

Transcription of a Joint Diary,
Kept by Nathan W. Daniels and His Wife Cora L. V. Scott (Hatch) Daniels.
Rendering based on a partial transcription by C. P. Weaver,
completed and edited by John B. Buescher.
Comprises the last entry of volume 2 (1865) and the entirety of volume 3
(1866-67) of *Nathan W. Daniels, Diary,*
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December 8, 1865 Washington City, D.C.

[Nathan] Concluded this morning that the evening should find us man and wife—accordingly called upon Rev'd Father Pierpont and secured his services, sent Julius after the license, and George after the flowers, and continued in company to the marriage feast, all of which we pleasantly accomplished at half past eight o'clock. My darling Cora and myself entered the quiet and cozy little parlor of our present home, and with only George, Louise, Julius, Lottie, Mrs. Everett, and Father Pierpont in the mortal form, with an immeasurable and glorious assemblage of the Immortal world present, outwardly united in the blissful bonds of that state called matrimony, which, since the first meeting, inwardly had been ours. A delightful supper followed and a feast of venison and flow of sack. Then—.

[Diary for 1866]

Boldly flying o'er the mountain

Pausing near the sparkling fountain
 Up the jagged rock cliffs climbing
 In the shady dell reclining
 Heart and purpose—all undaunted
 Through the forests spirit haunted
Fleet and strong, quite kind
 Free as God's breath on the mind
 Undisturbed by thought of Fear
 Thou art named "Winged Reindeer."
 Shenandoah

Wednesday, January 3rd 1866

Traveling from Washington to Boston via New York.

Thursday, January 4th 1866

Left Washington last evening taking sleeping cars and arrived safely in New York this morning. Took omnibus up town for the purpose of hunting up our good friends Mr & Mrs Anderson, and strange to say, we spied Mr A going uptown. — It was Providential as we had breakfasted at Taylor's feeling impelled to take a particular omnibus & this one caused us to meet Mr A, as we unfortunately did not have the correct number of their residence. — Another bus would have missed him & we should have failed to find their home, thus by a spiritual impression did we accomplish our wishes. —

Friday, January 5th 1866

To Mr Anderson

Gleaming down amid Earth's darkness
 Thro' the clouds & mist, that are
 Hastening in its path the brightness
 Which illumines all the skies
 Lo, its rays like sunlight arrows
 Darting from the bow of Heaven
 'Prisoned in a cell which narrows.
 But it cares not what is given
 For when to the earth descending
 It, bright radiance did pour
 So—above a Lily bending
 Did the Starbeam hover o'er
 Born of heaven the flower so heavenly
 And green pale with purest dew,
 Born of heaven, the Starbeam slumbers
 Upon Lily's bosom true.

Shenandoah.

Saturday, January 6th 1866 _____ Boston

To Mrs Anderson

Frail as morning exhalations
 Fair as heavenly Incantations

Lovely and pure.—
 Not the morning's golden splendor,
 Nor the Evening's shadows tender
 For thee endure.
 But the dew-drop in the bosom
 Pale and white as Lily blossom
 Reflects its light
 Ever downward and thro' the shadows
 Like the moonbeams o'er the meadows
 Comes its ray, bright.
 Lily thy white leaves tremble
 Nor can thy heart dissemble
 Chaste with love
 For thee the Starbeam shineth
 Round Starbeam Lily turneth
 Truth rays of Love.
 Shenandoah.

Reached Boston last evening at dusk and were met at the Depot by Profes.
 Smith. —

Vision seen by Darling in December shortly after our marriage—"While
 sitting with my love enfolded in his arms I saw a golden sphere or Globe suspended
 in mid air. Nearer and nearer it came, then perceived that what seemed a Unit or

Globe was really a Union of separate Souls, whose spheres were merged & blended into one perfect whole. The inner soul (the woman) the outer (the man) and both radiating a light of ethereal beauty which seemed to fill a vast space [] I saw that this wonderful vision was of our own interior souls, that our love was thus manifested. From the center of our united hearts I saw a scroll come forth on which was read the words 'The poor in heart have seen God,' then I saw a banner of blue on which was read in letters of gold 'Love shall redeem the world' and as I gazed enraptured at and thrilled with this wondrous sight, I saw that all our thoughts became embodied in shapes of fairest beauty, flowers of starry form and most exquisite odor, birds with silver wings and winged cherubs, each one a god. Thus it seemed life would become under the beautiful light of 'Perfect Love.'"

Friday & Saturday, January 12th & 13th 1866

Vision seen by Darling last December in Washington D.C. "I saw my darling dressed in Uniform but with his sword sheathed and unbelted & hat in hand, walking beside me. — Two little children were with us. — A vast throng followed our footsteps. — They seemed of every race, class, & color & were shouting notes of Liberty. Banners were waving, drums beating. — It seemed that there had been war—that the struggle was over & we had now the victory. We ascended a hill and gazed around on the gathering multitude. As we stood there a silence fell upon the people—full of expectation—and at last my darling spoke. In words of burning eloquence he portrayed the Glories of war thru which they had just passed. Praised the courage which had raised the standard of "Freedom to all People" against the Usurpers & Tyrants when Lawful Power had led against them.— Pointed to the

beauteous land — doubly baptized in blood — & to those monuments of oppression (the churches) & said “now go forth to sow, & reap, & gather for there is none to forbid, none to oppress, no not one.” Long & fervently he spoke, and when he closed, loud shouts & exaltations rang thru the blue vault of heaven. Then they were once more silent & a power within me spoke—my voice was raised & seemed to roll over them in a tide of thought. — The words I know not, but the theme was Truth & Love & that blessed Peace born of great trouble & conflict. — Then mid songs & rejoicings, I saw them pass away in groups —over all the land, now beautiful abodes & temples dedicated to art & science seemed to spring up as if by magic. — Happiness & peace were there & all were blest beneath the light of Love, Equality & Truth.” —

Friday & Saturday, January 19th & 20th 1866

To Mrs. Wilson

Twining its tendrils round the column fair,
 Or climbing o'er the lovely cottage door
 It flings its starry blossoms on the air
 And all its wealth of fragrant blooms doth pour
 Round the spot where little children meet
 Beside the fount or on the sloping lawn
 Mingling its perfume with their laughter sweet
 And welcoming with dewy eyes the dawn
 Tho' sweeter odors may delight the smell

None other gayer flowers for but a day
Thus brings the heart the sweetest recompense,
T'is the Clematis breathes of Home always.

Shenandoah.

To Mr. Wilson

The broad bright splendor of the Sun
Is often clouded in the morn
'Ere half his splendid course is run
The storm king sounds his bugle horn
The rarest constitutions oft
Are dimmed by clouds which rise from earth
And sorrows' shadows gather where
Sparkle the gems of forest north
But free from vain Ambition's boast
None sordid cares or sorrows blight
Among the firm Angelic host
The "Pale Star" beams forever bright.

Shenandoah.

Sunday, January 22nd 1866

"Vision" seen by Darling in Washington last month.

“I saw an altar covered and draped with a rich crimson curtain fringed with gold. Beneath the altar was a fountain, whose silver waters filled the air with rare incense music—like warblings of birds. I saw my Darling thyself kneeling beside the fountain and its cooling spray to descend upon us & fill our views with a celestial light and all our thoughts were tuned to the music of divine harmony. When this baptism was done & ascended to the altar whereon a Book of Gold—sealed and clasped. On one of the covers was the word ‘Truth’ in raised letters, on the other ‘Love’—My beloved placed his right hand on the cover bearing the inscription of the first named word and my left hand pressed the opposite one. The clasps & seals flew open and we found burning words traced within & both read in concert to the multitude, which till then we had not seen. I know not the words, but they sound like gems, wrought from the mines of thought, and the people gathered them with their souls, as they fell from our lips & their faces freer radiant in the light of knowledge. Even until the vision ceased did we continue to read.”

Sunday, February 4th 1866

Poem given in Boston last Tuesday Evening at the close of a lecture on behalf of the Colored Freemen of America.

Bright star of truth: where radiant beams

Shine on thro’ clouds of woe

Though whose refulgent splendor gleams

Above all sin below

Then—who hast seen the “Nations” rise

And perish by thy breath

Then who hast cheered the Martyrs on

Even in shame & death,

Thee we invoke!

By that black history whose page

Is traced in human blood,

And by the rolling flood

There prophet, [] & sage,

Have for thy mandates stood

And died in every age,

[]—famines and sore distress,

Which for thy sake have come,

Which in thy name have come,

When thro the long dark wilderness

Once led thy children home,

And thine, the sighs and groans,

The agony & tears,

The terrors & pale fears,

The horrors of those years,

Which filled the world with moans,

And thine—the dying time

Of victims slain—

That [] a []

Must make the world like thee!
 Not thine, but Errors'—Thou whose light
 Mild as the Madonna of the night,
 Yet flaming is thy sword,
 Two edged as the word.
 God, who speaketh for the right,
 Truth we invoke thy aid!
 And ye, O shining [] ones
 Pay your own deeds now glorified,
 Thro' your own actions deified.
 And lifted to the throne
 Whereon only the just and pure,
 Only the [] which shall endure,
 Only the spirits [] whose [],
 Dark Error now [],
 Ye, that have fought & died,
 Ye saints the "sorely tried,"
 Ye, that stood side by side
 With Freedom in her toils,
 Ye, we invoke!
 Lo! When your shining ranks appear
 Above the battlements of night,

In rank & file still for the right,
 Bearing the gleaming sword of Light,
 Your legion's rally far & near,
 Led by the martyred heroes slain,
 In every age & clime
 From every shore of time,
 Those spirits now []
 Bend o'er the world []
 Ye we invoke!

Led by the veteran strong & bold
 Of proud America
 The land of Liberty.
 (O, God what mockery,)

The noble hero gray & old,
 Who [] lawful murder sold
 Because of Slavery,
 And ye who follow—fathers, sons,
 Brothers, & friends, arise—
 Ye who were made the sacrifice
 Of foul Ambition!—shining ones—
 Ye we invoke!

Bright star of Truth! Thy day is near

The world shall feel thy breath,

And all the [] of Death.

It all as the grand hosts appear,

We follow thy Command,

We see the shining land

Of that Eternal strand,

When thou dost reign,

And thou! Jehovah—Lord of all—

We seek thy guiding hand,

Thy potent magic wand,

Thy power of Love, thy voice doth call

No more error, nor crime shall fall,

[] an eternal brooding pall,

Over this [] land.

We seek thy Truth Eternally,

We seek to be forever Free.

In seeking these, we follow Thee!

Tuesday, February 6th 1866 _____ Philadelphia

Came on from New York last Saturday night, met our good friend Dr [Henry] Childs at the cars & were escorted by him to "The Continental Hotel." Philadelphia Sunday. Darling spoke for the Spiritualist Society, morning & evening. — The subject in the Evening being "The God in Man," of which, the following Poem was inspired:

Veiled behind Angelic name
Lay the splendors of Osiris,
And the shadow'd form of Isis.
All the wondrous power proclaim
When the Eastern Devotee
And the Grand & [] Lama
Worships at the shrine of Bramat.
Lo! their offerings are for thee.
When the splendors of the East
[] the Temple of the Sun
It is but the Living One
Lighting up the Heavenly feast
All the ages of the Past.
Conquered by the stern Nemesis,
Now shall find their time []
Guiding them to truth at last
This we know—Thy name to be
Thou the Infinite Jehovah
Bending every spirit over,

Love has solved mystery.

Wednesday & Thursday, February 7th & 8th 1866, Burlington, New Jersey

Went out to our friend Mrs Woolman to spend a few days. In the evening,
Shannie came and gave the following.

To Mrs. Woolman

Shadowed by the breath of sorrow
 Drooping 'neath the clouds of []
 As the flower often droopeth
 Where the storm sweepeth before
 Struggling for the highest truest
 Longing ever to find rest,
 So the dew-drops often []
 E'en the Lily's sunny breast
 Thro' the valley of Affliction
 So then cometh the bright promise
 Recompense for sorrow's tears
 Angel hands holding a chalice
 In which every tear must fall
 By their love they change the pearl drops
 Into gems of glory all.
 And thy [] magic petals

[] a strange and wondrous flower
 [] them in a crown of glory
 Cheering now life's darkest hour.
 Gem—bright—golden—pure—& perfect,
 Lo, this crown is thine own thought,
 Which the soul shall wear forever
 "Star Lillies" by Angels wrought.

Shenandoah.

To Mr. Woolman

Each morn the glory of the Sun
 Illumes the earth with light
 Shedding a mantle bright and clear
 Of rarest sunbeams bright
 Each evening over hill and plain
 And every shrub & flower
 His lingering look doth still remain
 To cheer days' parting hour.
 When clouds above the earth appear
 Like brooding wings of sorrow
 The Sun doth ever strain to give
 Some promise for the morn
 And rends the dark and gloomy pall

With rays of living splendor
 That he may give new hope to all
 And flash his glances tender.
 Lo, when the woes of earthly grief
 Brood o'er the human spirit
 Thine is the heart would bring relief
 And bid them to inturrit [sic]
 The joy and hope which is thine own
 To drive away all sadness
 And cheer by deed & look & []
 Thy name is "Beam of Gladness."

Shenandoah.

Mrs. Woolman remarked the other evening—"I feel that our spirit friends are near us." When the Influence which was Shelly replied through Darling—

"Near you"? Yes. Each breath of Heaven

Wafts some whispers of their love.

Messages to you are given

From the starry realms above.

Every moment is their presence

Breathed in sweetest melody,

And a soft delicious cadence

Thrills your souls with harmony.

“Near you?” When the twilight shadows

Bend like brooding and fluttering wings

And upon the fields and meadows

Night her sable mantle flings

Then, O then, they come still nearer,

Closely to your forms they press

And you feel that they are dearer

As thee, give each unlit caress.

“Near you?” Yes. Each wave of music

Rising like a golden chain

Finds response in angel bosoms

And echoes back to earth again—

Bringing something of the rapture

Which doth fill their Heavenly Home.

Yes—upon their spiral sound of arts

They the blessed ones ever come.

“Near you?” O, the voice of prayer

Rising from your souls to night

Thrills the waves of golden air

With a soft and pure delight.
 And the bending forms you live
 Breathe their sweetest love tone, Where
 All your spirits jointly prove
 Then the heart can say "Amen."
 Shelly.

Friday, February 9th 1866

Left Burlington yesterday & came over to NY to attend to advertisements &c for our lecture this evening at Cooper Institute and Darling came over this morning. — Last night we were separated and it was a night of loneliness and longing for each other— but Dolly is so happy as were both of us, to meet again this morning that it seemed as though our short absence had if possible heightened our happiness. —

Monday, February 19th 1866 _____ Washington D.C.

Remained in our heaven of home all the morning. Shannie came and spent a few moments with us. — Wrote article relative to The Anti Slavery Standard and sent to "The Religio" [*Religio-Philosophical Journal*] —also letter to The N.[ew] O.[rleans] Tribune in which I said that it was rumored that the President had decided to veto The Freedmen's Bureau Bill, but that I did not believe he would go before the country upon this measure as he could far more effectually nullify the same by his appointments —and the substitution of the southern state militia in place of the U.S. forces as executors of its provisions. — That he would also veto the

civil rights & Dist of Columbia Suffrage Bills —that Stanton & Harlan were the only members of his Cabinet that would protest against his veto of the Freedmen Bureau Bill —but that Congress would quickly pass these measures over his head.

This afternoon while Senator Yates of Illinois was making a splendid speech in favor of granting all the rights of the American citizen to the colored man. The Freedmen's Bureau Bill came in vetoed by The President. A long manifesto accompanied the document, giving the reasons for his actions, the principle one of which was that the Bill was unconstitutional. — This created a very great sensation among the members as it was entirely unexpected & took them all by surprise. — Great indignation was manifested & an adjournment was immediately carried for the purpose of canvassing the matter & preparing for the fight which must come tomorrow, as the Senate will try to pass it over the President's veto. —

Nellie & Julius & the baby passed the evening with us and we had a very pleasant sociable visit—canvassed California & Nevada silver mines. —

Tuesday, February 20th 1866

Shannie came this morning & said that the war had begun. — That the President had arrayed himself upon the side of the Conservatives & that he would carry out the same plan until war again breathed its terrible spirit over the country. She said also that we should soon go north & then west speaking in behalf of the Freedmen. — That we should then go south —and not to California this year. — That President Johnson had determined not to veto the Freedmen's Bill up to Sunday. That Seward had opposed the veto up to that time & had written the document that accompanied the veto asking amendments to the Bill —but that on

Sunday, Seward had learned that they could not retain their southern influence if the Bill became a law — changed & went to the support of the President's original intentions — & then the decision was made to veto the same, Harlan & Stanton being the only ones who stood out against it. Shannie then reproduced three Poems that were given the 7th of this month at Mrs Woolman's in Burlington New Jersey. She also said that the villain who was dogging Senator Howard would be in the Senate chamber again to day & that if we went to the same place that he was in before we would find him. — Cora wrote Mrs Woolman & enclosed the poems given this morning.

My darling wife & myself went up to the Senate this afternoon, found the chamber jammed, the doorways & every avenue literally packed with people as the excitement over the veto is intense & people seem to sense the coming conflict. — Managed after much squeezing to effect an entrance & through the politeness of Judge [John Fitch] Kinney of Utah secured a seat. — Garrett Davis [D-Kentucky] was reading a dry harangue in favor of the President's veto & against the Bill. After his inflicting an hour of his stupidity upon the Senate, he closed and Senator [Lyman] Trumbull [R-Illinois] arose & for three hours spoke in support of the Bureau & in a masterly manner showed that the President, according to his own argument, was in the wrong — that if his doctrines were true, he was not himself constitutionally the President of The United States — that the Bill was constitutional — that it was a saving of great expense to the Gov't instead of a burdened that it was a necessity in the present belligerent and hostile condition of the country.

At 5 o'clock he concluded & then a vote was taken in which 30 senators voted in favor of the bill notwithstanding the veto —and 18 against and thus the Bill was lost and the President triumphed. — Six Republican Senators consigned themselves to everlasting Infamy by their failure to support the measure—These were Mr [Edwin D.] Morgan [R-New York]— [James R.] Doolittle [R-Wisconsin] (he never did less) — [James] Dixon [R-Connecticut], [Edgar] Cowan [R-Pennsylvania], [Daniel S.] Norton [R-Minnesota] and [William M.] Stewart [R-Nevada]. — Great excitement was manifested in the galleries, so much so that they had to be cleared, immediately after which the Senate adjourned. — Wm Lloyd Garrison was prominent among the audience in the colored gallery and I hope that now he is convinced that the President and Congress are not entirely to be trusted & that there is still need of the Anti Slavery organization. — Among the interesting episodes —while Trumbull was speaking he was interrupted by Cowan of Penn, with the question of “What course would you pursue toward Rebels who had laid down their arms?” “Hang them, if they were Traitors” responded Trumbull. — This brought down the galleries & for a moment there was great enthusiasm & Joy. — This will cast a gloom over the country equal if not worse than that which followed the fall of Sumpter — & is the first blow of the conflict that has been so often predicted is to again come in this country between the armed forces of Justice and Error. —

Wednesday, February 21st 1866

Went up to the Senate Chamber this morning but found a copperhead Senator reading a dull & boring speech in favor of The President's veto. — The Legislatures of the different states are passing Resolutions in support of the Radical members of Congress & condemning the President's veto. Republican papers all over the country are following the same course—a Universal cry of condemnation of Mr Johnson comes this far from the Republican party all over the land —whilst the copperhead press & party —are rising & sustaining his action —so the war has fairly begun. —

This evening Mr & Mrs [Giles B.] Stebbins, Mrs Francis D[ana] Gage, Miss Clara Barton, & Mr [Eber B.] Ward of Detroit, came up & spent the evening with us. —They are all notables in their way, and it was a very interesting occasion. — After an interesting conversation, my darling was entranced and [Theodore] Parker came and gave us an hour of his wonderful prophecy and predictions. — He said —

The struggle is surely coming & you may prepare for the worst. There will be difficulty between The President & Congress & 'ere long war will exist. Sen [Jacob M.] H[oward, R-Michigan]—Will the President veto the Freedmen's Bureau Bill? Ans—He wishes at heart to do so but is not sustained by all his Cabinet—we do not think he will dare to go before the country against that measure—still if he thinks he can do so with [impunity?], he will. But he can effectually nullify it in the appointments & at present he desires to act discreetly. — Sen H— Is Mr Lincoln here? & can he tell anything about a conversation he had with Mr [John Brown] Baldwin of Va, Apr 3rd '61?— Senator Howard then related the testimony of Baldwin & others upon that subject. — Ans—Yes he is here standing by your side & his hand

is on your shoulder. He remembers the conversation well & says "Senator, I never offered a bribe to Treason. I did say to Mr Baldwin that if he would go to Richmond & cause the convention there assembled to go home, I would not send supplies & ammunition or provisions of any kind to Fort Sumpter until it was absolutely necessary, even to the point of starvation. I would do this to avoid any irritation to the people of the south—but I never could withdraw the garrisons either from Fort Sumpter or Pickens." Sen H.—This is the answer of Mr Lincoln? Ans—Yes, and 'tis the truth. He assures you that you may rely on its correctness. — (The conversation then turned on Foreign affairs) Sen H— Is there any danger of a war with France? Ans—not the least. — The Secretary of State is too wily for that. He approves of the existing state of affairs. — Sen H.—Is the Influence informed whether Mr Seward ever gave any special pledges or sent any private messengers to Europe in the beginning of our war & pending the occupation of Mexico?— Ans—We are aware that he did make such pledges of neutrality as would justify the occupation of Mexico by the French and we think he sent two messengers whose names we will ascertain & reveal. — The country has been betrayed by this subtle & unprincipled Demagogue & the testimony will yet be revealed to prove it—we will ascertain the facts & then make them known to you.

After some further conversation of a personal character referring to the danger of the Senator because of his inquires concerning Jefferson Davis, & a statement that he was wise in changing his rooms & warning him that such of the President's plans, his life that of other senators who were Radical & members are threatened — & the influence left.

Shannie said in the presence of Senator Howard and a lady friend, that it had been ascertained that one of the messengers whom Mr Seward specially deputed to carry out negotiations of neutrality was “the man with a big cross,” meaning Arch Bishop [John] Hughes. That he had ample instructions to treat with the Emperor of the French & the Pope—that the other names would be revealed on Thursday evening Feb 22nd. The influence repeated the substance of Mr Lincoln’s conversation with Mr Baldwin, & when asked if he remembered having any conversation with Mr [John] Botts of Virginia a few days after the said April 3rd 1861, he replied yes, & that he told Mr Botts in substance what he had said to Mr Baldwin.

Sen H.—How long after the interview with Baldwin did you see Botts? Ans—about two days—no, it must have been longer—it was a week nearly, for the vessels had already sailed, which were to provision Fort Sumpter & I could not then make Botts the same offer that I did Mr Baldwin, though I told him what I had said to the latter. — Sen H.— Did Mr Lincoln keep any record of those conversations? Ans—Yes, he says. It is in my pocket memorandum—I wrote it myself. — It must be among my papers at home with my wife—write her for the memorandum of that date—I am sure it is there, write her.— The influence then proceeded to state that the private messengers whom Mr Seward sent to Europe as special Diplomats were Arch Bishop Hughes, Thurlow Weed, and later Gen’l George B. McClellan. That to these persons he gave private particular instructions ... & that the first conveyed the message to the Emperor of the French & Pope of Rome—“If you will remain neutral we will not oppose any schemes you may

Sen H.—Did any of these parties carry written dispatches to the French minister or others in power or authority? Ans—Arch Bishop Hughes had written & verbal Instructions but they are inaccessible and as safe in the archives of the Roman Church as tho' they were buried beneath the Pyramids of Egypt. — He is the only one whom Mr Seward dared to entrust with written dispatches—nor were these to the minister, but to The Emperor & Pope in person.— To the others he gave a Carte Blanche saying simply, I will be responsible for the fulfillment of the promises and negotiations made by these gentlemen. He promised neutrality and gave instructions that this government would not object to the establishment of a Roman Catholic Monarch in Mexico. Of course these private negotiations would never be revealed except in case of war.— But woe unto the man who has thus betrayed the trust of this nation. Sen H.—Does Gen'l McClellan hold correspondence with the Pope at the present time? Ans—He has lately been in Rome & is now in active communication with the Papal Power. — The stronghold which that power has gained in Mexico leads them to hope for an increase of influence in these states, and Mr Seward's love of Intrigue would prompt him to favor the establishment of such a government here. The influence then proceeded to warn the senator that the President contemplated & would attempt high-handed measures against the loyal majorities in Congress if they persisted in refusing seats to southern members —that to secure the admission of these southern states, especially Tennessee, was his pet idea & he would not hesitate to adopt any measures to its fulfillment. — Hoping to be sustained by the Democrats of the north & southern sympathizers all over the land —that his policy was to veto every

measure intended for the amelioration of the Freedman's condition & not accept any action of Congress covering the states in Rebellion. — That he would as Commander in Chief of the army declare Congress or its Radical members in Insurrection & attempt by force of arms to drive them from the councils of the nation. That war, bitter & relentless, was coming in which the free north & its Congress & the free colored people of the south will be on one side & the government of Andrew Johnson —the southern traitors, northern Democrats, Fenians & the Catholic church on the other, but Freedom shall at last prevail.

Ques by Mr Bacon—is Gen'l Grant true to the north? Ans—He is, of this we are sure, notwithstanding his Democratic antecedents. His heart is right and furthermore a division is coming between him & the Executive, which will throw him into the arms of the north and he will espouse its cause. — Sen H—What of Sherman? Ans—He will be on the side of the south and will be one of the leaders of the Gov't against the Freedmen Ques. by Col D[aniels]—Are you sure Grant will be all right? Ans—Yes, we are sure—already there is some difficulty between him & The President, he cannot remain longer. Bear in mind all we have said & be prepared for the worst as these are no imagination dreams but stem realities. Ques. by Col. D—Is the Influence still certain that the President will attempt to control Congress by force of crisis? Ans—we are certain that is his purpose, unless Congress checkmates him by an Impeachment which we fear they cannot do, as the Senate is not strong enough. If the Radicals persist (which they will) in keeping out the southern members. The President acting under the advice of southern Rebels & northern Democrats, will attempt what we have predicted & we think it will occur

within three months. Such is his present design—But we must close for tonight commending what we have said to your wisdom & judgment.

Thursday, February 22nd 1866

The funeral oration of The late Henry Winter Davis is being pronounced to day in the House of Representatives by The Hon. J[ohn] A. J. Creswell, the Senator from Maryland, and all the celebrities of the nation are supposed to be present—that is all the loyal element, as the copperheads are holding a grand pow-wow at Grover's Theatre & in the streets near the same. Jubilating over the accession to their ranks and the infamous Tylerism of Andy Johnson. —

Adjourning from the Theatre, the motley crew of secesh —copperheads, Conservative Recreant Republicans, and all the hotch potch that go to make up the untempered & unwashed Democracy —went up to The White House. After a considerable amount of noise they succeed in bringing out the President, and he makes a speech praising & endorsing the democratic proslavery Resolution that they bring him, claiming that the Radical party are Revolutionary. — That Charles Sumner, Stevens, & Wendell Phillips are the other end of the line, that they are as treasonable as were [Jefferson] Davis, [John] Slidell & [Robert] Toombs, & that they must & should be suppressed. — That the southern states were to day in the union & that their Representatives must be admitted to Congress &c &c — all senseless and vapid as the harangue of a drunken fool —and it is not by any means certain that such was not his physical & mental condition at that time. — The crowd hellowed and cheered to their hearts content, satisfied that they now had Mr Johnson in full democratic communion & that in his accession to their ranks, the confederacy had

accomplished by Tylerised, Recreancy & Treason what it could not do in a four years of bloody warfare, and that the South was indeed triumphant, as Wendell Phillips has so truly proclaimed. —

On the other hand, Mr Creswell's oration was a splendid effort and becoming the successor in Radical principles that he truly is of the lamented Davis —at one end the avenue loyalty and Patriotism —at the other Treason, Treachery and Infamy. — Senator Howard came this evening and after a pleasant visit my darling was controlled by [Theodore] Parker, and the following was given—.

