

*Journal of Clara Gunby*  
*1853-1865*



Clara Gunby self-portrait

This painting was donated to the Edward H. Nabb Research Center  
for Delmarva History and Culture.

Salisbury October 20<sup>th</sup> 1853

Well, is it possible I'm going to begin a diary, Journal, or whatever you choose to call it. I know I'm young to begin one, but the other day I was reading Miss Taips & hers begun when she was 16. Beside Mrs Hooper says it will improve me in composition, plague take compositions! If I felt I was compelled to write in this book to improve in that branch of study, I verily believe I'd cram it in the stove, and let smoked buckwheat cakes tell that Journal was no more, but Miss Esther would fuss over the smoked breakfast till the poor cakes would have to tell in justice to their cook that Miss Clara filled the stove full of paper & made it smok, so sooner than be exposed to the cross old maid, I'll go on.

Well, I've been coming to school twenty days I like it very much. I have made so many pleasant acquaintances. They all say I'm bad, I don't like that, O we have so much fun! We have Spiritual Rappings in school, O it is too funny for any thing. At the end of the room is a desk; it is double, & set at it. Lottie Fish sets opposite to me, Guss Whitelock by her & Mag White by her, She is so funny, so

green, & so awkward, that we do every thing to tease  
& frighten her, she can hardly see those beside  
her, her nose is so big. We make the table rap  
& jump about, tell her she is going to die soon  
& frighten the poor thing to death.

All the girls have called on us. We went to see  
Guss last Friday night, we all carried our baby'  
and played, I was lady Macbeth. Rushed out  
as she did after her husband killed Mackduff.  
I had a very handsome handkerchief tued  
with some kind of handsome lace, on my head  
to represent her night cap. Guss caught hold  
of it & tore it, She thought I looked so tragic  
that she ~~she~~ would reduce the scene.

Eliza Fish and Lou think they are too big to play  
with us, dear knows I think they had better do  
it than think so much about beauz, But indeed  
Lou has got a beau! I would be ashamed of it  
only fourteen, that is one year older than I &  
I dont know what I may be thinking of one  
year from now.

Salisbury November 29<sup>th</sup> 1853

I have just read the first leaf of Journal & it is so  
simple & nosensical that I'm right mad.  
I'll try and have this a little more sensible. I will

start at the Lecture Room, where my face turns every Wednesday evening as regularly as the needle of the compass turns to the North, I hate to go!

Mr. Goun preaches three sermons, prays the dear pease knows how meny prayers, I believe I would go to sleep if I was not constantly watching his ugly face. I count the blue roses in Miss Kate Godds bonnet, try to look at myself in Miss Mary Humphryes forehead, it is so shiney and luminous.

I was frightened nearly to death last Tuesday Mrs Hooper said it rained so hard we must not go to school. Fannie Slemons Add Humphryes Ellen Fooks Lou & I all went in our chamber we braught Mrs Hoopers cradle down the garret got all her baby clothes, dressed pillows for baby's and played all the evening, we tried to get the cradle back after we were done with it, we could not do it, broke the plastering scratched the cradle & the dear peace knows what else, After awhile we went down town when we came back Mary said her Miss Elenor was so angry. I was afraid to go in the house I never could brook angar & staid in the garden till nearly dark. Mary came out again told me Mrs Hooper had got --per and was reading about Napoleon. The ----esh I felt to see the conclusion of his life gave me courage to venture in. I was

crazy to know how he contented himself on the lonely island of the Pasific. How his proud fierce spirit must have rebelled. No doubt the dashing and billowey surf of that angry ocean kept time with the deep drawn sighs and angry heaving of his heart, Noble hero! Mighty conqueror! I admire, I adore your character, brilliant indeed was your career. He who once wore the crown of France, and swayed its sceptor sleeps his last sleep. "Dust to dust; His body lies amid the rocks, and the long pendants of the willow droop lovingly over his grave.

I stole up to Mrs Hoopers chair, she kissed my forehead & told me she was not offended O she is so good and so sweet. She is a little above medium hight, regular feature, black eyes, hair slightly silvered, She has fine manners, dignafied and agreeable. Mr Hooper is a Lawyer by profession.

Salisbury December 24<sup>th</sup> 1853  
O how delightful! I'm going home to stay a whole week, no more lessons, books, compositions or jingling school bell. I have a nice winter outfit, beautiful crimson and black plaid dress. handsome stone coloured morena & blue cashmier. Have a beautiful new cloak and every thing else. Mother and Father

are so kind they give me every thing I want. What would I do without them. God is very good to give me such dear parents.

Forktown D<sup>ec</sup> 31<sup>st</sup> 1853

The last day of the year, How much fun I have had. Ma says I'm eating white bread hope I shall never have any black. Had an elegant party Christmas, every thing was splendid. Santa Claus braught us all kinds of good and pretty things. I helped Ma put the things in. We have a large table in the parlor floor. each one puts a waiter boy or basket on it. all the black ones put theirs down. Catharine got a new dress beside cake candy &c they were delighted. Went to Grandmothers, skated on the ice, What a mistake I have made, said 31<sup>st</sup> of December was the last day of the year what was I thinking about. I know, though I think it is to bad for my mind to be distracted about boys. I dont like to put any thing in Journal about them yet a bit.

Salisbury April 3<sup>d</sup> 1854

Indeed I had almost forgot I had a Journal

Four whole months since I have whisperd  
a word in her ear. Dear me! so much has  
happened. I dont know where to begin  
Have been to a good meny parties. After all these  
long months of talking & thinking I have been  
introduced to ~~Joe Ross~~. Mrs Stanford gave a comp\_  
any, he was there, They all tease me nearly to death  
about him. He went home with me that night,  
since then, he comes nearly every evening to play  
Goosa Gander, & hiding seek. How funny it was  
that he should fall in love at first sight. He  
says He and Sam Gunby were going to the Academy  
and met me on my way to school; he enquired  
who I was and since then my image has haunted  
him. I am the heroin of every poem he reads or  
writes. Ho! ha! Mr Journal Joe is a poet, he writes  
beautifal poetry, Dear me I am so botherd by  
a little lamp fly, it jumps hops bobs and  
dances over the page and around my hand that  
I cannot write, so the intended description of  
Joe has turned to a minute brown bug

Salisbury June 11<sup>th</sup> 1854

I'm affraid I'd be a ~~shoudl-prove~~ a shockingly  
forgetful mistress, If I neglected living beings, those  
creatures who subsist by eating and drinking as I do,  
Journal I think these pages would contane living

skelitons, bless goodneys. Journal neither hungers  
nor thirsts, put it in a drawer & let it stay for  
months & when I take it out, wipe the dust off  
of the back & it is as fresh and cheerful as ever,  
I have just noticed that journals name  
begins like Joe's. I believe that's why I love so  
much to write it. Wonder how it would do to  
call it Joe instead of Journal? A name is only  
a name after all. I've heard that Napoleons  
artilaryman called their canons by thir belles  
names, & when clambering up the ruggid Alps  
& struggling in the snow, they toiled more earnestly  
to get their lady loves to the pleasant vale beyond  
How hard it must have been for those gay French  
soldiers to imagine their loved ones to have grown  
so clumsy and gouty in the few short months of  
separation. There is a gentleman on a visit here  
from Philadelphia. He is devinely handsome  
and oh! such a beautiful mostache. His name  
is Frederick Anderson. I like him ten times better  
than I do Joe. He sends me flowers and such  
sweet little notes. There is a little spider web  
over my desk at school, it has been partly torn;  
the fragments form a little figure two legs  
and two arms. I shake hands with it every  
day. I call it Fred. Mag White took hold of it  
& accidentaly pulled it down, I was right mad  
& scolded her, Mrs Symington heard us and

gatherd the story from our conversation, she gave me a tremendous lecture. Poor Joe sighs and looks sentamental. Mr Anderson is twice my own age He's a lawyar. Mr Hooper has high opinion of his talents. There is such a funny girl goes to school her name is Joana Jordan, she has got cross eyed eyes and cross legged teeth, red hair, the other day, she carried preserves to school for lunch, she got hungry in school & ate them Mrs Symington saw her & told her she must not eat, she says Yes a messa Mam I arnt aten I'm only drinking yorve juice, We have so much fun with her.

