Transcription of the correspondence of Lucy Chase, April 2, 1865-1870 (Box 2, Folder 15).

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April 2, 1865 Lucy Chase to Miss Lowell
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May 17, 1865 Lucy Chase
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Petersburg May 17th We have seen more parallels today than can be paralled by the fortifications of all preceding war history. I want every one of you to see them. All about Petersburg, the earth is thrown up into forts, parallels, concealed batteries, and bomb-proofs. A well raised crop they look, so close and crowded they are. One can't help saying They are very thick. The rebel works crowd upon our own, and cannot, without examination, be made to seem an opposing line. In our very renowned Forts, Stedman, & Sedgwick all the quarters are bomb-proof, and the marks of defensive preparation are upon everything. Fort Stedman was built under fire. Fort Sedgwick (or Fort Hell) is of immense size, and is very formidable. Its walls are of basket-work. Both forts are protected by cheavaux de frise and abbatis. We walked through the crater into which Burnsides unfortunate men were sent, and we walked upon the trench in which five thousand of the poor fellows were buried. Over the field of the last battles and the field of the battles of last July we walked, where caps, bayonets, canteens, cartridge boxes, belts, coats, and shoes were very thickly strewed. In some of the earth-works, caps, coats, and boots are very thickly imbedded. We saw many, very many obtruding feet of the dead, some heads were uncovered, and, in many instances the whole figure was easily traced under a thin covering of earth. We saw the leg bones with fragments of pantaloons adhering to them still standing in stocks and shoes. The rebels undertook to blow up Fort Stedman, and made a very long thoroughly constructed mine for the purpose. With candle in hand we went several hundred feet into the mine which was well-braced on every side. We also went a few steps into either end of Burnsides mine, but water prevented us from going into it

December 9 1865 Lucy Chase to Miss Stevenson
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November 19, 1865 Lucy Chase to Lizzie

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June 25, 1867 Lucy Chase
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You probably saw the story in the papers. Genl Sickles learned that the U.S. Flag was not floating over the engines, and ordered the procession not to move without it. Furthermore, he forced every man to lift his hat and pass before it after it was fixed in its place. Many men left their ranks. Some engines lacked enough mento move them, others were dragged with difficulty, and the flag received few honors. That day, and for many days, the order of Sickles was spoken of well and ill. "Pretty way to reconstruct us, to hurt our feelings in every possible way.""'Twas a civil procession, no occasion for the U.S. Flag." "We have never been accustomed to take it in Firemen's Parade.""'Twas merely done to humble us." As the procession passed a store in whose door way Sarah stood, she heard the storekeeper say, "See how they hang their heads. When they passed this morning they looked proud and happy; now they are ashamed to look up to their ladies." An exasperated young man in the procession tore from the Flag four stars, and as a compensation therefore was kept at public expense, for several weeks, in Castle Pinckney. You can hardly imagine the elegant repose which filled the public mind, when the street rail-cars were forced to admit Col'd people. Sarah chanced to ride the day of the change. She was the only white person in a car filled with colored people. At every stopping place white people looked in with curiosity, but no one entered, and the conductor did not stand upon the platform to secure passengers. All the Col'd people sat quiet, seemed somewhat embarrassed; but gave no sign of thinking themselves out of place. Just after Genl Sickles welcomed Prest Johnson and party to the Carolinas, and said in his speech, "No people could do better than the Carolinians are now doing"—some of the citizens provoked with one of the Genls new orders, said, "What does it mean? He says he is pleased with us, and yet he issues these orders." "Did you ever know a Puritan to be satisfied? I suppose they'll make a row in heaven," said the one addressed. . . . We visited the charming ladies of the Penn F. A. Sy at Mt. Pleasant, Miss Hancock cousin of Mrs Henderson, and the Misses Taylor, nieces of Bayard Taylor. Some weeks later we hired a boat to visit Fort Wagner on Morris Island, as we had promised Miss Russell, whom we met at Cousin Marcus Springs that we would take to her some thing from the spot where her brother fell with

