For five months the war fever had burned in the Northern rains now lently now slowly - One day things seemed serious the next not and without anybody being able to tell why the change - One half of the North cried for action one half ~~cr~~ sneered at it. There was passion and horror and irritation and fear ~~blended~~ in the soul ~~and they~~ We must not fight - cried men. It is fratricidal unthinkable - devilish to fight one's own. ~~We~~ The Union must not be broken cried others. and so the exhausting uncertainty hazzed on. ~~Member of congress~~ Men ~~in~~ responsible position - some of them grew thin - It was the ~~wearing~~ horror of waiting - sleepless night - of groving over & over the ~~situation~~ problem, of meeting with the solution. Was there no escape? Congressmen walked the streets talking, gnaring. ~~We can not go back - we~~ seeking an escape. Many a man tossed restlessly in his bed until next daylight - then rose to smoke & pace the floor. In the reception room of every house the discussion went on. Friends ~~were~~ saw things at exactly opposite different points - Met to enjoy themselves ~~and~~ laughter and then as invariably happened when the ~~t~~ war came up. stiffened. said bitter things perhaps parted in anger. They and while equally sincere, one recognised nothing in the other's attitude but willful perversion and partisanship. the unrest ~~contest~~ permeated even the children and the school of Washington became the scenes of daily small ~~scraps~~ quarrels ending ~~at~~ often in blows & tears.

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