Salisbury July 6<sup>th</sup> 1854

Such a cry as I have had, my heart is very sad Mr Anderson is gone. left this morning. I was in the yard when he passed, He kissed his hand & waved a the farewell, that I had objected to his taking before. I threw a handful of flowers in the carrage, they were wet with my tears & as they fell on his hand he sprang from the carrage & came to me, I was standing half hidden amid the shrubary, He kissed my hands wildly madly & implored me not to drive him away forever I was acting from the head not the heart, It was hard to conceal my emotions, & calmly say

good by, but I did it, with as much outward composure as if my heart had be made of marble, I had heard he was a bad man, or at least not a man of pure principals & morals. I went to my room & cried all the morning when I came to dinner. Mrs Hooper wanted to know the cause of my swollen eyes. I had been reading a very beautiful & affecting book, I pretended to her that I was crying over the romance, the web of fiction, when all the time it was sturn reality.

Salisbury July 31<sup>th</sup> 1854

We have private theatricals at school, Mrs Symington found it out & went up stares to see something about it. The girls all made their escape except Laura Wailes & I. Laura had on Billie's pants --

Forktown July 20<sup>th</sup> 1854

Do wonder how I'll like boarding school: am heartaly tired of dress making and dress fitting, puffing quilling flouncing cuffling stitching. Mr Mary has been here for weeks making my clothes, I have a splendid outfit Mother gave me a beautiful pair of bracelets one coral the other hair, handsomely bound in gold also a breast pin, Father gave me a lovely set

of coral jewelry a pearl set ring & his ambrotype in gold & Idas in a separate case. My dear little sister died some time ago, she is now no doubt an angel in heaven. I never speak to Joe now, indeed I scarcely ever see him. He absents himself from every place he thinks he'd meet me. He's a goose! Mr Staton keeps me posted on the temperature of his heart. Here is a piece of poetry Mr Staton found in his portfolio dedicated to me. He has shown me several pieces, says Joe sighs and pines in solitude. Thanks I have treated him shamefully, cruelly, I do not mean to be unkind or to cause him one moment's suffering. He must believe in the old motto "Love once, love forever, That's not my policy; no, no, I mean to be like a bee, fly from flower, to flower, and love nobody.

Fair Clara, can'st thou e'er forget  
Those happy days now long since fled,  
When oft at twilight hour we met,  
And hope our youthful passion fed!  
Can'st thou look back without a sigh,  
Upon those visions of the past?  
Or does a tear ~~drop~~ bedim thine eye.  
To think such scenes can never last?  
Fair girl, we meet as strangers now,  
We interchange no look nor word;  
But yet I gaze on thy fair brow,  
And start when thy sweet voice is heard.  
Yess now thou art so changed and cold,

I dare not meet they lovely gaze;  
It brings up thoughts of days of old, -  
Those by-gone happy youthful days.

Baltimore September 7<sup>th</sup> 1854

Well I have been initiated. I like boarding school admirably. We left home 22 of August. Pa, Sam Gunby and I. Sam is going to Georgetown to school. We went to a dagureoan saloon to have our pictures taken, every ~~time~~ picture had a crooked mouth, I got provoked and told the man I would not sit another time. He said my dear child it is not my fault, it is you. trying to make your mouth small, try one more time, now, don't try to look too pretty. I was a great mind to slap him. I believe I would if his hair had not been gray. I told him, he should not take another one to save his life. I believe he did not know how. Pa laughed at my fiery resentment, beged me to make one more trial. Finding I was posative, he apologised to <sup>the</sup> man, who was a little provoked that he had lost the job, told Pa he perceived I was a spoiled child. We spent a week in the city before I came to the College. Musquitoes were as thick as the locusts were in Egypt. My face was completely disfigured Cousin Elisha took me all over the city sight seeing. His office is on Calvert Street, two squares from the College. A friend of his has been to see me, Jennie I' Anson. she is very agre  
eable, & quite pretty. Last monday we came, Mr Brooks was very affable. We got there about 3 o'clock. Mr Brooks was particularly struck with our name, he was delighted to meet a person

by the name of Gunby. It was a name he had always held in the highest reverence, on account of the deeds of bravery in our revolutionary struggle that one of our ancestors performed, Brigadere General Gunby, Pa was in great haste Mr Brooks insisted that he should go to the library to look ~~collect~~<sup>at</sup> some documents he had collected. For the first time I was informed that my great revelutionary sire was the founder of a charitable institution for disabled soldiers; another for widows and orphans. Every thing was done to make me contented, and happy. Miss Likie was sent for to entertane me, she is Mr Brook's second daughter, she is a vision of loveliness. Bettie Thomas, a very lovely girl from Virginia was introduced to me by Mr Brooks, who expressed much solicitude for my present enjoyment. He is very fatherly Bettie and I went up stairs to tak a nap, when we got to the room door a tall girl rushed out, she was undressed with a larg sheet all over her head, she was talking in a wild incoherent style, I was afterwards embraced by her, she said Mr Brooks told her and all the girls they must be unusually civil and polite to me; & that no body would introduce her, as she chose this way of showing her willingness to be sociable. Her name is Helen M<sup>c</sup>Cann. She is a very sweet girl, yet full of mischief, that just suits me, She got permis\_ sion to be my room mate, she slept with me several nights slept so close & huged me so tight that I could not bear it. she was bad as a leech. I now sleep with Eva Victor. She is from Lynchburg. her perents are dead. She is beau\_

tifal, yet I think not possessor of much brane. she is vacila\_ ting. I like the girl for the few good qualaties she possesses & not her short comings. I feel that she had no mothers council to guid her. There is two others in my room they are sisters; their names are Stonebraker. The eldest is very wise & dignafied. Mollie is of my stamp. We have lots of fun, it is all the more appreciated because we are restricted. There was the oddest girl came in the other day. Her mame is Mary Kepler, she came after we had been to tea, I supposed she waited for her tea till she got tired, she jumped up in the floor & said, they told her at home that she would not get as much as she wanted to eat, but she cirtainly thought she'd get a little something. She was hungry, yess, she was, & she would not stay if she did not get something pretty soon. We teased her a little while, & then went to the dining room with her, to hear some more of her odd talk, she wanted to know how meny slices of bread she would be allowed to have, & how meny cups of tea. Asked if we were allowed to put the cups on the table cloth or if we were obliged to drink the hot truck out of the cup, dear knows she was not going to burn her mouth for no body. She is very simple. It is the effects of scarlit fever.

Baltimore September 10<sup>th</sup> 1854

This chapter will be devoted to discription of the College, and the inhabitants. My room is No 24, third story, oposite the ghost

room. I am not superstitious, yet feel my heart jump in my throat whenever I pass the door, I shut my eyes, so afraid of seeing Mary Gilmore and her green spectacles, I always make one cat like spring down the first flight of steps, Miss Galmore was from South Carolina. Her perents were protestants, she a rigid Catholic, Her room was full of Crusafixes & saints & sisters & smelt like burnt coffee, I suppose that must have been incense, She disappeared one night, & not even her green spectacles have been seen since. The girls sometimes fancy they hear her pacing the room, muttering her wild prayers to the Vergin or humming a low mournful chant, Miss Homans says it is not right for us to feel so. She is the dearest creature on earth. She is one of the teachers, I love her dearly. She is the only Northern person I ever saw who had a sympathising heart. She is a tiny creature, with blue eyes and light hair. Miss Gear is cold and dignafied. O the professor of Mathmatics is the funniest old man I ever saw, I nearly kill myself laughing at him. There is some thing about him, that remains me of the Greek philosophers, Like Thales he goes with his head among the stars and his feet on the earth, some day he'l tumble in the gutter He has a resemblance to many others; but none so much as Diogenes, not because he lived like a dog, but he eats like a dog, I believe he'd eat dog if it was cooked. It cannot be that he eats & drinks to live. No, no! he lives to eat and drink. He is very civil to me, gives me more problems to solve than all the

rest of the class, Holds me up as an example of propriety,  
I cannot bear for him to be deceived, What can I do  
to convince him that I do not merit his praise?  
He's a fac simalie of old Lit, only more brawny and auckward.