Col Shaw. The Island is long, bare of trees, sandy, and ocean-washed. Many of the bodies have been taken up and reburied three or four miles from where they fell. Just before we landed a colored man was torn to pieces by the bursting of a shell from which he was trying to extract the fuse. We went also to Fort Sumter and passed the whole underground circuit of the fort. We had sunset glories as a home-bound feast, and a pretty picture as we passed the Battery—a grand promenade with two water-sides. Every Seventh-day the national band play most excellent airs on the Battery, and all the officers and their ladies —Northern people by the multitude, and Southerners in equal profusion gather to listen to it. The show is always fine. But want of time has made it impossible for us to see but once. A week ago we went to John's Island, where the Bureau built, a few weeks ago, a very fine house and a school-house for the Penn F.A. Society. The A.M. Society has recently bought the land upon which the houses stand, and they will probably occupy the houses. We saw a large mud cabin upon the Isd and children unclothed, though in their right minds. One large boy, with whom we had a good deal to do, wore hanging from his neck one or two black-white strings of cloth. They were given to the winds, along with his fears, most of the time. But it was very ludicrous to see him now and then lay the bits in place, only to let them fly at once again. The men even those with books in their ha[n]ds exposed their persons very freely. We sailed through Wappo Creek and Crooked Stone river which remind us of the serpentine James—after long sailing we came so often to points already passed. Through several cuts we went, one made by "Pompey" and bearing his name, another made by the English at the time of the Revolutionary War. On the Island we visited a plantation owned by a certain Dr who lifted his hat to us, said a few courteous words—"Don't stay over night Ma'am, on account of the fever. Go twelve miles to the ocean-side where it is always healthy.'' There we saw a very magnificent old live oak grove from whose far-reaching limbs the Southern moss swung in the breeze. The colored people having the new school-house always before them, fancied, of course, seeing kind-feeling written in our faces that on that occasion they saw, for the time, the N-T's before them, and so one said, "Are you the teachers" "Yes," I said. "Oh, I'm so glad," he said. And he sparkled all over with delight. At almost every cabin door, we had kind eager words. Of a woman in the field Sarah asked some questions, and she left her work to serve her. "Oh, no," Sarah said. "Yes, indeed," said the woman, "the Yankees have done too much for me. I can't do enough for them. I shall never lose a chance to serve them." On board the Mt Pleasant boat a lady in black eyed us all very rudely. "I wonder who they all are," she said. "Oh I know, they are Marms. I guess those who are talking with them are Southerners. I'm glad I haven't any Northern friends. I hate the Yankees more and more, every day. Coming down here and filling up all the places." Sarah one day heard two policemen beneath our windows settling vexed ethnological problems. "How did they happen to be black, anyway?" one asked the other. "Don't you know? There was two brothers, Cain and Abel. Cain killed Abel because the Lord loved Abel best, and the Lord turned him black for it, and told him he must serve all his days." One said to the other, at the opening of the conversation, "We are all animals, and we are different colored just like horses. There's red horses, those are the Indians, and there's gray horses, I don't know what they stand for." "They have a right to enjoy themselves as long as they behave. I do like to sit here nights and hear them sing in church." On a boat again we heard a lady alluding to the recent removal of a Bureau officer, saying, "I suppose one of the Yankee Marms got him removed because they could not bear to see white people treated as well as

niggers. All the white people thought everything of him, but that did not please the marms. Everything was quiet and orderly while he was there and that was not the state of things they wanted. They wanted the whites and blacks having messes all the time, so as to make a fuss, that they might raise the blacks above the whites." Under her breath, she added, "I've just been in Charleston, and they do say the colored people there are going to ride in the street cars! and there's a Col'd regiment on Citadel Green and they say we are to have a Col'd Major in Mt Pleasant." Want of work is a cry here. One day Sarah looked out the window and saw two colored men ride by in a cart. ''One has a job and another has a ride. ..." Ever affectionately Lucy Chase Charleston June 25th 1867

