Amita of a black boy or the "Little Lamb"
Stories for children
Original manuscript

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A visit of a black boy - or the 'Little Champ'.

**Wonderful Development**

One day during the fall of 1861, while the army of General McClellan was encamped along the Potomac, my camp occupied a position in front of the Fairfair Seminary; it was named by General E. A. Summer who had been recently come from San Francisco, 'Camp California.'

As some soldiers were one day returning to the camp from a visit to Alexandria, a queer little black boy at first escaped their notice, followed them to the camp. It was near night when he was first discovered among the tents, and as there was no one present to find, claim or recognize him. The discovery of this peculiar specimen of human dignity had done some good or bad, for which they had no immediate care, they...
Mansfield to P. The head was not have been more man 4 years of age.

I have often admired Mrs. Stone's description of "Topey." Nearing a few years and substituting boy for girl and you have a fair portraiture of our mite. Mrs. Stone says: "She was born of the blackest of her race. Her round shining eyes, glittering as glass beads, moved with quick and restless glances over everything in the room. Her mouth half open with astonishment at the wonder. displayed a white & brilliant set of teeth. The expression of her face was an odd mingling of shrewdness and cunning over which was oddly drawn, like a kind of veil, an expression of the most dolenced gravity & solemnity. She was dressed in a single dirty ragged garment, made of bagging. Altogether there was something odd & goblin-like.
about her appearance—something, as Mrs. Ophelia afterward said, "so heathenish," as to inspire that good lady with utter chagrin; and turning to St. Clare she said, "Augustine: what in the world have you brought that being here for?"

"Another"

Imagine just such a black specimen, with the bright-eyes, hair curled tight over his round head; "add a curious indescribable expression of face, so restless as not to keep still a moment. A single tattered gray garment hanging to his shoulders, with plenty of evidence that he had never been subject to water, comb or brush. And you know a picture of little Tommy "Tom," as he termed it in my yard that first night.

"What's your name?" "Tommy!" "Sam!"

"Tommy what?" "Oh, oh, Tommy!"

"Where's your papa?" "Papa's awone!

"Where's your Mamma?" "Ah, Mamma, Mamma, Mamma!"

He stood (probably stupid or silly) Tommy. As soon as his wife shipped began to chase a dog that appeared near the open front of the tent, and to clap his hands & scream..."
with delight as his dog scampered away a few yards, as his house had burned at the house past, as he had almost driven an a bustling cake of which he was half.

And we could find nothing from Nickel or our inquiries afterward in the town men of us about. She child never cried from homesickness and seemed completely happy, made her present for his prank, which must feed of mischief.

I sent for Abraham Henry Johnson near our house.

Johnson was one of those black men of his old time. He was very black and thing.

Brought up in a Virginia family of standing, he never had a teacher. He had somehow learned to read and write. He used excellent language in conversation and our messmates always said of him:

"Johnson never forgets himself, he is a natural gentleman." He was also a man about.

"Well, Johnson," I said, "here's a queer little fellow, take him. I see what you can do with him. I will get him a suit of
Clothes tomorrow in Alexandria & set on foot some inquiries about him. Meanwhile wash him up, give him his supper & a place to sleep.

"Yes sir, it shall be done as His Excellency directs. I fear it will require a quantity of soap, sir!"

Johnson gave a grave smile as he took the little fellow by the hand & led him off. Indeed it was not an easy job. When I met him Jem's hair was cropped close to his face. He had been "scrubbed & scrubbed" as Johnson said. Then Johnson had wrapped him in a light blanket & was trying in his grave style to reason with the boy to make him sit or lie down. I had kept my promise. I bought the clothing & soon Jimmy arrived off in great glee, clapping his hands & dancing, bawling on his new gray suit. The soldiers played with him as with a little monkey. He was afraid of nobody & obeyed everybody.

-Henry Johnson. He was common
called "This little snippet, or by his more kindly
name found."

After a week or so, I noticed that he often
helped Johnson or Mr. Cooking and
did for him many little chores such as
a little child could do. I believe Johnson
never struck him or was cross to him
but he gained an ascendency over him
and taught him.

Still out of Johnson's sight he was
up to all sorts of mischief. He would
pick up his least rag or piece of
rags when you weren't looking and run off
shouting, pick up anything he saw and stick
it into his pocket, as your knife, gun,
deevee machine, have her things and what not?

Johnson would lead him back with
his plunder to show him again. He
would grin and laugh and seemed to have
no moral sense as he comically obeyed
his old friend. This

Suddenly we were ordered to march
and I lost sight of the lad altogether.
He strayed away from us as he had
Strays from his home. He went on to pass through the changing scenes of his four years of terrible war. We had marched back and forth over
Virginia, Maryland and after we had traversed the broader fields of Tennessee
Alabama, Georgia and N Carolina as
Then there had been a year of
work for the freedmen, occupied many
mean months and years. After
work had been dispatched to the Indians
of the South and had returned
Washington. This had filled up a
period of about eleven years.

One day a young man of seventeen or eighteen
stepped on the street.

"How do you do, General Howard?"

I answered him, but could not
recognize him.

He said: "You don't know me?"

"I said no, what is your name?"

"My name is Thomas M."

"Don't you remember a little boy
at the camp over there whom you
..."
reprehended, then he related some of the incidents that identified him as Mr. James "Jem" Green's son. He had at this time a good situation and had been able to get a fair education. He was a handsome, neatly groomed, full of hope and promise.

I saw him just a few moments, long enough to find that he had fidelity of heart. Foxhoven, who is the man that Foxhoven, has never failed to hear himself as a genuine follower of Christ, had borne its lawful fruit.

"The man has said: "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days. x x. He that observeth the wind, shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap. The hands were broken and the housechild become an intelligent freeman."

There is no evolution like that of a man whose coming fidelity and sons, when properly nurtured, trained..."