Balt<sup>o</sup> October 3<sup>d</sup> 1854

Home, home! oh that I could be there a little while; to see the  
dear faces, and hear the kind voices. It seems as twilight falls upon  
the face of nature my heart saddens, tears start unbidden  
to my eyes. This evening I was sitting amid ~~my~~ its deepening shadows  
gazing at each passer by. hoping to see some one from home.  
From 6 to 7 o'clock is a gay time in our parlors, some are gathered  
in groups relating scenes and incidents for the amusement  
of the others. Those of more advanced years promonade the floor  
and chat in confidential tomes, others amuse themself  
according to fancy. Some poured forth their joy or grief  
in the gay notes or low dirge like stranes, I can listen  
to Bethooven's grand master piece with composure. It  
lulls all worldly emotions and conflicting feeling, it  
soothes the spirit like erly zephyrs playing over beds of violets,  
they close their tiny petals, and seem to sleep a dream of  
delight, yet their perfume even in this rapturous sleep  
mingles with the low murmuring wind and the effect  
is the same as Bethooven's music. I think if I were to  
hear it at an Opera, I should close my eyes, and breathe  
in the delicious sound of its chaste and violet like  
melody. Yet I am calm and happy when his morphi\_  
ate notes float around my ears. Not so with Mozart, I  
feel like one in an unknown and untried sea, one

moment tis as the voice of the troubled ocean heaving its  
huge serges aganst some rock bound coast, then a cadence of  
sweeter, yet more sublime melody, bears one aloft in to the  
upper atmospheric world, I cleave the towering clouds, surrou\_  
nded by the electric fluid, and watch the deep chasms as  
the forked lightning parts the black mantle of night  
and the winds howl amid the cliffs and broken rocks;  
then quickly comes his calm beguiling notes, sweet and pure  
as rippling waters in a fairy dell, with it all I feel  
sickened to know that wretchedness and despair prompted  
this sublime effusion, that even as his fingers moved  
over the pirley keys, breathing of love happiness and  
plenty his heart was in a chaos of wretchedness, and  
loved ones suffering the pangs of hunger. Yet the  
simple little song Bettie Thomas has touched my  
heart. It was "Do they miss me at Home," It awakens  
thoughts of home. and an earnest desire to

Know that this moment some loved one  
Were sighing I wish she were here,  
To know that the group near the fire side  
Were thinking of me as I rome  
O yess twould be joy beyond measure  
To know that they miss me at home.

Miss Homans quick eyes discovered the tears and came to  
me. She told Bettie she must never play it again at  
twilight hour. Miss Homans has given me permission  
to write in my Journal at study table. so this is why  
I have such a long meloncholy chapter. It is pleasant

to be a favorite, to know that we are loved, by all around us, yet it is a mystery to me why any body loves me. I'm neither pretty, good natured, or wise, but I don't believe wisdom ever inspires love, so it may be for my very simplicity or obtuceness that I am loved. When I am sick they are all so kind, when sad each tries to out rivel the other in brilliancy of wit, and pleasant little speeches to send the shaddows that sometimes ~~somet~~imes find a resting place upon my heart. Shaddows and trouble! where do they come from? Indeed I think I have very little of either, sometimes if I get disappointed in getting letters from dear Papa or Mama I think on one on earth has such a trial to endure, of if Mis Leah fails to have a new article of dress ready at the appointed time, or Miss Metycar disappoints me like she did last Saturday and causes me to wear ~~me to wear~~ my old bonnet, I cry a little bit and it is all over, I passes so swiftly as the shaddow of <sup>the</sup> wing of a crow. oh dear! how big and black that must be, I know this example magn\_ afies I think a Canary with its soft downy feathers or a humming bird with its lace like wings would better illustrate the amount of my trials and tribulations These are all shaddows, but I had a terror of a trouble the other night, and a renewal of at yesterday. Last Friday night Sallie Wyette, Julia Badger Sadie Core, & Georgie Anderson, were expecting company. Julia's brother has just come from California, He and Julia's beau were expected & some other brothers and beaus, Well the girls

were sitting in the front parlor against the window  
The room was dimly lighted. They looked very interesting  
& no doubt felt very happy anticipating the expected  
visit, I whispered to Mattie Coyle for us to go to the door  
and ring the bell, We bribed the porter to let us out the  
gray stone gate & for him to go to the steps & stand there  
till Augusta whom we had also bribed; opened the door  
As soon as we pulled the bell we saw a dark figure creep  
along the pavement, & spring at the window rattled  
and shook it at the same time making the most  
peculiar noise, It then jumped on the steps and  
caught hold of Mattie who joined her voice to swell  
the terrific screams of the girls, who were rushing frantically  
up and down the room. When Augusta opened  
the door Mattie rushed in leaving her mantle and  
hat in the hands of the little black imp, for I had  
really begun to think it was one from the lower  
region. We rushed in pell mell. I was frightened  
nearly to death. The screams had reached the drawing  
room, where Likie and Flora Brooks were entertaining  
company. When we got in the hall, there they all  
stood, no doubt expecting to see a hyena, or a robber  
But what was there astonishment when Mattie  
rushed in without any thing around her, her hair thrown  
back, and her large hazle eyes overflowing in tears.  
I do not know how I looked, I did not get near  
enough the hat rack to see myself. The girls said  
I looked like a frightened gazel. I think it must

have been of masculine gender, for I had on Mr Harmons long brown coat, and high silk hat, that looked like a bee gum. The gentlamen looked exceedin gly amused as I stood there, hemed in on one side by the girls whose fright was somewhat <sup>subsided</sup> came to door to look at my grotesque figure. To the right of the hall stood a group of gay city gentlemen, Every eye was turned upon me. Mattie was so terrafied that nothing could be understood between her sobs. I felt that the explanation of this unusual scene devolved upon me. My cranium being of an inferior size to that of our wise professor, his hat showed a tendancy to fall over my head, face eyes and ears. no doubt its intention was to hide my blushing face. It gave me much trouble to keep it up so that I could see those around whome I was addressing, I reminded myself of the monkey I used to read of who tried on his mistresse's new leghorn hat. At length I pushed it on the back part of my head, turned to Likie who was the older of the sisters, to explane my embarresing position. I told her it was only for a little sport, we wanted <sup>to</sup> disappoint the girls who were momentaraly expecting company, that I did not know who it was that shook the window, & took hold of Mattie. Poor fussie Flora who is ever ready for a quarrel or dispute said she did not believe me, and she was sure I knew who it was. I was calm untill she impeached

my word, indeed all my embarresment passed away as soon as I spoke. I knew I could convince them of the innocence of our purpose, I had even smiled and turned my rediculous disguise into ridicule, as I stood there buttoned from waste to throat in the professors old brown coat. This assertion from Flora was more than I chose to bear, I gave her a look of withering scorn and contemp. The girls said they thought I was going to strike her, that I raised Mr Harmans cane which I carried in my hand in a threatning position. I curbed my anger, and the good old proverb came to my memory.

He who governeth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city. I made an effort to pass through the crowd of girls and get into the parler, when Flora rudely seized my arm, and whispered through her clenched teath that I should suffer for my practical joke, and Mattie should not escape the punishment she justly deserved. She said she would tell her Pa as soon as he came in. I told her if she did it would be at her own peril. I told her if she repeated one word of it she would have to regret it as long as she lived That I should tell Mr Brooks on his return myself I exonerated Mattie from all blame. The girls said my little speech in her defence was eloquant, and pleasant to listen to I took all blame. We talked long upon the subject, As I passed from the hall, I heard the gentleman ask Likie who I was, and where from,

that I reminded them of <sup>some</sup> heroin. That no lawyer in the city could have defended a client with more feeling force and beauty. that I was so purely unselfish that they were quite captivated despite my homely masquerade. The girls heard one of them say it was a pity for me to be punished, after Likie told him who I was, and said that I was a humoured child who had never known a check or rebuke from baby hood, and her Pa allowed me many priviledges, that were denied the others. Flora afterward begged my pardon, I freely forgave her, I never could keep angry ten minutes in my life. The little black figure was Horace Brooks. he heard Mattie and I when we went to the door. he got over the wall to frighten us. Mr Brooks did not scold me at all, He smoothed down my hair, smiled, and said dear child, what will you do next.

