as if I ought to do more for him than for anybody else." One Craney Islander once said, to us of the Island, "I shall always

respect her, as long as I live, and, if I could, I'd go and see her once in awhile, for I've got three children buried on her."
Have I ever told you that, next to driving the colored people into the country, Genl. Butler desires to drive them upon their feet? He does not wish them to remain helpless paupers upon Government farms, so he gives (or allows the Superintendents to give) but $10. a month to the men laborers and $5. to the women, obliging them to pay, from their wages, for their rations. There is great demand for them, at high wages. The enterprising relieve the Government, at the first opportunity, and enrich themselves; but many refuse high wages. Timidity restrains some. (The dread of the rebels is universal with them)—Indolence restrains some. Stupidity still enslaves a few. At such low wages, you can readily see that means to purchase clothing are wanting. It would be [?] to draw, from Northern charity, clothing for those able, but unwilling, to earn the means to purchase. "I don't want to" and "I won't" are cold and naked, shall we aid them? Is it not time that long-suffering charity should draw its rule and line, let it cut off whom it may? We'll talk about all these things, "When I get over."" 'Twill take a long time for to chatter, when I get over, when I get over," for my sister and I intend to run North this summer, With your permission? We are worthless vessels now and need to be remoulded. So, when a transport goes to Boston, we shall sail in her, designing to stay in Massachusetts till October. 'Till we meet adieu. Love to all my friends.
Yours very sincerely,
L. CHASE.

September 9, 1864 Lucy Chase to Charles and Mary (no transcription)
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January 12, 1865 Lucy Chase to anonymous (no transcription)
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January 12, 1865 Lucy Chase to Sarah
Gives account of visits to several schools, encounters with white refugees, meetings with white residents of the area, and a tour of a battlefield.
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Roanoke Island Jan 12th '65
Dear Sarah—

We arrived here yesterday, and are likely to spend the remainder of our days here. We delayed in Norfolk until 12, waiting for the Baltimore boat. It was the littlest of bits was the little steamboat that took us away. Capt Brown came down to see us off. As we had room neither to sit nor stand nor breathe, I said to him, "Oh, you sent word to me to know if you could do anything for me. I should like an ocean-steamer, if you please." "Oh, well," the Dr said, springing up, "I'll run right out and get you one." We sailed by the Navy Yard in Portsmouth, seeing many sunken hulks, a captured blockade runner, and many war-boats. We passed the Pointdexter farm, too, and sailed on along the beautiful Elizabeth river. Stepping on a sandbar, at one time, and stopping there awhile, taking many a graceful curve and going on till we reached Curratuck Canal. The house of the lock-guardian, with its neat office, its neat outbuildings, and its parlor kerosene-lamp, mounted high on a street post was, in every respect, worthy a New-England way-side. The forest through which the canal was cut, still holds its own on either side, and the stately pines were a delight to us. Wild cattle came to the banks edge and looked placidly at us, and the rain came down and wet us. We got into the life-boat which hung upon pulleys and sat there through long and pelting showers. Sat there until we were wet We, ourselves, as well as our clothing. Then, forced into the cabin, we threw ourselves upon benches and slept, fitfully, while soldiers played cards and drank, drank through the night.

Some refugees from Plymouth, who have been sheltered in Norfolk were our companions. One of the ladies asked me if I was a teacher (meaning a teacher of contrabands). "Well," she said, "in these times, people have to do almost any-thing to get an honest living, and I don't blame em fer it neither." I suppose she read in my face the story of my bad luck in taking in washing—read how hard it was for me to get the pittance promised me for the shirts that made my fingers sore, and learned, in some way, that I couldn't pass a school examination at the North. One lady made her bed upon the table, and held a long confidential talk with a friend at her side. She opened the conversation by saying, "I like to see a husband think a great deal of his wife." "So do I," said her friend. "Well," she replied, "I'll speak a good to you for my sister." Whereupon she enlarged upon her sister's beauty, and accomplishments.

