

before you again, only that I incidentally learned that our excellent Dr. Hitchcock, has taken back from Roanoke other papers relating to the same subject, which will doubtless be laid before you, and as I have an entirely different boon to crave, I find it necessary to speak.

I derive your Excellency's permission to go to Roanoke. I should have preferred my request weeks earlier, but I am called home to witness the last hours of my old Soldier father, who is wearing out the remnant of an oak and iron Constitution. Seasoned and tempered in the wild wars of "Mad Anthony". - His last tale of the Red Man is told, - a few more Guns, and the old Soldiers weary march is ended, - Honorably discharged, - he is journeying home, -

With this, my highest duties close, and I would fain be allowed to go and administer comfort to our brave men, who put life and limb in defence of the priceless boon the fathers so dearly won.

If I know my own heart, I have none but right motives. I ask neither pay or praise, simply a soldier's fare and the sanction of (your Excellency) to go and do with my might, whatever my hands find to do.

In General Burnside's noble Command are upwards of forty young men who on former days were my pupils*

I think I am safe in saying that I possess the entire confidence and respect of every one of them. For the Officers, their signatures are before you.

If my request appear unreasonable, and must be denied, I shall submit, patiently, ~~though~~ sorrowfully, but, trusting, hoping better things. I beg to subscribe myself

With the Highest Respect

Yours

Clara H. Barton

* I am glad to know that somewhere they have learned their duty to their country, and have come up neither cowards, or traitors.