Friday & Saturday, February 23rd & 24th 1866

[Cora] This evening was set apart by Mr [George A.] Bacon & ourselves to address the Colored people of this city in one of their churches (the Asbury M. E.) & it has proved an occasion of the deepest interest to all who were present. The church was crowded in every part & doubtless many were unable to gain admittance. Mr Bacon was first introduced & spoke concerning the "present conditions of the South" prefacing his remarks by a beautiful personal explanation of the Fraternity between himself & the colored race avowing his determination to continue his labors in their behalf. He continued by reading carefully selected paragraphs gleaned from the leading Journals of the day, showing the hostility of the Southern people towards the negroes, interspersing & closing his address with noble words in behalf of Freedom.

My darling husband next & addressed them on the "Rights, Qualifications & Necessities of the Color'd Freemen of America" relating his personal experience among them as a citizen & soldier - declaring that their Rights were

the same as our own & their qualifications equal, or capable of becoming so thro' a full possession of their Rights. - [He] depicted in glowing terms and words of praise the heroism of his regiment (colored) upon the battlefield & recited many horrible instances of atrocities which have been & are being daily committed upon these unfortunate people by the Reconstructed Traitors & slave holders in the south. Entered his indignant protest against any Government... that would permit such things to exist & finally closed by a grand allusion to the struggle which is coming in which the Color'd race & the Friends of Freedom will be array'd on one side, and a perverted Government - led by a false & perjured Executive on the other - declaring that the oppressed & down trodden children of Africa would become the saviours of our nation & its Liberties! His remarks were rec'd with great favor and applause by the audience most of whom were colored.

[Nathan] Then my beloved, my true hearted darling wife, addressed the audience and in words of living fire renounced the policy of the Administration, condemning Mr Johnson and all who like him sacrifice principle to policy. [She] said that the facts of the horrible condition of their race had been portrayed to them by the preceding speakers and that now they should make such evidence the inspiring Angel who should lead them out of their present condition to one of Liberty & Freedom. That the Administration had already began the war "of races" and that when the opposing forces found that they were equally balanced, in the end, each black man would be sought and his strong arm required to again save the nation from destruction. — Then will begin a war—as Mr Johnson had predicted a war

inaugurated by his own hand, and one in which Freedom & Justice will surely triumph, driving this apostate “Moses” of the colored race who has proved their “Pharoah” into the Red Sea of his own Infamy, while the hand of Heaven parts the waves for the oppressed & down trodden to pass through. — Then shall we find the Saviours of our country and its cherished liberties in the heretofore enslaved millions of the south & then will they Join hands with their noble defenders & strike the death blow to treason & slavery. Much more was said that I have not room for here —and the applause was continuous and deafening.

[Cora] *At the close of the above named address, someone arose in the audience & announced the presence of Robert Purvis, esq of Phila, one of the champions of Freedom for his race and a most intelligent, accomplished & eloquent speaker. He was called for by the audience & inspired by the enthusiasm already existing, he spoke in terms of rare praise of the words he had listened to and bore the whole assemblage on the high wave of Human Freedom which was surging around us. He spoke briefly but to the point. Referring to the Executive he said that he was not the “Moses” of their race. They refused to accept him as such. He had never believed in Andrew Johnson’s Fidelity to their cause. He (Johnson) had simply Lied! He then compared the turning of the rod into a serpent in ancient days with the present time but said the rod which Andrew Johnson held had been turned by Satan into a Serpent of the “Copperhead” species! He urged them to form an organization of “Black Fenians” to arm, drill & prepare for the fight-- and to be inspired by the same spirit which is expressed in the Marseilles Hymn, “Liberty or Death.” The hearts*

of the vast concourse echoed his words as did their voices - Liberty or Death! He closed amid a tumult of applause and after a vote of thanks, the meeting closed amid the ever inspiring strains of "John Brown" & the cheers of the people who now know the meaning & have tasted some of the fruits of Freedom & are determined to obtain it or die! -

[Nathan] Wrote letter to Anti Slavery Standard description of the scene in the Senate upon the day of the veto & also one to New Orleans Tribune on same subject. —

Sunday, February 25th 1866

[Nathan] The Press and People all over the north condemn Mr Johnson in most decided terms & recognize him now as on an Equality with [Jefferson] Davis & his horde in Infamy and Treason. Mr Seward, the Mephistopheles of the Administration, went to New York night before last to marshal and engineer the great mass meeting that was got together to support the Administration. — Lo and behold the assemblage was composed of that class known as shoulder hitters — business —& the kind of material that usually goes to make up New York Democratic meetings. — The Republican Party did not and would not sustain it, and for once Mr Seward found himself among his kind —on the same platform with the unwashed and the untempered democracy. —The occasion was pronounced a failure and Mr Seward came back to Washington a wiser if not a better man. — Henry Ward Beecher, however goes the whole figure, has been bought up by Seward —and swallows Andy Johnson, Reconstruction, Treason, and all —God save him for the American people or his principles never will. —

We were invited down to Mr [Giles] Stebbins last night to meet Wm Lloyd Garrison & other celebrities but could not go on account of the inclemency of the weather. — Garrison lectured here Friday night and somewhat changed his tune of “Liberty victorious” as he pitched unceremoniously into the President—sustained Congress —and otherwise showed himself to be the Garrison of his palmy days.

My darling wife addressed the Spiritualists of Washington this morning upon “Children’s Rights,” a plea for the rising generation. The audience was large and intelligent and the lecture very interesting. She began by showing the imperfections of the present system of education where the child is subjected to the law of force, having his lessons drilled into his head instead of its being made a source of pleasure and entertainment, wherein the master or parent sends the child to school more for the purpose of ridding them of the trouble of his presence. Subjects them to the care of irresponsible ignorant & immoral nurses and guardians, forced them to do penance by sitting six hours out of the twenty four on a hard bench, drilling away at musty and unintelligible lessons —placed the little buds in a hot house & by the forcing system to make them bright and shiny lights —subjected them to restraint, curbing & imprisonment, not giving their little bodies or minds an opportunity of proper expansion —crushing back their mental and physical systems on the plea that children should not be too forward, and in fact doing Just what they should not do if they wish, healthy, intelligent and beautiful children. She then sketched in eloquent language the mode of education that was best adapted to their material and spiritual welfare, citing the method of object teaching as an excellent one, for instance a chair is taken, the kind of wood of which it is made, its uses, the

place & soil wherever the wood grows, the machinery by which it is made &c &c — all interesting to the child, instructing him thoroughly and at the same time affording him amusement and not meanness. Then again select your teachers from those who love children —& a woman “as it is supposed they have more time & can be hired at half price,” one who is spiritually endowed and who will take the children on a summer’s day into the forest & along the brook discovering upon the beauty and teachings of nature, taking the flowers, the sunny brook, the elms & pebbles, the trees, birds & all nature for her text—and thus by the simple yet beautiful method of object teaching. Instruct thoroughly and without fatigue in one day, what in the modern manner it would take six months to accomplish. — She then closed by a beautiful description of the children in the angel world, their teachings and their bright abode. — The audience were deeply interested and sympathized fully with the speaker. — Among the same I noticed Mrs Frances D. Gage, who lectures tomorrow night at Seaton Hall upon “Life on The Sea Islands and Emancipated Labor” —she presented us with complimentary tickets, so I suppose we must go. —

[Cora] *While taking a little repose this P, I had a most singular dream or vision, which made such an impression on my mind that I record it here. It seemed that my husband was with me in some rural place, a country town, where we had been visiting their schools & addressing them. As we were going to our place of abode in the twilight hour, I glanced toward the east & saw a bright light trace the outlines of a form. It was an old man leaning upon a staff. Slowly the figure descended & passed from*

our sight. I asked what can it mean, my companion said, 'Tis a sign, and the next one will show whether we are to have peace or war.

We watched the place in the Heavens where the Sign appeared & soon perceived a Second light. It came as did the first, bright & larger, until we could distinctly see the figure. It was an Archer like one of the signs of the Zodiac, with the body of a Horse & the head & shoulders of a man. The figure held a bow & arrow drawn for a fight. "This means war" said my husband. The figure did not disappear as did the first but remained until I woke. This may be a muse dream, but I feel that it has some bearing on the unfortunate state of our Country. - We shall watch for the sign.

[Nathan] Mrs [Eliza Woodson] Farnham came this evening and influenced my darling and gave her admirable Lecture upon "Woman." The House was full and the address gave great satisfaction. —

Monday, February 26th 1866

[Cora] *This morning Shannie came & wrote a long time reproducing the conversation between [Theodore] Parker & Sen. Howard, also giving the "Singing words" in which the Senator rec'd his Spiritual name. It was "Rock of Truth" which we think most appropriate.*

[Nathan] Went up to the Senate Chamber and saw Senator Howard, gave him the minutes of [Theodore] Parker's communication and Shannie's Poem. Then went up into the Gentlemen's gallery where I found a man —a one armed specimen of assassin answering the description of the one that was represented by Parker as

dogging Senator Howard. — I immediately notified Howard & we put a detective on his track.

I then went over to the House where I saw Beauman [of Mich.] and gave him ticket for the lecture for the members. — Met Gen'l [Nathaniel Prentice] Banks & in conversation with him he said that in case it came to a conflict of arms, the army would not be with Wendell Phillips. I replied it had better be with him than the President. He answered that he thought it would be with neither—that all military history went to show that the army was always for the army and that such would be the case in the coming conflict. Learned from Mr. Merchant that he had put Senator [Henry] Wilson's [R-Massachusetts] brother, who is a special detective, on the track of the miscreant who have been pointed out to us as the would be assassin of Senator Howard, so that we shall now see what will become of it. —

[Cora] *This evening we attended a lecture delivered by Mrs. Frances D. Gage, one of the oldest & ablest workers in the field of Reform, an eloquent & earnest speaker, a talented writer and a thorough laborer in behalf of Humanity. - Her subject was her experience on the South Sea Islands where in the year '63 the experiment of Free Labor was tried among the negroes & on the plantations abandoned by the Rebels & captured by our forces. - The subject was prolific of interest and she made every point available. Gave a beautiful tribute to Gen'l [Rufus] Saxton who commanded the forces at that time and in that Department. Gave minute details of the condition & abilities of the lowest class of plantation slaves, and gave other of her experiences & travels in connection with the subject of Emancipation & closed with a most glorious peroration on*

Liberty. It was a very perfect lecture & the age, earnestness and the true humanity of the speaker rendered her utterances most impressive. We both enjoyed it much and would not have missed it for the world. The audience was large & appreciative - members of congress & many noted persons were present. We noticed speaker [Schuyler] Colfax, Mr. Julian (Mr C), Father Pierpont, Clara Barton & others on the Rostrum. Robert Purvis was in the audience- all were delighted & she held them for two hours.

'Tis glorious to find that those noble women who have toiled so long in behalf of the South are now receiving the reward of their labors & instead of sneers & jibes and social ostracism. [They] are now sought after by the proudest in the land, who bring laurels to lay at their feet - while thousands whom their efforts have disenthralled sing their praises! Such a one is Frances D. Gage.

Tuesday, February 27th 1866

[Cora] *This morning I was influenced by that most powerful control who Shannie tells us is [William] Wilberforce - certainly 'tis a most absorbing & overpowering influence. - He came to tell my darling something which he will write here -*

[Nathan] That there was a plan afoot among certain rowdy and secesh characters in the city to create a disturbance this evening at the Lecture, but that they would discover when there that the audience would not permit any interferences & that consequently there would in all probability be no difficulty, but that it would be well enough to be prepared for any emergency. — That the disposition of the people was against us & that if they dared, they would soon put us

out of the way. — That he had much to talk with them but did not suppose he would get the opportunity.

[Cora] *Shannie afterwards wrote some "Singing" words for Mrs Whelpley & Mr Knox giving their Spiritual names - that of Mrs. W was "Meadow Lark" and Mr Knox was named "Cave of Silence." Had we room here they would be transcribed but they will perhaps be published and placed in the Scrap book, to which often times we shall refer.*

[Nathan] My darling was influenced this evening by the spirit of Theodore Parker, who had previously announced that he would deliver a lecture upon the Apostate—and addressed a large intelligent and appreciative audience. Previous, however, to the lecture, the Mozart band, all colored, favored us with a beautiful chant, "Abou Ben Adim," which they rendered in a very effective and enchanting style. Then Parker came and began with the relation of his going to Europe, his experience whilst there. He then most beautifully pictured the birth and life of "Moses Remoses" and his finally leading the Israelites out of Egypt, relating that Moses was in truth the son of the daughter of Pharaoh & that the tale of the nurse being his mother, was an Egyptian story for the purpose of concealing the shame of the Royal House & that Moses was indeed the descendent of Pharaoh & therefore entitled to just so much more credit for his nobility & goodness of character. He then took up Andrew Johnson, traced his life up from his birth in North Carolina to the present, stating that he had all the narrow prejudice & bigotry & hatred of the negro that characterizes the poor white of the south & that they were just as much in existence to day as when he roamed a poor boy the vales of Tennessee—and he

came to his life in Tennessee when he promised to be the Moses of the Negroes— and most beautifully [] the question of apostacy by claiming that at this period, and was the apostate as he apostatised from the meanness and [] of his firm antecedent & education—that inasmuch as he promised and performed for the Negro race, just so much did he apostacise from his past [] and life. He then showed the penalties that in the Catholic Church attended apostasy—and made the application to the President's case. He then took up The President's late action & speech quoting the Insurrectionary part which proclaims [Charles] Sumner, [Wendell] Phillips & [Thaddeus] Stevens Traitors & said that Sumner was the Bugle Caller of freedom, Stevens the old war horse of Liberty, and Phillips the golden Eagle whose pinions had never been touched. He also said that the Epitaph of Johnson should be as follows, upon a black monument in letters of Red, the declaration that he had made to freedom, & then in words of living light, his fake promises & [] speeches, & then the whole [] in [].

Wednesday, February 28th 1866

[Cora] Wrote this morning to the Richmonds in ans. to a letter rec'd a month ago. My darling was also writing. Just had to go out early to see Mr. Stebbins about the hall in which to repeat the lecture of last night tomorrow evening. I dressed myself and went to call on Mrs. Stebbins where my husband met me. I had a delightful call and find a true & sincere friend in Mrs. S.—We attended in the Senate today & heard a portion of a very able speech by Senator Nye of Nevada. It is one of the best speeches of the session. Went from the Capitol to dine & spent the evening with Julius and Nellie. The baby is flourishing finely.

We had a very cozy time and we felt very much pleased with our visit. We much wish that they had room for us there, as we enjoy their society more than anyone in the city.

[Nathan] Last night [Theodore] Parker, through my darling, again predicted that we were on the eve of a most terrible war and that but a few days would elapse 'ere the President proclaimed the southern states in the Union and forced at the point of the bayonet the southern Representatives into Congress. — Then would come bloody war and finally he closed with a grand thrilling and magnificent description of what was soon coming and closed with a glorious peroration calling forth from the audience repeated demonstrations of applause. — At the conclusion some gentleman in the audience arose & after moving a vote of thanks to the speaker, requested that the lecture might be repeated and as Chairman I put it to a vote—it was unanimously carried —and so next Thursday night a week was announced for its Repetition. I noticed among the audience Senator Howard, Gen'l Banks & many other noted personages. — The Lecture was indeed a success and carried the audience completely with the speaker. No demonstrations of disturbance were made as we had been warned there would be—but the element was outside the Hall & only kept back through fear of the large respectable audience that they found assembled. — Congratulations followed my darling at the close and all came away satisfied with the results of the evening.

To Mrs. Whelply

[] his nest in vernal meadows,

Thro' the morning mists & shadows

Hidden from the night—
 Upward toward the sunlight springing
 Soaring—diving—sweetly singing
 In the morning light.

So from every mist of sadness
 From the earth with swiftest gladness
 Doth the spirit soar.
 Flashing wings of golden brightness
 And with heart of joyous lightness
 Singing ever more.

And thy silent thoroughly one hidden
 Till by [] bidden
 Toward the same.
 And to thee this thought is given,
 Part of Earth and part of heaven.
 Meadow Lark's thy name.
 Shenandoah.

The above poem was given by Shannie last December at a little sociable here, but
 not reproduced until this [].

Thursday, March 1st 1866

[Nathan] Carrie & Major [George] Chorpenning came today. The Madam is very cordial & has forgotten I suppose that when she left Washington a year ago, she was not on the best of the terms with the writer—but her memory is short & treacherous and on the whole I don't know but that it is a [] to forget in such cases. — It would be in some persons, those whom we know to be sincere, but her steadfastness is like that of the wind — liable to veer at any moment.

The following beautiful little poem came through Cora and by Shanny to Mr Kure—

“Cave of Silence”

In the forest wild & hoary

When the winds repeat their story

And deep Solitude its glory,

Ever man proclaims—

When the sparkling [] rushes

And the pearly fountain gushes,

And the echo ever hushes

E'en the wood-nymphs' names

So a rocky cave revealeth

Splendors which no sunbeam []teth

And which every fairy feeleth

In her charmed home—
 Often thus from eyes of mortals
 In the grand & shining portals
 Hidden by the great Immortals
 Till the hour doth come.

All thy noblest thoughts concealing
 Till thro' love or woes revealing
 Thou shalt ever find
 That the truest rarest treasures
 Are the ones which virtue measures
 In Silent Caves of Mind.
 Shenandoah.

A little incident occurred to night which illustrates human nature most excellently well. — Last week my darling fancied that Mrs Matthews, [Schuyler] Colfax's mother-in-law, at the reception did not greet her with that warmth that she should have done, or that she, by not taking her home when we came away, slighted her on account of her connection with Spiritualism. — Accordingly this morning she paid her back in her own coin & that too most admirably, as the lady having been to the lecture the other night & hearing that Spiritualists had brains &c proceeded to be most polite, but Cora could not see it in that light & was repeatedly [] and stately.

[Cora] *Attended, after much indecision on the subject, the reception of Speaker Colfax. We both prefer the quiet of our own home, but at last decided to go. Saw Mr & Mrs Stebbins, Mr Julian, and several others whom we knew. Gen'l Banks greeted my husband very cordially, tho' they are by no means favorites with one another. We both think Banks a "policy" man. He was introduced by my husband & made some flattering allusions to the lecture of Tuesday evening, to which I made another reply then a bow, & and after some trifling conversation he walked away. We remained about half an hour then left until the thorough conviction that Receptions are a nuisance—mere cold lifeless formalities—which is true!*

Friday, March 2nd 1866

[Nathan] Gen'l Banks was particularly polite to both of us last evening. I imagine that he is seeking to make up for his past meanness & tyranny and would be [] of my []—as god knows he has done me injury enough —and did I harbor vengeful feelings he would be the first that I should strike, as he tried to do me all the injury in his power — but in the end it resulted in my favor. —

[Cora] *Visited the Senate & house today. Found both under the control of the Democratic side and very few persons in the Galleries. - There seems to be a lull in the political atmosphere even as there is in the outward. Does this silence presage a storm? Surely it does in a political sense, and while spring is unfolding her buds & leaves to the warm sunshine & baking air, tempest & storms of war will roll around us - an ominous brooding spirit is near - one that breathes of war to the nation. —*

After dinner we called at Nellie's & asked them to accompany us to the Senate where we supposed there would be an evening session. - We arrived at about 8 o'clock & found the Senate had adjourned at seven, having remained in session until that time & finally passed the concurrent resolution that none of the Southern states shall be admitted until congress declares them entitled to admission. The opposition (Dem) tried to prevent a vote, but the Republicans were bound to pass it if they sat all night. - The vote was ayes 28, nays 19. We were informed of this by the keeper in the Cap.

Called on Mrs Stebbins but did not find her in. Mrs Merchant, however, invited us to her room where we passed an hour in most pleasant conversation. Senator Howard is absent in consequence of the death of his wife. It was quite sudden but perhaps there is something Providential in his absence just now for I think the dangers are gathering thick & fast around the members who are called "Radical." We miss him tho', in Congress & socially. -

Julius & Nellie found an old friend, Miss [Josephine] Griffin[g] of the Freedmen's Aid Society, in the house & called on her. - We did not see Mr & Mrs Stebbins, but enjoyed the call very much hope to see them all at our room tomorrow evening.

[Nathan] The action of the Senate today in passing by a strong majority the Concurrent Resolution accepts the challenge that the miscreant Johnson has hinted at Congress and hints back in his face defiance. — Tis a brave deed and completely emancipates the Radical wing of Congress from any further association with the Executive. — The next step in the programme will be the admission of Tennessee &

the Committee of Reconstruction will report probably in favor of admitting her upon only a loyal basis, that is, permitting only those who have been loyal to take part either in the elections or government, disfranchising Rebels & making equal before the law all citizens black or white. — This will be another pill for candy, which it seems hardly probable now, he will swallow without some demonstration of the claw that exists behind the fear of power—but let it come, it is better that the issue should be met this day than any other—the people are ready, they will sustain Congress and that this Infamous miscreant who shames the Presidential chair will leave 'ere he has finished his work. —

Saturday, March 3rd 1866

[Cora] *My darling & myself wrote a long letter to the [Anti-Slavery] Standard this morning - descriptive of Mrs Gage's lecture, of "The Fenian" movement & its inevitable connection with the disturbed condition of the country, of Mr Seward's complicity and treachery in reference to Mexico, France, the Pope - and the future struggles of our nation, of the condition of the public mind - of Congress, The Army, its sympathy with the Executive - Gen'l Banks, his opinion that "the army will fight for itself" - of the coming struggle & the great issues involved - all making a some what startling but truthful & interesting letter. Rec'd a beautiful letter from Miss Woolman of Burlington, N.J. at whose house we enjoyed such real pleasure when we came from N. York & Boston. - She wrote most sweetly of our visit, urged me not to give up the idea of playing the harp, and she who plays so divinely thinks that I might become proficient. I hope 'tis true, for of all instruments I love the harp the best. She wrote most*

encouragingly of our work in behalf of the Freedmen, said we must not be discouraged by the obstacles which the president had placed in the way, but must press bravely on for our mission was Heaven appointed & must succeed! She urged us to visit them on our way north, which we shall surely try to do. — She is a splendid woman, & I know she loves us both for she is sincere.

This evening Mr & Mrs Stebbins came, but to their & our great disappointment no one was with them—Miss Merchant, Miss [Clara] Barton, & others expected to come but were prevented. We invited them to our room and enjoyed a quiet, cozy chat, tho' it was somewhat sad when we thought of the inevitable sorrows which are brooding over us. - Of course our conversation was wholly upon the pending events, political & social, which are coming. - During the evening they wished us to fix upon some evening to visit them & to have their friends to meet us. - After canvassing the matter, we thought tomorrow evening would be the best time as we should be occupied nearly every evening next week & we expect to leave on Friday. - It was decided that we go tomorrow night. - George & Louise [Bacon], Julius & Nellie are also invited. They hope to have several members of Congress there & it will no doubt be quite interesting. - Mr & Mrs S left early as they were weary - we like them very much.

[Nathan] A spirit of conflict is brooding over this city, which could it be seen in its true light, would excite alarm and horror in the minds of all loyal and freedom loving people. — The city is full of ruffians —disbanded confederate soldiers, who roam around the city at night, keeping bound during the day, who dog and follow our Radical Congressmen & all others who are specially anti slavery —who threaten

the d —d abolitionists, as they are termed here, with death & vauntingly say —that “in a few days they will all be cleaned out of Washington” and who are the miscreants who are doubtless brought here to do the bloody work of this government, when it shall decide to attempt the dissolution of what it calls the “scum of Congress” & who are at best cutthroats & assassins. —

Sunday, March 4th 1866

[Cora] *This morning while at the breakfast table we rec'd a package from the Standard containing the manuscript of a poem - unpublished - & a splendid letter from Parker Pillsbury [of The Anti-Slavery Standard] -explaining that the literary dept is not under his control & that they never publish original poetry - also that the Editor of that department is prejudiced against spiritualism and would not look with favor upon any production emanating from that source. - He praised my darling's letters to the Standard very highly & said "your last letter was the best one sent to any of the N. York Journals on the events of that week," also "you seem to comprehend the situation better than any one else at least according to my views" T'is glorious to receive praise from a man so honest, critical & true as the Ed. of the Standard!*

Met with Julius & Nellie by appointment at their house about eleven o'c and with the baby took a trip to Georgetown to visit Mr & Mrs [Alfred and Annie] Cridge, friends of theirs whom we have met & like very much. - They live far up on the heights in an old fashioned cottage surrounded by grounds which once were beautiful and still retain traces of former loveliness. - Mrs C is a lovely woman, possessing a highly gifted & susceptible organism. - She is the sister of

Prof [William] Denton the eminent Geologist who has published that wonderful book entitled the "Soul of Things" which contains the psychometric readings of Mrs Cridge while in a Clairvoyant state. - Both herself & husband are highly intellectual, but her mind is the finer of the two. - They have two lovely children, a boy & a girl & two in the spirit world. Their little boy (five years old) is a most remarkable & gifted being, spontaneous and free as the sunshine, holding daily converse with his little spirit Brothers - he insists that they come and play with him. - We all enjoyed the afternoon very much and were glad to the change. The day has been bright & sunny but a severe wind has made it rather unpleasant, & toward evening it was very cold. - We arrived home about six P.M. & prepared to go to the rooms of Mr & Mrs Stebbins.

[Nathan] Invited Mr Bacon, Julius & Nellie to go with us and proceeded to Mrs Stebbins rooms. Found a large company assembled to meet us composed of the following members of Congress—[George W.] Julian [R-Indiana], [William] Lawrence [R] of Ohio, [George V.] Lawrence [R] of Penn, [Glenni W.] Scofield [R-Pennsylvania], [Charles] Upson [R-Michigan], [Fernando C.] Beaman [R-Michigan], [Rowland E.] Trowbridge [R-Michigan] and five others whose names I have forgotten. — Mr & Mrs Giles Stebbins, Mrs Merchant, Mrs Beauman, Mrs Griffin[g], Miss Clara Barton & others. — After a brief conversation my darling was influenced by Theodore Parker & for two hours a conversation was kept up upon the condition & prospects of the country. The President & Congress, Spirit Communion & other subjects, the substance of which I abstract as follows —

He said that President Johnson would not hesitate to carry out his policy even if he is compelled to disperse the Radical part of Congress with the bayonet—and much more bearing upon the same point that has been given us & written down here before. — That Seward was at the bottom of the whole matter & was now intriguing with the Pope at Rome & the Emperor Napoleon through his special Private Ambassador Gen'l McClellan, reiterated what he had before said to Senator Howard relative to Seward's sending Arch Bishop Hughes & Thurlow Weed to France & Rome, & also the arrangements that he had made & carried out relative to their neutrality and the Mexican scheme. — Said that Johnson was in complicity with the Assassination of Mr Lincoln, that the visit of Booth the morning of the day the deed was done was significant, as most certainly if anything in the way of harm had been intended Johnson, it would not have occurred at that time as his death then or an attempt at his assassination would have prevented their designs upon Mr Lincoln from being carried out, therefore that it was not to assassinate but to hold a conference with him that Booth's visit was made — & that other evidence would yet come to light which would prove the truth of the assertion. — That the admission of Tennessee would only delay the conflict and not prevent it—that if Congress did not admit that state, the fight would commence in one month, if they did, it would within two months, as Mr Johnson would insist upon the admission of all the states & unless Congress consented he would then force them to his demands. — That the loan bill sought to be carried through Congress by the secretary of The Treasury was but a part of the programme but that it would fail. — That the President wanted all the money & control of all that he could obtain to carry out these

purposes, but that Congress would discover his [] and prevent it. — That Congress would not hold another session in Washington, that within the next six months war would be in existence all over the land, in which the Government, the southern people, northern Copperheads & sympathizers & the Fenians & the Catholic church would be on one side and the Freedmen, radicals & the true Government upon the other. — That it would begin in the streets of Washington with the arrest of the Radical wing of Congress for treason—that it would then spread like the New York riots all over the country. — That a Provincial Government would be established somewhere in Ohio or some of the Western states—that at first the Conservatives would gain the ascendancy, but finally it would have to succumb to the true principles of Humanity & Freedom. — That it would last at least four years & perhaps longer. — That in its settlement all of the Religious, Political & social questions that now agitate the country would be settled and Peace and true Harmony would finally prevail. Much else was said that I have not room to write and deep interest was manifested by all parties present. — The President & Mr Seward rec'd a terrible scorching —the members of Congress questioned the speaker closely & upon every answer were satisfied of its truth. — Indeed many things seeming to corroborate what they already knew, but which the remainder of the company were entirely ignorant of. — The seance lasted until a late hour & all went away satisfied of the truth of the revelations & predictions. — The interview had a marked effect & will I believe serve to influence the votes of the members present upon the Tennessee question which comes up tomorrow. —

Monday, March 5th 1866

[Cora] *This morning we prepared to go to the Capitol as soon as possible, expecting that this question of the admission of the Tennessee members would be considered in the House-as this was the day fixed for the report of the Reconstruction Comm, on that subject. My darling had some business to attend to, so I preceded him to the senate chamber & waited until he came. We then went over to the house, found it in a committee of the whole on "appropriations." We were told that the Tennessee matter had been postponed until tomorrow. It will probably be several days before it will be decided. I fear Tennessee will be admitted - if so it will be the precursor of admitting all the rebel states, but probably on such conditions as neither the President nor the states will accept.*

The whole session was very dull and we came home in time for dinner, after which we sat in our room during the whole of the beautiful twilight. Then came to us the most beautiful Influence we ever felt, often have we experienced the same presence before but not so powerfully as tonight. My darling was almost enfolded in it & carried away with me. I was impelled to speak while thus we sat & the following words were addressed to us - I mean while seeming to read them on a golden shield shaped like the sun which was before my vision. Such a rare and Heavenly atmosphere surrounded us. These are the words & thoughts given to us by one whose name we know not, but who sheds on us the silvery shower of her divine thought—

The Communication—

"Nearer and still nearer to the fountain of Truth: Higher and still higher up the mount of Knowledge—Closer and closer do your feet press to the

golden margin of the Heavenly land—dearer and still more dear—your souls shall cling together—made one by the perfect love which enfolds you! Trust your intuitions. They will lead you aright. Ever have you been guided by them! Even from your childhood have I watched both your lives. Like two mountain streams whose crystal sources are far apart, dashing over rocks, winding thro' shady woods and deep mountain gorges, flowing calmly thru' meadows or tortured by precipitous & tortured courses. Until at last they unite upon some golden plain and flow on in one tranquil stream. Thus have been your lives! & thus have I watched your souls from birth! Dark and devious have been your paths thro' care and sorrow, suffering and error, until now you stand upon the pinnacle of that mountain whose name is peace. The sorrows of the past can touch you not. Even their shadows may not reach you! Like yonder sky draped in its sunset glory, yet clear & cloudless your lives shall be. The shafts of malice, every hatred & scorn, hurled by those who love not truth and are bound in darkness can no more reach your souls' pure sky than can mortal hand pluck you bright star from its Heavenly throne. Like evening's star, your star of love is undying and quenchless. 'Tis a glorious and sublime reality that we ever bend above you on wings of love to watch and guard your footsteps. You have felt the thrills of our presence. You will feel it more and more when wrapped in each other's arms, all thoughts of the world are excluded. More and more beautiful will the light of your love become.