Lucy Chase from Charleston, SC
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Yesterday I had in my own rooms a very interesting class of men. One of them was very earnest in wishing me to read as much as I possibly could from "General John." (The Epistle general of John.) I imagine he thinks the word of a Genl is a voice of authority. The col'd people hold Genl Grant as hardly second to Lincoln. "I shall reverence him till I die, and every colored person ought to," Mr Hume says. "Didn't he take the yoke off my neck? And a heavy yoke it was, too. I can't help respecting all Northern people, whether they are good or bad, they did so much for my color." Mr Hume is a young stage driver; enthusiastic, anxious to learn, but not persistent; broken by the ladies who preceded me from using tobacco and drinking whiskey. I want to tell you some of his outloud thinking. (It was truly simple and honest). Mr Hume was very much charmed with my friend Miss Whittier and he frequently speaks of her with great interest. A few days ago he said to me, "Strange that a voice should have such an effect! I never shall forget hearing Miss Whittier speak so pleasantly to her white mice, and when I go driving along, I find myself saying, as she did, "Why don't you come out?" I wish I was worth one hundred thousand dollars; I certainly would court Miss Whittier, as sure as you are born.Perhaps she would feel insulted, but why should she? Ar'n't we all human? Didn't God make us both? Some folks wouldn't marry a white person, but I'd just as like as to marry a colored one. I like em just as well, if they are allright. If they are republican. I surely do love her." A col'd man, not as sober as he should be, came to me a few days ago, and said he wished me to teach him to read and write. "I want to get office," he said. "I want to qualify the county." One mother who had sent her boy to me, month after month, without tax, said when I sent to her directly for it, "I have not a mouthful of food in the house," and the next morning she was seen drinking a glass of whiskey at a shop counter. I only wonder where the money comes from for the whiskey. The Father of two of my boys had six thousand dollars owed to him when I came to Gordonsville, and he has built house after house since I came, but he cannot get pay for his work. Many families earn a scanty support by taking lunches to the train but the depot agent kicks and cuffs them

unmercifully and knocks their waiters from their heads. One young consumptive, in whom I felt a great deal of interest, found his way to the cars with his waiter, one day, after weeks of close confinement. He was weak, and was really unable to work, but he had a wife and babe at home, and felt proud that his weak hands could still support them. But Mr Scott overturned his waiter, scattering his provisions and breaking his crockery. The poor man has lately died. He was an eloquent eulogizer of "the North" and it was refreshing to talk with him. I don't know whether I have told you Laura Spicers story. She was sold from her husband some years ago, and he, hearing she was dead, married again. He has had a wavering inclination to again unite his fortunes with hers; and she has been persistent in urging him to do so. A few days ago she received a letter from him in which he said, "I read your letters over and over again. I keep them always in my pocket. If you are married I don't ever want to see you again." And yet, in some of his letters, he says, "I would much rather you would get married to some good man, for every time I gits a letter from you it tears me all to pieces. The reason why I have not written you before, in a long time, is because your letters disturbed me so very much. You know I love my children. I treats them good as a Father can treat his children; and I do a good deal of it for you. I was very sorry to hear that Lewellyn, my poor little son, have had such bad health. I would come and see you but I know you could not bear it. I want to see you and I don't want to see you. I love you just as well as I did the last day I saw you, and it will not do for you and I to meet. I am married, and my wife have two children, and if you and I meets it would make a very dissatisfied family." Some of the children are with the mother, and the father writes, "Send me some of the children's hair in a separate paper with their names on the paper. Will you please git married, as long as I am married. My dear, you know the Lord know both of our hearts. You know it never was our wishes to be separated from each other, and it never was our fault. Oh, I can see you so plain, at any-time, I had rather anything to had happened to me most that ever have been parted from you and the children. As I am, I do not know which I love best, you or Anna. If I was to die, today or tomorrow, I do not think I would die satisfied till you tell me you will try and marry some good, smart man that will take good care of you and the children; and do it because you love me; and not because I think more of the wife I have got than I do of you. The woman is not born that feels as near to me as you do. You feel this day like myself. Tell them they must remember they have a good father and one that cares for them and one that thinks about them every day My very heart did ache when reading your very kind and interesting letter. Laura I do not think that I have change any at all since I saw you last. I thinks of you and my children every day of my life. Laura I do love you the same. My love to you never have failed. Laura, truly, I have got another wife, and I am very sorry, that I am. You feels and seems to me as much like my dear loving wife, as you ever did Laura. You know my treatment to a wife and you know how I am about my children. You know I am one man that do love my children. You will please make a [one word illegible] of the thing."