There was on board a coarse rowdy Adjutant of the Mass. 20th Regiment who was accused by a man of being a thief. "What do you think of a man that will steal niggers?" the Southerner asked of a croaking fellow who had been forcing pious talk upon unwilling ears. The seemingly hypocritical man, unlettered and countryfied said, "I think if he'd steal niggers he'd steal anything else." The Adjutant said his soldiers never touched private property. "Niggers are property," he heard in answer.

At five o'clock the big boat Genl Beryl took us on board and at eleven A.M. on Wednesday we landed on Roanoke Island. Fortunately for Martha and me no opportunity offered to go to Newbern. We went at once into Mr. Nickersons school and assisted him in teaching his morning classes. His very open school room was decorated with holly, which was hung on the occasion of the celebration of the Pres Emancipation Act. In the evening, again, we assisted Mr Nickerson. Our pupils interested us greatly. We took our quarters with a very genteel colored family from Plymouth. They gave us a carpeted room with a stove and a luxurious bed. After dinner Mr. Kimball walked with us a mile and a half to Mrs Freeman's. We walked along the sandy beach, looking out upon the water through the tall trunks of sparsely scattered trees. And called upon a good old uncle to lay a bridge for us over a high-tide pond. Mrs Freeman and an officer dashed

by us on horse-back. We looked in upon Mr Streeter and his wife whom we found at roast turkey and sweet potatoes. We found Mrs Freeman, her daughter, Miss Roper of Wr Miss Williams and Miss Belnap with guests. Mrs Freeman calls her home “Sunny side." It is fine old house with outbuildings and many acres. Mrs F intends to raise both summer and winter vegetables. After a cordial reception and a pleasant call we returned to our own homes, while the sky was flaming with the sunset. The next day Mrs Freeman horse and all stood at our open door and cordially invited us to pass the day with her. We as cordially accepted the invitation; Indeed, we were already bonnetted for her family school-room which was beyond her house. In whatever direction we walk upon this Isd we see negro cabins with their acre and a half (or more.) The school-house is on a broad magnificent avenue. We saw a very spirited horse at the door and found the Adjutant General and the Provost Marshal, as well as some of our fellow travellers visiting the school. We walked to the fort at the end of the Island and saw from there the sand hills called "Nags-head." Near the fort are the barracks built by the rebels, and afterward occupied by Burnside's men. They are now the receiving quarters for refugees. The only dividing partitions in the largest building are palings, running only towards the roof, giving the smoke freedom to run from room to room, and making it cold and cheerless. White refugees are scattered amongst the colored people. We tried to find Miss James in her school-room, but the soldiers had stolen her stove-pipe and she could have no school. Miss Freeman's school-room was asmoke in consequence of a similar loss. Miss James lives in a neat little house, by herself. Her walls are warmly coated with tents, which are painted white, and look rather superb. She is a pleasant body, and expressed great satisfaction at seeing us. We visited the hospital under the charge of Dr Frick of Penn. In his house we saw him, and his pleasant wife, who said the malaria of the Island had so strong hold on her her husband does not like to have her here. In one of the wards I saw a Yellow-fever patient. After our long walk Mrs Freeman's excellent dinner was very refreshing. Four large North Carolina grape-vines spreading their branches upon level terraces beautify Mrs Freemans door-way. She and her family are warmly attached to Roanoke Island, and I think with good reason. It is a beautiful home, the opportunity to serve the blacks is great, society is not wanting, and the Isd twelve miles long furnishes enough variety to satisfy the fancy. In the early evening we walked on with the family to a prayer meeting at Mr Nickersons. The Provost Marshal and A. A. General have just been "Hopefully converted" Miss Roper said. They are both very young men. They spoke last night, for the first time, and with much feeling. Nearly twenty soldiers were present in Mr Nickersons small room. Several of them made prayers and spoke. Miss Belnap made a very touching prayer, and Mrs Nickerson spoke sweetly. On the third day of our stay in the Isd we early started for the battleground.