Stronger and stronger will be your hearts to battle for the right & the perfect bliss which is born of your love shall abide with you forever!"

Question—Can the influence give his or her name? Ans.—My influence is known to the medium, but she knows not my name, nor would you recognize me by that. I am, however, your true friend and guide. Q.—Can you tell us of the future? Ans.—You have been told what is to come immediately. Follow your impressions; they will guide you aright. You cannot under existing circumstances do aught in connection with the Gov't. Your heart is not there. Go where your feelings prompt. In that work alone can you succeed! Q.—Shall we leave W. as soon as we intend? Ans.—You will be directed. If nothing intervenes, you will go. If 'tis not best, we will arrange circumstances to prevent. Remember, we are ever with you and 'tis any presence which you feel in those holy hours of rapture, you shall realize still more perfectly the bliss of heavenly love! My children, Good Night.

Tuesday, March 6th 1866

[Nathan] This evening my darling lectured at the Asbury Church to the colored people of this city in behalf of the family of a poor colored man in Vicksburgh who had been sold into slavery from this district some nine years ago and who now wished to return home to Washington but had no means. The lecture was given in their aid. A large and attentive audience of colored people, (my darling and myself being the only white people present) were in attendance. — The subject was "The Guiding Hand" & in thrilling tones and eloquent language, the past and

present of the African race was portrayed and the manner in which this guiding hand had led them out of their bondage to the semblance of Freedom & how yet the same Hand would lead them to the land indeed of Liberty— though they passed through the Red Sea of blood to attain the same. — At the conclusion, the address was condensed into series of Resolutions embodying the sense of the lecture, and followed by a beautiful Poem given impromptu. — I write out The Resolutions as they have been Reproduced —

Whereas the Inalienable Rights of all people to Life, Liberty & the Pursuit of Happiness are recognized by the highest laws, both Divine & Human, in violation of this inherent principle of Justice, the people of our nation have been betrayed & sold into most abject slavery by the Gov't of the U.S., and whereas the hand of Infinite & avenging Justice has burst their bonds thro' the Instrumentality of a fearful war, and whereas these bonds are broken in the letter but not in the spirit of the nation—for the distinction of cash & color still prevail, & our people are subject to every indignity & cruelty even to death at the hands of their former masters. Therefore, Resolved—that we bind & pledge ourselves in the most solemn manner, to unite our race in one grand Phalanx or Fraternity for the attainment of the recognition of our rights to life, liberty & the pursuit of happiness. Resolved—that as “Knowledge is Power” we will erect school houses & organize places of Instruction for the education of our children to the end that they may know the meaning of the word “Liberty”—and never cease to struggle for its attainment. Resolved—that we recognize in no human power or Government the right either to enslave or to make free any people—and that we will steadily & constantly demand from the people of

this nation & the Government the recognition of these Inherent Rights, never ceasing even unto Death. — Resolved, That we perceive “The Guiding Hand” of The Infinite Father in all our trials & blessings & that his Power has led us this far towards the light on the mountain top of Freedom & that we will continue to trust & labor knowing that God is still our strength & shield & we will remain United, Firm, & Undaunted even to the end. Poem— “Song of Freedom”

Slaves no more, tho’ scourge & chain

Seek to bind our race again.

Let them come.

Little comfort will they find.

Never can they chain the mind.

Let them come.

Tho’ the land be red with blood. And

we walk in its dark flood.

Let it come.

Tho’ our wives & children die,

We will never live a lie.

Let it come.

Tho’ the Tyrant at our door,

Bids us hope & trust no more.

Let it come.

Tho’ in prison cell we pray,

God will guide us on our way.

Let it come.

Still we'll watch & hope & trust.

Knowing God—our God is Just.

Let it come.

Tho' the battle sound afar,

And we hear the notes of war.

Let it come.

When the day & hour doth come,

We will strike for life & home.

Let it come.

We shall pass the Red sea wave.

God's kind hand will ever save.

Let it come.

Slaves, oh never! see the birds

And the flocks & loving herds,

They are free.

In their Joy and Liberty,

God hath made all nature Free,

So are we.

Slaves, no never! Tho' the Sun,

Cease his splendid course to run

We are free.

Tho' the stars forget to shine.

We will claim our Right Divine

We are free. —

At the conclusion of the above, the Resolutions were unanimously adopted by the audience and loud applause went up to the speaker, great enthusiasm was manifested, and they dispersed intent upon organization & practicalizing the truth that had been told them so ably & so eloquently by the fair speaker. — Oh how much sincerity and real truth is there in these rough but true natives. They can be trusted, and it is so satisfactory to work for them. They appreciate and estimate far beyond what they have credit for & generally I think, beyond their white neighbors. — My darling & myself have a glorious work to do among these people and we intend to do it well and effectively — no matter what may come. —

Wednesday, March 7th 1866

[Cora] *My dear husband & myself attended the session in the Senate today & listened to a most eloquent & thrilling speech of Senator Sumner against the presiding Court, which proposes to limit the Representation of the south to their number of its white inhabitants. While this measure was intended by the Committee who reported it as a blow against the superfluous representation of the southern states which are no longer entitled to the three fifths vote of the slave code - still Mr Sumner regards it as "Barbarous & inhuman" & engrafting distinction of caste upon a Republican Court - which is contrary to the spirit of Liberty & utterly unjust to a race lately disenthralled & whom it is the duty of Congress to make Wholly Free. I cannot give even an idea*

of the address - it occupied nearly three hours & was one of the ablest of the many able efforts of that glorious advocate of Freedom!

The Galleries were well filled. Mr & Mrs Stebbins were there. Directly in front of us sat Frederick Douglass with his remarkable face all aglow with enthusiasm, listening most attentively to every golden thought which fell from the lips of the Senator. He recognized me & I introduced my darling, who had never met him before & we conversed briefly at the close of Mr Sumner's remarks. - Douglass is a true Genius - and is rising every day in that estimation of our best minds. - But we both think Purvis his superior, the latter seems moulded in a finer form, mentally & spiritually. But both are representative men & are destined to lead their people & even the nation a long distance on the road to perfect Freedom. He [Douglass] is in Washington watching the movements of Congress & the Executive, also delivering lectures to the color'd people in their churches & to the negroes in such place are center procured, for let it be recorded here that the owners of all Halls, and the Trustees of all Churches refused Garrison & have refused Douglass the use of their buildings - the former because of his known devotion to human Liberty, the latter because of his Complexion. Surely the war has not accomplished its work!

Passed the evening at Nellie's where we were invited to meet Mr & Mrs Cridge & Mrs Seabold the sister of the latter. The occasion was most delightful and pleasing to us all. - We find great social congeniality between them & ourselves & shall ever prize them as among our most valued acquaintances. Of course the conversation was mostly political as the great events of the hour are

uppermost in all minds. We were delighted with the evening & bade them good night & good bye with sincere regret as we leave town Friday! Wrote mother.

Thursday, March 8th 1866

[Cora] *Today we have been writing & packing all day preparatory to departing on the morrow, first to Burlington [New Jersey] to see the Woolmans in their delightful home & then westward to mother's [in Cuba, NY]. - We wanted to go to the Senate but had too much to do & as tonight was fixed for the lecture on the Apostate to be repeated, my darling thought I had better remain quiet. - The vote on the proposed Const'l Amend't will be taken today pending which I have no doubt there will be an exciting time. - I hope it will not pass, as it is but another of those perilous compromises to the "White man's Gov't" which I am surprised to see sustained by so many of our leading republicans. The Democrats will vote against it because they think it infringes the privileges of their friends in the South. Sumner & a few others, will vote against it because they regard it as a concession to Southern Aristocracy & caste & subversive of that entire justice which should govern the sentiments of Congress.*

Wrote to Emma [sister] today with music & papers & did not tell either her or mother that we were coming home so soon as we wish to give them surprise. Tonight we were at Union League Hall in due time - a good audience was assembled but not as numerous as it would have been some other evening. I know it was appreciative. My darling will write of the lecture. Before going we called at Nellie's where we met Mrs Cheeseman, just from California, & an old acquaintance of theirs & Darling's. I almost felt acquainted with her, so often

had I heard them speak of her. She greeted us most cordially. Her husband is Ass't U.S. Treasurer there & is one of the most respected & honored citizens of Cal'a or of the Country. Mrs. C. is a charming woman, active, whole souled, intelligent. She comes on business of importance connected with their Dep't. We regret parting with her so soon, but hope to meet again.

[Nathan] My Darling & myself were delighted to meet our good friend Mrs Cheeseman —she is a splendid woman and the representation of the best type of her class. She has just come on from California to attend to her husband's business in the Treasury Department—in having met with a loss of some \$10,000 by the mistakes or conversion of a clerk. — When I last saw Mrs Cheeseman I was on my way south to take charge of the Internal Revenue Dept of Louisiana and did not expect to meet her so soon again this side of the Rocky Mountains. —

[Cora] *At the close of the lecture & after the audience had nearly all dispersed, a lady & gentleman - entire strangers - approached & then after a few remarks presented me with a most exquisite basket of rarest flowers arranged in a most beautiful manner. It was a delicate testimonial & gave me much pleasure. My darling was delighted. It was composed of white and teal Japonicas. Bordered with evergreens & asters [] with [] heliotrope.*

Friday, March 9th 1866 _____ En Route North

[Cora] *Bade adieu to Washington almost without regret, altho' we left many valued friends and were a little reluctant to absent ourselves from the scenes of so much interest as are likely constantly to occur in the Capitol. Mr & Mrs Stebbins, Mrs Merchant, Senator Howard (now unfortunately absent), Julius*

& Nellie, Mr & Mrs Cridge, & Mrs Cheeseman are among those whose society we shall miss the most-while the privilege of listening to the eloquent words which are almost every day being uttered in both Houses of Congress will be wholly denied us.

Yet we feel it is our duty, no less than our pleasure, to visit our friends, take a little repose & then in all the Northern cities, urge the people to sustain the splendid minds in Congress who have thus far fought nobly for the right. - Also acquaint them with the true issues of the Conflict & show how utterly the President has forfeited all respect of good men & women!

Our journey was most fatiguing & unfortunately we failed to connect at Phila with the six P.M. train for Burlington - were obliged to wait two hours, but at last we arrived a little past ten & found Mr Woolman's carriage awaiting us & soon we were in the warm embrace & hospitable home of our friends - too weary almost to speak but after a nice supper we felt quite refreshed. How cozy & comfortable it is here & how beautiful & warm their greeting.

[Nathan] Last evening my darling wife lectured again upon "the Apostate." The Influence purported to be Theodore Parker. He said "That when crossing the ocean some years ago, he inquired of an old sailor, how he knew the storm was coming. He replied that the haze in the western sky told of the coming danger. That when at Vesuvius the inhabitants knew of the eruption of the huge monster from the rumblings that announced the outburst days before it occurred. That in the defiles of the Alps, the mountaineers could release the sliding of the glacier, so could the speaker from the indications of the political world today easily see the conflict that

was coming upon us—so could he, arguing from cause to effect, safely predict another war. Another contest in which more invisible elements would be brought than those of the last war.” He then, after reviewing the present political situation, took up the question of Apostacy, claiming that Andrew Johnson was not an apostate now. That he was an apostate—when during his governorship of Tennessee, he claimed to be the Moses of the Negro—from his first education & proclivities & that now he had returned to the fold & was no longer an apostate. That he was educated in & raised from the ranks of the poor white of the south & that he could not & would not be any other way than a friend to the south & an enemy to the Negro. That apostacy was a terrible crime as considered in the Masonic Lodge & in the Catholic Church and punished by the most terrible infliction—and that such would ultimately reach Andy Johnson.” She then pictured the life of Moses of Egypt and brought Mr. Johnson in comparison with that noble worker in the cause of Truth & said that it was the worst sentence that the President could have uttered when he promised to become the Moses of the black man. She then took up the Republican past and [] upon its present position with the President, ending the subject with who were the accusers of Andrew Johnson—the victims of Kansas war, the long line of sufferers from the late war, the late martyred President, the widows and orphans of the thousands who had fallen on the battlefield, in hospital & in the trenches, the millions of suffering and wronged freedmen—all in rank & file like the ghosts of Rage & [] before the White Man. No []—Thy name be “accuser.” She then said that when this man Johnson passed and, as he would in time, someone would be found, as indeed someone always could be

found no matter how poor the subject who [] be willing to pronounce his eulogy, then let a black monument be raised upon which should be painted in letters of [] light the following words—"I will be your Moses," beneath—"The government can do nothing more for you." Then beneath that, "As I survey around the circle & behold the other end of the line, I see a Phillips, a Sumner & a Stevens, who are equally traitors with a Davis, a Slidell or a Toombs." Then let the monument be forever sent onto the sea of oblivion & this shall be the epitaph of Andrew Johnson." In concluding she spoke then of the glorious Trinity—a Sumner, the bugle caller of Freedom, Stevens, the man born of Liberty, and Wendell Phillips, the golden eagle whose pinions have never been touched." The hour was crowded and the audience applauded vociferously. At the conclusion, a gentleman & lady (perfect strangers) approached my darling and presented her with a most beautiful basket of flowers, a glorious floral tribute. She was delighted, and thought her beautiful flowers the Resolution of the evening.

Saturday, March 10th 1866 _____ Burlington, New Jersey

[Nathan] We are to day enjoying the delightful society of Mr & Mrs Woolman at their beautiful country seat in Burlington New Jersey.— Left Washington yesterday morning and after a greatly protracted Journey reached the very pleasant domicile of our excellent friends. — They are delightfully situated. Just far enough out of the city to be among the green fields and fragrant flowers and near enough to Philadelphia to reach "The Continental" in an hour's ride. — Mr Woolman is one of those active striving business men that make America so eminently a commercial nation, full of energy, impulse and all toned and harmonized with a true spirit of

Progress & Reform —he is a splendid specimen of our countries go ahead working true men. He has a large wealth which has accumulated by his indomitable go ahead activeness & is daily amassing & adding to his possessions. He is very liberal, provides splendidly for his family and is a good husband, which is the best of all. — Mrs Woolman is one of the few in this world, amiable, refined, of large social nature, lovely in her disposition and equally Reformatory & Progressive with her husband. — Splendid equipments, homes, and all that goes to make up a fine establishment is there—and they enjoy it and have their friends assist them in having glorious times, riding, driving, & visiting. Mrs Woolman is a beautiful performer on the Harp & my darling is learning. —

Sunday, March 11th 1866

[Nathan] Mr Jackson & Miss Sallie (a niece of Mr Woolman's) came out yesterday from Philadelphia and also two young specimens of humanity (one of them with a decidedly greater quantity of legs than brains) —young gentlemen who visit the young ladies of the household —so that altogether we have a Jolly household. — Spent a very pleasant day through the conversation, riding and music & visiting. — In the evening the trifling portion of our crowd departed for Philadelphia & then under the thrilling charm of Mrs Woolmans' inspired music on the Harp, my darling was influenced by the Poet Shelley and gave us all a splendid communication, directed particularly however to Mr Jackson, who was the only unbeliever present, but who on this occasion was most decidedly impressed. — Afterwards, Shannie came and gave them symbolic names with the following singing words—

To Miss Nellie—"Moss Rose Bud"

It bloometh in bright gardens rare
In gay parterre and bower.
Among the flowers pure & fair
This hath the sweetest power
Opening its dewy petals oft
To drink the morning light
Sipping the dew-drops sweet and soft
Reflecting Heaven's light.
Guarded by Nature's armor strong,
No hand can mar its grace
But its sweet perfume floats along
Its beauty e'er to trace
So doth thy heart its thoughts unfold
In rare and lovely truth
But purity and goodness hold
The armor of thy youth.
'Tis love alone hath magic power
Its sweets and joys to claim
Thou art secure in life's young bower
"Moss Rose Bud" is thy name.
Shannie.

To Miss Mary—"Japan Lily"

Where waving palm trees ever rise
Against the clear and bending skies
And where the Sun his gorgeous beams
Forever pours in crystal streams

Filling each hour with bliss—
When orange groves & myrtle barrows
Fill with their sweets the golden hours
And Nature robes in gorgeous folds
Each lovely shape and color holds

Thrilling with happiness.
There rising like a visioned form
Beneath the sunbeams rich & warm
With merry petals—pure as thought
A roseate hue from morning caught

And odor rich & rare.
Blooming when warmest sunbeams fall
Shedding its beauty over all,
So when the beams of love-light shine
Thy soul expands in blooms divine
Its petals pure and fair.

No chilling wind or look must come

Thy soul must dwell in love's own home

And all its loveliness unfold

With grace and beauty all untold

And like the flower it blooms the same,

"The Japan Lily" is thy name.

Shannie.

To Mr. Jackson—"True Thought"

Clear and shining as the darts of light

Which the proud Sun doth hurl in might,

Against the shadows of the fleeting night

Till they have fled.

Perfect as the crystal formed in Earth

In lives of rarest beauty & true worth

Or like the fountains where waters have birth

When fairies tread.

Such is thy spirit, seeking every truth

Striving forever for the Rays of Youth

From Heaven caught.

As silvery waters mirror all the Heaven

And rarest hues illumine the sky of Even

So may the clouds of care & doubt be riven

And perfect truth unto thy soul be given:

Thou art "True Thought."

Shannie.

To Miss Sallie—Wild Bird

Fluttering, soaring, singing still

Happy all the day.

Pausing near the shining rill

Warbling on its way.

Flashing plumes and shining crest

Basking in the dawn

In rich plumage ever drest

Sparkling on the lawn.

Wondrous winged joyous thing

Harbinger of love

Herald of youth & spring

Tyke of Heaven above.

Sunshine is its life & joy

Wild woods are its home.

Naught of care can e'er annoy

Sorrows ne'er can come.

Thus thy spirit free as thought

Dips its pinions oft.
 In the snares from Heaven caught
 In its sunbeams soft.

Living on what it gives away
 Which we can ever prove
 Tho' free & fearless every day,
 "The Wild Bird" lives by love.
 Shannie.

The above "singing words" as Shannie calls them, were given impromptu and as is always the case, were peculiarly characteristic of the parties to whom they were given. All were extremely delighted and expressed great pleasure & satisfaction with the evening's entertainment.

Monday, March 12th 1866

[Nathan] The house to day is comparatively quiet to what it was yesterday —all excepting my darling, Mrs Woolman & Miss Mary, being absent in the city of Philadelphia. Mr Woolman's business at Fort Delaware & elsewhere takes him into the city nearly every day so that little of his time is spent at home. I think Mr Jackson (although a Democrat and the first one of the genus that I know that I can for a moment tolerate) a very pleasant genial gentleman. He is not however a democrat of the modern school, but unfortunately for him, he cannot quite throw overboard his old state rights principles & it is this [] in his time and educated into him that causes

him now to adhere to the south, unmasked & unterrified. He does not admire Johnson and considers him a miscreant equally with the Republicans, but he believes in the abstract doctrine of Secession and thinks the south was right— although he does not support the animus of their action. Slavery. — That is just the point, as no one for a moment believes that any southern state would ever have thought of seceding had not slavery been at stake. — I think under the Radical & Reformatory atmosphere of Mr Woolman's hospitable home & the manipulations of Miss Sallie, whom I predict will be his wife in less than eighteen months, that in the space of two years he will be as Radical, Politically & Religiously, as I am myself.

This little poem was given this morning by Shannie to little Gussie—

Blending all hues & odors sweet
 In this flower their beauties meet.
 Every breath doth soothe or chill
 Every ray of sunlight thrill

With purest joy—

Careful hands its tendrils twine
 Tenderly the Sun doth shine
 All its beauty is not known
 Something like a hidden tone

Naught can destroy.

And this nature deep and warm
 With a wealth of power to charm
 Thrilled by every joy & pain

Must in love's kind care remain

Every day & hour.

There its tendrils will continue

And with every heart combine

Half concealing the sweet spell

Which its grace & charm doth tell.

'Tis the "Passion Flower."

Shannie.

Tuesday, March 13th 1866

[Nathan] Went to New York this morning to attend to a little business matter connected with my darling. Rec'd a letter before starting from Mrs Statts of New York stating that in a circle held at her house the spirit of Daniel Webster and others came and requested her to write us to remain in Washington as our work was greater there than elsewhere—and we could accomplish more at that point in the present than at any other place. — Accordingly, after transacting my business I went up to her house and had an interview. While I was talking with her, in comes Mr [Horace] Day, who was present & had rec'd the other communications. — We immediately held a circle and the spirit of Webster came, first he stated that our work was most certainly in Washington—that he wanted us there for the benefit of the great question now at issue between Congress & The President—but that a trip among the people would also be productive of great good. — Then came Wilberforce and told me to pursue the path we had worked out—that it was & would be illuminated by our angel guides and that we could accomplish among the

people what neither Priests or Politicians could effect—that we must go bravely on. —The communications were decidedly encouraging. — Mr Horace Day then told me of the matter that under spirit guidance he was endeavoring to carry through on a great ship canal around Niagara Falls which would be the binding lock between the East & the West. He has an invention which comes from the spirit world —wherein he proposes to elevate vessels in great basins of water keeping the vessels all the while afloat & then by a system of inclined planes transfer them from one lake to the other. — The plan is very feasible & he has the approval & co-operation of all the maritime boards of trade & commercial corporations. — He has now brought the matter before Congress and wishes me to co-operate with him —with that body. Millions of money will be made out of the operation —besides opening the great thoroughfare of commercial life from the west to the east & thus linking the two great sections in a base of commercial association. — The plan is a good one. Mr Day has the land, owns it for himself—through which he must pass —and will I believe succeed in obtaining the assistance of Congress —and I do not know but that it would be a splendid operation for us to go into the matter —could we do so —and not neglect the great work of Humanity in which we are engaged. I should say yes in a moment, but there comes the question —we will not give up our labors in that direction until they are consummated, no matter what may occur. —But it is possible that upon our return to Washington — unless open war comes very soon upon the country —we may identify ourselves with the movement & assist in its solution. — We can be of great aid to it in the way of influence—and he knows this &

is very anxious that we should come back soon & go to work. — We shall see what can be done.

Took the six o'clock boat by the way of Amboy & thought that I should be in my darling's arms by nine o'clock but was woefully disappointed. Found upon our arrival at Amboy that the train —which was a freight one at that—did not come until ten o'clock & then we were six long hours in reaching Burlington so that it was nearly three o'clock in the morning 'ere I found my darling precious wife. — I found the dear one, awaiting my arrival & as loving and anxious as myself. Indeed is our love a heaven to us —and coats around us a halo of intense delight.— My darling had been as nervous & discontented as she well could be and our pleasure was correspondingly glorious upon our meeting. — She is an angel indeed —& the sweetest dearest wife that ever exists. — God grant that my love may ever be worthy of such [] her pure heart.

[Cross-written on same page] Rec'd the following communication thro' Mrs Statts in company with Horace H. Day. —To Day & Daniels—I greet you with real Joy & feel that you will relish angel guidance in this meeting. I have many of the friends of our circle here present who are ready to explain why they requested our medium to remain in Washington or at the north. — We saw you Col. Daniels with other Influences about you which were most anxious to draw you back into the confines of your state, thereby into a gilded surface lead you back & shut out our influences and yours. — We are satisfied with your course so long as you move among the people—I need not tell you further. The light of truth is beaming upon you

particularly and I know that you will go forth with your wife clothed in the garments of purity & she will be Instrumental in confounding the mighty errors which are stalking through the land. — You are going on right & we will help you as ever, making you safe in every hour of trial, guarding you from danger seen and unseen, know that you have our hearty co-operation.

Faithfully, Daniel Webster. —

[From Nathan's father's spirit:] My child, have no fears for your body—we will guard you. — Speak out for the right—go boldly forth asking no favors of no one, but ever making your heart and spirit passive to receive the greater truths which the world and the people are most anxious to receive from the proper fountain & channel which as you know cannot be [pure?]— [barely decipherable to end of entry], [Signed—] your spirit father, W.

Wednesday, March 14th 1866

[Nathan] Found yesterday in New York that our dear friends Pet & Dani Anderson had removed their quarters of town, could not see them as I had not time.

This is a beautiful spring day —the weather is delightfully mild and genial as the balmy breath of flowers —birds are carolling their sweet melodies etc, trees are putting forth their young buds & all nature seem alive with Joy and melody. My darling wife drinks in the pure country air with eager delight and the roses on her fair cheeks tell their own story. Tomorrow we start for home far up in the mountains of western New York where the ice king yet holds sway....

If there is anything in the animal creation that I love, it is a beautiful horse—and our friends here have such a splendid pair, bright bays —as dainty and graceful

as antelopes and as beautiful as gazelles. They bear us fleetly o'er the road, stepping like monarchs as they are of their race. — Both darling & myself are passionately fond of the creatures & hope at a not distant day to grant our taste a pleasure in the possession of some of these noble specimens of the animal creatures.