Baltimore November 13<sup>th</sup> 1854

Indeed I have been studying very hard, Have been promoted. Miss Homans says I have made rapid progress I often hear from Joe. He is still devoted to the memory of the past, sighs, weeps, and writes poetry. Talks to the moon, bows to the stars, runs against trees, houses, and horses, and says please excuse, I did not know your lady ship was coming, raises his hat and passes on. I suppose I have made a conquest. Rola Cushing. He is, oh so handsome, wears a long shanghai coat, and the faintest little moustache in the world. All the

girls have beaux and I suppose I must take the first that presents himself. Every body thinks Cousin Elisha is, but indeed I don't care a straw for him only as a cousin. He and Dr Carson came to see me the other day. He told Dr. Carson that I was his sweet heart and we would be married when I graduated, I told him I would not have him to save his life. Rola sends flowers, Oh such sweet flowers! & his name engraved on the daintiest cards. The other day we were walking. Rola and two other boys were on the other side of the street. they went in the Mercantile Library. bowed kissed their hands and waved their hats. I did not notice it. I'll give him a scolding the next time I see him. He says he never knows how to treat me or how to receive what I say or do, that one minute I am as free and gay as a bird; the next cold as an ice burg and dignafied as an empress. The very idea of one being dignafied! Mattie has completely lost her heart with Ned Carier. Now how ridiculous that does sound! A lady to condesend! ha, ha, I'm going to put mine in a steal cage, and let them look at it through the bars, I dont intend ever to resign single blessedness. Ned lives three doors from the College. he has lovely blue eyes, Mattie thinks he is perfection. I went to the theater last week, It was the first play I ever saw, oh, it is charming! the only thing I object to is the forward immodesty of the actresses, John Owens the Commedian, was the leading character. After the play he sung and acted Vilskens and his Dinah. He looked so funny, had on a light drab suit, a long creap scarf on

his hat, it traied on the stage. Mr Brooks did not want me to go, but as it was to Charles Street Theater and with Uncle Sam he consented.

Baltimore December 18<sup>th</sup> 1854

We have exceeding good suppers when Mr Edwards comes He is the minister at Charles Street church, comes to the College one a month to tea. Has got red hair and squint eyes. I believe he is a good man and very smart, But somehow he reminds me of Ingrams discription of Judas in the Prince of the house of David He preaches magnifi\_ cent sermons, what little them I hear, I never could listen, they seen so dry. When I go to church my body is there but my mind is flying all over the known world, and the unknown too. I wander amid the classic ruins of ancient Greece and Rome, And to old Byzantium and distinctly hear the loud hallelujah sung by her senti\_ nal on his beat around the wall. to London to see the wonders, and Paris the fashions, Last sonday I was wading through the trackless desert, when suddenly I lighted in Central Africa, I think there must have been a look of terror on my face when I found I was surrounded by chattering parots monkeys & all other animal, I suddenly gave a start, and knocked my money down in the congregation, that I had put there for collection. We have too much fun with Mr Harman. At study table he spreads <sup>his</sup> hands full size on each side of the penderous book before him, do what we will it is three

minutes before he can tare his mind from his delightful Greek, close his book & look around, sometimes I sharpen my pencil sharp as a pin, and stick it <sup>in</sup> his chord like vein, they raise up on the back of his hands like anacondas or beau constrictors, he draws his hand away closes his book with great solemnity to investigate the matter, sometimes we succeed in persuading him that it was a musquito fly wasp sentapede or scorpeon sting. Indeed a sentapede stung my foot sometime ago, I could not walk for a week. It was swollen to an enormous size. it was white and transparent as china, Mrs Brooks would have Mr Christopher to look at it. he acquired considerable skill in treatment of stings and bights of poisonous reptiles and insects, while in South America. I hated most awfully to show him my foot. I did not mind D<sup>r</sup> Boardly. Mr Christopher invited Miss Homans Hattie Wilson and I to his study to spend the evening. Mr Brooks went with us. We had a delightful time, looking oven rare coins minerals and ancient gems, picturs and other curiosaties he had collected in his travils. He has the most hideous eagle, he brought it from South America, I'm affraid to look at it, it screams and wails as if eager to

“Cleave the blue air,,

Some of, indeed all of the girls have got the impression that Father is immensely wealthy, I do not know who told them unless Mr Brooks. for I heard him tell one of <sup>the</sup> Trustees the other day that I was one of the most

delightful puzzles he had ever met, that I was a rare amalgamation of childish gaiety, and womanly sobriety. That I made the social party gay, and it was never regarded as complete till the chair which was always left vacant for me was filled and my voice floated around the room in merry peels of glee.

He said there was no one who more readily bestowed the tear of sympathy, or relieved the suffering and afflicted

I was really provoked when he told him that he had known me to give the last pair of shoes I had to a beggar girl.

Poor dear child how could I help it, it was nothing more than my duty. she came on the steps one cold chillie evening, it was nearly dark and she was by herself crying as if her heart would break: her clothing was thin and scant, and her feet looked purple as she stood on the cold marble. Louis turned her from the door, just then I saw her from the window wringing her hands in despair, I opened the door and brought her in, put her near <sup>th</sup> flue to get warm, while I went up stairs. She looked so pretty after I dressed her and caught her long golden curls behind her ears. She wept tear of gratitude over my hand as she pressed it to her lips. I gave her some money, kissed her pure white forehead, and she hurried to her sick mother.

He told him that he had seen me amuse myself for half an hour by forming strings in fantastic shapes, crows feet and Jobs Coffin and then enter a discussion with a Senior or teacher with grave sobriety. He wound up by saying I possessed

much natural goodness, and strength of character  
That my Family was old aristocratic and wealthy.  
Wonder how he knows. It had never entered my mind  
before if we were wealthy or not. Mother sent me a large  
box of good things, and some handsome presents. She sent  
me a charm of a tanrelton dress for Gablauy we are going  
to have Christmas. She is unwilling for me to go home for  
the hollidays, there is so much ice in the bays and rivers  
that it is dangerous. Dear dear Papa was to see me last  
week, He gave me a beautiful silk dress, He is so good!

Baltimore, January 4<sup>th</sup> 1855

Well, well, well! back again to the old College, yet it is pleasant  
if it is a humdrum life. It is a little world of our own where  
Mr Brooks tries to shut the outer one from our view, tis as  
utter impossible as to avert the rays of the sun from this little  
planet on which we live, We revolve around the outer world,  
It is the center of our solar system as the sun is of the Earth.  
I have had a delightful glimpse ~~from~~ <sup>of</sup> the sunlight of society  
I was home a whole week. Three days before Christmas  
we gave all the teachers presents. We gave Mr Brooks a magnificent  
picture. It was a splendid painting, the design was touchingly  
beautiful. It was Charity, I think I cannot describe it. It  
<sup>is</sup> beautiful to look at, and beautiful to think of, but I fear  
my words of description would fall short of its merit.  
We presented each teacher an appropriate gift.  
We had Heard Mr Harman speak of a new publication

and a revised edition of the great classic poets. We accordingly purchased them for him. All the Teachers thanked us so gracefully, and in such chaste language, that Mr Harmans awkward and clumsy style appeared ten times more leudricous. He arose when they were presented, and made the funniest little address, when he suddenly burst forth in the most eloquent language that ever fell upon my ear. It was delightful! enrapturing! to listen to. I forgot it was our coarse eccentric teacher, although he ~~he~~ stood before us as he usually does, with his unmentionables crossed and twisted together in a most serpentine manner. In some of his lofty flights he would thrust fourth his long sinewy arms, and his huge hands waved over our heads in a most threatning manner, reminding one of giants paws, or great moving mountains whose slightest touch would crush whatever it rested upon. He abruptly asked if it would surprise us to hear he had attempted to make rhyme? He said when he was fourteen, he and his brother John were in the woods, It was a beautiful spot, such a place as a poet might dream of. it awakened a strong poetic emotion in his breast and he felt the force of verce after verce as it floated vaguely through his mind, he became bewildered at the beauty of the dazzling visions, and the breath of Summer laden with the perfume of wild flowers, played over his forehead and awakened him from his delicious dream. He sprang to his feet and gazed upon the clear etherial sky, and thanked the great Creator for the gift he so recently discovered he possessed. His brother who had strayed

off from him screamed for him to come come. ~~to him,~~  
he had found a prize. Come, come, it was a bushel  
of wild honey. In their attempts to get it down he  
had to go up a tree to secure the delicious prize  
While he was thus engaged, these lines came to him

Honey up the gum tree

John on the ground

Honey up the other tree

Pushing it all down

The scene changed, his hearers a few minutes before wer listning  
in breathless eagerness to his beautiful address. now amused  
beyond controll laughed out right, at his rapid decent from  
the “sublime to the ridiculous. His face crimsoned, he stammerd  
bowed, and took a seat on his books.

