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\textsuperscript{th} 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 smoke, so sooner than be exposed to the cross old maid, I’d go on.

Well, I’a 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 anything. At the end of the room is a desk; it is double, & siy set at it. Lottie Fish sets opposite to me, Guss Whitlock 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 in 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 tuned 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 th 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 sensable. 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, brill_eant indeed was your carreer. 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, dignified and agreeable. Mr Hooper is a Lawyer by profession.

Salisbury December 24 th 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 Dec 31st 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 31st 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 3rd 1854

Indeed I had almost forgot I had a Journal
Four whole months since I have whispered a word in her ear. Dear me! so much has happened. I don't know where to begin.

Have been to a good many parties. After all these long months of talking & thinking I have been introduced to Joe Ross. Mrs Stanford gave a company, 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 beautiful poetry, Dear me I am so bothered 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 11th 1854
I’m afraid I’d be 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 contain 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’a heard that Napoleons artilaryman called their canons by thir belles names, & when clambering up the ruggid Alps & struggling in the snow, they toiled more ernestly 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 beautifal 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 6th 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\textsuperscript{th} 1854

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

Forktown July 20\textsuperscript{th} 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 jeuraly a pirl set ring & his ambreotype 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. Thin_ ks I have treated him shamefully, cruelly, I do not mean to be unkind or to cause him one moments suffering. He must believe in the old motto “Love once, love forever, That’s not my polacy; no, no, I mean to be like a bee, fly from flower, to flower, and love nobody.

Fair Clara, ans’t thou e’er forget
Those happy days now long since fled,
When oft at twilight hour we met,
And hope our youthful passion fed!
Cans’t thou look back without a sigh,
Upon those visions of the past?
Or does a tear 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 7th 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 the 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 agreable, & 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 some documents he had collected. For the first time I was informed that my great revolutionary 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 entertain 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 McCann. She is a very sweet girl, yet full of mischief, that just suits me, She got permision 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 parents 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 10th 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 parents 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 dignified. 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 awkward.

Balt° October 3d 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 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 promenade 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 against 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, surrounded 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 melody chapter. It is pleasant
to be a favorite, to know that we are loved, by all around us, yet it is a mistery 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 sometimes 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 the wing of a crow. oh dear! how big and black that must be, I know this example magnifies 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 whome 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 hazel 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 gentleman looked exceedingly amused as I stood there, hemmed in on one side by the girls whose fright was somewhat subsided. I came to the 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 terrified 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 tendency 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 whom 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 explain my embarrassing position. I told her it was only for a little sport, we wanted to disappoint the girls who were momentarily 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 until 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 Harman's cane which I carried in my hand in a threatening 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 parlor, when Flora rudely seized my arm, and whispered through her clenched teeth 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 eloquent, 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 some 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 meny privaloges, that were denied the others. Flora afterward beged my pardon, I freely forgave her, I never could keep angry ten minu_ tes 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 13th 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 excuses, 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 beauz 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 trailed 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 18th 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 description of Judas in the Prince of the house of David. He preaches magnificent 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 sentinel on his beat around the wall. to London to see the wonders, and Paris the fashions. Last Sunday 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 parrots 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 his hands full size on each side of the ponderous 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 in 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 swolen 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 Dr 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 the Trustees the other day that I was one of the most
delightful puzzles he had ever met, that I was a rare
emalgamation 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 th flue to get warm, while
I went up stares. 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 tasselton dress for Gablauy we are going to have Christmas. She is unwilling for me to go home for the holidays, 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 4th 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 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 of 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 is 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 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 threatening 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 verse after verse 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 ethereal 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 were listening in breathless eagerness to his beautiful address. Now amused beyond control, laughed out right, at his rapid descent from the “sublime to the ridiculous. His face crimsoned, he stammered 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 awakened all the sleepers, it was about 4 o’clock. Every investigation was made but to no avail. After awhile one of the kitchen servants 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 magnificent dresses; one a black brocade silk, the other a ashes of rose merena trimmed 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 7th 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 marrage 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 vallie, her grave clothes were those she had worn on the happy occasion of her marrage, 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 travil 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 mothers nurce, 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 Dr Jordan’s hearing me talk so much nonsense, I really don’t know what I said. it was a little of everything and nothing after all. I was expecting my cousin Dr 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 stopped he coolly introduced me to a gentleman I had never seen before, to whom 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, Dr Jordan prevailed upon cousin to bring him here. He had seen me at Church, and knowing Dr 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 boarding school, consequently they were strangers to each other. I think cousin likes Mattie. He talked to her nearly all the time. Dr 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 Dr* had admired me for several months, that he
was talented, and a man of vast fortune,
What cared I if he was?