[Cora] *We had a lovely ride in the fine carriage of our friends drawn by three beautiful horses. Our route was away from the public thoroughfare, thro' a beautiful grove of pine and for miles the road was skirted by creeping moss & lovely vines, which already seem freighted with the prophesies of spring. - The air is most delightful & balmy & we enjoy it so much - but tomorrow we leave for our mother's home. How delighted she will be to see us! Shannie came for a little while in the twilight and said a few words of cheer, giving gladness to our thoughts. - Mrs Woolman played exquisitely for us, probably for the last time before we leave. We have enjoyed our visit much, but we would not give one moment of our joy for all the wealth & luxury which surrounds us here. —*

[Nathan] We are spending our time most pleasantly with our good friends the Woolmans, but begin to feel that it is time we were again setting forth for new scenes and faces. — Thank God our next travel will be homeward, among the hills and dales of western New York. It is very pleasant to sojourn among kind genial friends, but after all it is the greatest delight to bask in the firelight of your own hearthstone, to feel that glorious spirit of Independence, which so particularly characterizes home, and which enables one, if inclined, to wear old boots, or not any, old clothes, and put on a general looseness in every respect. —

Thursday, March 15th 1866 En Route

[Cora] *Spent the evening in walking around the garden inhaling the really warm atmosphere - playing ten pins in the bowling alley & making the last preparations for our departure! Of all the days, this is the most spring like & beautiful. The robins chirp on every tree & the Blue birds chatter in the most joyous manner! We leave our friends with regret, but the attractions of home & the blessing of our mother who waits our arrival are more than all things else, outside of our love. -*

We left the house of our friends amid parting prayers at about 2 P.M. Crossed the river in a little ferry boat to Bristol & there awaited the train from Phila to Trenton. It came about 4. At Trenton we passed on to the Delaware & Lackawanna R.R. & after a few hours found ourselves nearing the wonderful mining regions of Pa, the Delaware Gap, & other places of interest. But night closed upon us ere we reached the finest scenery & we soon found that we would be obliged to remain all night in Scranton, instead of uniting with the Erie R.R. at Great Bend as we had hoped. - A coal train being off the track detained us for two hours so we did not arrive at S[cranton] - until one o'clock. - But it was really a scene of wonder & beauty to see the Iron Foundry at night, the many burning Furnaces reflecting their light upon the stream & on the mountain sides. We were weary & glad to retire to the quite comfortable apartments provided for us at the Wyoming House.

Friday, March 16th 1866 Near Cuba, Allegany Co., New York

[Cora] *Arose this morning after a most refreshing sleep in time for an excellent breakfast and in season for the train which left at 10:30 A.M. Scranton*

is a thinking village of several thousand inhabitants located in the highest point of the mountains & is the centre of the vast coal & Iron regions in which it is situated. Of course it is destined to become a most important place & millions of Capital are here invested which represent hundreds of millions still concealed in the bosom of mother earth.

We enjoyed the scenery during our morning ride & my darling pointed out a cascade - or romantic nook - while my eager eyes sought also for each scene of grandeur or beauty. We arrived at Gr Bend at about one P.M. where we waited two hours for the Express from New York. Once on board this latter train, we hoped soon to be at home without another change - but when evening approached & we neared the little village of Cuba, which was our destination, we found that the train we were on did not stop there & we must needs alight at a place about 40 miles distant & await the "accommodation" which would come about midnight. How tedious!

Saturday, March 17th 1866

[Cora] Home: Home Sweet sweet home. Be it ever so humble there is no place like home. I know not how we withstood the fatigue & exposure of last night. Had it not been for my darling, I could never have traveled the weariness, of storm & darkness, but we did arrive at Cuba at last. - Walked from the station to the village around the Hotel keeper & livery man, procured a conveyance & were safely at home at about three & a half this morning. How delighted were the household! And poor mother was overwhelmed with joy after they had welcomed & warmed us with their love & cozy fire. After mother had

rec'd her new son, my precious, & taken us both in her arms, we found ourselves in need of rest & did not awake until almost noon.

How, how sweet & blissful is this atmosphere of home, how precious is our love, how we enjoy this quiet & repose. Uncle & Aunt Vreeland are living with mother, along with Coz [cousin] Eddie, their little boy. Dear Brownie [sister] does not know of our arrival & I fear she cannot come from school today — most impatient are we to see her. - Best of all, dear mother feels the beauty of our love & union & I know she takes us both to her heart. We shall spend delightful moments here. The little parlor is fitted up as our room, with a stove & bed where we can be so cozy & comfortable. The snows still fill the air & clothe my native hills, but hearts are warm & we are blest.

[Nathan] Well thank God we have passed "The Rubicon" and landed safely among the hills of old Allegany and precious old mountains they are. —

Sunday, March 18th 1866 _____ Cuba, N.Y.

[Cora] *This morning before breakfast was over, we rec'd an invitation to visit at a neighbors & eat warm maple sugar, a most delicious product of this climate. — It was at the house of a friend (Mr Sibley's) & we accepted. Went about twelve & enjoyed the Sugar very much. Uncle Abel Scott & wife were present & all our family & we spent the afternoon in visiting & discussing the political condition of the country. I find my darling far in advance of my "liberal" Republican Uncles, who with all their boasted love of Freedom are not yet ready for "equal Suffrage" or any of the essential principles of perfect Liberty. There is a great work to do even here & thro' all the [] before the people are educated to*

receive the Truth & I fear it must be thro' great suffering. How strange it seems that people so long accustomed to the idea of the "equal rights for all" can still hesitate on account of color - or refuse justice to the colored man for fear of his attaining too high position.

[Nathan] Find my darling's family of the right stamp —good sterling New York farmers —liberal in their ideas & every way worthy of the title of Americans. — Mother is glorious —she don't assume much, but when you come down to the hard pace of Truth and principle, she is solid every time. — It is enough for me to say that she is every way worthy of being the mother of my darling wife, and that is the greatest praise that could be awarded her. When such glorious creations are brought into existence it is enough for one's life. — No greater work could be done.

We have enjoyed ourselves hugely for the last few days, visiting, eating sugar, and having a good time generally. — The good old fashioned custom of family visiting is kept up here & every day we are invited to a family gathering where all the good Uncles, Aunts, Cousins are assembled together to look at, then come a little closer, & finally treat us like kin & as they would other people. — Politically they need a little freshening up —and we think we are the first ones to do the work & if they are not advanced before we leave, it will not be our fault. —

Monday, March 19th 1866

[Cora] *Today we are still storm bound, but care not for gladness reigns within. It is washing day & as mother & aunt were busy, my darling & I wrote letters this morning & after a while I prepared the dinner. Then Emma came to eat with us - bursting in upon us in all her freshness and joy. - How glad we were*

to see her & we embraced fondly. - My darling loves her as tho' he were indeed her own brother, which he is, and I know she loves him. Now there is only Brother & his family away. If they were only here, our circle would be complete. - Dear sister Brownie, she is as plump & joyous & bright as ever. Mother is reveling in the joy which fills her house. My Darling & I are so happy & the same delightful atmosphere of love floats over us wherever we are.

[Nathan] Our beloved Brownie dropped down from huge red country stage this afternoon and gladdened our hearts with her beaming presence. — She is a darling sister, as blooming as the fresh butter cups that dot her native hill sides — and as artless and guileless as Innocence can be. We enjoy her coming very much as our family circle is now complete. It is so pleasant for my darling to gather once more around the family hearthstone and with the blessed consciousness of perfect Joy in her newly found relationship —her happiness but reflects my own. —

Tuesday, March 20th 1866

[Cora] *The storm still continues, but we find ample amusement in doors, reading, writing, & above all the sweet rest which encircles us here. Brownie is to remain with us this week. We cannot spare her even to return to her school tho' she is progressing so finely in her music, it is almost a pity to detain her, but we must have her sweet innocence for this week.*

[Nathan] Wrote Mr Day, Julius & Nellie. We are taking solid comfort in our little cottage, plain, unpretending, but comfortable, neat & cozy, around warm fire while the snow beats against the windows and the wind blows fiercely, howling up through those vallies and over the hill as if all the wind bags of old Boreas had broke

loose. We are a happy family, and only wish that we could for a while forget the rough bustling world & busy ourselves in the Joys & comforts of our quiet home. — Our good kind mother cannot do too much for our comfort and our [] sister needs just what petting is in our nature to give her, whilst our good Aunt & Uncle Vreeland make up the family circle, with little cousin Eddy in as spice.

Wednesday, March 21st 1866

[Cora] *Today my darling husband felt quite ill, was taken with chills & sore throat with strong symptoms of a fever. Mother at once commenced treatment with water, first putting him in a "pack" or wet sheet, where he lay two hours. He came out feeling very weak & this P.M. had a raging fever, which has just abated. Indeed I fear he will be very ill. His throat is sore & I apprehend "diphtheria." It is terrible to have him sick for he is always so well. But nothing can be better than our dear mother's tender care. We will hope he will soon recover, as precious is his life, I know he will!*

[Nathan] I write this after my recovery, as I have been most consummately sick with the plague of the country, Dyphtheria. — But to go back to its [] — I wish to say a few words about mothers "pack." If she ever gets me in one of the confounded things again it will be when I am either Drunk or Dead —for it is certainly the cruelest way of intensifying misery (as the old lady called it) that ever was conjured up in the brains of the most advanced Conductors of Lunatic Asylums — the straight jacket would compare with it. —

Thursday, March 22nd 1866

[Cora] *My Darling is no better, indeed his throat is terrible, but he has less fever. We are now quite sure it is Diphtheria but I think not in its scarcest form. We are doing what we can under the careful vigilance of mother, who is more skillful than all the M.D's which this country can boast. Indeed, I would rather trust her natural intuitiveness & spiritual guidance than all the sophisms of Materia Medica. But 'tis so sad to see my brave one ill - health come soon! This is a terrible climate and I do not wonder he is sick. Snow & rain, not one day of sunshine. But it will come bye & bye.*

[Nathan] "The Pack" didn't kill me quite—and mother's kind & most excellent nursing brought me safely through the Initiative stages of my complaint, and to day I feel better, though my throat feels like a nutmeg grater. — The snow storm still continues outside and the climate is fit accompaniment for any kind of Theria —Dipp'd or sprinkled — Mother gives me warm applications to the throat, plenty of Thoroughwort and Rhubarb—and a cool cloth on my head for it aches horribly —

Friday, March 23rd1866

[Cora] *Dear husband is a little better today but he is very weak & his throat is still very sore. - About eleven o'clock Uncle Lewis Veerland, Aunt Louisa, Aunt Electra, little Cora & Louisa came to visit us. - These aunts are two dear sisters of mother's & came from "the Hill" to see us. I was afraid the excitement would worry my precious, but he bore it well. Aunt Louisa suggested a "gargle" for the throat & I prepared a simple mash of vinegar, Honey, salt & Raspberry juice. It proved the best of anything we had tried for his throat & he said it felt*

much better. This evening feel better than any day since his illness. Our friends left about six P.M. & we have a quiet evening by ourselves.

[Nathan] Enjoyed another of our Family visits to day. Find that our Uncles & Aunts & offspring are as numerous as "leaves in Vallombrosa," but they are of the right stamp & worth having — We discussed the Political condition of the country and pretty generally agreed although, they were not quite up to negro suffrage. However, I think they are getting prepared very rapidly & time is not far distant when they will all say yes with a hearty emphasis. —

Saturday, March 24th 1866

[Cora] *Today, precious is still better & the throat continues sore. I am so glad for it almost makes me ill to have him so. Scarcely was our morning meal over & the work out of the way before we had company arrive. - Cousin Henry Hendryox & his wife from "the Hill." - They are young & lately married & seem nicely adapted for one another. - Henry & my darling found plenty to talk about the army, both being soldiers. Toward night & while we were at supper, Uncle Ed Scott & wife called. - Flora also came from school & we had quite a house full. Henry & wife soon left, first promising to come for us to go up on "the Hill" next Friday. Uncle Ed "only called" & also made us promise to visit them on Tuesday, if precious is well enough. - Flora & Emma spend the evening at Sibley's & return here tonight. T'is pleasant to see our friends, but feel it is quite tiresome to visit.*

Sunday, March 25th 1866

[Cora] *Sunday in the Country is always quiet & here especially where there is not even the Sound of "the church going bell"" - But there is nevertheless*

a "meetin" & that too of a liberal & advanced school - the Universalist - which is not different in this case from "Spiritualist," except in name. - All the family attended except my darling & myself, who preferred our own society, books & papers, to any sermon. Reading our "lessons of love" in each other's eyes and listening to the words of endearment sweeter than songs or anthems. To those who have the "Kingdom of Heaven" at home, there is no need of prayers & Sermons. But alas, how few yet progress this true Kingdom. - May the Great Father grant its speedy dawn upon Earth! After church, several neighbors & friends called, but we did not see them at first. The Minister was among them. - After all were gone except Uncle & Aunt Morgan & their children, Harriet & Helen, we came out & visited, having a pleasant social chat and dinner. Before they left, they invited us to go to their house & promised to come for us. As Harriet intends going away to school and we have promised to go to lunch Ed's Tuesday, they said they would come for us tomorrow evening. We spend the night at their house and go to lunch Ed's the following day. This fills the programme for the week pretty well. The evening has been quiet & we are happy in the blissful consciousness of joy & repose. Brownie & Flora returned for School today. Darling is almost well, for which we are more than grateful.

[Nathan] We have had the joy of being alone for the greatest part of the day, and our alone is "all the world" to us. Our love is the Universe and we need no third person or book or amusement wherewith to fill the fold of time. — My health is nearly restored and to my darling wife be the thanks awarded, for to her devoted

love, care, and healing magnetism am I indebted for my speedy recovery, and now I can safely say thou art my physician both of body & soul.

Monday, March 26th 1866

[Cora] *Today mother was very busy as usual on Monday, & darling & myself wrote & amused ourselves generally. I prepared the dinner & they all pronounced it "fine." Auntie had the Head-ache, the result of going to church in the cold, for the weather still continues inclement - today is clear but cold.*

About Four P.M. Harriet came for us. Mother was very tired, but we all bundled up carefully & found the ride of two miles a very agreeable change. Uncle & Aunt welcomed us most cordially & hospitably & a warm wood fire blazed on the hearth. Found cousin Alice at home with her young babe & cousin Rosa cozily keeping house near Aunt's with her darling child a year old. - We had tea & in the evening, Rosa & her husband & child came in, also a brother of Uncle's. Of course the conversation was political & Darling was as usual the most zealous of all. Mr Stephens (Rosa's husband) seems inclined to defend Mr. Johnson. I never thought him very firm in principle, tho' he calls himself a "Republican." "No one can serve two masters" - today every one must be either for or against humanity & rights. -

Tuesday, March 27th 1866

[Nathan] Like woodchucks, we have the first pleasant day enjoyed from our retreat—and found new sunlight in the hospitable home of our good Uncle Samuel Morgan. — A pleasant family have they, and we are enjoying country visiting with maple molasses & other good things exceedingly. The folks are all

Spiritualists, as indeed are all the relatives hereabouts. — Cora has done good work here. —

[Cora] *This evening after supper while sitting in the parlor, no one happened to be in the room except Mother, my husband & self. My head was aching & mother was influenced & beckoned us to draw our chairs near, while "Tamarack," her Indian guide, made passes with her hand over my head to cure it. After a while, Aunt Cattie came in & I was influenced by "Shannie." We had a pleasant little circle of which I remember nothing in particular. But after it was all over, a strong influence still held me & I fell into a sleep & saw the following Vision. My husband & myself were in Washington, much as we were, & everything apparently was quiet, business & society flowed in their usual channels. But where ever we walked I noticed large places or holes in the sidewalks & streets thro' which I could see bloody water flowing underneath & frequently some unlucky pedestrian would step into one of these & disappear. — No one seemed troubled about the existence of these dangerous places or the red tide beneath. At last it rose, until the waters surrounded the Capitol & there was no means of escape, except a narrow bridge on which a guard was placed by order of Mr Johnson & I learned that the Union members of Congress were confined there by his orders & could not escape. Meantime, the bloody tide was rising over all the lower parts of the city. At last a snow white barge was near carefully floating toward the Capitol on the opposite side from the bridge & unseen by the soldiers. The Union men, glorious defenders of liberty, escaped on this barge & were borne beyond all harm. — I then saw the bloody tide rise*

higher & higher until at last the whole city was submerged & its edifices in ruins. Johnson & his minions also disappeared to return no more forever!

Wednesday, March 28th 1866

[Cora] After a very pleasant morning visit & some music, Darling reluctantly consenting to sing, the carriage came for us to go to Uncle Ed's. Cousin Freddie, his son, drove the horses & having been down to the village brot our mail, a [Anti Slavery] Standard, some copies of The "Reconstructionist" & the New Orleans papers. This furnished news for the better part of the day & food for conversation, which was well employed by us all. - A neighbor of Uncle's came in & my darling devoted himself to "reconstructing" him for the right basis & with good sense -for he had good material to work upon, an honest man. We were all deeply interested in the conversation. Aunt prepared some new sugar & our conversation was interspersed with "molasses," & "ground" sugar in abundance. We returned home this evening & found Aunt J better & the house cozy & pleasant as usual, waiting our arrival.

We learned the President has vetoed the "Civil rights bill" thus adding another & blacker spot to his already infamous soul. He intends to carry out his "Policy" even to the bitter end. -

Thursday, March 29th 1866

[Cora] Surely visiting is the order of this week & we are bound to fill it. Finding nothing set down for today & having promised for several days to visit at Uncle Abel Scott's, we decided to go today, sent Eddie down to let them know & they drove up to take us. Darling found it necessary to do some writing & did not

accompany us, but promised to come this P.M. It seemed lonely to go without him but the distance is short & he would soon come. Me & Mrs Sibley & Delia, Aunts Laura Eaton & Whitney, & later my darling, who came just in time for dinner, and finally cousins Lizzie & Charlotte Eaton completed the company. Political matters were read & discussed & we closed the visit by singing a few "Hymns" including "Doxology" with variations of laughter. Enjoyed the walk home with precious & enjoyed home all the more for having been absent.

[Nathan] Wrote the N[ew] O[rleans] Tribune today, sending a copy of our "Seward-Mexican papal scheme" letter for "The Standard," which is a remarkable production and shows Mr Seward up in no enviable light, proving him to be most clearly the Mephistopheles of this as well as the past Administration. —

Friday, March 30th 1866

[Cora] *We had scarcely finished breakfast before cousin Henry Hendryox came for us to go on "the Hill" & in half an hour we were ready to start. Found the ride of five miles very pleasant tho' still chilly. The fine ponies mounted the long hill with wonderful success. Aunt Electra & Henry with his wife have a pleasant little home. Jimmie, the younger boy, has cut his foot quite severely but is getting better & the wound is healing. Aunt Louisa came up there & towards evening, Cousin Ellen & Darling Brownie came, she rolled up with Uncle Len.*

Darling plays "Checkers" with the boys & we have a pleasant visit, but I miss Coz. Myra since she went west. Aunt has felt very lonely. Tomorrow we go to Aunt Louisa's & at night shall be at home - t'is pleasanter there.

Saturday, March 31st 1866

[Nathan] Have emigrated to day to the grand old hills of Allegany, visiting some more of our uncles, aunts & cousins. — Our good cousin Henry, who has just returned from the war & has also committed matrimony, came after us, and behind a jolly pair of gray horses, we rattled through the jaunty village of Cuba, up the Rail Road, and on to the hills —mountains I should call them, as we climbed one this morning at least a mile straight up in the air. — Arrived at our Aunt's where we alighted and found a hearty country welcome. — Spent the day & night with that Aunt & then all of us packed into a lumber wagon and such a jolly ride—a board laid across constructing the seat upon which seven of us managed to roost. The road was rough and it was decidedly a rough mode of travelling, but we managed to weather it & finally reached our destination —a little brown country farm house, rather dilapidated in appearance externally but comfortable inside. — Mr Vreeland met us at the door and we were warmly greeted by the Aunts & cousins within. Spent the best part of the day with them, visiting whilst I entertained myself with a hasty review of "The History of the Great March of Sherman," & an occasional burst of matrimonial felicity, as I could catch the chance when my darling was not otherwise engaged. — At dark & after dinner, we returned to the first place as we must. —

Sunday, April 1st 1866

[Nathan] My Darling wife is very sick this morning. She was violently attacked last night with the Asthma, & for some time I was really alarmed, but thank god and our good spirit guides, we were enabled to bring her out of the spasm, but she is exceedingly ill and it will take some time for her to recover her strength again.

— This is the result of our coming home from the hills yesterday evening, through the rain. — Unfortunately we met with a series of disasters, which detained us in the storm, in which my darling got very wet and cold and this violent attack is the consequence. — Soon after leaving Uncle's and coming down the hill, our hold back gave out and the wagon running on the horses heels, we came very near having a runaway, but the animals were old and not dangerous, so we succeeded in getting out and fixing up. — Getting safely down the hill and in sight of the house, the pole to the wagon broke short off, and the horses went one way and we the other, plumb into the ditch, which was quite deep but narrow so that we did not quite turn over, but were tumbled all together in a heap. The Rain poured in torrents and my darling & others had to walk back to the nearest house through the storm & mud, when we got another wagon and came home. — The fright and exposure were too much for her delicate health and she is now the sufferer of much pain from it. —

It seems so lonely and dreary to have my darling one confined to her room with sickness, but I am with her, and although I miss her buoyant manner and cheerful soul, still I have her precious love, which even pain cannot check or twinge. I am trying to love her back into health & that with careful regimen is all the medicine she requires— I am so thankful to think we are at home—we can make her so much more comfortable than else where. — Shannie came to us in one of her most violent spasming last night and told us not to fear, that she would not have another & she did not. —

Monday, April 2nd 1866

[Nathan] My Darling is much better this morning, but is not yet able to sit up. Her strength left her as suddenly as the attack came on and it will take a long time, I fear, for her to regain it. — She is out of danger, however, and does not suffer much, so that careful nursing will restore her quicker than anything else. — The weather has come off warm & that is beneficial. — She is so patient, gentle & kind, that it is indeed a joy to attend her, and her love radiates its own pure beautiful atmosphere upon all around her. This experience of the sick room, though sad, adds another & new evidences and expressions of our love. — The sick bed is peculiarly the place for those little tender acts & endearments that we love so much to lavish upon the objects of our soul's dearest affections, & the constant companionship — the attendance upon every wish & want, the soothing nursing and healing magnetism of pure love, all combine to make sickness sometimes almost a blessing, it is such joy to be thus able to show our devotion and manifest the divinity of love that dwells within our heart. —

Tuesday, April 3rd 1866

[Nathan] Bravo my precious wife looks bright and radiant this morning, & though weak, still is happy and out of pain.— I have propped her up with pillows in the large rocking chair and wheeled her out into the sitting room where she can eat with the family and seem well again. — She enjoys her convalescence, and her beautiful eyes dart burning rays of love into my heart, and her tender, gentle spirit breathes endearment & affection upon the ones she loves so well. Thank God, Darling, that you are yourself again, and that the roseate hues of health again color your cheek and light up your beautiful eyes. Be it my joyous pleasure to keep them

thus hereafter, & not again permit the approach of the demon whose icy hand brought thee so much pain and suffering. The birds sing gaily, the flowers are opening their beautiful buds, the grass looks so green, as if all rejoiced so much at the recovery [of my] darling one and the Sun shines brightly with the mild breezes of an April day, that seems to move thee to go forth and bask in their healing and benignant embraces. All combine to cure thee, Precious One, and may they succeed right speedily.

Wednesday, April 4th 1866

[Nathan] Sunshine & April showers this morning, but thank God the showers are all out of doors, as darling visited well last night and feels very well this morning, so much so that I feel encouraged that she will now soon be out and herself again. — I have packed her into the rocking chair again, and she is able to sit up nearly all the day, eat her meals with us, and escape the confinement and inertia of the sick room. —

Little Cousin Eddie Vreeland and myself have been discussing for some time the possibility of securing a part of some body's sugar bush in this vicinity and going into the sugar making business —so I have started him off this P.M. to see Uncle Sol Chamberlain, who has a fine bush Just back of our house. I hope he may succeed, as my sugar tooth—& especially my maple one—is yet exceedingly sweet. — Darling also will enjoy the sport and that alone is my chief inducement to go at it. — Eddy has returned and reports that we can have a few trees —so we have arranged to go at it tomorrow and make maple sugar. —

Thursday, April 5th, 1866

[Nathan] Sunshine again after a clear frost, and my precious wife is also refreshed this morning by her good sleep, and although as yet unable to go into the sugar bush with us, still is well enough to leave alone for a short time (or rather I would say, with mother & Aunt Vreeland) —and bids us god speed in our efforts. — This is our first experience at sugar making and it is jolly fun. We have to day_bored, or rather tapped, some twelve trees, placed our pans under the spout, and the_sap runs beautifully. — We have also swung two iron kettles over some stakes so that we are rigged for boiling. — It is rather hard work as it takes considerable work to keep the fire going, and some running as we gather the sap by hand & visiting the largest trees, did not hesitate to go all over the bush to find them. Eddy played a good Joke on me this morning. — I came to what I saw was a large firm tree & commenced boring at his solicitation. After penetrating the usual distance, I found that no sap ran & looked around to find him laughing at my boring, or rather tapping, a beech tree for maple sap. —

Friday, April 6th, 1866

[Nathan] Joy and sunshine to day, both with my darling wife & in our sugar bush. — To look at Eddy and myself, we should be taken for genuine specimens of the genus Agricola —we look so dirty, rough and easy. — Well, we have not exactly sugared off, but we molassed down our crop of yesterday's sap, and a precious sweet pint of stuff it was, clear, pure, and as delicious as the Ambrosia that the gods used to drink in the days of Mythology. We think we have done a great work, & indeed we have enjoyed the labor and the product quite as much, I think, as any sugar makers ever did. — Darling smacks her lips over the molasses and gives us an

approving nod's smile, which is worth more than all the rest to me, as I know she enjoys it. — I only wish she was able to go up with us and Join in the fun —but that will come in its own good time—can't expect too many sweets at once.

Saturday, April 7th 1866

[Nathan] This day we have made a great success. — Our sap runs where all other trees in the neighborhood are dried up, so that our folks think we have some method of enchanting the Restitution.

We have built us a funny little shed near our fire so that we can have a place to entertain our guests, should we have any (as yet we have only entertained the squirrels, chipmunks, robins, woodchucks and pismires) and shelter ourselves from the wind. —The fire is excellent and we have already established quite a reputation for sugar makers, at any rate we have supplied our crowd with all the molasses they could eat & that is considerable. — Oh, how I love to breathe the pure fresh air of the woods & already I feel so much invigorated and improved in health. — The weather is beautiful and makes up for the storms & snow that first greeted us among these grand hills & lovely vallies.

[Cora] *These days are quiet & precious, but the time seems long without my love - but at night when he & Eddie return laden with sweets & eyes all radiant with happiness, then I am doubly repaid by my darling's kisses & the pleasure which he takes in bringing home the results of his labors.*

Sunday, April 8th 1866

[Nathan] My beloved is quite well to day and had she a little more strength, would accompany us into the woods, as I know the pure air of the sugar bush would tempt her very much. —

Last night we spent the evening boiling down sap in the woods, and it quite reminded me of old time in the army when we used to camp out with the bright blue heavens for our canopy, the green turf for our couch, & the camp fire for our comfort. I could compare the then with the now & contrast the joy and happiness of the two periods of time — Then —dissatisfied, restless, discontented with life and indifferent as to its future, I was, as were most of our soldiers, anything but happy and satisfied. — Now —with the attainment of my heart's fondest desire, the blessed joy of a love that extends beyond Eternities, the realization of happiness beyond even what my warmest Imagery pictured, with all that man ever had or could have or ought desire—with my precious darling, I am the happiest most contented & best satisfied man that the bright stars shone down upon, or the flowers so sweetly sleeping beneath my limbs, looked upon and blessed with their fragrance and their loveliness. —

[Cora] *My darling, his beard reminds me of the knights of Ancient Chivalry returning to the bower of the fairy queen with bright spoils [] to deck her enchanted abode. So comes my true knight proud and happy if he brings the amber sweets which flow from the veins of the sugar maple, or lures the shining fish from their crystal homes, for his wife—(blessed name). Sickness is thus robbed of its pain and suffering becomes a*

pleasure when such hands minister & such a heart beats in love & sympathy.