It was a walk of three and a half miles through the woods, over very wet roads. Finding we should pass several plantations, I determined to call on some of the native whites. We were very smilingly received by two old women in the first house we visited, and the fullest hospitality was extended us, even to the extent of urging us to dine. One of the women took us to her loom and wove cotton cloth for our entertainment. She raises her own cotton, spins it, and weaves it. The other dame was very socially inclined. She had a parrot the pet of one of her daughters, who sprang from his resting place, twirled about in distress, hurried across the floor, screaming all the while with anger, and tried to peck at the mother, because she whipped his young mistress. (The

whipping was for our entertainment.) They were very chipper people and lived in a chipper house.
We were so thoroughly charmed with that visit we made entrance into the next home of a native white where we found a fine-looking cordial woman and a recent refugee from Plymouth. An old woman whose house was burned and who found her way here with nothing but the clothing upon her back. She told us a long story, in an old woman's way. Told us about Plymouth and about her son at sea, whom she has not seen for years, and of whom she can learn nothing. After our return from our seven hours walk we took our supper and went out to visit other white families. We found in a miserable room in a house with noisy soldiers, Mrs Everett and her children, the family of the pilot who rendered valuable assistance in the taking of Plymouth. They lost three houses and much more valuable property. She was very pretty and intelligent —a refugee. In another house we found two men, two women, and several children—natives. The man was noble looking, and really handsome. He was mending his children's shoes by the fire-light, while his wife was carefully washing the faces and hands of her children. I say the man because the other man sat with his face upon a chair-back, and showed neither interest nor courtesy in welcoming us. I encouraged the cordial fine looking man to present a claim to government for indemnity for his timber, brought low by our soldiers. We entered his yard by climbing a fence, and when we bade the family good-bye he very graciously accompanied us to the fence.
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I did not tell you that small broken earth works are all that can be seen of the traces of battle on the battleground. The swamp is still there, and I thought of our weary soldiers who waded thro it "If a Yankee can come through there he can go anywhere," the rebels said, "and there's no use resisting him." The earth works did not protect that access.

January 15, 1865 Lucy Chase to Sarah
Describes her trip to Newberne, what is being done for the white refugees there, and a "Pay School" run by an African-American who taught himself to read.
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Newberne, N. C. Jany 15th '65
Dear Sarah—
I suppose Mr Kimball reported us as having left Roanoke, he going easterly, we going south. At half past one, seventh-day morning we heard a voice at our window saying, "Hurry up, hurry up, boat will be off in ten minutes." We had been cautioned by Mr Kimball on six day evening to be ready for a sudden warning and so we threw ourselves, in our day-light dress, upon the bed, and at the first call were ready to run. A young soldier boy from Boston was our escort. We met Mr. K. at the wharf, and saw him leave in the canal-boat. We found the cabin crowded with coarse men, and so went directly upon the open deck, where, upon settees, we passed the night, right under the sky, with a piercing wind blowing upon us. Our kind little artillery-boy forced his blanket and rubber-cloth upon us, pulled my hood over my head, and said, with a fatherly air,

"Coverup your head, cover up your head." He came frequently to see us," and, toward morning, was persuaded to take his rubber-cloth. When day came on, we kept our eyes on the sea-gulls, who favored us, for many miles, with their flighty company. Bird-life never before seemed half so lovely to us. Up and down, away and near, high and low, in sunlight and shadow, burning and flashing in the distance like the most brilliant gem, and again blotting the white clouds with its blackness. While we sat smiling at one chatty bird who would make companions of us, a sweet, smiling lady, graceful slipped up to us (our only fellow lady passenger) and said a few careless words, and smilingly tripped away again. Later when we saw her below, we learned (by inquiry) from her that she was a refugee from Plymouth. She lost her house and her all at the time of our recent taking of Plymouth. The tears stood in her eyes while she talked about it; but she controlled herself sublimely. "My sister and I are not keeping house in Newberne," she said, "because we have nothing to keep house with," and the tears came again, but she looked a queen, all the while. Have I mentioned that several of our fellow passengers from Norfolk were on their way to Newbern to obtain the bodies of frds who died of the Yellow fever? All along in our journey we meet with sad traces of it, and everywhere we find refugees from Plymouth.