June 1868 Lucy Chase from Richmond hospital
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Howard Grove Hospital Richmond, Va. June. '68
My dear Miss Lowell:
I have run away from home, desperate to get where I can reach you; and now I will talk right on, saying whatever comes to my mind. On my way here, I walked through the streets where black-smith's shops and stables centre, and urged the laborers to abstinence from liquor and tobacco. Here one can seldom urge the expense as an argument against its use, because it costs nothing to the thousands of colored-people who are employed in the tobacco warehouses and tobacco-lovers; outside of the warehouses find many ways of keeping up the weed, without dropping coin in change. Yet there are many who leave their money in cigar-shops and never learn the way to the Freedmen's Bank. I embrace every opportunity to suggest building up dollars by saving pennies, and investing them singly in bank-stock. Of course, I say that the dollar must not represent an essential need unmet—
but I say to them it is well to put money that may be idly spent or lost where it can be found when a real need must be met. Not many days ago I joined a bright looking working man in his walk, and asked him if he ever went to the Temperance meetings. He said, "Yes," adding that he never drinks. In reply to my question, "Do you ever put your money into the bank?" he said, "Yes, I put in $35 last year; and I don't want to touch it. I want to buy some land, sometime, but not now. I want to buy when Government sells." "Why do you think the govt will sell?" I asked. "Uncle Sam gave it out so, during the war," he replied with confidence and simplicity, adding, "I served two years and a half in the war." I felt, all the time that I was walking by the side of a noble man. No invitation is more welcome to an intelligent colored man than this, viz. "Come, and let us reason." It is pleasant, indeed, to talk with the thoughtful and earnest; to catch the serious light of their eyes, and to take counsel with them. Paying, as one does, most justly, due reverence to crude opinions, or prejudices honestly held and honestly expressed. At one of the temperance meetings a man said, after signing the pledge, "I'se taken the pledge tonight, not hastily, but wisely, I hope. I had a great deal of trouble, and instead of applying at the throne of grace, as I ought to have done, I thought I would seek consolation in liquor. Its stronger than any chain. Its the worst master you ever had in your life. It'll make you sell your soul." One speaker said, "Those who have made money by the sale of liquor must be made to resort to the pickaxe and the hoe." One very interesting speaker said his father was president of a colored temperance society formed more than thirty years ago. He said he intoxicated himself when he was five (or seven) years old, and, in shame, he next day signed the temperance pledge, which he had always kept. For some years no colored person was allowed to join the 1st African Church without having first signed the temperance pledge. The colored men love their pipe. They often say to me, "I can give up whiskey much easier than I can tobacco.'' But instances where the unwholesomeness of both are acknowledged, and neither are used, are by no means rare. Though Parton would say, if he should look upon our numerous and busy tobacco-houses, "It does not pay," we tobacco-haters are half-reconciled to their activity, because they bring present relief