Monday, April 9th, 1866

[Nathan] Hurrah! To day darling goes with us into the woods —and gathers flowers, looks on while we boil the sap, and enjoys herself generally. — It enhances the pleasure of the occasion so much to have her with me. — I have seemed divided up to this time when up in the woods, until to day —I was myself again. Oh how we enjoyed it and how delicious it was together to drink in the genial breezes of the mild April day, to feast upon the beautiful scenes that presented themselves, look in whatever direction we might— to attend to the work & play together, pluck the anemones & spring daisies that grew beneath our feet and around us in abundance, to listen to the warbling of the birds and watch the antics of the dashing, gay little chipmunk as he frolicked to & fro, as if conscious of our admiring gaze, and to listen to and feel the beautiful notes of love that welled up from our hearts & blended in melody and Joy; with each other, to gaze into the eyes and feel the throbbing of the warm hearts as we placed them side by side—all this was Joy & happiness enough for one day & causes us to feel as we came to our quiet little home, that our day with nature, our god & ourselves hath not indeed been idly spent. —

Tuesday, April 10th 1866

[Nathan] Today I have turned into a Builder —gathering up the old bricks that I could find around, I have transfigured them into a nice two kettle arch with a good draft and almost air tight. — It took so much wood

to boil sap the old way, that I concluded it would be economy both in time and labor & certainly wood, to try the arch system. So, we have what looks like a small steam sugar mill going full blast. —A few armfuls of wood will now do for all day, so that the labor is reduced considerably. — We have tapped more trees, so that we now have about twenty running, and it keeps up busy pretty much all the time boiling. This is genuine sport to Cora and myself, as it gives us a chance to breathe the pure fresh air of the woods and invigorates and strengthens us both so much. Darling is not very well yet, she remains weak and languid and is very slow to recover her wonted strength, still she is gaining and we intend to stay at home until she is fully strong and recovered. —

Wednesday & Thursday, April 12th 1866

[Nathan] Darling goes into “The Bush” again with us this morning. This makes it very pleasant and we are like children —call ourselves “Babes in the Woods” and feel all the freshness and playfulness of childhood. — It is so different here from what we have been compelled to experience for the last six months — no sponging friends who take away all ones vitality for the miserable compensation of their stupid society— no political excitement—nothing to worry about, and free to do Just as we please. It is so pleasant, we do enjoy it. The influences have scarcely manifested themselves since we have been here. — They want us to live on earth for a while and take into our system the invigorating spices of old mother nature —and we intend to do it.

We have great fun with our new arch. It is not so complete a success as we wished —the draft is not perfect, so I have gone to work again, taken down the brick, removed the caps, and rebuilt. — Eddy furnished the mortar in the shape of dirt from the brook near by, and Darling “bosses the Job.” I plaster and finally sit the kettles, start the fire, and “bully for our folks,” as the soldiers say, it works like a charm. — Cora sits in our little prim cabin like a queen on a throne (and indeed it is as beautiful around here, with the grand glenn, hills, and charming valley, as any painted palace that art could produce) and we obey her orders in the most complete style of knighthood. — Well, the kettles boil —and the sweet vapor of the sap comes up to our inhabitation, and we drink it in with health & pleasure.

Friday & Saturday, April 13th & 14th 1866

[Nathan] We are delighted to learn that the great Civil Rights Bill has passed both Houses of Congress over the head of the President and in defiance of his Infamous veto. — Thank God some of the Republican Senators, who had proved Recreant in the Freedmen’s Bureau Bill, have repented of their sin & come out right again. Probably the Instructions of their constituents have had more to do with this than anything else, as these parties, Morgan of New York & Stewart of Nevada, are not the soundest of men when principles come into issue with profit. — Great joy and enthusiasm was manifested in both houses over the victory and the colored man again feels that he is safe in this boasted land of liberty and equality. — The Bill ensures him all of his civil rights, which will ultimately comprehend the right of suffrage and to hold office. — Its

success is indeed a great cause of rejoicing and encourages the friends of Humanity to renewed efforts and greater labors. — Rec'd papers & letters from our good friends in Washington, so that we are not entirely out of the world. —

[Cora] *Surely the passage of the Bill granting Civil Rights to the colored people is an epoch in our nation's history, the greatest, if we except the Emancipation of those same sufferers - and it gives us great courage & strength to know that Congress has been worthy of the great trust reposed in it by the loyal people. But this is not enough - "Civil rights" do not include that dearest of all privileges of Freemen, that of suffrage and eligibility to office. - We must not pause here with half the work undone - t'is because the ballot is withheld that many of the senators & Reps voted in favor of this Bill. They regard it as a kind of compromise between "no rights at all" & the full inheritance of Freemen. This will never do. Compromise now - as it has ever been - is our greatest danger. Why should our nation even fear to do the whole rights regardless of compromise?*

Sunday, April 15th 1866

[Cora] *Last night after we retired a beautiful atmosphere seemed to pervade the room. That hallowed spiritual mantle which so often folds us in its golden and radiant presence. As we inhaled rich draughts of this inspiring element, our spiritual vision was opened, and my darling saw beautiful flowers—roses of rare and exquisite form and color float out from amber clouds. I was again permitted to behold the beautiful altar which I saw when we were in Washington. As before, it was draped in crimson bordered with gold. The*

Baptismal font in front was still shedding its pearly drops upon us and upon the multitude, who seemed now to listen to words which we were reading to them from the book of gold. Now we read & as we read our words changed into living truths & all lovely shapes and images which the people gathered and went away rejoicing. Love had unsealed the bottle and these were its fruits. Thus shall our union & our lives unfold the beauty of the human soul—thro' "Truth & Love." The vision & influence were suddenly interrupted by the heavy jarring of a closing door, so sensitive were we to all discordant sounds. The shock so disturbed me that I nearly fainted & my darling had to place me near the window. - His tender care & love soon restored me, but the lovely "spell" was broken. The [] however, Precious and I trust it true as one of those beautiful experiences which if only true in imagination are still typical of the rare bliss & happiness of our lives. United as we are by every tie of harmony, such love as ours can cause this wilderness of Earth to "blossom as the rose" and all the unloved & unlovely human beings who walk the dreary paths of life to look up and smile with tears of thankfulness that in the highest sense, "Man is made little lower than the angels."

Monday, April 16th 1866

[Nathan] The President incensed at the passage of The Civil Rights Bill and in conformity with his plan of Reconstruction, had issued a Proclamation declaring "The War at an end and the southern states in the Union —with the exception of Texas." This is just what has been told us by the influences, and is as we believe the initiatory step to recognizing the southern Congress. —

Mr Julian & Senator Howard send us kind greetings from Washington and wish us to return to The Capitol. —

Tuesday, April 17th 1866

[Nathan] Have been trying my hand at manuring the garden, mending fences & other short jobs to day —have succeeded splendidly having done my work as well as the most thoroughbred farmer would. Have also set out mother's berry bushes, which will make a nice crop this year, if attended to. — Our two woodchucks took French leave this evening. I had made a sort of a coop, but they did n't like the style of their mansion, gnawed away the fastening —and vamoosed. —

What queer expressions Farmers have—now in telling about a cow's having a calf, they say that "she'll come in," and talk among the ladies as gravely whether certain cows have performed the necessary equivalents to enable them to "come in," as they would about their crops or friends. —

Darling feels splendidly to day & I am so glad. It makes my heart sad to have her suffering in any way, but our love is so glorious & splendid that neither of us, under its elevating influence, can long remain under any kind of affliction. —

Wednesday, April 18th 1866

[Nathan] My darling wife is getting much stronger and healthier and is looking rosy and like herself again. I am today engaged in farming, tilling up the lot. Attending to making garden, putting up stone fences, and putting things to rights generally. And to see me, one would think that I had indeed taken up the vocation of Farmer. My precious wife is out weeding the flower beds, trimming the hedges, and drinking in the fresh mountain air. The roses on her cheeks and the vigor of her step,

shows the virtue of such medicine. Little Cousin Eddy “got off” a good thing this evening. He was describing the “war whoop” of the Indians as he had heard it at one of their performances a few evenings since & said it sounded as though it had lots of little veins running all through it, it tingled so on his ears.” Pretty good, I think, for a ten year old.

[Cora] *This delightful Spring weather is restoring my strength very rapidly and 'tis so delightful to watch the young buds and early blossoms come forth. But this is a variable climate and we shall have many cold days and severe frosts. Yet tis lovely now and darling is so busy & we are so happy.*

Thursday, April 19th 1866

[Nathan] Found our sap bush or rather, sugar bush “in motion” this morning, so darling and myself went up, and Eddy gathered the sap & we boiled it down in the woods. The birds were singing gaily, the flowers blossomed beautifully, the occasional rain drop pattered upon our heads softly, and all nature seemed in motion and full of expressive vitality. It was delightful in the woods & among the maple, and the joy was doubly delicious in the presence & society of my precious wife. In appreciation the beauty of the scene, and enjoyed our good morning [] with Mother Nature. Eddy & I had built a little wooden cabin & when the fresh April showers came up, which they did a number of times, we took refuge under its shelter & hugely enjoyed the pattering of the big drops close to our heads on the pine roof. We started a blazing fire of pine knots, & in a few hours had the sap boiled into syrup. We varied our labor, by plucking the beautiful flowers that grew all around us & forming them into lovely bouquets among the mosses. I was fearful that

the exertion would fatigue my precious one, but she seemed to gather strength from her communion with the birds & flowers, and the colors of the lilies she gathered are not fresher or more beautiful than the fresh hues upon her cheeks.

Friday, April 20th 1866

[Nathan] Went fishing yesterday afternoon, & caught a jolly string of Dace, Bass, Suckers & Shiners. Found myself perched upon a log in the midst of the stream with a number of dirty, chubby, Irish boys on each side, all busily intent upon watching their bobs upon the water & waiting for a bite. I seemed to have better success than the others & was soon rewarded with a good string. We were fishing by the side of the Reservoir's larger sheet of water, half a mile in width & extending far back into the country. Just at evening we heard a voice from the opposite side of the pond crying, "Pat, Pat!" One of our Irish companions responded, "What?" The reply came back—"Mother had a baby last night." The words rang over the water and up the lake like a trumpet, & was probably heard by many others besides ourselves as it was so still that the voices could be heard a long distance. —

Saturday, April 21st 1866

[Nathan] This is my darling wife's birthday, and happy are we in being able to spend it at our cottage home in the country. — Just Twenty six years of age— would to god we might have passed them all together and have escaped the misery that has been to so great an extent our fate. — But we are extremely happy in our union and will make the future fully atone for the misfortunes and sufferings of the past wearily laden years. — She is very happy this day, and dates a new era from the present year.

[Cora] *Twenty six years! Would that no darker clouds had ever risen than darked the day of my life this morning! Yet, had there been no clouds, could I thus appreciate the golden glory which has downed upon us? How bright & beautiful life has become & now how safely does my soul nestle in the ark of its home (the heart of my love) and murmur ever this happy, happy song, "rest, rest." And beneath our mother's roof, too - where I have not spent an anniversary of my birthday for long, long years. -*

Sunday, April 22nd 1866

[Nathan] Our Pet sister Emma came home from her music school yesterday bringing with her a cousin from Pennsylvania, a jolly, rollicking school girl, and they are as full of fun and motion as girls easily can be. The folks have all gone "to meeting" (as they call it in the country) to hear Elder Goudy discourse. He is a clever, genial, talented gentleman of the Unitarian persuasion, and a believer in the doctrines of spiritualism, so that he suits this community very well. Darling and myself prefer to listen to the grand anthems and sweet music that the winds play among "The Maples," and to listen to the discourse of the sweet flowers that bud and blossom so plentifully on the hills, so we hie along to the woods, where we spend a delightful morning. Sap has about given up running, or has become stringy, so that we have to give up sugar making.

[Cora] *Such a cleaning day among the woods and flowers! How sweetly the birds joined in their choral anthems of praise with the music of the winds & the murmur of crystal waters. Wild flowers too, in great profusion—the first ones, "anemones" and "spring beauties" are nearly gone, & now the tiny yellow*

violets, the “squirrel []” & occasionally a butter blossom greet the eye! Truly there is no temple like that of Nature, no shrine like hers, no sermons equal to her silent yet potent counsels & no prayers like those of her choirs. “Nature is always true to those who love her.” After “meeting,” Emma, “Addie & Eddie” went over the hill more than a mile to the ground known as the “Indian reservation” where the “Trailing Arbutus” grows and wintergreens. They came home laden with sweets, and I prepared some nice bouquets. The girls return to school tomorrow. We miss Brownie so much—her sweet voice and musical laugh ring ever in the air & she is so delighted with everything around our home!

Monday & Tuesday, April 23rd & 24th 1866

[Nathan] Rain, Rain, Rain, Snow, Snow, Snow—a terrible, miserable, unpleasant storm, commencing warm, and ending up cold. This is a horrid climate, and it will not do for my darling to remain in it. Only during the summer. The girls started back for their school this morning, so we are again almost alone. And that is just what we delight in. We need no other company than ourselves. Selfish perhaps, but very pleasant. The storm confines us all in the home to day, so that we do not get our normal exercise and ramble in the woods. Today, I am almost visiting alone with my precious wife. She is sewing and I am writing and filling up my scrap book and [] the great indoor scene with darling. Our little home is a perfect little Eden, and beats Adam and Eve’s all to pieces.

I have gone into a new phase of Farmer life. In having a few beautiful white hens and a stunning beautiful plumed cock, and Cousin Eddy has a few of the same kind, so I have bought a portion of his flock and [] with the chicken business as soon

as the weather permits I will build a hen park, and there we will set some hens, get all the eggs that are laid, and [] gardens. We have a splendid flock and they beat all nature in the way of laying eggs. I really find myself proving fond of even individual hens & we have one jolly old white hen, which Eddy calls "the Old Lady" and she is so gentle, kind, and comes up and eats out of your hand with so much trust and confidence & then she serves her chickens so carefully, not hesitating to adopt into her flock [] fowl's brood, that she really seems like a great, gentle old lady. Her plumage, as is all of the flock, is as white as snow, and they are really the most beautiful hens that I ever saw. Mother expects to realize "handsomes" from her fowl institutire this year, and I hope & trust that its crop of fruit may be as [] as she contemplates.

Wednesday & Thursday, April 25th and 26th, 1866

[Nathan] The storm has cleared away and the weather is again clear and pleasant. Sugar making is over, so I am today making a hen "camp," and have succeeded in building quite a coop, but the chickens will fly over the top, so we have been compelled to catch them, and clip their wings, and now it works splendidly. Helped mother in putting out potatoes & peas.

Rec'd letter to day from Julius & Nelly at Washington and yesterday heard from Mrs Stebbins who is sojourning for awhile at The Capitol. — She writes us that she is now engaged in ministering to the wants of the Freedmen in The Dist of Columbia. There are 25,000 or more in that small Parrish, & the most of them absolutely in want of food. The Freedmen's Bureau under the miserable management of the bigoted & Imbecile Gen'l [Oliver O.] Howard, is a great failure

and entirely fails to meet the demands made upon it and the designs contemplated in its organization. She writes that Howard has issued an order to the colored people ordering them to change their bed clothes & pillow cases twice per week, when it is notorious that not one out of a thousand scarcely have even food enough to eat, say nothing about bed clothes. — This Howard is a praying, ranting, bigoted orthodox religionist and thinks nothing is right unless it is done expressly under the sanction of the church. I hope he will soon be replaced by some good man, but there is little probability of that under the present Administration. He made a fierce crusade against a friend of ours, Mrs Griffin[g], who had done more for the Freedman than all the Bureaus & Generals put together- endeavoring to have her removed from her position on account of her liberal principles (as she is a Spiritualist) but she carried too many gains for him, & he has been obliged to retract all that he has said, and take back all that he or his Religionist supporters have tried to do against a woman.

Friday & Saturday, April 27th & 28th 1866

[Nathan] Darling has been quite ill again and this time has suffered severely. Oh how I wish she might be restored to full health and strength again. It seems as though she hardly conquered one disease before some other broke out. Her cheeks are losing their roses and her face the fullness that is natural. I pray she may see the last of it this week. Receiv'd letters today from George and Mr. Day. George intends leaving Washington and going into business with his father in Boston. I do not wonder that he tires of his experience at the Capitol—any sensible man would. Our papers inform us that the colored people of Washington have had a great

celebration of the Anniversary of the abolition of Slavery. Some 20,000 strong made up the Procession & they had speeches from Trumbull, Wilson, & other celebrities. Called upon The President, who made one of his usual egotistical & infamous speeches in which he claimed that he had done more for their race than anyone else & that they would soon find out who was their best friend. All in all, as mean an effort as he has been guilty of— but entirely characteristic of “my policy.”

A lull seems to have taken place in the political world, but it's evidently the calm before the storm. — When Seward is so quiet, he is up to some mischief, plotting some devilry. Members of Congress are going home one by one for a short time, as it's understood that they will continue the session all summer & thus prevent if possible the President's recognition of “The Southern elect” —which they fear he will attempt if a chance is given him. It is reported that the Reconstruction Committee have most of them accepted Robert Dale Owen's plan, or rather Proposition, and that it will be adopted in a few days. — This plan provides 1st That The Civil Rights of the Freedmen shall be the same as those of all other men. — 2nd That Suffrage shall be universal to all American citizens by 1876. — 3rd That Representation up to 1867 shall be based upon the number of state electors, & after that time upon the number of Inhabitants. Accompanying these propositions, which are to be adopted as a part of The Constitution —is a Resolution of Congress that none of the Eleven Insurrectionary states shall be admitted until their state governments have ratified by appropriate legislature such constitutional amendments. —

Sunday, April 29th 1866

[Nathan] My precious wife was attacked again last night by a very violent spasm of Asthma. — In a very few moments her throat filled up and she found it very difficult to obtain her breath. — I worked over her, as did also mother, and it was then that an astonishing spiritual manifestation occurred. Cora could scarcely breathe when she suddenly remarked “the big Indian has come.” — Immediately mother was influenced and commenced patting Cora’s back and making passes. — Almost instantly the difficulty of breathing was overcome and relief came. — It astonished me, accustomed as I am to these remarkable manifestations. — I was very thankful that our good Indian guide, “Buffalo,” could operate so successfully and trust that he will now continue his good work until darling is perfectly cured. — She has been quite weak all day, but her asthmatic breathing & pain has disappeared. — This is the most rapid and sudden cure by magnetism & spirit power that I ever witnessed, & is another evidence to me of the beauty and worth of our beautiful philosophy. —

After a labored confinement of over five months, the Reconstruction Committee in Congress have Reported, and conscious as they were from a mountain of evidence in the south that Universal suffrage was the only Panacea for the ill of Treason —yet they failed to come to the mark to meet the true issue and have again disgraced themselves & the country by a compromise—another concession to the demon Slavery & her hordes of Treason. — By an Amendment to the Constitution making the actual number of voters the basis of Representation, they think they can force the southern states through the lever of a fractional Representation to grant the colored man suffrage—when all of the evidence shows conclusively that the

southerner prefers political & almost material annihilation to an equality with the negro. — The delaying the voting of all who have in any manner engaged in the Rebellion until 1870 is but a poor compensation for this compromise with Treason. — God grant that congress may not confirm the report & that nothing but Universal suffrage will be made the Ruling of our Country. —

Monday & Tuesday, April 30st & May 1st 1866

[Nathan] Went up into the woods and gathered flowers for my darling and dismantled our sugar arch as the sugar season is over, brought away pans, kettles, &c. Darling is better this morning though by no means well —with the aid of our assistance & that of our spirit guides, she will soon be well again. — She had a strange dream last night—that she was told to gather the sprigs of arbor vitae, pound it up, and put a poultice of it upon her throat and it would effect a cure —so I have gathered enough and we will try it tonight.

As we all sat around the table this evening, Darling was suddenly influenced by our good spirit guide, "Buffalo," who caused her to breathe long breaths through her nostrils and enabled her to breathe without coughing, which she has not done before to day. He said that he influenced her dream last night & that it would be good. That the trouble with pale face was they breathed through their mouth when they should, as does the Indian, inhale the air through the nostrils —then would be no coughs or consumption —that we would soon "go on the trail." He did Darling a great deal of good, so that when she came out of the trance she felt much stronger, breathed easy & without coughing. — After Buffalo left, that Beautiful Influence that

comes to us so often & so exquisitely, came and gave us a superb poem, which we shall probably have Reproduced through Shannie.

Well, Cora has tried the arbor vitae and with such great success —she coughed scarcely any through the night and this morning her throat is almost well, so we keep up the application & she feels strength and healing from the fragrant balsam. Wrote Mother to day, that we should start for home next week. She will begin to think that we do not intend coming at all. Set out raspberries, burned the worms off the apple trees, and bushed the peas this morning, so I am indeed getting to be quite the farmer. - Rain & Snow has begun falling again, and it is growing colder and promises to be very uncomfortable & unpleasant out of doors, but that only by contrast makes our heaven of a home the pleasanter indoors. — Who ever heard of a snow storm the first of May—nevertheless such is the case & the great snowflakes are falling as thick as “leaves in Vallombrosa” —but we are cozy indoors —

Wednesday & Thursday, May 2nd & 3rd 1866

[Cora] Another week of illness, caused by this ever changing climate. No sooner do I feel a little stronger, then the cold winds again rob me of my strength. But thanks to my precious husband and mother's tender care, those ever watchful tho' often unheeded guardian angels, I am once more on the path of recovery. During the week, Uncle Simon's folks have moved into a house a short distance from here. They came here last Fall temporarily and our house is too small for any besides our own family. The house seems nice & quiet and we feel none of that hallowed "atmosphere" there when so many were here: Last

night while we were sitting here, I was still feeling very weak, when an Influence came upon me & I found afterwards that I was much stronger, and that "Buffalo" the Indian chief who guides us had been causing me to inhale long draughts of air until my lungs felt quite relieved. After which, that rare celestial influence came and gave a poem, which I hope will be reproduced. A halo of heavenly brightness seemed to illumine our home and certainly did our hearts.

I have commenced a pair of slippers for my darling, which I hope to complete for his birthday without his knowledge, but he dodges in so often & unexpectedly that I find it quite difficult to work them. The pattern is the head of a Deer with a green wreath & white beads around his neck. - "Rein Deer" is the name Shannie gave him long ago & as she calls me "White Flower," the pattern is quite appropriate, one is nearly completed, looks very pretty.

Today mother was cleaning house a little, & partly to get me away & partly for the ride, Darling took Uncle Simons' horse & wagon & we drove over to Mr. Miller's—nice quiet old farmers, where I used to go in childhood. He left me there two or three hours, then returned for me. Meanwhile Mother & he wrought wondrous changes—Transformed our sleeping apartment from the parlor to the cozy little room adjoining this one, which Aunt [] occupied, & we shall fit it up nicely. I feel better and stronger for my ride.

Friday, May 4th 1866

[Cora] Today Mother cleaned the chambers & precious was busy in the garden. But 'tis very cold. This P.M. "Brownie" came to cheer us with her presence. She came alone & we shall be quiet this time & can enjoy the sure

luxury of our little family group. But precious was taken quite ill at dinnertime and vomited severely. He worked too hard & his stomach seemed out of order. But after awhile he was easier & will be all right soon, I trust. The slipper gets on slowly, as I have to be very careful.

[Nathan] Find that work does not always agree with me, and that Laziness is sometimes an excellent medicine. If I was compelled to earn my bread by manual labor, I fear I should make but little headway. — My organism was not intended for the field or the bench, and I do not think that I shall endeavor to pervert nature. It don't pay in many senses of the word. —

Saturday, May 5th 1866

[Cora] *Darling is better today, but must be more careful, until the tone of his stomach is restored. Emma and Mother were busy all day preparing things for us to take back with her. She & Addie have taken rooms & are "keeping house" in a small way. But they like it better than boarding as their supplies come from home. I concluded today that I now tell Darling about the slippers, so I could work faster, as he is not well & is in the house, I showed him the one I have nearly finished. He is delighted & admires them so much. How blessed it is to work for so dear a husband. Birth day anniversarys are fashionable in our family now. Today "Brownie" is just twenty years old. I can scarcely realize that she is older than sixteen. She is as fair & her brow has no lines of care. Heaven shielded her even from sorrows' blights.*

[Nathan] Found out this morning that my precious wife was making a pair of beautiful slippers for my birthday present. But I stole a march upon her & out came the secret.

Sunday, May 6th 1866

[Cora] *Today mother & "Pet" attended "meeting" as usual & according to our usual custom, Precious & I remained at home. This time I was not strong enough for the woods, so I enjoyed a bath & dressed myself up finely - all of which I had but just completed when they came home from church, accompanied by two Aunts & a cousin of mother's, one living near us here, the other from Cattaraugus with her daughter. They remained to dinner, after which darling procured "Uncle Simi's" conveyance & we drove with Brownie down to the station where she was to take the train for school. The drive wearied me more today than before & caused me to suffer considerable pain. - But fresh air will give me strength!*

[Nathan] Trotted out Uncle Simon's Bucephalus this P.M. taking Brownie to the cars —and we enjoyed the ride hugely. Darling and myself must have a horse this summer. It will be so pleasant and will add so much to our enjoyment, we have all the facilities and can keep one as well as not. I never went so long before without a steed, sometimes two or three, and do not intend to again.

We drove through Cuba, seeing the little town in its Sunday rig, and quite a pretty little place it is —although I much prefer living where we do, the scenery is much finer, the soil better, and the location pleasanter. — We have a charming little country seat, cozy, snug and comfortable, and we take so much delight in decorating

& fixing it up. My precious wife has such exquisite taste that she charms a dungeon into a dreamland and makes a paradise of an ordinary sojourning place. — Together we have succeeded in ornamenting and fixing up our home so that it presents quite a different appearance from what it did when we came. —

Monday, May 7th 1866

[Cora] *Last night I suffered much pain & was obliged to retire before dark. Precious and Mother soon found some remedies to soothe me, & this morning, tho' weak, I felt much better. Aunt & Cousin Mildred to visit at Aunt Jerusha's & desired us to go. After dressing I felt so much better that we decided to go & darling drove the horse over & carried me safely to the door. He & Eddie went "Fishing" but the wind was too cold for success, they were within sight of the house and came in for Dinner. Aunt & Cousin remained there. We had a good visit but were glad to get home. Our slipper is finished & looks so nice!*

[Nathan] Have been out spending the day at Aunt Jerusha's, visiting with an Aunt & Cousin. This Aunt is a widow, having lost her husband last winter. He was a Spiritualist & had often said that when Cora came, he would visit his friends, so this morning the folks at home (this Aunt having spent the night with us) heard the most beautiful music, like a band of sweet players, for some time, which was indeed a beautiful manifestation & very pleasing to all who listened.

Tuesday, May 8th 1866

[Cora] *Today we have had company. This morning old Mrs. [] came to spend a few hours & Aunt Mildred to visit with her so she came over. Towards*

evening we were again quiet. Aunt & Cousin meet up "over the Hill." Darling has been busy making a "Toilette" for our little room, which I shall cover with white. It already is nearly completed & will adorn our room nicely. We have an addition to our household gods—in the advent of eleven "wee chickens"—so white, so downy, so pretty. It will be such delights to feed them! All white but one. Darling is quite enraptured with them & indeed is afflicted with a disease which I will name the "Chicken fever." He and "Eddie" never visit without comparing notes on the respective merits of their Chanticleers. Mother now has some pure white hens & intends raising nothing else.

Wednesday, May 9th 1866

[Cora] Mother and Darling "washed" with the splendid machine today & my new toilette is all made. It is a semi circle covered with white & drapery box plaited around the edge descending to the floor. - Our bright new carpet & new wooden shelves will make a little fairy land of the room.

We continued to receive Washington papers & letters containing interesting items, but nothing of particular excitement.

I continue to grow stronger each day the weather is very fine. Fruit trees are beginning to blossom. - The garden looks finely. Flowering currants are in bloom beneath the windows & the Humming birds come to sip the dew from their golden chalices, narcissus & Iris blossoms are also out. It is so beautiful to watch each shrub & tree unfold its wealth of treasure. But beware young Spring nor venture too far, for the Frosts will get cover your delicate leaves and mar their brightness!

Thursday, May 10th 1866

[Cora] *Today we have all been busy, mother around the house, precious making some shelves for a book case to hang in our room, & I am occupied with the beautiful slippers. - This evening we covered our shelves with white paper leaving a border, which I ornamented with the scissors, which is about one half finger in depth. The shelves are hung with cords & present quite a unique appearance. When filled with books & ornaments, we shall find them very useful. Mother was suddenly called away to see Uncle Simon, who is very ill with Cholera Morbus. She may not return until late. Darling & myself are alone & must seem quite domestic. How our love gladdens & beautifies each moment. This is also his birthday—Just Thirty! Would that our lives had ever been passed as now. — Still the discipline of the past has been necessary. I only pray that mine may be the magic power to charm each care away & soothe his life e'en to its close.*

[Nathan] Bless you my precious wife. — The pleasure of this my thirtieth birthday is the epitome of all the joy of my life, and thy love my darling one, is more precious to me than all else of the past or of the future. —

Friday, May 11th 1866

[Cora] *Mother did not return until this morning. She found Uncle very ill with an attack, which would have been cholera in the city, cramps & the worst symptoms, generally. They soon relieved him with simple remedies, but mostly with the powerful influence which Mother felt from the Indian Spirit. Today we visited at Uncle Chamberlain's near here. Where the Aunt & Cousin from*

Cattaraugus were. Darling remained at home using Uncle Simon's horse to drag manure where the corn will be planted. He joined us in the afternoon near tea time & we drove home about dark. Aunt & Cousin go home tomorrow. Was very tired but enjoyed our visit.