It was nearly eight oclock when we reached Newbern. A colored man into whose hands we placed ourselves took us to the wrong house, and left us. But a gallant youth led us to Miss Freson's door. She greeted me with great cordiality, and expressed great regret at thy absence. At the breakfast table, this morning I met Mr. Briggs. Mrs. Gould the matron here is the wife of Mr Gould who died at Roanoke Isd with yellow fever, and the mother of the little boy whose leg was badly wounded by a torpedo some months ago; and whose story went the rounds of so many papers. Some of the teachers charm us, and about them all I will tell you, after we return. We had classes in the Sunday School this morning, and went from there to the colored camp across the river. We visited several families, were courteously entertained by the officers in three forts, visited a large receiving camp for white refugees, and passed an hour with Mrs Croome (the lady who was burned out by rebels on an island not far from here) who, under the Sanitary Commission is carefully guarding the miserable creatures. She has between one and two hundred under her care. We went into her nicely appointed school-room, where she gave a Christmas dinner to the whole community, and where she had a Christmas tree. She said she had enjoyed her life with the Contrabands much more than with the whites. She said they learn more readily, and are much more grateful. We tried to see some snuff-dipping. We caught one little sick child rubbing her teeth (or dipping) with soot from the chimney. Many of the people were fine looking, sprightly and courteous. At one of the forts I asked the Capt in command what he thought of Butler at Wilmington. "I think he took too much Porter," he said, adding "He'll be again."

Miss Pearson, a beautiful girl from Boston, was engaged to one of the gentlemen who died with the Fever. She told me that of eighteen gentlemen who used to visit the teachers last winter, ten died of the fever. Capt James and his wife are at Moorehead City. We shall try to find them there. We saw Miss Bell from New Bedford this morning. (The one who designed opening schools for the whites in Portsmouth). She is now teaching whites at Parkers Isd. She pronounces them very ungrateful, and says although she has long been working for them they will do nothing for her. She is about to give public readings here for their benefit. Miss Canedy is a very lovely, attractive person; a very great favorite with the teachers. Miss Warren (Roxbury's adopted) and

her brother are in this family. Miss Freson and a few others have just opened the third teachers home, although they still "Mess" at Mrs Gould's table. There is general regret expressed at losing Mr Kimball's visit. Bare comforts are all the teachers find here. They have even been forced to live on contraband rations. Carpetless they are. I have sent Mrs Thomas a note, but have seen nothing of her. After our return from Beaufort we shall visit Fort Totten.
"I'm all the family I've got," one woman said to us this morning. Just my case, I thought. A good old woman said, " Seems like you North folks would like to have us have some knowledge and some sense if you could put it into us. The North Carolina folks have kept us in the dark, but you folks want to put some light into us." We found an old man living in a very tidy little cabin (little, like all the cabins in the city of six hundred negroes) a veritable slab-town, with the size and dignity of Yorktown's Slab-town who keeps a "Pay School." He once had twenty scholars, but "Since you all came and opened free schools I've lost most of em. I taught myself," he said. "Picket it up by slant." His little grandson read with real elegance. He was a lovely looking child. Both grandfather and grandmother spoke in his praise. "Haint got no sauce about him," they said. "I've been trying to keep him away from these chere nigger children about town," the grandmother said. "My missis was English," she told us. "She gin me to my husband long before this yere come. I love her in the grave. I spec my master and missis in the grave. My missis tole me if I didn't get long here, to go to de Norf." "I was dragged up," one old man said. "Yes, it was dragged; They called it raised, but 'twasn't, 'twas dragged. I've got four children in Dixie, but I shouldn't know em if I should see em now, for my eye-sight aint good."
One woman, alluding to washing for the soldiers, said, "Sometimes the poor fellows don't get no money, and are ordered away, and cant pay, and I wouldn't blame em for nothin." Soldiers and teachers mourn Genl Butlers removal.
Lovingly
LUCY
I send the missletoe with its exquisite pearl berries.