We had a dreadful fright next morning. some of the  
girls were awakened by a deep groan which seemed to  
proceed from the wall just above her bed. It grew  
louder and louder, till our own screams filled every room  
and awaconed all the sleepers, It was about 4 o'clock  
Every investigation was made but to no avail. After awhile  
one of the kitcheng servents came to the door and told us  
it was the chimney sweep, breathing through an aperture  
in the wall. How am I to speak of Home; such a week  
of happiness as I passed there. It seemed less than a day  
so delightfully was it spent. I got two magnifscent dresses  
one a black brocade silk, the other a ashes of rose merena trimed  
to the waste with black velvit. they were lovely, perfect charms  
of dresses! Saw Joe. He spoke to me at a masquerade, I seemed

not to know him, chatted and talked in the gayest manner  
After that I would not speak to him. It is very silly  
for me to do so, indeed he is very agreeable. I like him better  
than I do Rola.

Baltimore February 7<sup>th</sup> 1855

Mattie has just told me the sadest little sketch from real  
life. It was her Ma's married life. She was young talented  
and beautiful. The evening after her marriage while at a  
party given in honor of the occasion, she with several thoughtless  
companions got in a sleigh, took a long ride with nothing around  
her but an opera cloak, She took severe cold, and in 10 months  
after her bridal, she was carried back to her beloved Virginia  
a cold lifeless corpse, yet still beautiful. They buried her in the  
Shanondoah vallye, her grave clothes were those she had worn  
on the happy occasion of her marriage, white satin and orange  
blossoms. Col. Coyle then hastened back to Mississippi where  
he had left his infant Mattie, his motherless babe, who being  
too young to travel had been left behind. She was idolized  
by her Papa, but never knew a mother's devotion, save that  
of a faithful old slave, her mother's nurse, in her infancy.  
Her Papa was to see her yesterday, he is so handsome  
yet grave and dignified.

Dear me am I never to learn to do better, I pined Hattie  
Wilson and Sadie Cores dresses to the carpet while they  
were at prayers, Mr Harman reported me to Mr Brooks  
he inflicted a severe punishment, but relented and

told me to “go and sin no more,” It seems I am the most unfortunate person in the world, only to think of D<sup>r</sup> Jordan’s hearing me talk so much nonsense, I really dont know what I said. it was a little of every thing and nothing after all. I was expecting my cousin D<sup>r</sup> Gunby, Heard his voice in the hall, opened the parlor door spoke to him talked, laughed, acted, and said all kinds of ridiculous things. He seemed very amused. I think I am like one of these toys you wind up, they will go the length of the spring. then stop and await a new impulse. As soon as I stoped he coolly introduced me to ~~I had~~ a gentleman I had never seen before, to whome I apologised for my singular greeting to my cousin. I was so vexed. that I could not keep the tears back, Cousin took his handkerchief, wiped the tears away kissed my hand, and called me gay little “lady bird, D<sup>r</sup> Jordan prevailed upon cousin to bring him here. He had seen me at Chærch, and knowing D<sup>r</sup> Gunby was my cousin, sought the introduction through him. He had never seen Mattie before, enquired for his cousin Miss Coyle, and passed off as such, There had always the greatest intimacy existed between the families. He had been to a distant College and Mattie to board\_ ing school, consequently they were strangers to each other. I think cousin likes Mattie. He talked to her nearly all the time. D<sup>r</sup> Jordan asked me if he could come again, I told him I did not know. He must

ask Mattie. He said he did not care what she said  
t'was my permission he solicited. I wonder what  
he ment. I told cousin about it. he smoothed my hair  
and said "innocent simplicity, I was still more bewil  
dered when he said the D<sup>r</sup> had admired me for several months, that he  
was talented, and a man of vast fortune,  
What cared I if he was?

Baltimore February 26<sup>th</sup> 1855

I know I was born under an unlucky planet, I 'm always  
in some kind of trouble, I know I never will be a model  
of dignity, or a paragon of propriety. I had as well die as  
to act some one elces charactor, and keep my own pent  
up in my heart, body or head, <sup>or</sup> wherever it stays, I wonder  
what controlls or restrains it; it must be the will, I think  
Mr Brooks inflicts the foolishhest punishments,- for some  
of my misdemenner he said I should spend for 5 to  
7 o'clock in the school room every evening for a week;  
There were two others beside myself. His Cousin Ned Cameron  
used to come in and stay with us. Yesterday we hoisted  
the windows, stood in the draft and coughed until we were  
ho<sup>a</sup>rse, we played slow solemn marches, on the organ, then  
mournful chants, accompanied by our sapulcheral voices  
Ned came as usual, he gave me a handful of torpedas  
told me to throw them at Mr Harman. That night I

threw them on the platform, It frightened him almost to death. he jumped up, bell in hand rushed up and down, ringing it furiously. I believe he thought he was shot. The other day I got under the table and chalked his boots. He went to conference without finding it out. Some of the preachers said, why Brother you've been walking in lime or ashes. When he looked lo and behold they were white as snow. Poor old Mr La

Balt ° April 19<sup>th</sup> 1855

I have actually got another subject of sport. Mr Kett the painting teacher. He is too odd. He made me mad the first lesson I took, put me to making crosses with rabbits at the bottom. said I knew nothing about drawing. I know I do, and I told him so too. Well to retaliate, I pretended not to understand a word he said, he is a German. I think if he is a specimin they must be very impulsive people. I had not known him two months when one day he seized my hand, kissed it frantically, and whispered, O Miss Clara I love you to adoration, I worship, I idolize you. I looked wonder\_ ing at him seeming not to understand his words yet the pressure of his lips I'm sure braugh a crimson blush to my cheek, I said Mr Kett is this the way you express your approbation, am I improving, did you say you worshiped the cross, and idolized the lamb?

So do I, they are beautiful emblems of patience  
and meekness, No! no! I said nothing about the cross  
The girls are very jealous, they say he spends half  
his time with me, the rest is divided between  
a class of 20, He is a fine artist. Last night Hattie Wilson  
and I arranged a plan to frighten Mr Harman.  
We were sitting quietly at the study table. I asked  
him to let me have some water he said, no, Miss,  
In a little while I asked again in a faint voice. just  
then I fell back in the chair, I closed my eyes & kept  
my breath to look pale, Lost my balance & fell  
on the floor, indeed the fall almost killed me.  
Hattie and Laura Wilson screamed and cried, told  
Mr Harman it was his fault, that I had fainted  
and all for want of a little water. Poor old fellow  
he was frightened nearly to death, He ran to the  
refrigerator, got a goblet of water and threw it in  
my face. I saw it coming. tried to tell Hattie  
not to let him throw it, down it came and  
almost smothered me, after awhile I came to Mr  
H was very kind wanted to send for D<sup>r</sup> Boardly  
Said I could retire. He never knew it was a feint.