[Nathan] Have broken in Uncle Simon's colt "Maggie" to work today, having hitched her to the stoneboat, and dragged the manure out upon the field. Gathered up the pine knots around the lot, and charred them up myself after a little teaching and description. Maggie worked like a charm and is really a very fine mare. If I had her, I would make a different looking animal very soon of her.

Saturday, May 12th 1866

[Cora] *Today darling has been busy planting & cleaning up things in the back yard - everything looks finely. The chickens are so cunning out there in their little coop, or picking up crumbs. They grow very rapidly. The slippers progress finely & I hope soon to have them completed.*

[Nathan] Have slicked up & cleaned up until "our place" looks charmingly refreshing, green & cozy. Succeeded in getting Mr Ingalls to plough the field yesterday so that to day I am busy planting potatoes. This is new work to me, but I find that I learn easily & rapidly & I really begin to like it. — We shall put in about an acre of potatoes and an acre of corn. This with our hay, will keep our horse (when we get him) and our roots, with our vegetables in the garden & fruit will afford us quite a living the coming summer. — Indeed with a very little labor, we could live here very economically. Quite different from the city, where one day's board costs as much as one month's does here—this is literally true—

Sunday, May 13th 1866

[Cora] *This morning the sun rose bright & cloudless & we had serious thoughts of procuring a conveyance & driving to Friendship to see Brownie & Addie. This project was abandoned & 'twas well, for an hour before ten o'clock, clouds arose & a severe storm of rain commenced, which has lasted all day & was very cold. Mean while, we have been reading, writing, napping & spending a cozy quiet day at home, free from all intrusion. But Darling I fear, is growing weary of this rural life—I must hasten to recover my full strength that we may start on our journey, for summer will soon be here & it will be too warm to travel. What wonderful changes love works in the heart & mind—once we were both restless, impatient, disenchanted—now to be alone in one another's presence is our chief delight—to be quiet in joy, & wherever we are is peace!*

[Nathan] A storm in these rugged old mountains is like a gale at sea, terribly severe and rough upon the ones who are compelled to undergo its vigor. — This climate is as fickle as the mind, (I would once have said woman, but I have now too much respect for the sex to indulge in such slander) and I fear that it will not do for my precious wife to come here, only in the warmest summer months & then to be warmly clothed & housed. And even now her beauty has suffered severely from our early visit, so much so that I am almost afraid to take her away from the comforts of home. And then the beautiful gift that is ours —the embodiment of our holy love that is taking our blessed union of heart and hand will, unless we hasten soon, prohibit our travelling far this summer. — Darling must have quiet and rest and

constant attention —no trouble of mind or body to mould the form that is now being enshrined upon her pure heart's altar. —

Monday, May 14th 1866

[Cora] *We awoke with the rising of the sun & the first songs of the birds. - Darling and I were soon up & Dear mother had breakfast nearly ready. It has been a long & busy day with us all - precious planting, mother washing, while I have busied myself with little chores, getting some dinner, &c, &c. A little exercise does not weary me & the sunshine fills me with new life! How kind & good Darling is, to beautify & cultivate this little home - he is so ready & does everything so nicely. Mother finds in him a darling boy - even as I have found so precious a husband. He is so patient for my sake to wait until I am well & strong, tho' I know he longs to be in his wanted field & duty.*

[Nathan] Hav'nt I put in the potatoes to day —talk about farming, why I consider myself a thoroughbred already in the art agricola, and although I don't always get the rows exactly straight, or so that a plow can run between them, yet they are in the ground & planted. —

Tuesday, May 15th 1866

[Cora] *Today has been another busy day. - Precious & mother working in the garden & planting the potatoes. The old mother hen made her escape with the chickens today & wandered all over the yard & garden. We chased her into a nice place which Darling built for her. - I had a great race after the little chickens & they far out ran me. It made me so tired & Darling said I was a naughty girl!*

[Nathan] My precious wife was indeed a willful chicken herself to day & I fear that she will suffer from her chicken race. — The little feathery vixens were not content with making me all sorts of unnecessary trouble, but they must inveigh her into a race & a scramble in which, I must say, chickens got decidedly the best of it, but at last together we beat the little brothers, cornered the old hen, hemmed up “the Innocents” & made a capture of the entire brood. — The little rascals grow so fast that I have to keep mending my hen coop to keep them down, their little bodies are irrepressible. —

Wednesday, May 16th 1866

[Cora] *Another cold dismal storm, but glad hearth within. Last night I was quite ill - the result of my “chicken race,” but feel better today. - Darling has made a nice toilette table for mother, to cover for her room. It is an octagon & will do nicely for a work table. The slippers are all done & have now only to pass thro' the hands of the shoe maker to be ready for a pair of precious feet. He says they are beautiful.*

Mother has been ironing & baking today. I helped to cook the dinner - made an omelette, which Darling praised highly (because I made it). Rec'd a letter from Julius in which he says Nellie had been quite ill. We have also greetings from Senator Howard, Mrs Merchant, Mrs Cheeseman, & other Washington friends. They wish us to return.

[Nathan] My precious wife astonished us all to day by the splendid dinner she improvised, and we can assure her we fully appreciated it. She beats the world on an omelette. —

Thursday, May 17th 1866

[Nathan] My precious darling has worked her love into a beautiful pair of Reindeers, with which she proposes to sandal my feet. I am delighted with the gift, and shall prize them very much. They are my birthday gift and a glorious souvenir of her love. I cannot but possess the fleetness of the Reindeer when once I am shod with these magical sandals. This has been a day of work with us in many respects. The weather has cleared up beautifully & everything planted and growing, almost leaps with a larger growth. I have been busy planting potatoes & have nearly finished our patch so that we shall have ample supply for the coming year. Darling went with me also into the woods & had a delicious experience gathering the beautiful wild flowers, drinking in the fresh atmosphere of the fields & forest and basking in the sunshine & enjoying the communion of our sweet love. We gathered a great bunch of wild flowers, with which precious has made the house look like a floral temple. Also found a fungus growing upon a tree which we have covered with a console & adorned our room.

Friday, May 18th 1866

[Nathan] Yesterday we did up our correspondence at double quick, writing to Julius, George [Bacon], Mr [Henry] Childs, Pat & Dari [Anderson], Robert Purvis, and Senator Howard, so that now it is our turn to be written to. — Today I have finished up the potato planting, set out ten splendid young apple trees of the Baldwin species, settled the hen and chickens into summer quarters, and generally slicked up the back yard. Darling has buried herself in making a “comfortable” which

consists of an indispensable article in housekeeping — combining the comfort of a chair with the convenience of a cooler & which has become a necessity with us.

Rec'd Anti Slavery Standard containing speeches of Wendell Phillips, Reverend [Theodore] Tilton & other great Anti Slavery Lights, at their last annual national meeting. — The speeches were scorchers and hit the bulls eye every time.

Our Pet sister Emma & a dashing little cousin Ada came home this evening, so we are quite a family tonight. Darling is not very well. She has exercised too much, I fear. I must keep a vigilant guard and not permit her to have at anything like work. Her ambition is too great for her strength at present.

Saturday, May 19th 1866

[Nathan] Planted the corn in our field to day— nearly finished the work. — It is decidedly easier labor than potato burying. — The girls are all home do day and having a jolly time. — My darling wife feels splendidly & is getting full health and vigor, for which I am very thankful. —

She received telegram from Corry [Pennsylvania] to day, wishing her to come & lecture, but I think she will not accept as her health will not permit, then I can not go there on the first of June, as they desire.

Have had another rural experience to day in destroying the worms that fairly cover the fruit trees. — I have tried to burn them up with a kerosene swab, but they rather seem to like it, so I shall try a lye bath for them next. We have magnificent sunsets in this country. Tonight it was royally superb. The sky seemed filled with flaming clouds, little flocks of tiny flecks gathered in the west, whist in the north, deep rich maroon and [] colored masses variegated with an occasional patch of

black, & in the south, the crimson lake [] an azure field, and beautiful clouds all the colors of the prism. I think it was the most magnificent sight I ever beheld, and in their [] hill county was superb.

Sunday, May 20th 1866

[Nathan] This has been (as on all the days in our hearts) [] a very beautiful everyday—warm, genial, and filled with the spry breezes of southern climes. Darling Cora, very unwell during the morning, which cast a cloud over our joy, but this evening she is like herself again, as happy and joyous as the angels of this earth only can be. We are ready Mrs. [Eliza] Farnham's "Ideal Attained," and although somewhat unnatural, still we enjoy it very much. The book is beautifully written and stamps Mrs. Farnham as a true authority. Her male ideal is the best character of the work, and illustrates the fact that woman generally knows her counterpart better than she does her own sex. Col. Anderson is the type of the true, noble minded gentleman, such as we rarely see, but they do exist. Whilst Mrs. Bromfield, a magnificent specimen of a woman, still lacks that tender appreciation of the man's devotion that woman in reality possesses. I know of one who possesses all of the noble qualities [] to this [], with the addition of a wider affection & heart goal to her other attributes. And thank god that splendid specimen of her sex I can call mine now and forevermore. God grant that I may be worthy of her.

We have had quite a gala day at our little home. Sister Emma has had company, a gay rollicking crowd of ladies and gentlemen and haven't they made these old rooms echo & re-echo with their gayety & hilarity. The "old lady," as we call the matron of our hen family, has taken an inclination to have a family []. I this

evening made her a splendid nest, and put her on eighteen eggs. She has to spread herself but she is equal to the emergency. We have saved her eggs, and put eleven of her own production under her care. Darling had a strange dream last night, that I was appointed to a position in Washington & that we must go there immediately.

Saturday, June 2nd 1866

[Nathan] Left home this morning for our western trip. — My darling is very much better and bids fair to stand the Journey well. — Mother accompanied us to the Depot and although the tears were in all our eyes, still we stood bravely up under the separation and with a “god bless you” all around, gave a farewell shake of the hand, stepped aboard the car, and were soon starting off towards the setting sun.

Arrived at Corry Pa about three o'clock in the afternoon where we were met at the Depot by one of the Committee of Reception appointed to meet us and escorted to very pleasant quarters at a Mr Formans. — Darling has survived the trip and although considerably fatigued, still feels better than we expected. — She will address the people of this place tomorrow morning and afternoon.

We are domiciled with a Mr James Forman whose family are very pleasant and we enjoy our location very much, quiet and comfortable & Just what Darling wants at the present time.

Sunday, June 3rd 1866 _____ Corry, Penna.

Darling addressed the people of the Theatre — christened Music Hall, and we had good sized audiences both in the morning and afternoon. — The subjects were selected by the Audience, and the discourses very able &

interesting. — I had a very considerable apprehension regarding her physical ability to stand the test of the fatigue incident to two lectures, but she has come out splendidly — never doing better, and really gaining strength in the trial. — She feels much better this evening than she has for a long time before. — My love for her is so perfect and so full that it lifts her above all trouble and carries her with the aid of our good spirit friends, safely over all trials that may come.

This little, or rather good sized, city is of mushroom growth, springing up here in the woods within the last four years and the result of oil. — It is forty miles from Oil City and the oil regions & the Juncture where the great through route over The Atlantic & Great Western R.R. comes in, consequently is the transfer place of all the oil that comes from that region. — It still has the marks of primitiveness in the stumps that are as yet to be seen in the streets — the newness and fragility of the buildings, and the forest, which comes almost into the city, growing down to the very outskirts. — The people are decidedly cosmopolitan, embracing as they do, the customs of all climes & nationalities, everything is on the fast go-ahead principle & will “make or break” here in a very short time.

Monday, June 4th 1866

We expect Uncle Ed Scott & wife along by the afternoon’s train en route for Missouri and shall try and meet them at the Depot, and proceed with them as far as Cleveland.

Went down to the Depot at 3 o’c but found ourselves just too late—the train had just gone, and we were considerably disappointed as we had promised to meet

Uncle Ed and regretted our inability to fulfill the same. The mistake was made through our misapprehension of the departure of the train. Returned to the Formans and visited with them until 2 o'clock at night when we went down & made another attempt & this time successfully. Dolly is a good deal better and stands the trip splendidly. — I shall begin to think that she thrives on fatigue, after a while.

Tuesday, June 5th 1866 En route to Cleveland, Toledo, Waterville, Ohio

Succeeded in getting a sleeping car last night and we both rested nicely until we reached Cleveland this morning. The cars on The Atlantic & Great Western R.R. are certainly the most comfortable of any that I have ever seen— of the broad gauge— elegant and the road very smooth. We whirled along scarcely conscious that we were not of our beds at home. —

Left Cleveland in the morning where we took breakfast & via of The Cleveland & Toledo R.R. reached Toledo about noon. Took a carriage and went down to my brothers, who we found just at dinner. - We were received cordially by Dr. and I had the joy of presenting my darling wife for the first time to my own family —or a part of them. Spent a very pleasant afternoon & then took the Dayton Mich R.R. up the Maumee River bank, arriving at Waterville, just in time to escape one of the most terrible storms that I have ever witnessed. Found mother & Wally down to my sister's I soon found them out, and darling soon saw her new mother and baby boy. — They were delighted as were we and we returned to night, happy in the addition to our perfect love of that of a mother and a son. —

Sunday, June 10th 1866

The following Poem was given by Darling at the conclusion of her Lecture in Corry Pa last Sunday evening & has been Reproduced by Shannie.

Angel Presence

We come when morning's golden beams,

Light up the dewy trembling earth.

And when the hills & woods & streams

Echo with sounds of Joyous mirth.

Where birds in every tree & bower.

Warble their songs of love & home.

O, in that glad & happy hour,

Upon the wings of morn we come.

We come when noontide's sultry heat.

Fills with its breath each vale & plains.

When in some calm & cool retreat.

All forms of life seek to remain.

When perfumed breezes have no sound,

Except the honey bees low hum,

When light & fragrance float around,

Upon their silent breath we come.

We come when twilight's gentle hand

Opens the purple sun set gate.

And golden clouds-a radiant band—

For day's expiring glances wait.
When earth & heaven blended seem.
And gentle voices fill each home,
Where prayer hovers like a dream
Around your thoughts, O then we come.
We come when night with sable train,
Unfurls her banner in the sky,
And starry ensigns float again
From battlements & towers on high.
When worlds and systems march along,
Responsive to the master drum.
In time with great Creation's song—
O, in that solemn hour we come.
We come to soothe your burthened hearts,
Your Joys & sorrows all to share.
To brush away the tear which starts,
And place a gleam of gladness there.
Each day & hour, each time & place.
Where e'er your footsteps chance to roam
We seek some holy thought to trace
And on the wings of love we come.
We come beside the couch of pain.
With healing balm, with fragrant flowers.

We come when sin & woe remain.
 To tell of virtue's starry bowers.
 The prison cell, the palace hall.
 Allure us from our blissful home,
 Laden with happiness for all
 Forever more, we come, we come. —

Wednesday, June 13th 1866

Left our mother's home this morning, crossed the beautiful Maumee River, where Emerald Islands and silver waves were very lovely in the early light of the summer morning. — Took the cars at a little station on the prairie and were soon in the busy streets of Toledo. — I went down and hunted up my brother, leaving Dolly in the hotel near the R.R.

St. Louis, Missouri, Friday, June 15th to Sunday, June 24th 1866

Doubting Man

Some follow the teachings of ancient schools,
 And place all belief in the records of age.
 Some bow at the shrine & the mandate of fools,
 Who trace not a thought on life's turning page.
 But others there be who are governed by truth
 And believe in no theory, creed or mere name,
 Who see for the gem of perpetual youth,
 Find Doubting & Thinking are just the same.

Today, in the spirit of the gleanings of thought
Rise up in accordance with nations' great plan
And gather the gleamings from her knowledge taught.
Therefore we must name thee "The Doubting Man."
The Staff of [].

Shenandoah.

To Mr. Anderson

They travel the Earth, for fame or power
Or seek Ambition's goal
And every day & every hour
Neglect the human soul
Unmindful of the woe & care
Which everywhere abounds,
They build their palaces so fair
And live in pleasure's bounds.
But there are hearts made to diffuse
A sunshine of pure joy
And where the ills of Earth confuse,
To these comes no alloy.
In gladness, beams around their way
And every woe doth span,
They find new hopes & joys each day

Thy name is "Laughing Man."

Shenandoah.

To Mrs. Anderson

It gleameth not in constellations bright
 Beyond the clouds of dark & earthly night
 A radiance, no science can discern
 Nor all its hidden beauty ever learn.
 Where Hesper lights the evening sky above
 With beams of Glory & of perfect love.
 Or Mars his burning shield ever doth hold
 Gleaming & flashing then like shining gold
 Not then, but in the human heart
 It doth its glorious light impart.
 Like a sweet odor borne from flowers affair,
 Its beams are felt—They name is "Silver Star."

Shenandoah.

To Miss Hess

There are birds with plumage of rarest []
 Whose forms ever flit over tropic seas,
 Their splendors the rainbows' light []
 And thus float and sing with the perfumed breeze.

There are birds of beauty that soar & sing
 From every bower & vale of Earth
 And forever upon the breath of Spring.
 They scatter the sounds of love & mirth
 But one sweet bird ever folds its wings
 With a heart that is kind & good & fair
 [] its soft warblings
 [] for a message of love to bear
 And then ever true over mountain's vale
 It hastens with pinions of rarest love.
 Its wings never pause, its trust ne'vr doth fail,
 This sweet bird is named "The Carrier Dove."

Shannie.

To Miss Lull

The rose doth bloom in every bower
 So fair this Queen of flowers so bright
 The Lily pale hath silent power
 With petals rare of purest white
 And many a gorgeous flower unfolds
 In garden bower and terrace fair
 But every quiet spot still holds

Some treasures beautiful & rare
 One flower hath beauty []
 The eye & spirit both to please
 Therefore it is the truest name
 It blooms for all, & 'tis "Heart's Ease."

Shenandoah.

To —
 Far upon the mountains height
 First is seen the morning light.
 Yet within the valleys green
 All the bloom & growth is seen
 And the forests hold concealed
 Many beauties unrevealed.
 While the mountains & the seas
 Still have many mysteries
 So within the world of mind
 You must search 'ere you can find
 For the rarest thoughts have birth
 In the mines of "Hidden Worth."

Shenandoah.

To Dr. [Ennis] Carrington of St. Louis

Medicine Man

Some climb up the heights of Ambition's steep

And search forever for power & fame.

Some seek thru' the pathway of knowledge so deep,

To build upon Earth a lasting name.

Some gaze at the worlds which are rolling afar

Forgetful of every woe upon Earth.

And gaze out their lives in the light of a star,

While [] is the planet of worth.

But thine is the spirit which seeketh to find

Some rest for the many, some balm for the soul.

Thou searchest the hills, the valleys of mind

The plan of Eternity thus to unroll.

Thus striving the children of Earth to bless,

And solve the deep problem of Heaven's nice plan,

For this is the mission to cure each distress,

"The Soul & the Body's Medicine Man."

To Mrs. [Martha] Carrington

Pearl of Truth.

Diamonds flash their glorious brightness
 In the splendor of the morn.
 Radiant with every whiteness
 In the brows which they adorn.
 Sometimes on the head of Power,
 Gleams the rare & flashing gem,
 And in beauty's proudest hour,
 Lo! there rests a diadem.
 And the sea giveth its treasures,
 And the shining sand its gold,
 But the eye of Earth ne'er measures
 Beauties which the sky doth hold.
 Deep within the sea of feeling,
 Radiant with endless youth,
 All its power & love revealing,
 Is "the perfect Pearl of Truth."

Shenandoah.

Shannie's impromptu "singing words" (as she terms them) to Mrs [Jane C.]
 Eversole of this city.

Eye of Soul

Mortals see with eyes of sense,

Often passing beauties by
 Which contains the recompense
 And the glories of the sky.
 Gazing upon flower or tree,
 Truth a careless thoughtless glance
 They see not the mystery
 By which forms of life advance.

But within this mind we see,
 Power to dissolve the spell,
 To unfold the mystery
 Which within the soul dost dwell.

And to trace the wondrous path
 Thro' which ages ever roll,
 In thy spirit power hath
 To perceive with Eye of Soul.
 Shenandoah.

Poem given by Shannie to Mrs. [Eliza] Corwin, a lady of this city, impromptu—

Morning of Gladness
 The beams of morning greet the Earth,
 And fill with light each vale & hill

Diffusing radiance & mirth

And all things with its joy doth thrill.

The wild birds waken with their songs

The slumbering spirits of the flowers,

And Nature with a thousand tongues

Proclaims the morning's wondrous power.

Thus then are souls whose presence fills

The Atmosphere with conscious joy,

And every spirit doth pervade

With happiness, without alloy.

Genial and joyous as the Sun

Shedding a gladness pure & bright,

The spirit we find is a joyous one,

The Morning of Gladness, which has no height.

Shenandoah.

The above poem, with the seven preceding ones were given at a séance held here about the time of our arrival, in which the beautiful Indian medium, Shenandoah, came and gave her impromptu poems.

June 24th, 1866 St. Louis, Missouri

Poem given this evening at the conclusion of Darling's lecture.

See where they stand: The shining ones
With smiles of tenderness & love
With voices whispering of truth,
Waiting their constancy to prove
Array'd in robes of purest thought,
Like snowy waves from heaven caught.

See where they stand: Your babes are there
Breathing the name you love so well
And wreathing with sweet flowers rare
The lispings words they used to tell,
Pressing their hands upon each brow,
Twining their arms around you now.

See where they stand: the mother dear,
Who passed thru your fond sight array.
The father, brother, friend and near,
To chase each doubt & fear away
To wipe each tear from someone's eye
And change to pearls to wear on high.

See where they stand: the [] Sage
Whose meaning is undefiled

Who traced on history's dark page
The truths then deemed so strange & mild,
With scroll & pen he still doth trace,
The lays which time cannot efface'

See where they stand: The mediums great,
Who gave the country purest laws

Who fell not from their high estate,
To court the vain worlds' applause—
Who laid foundations of pure worth,
And justice for the laws of Earth.

See where they stand: far up the height—
Tier upon tier their forms uprise

With wondrous love & truth & might
Till they seem blended with the skies.

'Tis but a bit of sense & time
Which now conceals this sight sublime.

See where they stand: together bound

By an Eternal chain of love

Link after link, it is surround

Until it reaches God above.

And every world & every soul

Is governed by Love's great Control.

The above beautiful Poem was given through my darling at the conclusion of the Lecture this evening, which was upon the subject of "The Relation of Spiritualism to Theology." — A large audience filled the Hall and listened with breathless attention to this effort, which was a complete & thorough exhibition of the beautiful truths of the spiritual philosophy. —

Monday, June 25th, 1866

Our Hostess, a Mrs Bernard, is a young French woman, who is very unhappy in her conjugal relations. She is a splendid songstress and a woman of considerable advancement in her religious ideas. Shannie came and gave her a spirit name & the following beautiful "singing words"

Bird of Paradise

There is a bird with plumage rare

Dwelling afar in distant climes,

Whose warblings fill the baling air

Like sweetest tones of vesper chimes,

Its songs thrill every myrtle bower,

It sweetly sings in orange groves,

Thro' all the summer's glorious hour,
 It breathes of home & those it loves.
 But borne across the ocean deep,
 [] a stranger's clime & bower.
 Its songs [] its heart must sleep,
 And music loseth all its power,
 Its plumage rare, its hues doth change
 And ne'er displays its perfect dyes,
 Until in home it still may range,
 This is "The Bird of Paradise."

Shenandoah.

As is usually the case, she loves another person than her husband, & says that she is determined to live unhappily no longer—that she will get a divorce & be free.

Tuesday, June 26th 1866

A very interesting circle was held at Mr Anderson's this evening, and Darling was controlled for two hours discoursing most gloriously upon all questions that the audience propounded. It was eminently scientific in its scope and in every instance satisfactory. — The question of the existence and the relation of mind to matter was very fully discoursed upon. — In the course of the control, the question rose of the ultimate destiny of the African race upon the continent. I propounded —& was told in reply, that this race would not become a nationality by itself, but that it would in time be absorbed by the white race, that it would thus disappear as would all other foreign nationalities upon this continent

in one grand & better race of human beings & in continuation, the civilization & existence of past races on this continent was discussed — the influences claiming that the purest Chinese & Japanese races were the debris of a greater & more centered race, which formerly existed upon this part of the earth—but that through migration they had died out in this world & now []in their remains in the far, far East.

Wednesday, June 27th 1866

Visited this afternoon through the kindness of our good friend Dr Carrington, Col White & his good lady. Col White was one of the famous defenders of Lexington in the early history of the war & then rec'd a wound, which has confined him to his bed ever since. For five years has he now been an Invalid, & nobly has he borne the cross assigned him —gloriously has he shown his patriotism and taken up the burden of affliction for his country's good. — We had a very pleasant visit. Shannie came & gave them both names. This was his tribute.—

Far beyond the clouds, which in darkness rise
 Are the starry splendors of the skies
 And the golden sun traceth paths of light
 Up the darkest mountain's rugged height
 For we know that the brightness is ever there
 Tho' the sky & the earth dark hues way wear.
 Beneath the roar of the ocean waves,
 Bright pearls are found in the rocky caves.

When the waters are moved by the tempest vast
 The pearls are upon the bright shore cast.
 And gems that beneath the rocks are concealed
 By the earthquakes yawning mouth are revealed.
 Thus whether the spirit form is found
 The caves where in knowledge & joy e'er abound
 Thro' the clouds of affliction, sometimes of despair
 The soul ever sees that the sunlight is there
 And beyond every sorrow, while searching for truth,
 Behold the bright "fountain of perfect truth."

Shenandoah.

Thursday, June 28th 1866

Chartered a carriage this morning and we all visited Shaws Gardens.

Friday, June 29th 1866

Darling is very much fatigued to day from her trip yesterday and I fear that
 the pulling of the carriage over the infernally rough roads of St. Louis may have been
 too much for [her own] good. — She is so delicate that it would take but little now to
 effect permanent injury and I have to be careful. —

Poem given by Shannie to Mrs. White

Morning Glory

When with burning lips the Sun-god

Kisses the flushing brow of day,
And with joy the earth awakens,
Chasing nightly dark form away,
When the wild birds trill & warble,
And the joyous [] pours,
All its murmurs & sweet laughter
On the green & mossy shores

First awakened by the morning
In the tendrils of the vine
Clinging round the cottage portals,
Where it ever loves to twine
Bright & joyous, full of beauty
With the sunshine light it came
Like this flower is thy spirit—
“Morning Glory” is its name.

Shenandoah.

The above poem was from last Wednesday night at Col. White's.

Saturday, June 30th 1866

Poem by Shannie to Mrs. Bland, the excellent wife of our good friend Col
Bland of last winter Washington Association.

Golden Showers

Music hath wondrous, witching spells,
 Within its power, strange magic dwells.
 Floating & heaing all around
 The soul perceives the waves of sound.
 The zephyrs bear on unsure wings
 Odors & sounds of lovely things.
 The fragrance of the orange groves
 The warblings of the wild birds' loves.
 Far, far across the tropic seas
 Incense is wafted on each breeze
 And flashings of the morning light
 Diffuse themselves till Earth is bright.
 But in the spirit is a charm
 Sweeter than balmy breezes warm.
 Revealing all its hidden powers.
 Thro' gleamings of the "Golden Showers."

We all visited Col White again this afternoon accompanied by Dr
 Carrington & wife & Mrs Bland. — We had a delightful time and left the colonel
 in much better spirits than when we entered his room. Shannie came & gave
 Mrs Bland her name and as usual made all merry and light hearted with whom
 she came in contact. —

Sunday, July 1st 1866

Darling was controlled this morning by Shenandoah and addressed the children of The Spiritual Lyceum. — The lecture was very beautiful and at the conclusion an exquisite poem was given, taking the Lily for the subject. Shannie has promised to Reproduce the lecture & poem as we intend publishing it “The Little Bouquet” — the children’s paper published in Chicago. —

In the evening. Friend [Stagg] gave the subject “The Correlation of Mind & Matter & The Reciprocal relations between the Two.” — The influences took this theme and gave certainly one of the best addresses that I ever listened to —most clearly defining the relations between the two & their bearing upon each other & satisfying the audience, which was large and intelligent, concluding with a magnificent Poem.