Baltimore February 26th 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, or wherever it stays, I wonder
what controls or restrains it; it must be the will, I think
Mr Brooks inflicts the foolishest punishments,- for some
of my misdemener 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’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 19th 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 specimen 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 wondering at him seeming not to understand his words yet the pressure of his lips I’m sure brought 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 Dr 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. He 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 beautifal outfit. I have the most exquisite bonnet and mantle, a number of beautifal dresses &c. O dear: we have to study so hard, Indeed my face is getting thin & pale.

Baltimore June 28 th 1855
Sleep, sleep, sleep, I had a good nap this morning. School is over, We had our entertainment last night
Clara L. Gunby’s
Journal
April 30th 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 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, Spoiled 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 indulgance 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 preensantly lovely in apperance & charactor, How different were her impressions of me, at first sight, She said I walked with the stately dignaty of an empress to the extrem ety of the School room where I took the seat given me, & for the first tim took a survey of the room, she thought my face striking. yet not pretty, my eyes magnifscnt. Manners regal. Lou the subject & I the Ruler. It has been so meny years ago that I now feel quite aged to look through the dim vista of years and count twenty four summers of sun shine 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.
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 & gentlemanly 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 responsabilaty of her position, Their residence 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 trane 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't 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 siege. 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 colums of smoke assending from the smoultering ruins of a burning mansion, whose occupants were driven fourth alone & pennless. 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 vengance! vengance! as the torrents of smoke burst in volcanic clouds from the
lurid atmosphere. I thought how striking, the analogy, of the cry for vengance for the distraction 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\(^1\) sprang almost on his\(\dagger\) feet as we passed the outer defences of the City, when the Cap\(^1\) 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 som arose to her mind. She had left him in the enemies hands, In one of the Bastites, 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\(^1\) 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 \(\xi\) commanded the forces there till Gen Lee’s arrival. Mr Ayre, one of the truest friends I have met, owing to the enormous weight on the mules
got in the other ambulance. He is a man of rather homely appearance yet possesses sterling qualities & a benevolent heart. Mrs Web & children, Mrs Leigh & child came in another conveyance. We got here at four o’clock. Stopped at the Spottswood Hotel. I was introduced to Senator Broome of Kentucky who kindly offered to do all in his power for me. Next morning Gen Gardner was presented to me, beside an innumerable number of Cols Majs and Capt. Capt. Coker advised me to deliver the message to the president without a moment’s 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 promise 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 13th 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 of the messuage 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 his house & 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 Confederacy. 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 offered himself in any way he could befriend me. Asked if I had friends in the army with whom I would like to communicate, I told him I had two brothers, from whom I had been separated 3 years. He enthusiastically exclaimed. If they are in Virginia you shall see them before three days, I told him. I had written to my brother & sent it by Mr Ayer to Gen'l 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 Picket & 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 beautiful 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 upbradings 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't McQueen son of a South Carolina Senator. Mr & Mrs Romney & Mrs McMaster 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 17th 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 Gen¹ 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 1st Maryland Battery ----- ---- ----- mile ----- the James river, He ----- ---- ----- ----------- General, enclosing ----- ---- ----- ---- ------ ------ ------ post
thinking he would have time to meet the morning tra'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 rejuvaniled, 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 22nd 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 & divine 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 veteran
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’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
--------------------------------------------adies 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 30th 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 ---------led 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----Itering it. Suffering---------------------
Brewridges kindness. His gratitude------------------------
--He stays two weeks. visit 11 Hospital. The Louisiana
Sadness at p------
attention Mr Beales kindness at m--------------------------
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 oy-
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, west of city.Mr M sends beautiful alposters of leaves& flowers
every evening for my hair. I "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'r Lake, Sunset, clouds over----------------------
Mrs K_ j_ . anger 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 th 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
internal 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 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 cerimony, no form, or stiffness, yet
a gay bright cheerful joyousness which made
us feel that father Adam and mother Eve
our great ancesers 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 carrage for us to take a ride, Day after day these little tokens of affectionate esteam 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 moster & mistus as a slave than to go North
Friday

Mr G told me of his T...r & Missippi home
his analisis of my character of his wife
Shoed me Doras letters (Saturday: went to D...r
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\textsuperscript{nd} 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 ida 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 ecr long be called upon to exercise our army we had met with a reverse our army was falling back from Hatches Run. Re-\textsuperscript{a} was to be evacuated. His thanks to his charge for kindness through all these four years of scarsey, 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\textunderscore 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 particular business dressed went down stairs. 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, Negros rushing ----t with jewels plate cut glass pict---- whole pieces of cotton cloth boots flour bacon sugar & coffee & every thing. All completely in a state of demeralization, fire approaches our terror gets so near as we stand on the varanda the heat scorches our foreheads, Negro soldiers entry 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 Df B, found the house on fire, hard work to put it out carried water for three hours, Beautiful view of the War Dep^1 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