Baltimore May 20, 1855

Delightful, delightful! Such a pic-nic as we have  
had. Miss Homans got right angry because I would not  
invite Charley Jordan, By the way we have had a falling

out. I told him he must not come so often; that Mr Brooks would be offended, <sup>He</sup> said it was a polite way I contrived to tell him, his visits were irksome, so he would discontinue them. I felt sorry, but would not show the least sign of regret. I did not care a straw for him Yet he was a nice beau. All the girls admired him. The pie-nie was at Hall Springs. We danced played waltzed talked walked and swung. It is a lovely spot. It is too much trouble to relate all the incidents of the day I invited Mr Kett to go. He said no, I should be lonely if surrounded by a thousand, if you gave your hand to-another for a waltz or dance or if you smiled on anot\_ her it would increase my misery. I thank you Miss I will not subject myself to so much misery. You would be surrounded by the gay dashing American gentleman; and will never think of your poor foreign teacher whose language you cannot or will not understand. Ma left the city last week She purchased me a beautiful outfit. I have the most exquisite bonnet and mantle, a number of beautiful dresses &c. O dear: we have to study so hard, Indeed my face is getting thin & pale.

Baltimore June 28<sup>th</sup> 1855

Sleep, sleep, sleep, I had a good nap this morning. School is over, We had our entertainment last night

250  
140  
110

Clara L. Gunby's  
Journal  
April 30<sup>th</sup> 1863

With some it has been a disputed question, which affords the most happiness the anticipation. the realization or the recollection of pleasure. I shall not attempt to decide this, but to pay a tribute to that power which recalls the past. Sweet memories! it is by thy power that we are enabled to retain in mind the impressions of certain facts and events. It is memory that lifts the curtain between the present and the past and reveals to view pleasant scenes of long lost hours. It carries me back to the days of childhood - those happy days; how I love to speak of them! I can almost imagine myself a child again, happily sporting away my time in its ~~the~~ innocent glee of ~~childhood~~. I can see my beloved father, as he would forget that he was a man, and

once more join in the innocent gambols of ~~childhood~~  
with me. And that precious mother who first  
taught my infant lips to whisper my father's name  
\_ who first repeated to me the Lord's prayer. Can I  
ever forget that mother? No, Never! And the old  
homestead which I have not seen for months  
appears as fresh in my mind as if it were but  
yesterday. That beloved spot of earth; oh! how I  
cherish it. There where my infant feet were first  
taught to tread the mazy paths of life, And where  
for the first time I lisped my parents name'

I sometimes wonder if the closing scenes of life have  
a correspondance to the surrounding upon which our  
infant eyes first gazed.

I was born in Forktown Somerset County Maryland The first  
child of fond and doating parents. I was loved by them with  
all the intensity that Abriham lavished upon Iisic, Spo\_  
iled humoured & caressed till in my youthful imagination  
I believed the world my own, and then "acters upon  
the great stage of life, were created for my pleasure  
& amusement. How, or why, I became so selfish I can  
never imagine, unless it was by excessive indulgence  
At thirteen years of age I was sent to Salisbury to  
school. Boarded with Mrs Hooper, an intimate friend  
of Ma's. Went to Mrs Symington's school, the same  
school where Ma received her education. She was  
a dear good woman. Lou and I made quite a sensation

at school. Ella Whittington told me afterwards that Lou looked so gentle and beautiful with her snowy face & violet eyes and shower of golden curls, she was so gentle and dove like that all hearts were carried by storm, she glided so quietly talked so beautifully, sang so sweetly, that she was captivated & felt it no disgrace to yield the palm to one so preeminently lovely in appearance & character, How different were her impressions of me, at first sight, She said I walked with the stately dignity of an empress to the extremity of the School room where I took the seat given me, & for the first time took a survey of the room, she thought my face striking. yet not pretty, my eyes magnificent. Manners regal. Lou the subject & I the Ruler. It has been so many years ago that I now feel quite aged to look through the dim vista of years and count twenty four summers of sunshine and adversity joy's & sorrows,

“O life! How pleasant is thy morning  
Young fancy's says the hills adorning,  
Cold pausing caution's lesson scourning,  
We wonder there, we wonder here,  
We eye the rose upon the brier,  
Unmindful that the thorn is near.

Spottswood Hotel Rece----- July 14<sup>th</sup> 1864

O Father thou ruler & giver of all good and perfect works. I thank Thee with prayerful and heartfelt earnestness for my safe deliverance; that I can once again claim my freedom, I arrived here yesterday. at half past four We landed at Aikens Landing. were received by Cap Hatch, assistant of Commissioner Dreld. He is a pleasant & gentlemany man, How refreshing it was to see the dear uniform he wore, I felt protected, comforted, calmed by its presence. twas like sunshine after dark blue threatening storms. I will not anticipate, but will record the different events as they transpire. The first and most touching circumstance was the Aikens family. Mrs Aikens died several months ago. leaving five small children, the eldest being fourteen years of age. her name is Maria, she is a smart womanly child seemingly to realize the responsabilitaty of her position, Their resadence is one of the handsomest on the James river, The Yankees have used a portion of their house for head quarters since they have com\_ manded that portion of the river by the gun boats Last week her father was made a victim ~~of their~~ of an arbitrary arrest. was torn from his helpless children, & carried to Fortress Monroe. Maria is there hemed in on the river side by scores of gun boats,- & myriads of Yankees, on the other side, about a quarter of a

mile from the house are our pickets. We bowed, spoke & waved our handkerchiefs to them who seemed to appreciate our friendly disposition, I gave one of them lunch, he was glad of the change. he told me he lived on bread & a scanty allowance of meat for months I felt safe & protected as he rode at the head of the train of ambulance with his white flag playing on the breeze. It was quite a novel & picturesque scene to examine the different expressions of our faces. Cap<sup>t</sup> Coker had become tired & was placed upon a stretcher. He looked fatigued, yet at times his face was lighted up when he thought of home, his wife & child from whom he had been separated nine ----- Mission siage. His ----- Confederates fell back, & he being unable to move, fell ----- hands, also Sargent Nettles & Mrs. Croker. They are all South Carolinians, of the old school I feel a strong attachment for them they have been so kind, I met them first on the "Truce boat, They use every argument to persuade me to go home with them & remain till after the war. As far as the eye could reach we could discern smoking ruins, away down the river was seen dark columns of smoke ascending from the smouldering ruins of a burning mansion, whose occupants were driven fourth alone & penniless. A faint pinkish column arose from a near forest where trees of a centuries growth were being dissolved to ashes under the fiery deamans hand I fancied I could hear the word vengeance! vengeance! as the torrents of smoke burst in volcanic clouds from the

lurid atmosphere. I thought how striking, the analogy, of the cry for vengeance for the destruction of this noble forest to the contracted brow of some faithful comrade as he places the mangled & lifeless body of a fallen hero in its last long resting place \_ the grave. I have digressed. To return to the subject Mrs. Croker wore a look of anxious care, a all mothers would have done, she arranged & rearranged the pillows, carressed the wounded limb, smiled faintly as the Cap<sup>t</sup> sprang almost on his feet as we passed the outer defences of the City, when the Cap<sup>t</sup> declared he was strong able & willing to go to his post of duty. & battle with the enemy although one leg was three inches longer than the other, In a second the look of care deepened as thoughts of her younger son arose to her mind. She had left him in the enemies hands, In one of the Bastilles. Fort Delaware. Sargent Nettles seemed contented to be allowed to breathe the pure free air of Dixie. He was pale from his recent confinement, his long dark moustache & imperial gave him a look of distinction and interest. Cap<sup>t</sup> Beelar seemed hugely contented. I think the kindest feeling of his heart to the Yankees is hate. He owns the sword John Brown used in the infamous Harpers Ferry insurrection He ~~L~~ commanded the forces there till Gen Lee's arrival. Mr Ayre, one of the truest friends I have met, owing to the enormous waight on the mules

got in the other ambulance He is a man of rather homely apperance yet possesses sterling qualaties & a benevolent heart. Mrs Web & children, Mrs Leigh & child came in another conveyance. We got here at four o'clock. stoped at the Spottswood Hotel. I was introduced to Senator Brooce of Kentu\_\_\_ ckey who kindly offerd to do all in his power for me. Next morning Gen Gardner was presented to me, beside an innumerable number of Cols Majs and Cap<sup>ts</sup>. Cap<sup>t</sup> Coker advised me to deliver the message to the president without a moments delay. I wrote a few lines on a card, sealed it & proceeded to the mansion Tis is the import of the note -