This is the conclusion of our visit in the good city of St. Louis and although not Just as we had anticipated, still our stay has been very delightful. We have made many near & dear friends whom we shall not soon forget—& the memories of our visit will be to us like beautiful flowers, or perennial & perpetual bloom & fragrance—particularly our excellent friends Mr & Mrs Anderson . — Their beautiful home “Harmony Cottage” has indeed been a haven of rest to us, and we have found perfect delight in its beautiful harmony and delightful associations —equal to the love that in our own relatives, is ours. —

Monday, July 2nd 1866

This evening Dolly was controlled by her usual circle of twelve, and the questions of the audience were answered — for the space of two hours, the inquiries taking a wide scope, and opening the way to very interesting

Communications in the Religious, scientific, and material world. Quite a pleasant party were assembled and all were very much pleased. —

News came to day of the suicide of Gen. James H Lane, U.S. Senator from Kansas. — He left his city only last week & had been laboring for sometime under a mental affliction. — Very erratic and uncertain, still he has done glorious work in behalf of Freedom & although at times considerable of the Demagogue, still on the whole his life has been on the side of Truth & we can admire his virtues while the veil of oblivion is cast over his faults. — He had been out riding with some members of his family & on his return to his house placed a pistol to his mouth & fired, the ball coming out of the top of his head.

Tuesday, July 3rd 1866

Rec'd letter from Alton last evening desiring us to come up there and spend the week & give lectures —but it is too late. — Tonight is the only one at our disposal as we are engaged to speak in Macon in the northern part of this state Thursday evening & we cannot return this summer again to this neighborhood. —

Wednesday & Thursday, July 4th & 5th 1866 En Route over the Prairies of Missouri

Left our kind and excellent friends in St Louis this morning and we are to celebrate our Independence day in the cars. — Travelled swiftly through the northern portion of Missouri, gliding o'er the beautiful almost boundless prairies —like a boat over and emerald sea, its great waving billows seeming frozen in their rolling splendour. — The Prairie is indeed as Bryant says, like a “frozen Emerald ocean,” for miles & miles naught appeared to the eye but a

boundless expanse of almost monotonous level, uncultivated and primitive as when Columbus discovered the eastern shores. Here is the future wealth of America, the land that will teem with the unborn millions yet to come. — This is indeed the Eden of our country, and will be the refuge of the toiling thousands that now eke out a miserable subsistence in our over crowded cities. — Darling and self enjoyed the ride very much although it was very warm & sultry. —

About mid-day we passed the scene of a terrible massacre in 1862 when Claib Jackson [actually Bill Anderson] with his murderous gang of guerillas and assassins, captured the up-bound train and murdered in cold blood 84 of the passengers. A fence by the side of the R.R. encloses their remains and they sleep their last sleep in the midst of the silent prairie with naught to disturb their slumber except the moaning of the southern breeze, or the waving of the tall grass as it bends in mourning o'er their martyred remains. — Nearby, & in sight of this tomb, rests 113 men of our noble slain — murdered the same day & by the same band, having been ambushed and destroyed when seeking to avenge the former slain. The conductor on our train was the same that had charge of the cars on the ill fated day of the massacre & he told us that he never obeyed a set of men so readily in his life as he did in this instance. He related many horrible details, among which he spoke of one of the assassins compelling a man in the town adjoining to go into his house, bring out his butcher knives, sharpen them for the bloody work, & then he was their first victim. — The tale is too horrible to repeat and would be deemed almost incredulous was it not already a matter of history.

Friday, July 6th 1866 Macon City, Missouri

Arrived at Macon City Wednesday night where we were rec'd by a Committee of the citizens, escorted to the Hotel, and the next night (Thursday eve) darling delivered a splendid lecture to a crowded and intelligent audience at the Court House—permitting the audience to choose their subject, which was of course, Spiritualism, and a glorious Discourse did she give them. — At its close, questions were asked and answered satisfactorily. One young gentleman arose in the audience and attempted to hold an argument with the speaker upon the subject of science and was so completely floored in less than five minutes that he sat down silenced, confounded, and exceedingly chagrined. — Some others attempted or repeated the operative, so Darling came off with flying colors. — To night she gives another lecture and as Politics are running high in this state, I wish her to give a Radical out and out Political lecture. This kicks up a row with some of the Spiritualists as they are but little better politically than Rebels & do not wish Politics introduced on the rostrum —but that don't matter, they shall hear the truth, if not more than a dozen are present. —

Saturday, July 7th 1866

Last night my darling gave the people of this place a most magnificent address upon “The Political Condition of the Country.” The audience was not so large as the night previous — as when the conservatives, or rather Rebels, found that they were to hear a Radical discourse, they bolted and went to work against us

—but this turned the Republicans in our favor, and they set to work, and notwithstanding the efforts of secessia we had a fine house—and the lecture was a splendid disquisition upon the condition politically of the country— one of the very best that I ever heard issue from darling's lips. — The Rebels caught it and they may thank their stars that they were not present to listen. — Every one of the friends that we cared to call such, were delighted & I only regret that our engagement in Quincy will not permit me time to take the rostrum and devote one evening to the political issues of the day. — But my turn will come & I will yet lash these Rebels as they deserve. — Left our good friends this P.M. and took the train to Quincy [Illinois] — coming at this city at 6 o'clock. — Took quarters at the Hotel. The weather is very hot.

Sunday, July 8th 1866 _____ Quincy Illinois

Arrived here last evening —stopping at The Quincy House, a very good Hotel. — Darling speaks for the Society here to day, morning & evening.

Found a very respectable and intelligent looking audience at the hall —and two excellent Lectures & Poems were given upon subjects chosen by The Committee elected from the Assemblage. — We enjoy our visit to Quincy very much, as we are all alone by ourselves at the Hotel, and excepting a Dr Thern & Mr Brown, see none of the members of the society. —

The city is very beautifully situated upon a bold bluff on The Mississippi River, surrounded by splendid rolling prairie, which is cultivated in the best manner, and is indeed an Eden to the inhabitants. In front of our Hotel is a beautiful Park, upon our left the glorious & turbid old Father of Nations, and on our right, the

boundless and fertile Prairie—so that from our Hotel window room, the view does not lack scope, beauty or variety. —

Monday, July 9th 1866

Had the delightful pleasure of driving —through the kindness of Mr Brown — through the country around Quincy —and most beautiful rolling prairie it is — and a most enjoyable ride did we have—it did my precious one so much good. — Returning to the Hotel in town to get the steamboat bound down the River. Embarked aboard “The Andy Johnson,” an ominous name, but an excellent boat. —

Tuesday, July 10th 1866 _____ Hannibal Missouri

Dolly spoke here last evening to a miscellaneous crowd and we think we shall remember this place for some time.

Wednesday, July 11th 1866

Left this miserable town [Hannibal] with its still more miserable people this morning & glad to shake its dust off our feet, as not only having rec'd shabby treatment, but having [] their trifling and pusillanimity. — Lost the opportunity of taking a River trip to Davenport & now we are compelled in order to meet our Engagements, to go by R.R., consequently we only get the short but very pleasant ride from Hannibal to Quincy on the River. — Bid our friend Mr Fishback good bye,

and took the same steamer that we came down upon —the A Johnson —and we did indeed enjoy the pleasant breezes and delightful scenery of The Mississippi. —

Saturday, July 14th 1866 _____ Rock Island, Illinois

Darling addressed a large audience last evening in Rock Island and very satisfactorily, they having the priority of selecting their own subjects. —

This morning —after spending almost a sleepless night in a hot close bed room assigned us by our Host—who by the way keeps the Rock Island Hotel, a Mr Woodman —we took the train for Chicago over The Rock Island & Chicago R.R. A beautiful ride have we had, although darling is some what fatigued —still we enjoy these almost boundless prairies and magnificent farms exceedingly. — Thankful are we that the road is not dusty, and that we have so kind a conductor, as whether he noticed something in our appearance beyond our surroundings or not—he politely gave us access to the rear car, which had been reserved for ladies, but which no one had as yet come across —and we had it all to ourselves for a very considerable distance—although we did not like to seem selfish —still I suppose we experienced some of the sensation that Grandees are supposed to possess when they ride in state.

Sunday, July 15th 1866 _____ Chicago, Illinois

Arrived in the good city of Chicago yesterday afternoon and drove immediately to the house of our good friend Mr Thomas Richmond —who is one of gods & natures noblemen. —

We had expected from numerous letters rec'd the past three months from Warrick Martin Esq & others, that dolly was engaged to speak for the Spiritual Society of this place during the present month, as we have letters signed by all the officers of such society — inviting and insisting upon our coming. — But we are surprised now to learn that Mr [Seldon] Finney has been engaged for the month and Dolly's services not desired. — Though this be mean and contemptible & I fear characteristic of too many of the managers of our spiritual societies, still it does not affect us, as we were compelled to come here to arrange for the publication of Dolly's Lectures, a volume of which we intend bringing out this summer. —

Came directly last night to Mrs Lulls, where Mr Thomas Richmond is boarding, and we have good and pleasant quarters assigned us. — The family are very interesting comprising as it does some strange specimen of the genus hominum, a Dr Plosons of the magnetic persuasion is one of the boarders and is most certainly the best Representation of Egotism that I have yet seen — the rest of the folks are like other people, but he according to his own story is a second Savior. However, it is unfortunate for him that the rest of the world do not look upon it in the same light. — Darling is so glad as am I, that she has not to lecture to day, as the weather is exceedingly hot, and I doubt whether in her delicate condition now, she would be able to stand it. — Thank god our labors in this field are nearly over for this summer & we can soon go to our rest in our mountain home. —

Monday, July 16th 1866

Wrote yesterday to parties in Coldwater, Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor, and Detroit relative to Lecturing en route East. — Darling has been with me to day purchasing a

supply for a little darling who is soon we hope to bless our lives with its presence. — I say it as the gender is as yet undetermined. She finds lots of pretty things and has made a beautiful selection, and bless her precious soul & body, she takes such delight in providing for the coming wants of the Joy of our union & the embodiment of our Love. — God grant that our fond hopes may be fully realized & that the beautiful being that is to crown our lives and love with all that it now needs to make them perfect, may be as we dream —and that no harm or accident may befall either of my darlings. — It is fast approaching the time when we must be at home, and we cannot much longer linger upon the road, as she must have rest, quiet, and that constant attention and good nursing that will perfect her in all of her glorious attributes. —

Tuesday, July 17th 1866

We feel somewhat surprised that we have not seen or heard from some of the members of the Committee who were the chief Instruments of our coming to this place. — They certainly show a considerable spirit of imbecility and embarrassment in not informing us of the cause, at least of the sudden change in their programme and the backing out of all their promises and agreements.

Dolly and myself have been talking over matters and we have concluded to have a Lecture here at any rate—and have determined upon Friday night—so that the Society of Spiritualists can assist or recognize as they please, it is a matter of perfect indifference to us. — The people shall have one more opportunity of hearing my darling, as I know she has many friends here & they do not wish to be bound by the restricted action of a hidebound Committee. —We called upon Mr [Stevens

Sanborn] Jones, the Editor of The R[eligio] P[hilosophical] Journal this morning and enjoyed a very pleasant interview. Discussed the publication of Darling' Lectures & he is very anxious to bring out the work. —

Wednesday & Thursday, July 18th & 19th 1866

We had a very pleasant circle here last evening. — Darling's friend Mrs Hoffman, Mr Richmond & Miss Lull & ourselves were present. Mr Lincoln controlled Mrs Lull, and gave us one of his characteristic communications. I do not think that I ever saw a better impersonation. He requested us to go and call upon his wife— stating that although externally she did not support Spiritualism still, that she was deeply interested & would welcome us warmly. — Shannie then came through my love and entertained us in her delightful manner for a long time. — Dr [Benjamin] Franklin also explained in answer to a question, the difference between Electricity & Magnetism — stating that the former was the time for the element in its crude state, but that as it advance through the mineral, vegetable, animal & finally ultimated in the human, it became respectively mineral, vegetable, animal & human magnetism.

Engaged Music Hall this morning for darling Friday night & advertised the same in all the city papers. — Called upon Mr. Wadsworth, one of the Editors of The R.P. Journal & had a pleasant interview. — Talked over the matter of Publication of Lecture with Mr Jones & find that we shall have to supply the means for the publication, as he says that the Establishment has not sufficient capital to warrant the attempt. — He believes that some of our spiritual friends would willingly assume the work & furnish the means, as he says there is no doubt at all but that the work would sell & be a great success. — It will take \$3000 to bring out the first 2000

volumes, then the plates & all will be paid for & the balance of the issue will be the profit. — In accordance with this idea, we have to day written our friends Mr Stagg & Beyer of St Louis, who are men of means —and made them a proposition. — Shannie came yesterday & told me that it would be a great success. Dolly and myself were somewhat disappointed, as we had worked ourselves up into the belief that the Journal association would take the work & bring it out, without any further effort on our part.— Still it is undoubtedly better for us pecuniarily, that it should be managed by ourselves —the only difficulty will be in finding a person or persons who have the spare money to invest. — We visited our friend Mrs Hoffman last evening and darling was quite unwell, & is so from the change of weather, so that she is almost sick abed this morning —but I think my careful nursing & love will bring her out all right, soon.

Friday, July 20th 1866

Night before last we met at Mrs Hoffmans. Mrs Cone, an old friend of Dolly's and a very successful Homeopathic Physician. She has carved her way out in this city against all sorts of opposition & abuse until she stands now pre-eminent in her profession. I like this, as it is another practicalization of woman's powers, and goes far to place woman in her proper position & to secure for her the recognition by the other sex of those rights which are inalienable & god given. The success of Madame Cone is however not attributable to the medicines that she administers, but to the splendid magnetism with which she is endowed. — This she will not yet admit, but it is patent to all who understand the Philosophy of this wonderful agent.—

Secretary Dennison of The P. O. Department & Speed of The Atty General's office

have resigned their positions in Mr Johnson's Cabinet—so the fight has indeed commenced in their own ranks. — Congress talks of adjournment, but the people begin to see, as was predicted by [Theodore] Parker through Dolly last month in Washington, that it would be unsafe for them so to do, as let Congress adjourn & Mr Johnson would soon call the new one together & recognize the southern Rebels as a part of the same—but I hope it will adjourn & that such a Programme will be carried out, & then comes the Revolution that we all want and pray for which will in its struggle set the bondsmen indeed free & make America a model Republic. —

Saturday, July 21st 1866

Well the Lecture last night was a splendid effort on the part of Darling, but on the part of the audience a decided failure. — The citizens of Chicago are either very indifferent to Spiritual matters or else there was an insufficient notice. — I spent enough, God knows, in advertising that & the Hall netting some \$70 —and the income at the door realizing but \$29 —so that we have given the people here a magnificent address and paid them \$40 to come and listen to it. — This may suit some, but in our decidedly adverse pecuniary condition, it don't pay —& we shall not indulge in any more such expensive luxuries. —

The theme chosen by the Influences was "The Moral material & Spiritual Influences of to day & their effect upon this nation in the present & future" and it was splendidly handled — treating of the political, Religious, and moral conditions of our people & country and prophecy as from their standpoints what the future would be. — It was very satisfactory & after the conclusion a beautiful Poem was given upon the same theme. — The chorus of the Society very kindly volunteered

their services and gave us some exquisite music, a daughter of ex gov Tallmadge being the chief performer. —

Rec'd letters to day from cousin E Sampson wishing us to visit Ypsilanti & Ann Arbor, also letters from Sturgis , Coldwater, & Detroit — We shall go to Sturgis, or rather South Bend, tomorrow night, Coldwater Tuesday evening, and Detroit next Sunday. —

Sunday, July 22nd 1866

Shannie has given the following poems to different friends during the last week.

Mrs. Hoffman:

The breath of the rose is wondrous sweet
 And filleth the heart with delight.
 The lily so calm and pale doth greet
 With a power of purity's might.
 And the flowers that bloom in the garden fair,
 On the terrace and parterre,
 Fill the eye with delight, & with fragrance the air
 For joyous to make them dear.
 But the silence of forest, & valleys tells
 Of a flower of mystical name,
 Of the rare and fabled Asphodels
 That bloom with the poets' fame,
 Of the musk-rose scouting the tropical breeze

And the wild & wondrous vine
 Whose delicate drops like the past frost flowers freeze
 And around the dark forest trees twine.
 But deeper & deeper in some lone []
 Alluring the soul by the sense,
 An odor of purest & sweetest excess
 Such delightful & rare recompense,
 Like a soul that poureth all of its riches alone
 On the altar of one secret shrine,
 So of wealth of constancy this is the tone,
 And "Jessamim" sweet is thine.

To Mr. Hoffman

Some hearts then be, whom sorrows' power
 Forevermore controls
 Who thro' each dark & joyless hour
 Still [] wound their souls.
 The woes & griefs which one by one
 Have darken'd life's bright day
 Until of joys' refulgent sun
 They see no gleaming lay
 And then in feet which press the thorns
 Delighting in the pain

Who love the dull & clouded morns

The darkness & the rain.

Who fold their woes within their heart

And tread time's darken'd shore.

Their sorrows cannot thence depart

But linger evermore.

But then on souls as light as air

As joyous as the Spring

Who bask but in the sunshine rare

And all their sorrow fling,

With tossing hand—e'en as the []

Doth joyous pour its song,

Tho's shadows hover like a dream

They do not tarry long.

Then, in thy spirit there's a light

Which ever guides thy way,

Thou see'st only what is bright,

The shadows may not stay.

In these the suffering which []

Thou seek'st not to define

The soul which grief & woe embalms,

"The Star of Hope" is thine.

Monday, July 23rd1866

To Miss Wilson

The dew drop on the flower bright
Reflects the beams of morning light
The placid lake doth slumbring lie
Bearing the image of the sky.
Yet still the dew drop doth unfold
A light within itself untold
And in the waters is a charm
Of power, where ruffled by the storm
And then are gems whose mysteries
Are still in hidden prophecies,
Enfolded in the caves of Earth
Still waiting for the [] mouth
To be revealed--& there their light
Is filled with beauty, truth & might.
Thy spent still bath little thought
Of all the rays from Heaven caught.
But still the loveliness combines
With drop gathering in Earthly mines
Reflecting borrowed light today,
But holding still the mystic ray.
Which shall at last true [] produce

The beautiful "Opal" is thy name.

Shenandoah.

Left Chicago this morning for our route through Michigan —were disappointed in getting away this morning consequently cannot reach Sturgis in time for this evening's lecture. A glorious thunder storm last night—the lightning was magnificent. It is estimated that 1/16th of all the water that falls in one year fell in one hour last night—it was a stunner.

Tuesday, July 24th 1866 _____ Coldwater, Michigan

Took a sleeping coach from Chicago last night and reached Coldwater Mich at 4 o'clock this morning. — Upon taking our berth, Dolly discovered, or rather felt, something crawling across her face. — Therefore, taking up the pillow she saw several of those unmentionable bugs that infest public beds —& in consequence our sleep was out of the question for the balance of the night & we arrived at this place feeling anything but refreshed. —

Found upon our arrival that the gentleman Mr E. G. Fuller, who was to have announced Dolly for this evening thro' the press & otherwise—had failed to do anything in the matter. Consequently I hunted up Mr N. T. Walman, the only live man of the Spiritualists that I have seen in this place, & he went to work with me & we soon had posters out, and the church prepared for action. — About a corporal's guard gathered at night and Darling gave one of the best Lectures that I ever listened to —but it was outrageous that so few should have listened to its divine

principles. The subject was selected by the audience & was "What good the teachings of the Christian Religion under Calvinistic [sic] interpretation. —

Wednesday, July 25th 1866 _____ Ypsilanti, Michigan

To Mrs Cone.

There are hidden mines of secret worth
 Concealed in the depths & caves of Earth
 There are wondrous pearls of beauty found
 In the caverns & rocks of the sea profound.
 The mountains conceal these precious gems
 That shall sparkle at last in Diadems.
 There are spirits whose [] of thought & love
 But wait for a magical hand to move.
 Some kindly & searching eye to light.
 The caverns where gleam these gems so bright
 And amid the sorrows & struggles of life
 To find out the gems 'mid the waters of strife.
 And there is a spirit to struggle & give
 The strength & the courage to dare & to live
 To comfort the erring, to uplift the weak
 And words of true sympathy ever to speak.
 A light & a power ever to impart
 To the [] & fainting, a power of heart.
 And for thine own spirit a purpose to gain

True knowledge & wisdom to seek & attain
 For beneath thy strong spirit, life's burdens & toils
 Sink down—& no shadow thy power despoils
 For deep in thy soul is a fountain of youth
 And its waters are guarded by "the Eye of Truth."

Shenandoah.

Chicago July 22nd 1866.

Shook the dust of Coldwater from our rejoicing feet—took the Mich. R.R.
 and proceeded on our way. Changed cars at Adrian, then at Jackson, & arrived
 at our good cousin's Mrs Sampson at Ypsilanti early in the morning. —

Thursday, July 26th 1866

Are enjoying a splendid time at our cousins. — Mr & Mrs Sampson are some of
 the choice ones of earth and in their Paradise of a home they make us as happy as
 the inhabitants of that fabled region. —

To Mrs. Robinson

The gardens are filled with rarest flowers
 That scent with their breath the maidens' bowers
 They climb over lattice & palace wall
 And their lovely petals on marble walks fall
 The cottage is hidden with blossoming vines
 The trellis is loaded with fragrant woodbines.
 And each lovely flower hath beauty so rare

That no mortal can name the most lovely & fair.
 The forests are filled in each valley & glen
 Far away from the sight & the presence of men,
 There the violet droops its blue eyes in a dream,
 And the narcissus blooms by the murmuring stream.
 There are flowers her too for beauty & finer,
 More perfect than those of the garden & bower.
 With healing & balm for the wounded in heart,
 Doth the "Wild Thyme" [] its power impart.

Shenadoah.

Chicago, July 22nd 1866.

Friday & Saturday, July 27th & 28th 1866

Darling addressed the people of Ann Arbor last night and to their entire satisfaction. This is "the Athens" of the West, the Michigan State University being located in this place, and of course our audience was composed of the lettered gentry to a great extent, who inhabit these regions. — Professor [Thomas McIntyre] Cooley, the head of the Law Department, the mayor of the city, & one of the Supreme Court Judges, were placed on The Committee, all skeptics. — They announced the Political effects of The Present war in Europe. — The address that followed was splendid —thoroughly mastering & exhausting the subject so much so that at the conclusion the committee had no questions to ask. The Influences stating that this war was the beginning of Revolution in Europe which would ultimate in a

confederation of the German provinces to a German States, which would afterwards result in a Republic of Germany. — After the Lecture, the same committee announced “The Battle of Sadowa” for the theme of a Poem —and a glorious effort followed, entirely satisfactory to the committee & audience. — After the address, we went to our hosts, Mr & Mrs Volland, who live in good style. — Met Uncle John West & Aunt Prudence.

Sunday, July 29th 1866 _____ Detroit Michigan

To Mr [Thomas] Richmond

Searching amid the hidden mines of thought
 For knowledge, by the voice of Nature taught.
 Striving to gain the far off mountain height
 Where gleam the splendors of Truth’s endless light.
 Watching the dawning of that brighter day
 When Earth shall see the pure & endless ray
 Of God’s great love.

Pressing with feet so weary [] & sore
 Over the rocks & thorns on Time’s bleak shore,
 Pausing beside the boundless surging sea
 Which onward rolls from Heaven eternally.
 Thro’ shadows of deep care & woe conveyed
 Until deep patience doth thy heart pervade,
 Like that above.

Watching the golden links each one unroll

Binding each child of Earth to one great soul
 Solving the mystery of pain & Death
 Within the light of that calm angel's breath
 She sails with shining wings of Prophecy
 To bear the weary spirit to the sky

Freed from cold Earth.

Triumphing over sin & pain & wrong,
 Knowing that suffering shall make all strong,
 The spirit thro its path of life so strange
 Waiteth in patience for the welcome change
 Which shall unbind it from its mortal chains
 And bid it in its own true light remain—

“Sunshine of Worth.”

Shenandoah.

Came on to Detroit from Ypsilanti last evening —our good friend Mr Lewis,
 Editor of The Western Rural published in Detroit, meeting us in the evening.
 Stopped at The Russell House, an excellent Hotel. - This morning darling lectured
 upon a subject given by a Committee, “The Spiritual mediums of The Bible” and very
 satisfactorily! The questions at the conclusion were admirably answered, especially
 one by a skeptic —“where is Hell, according to the Spiritualist philosophy.” — The
 Influence replied that we are told in the bible that the kingdom of heaven was within
 us & that it was a fair inference that its opposite was likewise in Humanity.

At the morning service we met Mr Beyer of St Louis, who was equally with ourselves glad to meet again. — He called to see us in the afternoon & said that himself & Mr Stagg had concluded to take charge of darling's new book & bring it out if we desire. — We talked the matter all over & concluded to place the matter in their hands & let them bring it out, their eastern or western publisher as they might decide. —

In the evening, the audience left the subject to the influences & they spoke gloriously for over an hour upon "The relations of Infinite law to the Finite." The subject of the Poem given by the Committee was "Andrew Johnson our President" & the Poem was a magnificent description of his perfidy & infamy. —

Monday, July 30th 1866 _____ Waterville, Ohio

Left Detroit this morning & took cars for Toledo, arriving there at 12 o'clock, called upon brother but did not find him at home. — Then came up home to Waterville by the evening train finding mother & my glorious little boy well and rejoiced to see us. Darling is much better than when we left here six weeks ago and I am happy in her love and Joy.

Poem by Shannie to Miss Lull of Chicago.

The morning sun is often clouded o'er

Before it reaches noon,

The glory of the radiant golden door

Is hidden soon—too soon.

But a light ever gleams in the far off sky

Tho' tis veiled by the clouds, still it shineth on high.

The hopes of you, like early blossoms fall

Withered by care & woe
 And o'er the loved ones form is spread the pall
 The end of life below.
 But the hope, like the flower will return once again
 Once the spirit & eternity lights up the plain.
 No more so dark, no cloud so dense & drear.

But thou dost see the way.
 Lead in the spirit thro' all doubt & fear,
 Into the dawn of day
 And at once full of beauty & goodness e'er saith
 Thou art led by the glorious "Star of Faith."

Shenandoah.

Chicago, July 23rd 1866.

To Miss Lull.

There are birds of beauty & birds of song
 Sweeping o'er summer breezes along.
 Upheld by plumage of gorgeous dyes
 Reflecting the light of the morning skies.
 There are birds in each leafy bower & tree
 Who warble from their sweet []
 And flutter so gaily around the warm nest

When the mate & the birdlings are folded in rest.
 There are birds that dwell ever mid tropical seas
 Where the perfume of orange is borne in the breeze
 And some that flit ever from island & shore
 To follow the footsteps of Spring ever more
 But one bird remaineth with voice tones sweet
 Near the roof & the hearthstone where loved ones meet
 Breathing only its accents to ears tuned by loved
 And the name of this bird is "The Meek-eyed Dove."

Shenandoah.

Chicago, July 22nd 1866.

Wrote to New Orleans this P.M. requesting my friends there to put
 me on the Louisiana delegation to the Loyal Union men of the South's
 convention which comes off at Philadelphia next September. —Also wrote
 Uncle John West.

We have been discussing the idea this afternoon of taking Wally home with us
 as mother intends breaking up housekeeping this fall. I would like much to have him
 with me, but do not believe that mother will make up her mind to part with him —
 he is her all now.

Wednesday, August 1st 1866

Went down to Perrysburgh [Ohio] yesterday and procured bills announcing Dolly to speak here Saturday night in the Methodist church. —

Saw by the Cincinnati papers that the loyal convention of 1864 of Louisiana had attempted to meet again. They did meet, when they were attacked by the mob of Hellhounds incited on by the city officials and Confederates in position, and over a hundred negroes were killed —the members of the Convention arrested by the Police and taken to the lock up, and Dr Dostie, the President of the body, killed—murdered — as he was attempting to escape from the House. — Gov Hahn was shot in the head & many others wounded. — The riot was a terrible expression of the Policy of President Johnson and just the work that suited the hellish Confederates. — Would to god that I might have been there. I should have been in that convention, although I might have lost my life—it would have been one more to fight in the cause of Humanity and Right. This is the Commencement of the Coming Conflict, & is the first blow of the contest which shall 'ere it be completed, sweep every vestige of Slavery from our midst, and make [].