into so many households. Still, we see all around us the demoralizing influence of idleness, and the depressing influence of unsuccessful clamor for remunerative work. Not a few hardworkers are growing thin and weak by trying to live on promises to pay. Still, here—as elsewhere, people with ready money leave their washing-bills unpaid; and I visit many women stooping over their wash-tubs, weak in body and hopeless in mind, who say, "I keeps on waitin for em, for if I leave em they'll never pay me what they owe me." So wearing care and scanty food unite with their task-masters in grinding them very small. It is astonishing what light food sustains men hard-working. I have seen a coal-heaver sit down to a dinner of half-baked corn-bread and coffee. I have seldom seen a greedy col'd child, and I have never seen one who would not give up his dinner for almost anything that would bring him pleasure. Children of the poorest and most distracted mothers seem to pick up certain general all-pervading ideas of neatness. In all my schools a general cry would be raised if a child should return an undrained dipper to the water-bucket. And until taught economy by the teachers few children would pass a school-mate a dipper of water to which he had put his own lips. Anything like an oath sets a whole schoolroom on fire, and if it is heard at recess, the children rush to their teacher with Oh's! and Ah's! and staring eyeballs. I have often told you how rare it is to find a dirty colored-house. A curiosity-hunter from the North might think the neat-houses the rare ones; but to one unfamiliar with the homes of the poor, simple barreness and poverty express filth. Our brightest and most advanced scholars are leaving us for the factories, and a religious revival, which has spread its wings all over the city, has shut the eyes of many at their desks. The new spirit takes the same phase in every school. The children refuse to join in the singing, are disinclined to go out at recess, and are very unwilling to lift their heads from their desks. Sometimes a child is two or three weeks in this condition, and the teacher is perplexed to learn her duty in the premises. The children are unwilling to stay away from School and yet their presence is unprofitable to themselves, and distracting to the others. In the majority of instances, the children fall back into their former careless, hard ways. One of my most rebellious boys, an urchin who has the past winter been dismissed from two private schools for insubordination, has been religiously inclined for some-time; but his natural surliness and unwillingness to obey have held him back. A few days ago I sent for his father, who works near my school, and told him of some special misdemeanor. I was particularly interested in the tone of the Father's condemnation. "I thought, my son, you had experienced religion! You should show in your life that you have done so. Religion will break your self-will; it will make you humble and submissive. You disobedient! and speaking in church as you did last night! You shall not go into the water, young man, until you show that you have changed. Obey your teacher. Don't use yourjudgment." I find that most religious col'd people demand a change of heart, and a change of life from all who are quickened by revivals. Mr. Forester, an intelligent colored man at whose house Miss Stevenson, my sister, and I boarded, for a while, three years ago) and a leading member of a Methodist Church in this city said, in church, a short time ago, "Our children are not taught hell either in our week-day schools, or Sunday Schools." Our (Boston) ladies, some of whom heard the statement, felt that the censure was meant for them because they teach on Sundays in Mr F's school. One morning on my way to school, I passed two or three abandoned women, who were listening with respectful and serious attention to a tall, dignified-looking woman who was showing them the better way. I stopped near the group, and heard her say, "He says come just as you are. Does not

he, “she said, appealing to me. “Come ragged, come naked, come filthy, come just as you are. I hate nobody, I only hate their ways. And I’m bound to urge everybody to love the Lord. My soul was set free long before the fetters fell from my body. God gave me his freedom, hut the little children of this earth would not give me theirs. I brought religion with me into this place. I’m so glad I did, for I could not get it here.” (She keeps a small eating house in a low neighborhood.) “I want all these women to find peace. Nothing that can happen to them will trouble them if they will seek religion, not the noises, and coming and dying away of a revival, but something deep, to live by. And then they will have peace in heaven. God will say “Sit down, your feet are sore, and rest. You’ll never have to work more for a mouthful of food, or a rag of clothing.” You are a Yankee God sent the Yankees to Richmond. I always knew they would come. I said they would come, and I said never a gun would be fired, and no gun was fired.” I today attended a monster baptism of two hundred and thirty persons (colored). But few of them lost their self-control. Now and then a woman would “Thank God! thank God!” with exultant emphasis. And two or three gave way to physical excitement. The officiating minister (a colored man) and the deacons checked all such demonstrations. And the minister said, after some shouting, “We shall expect that all who shout, will fall back into the ways of the world again.” Thousands crowded the church as spectators, and, at times, the buzz of tongues was heard. But the vast multitude was under the ready control of the quiet, dignified preacher, when he said, “My friends, remember that this is the house of God. Weare not in a theatre. Let us have quiet.” Judge Underwood Chief Justice Chase, and HenryA. Wise, sat in front of me this morning. It was a strange sight indeed, to see H. A. Wise walk in as the companion of Cf. Jtice Chase, Phillips, Greeley, Charles Burleigh, and others would, perhaps say Chase hopes to employ Wise as a paving-hand on the White-house road; but I am willing to believe that their seeming intimacy indicated that Wise is turning to the right. Not long ago he said, “I will say one thing for the North, it does not mete out to us what we, as victors, should have given it. We should have disfranchised the entire people, and they would have found no mercy at our hands.” I saw in her home, today, a very interesting colored woman, who reads the Anti-Slavery Standard with great readiness, and with understanding. She was sold from her fathers at five years of age, and he was her sole teacher. Miss Canedy found two of her boys lying on the grass the other day—reading Wendell Phillips’ and Sumner’s speeches. One of them asked what Charles Sumner meant when he said,‘‘ The God of Christianity is not the God of battles.” “Why,” said the young man, “we always said after a successful battle, God gave us the victory.” I have some classes in the “Lincoln Primer,” which has a picture of freedmen dancing in honor of liberty. One day a very black, thick-lipped, broad-nosed, savage looking boy of mine (who has gone right on, with marvellous strides, from his A.B.Cs into the Second reader) made the discovery of the picture and made merry, from his woolly crown to his shambling shoes, crying out, “So glad they’re free, dun gone and put it in a book!” Oh, I must decline for you the verb “Dun” as I hear daily used.