~~Mr~~ President Davis

While imprisoned at Fortress Monroe, a message was given to me with a promice of immediate delivery to you in person. Hoping you will grant me an interview this evening

I am very respectfully  
Clara Gunby

Spottswood Hotel

July 13<sup>th</sup> 1864

We were shown to a reception room, after sending the note to the president. In a few minutes he came down He took a chair very near me. I told him that I met Mrs Amy Francis Cormick in prison at Fortress

Monroe; that I could not vouch for the truth\_fulness of the message as the lady was a stranger to me. "He said he knew her & would trust to every word she uttered. I then stated to him that Mrs Cormick had discovered previous to her arrest, that one John Reed of Charleston South Carolina was a Federal spy. He claimed to be a British subject, has british papers, & assumes the warmest sympathy for our cause But in reality - he is a Yankee of the Massachusetts school & ---- nephew of "old Butler, that he had ----- a short time ago a shell distroy part of it <sup>his house</sup> & he moved 3 miles in the country. that he had done immense damage to the cause, & doubtless would ultimately be the means of the distruction of that devoted city. There was information of an underground attack of Richmond by Gen Mead, that Grant had 13,000,000 of cartridges in reserve for the Capitol of of the Confedracy. Thad the midnight attack made by our troops, was comunicated to the Yankees by a spy from this city.- That Butler had six letters in his posession which was highly impor\_tant, should be demanded by our government When I told him of her suffering, of her small furnace like room, & bread & water allowance, I saw a tear gather in his eye as he feelingly exclaimed, would to heaven I could relieve her He asked many questions & seemed, & indeed, expressed himself highly gratified.

I told him I was an exile, had arrived on the last “flag of truce from Maryland. He took hold of my hand in the most fatherly & benevolent manner & gave me a hearty welcome to the Confederate States, & kindly offerd himself in any way he could befriend me. Asked if I had friends in the army with whome I would like to communicate, I told him I had two brothers, from whome I had been separated 3 years He enthusiastically exclaimed. If they are in Verginia you shall see them before three days, I told him I had written to my brother & sent it by Mr Ayer to Gen<sup>1</sup> Pickette’s headquarters near Petersburg That my eldest brother was absent with his battery in Maryland He called Col Orr & told him to write to Generals Pickett & Corsse requesting my brother to be allowed free pass to Richmond without an hours delay, But is not practicable for him to leave, to designate a meeting place on the Hancock Turnpike where I could visit him Col Orrs wrote the letters & dispatched especial courier. When I told him, his name was Francis Marion, a most beautifal smile illumined his face as he said a revolutionary name, & no doubt your brother is brave & true enough to be an ornament ---- ----- an ornament to the memory ----- ----- whose name he bares. He came several steps down the porch with me. he looked so venerable, so good & kind that I should have loved & admired him if

he had been a beggar. He looks as if he was in delicate health. he is very thin. with long white hair. He looks prematurely old, there are deep traces of care discernable, yet the pure chaste & unblemished smile that so often lightens his countenance, convinces us that the look of pain & care is for others woes, for a suffering nation, & not remorse of conscience, or guilty upbraidings of the past. He was dressed as plain as the lowest mechanic, a suit of course black & white plaid cotton, Mr Brooce told me he generally wore a suit of gray homespun. He also told me when my brothers were in distant parts of the country & I found it difficult to & from them, to send them to him & they should find a passage to them. I met Cap<sup>t</sup> M<sup>c</sup>Queen son of a South Carolina Senator. Mr & Mrs Romney & Mrs M<sup>c</sup>Master called in the evening, offered any assistance in their power & invited one to dine with them on Monday. They are all from Carolina. Capt Coker is promoted to Major, They made me promise a visit.

Monday, July 17<sup>th</sup> 1864

Dear Mrs Coker & family left this morning. I feel so lonely! so homesick! Oh if mother only knew I was well, & kindly treated, I am so impatient, so crazy for six o'clock to come. Frank, dear darling boy will be here, Do hope my dear elder brother will come. Only to think they are together & not

20 miles from me. Oh! tis too much joy. Mr Ayier  
 in a little while after he got to Gen<sup>l</sup> Picketts  
 quarters, the Presidents letter was received. Gen Corse  
 ordrd his horse & rode through the brigade, till  
 ----- found Co I, & was informed that Frank  
 ----- been transferd to 1<sup>st</sup> Maryland Battery  
 ----- mile ----- the James river, He  
 ----- General, enclosing  
 ----- post  
 thinking he would have time to meet the  
 morning tra<sup>i</sup>ne. I am all excitement, expect him  
 every moment, each footstep in the hall causes me  
 to start. While I'm wating between hope & fear I  
 I'll tell Journal of the funny things I'a seen in  
 Richmond, they are not funny either, they are very  
 serious, I scarcely saw a child in church yesterday  
 with shoes & stockings, they were all bare footed  
 The ladies ware the most antique looking bonnets  
 am shure some of them were worn 20 years ago  
 they have been drawn from some obscure closet or  
 box; been reejuvaniled, with creap rosetts, scraps of  
 lace & odd pieces of ribbon, some without lining,  
 some without strings. Calico is selling at \$12 a yd  
 other things accordingly; bourd \$30 per day

Spottswood Hotel July 22<sup>nd</sup> 1864

How good the Lord has been to me. although he per\_  
 mitted me to be exiled, to be torn from fond friends

& a beloved home. yet His guidance & devine hand is seen  
 is tracing my present hours with gentleness & love  
 I have seen my brothers, dear, dear, boys. they were  
 so glad to see me. John & Sargent Brown came  
 Tuesday. Oh such joy to find them both well.  
 He told me of "the dangers he had passed, of bloody  
 fields & lifeless forms. He looks every inch a vetran  
 His cheeks are of the deepest bronze, his heart &  
 arms are steeled with iron will & strength, to  
 battle with a thousand foes, I could not realize  
 that all this joy was real. that it was a waking reality  
 & not one of sleeps dreamy vision. I pressed my  
 nales in my flesh till the blood oozed to the surface  
 trying to awake, to arouse from this heavenly delyrium  
 A gay laugh from my brother had its soothing opiatic  
 effect, I was only conscious enough to murmur  
 "Dreams are pleasant though they be but dreams  
 ----- remained 48 hours. My darling little baby -----  
 ---ne Friday, dear, dear ----- twas so -----  
 ---- has told me so and -----  
 ----d the -----

Senator Hill of Georgia has been very kind and attentive to  
 me. Also Major French Mr Gibson, Williamson, D<sup>F</sup> Boyle  
 Mrs Dr Beale & a number of others. I have had two  
 situations offerd me. one at Charlottesville Va the ---  
 of Columbia ---Carolina. The gentlemen insist ---

-----bia. Mr Hill has offerd to go  
----- for ladies to  
-----ll is very kind to  
-----morning  
-----llen state of so ----- of its dem  
-----ladies as well as gentleman  
----- be very careful to whom I was  
-----n speak with some ladies &  
----- the apperance of perfect gentility  
--u-----erius to ones sepulation that my sutters  
an-----ted -- manners were so rare & pure that  
-----already sworn for me a host of unknown  
admirers. who were wating for an introduction  
with eager impatience.

