

dence of her kindness of heart and of her strong feeling for family relationships and the neighborhood of her youth. An addendum to her copy of the letter recorded Captain Moffitt's death in 1882.

An inquiry directed to Mrs. Edith Riccius King brought illuminating comment on the Moffitt and Fitts families. The Barton and Riccius families were friends of the Moffitts over several generations. A daughter of Hiram Moffitt, Mary Lucy (who later married Reuben Williams), "was a pupil of Clara's in school and a very dear friend, also. When an epidemic of smallpox broke out in Oxford, Clara, Mary Lucy, and Julia Porter Barton (Clara's sister-in-law) nursed the stricken members back to health." Mrs. King added: "Clara corresponded with Mary Lucy as long as Mary lived, and asked my mother, Ida B. Riccius, to correspond with the daughter [Nella Williams Gammon] . . . After my mother died, I carried on the correspondence with Nella."

The "old Uncle Daniel" in Clara's letter was not her own uncle, but a man commonly so known. He was the grandfather of Clara's childhood playmate and lifelong friend, Nancy Fitts, daughter of John Fitts.

Dansville, Livingston Co., N.Y.  
August 3, 1879

Capt. Hiram Moffitt,  
Beloit, Wisconsin  
My esteemed friend:

Several days ago I received a letter from your son Otis in Providence, and telling me of you. I need not say that I was glad to hear of you, and especially of your welfare,—that you retained your strength and activity so remarkably. It seems almost like a word from my own father, for you are so associated with him in my memory, that I could not separate you from him in my thoughts. My recollections of you go back to the days when my father lived on the place he built up among the woods and hills of North Oxford, with John Fitts for a neighbor, (indeed old Uncle Daniel was living then) and you built a piece of wall along the road that ran from one place to the other,—you boarded at our house, and I used to go to tell you when dinner was ready to have you pick me up and carry me back to the house. I was probably about five years old and I can see every one of you as plainly as I saw you then. *You*, the tallest and strongest of them all. *My father*, not a *weak* man, strong-featured, determined, jolly, and full of

politics. My *mother*, fine-looking, ambitious, and full of work, always two days in one. My great hearted grand brother *Stephen*, just coming into manhood, strong as a young giant, and quick as a panther. My tall, dark-haired sister *Dolly*, so bright, so scholarly, so promising, and so early blighted. My fair, beautiful sister *Sally*, lovely as a summer morning, and never so lovely as she was good and womanly. And *your* brother, *Otis*, merry, genial, tall, straight, ruddy and handsome,—all seem to come and stand about me just as they were then, and yet, the footsteps are noiseless, the voices have no sound, and the places they filled in the heart are vacant and lonely, and tender and sore. Of all this group of strength and life there are left only you, my white-haired brother *David* and I. I wish we three were together this calm, summer Sunday morning to talk it all through and live over the past. I have not seen *David* in three years, since I left Massachusetts for this place, but they tell me he enjoys fair health, I presume he is not as strong as you.

My health is gaining. I have had several very feeble years, but am getting stronger now. I came to this town forty miles due south of Rochester in May 1876 for the benefit of a medical Institution that is located here. I have gained slowly, but have had no cause to regret coming. I am not connected with the institution, do not reside in it, but have my own home, and keep house. I have generally some friend with me. I have tried very hard to persuade *David* that he had better come and stay a year with me, more or less, but have never been able to uproot him from North Oxford, and his own home. I think he would come if he hadn't got his roots so twisted in among those old cobble stones and the ledges on Rocky Hill.

*Otis* writes me that you intend to make a visit East this fall. If you do can you not make it in your way to stop and see me? I am only a few hours south of Rochester on a branch of the Erie R.R. that runs only to this place. I cannot tell you how glad, how more than glad I should be to welcome you to my home. The President of the United States could not do me so much honor by visiting me as could you, the remembered of my childhood, the friend of my father and brothers, my mother and my sisters, the loved and the lost.

If you should come East, and should think you could stop to see me, please let me know in plenty of time to so arrange my plans as to be at home, for if business had called me away, I should surely come home to meet you. . . .

With the truest respect, I am  
Affectionately,  
Clara Barton