Thursday, August 2nd 1866

Wrote Gov Hamilton of Texas yesterday and endorsed the call for a Convention of loyal Union men of the south, which is to be held in Philadelphia the first Monday in September. — I shall be at that Convention as a delegate from my state of Louisiana, and we hope there to found a structure which shall, 'ere it be completed, shelter every American citizen beneath its broad dome. —

George Cooper, Dicky Pray [niece] & Susan [sister] up to mother's this afternoon visiting. Shannie came last evening and gave them all appropriate

names. At the solicitation of Dr Bray & others, Darling has concluded to give the benighted citizens of this place a lecture and Saturday night is selected for the purpose.

My precious wife, boy and mother are all together and with me once more, and it is indeed a happy reunion. We are taking solid comfort in this happy home and only wish that we could remain longer, but we have a few more weeks labor to perform 'ere rest and quiet can be indulged in. — Our expenses have been so large during this trip that we are not ahead as we anticipated. We must make further efforts to provide for the final [] that we anticipate.

Friday, August 3rd 1866

Visited Dr Pray & family and took dinner with them. — Wrote to Corry [Pennsylvania] yesterday making arrangements for a lecture next Wednesday night upon the Political Condition of the Country. Made a beautiful frame for mother's picture. —

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, August 5th, 6th & 7th 1866

Poem given Sunday Evening July 1st 1866 in St Louis at the conclusion of the lecture.

Adown the swift stream of Time's darkened dream

Float two Gonfalons of Fate.

And borne by the tide, two strange spirits glide

With wondrous power & state;

One strange fearful bark, beneath banners so dark,

With crosses of human bones.

The other is bright, with four ensigns of white,

And moveth to music's low tones.

Yet forevermore, as they pass by the shore,

Speaks a voice from turret & wall,

"The mills of the gods grind slowly

But they grind exceeding small."

When the trumpet of war giveth thunders afar

The curse of Oppressions' breath,

The dark vessel doth glide to the Tyrant's side

And revels in Carnage & Death.

And it crowdeth its hold with rich treasures [],

With curses and blood and despair,

While the strange ship of light beareth love breathings white

The last sound of the Patriot's Prayer.

Yet forevermore, as they pass the bleak shore,

Speaks a voice from turret & wall,

"The mills of the gods grind slowly,

But they grind exceeding small."

For the Dark ship doth wail, when a maiden too late

In the 'trysting bower' hath staid.
For with false vows & snares, the perfumed one bears
The friend's trophy—a fond heart betrayed.
And the dark ship doth send all its crew to attend
To place her on shame's burning scroll.
But the bright ship is there & a spirit so fair
Hath rescued the maiden's pure soul.
Still forevermore, as they pass by the shore,
Speaks a voice from turret & wall,
"The mills of the gods grind slowly
But they grind exceeding small."

The dark shadow hath neared—a grand temple reared
Where justice & mercy are found.
Where for crime & for shame, a man loseth his name,
And in cells with cold iron is bound.
Yet one judge so staid, hath a maiden betrayed
One juror hath filched a true name,
And each one hath sold his fair honor for gold
Or trampled a soul down for Fame.
Yet forevermore as they pause by the shore
Speaks a voice from turret & wall,
"The mills of the gods grind slowly,

But they grind exceeding small.”

To their presence is brought a poor wretch who was caught

“He hath stolen” & Justice complains.

And he now must abide what the Court may decide

Of punishment, torture & pains.

And the Dark ship draws near, the decision to hear,

“Guilty” is he, who bows low his head.

But the spirit of light pauses there to indite,

“His poor babes were all starving for bread.”

And forevermore, as they pass by the shore,

Speaks a voice from turret & wall,

“The mills of the gods grind slowly,

But they grind exceeding small.”

And the Dark ship is seen where the miser so keen

Clutches ill-gotten hoardings of years.

The coins cast in the dies of the lone widow’s sighs

And unstamped with the orphans’ tears.

The dark banner doth fold the pale man & his gold.

And they float in the dark ship away.

But the spirit of light, with the banner of white,

[] to hear the poor lone mother pray.

Still forevermore, as they pass by the shore,
Speaks a voice from turret & wall,
“The mills of the gods grind slowly,
But they grind exceeding small.”

And upon the stream of Time’s dark turbid dream

These two strange ships near the sea,
Which doth open wide the pure endless tide,
Of God’s Great Eternity.

When with quicksand bound, the dark ship is found,

A wreck on life’s hidden shoals

All its cargo of woes to Oblivion goes,

But the spirit of light saves the souls.

Thus forevermore, as they pass by the shore,

Speaks a voice from turret & wall,

“The mills of the gods grind slowly,

But they grind exceeding small.”

Thus adown the stream of Time’s darkened dream

Float the Gonfalons of Fate.

And the strange fearful bark, with its banners dark,

Is the spirit of Human Hate!

While the fair ship of light, with its ensigns so white,

Like an albatross doth move.
 And its banners so free float eternally.
 Tis the spirit of Human Love.
 And forevermore, while it speeds from the shore,
 Speaks a voice from turret & wall,
 "The mills of the gods grind slowly
 But they grind exceeding small."

Thursday, August 30th 1866 Cuba, New York

Left Buffalo this morning and reached our beautiful cottage home this evening, pretty well tired out, but glad to again get home. — Darling has stood the summer siege splendidly —her health constantly improving. We have now come to this quiet retreat to mature our plans for the future and ultimate the rosebud that lies beneath her heart, to give our darling babe and its precious mama a few weeks of strong country air 'ere the trying period of maternity shall have arrived. — We have given the mother and child all the advantages that health, happiness and extended travel could to act upon the antenatal existence, & if baby is not a genius, it will not be because she has not had every advantage that could be given her.

But with our joy at finding our friends all well & glad to see us at home is mingled the sadness that comes from my intended trip to Philadelphia —The Convention of southern Loyalists meets next Monday & I must be there as a delegate from Louisiana. —

Brought Sammy Banks grandson of old Sojourner Truth with us to attend school and do the chores. —

Friday, August 31st 1866

On Wednesday night last, darling was influenced for the last time and delivered a splendid discourse upon the entrance into the spirit world of the late John Pierpont, the Poet, venerable sage & Philosopher, and Dean Richmond, the politician and man of the world. — The contrast was most striking —whereas Richmond entered “the hereafter” as a new born naked babe with all of his life to go over again, all experiences naught, and his earth existence a sham and failure— whereas Pierpont went to the angels, crowned with the laurels of a perfected earth existence, and ripe with the knowledge, experience and love of material life. — It was a grand discourse, delivered before a select audience in mother Maynard’s parlor—and closed with a beautiful poem. — Shannie has promised to give it to us.

Poor Mother Maynard is sad and lonely. Her husband, a good man, an officer of the government in connection with the Custom House, lost his life by a brutal attack of persons now unknown one evening a few months ago while attending to his official duties in an out of the way part of the town. — The Spirits have promised that the murderer shall be made known —& I believe they will. —

Saturday, September 1st 1866

Left my home, my darlings, & all last evening at 8 o’c bound for Philadelphia and the Convention of Loyal Southerners. — Having been delegated from my state Louisiana, I could not well forgo the opportunity of meeting my fellow copatriots, &

have accordingly made up my mind to suffer the misery of a few days separation from my beloved one. But it is a sadness next to death & could only be endured for a short time. — The consciousness of a speedy return to my precious ones is my only consolation. —

September 27th 1866

At 12:15 o'clock today, near the meridian, our darling little blue-eyed daughter first caught the light of God's sunshine, first breathed the breath of Earth's air, and gave to our anxious hearts, Joy and Gladness. — My precious darling wife is as well as could be expected, and has stood the siege of maternity most nobly —she is a brave glorious woman and has come out of the struggle with all the horrors of war. — Darling now is resting most sweetly and the tiny little rose bud, just expanding into existence, lies cuddled close to her heart, a most beautiful sight, a charming picture—mother and child.— “Little boots,” as we heretofore called her, has black hair and blue eyes, a remarkable and rare combination. Just what we both wanted —and we are so happy — our lives now have the connecting link—our love has a sweet embodiment—and our future such beautiful sunny prospects. Our hearts are too full for utterance, and only their glad pulsations can tell the joy and delight we experience. — God be praised, that our prayers have thus been answered —and our hopes realized —without the anguish & suffering that oftentimes accompanies such experiences. —

Tuesday, November 27th 1866 En route to Washington, D.C.

Oh, the agony, the intensity of misery and sadness in parting from the soul of my soul, in going from the loved sunlight of my existence, the snapping of heartstrings, the tearing asunder of those ties that bind so closely and so fondly our souls together. Going out cuts the darkness. The separation from my beautiful bonny darlings. Oh God, can there be greater suffering, and life preserved. Precious wife, and darling baby, why am I compelled to tear myself from thee, and wander in the trail of another pathway than the one thy smile illuminates & irradiates. Darling the tears that fell from our eyes, that came from our very souls last night, the misery of parting, are all intensified this morning. Draped the night in gloom, in trouble. I could not be reconciled to even a temporary absence, & I will not endure a long. No, I would rather live upon a crust, and live with most menial capacity, day by day, & hour by hour, than live in a palace and be deprived of my loved ones. The one would be Heaven, the other Hell, and it is indeed a Hades to me, to be without its sweet presence and tender love.

Wednesday, November 28th 1866 Washington, D.C.

Arrived here last evening, the most miserable & disconsolate fellow that ever lived — apart but a few hours from my darling wife & baby, but the heart felt as though it had endured almost an Eternity of separation. —
 “Beloved eye, beloved star Thou art so near, & yet so far.”

My soul feels its constant communion with their darling —but my heart pines and moans for its kindred one, and throbs to go out to the darling as if it would burst from the body. That sinking, horrible sensation that is known as homesickness

comes over me with all the intensity that my great love for my precious ones gives Cruel Fate—that forces me to go out into the world and denies me the companionship of my beloved. — But I will conquer. Darling. — I will not submit.

Why did I not wait a little longer. — The being present here immediately was not absolutely needful, & I regret so much that I did not wait longer. I find but few of the members here and not those I need to see—and my other business could have been postponed just as well. —

Wrote precious twice yesterday and mail this morning. Oh, the joy that I shall have in her sweet letters when they come. —

Came to board tonight at E St—no. 486. —

Thursday, November 29th 1866

The weather is so beautiful that I do want my darling here to breath its delicious fragrance and bask in its glorious sunshine—such splendid sunsets only a Virginia sky can produce. Oh darling, come to me, and drink in this joyous balmy air, 'til your souls is full. Joy, Joy, Joy, a precious sweet letter from my angel bride hath come to me and it fills my soul with such sweet sensations. I seem uplifted borne across the barren waste of separation & once again embrace my loved ones, fondle them closely in my arms, and drink [] kisses from their sweet lips. Oh my God, the joy of true affection, that love that is eternal, perfect knows no change. Such is ours & it makes me almost wild with happiness when [] thru' all Eternity—unchanging—illimitable—perpetual—only [] or it maturing—and proving more and more beautiful and complete. This is my Thanksgiving feast, that of love, and I drink from

the mellifluent font of thy heart, darling, until my soul is drunk with joy. This is my prayer, to thee, the Darling, the all of my life, the sum of my past, present & future.

Friday, November 30th 1866

Spent a portion of yesterday with Nellie & Julius. — They have a pleasant home and a sweet little boy. He reminds me of my darling little Etta —and their pleasant fireside with its presiding genius, of my dear precious wife. But it is a sad consolation & I shall never, never again consent to even a nights separation from my beloved — Why I cannot attend to my business—I do not seem myself—it is as though the best part of me was gone. My darling wife, we will never again consent to the suffering of such pain as comes to us in the absence of our selves. I do not think—conscious as I was of our joy— that I ever before knew, or fully realized the perfect absorption, the complete blending of my soul with that of darling's. Our constant association & possession of happiness caused us to shut our eyes in a measure to the completeness of our union & to the misery that lay all around us in the outer world, it made us in a measure selfish in our sunlight & we could see no clouds, no darkness, naught but of Heaven. But now, away from my love, I realize oh so fully, the exquisite love that is ours, that I find myself lost in wonderment, that I should have permitted myself to come without her sweet presence. — Even if we did find unpleasant material surroundings —better submit to all sorts of troubles, be they but earthly —than to endure the misery of the soul that absence engenders.—

Rec'd another precious letter from darling and have written her twice today. She writes me that she is sad and sorrowful. Oh how my heart yearns to go to them.

Saturday, December 1st 1866

No letter. My darling has not written me the words of sweet love, has not sent me the Joy that a few words would have bestowed. — O, what can be the cause, surely illness, else she could not have permitted a day to lapse without some token of recognition. — My heart is very sad, and I cannot throw off the sense of loneliness & gloom that overshadows me like a pall. - I sometimes think that it is not my destiny to cut & carve a pathway thru' the rugged difficulties that best me on all sides of material life. — That I was formed, that we were created for a different sphere, another scene of action—& that we cannot, will not, force away the great encumbrance that shut out worldly prosperity —and then again my soul says rush on—push forward, mortal—thy fate is yet to carve thy name high upon the rock of good deeds and noble labor—loiter not. — O, could we but read the future, then methinks we could move to the conflict or soften to the feast. —

Here I am sitting in my room —alone—and oh so lonely. — My thoughts turn to the loved ones of home and I sigh for them and their loving presence. O, that space and circumstance might be o'er come. I cannot endure this long. — I will await one more day, & then if no letter comes from my loved one, I will take the first train & fly to her arms and her embrace. —

Friday, February 22nd 1867 _____ Washington

Senator Howard & son present at our rooms. Cora was influenced and gave the following.

That Andrew Johnson had had interviews with Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Mr Lincoln when in Tennessee and before the Inauguration as vice President. That

Booth went to see him at Nashville. That Johnson wrote a letter to Jeff Davis, taking sides with the Rebellion and that such document was in existence & its date early in the commencement of the war. That in fact Johnson had corresponded with nearly all of the leaders of the Rebel side & that they understood and knew him to be their friend & not enemy. — That on the day of the assassination of Mr Lincoln, Booth and [George A.] Atzerodt both had interviews with Johnson and that Booths card was left merely as a blind. That Johnson knew the deed was to be attempted that night together with the assassination of all the Radical leaders in Washington. — That Mrs Surratt and her fellow conspirators had been unceremoniously and hastily put to death thru fear that they would reveal Johnson's complicity in the plot—and that already a sister of Surratt's had had an interview with him thru the assistance of Andrew Johnson and that she was authorized by Johnson to make such proposals as should prevent any revelation or confessions on his part which should criminate the President. But that the truth would in the end prevail—the whole plot would be revealed, and Johnson would suffer the full penalty of his crimes.

At the conclusion of the revelations, Senator Howard asked many questions bearing upon the subject of Andrew Johnson's crimes—and the answers, many of which were remarkably prophetic, all went to prove Johnson's knowledge and complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln. — At the conclusion, Shannie came and said that Miss Elizabeth Barrett Browning was present and would give a Poem —also that at an early day she intended giving a long Poem thru darling for publication. — Mr Howard then proposed the subject of "Love" and a beautiful poem was improvised. —

Saturday, February 23rd 1867

This morning "The Chronicle" reports that yesterday & once before, Miss Surratt, the sister of John Surratt, had an interview with him in the city Prison where he has been confined — thus corroborating what the Influences said last night. I also learned that the Judiciary Committee have succeeded in discovering the letter written by Johnson to Jeff Davis & that they have the same in their possession —and another communication is verified. We are promised full revelations and a perfect chain in the history of Johnson's crimes, whereby his guilt may be established. — Dined to day with Nellie & Julius. Spent the evening in our delightful and snug home. — My two darlings are very well and we are all so happy. —

Sunday, February 24th 1867

Learned this morning from Col Hinton that the Judiciary Committee not only have the Davis-Johnson letter, but that Col Baker took the same to the President's private secretary and concealing the contents, asked him if it was Johnson's signature.— He said it was. — Baker then gave his letter to the Judiciary Committee, since which time Baker has not been heard of and fear is entertained of foul play. —

Holland & Susie Richmond burst in upon us to day, having arrived from Buffalo last night. We were very glad to see them & they are coming up to spend the afternoon & evening with us. —

Monday, February 25th 1867

Darling wrote Uncle Simon relative to sale of place. She feels as tho' she had been abused by those who the least of all should act in such manner, but always

there's those for whom we do the most, thank us the least. — Received papers from Mr Hubbard with my correspondence published —with additional letter this morning. —

Tuesday, February 26th 1867

Nothing of interest happened to day. President Johnson has not yet sent in his vote.

Friday, March 1st 1867

Received this morning letter from Mr [] of Cuba enclosing mortgage for Dolly to sign. Had it executed and returned by the evening mail. I trust the pecuniary troubles that have lately invested us like so many persecuting demons, will now take unto themselves wings and flee from us.

This evening Senator Howard and son called upon us. Darling was Influenced the latter part of the call, and we rec'd the following —

That since the last seance, they had been tracing out the Johnson letter to Jefferson Davis & that they had learned from the lips of Booth himself that in December 1862 and January 1863, he (Booth) visited Nashville, Tennessee ostensibly as an actor, but in reality as a Confederate spy. That at that time he had a number of interviews with Andrew Johnson, who was then Governor of Tennessee. Such meetings were brought about by the means of the use of whisky—and from the fact that Booth knew Johnson secretly to be in sympathy with the Confederate cause, while he hated the Abolitionists & their party.

Booth then had interviews with Johnson during which each exchanged opinion freely, and Johnson wrote a letter to Jeff Davis in which he offered—for a

high consideration, viz a high position in the Confederacy—to turn Tennessee over to the Southern Confederacy. This letter Booth took to Jefferson Davis and then received it again into his possession, keeping it until about a year previous to his death, when he lost sight of it. — That Jefferson Davis would not accept Johnson's proposal, but told him to fight for them in the union. — That Johnson had also written letters to other prominent southern men, such as Breckinridge, Forrest and Jacob Thompson, and that that was the reason why he did not prosecute and try the leaders of the Rebellion—because they knew of his complicity in the crime. — That they thought such letter of Johnson to Davis was in one of two directions. That it was in existence twelve months ago and that they should trace in the direction of Col Baker the ex-detective of the war department, and a disreputable woman with whom Booth had been associated. — That they would give us further information soon. They again repeated that the sister of John Surratt had had repeated interviews with him and had borne messages to him from Andrew Johnson, telling him to refrain from implicating either Johnson or himself on the assassination plot, and he should escape punishment & receive a large reward. — That she had succeeded in inducing him to accept the arrangement and defy Congress and the Courts. — That Johnson was so deeply implicated in crime and so inextricably in complicity with the southern Rebellion that he would not, and dared not, act against them in any manner. — And that he accordingly would not execute any Bill of Reconstruction that was radical in its nature which Congress might enact into law.

That he would veto the present Reconstruction Bill. —

The Influence then closed with a thrilling and eloquent description of the Judgement that would be awarded Andrew Johnson upon his entrance into spirit life.

Saturday, March 2nd 1867

Moved into our new quarters to day and commenced boarding with Nellie Mott. Johnson sent in his veto message to the Reconstruction Bill this afternoon and it was almost immediately passed over his head by a two-thirds vote of the House—and the senate will probably complete the work to night. His Impeachment is now certain, as his last chance of compromise with Congress fails with this veto.

The Political excitement runs high again & I predict it will not cease until we have a new Executive. Ben Wade, glorious old radical veteran, was elected President of The Senate yesterday and he will be the next President of The U.S. & that at a not distant day. — I was in hope that our friend Howard would be the man, but his friends failed him. Senate passed Reconstruction Bill this evening. —

Sunday, March 3rd 1867

“Wilberforce” came to [] this morning and spoke at length upon the conditions of the country. He said —That Johnson would be impeached by the 40th Congress. That the south would assist him to resist such Impeachment and that he would thus bring on a civil war. — That we were doing great good by our presence and labor in the city, and that we must remain. — That the coming week would develop startling and important events, that we should be guarded & protected.

Monday, March 4th 1867

The 40th Congress have met, organized & adjourned, & that without any aid of Andrew Johnson or hindrance from his legions. — The galleries and floors were literally thronged, the gay and variegated dresses of the ladies most beautifully diversifying the scene and giving us an idea of what the Halls of Congress would look like when woman is endowed with her just attributes and enjoys the right of holding office, as well as the ballot. Colfax was elected speaker, and McPherson clerk, after which the members were sworn in. Colfax made a glorious speech and the vast audience applauded him to the echo, particularly when he enunciated any radical sentiments.

Thursday, March 7th 1867

The Republicans had a caucus last night at which they decided to refer the Impeachment matter to the Judiciary Committee. Butler and Logan wanted a special committee, but were voted down by the weak backed conservatives. Quite a spirited debate took place in which gentlemen did not hesitate to use strong terms. The caucus also decided to have a recess from Saturday to the 8th of May to give time for the Judiciary Committee to complete its investigations. In the House to day, the same arrangement was carried out, although Butler & others attempted again to have a new committee appointed. — Brooks & Fernando Wood of New York defended the President & such a []. He will have good reason to exclaim “God save me from my friends.” Thank God Congress is now in earnest, and it was plain to be seen to day from the determined, persistent action of the entire Republican wing, that the work of Impeachment would be unflinchingly carried out. — Ashby accused Johnson of

complicity in the assassination plot and claimed that the proof would yet be forthcoming to sustain the charge. —

Saturday, March 9th 1867

Senator Chandler informs me that he heard from reliable sources that Attorney General Stansbury told a Conservative Republican that should Congress adjourn. The President will immediately thereafter remove the present military commanders, appoint men of his own stripe, have them send in full delegations to Congress next fall upon the reassembling of the same, have them forced into Congress, if needful, under the leadership of Gen'l Meade, who will be brought here to command the army. This is decently reliable and fully corroborates what was given through Darling last month & in fact has been reiterated all along in her communications. — They begin to see now that the Influences told what was true and predicted likewise truth. —

Tuesday, April 7th 1867

Senator Howard & son, Gen'l Hawkins, Major Mackie, Mrs Merchant and Mrs Cheeseman of California assembled at our rooms last evening. After a very pleasant visit, darling was influenced and said —

That Surratt would be allowed to escape from his prison if so desired. That such was the work & intention of the President. That he knew of all that pertained to the conspiracy — and his mother had told him all she knew of the same. That Andrew Johnson had visited Booth at Mrs Surratt's house previous to the assassination of Mr Lincoln & met him in company with Mrs Surratt. That such knowledge was the cause of Johnson forcing her to such speedy execution. That Surratt was knowing to

sufficient to connect the President of complicity in the assassination plot, but that his mouth had already been closed by Mr Johnson's bribes. That Atzerodt visited Johnson frequently at his own rooms, as did also Booth. That the letter written by Andrew Johnson to Jefferson Davis in 1862 & 3, had been taken by Booth to Davis, then returned by Davis to Booth. He (Booth) then kept the same for some time, then left it in his coat pocket at the House of a woman who he was in the habit of visiting, & who bore the name of King. That she purloined the letter and afterwards gave it to Gen'l Baker's detective. Baker obtained possession of the same, then returned it to her, & it had passed since backwards & forwards a number of times. — That this woman was now in New York on Mott Street—her name was DeLancy. — That Baker corresponded with her and keeps her posted as to his whereabouts. That Baker had lately visited Washington & was employed by the President to suppress all evidence relative to the assassination plot. That the pages cut from Booth's diary was done by Andrew Johnson— that it was under the advice of the present attorney General, Stansbury. — That the Secretary of War knew of the contents of those pages & that they contained imputations and insinuations of Johnson's complicity in the assassination. — That The President would throw all the obstacles in his power in the way of the execution of the new Reconstruction act, in the way of removing all Radical Generals in command & by the use of the Supreme Court.

My name has been sent in to the President as U.S. Marshall for the state of Louisiana, the best position in the south. Senators Howard, Buckalew, Reverdy Johnson, Patterson, Representative Bingham, Gen'ls Rousseau, [] Meredith, Commager, & a host of Radical Senators & members of the House & it is said my

chances are most excellent. — Gen'l Herron is my strongest opponent, but he cannot be confirmed if he is appointed. Should I get this place, it would enable me to make a grand stand for the advancement of the colored people of my state and the establishment of Radical Reconstruction.

May 10th 1867

Learned today that I had been Recommended and nominated by Chief Justice Chase as Register under the Bankrupt Act for the 4th Dist. of Louisiana and my name sent on to the District Judge for confirmation. — I dreamed last night of finding gold and diamonds and Cora had the same dreams —so it is partially realized by this appointment. —

I am today thirty-two years of age, and this comes as a very acceptable birthday present. — It is difficult to determine just what it is worth, but it is considered a very valuable office. — So now we are off for Louisiana and prosperity street. — My darling wife and babe are very well and we are all very happy over our good fortune.

Wrote letter to the Express of Rochester yesterday and to N.O. Tribune putting my friend Senator Howard on the track for the next Presidency. — He is a true man & I should very much like to see him go through. — My fortune needs to be made, should he succeed. —

We have for the past few weeks been having some very pleasant seances at which the science of Spiritualism has been treated very acceptably. Mr & Mrs Cridge, Dr. [Dynointtitz], Mr. Lanes & others have been present & Mr Cridge has taken down the substance of the séance for incorporation in the book he will soon publish on the subject. In a few circles, we have recv'd from an ancient Chaldean who has been in

the spirit world over 2000 years the [] of the book and it has been intensely interesting. Although Mr Cridge will give due credit for the same & not appropriate, as is usually done, this valuable material as his own, as when we publish, one of these days, we do not desire to be accused of plagiarism, especially when it is our own material. Mrs. Cridge [] the other evening, predicting that I would get the appointment, that [] be made today, & that in three years I would come back to Washington as a member of Congress, that we would in a few days also would obtain the money for the sale of the place, concerning which we have the same [], and that when after success would attend upon us a great degree. Wrote letter to "the Express" of Rochester yesterday, and to "the Tribune," putting my friend, Senator Howard, on the track for the next Presidency. He is a true man, and I should very much like to see him go through. My fortunes needs be made, should he succeed.

Darling was influenced by Theodore Parker last night & he said —

The future seems on the surface very fair, clear, bright, but it is very rotten beneath. There are in your political & moral atmosphere the elements of a great conflict. We have foreseen it for months and years. It has approximately broken out on one or two occasions, but the time is not yet ripe. — The fuse leading to the store of ammunition in our minds is not yet commenced. — Though the coward in the White House would have ignited it 'ere this, but he had'nt the courage—conscience burns even bad men at times and conscience and cowardice have kept him back—not conscience for the things he is to do, or is doing publicly, but conscience for things which he knows and has done. — If Lincoln had not been assassinated, if Mrs

Surratt had not been hung, if Jefferson Davis was not a prisoner of state, if John Surratt was not a prisoner of state, if he was tried and executed, or tried and not executed, if there were not things in the air that whispered to Andrew Johnson that his secrets are known—he might do something. —He [Parker] suspects that there is a telegraph between two worlds—he suspects that the dead speak & that a secret thus buried may yet be resurrected, therefore he does not act. — Had Mr [] diplomacy succeeded as well as he anticipated—had not the north overwhelmingly & contemptuously divided him, he might have done something—had he not have been marred by what has been said, that more might be said, he would have done something. What he now does is with a veil over his face and closed eyes, that men may not read his soul under the guise of friendliness to all parties, but with a secret hand grasp with Rebels. — Jefferson Davis knows he will never be executed, or even tried. — John Surratt knows he is safe within his prison walls, and all this because somebody chanced to hear that Mr Johnson was not sick on the night of the assassination, and not unconscious that it was about to occur—and somebody happened to know that he of all others was most anxious that it should succeed. The Judiciary Committee is on the track of circumstantial evidence. — Wilson of Iowa has been tampered with, but these things will come to light for Justice, though slow is sure.

May 15th 1867 _____ Waterville, Ohio

Left Washington this evening on 6 o'clock train for New Orleans via Ohio. — Reached Waterville Friday morning after a somewhat tedious Rail Road trip. — Found mother, Wally, and all of our family delighted to see us. Baby is a great pet,

and we are indeed taking solid comfort. — Home is indeed pleasant and we enjoy its delightful shades and calm streets —but it is but for a brief period. We must soon be up and off again for work and a hot clime.

May 23rd 1867

Left Home this morning for New Orleans.

May 29th 1867 _____ New Orleans, Louisiana

Reached this city this morning at 5 o'clock. Came down the Mississippi on the steamboat Ruth, & have had a delightful passage. — The weather is somewhat different from that of the north & we do not find thin clothes at all uncomfortable. Darling wife is delighted with the country & I trust now that health and prosperity may be accorded us. — Took rooms on Canal St. —and tomorrow shall proceed to business.