Present
I dun it
You dun it
He dun it
We uns dun it
They uns dun it

You uns dun it

Imperfect
I dun dun it
You dun dun it
He dun dun it
We uns dun dun it
They uns dun dun it
You uns dun dun it

Perfect
I gone dun dun it
You gone dun dun it
He gone dun dun it
We uns gone dun dun it
You uns gone dun dun it
They uns gone dun dun it

Pluperfect
I dun gone done it
You dun gone done it
He dun gone done it
We uns dun gone done it
You uns dun gone done it
They uns dun gone done it

First future
I gwine dun it
You gwine dun it
He gwine dun it
We uns gwine dun it
You uns gwine dun it
They uns gwine dun it

Second future
I dun gwine dun it
You dun gwine dun it
He dun gwine dun it
We uns dun gwine dun it
They uns dun gwine dun it
You uns dun gwine dun it

One of our teachers asked a child the meaning of forget. “When you are sent for a thing to fergit fur to git it,” the child replied. I wonder if I ever told you a Norfolk child’s definition of irrational “It’s rational when you have rations, and irrational when you do not.” I had a little impin my school early in the winter who was known as Moses Propkins Juice. After careful inquiry, his name was found to be, “Moses, the prophet, the King of the Jews.” I had in my night school, a man who persistently read Abercrombies philosophy, until I happened to think of the “Freedmen’s Book,” as a most refreshing substitute. He was deep in its pages when the ladies from Roxbury accidentally found their way into my school. Let me beg you to thank them for looking there again for me; and will you also state to them that I very much regretted .

January 14, 1869 Lucy Chase to Miss Lowell

Describes the children's selection of their Christmas gifts in a way that suggests the value they place on education and culture. "In several instances we noticed a good deal of hesitation in trying to decide between a toy and a book. 'But I want the book most,' two or three said, and went away, looking far more satisfied for the struggle. One girl from the country chose a sack, but laid it down again as soon as she saw a 'reading book.'"

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Lake City, Jany 14 '69.
My dear Miss Lowell.
Our Christmas tree still spreads its branches. We had one grand festival-day; but as twenty or thirty were unable, from different causes, to be with us then, we receive visitors daily in our holiday room. And we intend to have a singing festival under our sweet bay-tree. We shall send far and near for those we missed on the great day, and shall also let all the children of the neighborhood come on the last day. We early found that our children had never seen a Christmas tree, and during all the days of preparation and waiting, the wonder grew, as they queried about the tree. We asked the children to guess the nature of a Christmas tree. Nearly all of them guessed it was a big dinner. One guessed "a big toy." And one or two guessed it was a tree! Those who thought the tree was a tree, acknowledged once having seen a Christmas tree "at the Post-Mistresses." With the exception of one or two who assisted us in decorating the tree, no little eyes looked on it till its lamps were lighted. And then more than eighty children marched two by two into the large room where it was planted, and passed around it, again and again, singing as they went. Although each one took from the tree whatever article most tempted him, every one revelled in the novelty and beauty of the spectacle. It was a real pleasure to look around the room before the fruit was picked, and see the joy of possession written on every face. For one moment, at least, each little heart owned all its eyes looked upon. Our tree reached the ceiling. A flag swung from the upmost bough; popped corn and red berries festooned the