March 3, 1865 Lucy to Familiars
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Dear Familiars ,
We went to Morehead and Beaufort as we proposed. Went in cars to Morehead; passing through pine-groves green as spring and sunshine could make them at the North, through
Newport, and Newport barracks, and Carolina City, howling wildernesses of vacuity. We passed many encampments of colored and white soldiers, took some with us, as we supposed, toward

Fort Fisher. The explosion at the Fort shook dishes from horizontal piles in the Beaufort hospital, and the shock, as well as the preceding firing, was heard distinctly in New Berne and Beaufort. Landing at Morehead, we went directly to the General Hospital, a range of buildings once used as an academy. After a dinner with the steward, attendants, and chaplain we visited some of the wards; warmed, like all the hospitals in North Carolina, with huge wood-fires. The rooms of the wardmasters were scrupulously neat, and fancifully adorned with pictures, and paper cut table and wall hangings. Capt De Witt, Commissary, kindly gave us his row-boat to go to the railroad station wharf, where we could hire a boat for a three miles row to Beaufort. The two colored men who rowed us were very intelligent. One of them could not express, with sufficient heartiness, his admiration of the teachers, and his gratitude to them. His delight in his books made him as merry as a little boy. After reaching Beaufort we found our way to the Teacher's Home, where we passed the night. The night school was held in a large hall in the home, and we gladly attended it, and assisted at it. The schools, everywhere we go, are promising and interesting; and each one we see is a novel surprise to us. Intending, in the morning, to leave early for Schackleford beach and for fort Macon6 which is directly opposite Beaufort, I knew I could get no idea of the town, without running out in the night for it. So, an hour or so before sunrise, I set forth with a brilliant moon as escort, and made acquaintance with the town in general. It is a fishing village, a decayed Marblehead. It's two or three principal streets run parallel to each other, crowding as near as possible to the water's edge. There are no paved foot-paths in Beaufort; and every pedestrian makes most emphatic footprints in the sandy-soil. The town was asleep, when I took a peep at it, and every moon-struck house seemed to have made its bed in the sand, and to have fallen hopelessly asleep, dragged down by its heavy eyebrows. Without the prevailing Southern porch or portico I saw few houses. At the end of the street was a very large hotel, which until that morning, had been used during the war for a U.S.G. Hospital (The patients were removed to Morehead City.) Moving up into the little town I found myself in a little grove of the ever-green live-oaks, in the rear of a very picturesque, low-roofed, porticoed mansion. One step from town-houses gave me country indeed. Glossy-leaved evergreen shrubs hedged in the highway, and hoar-frost glistened on every twig, leaf, and grass. Up and down the short streets I passed, hunting the churches, walking among the graves in yards densely shaded by live-oaks, where the bright red berries the yucca (used in lieu of tea in N.C.) gave the only gleam to cheer, stopping in every street, to admire the universal highway pump, which inevitably kept to the very middle of the street; but which offered its flowing hospitality so generously that no one could complain of it as an intruder. The limitations of little folks were thoughtfully heeded in their construction and pitchers and pails were provided with supports. A good substantial shelf helps the little one to the pump-handle, and no uncertain hold on its own integrity has the pitcher on its ample shelf. Off in the water at hand to the town stands on a small island a turpentine still (Which we visited, later in the day, seeing there the manufacture of turpentine). I mourned that I did not have time to draw that still. I thought, then, and I thought when we visited it that I had never before seen any-thing so absolutely picturesque. Nothing could be spared from the picture and nothing in Nature could look more "Like a picture." Every barrel, all the timber, the machinery, the wood-colored shed, and the clumps of live oak, all were wanted; and each builded very much better than it knew. When [I] saw it in the early morning the reflection in the water was the exact counterpart of that marvelous picture in wood. We visited four schools