Richmond July 30<sup>th</sup> 1864

I can scarcely imagine the heat of India's suns more  
intense than the heated atmosphere of Richmond  
I have changed my bourding place. Major French  
selected Mrs Duvalls when I left the Spottswood  
I sent for my bill -----my surprise the propriator  
sent me a receipt----- it was settled by a friend  
who refused to -----e. I felt grateful yet  
provoked. That -----lled me to receive such  
a favour. M----- kind and motherly  
Have met-----people Mrs Gouns  
who is a -----she has the patient

gentle-----Barnes is a good natured  
-----Mama could be no more  
-----the inmates of this  
-----any hours in the morning,  
-----walk to the Square before tea.  
-----plenty of gay company I have  
-----gentleman. Mr Morehead of  
Kentucky son of Gov Morehead. He called at the Spotts  
wood to see me, since I have been here he has been  
my constant companion. If I am late for breakfast he  
--will not go to the table till I am ready. we chat as  
--e-rily over our rose leaf tea (-----te beverage) as if—  
it were the choicest imperial -----  
induces me-----  
has the triu-p-----  
pleasant to ----eale-----  
Several. new or-----ltering it. Suffering-----  
Brewridges kindness. His gratitude-----  
--He stays two weeks. <sup>visit 11 Hospital. The Louisiana</sup> Sadness at p-----  
attention Mr Beales kindness at <sup>m</sup>-----  
Miss Gullie. Walk to the Square.-----  
in Ma. Rejoicing& music in ayr. gay ap-----  
Description of Capitol, the grounds. Town-----ts  
mine spring at P- g 8 if the battery blinded. -----ris ov  
er. Visit to Druries Bluff. distant firing at Chaffins Bluff  
Carly reinforced. My feelings of pride at seeing our noble army  
Mooreheads devotion, puts a ring on my finger with a wish

as is tell me before he goes to Morgan. I have promised to tell him a seacret before he leaves. Our evenings seat & chat on the balcony. Thoughts of home, Old man H- Walk to Gambols Hill, <sup>west of city</sup> Mr M sends beautiful alposters of leaves& flowers every evening for my hair. I <sup>n</sup>ntimacy with Mrs Hana. Visit to the hospitals looking up ----- is Mr Gongis offer. Ride home in Ambulance. ----- home joy! joy! joy. Evening prayer meating. beau----- the safety & our of our soldiers, & conversion of -----

Yelling miss hana----- at, sleep note before breakfast &c &c Yup-----Pitts &c. Mou ntain view. Otter bridge, p----- springs but trunks, add dress am-----castle in wagon. Land comfortable----- D<sup>r</sup> Lake, Sunset, clouds over----- Mrs K\_ j\_ . <sup>anger</sup> Greenbrier,----- she noticed, walk to F Spring. bla woman----- --ard hurried visit to as presentment of ----- to trifle flirt. Dr. Gabe.

Salem ----- County Virginia  
-----29<sup>th</sup> 1864

Each month sees me launched anew on unknown and untried scenes, Is a long life to be thus spent or will an early grave give me quiet \_\_\_ rest \_\_\_

peace. I sometimes long for it peaceful repose.,\_“to die as the sun wanes; as the stars fade out; as the flowers die, for a resurrection morn! Then earth with its tempting pleasures and allurements holds out to me her gay vestments, her bright interminal flowers, her upling rills, & towering mountains, and I feel it is happiness to live. I have been reading “Himmerman on Solitude, he advances many beautiful ideas, and says many truthful and wise things. but her lone bowers I can not love. We have had it quite gay. have made some pleasant acquaintances the dear people try to make me happy, to fill the aching void made by this painful separation from my state, my home, and my dear dear friends. The Virginia people are truly, a lovely, generous and hospitable Their acts of kindness are so genuine, so pure and delicate that ~~to~~ we receive them as we do the free clear air of heaven, or the perfume of a thousand flowers which crowd upon our senses & intoxicate us, The evening of our arrival we were called upon by the leading people of the town, no ceremony, no form, or stiffness, yet a gay bright cheerful joyousness which made us feel that father Adam and mother Eve our great ancesters were not so many hundred generations back. but that our great national

struggle had united the scattered branches of the huge family. Before leaving my room next morning, an exquisite octagon basket of the finest palmetta & most beautiful workmanship filled with a choice variety of fruits covered with ----- leaves and roses wi --- ---d “A birth day present for Miss ----- from her friend C H Pityer, Another ----- a gentleman with an invitation to the vineyard on horseback Later in the day Major Green sent his horses and carriage for us to take a ride, Day after day these little tokens of affectionate esteem were scattered with lavish hands along our pathway. Last night I heard a real Virginia negro play on the banjo & sing a comic song about “Lincoln & his Dinah It was excessively diverting. Imagine Mossy Abe would not feel flattered at the hatred manifest by his Southern friends of African descent. Our chambermaid said to me the other day Lord bless your heart mistus, I rather spend my Life be it long or short in dear old virginia with any ~~any~~ master & mistus as a slave than to go North

Friday

Mr G told me of his T r & Misissippi home  
his analisis of my character of his wife  
Shoed me Doras letters (Saturday: went to D<sup>r</sup>  
Fishers to tea Mrs F sent me a bill of fare  
She declared the city is to be given up do not  
believe a word\_ Why's & c \_\_\_ wants me to go to  
Someville with her Several of the secrataries  
told her R\_ would not be ours two weeks  
longer

Son---April 2<sup>nd</sup> 1865

Went to Dr. Hogan ----- anse congregation discours  
on Faith. . . Reading -----t hymns, a dispatch is  
handed him, he reads tells the congregation that  
he had no idea when he preached the sermon they  
would so soon be called upon to exercise that  
amount of faith. That he had told them they  
might ever long be called upon to exercise  
that ~~our army~~<sup>we</sup> had met with a reverse  
our army was falling back from Hatches  
Run. Re-<sup>a</sup> was to be evacuated. His thanks  
to his charge for kindness through all these  
four years of scarcity, touching address, farewell,  
omission of hymn, eloquent prayer. Mr  
Dorset came home with me, All confusion  
wagons rolling along, our poor weary animals  
dashing through the town bearing their riders  
to their respective commands, All excitement!  
Tea time Mr G came, bade us good by, All the  
Departments left Sunday night, Johny, Capt  
C & Mr B left at 8 got \$300 from Mr. C wrote  
to Leut G All excitement. Think it is only the govern\_  
ment evacuation no doubt our grand old army  
will be here for many a day & month, & in the  
meantime give the Y fits Came to my room soon  
after tea. At 1 o'clock, Mrs Duval Called me

also Mr G had come back I- see me on particu  
lar business dressed went down stares. There  
was a dozen in the parlor, & Mr D. followed  
him to the door he had no time to tell his  
mission imagine I know, he begged me to go South  
if the City fell, gave my hand a fervent pressure  
& God Bless You & left, Went to sleep was awakened  
at four by blowing up of gunboats, got up  
found the city on fire, gunboats roaring &  
exploding far & near All government buildings  
on fire, It spreads, our terror, Yankees city  
-----quietly. Incredibility, - thought it must  
--- our men as Ge--ys' Cawly had just  
dashed through. over M---- bridge & fired it.  
Pillaging, Negroes rushing ----t with jewels  
plate cut glass pict---- whole pieces of  
cotton cloth boots flour bacon sugar  
& coffee & every thing. All completely in a  
<sup>state of</sup> demoralization, fire approaches our terror  
gets so near as we stand on the varanda  
the heat scorches our foreheads, Negro  
soldiers enty screaming a camp meeting hymn  
& waving & brandishing their swords over  
their heads, long long processions of the  
enemy. They doust the flag over the  
capital our heart sinks within us;  
to see the hateful rug over our National

Capitol, Moved some of my clothes I Mrs Ps –  
expecting the house to be burned, left my trunk  
to perish with the house, John B - comes takes  
my trunk & me to D<sup>r</sup> B, found the house on  
fire, hard work to put it out carried water  
for three hours, Beautiful view of the War Dep<sup>t</sup>  
falling walls B- head gets. Mrs B prayer &  
curse for their distruction refusing to tell where  
the ladder was, wanted her house to burn  
Inspired looks & language. Quiet resignation  
of the people as they watched their homes  
slowly get shurely consume. so patriotic  
Yankee guard, Yankee at breakfast :  
my introduction, &c &c Came home. Mrs Erwin  
leaves for New York her talk before the  
Yanks my contimpt, met her on the street going to  
Verina. Abe Lincolns arrival, he walks up  
Franklin shakes hands with all the negros,  
They call him/his Savior & Jesus Cr– Screems  
& yells of the Negros, Grants entry salute for Abe and G