branches. Your dolls, and candy toys, with apples and oranges, hung near the lighted candles. It was all a beautiful vision to my little Floridians.
As I wrote to Boston, each little one saw everything but the oranges (sight most welcome to a New England child) for with a Lake City child, an orange on a Christmas limb, a simple orange was to him, and it was nothing more. We found our experiment of letting each child choose his own gift in every way satisfactory. In several instances we noticed a good deal of hesitation in trying to decide between a toy and a book. "But I want the book most," two or three said, and went away, looking far more satisfied for the struggle. One girl from the country chose a sack, but laid it down again as soon as she saw a "reading book." Everybody wanted a picture handkerchief, but one or two boys said, "I want a hdk, but then I must have this book."
You may imagine that confusion and delay must have ensued from our course. It was not so. The children, knowing they could select, used their eyes in doing so while they marched around the tree. The dolls were real heart-warmers, and even our married women (day scholars) chose tea-setts. The tea setts and hdkfs won universal favor. The prettiest, most refined, and most cultivated girl in Lake City, and one of our best scholars, has Prangs Two Sisters (I thank you, very much, for sending Prangs beautiful pictures. I shall rejoice in knowing that they will be in homes that need them.) One of the birds we gave to a colored teacher, a gentle, delicate natured person, whose school is somewhat connected with ours. Two of the pictures will cheer two of the noblest families here. Families whose fathers are reverent and faithful Union men. One of them keeps bread on his shelves, but he says, "The people here would starve, before they would buy bread of a Republican." The other lives in crumbs, but he lives for ideas, and worships truth and justice. His daughter is a good scholar, and a lovely girl. The candy bags took everyone's fancy captive. Many chose them as a sole gift, supposing nothing could go with them. We have kept most of them upon the tree, to be given on the last day. The children still remain satisfied with their choice.
Some of the clothing has gone to a very destitute family of small children who are fatherless. The valuable box of sewing materials is invaluable for Sewing School. I shall give the emory berries, in course of time, to the deserving. One or two we gave to the tree.
I designed saying many things, but I cannot keep this sheet waiting. Every afternoon and evening brings many people, and my time for several days has been given to callers, so I will say more anon.
Yrs ever sincerely
Lucy C

May 12 1869 Lucy Chase Lake City
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Dec. 14, 1869 Lucy Chase to Anna Lowell

Describes her methods of teaching and speaks of the difficulty of working alone.
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Gordonsville, Decr 14th '69 Miss Lowell,
My kind, generous frd:
Excuses are said to be "lame"; but surely mine halt not; they are indeed sure footed. I am still alone! . ..
In the meantime, although my duties are onerous, I am delighted with my school. As I am alone, of course, the school is ungraded, and my classes are many; but I keep school until half past three; and, very often until four o'clock, and so I am able to add what I will call intellectual exercises to the ordinary exercises. I oblige every class to learn the meaning of all the important words in every-days reading-lessons; and I am daily gratified by their promptness and accuracy in defining the words, when they stand in class. I appoint, every morning, one from each class as interlocutor, and I oblige the whole school to listen to all the definitions; while all who can write, put upon their slates the words in their own lessons, with the definitions thereof. Time is demanded for that exercise, but it is indeed well spent. The children, all of them, enjoy it. Most of them comprehend it, and their wits are perceptibly quickened by it. I have one class in the Fr'dm'ns Book which offers an amazing store of valuable words. I frequently call the attention of the whole school to illustrations of the meaning of familiar words. I spend a good deal of time in teaching Arithmetic both Mental and Written. Many of the children add, almost without halting, long columns of figures which I place upon the black-board, and many of them can mentally add, subtract, multiply and divide, units tens, and even hundreds, with readiness. I spend so much time upon these exercises that I can mark the improvement, which is rapid. I have three classes in Geography, and I give, daily, lessons to the whole school on Maps. All the children can navigate the Gulfs and Bays of the Globe, and they are now journeying with pleasure through the U.S., halting at the capital cities and sailing on the pleasant rivers. In addition to the defining exercise, of which I have told you, I hear the spelling and defining of the words above the reading lessons, and I also hear the whole school spell daily from a speller. Pleasant though my task is, I have all the trials that every teacher must have, who—empty handed, takes charge of a school that, for three previous winters, has had a rod suspended over it.
Alone, too, I keep a night school. For awhile, I kept it five nights in the week, but generally I have but three night sessions. What little time these labors leave me is industriously seized hold of by the needy and sociable, who, having no love for the rebels about them, would fain seek help from me; and give me the reverence they love to bestow on a white skin.
Sincerely
Lucy Chase

Feb. 28, 1870 Lucy Chase to Miss Lowell
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March 10, 1870 Lucy Chase to Miss Lowell
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