gathered in churches, and visited a large collection of log-houses occupied by white refugees from Washington City—Union soldiers and their families. They lived forlornly, destitute of nearly all things. Some of them mean-spirited, but most of them were frank, and somewhat enterprising. We saw one or two very interesting and pretty young wives. One, however, drew her dipper [snuff-stick] from her mouth, when we entered. They were sitting in rocking chairs, and had some home comforts about them. At 2 P.M. (on Fourth Day, the 18th of January,) we took the cars at Morehead for Newberne. We found Mr Briggs on board, and my warm friend Mrs Ohlliausen; arrived at New Berne, we went immediately to the General Hospital, which comprised a very large number of handsome buildings on three different streets—barracks connect the buildings, giving a large courtyard for the whole, which is tastefully appointed with walks. We found order and neatness everywhere, and a charm indeed was the whole. We dined sumptuously at the Home and attended evening school. On Thursday, we visited Camp Totten, the fourth fort we entered about New Berne. We met Col. Sprague, just before we reached the Fort, on the beautiful black horse that has carried him through many battles, (and upon which I saw him mount for the first time.) He gave me a card for Major Amory, who kindly conducted us around the Fort. We mounted the magnificent travers, the work of Gen Foster and the first travers I ever saw. The view from it was grand indeed. The junction of the Trent and Neuse was not far away. We could see Artillery and Cavalry exercises, near, as well as far away, and could realize how fearfully imperilled the rebels would be if they should undertake to approach the city across the level, unsheltered plains that stretch, with surpassing beauty, around it. A perfect gem of a planter's home is the head-quarters of Col. Sprague (who commands five of the seven large forts about New Berne) and Quartermaster Thomas whom, with his wife, we knew well last winter, at Fort Norfolk. An intensely white latticed-fence encloses the intensely white buildings, and hospitality and comfort appear to invite one to the beautiful porch of the low-roofed dwelling-house. After leaving the Fort I called on Dr Page of the Sanitary Commission, who has, voluntarily, taken under his charge the poor white refugees about N.B. From there I went across the river in Mr Brigg's buggy, hoping to find the schools in session, but I was too late. I visited Gen. Foster's block-house, the first one built during the present war. Block-houses are considered the forlorn hope of the beseiged; although they are looked upon as impregnable. We found time, during the day to visit many of the schools in New Bern and we were entirely pleased with the order and discipline maintained in them. Indeed, we were charmed with all the schools we visited during our journey. At sunset we went with Miss upon the spire of a handsome church, dedicated to Union services, where we had the finest view I ever saw from so low an elevation. The delicate fingers of the elm-tree stretched over every house in the beautiful city. The wide streets, the large, open squares, and the magnificent rivers, with the flags flying from many a fort, vied with each other in their power to attract us. We made a new home, upon our return to New Berne with Helen Freson and the new formed family that spilled over from the Home into a near house. That night the new family had a turkey graced house-warming, to which the other two families of teachers were bidden. Our friend the Capt from Fort Amory came, with one of his friends to see us (having sent us and Miss Freson, previously some mistletoe and moss) and Col Sprague came to see me. Soon after the Col. Came into the room we heard a band open its music before our door. While Mr Briggs and the ladies, after wondering what it could mean, were exclaiming, "Oh, its for the teachers," Col. Sprague said, "Miss Chase what would

you like to hear?" We all went upon an upper balcony and grew very much excited over "Departed Days" "Silver Shower" "Soldiers Chorus" "Star Spangled Banner" "Sweet Home" and many another air. One of the ladies asked for Sweet Home, but Col Sprague hesitated, saying he had never dared to ask them to play that, since he saw, early in the war, a regiment stand in tears, around a band while it played "Home." Soon after the Col. and his band departed we heard delicious singing under our window and we found our friend the Capt. interested there. The singers came into the entry and sang us many songs. Several of them were very touching war songs. The next morning we bade our friends good-bye and took the boat at ten o'clock for Norfolk. We were obliged to delay until twelve for Gen. Palmer,10 military governor of New-Berne, who, with some of his staff officers, and other officers were on their way to the Fortress, summoned to attend the Court-Martial of Major Jamieson of Providence who was accused of appropriating to his own use the bounty-money raised for negro soldiers. (Major was formerly a Baptist minister, of most excellent reputation. He called here, once or twice, last winter, to see Martha, and took tea with us one night, and spoke admirably to the night scholars in our family school. He has been found guilty, and is sentenced to three years imprisonment.) While we sat on deck, waiting for the handsome General, we heard the target practice from all the forts and saw a wounded Col. taken on shore from a steamboat alongside of us which left New-Berne only the day before to carry provisions to the poor of Washington City. The boat got aground, and for three hours it was fired into by guerillas. Five men were killed, the Col. was wounded, and the boat was riddled. Yours affectionately Lucy

March 8, 1865 Lucy Chase to Pliny (no transcription)
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